

the nicest thing here. I expect that's what you all came for, wa'n't it? There's lots o' folks come out from Tacoma just to go down in it. There ain't another like it in the whole country," she added, with a superb complacence. "You be sure an' go down, now."

It was indeed a fine shoot down, on a nearly perpendicular steel-railed track, over a thousand feet, to the bed of the river, on the banks of which are the openings of the mines. The coal is drawn, and the miners go up and down in cars, on this seemingly perilous track. There is no other way down. The river is a glacial stream, and dashes along, milky white, between its steep banks. On the narrow shore rims is a railway, along which cars are drawn by mules, from mine to mine, crossing the river back and forth. In a distance of some three or four miles, there are a dozen galleries and shafts. The supply of coal is supposed to be inexhaustible; a most convenient thing for the Central Pacific Railroad, which owns it.

It was a weird ride at bottom of this chasm: the upper edges lined thick with firs and cedars; the sides covered with mosses and ferns and myriads of shrubs, red columbines and white spiræas, with blossom plumes a foot and a half long, — everything dripping and sparkling with the river foam and the moisture from innumerable springs in the rocks. Bob, the handsome mule that drew us over the road, deserves a line of history. He has spent three years jogging up and down this river bed. His skin is like brown satin, and his eyes are bright; he knows more than any other mule in the world the miners think. He knows all their dinner pails by sight, and can tell which pails have pie in them. Pie is the only one of human foods which Bob likes. Hide their dinner pails as they may, the miners cannot keep pie away from Bob, if he is left loose. "He'll go through a row o' dinner pails in a jiffy, and jest clean out

every speck o' pie there is there; an' he won't touch another thing, sir," said his driver with fond pride.

The Carbonado picture I shall remember longest is of a little five-year-old mother; just five, the oldest of four. She sat in a low rocking-chair, holding her three months' old sister, looking down into her face: cooing to her, chucking her under the chin, laughing with delight, and exulting at each response the baby made.

"I can't hardly get the baby out of her arms," said the mother. "She's always been that way, ever since she was born. She takes care of all three o' the others. I don't know what I'd ever ha' done without her. She don't seem to want anything else, if she can just get to hold the baby."

"Oh, look at her! look at her!" exclaimed the child, pointing to the baby's face, over which a vague smile was flitting. "I just did so to her" (making a little comic grimace), "and she laughed back! She really did, just like we do."

After all, values in human life are the same; conditions make less difference than we think, and much of the pity we spend on Newcastle and Carbonados is wasted. I am not sure that I have ever seen on any child's face such a look of rapturous delight as on this little mother's; and I make no doubt that if we could have stayed to hear Charlie Poole's Shouting Extraordinary at the minstrel club's entertainment we should have seen an audience as heartily gay as any at the best show Paris could offer.

Our last Puget Sound day was made memorable by the sight of a sunrise on Mount Rainier. At quarter before four o'clock the distant south horizon of Tacoma was shut out by walls of rose-colored clouds. These presently opened, floated off, and disclosed Mount Rainier, its eastern slope rose red, its western pale blue. One white cloud lingered at the summit, blowing like a pennant, to