

cles, while the night purples gathered in the deep sky beyond!

Then the daily movement of wild animal life round my solitary camp was interesting, when I came to observe it attentively: the ever-journeying bears, the shrill-whistling marmots, the eagles wheeling about the high cliffs, the little flocks of brown mountain sheep, and the white goats, appearing and disappearing fitfully on the bushy ledges above the timber-line. Although no naturalist, I came gradually to note the habits and behavior of the wild creatures of the mountains, and to find in them diversion, if not companionship.

With squirrel-like instinct, I was moved to lay up a store of berries for winter, from the quantities which loaded the briers around the camps. To preserve these, I picked up about two dozen tin cans which had contained baked beans, peaches, pears and other canned goods for the foremen and engineers.

After cleansing them and filling them with berries, I replaced the ragged tin tops and soldered them air-tight, while the cans were still hot, with a thick coat of spruce pitch. Odd and clumsy as the device may seem, the berries kept as sweet as if hermetically sealed with the most approved patent cover.

I built a kind of fireplace of stones. I was possessed of a rheumatic sufferer's dread of dampness, and in order to make the camp dry and warm to sleep in, I frequently cooked my next day's food in the evening—frying pork, boiling corned beef or making unleavened bread.

The firelight, too, cheered my loneliness, and as I at first imagined, deterred wild beasts from approaching in the night. It did not always produce this effect, however, for a panther often wakened me with its cries. Once it came to the camp door and scratched like a dog. A few nights later it startled me badly by jumping on the roof over my bunk and walking about there, uttering a doleful, moaning note. I threw an old tin bucket across the floor to frighten it, whereupon it leaped down with a sudden low, gasping breath, and walked stealthily about the cabin for an hour or more.

I made my door fast with props, but I often wished for a gun and ammunition; I had no defensive weapon except an axe and a short stake in the end of which I had fixed the blade of a broken butcher-knife. In attempting to use this I was nearly killed one night a little later in the summer.

A noise outside the camp had wakened me, and I raised myself in my bunk to listen. It was the tongue of some animal, licking something or other. I heard it for some moments, and then caught a sound, as if the animal were sniffing and pawing over the chips just outside my doorway.

As there was a bright moon and light fell through the cracks in the door, I rose slowly and crept forward to peep out—at the panther, as I imagined.

But it was something much larger than a panther. Fear stole over me as I peered through the cracks in the door and perceived its huge bulk. I suppose it was a large grizzly bear, or else what is termed a 'silvertip' or a 'roach-back' bear. Certainly it was larger than a black bear, and its coat looked silvery gray in the moonlight. It was a huge, ungainly brute, seemingly as heavy as an ox.

After turning over the chips with one great paw, and sniffing meanwhile, it came nearer the door and ran its great muzzle along it, as if trying to gain an idea of what was inside. I felt frightened, for I knew that an animal of that size and weight could break the door down and easily work its

will on me, crippled and unarmed as I was.

I had thoughts of rekindling my fire, but did not like to let the bear hear me moving for fear it might be suddenly incited to break in. As my knife-stick was set close by the door, I grasped that and stood peeping out through the cracks.

The grizzly, raising one paw, felt the lintel of the door softly at first, then extending his nails, dug at it more forcibly. The door clattered and shook. The beast could evidently pull it down, and I thought I must make haste and do something for myself. Watching my chance, when the bear's nose was close to the door, I jabbed the blade through the crack and yelled loudly.

I hit hard and cut him. The suddenness of the thrust probably startled the animal about as much as it hurt him. He uttered a hideous yelp and instantly struck back with his paw. The next instant I found myself on my back, with the door on top of me and the props flying helter-skelter.

For a moment I thought I was killed. In my crippled condition the shock and the fall hurt my swollen, lame limbs horribly! When I caught my breath—for the edge of the door had struck me near the pit of the stomach—I howled aloud from anguish.

The bear might have walked in and made an end of me had he chosen, but he seemed disconcerted by the noise and outcry; for when I crawled painfully from under the door and raised myself enough to look out, I saw him standing twenty or thirty feet away, with his nose down and his head swinging fitfully to and fro in the moonlight, as if he were trying to work an idea into it.

I was in such pain from my fall that I did not now much care whether the bear attacked me or not, but I crept to the fireplace, struck a match and set some bark and other dry stuff blazing brightly. When I peeped out again the bear had gone away.

I had not strength left to raise the door, but crawled groaning, into my bunk, and was unable to get up again for two days. For many hours I had a high fever and lay in great pain.

Still I am inclined to believe that I was the better afterward for the tumble and the sudden violent exertions which I made; for after getting about again I was less bent than before, and my limbs were not so stiff. None the less, the medicine had been very harsh.

I proceeded immediately to strengthen my door and rig a heavy bar for it. As it chanced, too, I had not seen the last of my nocturnal visitor.

(To be Continued.)

Farewell to the Farm.

(Robert Louis Stevenson.)

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hay-loft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

The Effects of a Silk Dress.

(By Morgan James, in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

"I have been young, and now am old."

'Yes, I am now an old man, over eighty, years of age, and like all old people who sit in armchairs by warm firesides, I like to look back on the past. When we are young we love to dream of the golden future in store for us, and when we are old it is our delight to look back on the golden past, not to dream, as the young do, but to meditate lovingly on a period which, with all its vicissitudes, is, after all, the golden time of one's whole life.

'And now we are able to judge the events that happened then by the light of later experience, and we realize with joy and thankfulness how true it is that "Our times are in his hand."

'To-day, my chair was wheeled to the window. It was the day of the great temperance festival in this little Welsh town. The children had told me, some days ago, with great excitement, that they, as Band of Hope children, were going to march in the procession, and to-day I had the pleasure of seeing my children's children taking their part in the great struggle against England's greatest enemy.

'What strides the good cause of temperance has made in Wales since the year 1836, when I, a young man of twenty-two, was secretary of the local temperance society, and kept the pledge-book! I have the worn old book still, and I like to turn over its yellow pages, with their dirty finger marks made by the poor victims of the drink fiend, who had determined to free themselves from its clutches.

'They could not write their names, some of them, and there are many crosses in it. I always remember one—a big, straggling cross—but not as faded as the others, because when it was placed there by the trembling fingers of Jack Lewis, the drunken reprobate of my native town, it was the blackest of them all. He said when he placed it there—that he wanted it to remain for ever.

'I well remember the day. As a native, and an old inhabitant, I knew everybody in the place, and as secretary of the temperance branch, a staunch teetotaler, and the warm friend of the drunkard and his wife, I may say that I had the special advantage of being in a position to be the recipient of many a sad tale, and of many a woeful tragedy enacted silently behind the scenes; but no story was ever told me so earnestly, never a recital of wrong stirred me so deeply as did that told me one summer day by Jack Lewis.

"I have come to sign the pledge, Morgan James," said he.

"Come again to-morrow, Jack," said I, "you know the rule; no one is allowed to sign when in drink."

"Yes," returned Jack, "I am in drink now, but you will never see me like this again, Morgan James. I'm in real earnest this time, and I want to sign now. I want to be on the other side—on your side, Morgan James."

"No, Jack Lewis, I cannot break the rule for you. If you are in earnest you will come again when you are sober, and I shall be glad to let you sign them."

"Ah, Morgan James, if you knew what I know," said Jack, coming nearer, and making an effort to clutch at my coat, so as to draw me to him, "if you had heard what I have heard, and seen what I have seen, aye, and if you knew my feelings, and could read my heart, you would let me