

Sounds of music came floating on the night air, melodies of an earthly paradise at whose gates I stood. Then I meet two dismal tourists who were trudging up the mountain, talking to each other. Their theme was the vulgarity and iniquity of the place. They looked around on the enchanting scene, and cursed it in the twang of the west. The curse irritated me. Like other people they had played and lost; and now that they were suffering from the consequences of their own folly, they were repenting. It was natural enough that they should curse the place; but up there, far removed from the environs of the Casino, the vision was too perfect to be thus profaned. It looked a paradise—type of many other places in this world of ours. If you wish to cherish the illusion, it is very often safest to stay upon the hill.