

but I do know that I was ten years older when I found myself again.

'Reckon she wants a beau !'

Gradually coming back to consciousness through a succession of horrid dreams in which bears, Indians and waterfalls had been mixed up in a dire and awful confusion, I had wakened to the fact that I was in bed, and that two people were talking together in a language that was strange to me. Just as I took this in, one of the talkers, evidently a woman, had moved away, and then the words I have quoted were uttered.

I opened my eyes then, and found myself in a small, rudely-constructed, but neat room, in the middle of which an old man, whose only visible clothing consisted of a pair of moccasins, buckskin trousers and a red flannel shirt, was standing, his eyes directed towards some object out of doors and beyond my range of vision—doubtless, the woman who had just left him. He was evidently taken up with the silent enjoyment of his joke about someone wanting a beau, and started visibly as my faint question reached him, 'where am I?'

'Hullo, mate! waked up, have ye?' and he stepped to the side of the standing bunk in which I lay; 'how do you feel?'

I told him that I felt like a man of seventy with the rheumatism, and repeated my question: 'where am I?'

'Wall, now, whar 'd ye s'pose ye war, after takin' a header inter that thar devil's hole? Reckon ye struck the happy huntin' groun's mate. Did yer mean to do it?'

In answer, I gave him a brief history of my adventures, and learned that he had arrived in a similar way, about twenty years before. He had deserted from a ship, made friends with a tribe of coast Indians, and on a lonely hunting trip, had fallen into the 'devil's hole,' as he called it. It had happened in early spring, when the mountain streams were low, and he was only partially stunned in his trip through the subterranean passage and able to scramble ashore when he came to the surface in the little lake in the valley. Exploring the latter, he found it so pleasantly situated and well endowed by nature, that he decided,

being rather disgusted with life in an Indian village, to make it his home, if he could find a door to it. This he found—a narrow cleft, ending in a sheer drop of a hundred feet into the valley in which Harry and I parted from each other—and here he had lived ever since. He had a difficult job in getting out of his door the first time he went, and nearly broke his neck in getting back again, but a small coil of rope which he had brought from the ship made future trips a good deal easier, and after the settlement of the country he was able to procure tackle and tools, by the aid of which he made himself quite comfortable. On one of his trips to the Indian village, he found an opportunity to aid the escape of a girl belonging to another tribe, whom they had taken prisoner, and her he brought with him. She died about ten years before my arrival, and the feminine voice which had mingled with my dreams was that of their daughter and only child, Lizzie.

"A good deal of this," Tom said, "I did not learn for a day or two, but I had gathered, before I saw Lizzie, that she and her father were the only occupants of the valley; it followed, therefore, that I was the 'beau' she was supposed to want, and I soon knew that the conversation which had disturbed (or, perhaps, created) my troubled dreams, was a discussion between father and daughter as to what was to be done with me. Old Ben—he never told me his surname—wanted to let me down, while still unconscious, into the outer valley, while Lizzie insisted on keeping me till I had recovered my strength, and then offering me a home with them if I would consent to keep the secret of their retreat. I was young, you know, and romantic, and as soon as she came into the house, which she did before Ben and I had finished our first talk, I made up my mind that the 'beau' was willing, if she was. I shan't attempt to describe her, but she was about as handsome a half-caste as I ever saw, and they rather run to good looks when they're young. Old Ben, too, was very neat and orderly—liked to have things ship-shape, as he said—and his daughter resembled him in that

Well, to make a short story, I gave