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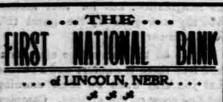
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bright mid-summer morning—it is a well tell the truth, since I'm not an sight to make one forget where he is. Issak Walton and couldn't tell a lish forget the barron hills he has left behind, story to save my life—the good people forget that crop failures can be. Clear took companion upon us, and when we down from that narrow green line run—started for home our trout backet was ning high along the side hills, to the very full. And let is be known that I heavy timber and bushes by the stream, can cook a fish and eat one, if I'm not so re to the green of alfalfa, the lighter good at killing. shade of the rich wild hay, the yellow of there are substantial form houses half who like atranuous clambering. The hidden by trees, very close and neigh-mountain walls rice high about you, deep besty too. The day of the sude shock below is the sude shock below in the

the polatical mane men. One of these, Mr. Moncrieffe, -I see water, clear as a diamond. The old am obliged to use the American Mr. for ledy at camp said, "If I had that spring I don't know the gentlemen's title, at home I wouldn't take a thousand dolthough it is whispered that he is a Lord lare for it." The mountains are full of or something other than a Mr. has been just such streams, and of all the treasengaged for some time in buying horses ures that they heard within their forbid-to send to South Airies. I saw several den walle this, that they give forth so hundred on their way to the English-freely, is after all the greatest boon to man's ranch. There they are branded, man. ridden once and pronounced "broke," fed well and shipped on. Some of them are used in the English game of pole. Having no horses to sell, I allowed myself e emotion over the fate of the poor is and the Englishmen of the transo. I said to a friend, "What do you think of this busine of meding see off," etc., etc.

"It's all right. I sord him a horse mymit. Got 840 for it."

"But did'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

The town of Big Horn, ten miles pearer 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 ond 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 railway, is already serious, with danger and at first sight feared our chances for of still greater ruin. Eight piers are getting trout were impaired. As it broken, walls are split, windows and turned out, the good people were quite a vaulted ceilings are cracked, and the

per?" he asked. I gave him my rod. dome which Wren hung in the air. "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 girl had been whisking her fly around right.

he was not at home and dragged out the for an hour, and in less than five mincoo, leaving only his claw marks be- utes he had four of the pretty creatures in his beg. So I slid my weary bones down the hill and tried some more, but The valley of the Little George on a never a bite did I get. And I may be

Little Gooss camp-I shall call it that, wheat in shocks, and stacks of hay scat- for it is evidently the only camping place tered everywhere. And more than this, in that canon—is an ideal place for those borly too. The day of the rude shack below is the rouring water; the moun-lies goes and there are many signs of tain pines join with their song. Best of all joys, however, is the accessible gush-In the richest part of the valley are ing spring that sweeps out of a little me of two English- pocket in the side of the hill, colder than

> At a considerable distunce east of the railroad somewhere this side of the staion Mearcroft is the well-known freak of nature known as the Devil's Tower. to indictionly som from the car win-or, appearing like a distant dark red evalue. I have heard that it is very high and so nearly perpendicular at way point that as one has ever seconded t. Although it is so for away the peo-tic unite themselves up from their noonday siestas to take a long distance view. There is so little to break the monotony the road to the City of the Two

The Meaning of "Lady."

The much abused word "Lady," is modified direct from the early Auglo-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 Delineator 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 western towers have been perceptibly You see, I can't catch a trout any lowered. The underground boring of more than I could hit a sparrow on the the cathedral hill for sewer and other, wing, much as I should like to do both. purposes has been so extensive that for At least I could't do it that day. We years there have been indications of followed the fisherman's trail away up settling, but the movements lately have the canon and I switched my fly down seemed to be accidental. Schemes for in a pool, just as the boy said to do. I other excavations are pending, and in sought other pools, and risked my life order to protect the great cathedral an clambering out to alluring boulders. injunction will be necessary, forbidding Finally I climbed up the hill sgain and all future excavations in its vicinity. watched the little girl while she labored There is room elsewhere for railways, se vainly as I had. Then the man from but there is only one St. Paul's. Even camp came along and said he'd show me this commercial age would scarcely view how to catch a trout. "Got a grasshop- with completency the ruin of the noble

"Write" we know is written right trout fishing. Just think, a fly of bril- when we see it written "write," but when liant color, so poetic and surely alluring we see it written "rite" we know it is not for those poets of the brook. And a right; for "write," to have it written sinker! But the man put the hopper on right, must not be written "right" no the book, tied a small nail on the line, "rite," nor yet must it be writte went down to the pool where the little "wright," but "write," for so 'tis writte