

the Clifton House station with an enthusiastic welcome and a torrent of information as to their future plans, scarcely half of which May could take in, being quite happy enough in the sense of being *really at the Falls* at last, and of getting her first glimpse of them. She only vaguely heard, in an unreal sort of way, Kate's eager account of her cousins—how "nice" and amiable Flora was, and how well she could sketch; and how Hugh, though very quiet, was very clever, too,—had taken honors at college, had somewhat injured his health by over-study, so that he was obliged to take a rest, and had even written a little book of poems which was soon to be published,—indeed, was now in the press. "And I shouldn't wonder if he were to write another about his travels here, and put us all into it," she added.

May had no particular desire to "be put into a book," but, just then, the interest of the scene before her, with the thunder of "many waters" in her ears, was strong enough to exclude all other ideas. Her eager, watching eye just caught a glimpse of what seemed a giant's caldron of milky