

great rock in the middle of the seething torrent, and we crossed, unconscious for the moment of the revelation of beauty that awaited us, and began the ascent of the other side. But we came to a spring falling over the rocks, and running beside the path, where man, from a tin cup, and mule, from an old coal oil tin, drank and were refreshed, and there we too drank and rested, waiting for some who, weary, stayed behind. Can you see it? The noble creek below, tumbling, rushing over boulders, yet now and then delaying in some pool of wondrous clearness and depth of green; the wide, long bridge, and the precipitous hillside opposite, clothed in soft, living green; living young green, revelling in luxuriant protest against the stern tall majestic darkness of ancient fir trees, with wealth of moss and ferns marking the course of the little waterfalls joyously leaping to join the creek beneath. Green everywhere—green, the color of Hope; the leaping rush of the green water, contrasting, yet harmonizing with, the green quietude of the hill side. "Earth's sighing gladness did wring the heart."

But we had to go on, as there was another mile and a quarter of the trail before us, with many ups and downs, but always following the line of the water. There were several more bridges to cross, over water-courses that intersected the side of the ravine; more places to see where "the mules and me" went over, and then we came to signs of human habitation; log huts, firm, well-built and in their rustic simplicity quite in keeping with their surroundings. The contrast was yet to come. A sudden turn, a throbbing in the air, and the great new building of the Mt. Baker and Yale mine was before us, on one arm of the creek; across a bridge and a little way beside the other, and the buildings of the International were in sight, and see! from the cliff opposite, 200 feet above, swinging buckets of ore for crushing; and a high-up little trestle bridge with a truck flying over it. How hospitably the manager and his wife received us. We asked if we could see over the mine buildings; but the first thing we did stop to admire was an armful of puppies, such soft dumplings; but the old rhyme made itself remembered, "Pussy-cat, what did you there? I frightened a little mouse under her chair!" Then we went into the building. Sixty solid iron cylinders, weighing a thousand pounds apiece, work there day and night, week in, week out, each descending with merciless thud one hundred times a minute, and the noise and vibration therefrom are bewildering beyond description. Speech and hearing were impossible to us. Dizziness and an overwhelming desire to escape were the only sensations that remained to us. But it was very interesting. The buckets that swung over the creek from the high quarry opposite fed, first this mine, then filled the truck to feed the other. The rock they brought was shoveled down a grating (we forget the technical terms) to the great hungry pounders, and flowing water washed the crushed substance over steeply-inclined trays covered with