

with a pleased air. He had a sheet of writing-paper in his hand, on which were displayed a number of strange objects.

'Ha!' said he, with a proud smile, 'it is so kind of them to let us know the secrets of the American ladies. These things lie thick all over the room; but they are very small, and you can not easily see them for the dust. But they are very strange—oh, very strange. Did you ever see hair pins so small as these?'

He showed us a beautiful variety of these interesting objects, some of them so minute as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Almost equally minute, too, were certain India-rubber bands. Then that tiny brush, tipped with black; what was that for? surely the thousand virgins of Cologne must have in turn inhabited this room, to have left behind them so many souvenirs.

'You have no business with those things,' said Bell, angrily. 'They don't belong to you.'

'To whom, then?' said he, meekly. 'To the Crown? Is it treasure-trove? But one thing I know very well. When we go away from this pretty hotel—from this, oh! very charming hotel—we will not shake the dust from our feet, because that would be quite unnecessary. They have enough; don't you think so?'

And then we set out on our travels once more; and during a long and beautiful day went whirling away northward through a rough, hilly, and wooded country, intersected by deep ravines, and showing here and there a clear stream running along its pebbly bed. Here and there, too, on the hills the woods were already beginning to show a yellow tinge; while at rare intervals we descried a maple that had anticipated the glowing colors of the Indian summer, and become like a flame of rose-red fire among the dark green of the pines. It was a picturesque country enough—this wilderness of rocks and streams and forest; and it might have been possible to begin and imagine the red man back again in this wilderness that they once haunted, but that, from time to time, we suddenly came on a clearing that showed a lot of bare wooden shanties, and the chances were that the place rejoiced in some such name as Cuttingsville. Cuttingsville! But perhaps, after all, there is a fitness in things; and it would have been a worse sort of desecration

to steal one of the beautiful Indian names from some neighboring stream and tack it on to this tag-rag habitation of squatters.

The evening sun was red behind the dark green of the trees when, at Glenn's Falls, we left the railway, and mounted on the top of a huge coach set on high springs. Away went the four horses; and we found ourselves swinging this way and that as if we were being buffeted about by the five tides that meet off the Mull of Cantire. I was a pleasant ride, nevertheless; for it was now the cool of the evening, and we were high above the dust, and we were entering a country not only beautiful in itself, but steeped in all sorts of historical and romantic traditions. Far over there on the right—the last spur of the Adirondacks—was the mountain held by the French artillery to command the military road through these wilds, and bearing the name of French Mountains to this day. Ahead of us, hidden away in the dark woods, was the too famous Bloody Pond. And Fort William Henry?—of a surety, friend, these lovely damsels shall be safely housed to-night, and the dogs of Mingoes may carry the news to Montcalm that his prey has escaped him!

It was a plank-road that carried us away into the forest, and the monotonous fall of the horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night and of the woods. The first stars came out in the pale gray overhead. Our lamps were lit now; and there was a golden glory around us—a blaze in the midst of the prevailing dusk.

And now the forest became still more dense, and the road wound in an intricate fashion through the trees. For our part, we could see no path at all. The horses seemed perpetually on the point of rushing headlong into the forest, when lo! a sharp turn would reveal another bit of road, it also seeming to disappear in the woods. And then the pace at which this chariot, with its blazing aureole, went flashing through the darkness! Mile after mile we rattled on, and the distant lake was now nowhere visible. Not thus did the crafty Hurons steal through these trees to dog the footsteps of the noble Delawares. We were almost ashamed to think that there was no danger surrounding us, and that our chief regard was about supper.