

of a proper supply of water, with which to irrigate a large and promising young grove of orange and lemon trees. We pulled up beneath the shade of some gigantic eucalyptus that overtopped the pretty little cottage of clapboard and shingle before us. The usual peaked-roofed barn behind; the prosaic but friendly pump and mill close beside, a few ill-watered and withering fruit trees; a flowering shrub or two about the house, and along the line of badly constructed rail fence. It was a familiar sight, this the home of the typical Pacific rancher. Little of the luxuriant, much less the artistic and beautiful. But we all anticipated the comforts of a wisely appointed interior, and were not to be disappointed. Tired and dusty, we climbed to the ground, and hastened to call the hostess. What a dream of loveliness then stood before us, clad in the snowiest of snow-white muslin that contrasted beautifully with her fresh, young roseate complexion, and showed a figure excelling far in grace and attractiveness that of the mythical beauties of the ancients.

Such was the daughter of John Hammersly, on whose property we had determined to seek for the lost Mariposa. Our welcome, need we say, was cordial; our dinner delicious; our apartments wealthy in the possession of all that was cleanly and cosy. And so we there established ourselves for the time being; and naught but happiness, content, there reigned. The work progressed slowly. A few explanatory details. First, we ran a line—a mathematical one of course—from the encampment in the mountains straight to Hammersly's farmhouse. Next we chose a promising spot on this line, and began our digging. The initial shaft was run down vertically, to the depth of about thirty feet. From this point a horizontal "drift" was dug to a point about seventy-five feet on

each side of the initial shaft. This latter, of course, could be extended to an indefinite distance, thus covering considerable ground, and permitting a thorough exploration of the country.

Miss Hammersly and I became quite intimate. She was an active girl, passionately fond of out-of-door sport, a skillful rider, and not by any means, a bad rifle shot. I found myself frequently devoting my time to improving her acquaintance.

Our acquirements, our tastes were in sympathy. We soon found exceeding content and pleasure in each other's company; such as, we felt, could be obtained under no other circumstances. This was indeed getting to be a dangerous condition of things. My duties called me constantly to the transit, her's to the affairs of the house. We began to feel it a nuisance to be thus separated by such common-place trivialities. Could life be so prosaic? Were my irksome duties to draw me ever at the most pleasurable point of our intercourse from the only object, I adored. Yes, it had gotten to that, I adored her.

(Concluded in our next issue.)

Publishers Notes.

Read our premium offer on another page of Wood's Natural History. This is undoubtedly one of the finest standard works on Mammalia ever published. We can recommend it to our readers with confidence and all interested in natural history should procure a copy for their library. As this work sells ordinarily at \$6.00 our readers can see at what a reduction we offer them this beautiful work.

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Wanted contributions relating to the early history of Manitoba and the Northwest, Indian legends, stories of the early pioneers and tales of adventure. Let us hear from you reader.

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We have to apologize to our readers for the lateness of this issue, but will promise to have it out on time after this month, considerably improved.