

place its name. They are small in volume of water but in picturesqueness and beauty make up for this lack of power to remind one of Niagara. It soon became too dark to remain out doors, and as we intended to start early the next day we retired to our rooms.

The next morning we took our way towards Woodland Park, through a very pretty country, less wild and rocky than that we had seen the first day. The pass had widened out into a valley with fine trees standing about, and various ranchmen's houses in cosy corners, also a number of summer cottages and hotels scattered along the line of road. Finally we came to a turn in the road, and began to think it was time that our intended abode for the night should come in sight. It then transpired that Mrs. Gray had never seen the place in question, the ranch of Mr. Atherton, son of a leading London publisher. He had often invited Mrs. Gray to visit his bachelor abode, and it was in response to these repeated invitations that she was taking me with her; two staid and sober matrons, who were old enough to be his mother.

Mr. Atherton had given minute directions, and as Mrs. Gray was looking carefully for the signs he had described, she suddenly said :—" I am sure that is his gateway " and proceeded to turn Charlie's head toward it. She then alighted and went to inspect the house, a comfortable log one, with a fat, good-tempered looking dog keeping guard upon the doorstep. No one else appeared to be at home, but as the house door was unlocked and the dog made no resistance, she went in and soon returned saying she knew it was Mr. Atherton's house by the pictures and books. So we went in, put up Charlie and the dog-cart, got ourselves some lunch, for it was now past three o'clock and we had eaten nothing since our early breakfast. After that we did not know quite what to do, but finally provided ourselves with some books and cushions and seated ourselves under a