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he was not at home and dragged out the bacon, leaving only his claw marks behind him as a calling card.

The valley of the Little Goose on a bright mid-summer morning—it is a sight to make one forget where he is, forget the barren hills he has left behind, forget that crop failures can be. Clear down from that narrow green line running high along the side hills, to the heavy timber and bushes by the stream, there is the green of alfalfa, the lighter shade of the rich wild hay, the yellow of wheat in shocks, and stacks of hay scattered everywhere. And more than this, there are substantial farm houses half hidden by trees, very close and neighborly too. The day of the rude shack has gone and there are many signs of comfort and wealth.

In the richest part of the valley are the palatial mansions of two Englishmen. One of these, Mr. Moncrieffe,—I am obliged to use the American Mr. for I don't know the gentleman's title, though it is whispered that he is a Lord or something other than a Mr.—has been engaged for some time in buying horses to send to South Africa. I saw several hundred on their way to the Englishman's ranch. There they are branded, ridden once and pronounced "broke," fed well and shipped on. Some of them are used in the English game of polo. Having no horses to sell, I allowed myself some emotion over the fate of the poor beasts and the Englishmen of the transaction. I said to a friend, "What do you think of this business of sending our horses off," etc., etc.

"It's all right. I sold him a horse myself. Got \$40 for it."

"But didn't you hate to do it, didn't it make you feel unhappy?"

"Yes, it did. I wanted \$50."

O, World, World! Blessed is he who has no horses to sell!

The town of Big Horn, ten miles nearer the mountains than Sheridan, but still six or seven miles from them, has the post office, three saloons and a few minor conveniences. It would be a lovely summer resort if reached by rail,—but please do not say much of that, for any railroad would steal good acres out of the greenness of Little Goose. Telephone poles mark the road from Sheridan to Big Horn—a point worth remembering if you must peer your way home through a moonless night.

Your horses will be stiff in the knees and lame on all fours by the time you have got them through the river by the bad bridge and down and up several break-neck hills and boulder roads to the place where the wagon road ends at the Spring. We found a family party in possession of the perfect camping ground and at first sight feared our chances for getting trout were impaired. As it turned out, the good people were quite a Providence to us.

You see, I can't catch a trout any more than I could hit a sparrow on the wing, much as I should like to do both. At least I couldn't do it that day. We followed the fisherman's trail away up the canon and I switched my fly down in a pool, just as the boy said to do. I sought other pools, and risked my life clambering out to alluring boulders. Finally I climbed up the hill again and watched the little girl while she labored as vainly as I had. Then the man from camp came along and said he'd show me how to catch a trout. "Got a grasshopper?" he asked. I gave him my rod. "You can't catch trout with those flies; get a grasshopper." Then he said also that a sinker was needed, thus shattering two of my cherished notions about trout fishing. Just think, a fly of brilliant color, so poetic and surely alluring for those poets of the brook. And a sinker! But the man put the hopper on the hook, tied a small nail on the line, went down to the pool where the little girl had been whisking her fly around

for an hour, and in less than five minutes he had four of the pretty creatures in his bag. So I slid my weary bones down the hill and tried some more, but never a bite did I get. And I may as well tell the truth, since I'm not an Isaac Walton and couldn't tell a fish story to save my life—the good people took compassion upon us, and when we started for home our trout basket was very full. And let it be known that I can cook a fish and eat one, if I'm not so good at killing.

Little Goose camp—I shall call it that, for it is evidently the only camping place in that canon—is an ideal place for those who like strenuous clambering. The mountain walls rise high about you, deep below is the roaring water; the mountain pines join with their song. Best of all joys, however, is the accessible gushing spring that sweeps out of a little pocket in the side of the hill, colder than ice water, clear as a diamond. The old lady at camp said, "If I had that spring at home I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it." The mountains are full of just such streams, and of all the treasures that they hold within their forbidden walls this, that they give forth so freely, is after all the greatest boon to man.

At a considerable distance east of the railroad somewhere this side of the station Meerscroft is the well-known freak of nature known as the Devil's Tower. It is indistinctly seen from the car window, appearing like a distant dark red elevator. I have heard that it is very high and so nearly perpendicular at every point that no one has ever ascended it. Although it is so far away the people wake themselves up from their noon-day siestas to take a long distance view. There is so little to break the monotony on the road to the City of the Two Gooses.

The Meaning of "Lady."

The much abused word "Lady," is modified direct from the early Anglo-Saxon, and means "loaf giver;" for the highest ideal of woman in those days was to be a good manager of her household in every particular; bread was then the real staff of life. The Delinquent for September devotes its illustrated cookery article to the subject of bread in its various forms and every "lady" should study the article.

The injury to St. Paul's cathedral, caused by excavations for the Central railway, is already serious, with danger of still greater ruin. Eight piers are broken, walls are split, windows and vaulted ceilings are cracked, and the western towers have been perceptibly lowered. The underground boring of the cathedral hill for sewer and other purposes has been so extensive that for years there have been indications of settling, but the movements lately have seemed to be accidental. Schemes for other excavations are pending, and in order to protect the great cathedral an injunction will be necessary, forbidding all future excavations in its vicinity. There is room elsewhere for railways, but there is only one St. Paul's. Even this commercial age would scarcely view with complacency the ruin of the noble dome which Wren hung in the air.

"Write" we know is written right when we see it written "write," but when we see it written "rite" we know it is not right; for "write," to have it written right, must not be written "right" nor "rite," nor yet must it be written "wright," but "write," for so 'tis written right.