

wind-flowers sway in the breeze. Everything in these secluded spots lulls one to repose. The murmur of rills, the chirp of insects, and the twittering of birds only add to the charms, and make these quiet dells most delightful haunts for the lover of nature.

One bright June morning, before the sun had yet peeped over the high ridges, a man passed down the principal street of the little village of Catskill and struck across the meadows toward the mountains. He had a frank, manly countenance. His whole appearance indicated good health and a wholesome disposition. A long tin case hung by a strap from his shoulder. This case together with the quick, observant glances which he cast about him proved that he was a botanist. His long steady stride carried him across the fields at a rapid rate. Now and then he stopped to jot down an observation, or to put some new flower into his case. He followed the course of the Katerskill, keeping a sharp lookout for unfamiliar plants, both in the stream and on the bank.

Gradually the way became steeper and the brook began to tumble along more noisily. The botanist walked slowly up the ascent, noting how rapidly the character of the vegetation changed. On these stony hill sides a great number of flowers grew, but they were more hardy than those of the fields. The golden flowers of the corydales peered out from behind the great flinty rocks. Along the stream grew large patches of nasturtium and the blue rock cress. Here, too, the little stemless violets uplifted their purplish petals to the sunshine; scarcely visible among the more pretentious and showy asters. Proceeding still more slowly, the botanist stopped frequently to examine, or to admire. Following a faint path which he found here, he plunged into the immense forest that covered the Catskills.

The way now became more difficult. In the younger part of the forest, the young saplings were crowned together like canes in the field. Large creeping plants entangled his feet and huge climbers, hanging down from the branches above, brushed sharply against him. As he went deeper into the woods, the climbing and trailing plants disappeared, the coarser grasses gave way to the tender blue grass, and the saplings made room for the giant pines. Among these mammoth trees, he found much to interest him. From the trees he cut mosses and lichens, and wrapping them up carefully in moist paper, put them in his case. He then turned his attention to the flowers about him. Having gathered a handful of those new to him, he sat down to eat his lunch before indentifying them. Having finished his luncheon, he formed a comfortable position against a moss-covered trunk and began the identification of his specimens. The sultriness of the air soon overcame him, however, and he fell asleep.

A low dull rumbling startled him. The sound seemed to bound from crag to crag, every moment increasing in volume. He looked up quickly, expecting to see a thunder-cloud approaching, but the sky was clear and radiant. Again he heard the rumbling noise. Determining to find out what it was, he rose to his feet, and started off in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. He had gone but a short distance when he found his advance stopped by a precipitous rock which seemed to bar farther progress. On closer scrutiny, however, he espied a jagged fissure, scarcely large enough to admit a man's body. After forcing his way through this for several yards, the fissure suddenly widened and the botanist found his progress stopped by a large stone slab, which was hung upon hinges and served as a door. After a short search, he found a massive iron key, covered with a thick coat of rust, which it had taken many years to accumulate. With difficulty, he inserted the key in the keyhole, and putting forth all his strength, succeeded in forcing the rusted lock back.

The heavy door, creaking and groaning, slowly swung open.

Before him, the botanist saw a narrow little valley, hemmed in on all sides by barren rocky walls. The valley itself was a beautiful place, carpeted with a close soft sod and dotted here and there with hawthorns in blossom. In the middle of this secluded spot were several groups of little men, veritable kobolds in stature, dressed in the most antiquated style. All were clothed in loose-fitting brown jerkins and knee-breeches of the same color. A massive silver buckle was fastened at each knee, and the heavy leather shoes were similarly ornamented. All wore great three-cornered hats. Each one puffed away in silence at his long-stemmed pipe with its silver bowl. Some, pipe in hand, were talking earnestly together, others were smoking dreamily by themselves. One little old fellow sat on a rock intently perusing an old "Herbal", through a great pair of spectacles which rested on his nose. A little distance apart from the others, a group was playing at nine pins. The balls rolling along the hard rocky floor made a rumbling noise, which echoed and re-echoed down the little valley. Among these little men, the botanist noticed one who was treated with greater deference and respect. This one was dressed like the others, yet his manner proclaimed him their leader. An old-fashioned sword hung at his side. On his knee he held a large journal in which he seemed to be writing. In all, the botanist observed gravity and silence. No one smiled or laughed, but each moved about his duties with an unperturbed gravity. As the botanist was about to advance to speak with these little dwarfs, the rumbling noise suddenly culminated in a terrific peal, the valley and its gnome-like inhabitants disappeared instantly, and, as he awoke, a rain-drop struck him in the face.

"A Leaf From the Log Book."

BY JAS. A. LUNN.

[In Two Parts. Concluded in this issue.]

For the next eighteen days we had the wind very favorable and made pretty good headway. The captain said that we were about two hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. But on the next day the wind struck us right ahead from the nor' west. This was a great inconvenience, after making such rapid progress, to be delayed and to have to beat around when we were almost in port. At about 5 p. m. the sky grew cloudy and the wind commenced to blow harder, so that we were obliged to take in our top-gallant and royal-sails. At 6 p. m. all hands were called on deck to reef the topsails. After we had snugged her down under close canvas our watch went below until 8 p. m. The wind was blowing about the same when eight bells were struck, and the watch came on deck again. Everything went along well for the first two hours. Four bells were struck and the wheel and lookout were relieved. I again resumed my walk on the quarter deck. At about 11 p. m. while we were on the starboard tack, the lookout reported a light on the lee bow. It was a steam boat's mast head light.

Now, by the "rule of the road" at sea, it was the duty of the steamer to keep clear. At first, we paid no attention to the light. When she was about half a mile to leeward, she was seen to swing around and head directly for us. This was strange conduct, and we did not understand it. I immediately called the captain who was very much surprised. The steamer came along under full steam and just crossed our bows by about a ship's length. It was the closest shave I ever had. At first we thought the man at the wheel and the officer of the watch of the steamer were asleep. We kept on our course, and in about ten minutes the steamer which was by this time on our starboard quarter, was seen to swing around again and head for us. This second manœuvre threw all doubts aside: we saw that she was trying to sink us. In