

group of houses are here nestled close to the shore. They all have luxuriant gardens and are covered with flowering vines. In spite of our disappointment we have enjoyed the day. The air has been soft and balmy, and nature has again proven her power to charm and please. Our sail this afternoon has brought us again within sight of the superb Olympian range, which throws back the purple glow of sunset like a great prismatic wall. We shall make no stop at the towns on Puget Sound but sail straight to our destined port.

Sunday, June 30th. All hands—passengers and crew—were astir very early this morning; indeed, from the sounds that ever and anon disturbed our slumbers, we concluded that somebody must have been up all night. With returning consciousness came the almost unwelcome thought that this delightful voyage was nearly ended; also a realization that we had something to do ere we and our belongings would be ready to disembark.

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