

the grasses wave as brightly, the wind blows as cheerily, the waters ripple as prettily, the flowers smell and bloom as sweetly, as they do to anyone else in the world ; and yet—through many weeks of the year I have not a cent to bless my thirst with, or a copper to turn in my pocket when the newest of new moons comes. But I have liberty, health, the joy of knowing much of the secrets of Nature and the hearts of my unrespectable comrades and fellow-men. Is not that as good a fortune as any made by American millionaire out of canned goods which I, for one, will not eat, and who for all the happiness golden wealth may bring, often cannot sleep because of the haunting weight of his pyramid of riches. I know that mine is a finer fortune than mere money can buy, and am glad of it, and entirely contented.

Life is a very little while in which man may laugh, love, and then go gladly to sleep. Only a few of us are wise enough to live it properly.

But whist! Mowgli calls! It is time for the sweet Spring run. Let us go! We will find you this evening, Pan, in your quickening woods. Away! Away!

Mrs. Grundy, in my best Californianese, I invite you to go to the—to the gentleman who made you.

C. E. LAWRENCE.