

THE MEADOW

"He just made it, and now he's getting rid of his scare by scolding about it," said California John. "He's telling them what he'd do if he was only as big as they are. Curious what a difference size makes. Imagine an island where all the big animals would be little, and all the little animals big! I bet the lion would hunt his hole as quick as any of the bunch!"

"And I suppose the mouse would be the terror of the place," suggested Billy.

"No, ma'am," replied the Ranger. "A skunk four foot high would be the boss of creation."

The odds road wound here and there, then straightened. A long, gentle slope led us slowly up. Beyond the ridge we could make out, not more trees, but a wide opening whose nature was as yet concealed.

"That's it," said the Ranger.

In a moment we had surmounted the shoulder of the slope.

Before us stretched a long, fair meadow, green as new fir tips, enamelled with flowers. It fell away from us with a dignified spaciousness, to come to rest in a group of aspens. Behind them reared huge sugar pines, and all about stood others, solemn and aloof, drawing back in courtesy to give room for this gem of a meadow with its azalea