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while clearing it and preparing it, as the method is—a method which seems to give satisfaction to both parties to such deals, the white and the yellow.

One sometimes wonders if the fruit-farms do, what is called, tremendously "pay"; one has a surmise that the fruit perhaps (unless there be high system and combination) only pays for the running of the home round which the trees stand, for the fruit-growers have other interests besides apples—town-lots and "politics," as Timpkin said. Not fruit alone, not hay alone, not silver-lead, not gold-mine—so Timpkin tells me—not petroleum-gusher, not real estate, not even (and he smiles) bogus estate can pay like "politics"—which is a saying hard to fathom, as one does not see politics growing, nor find it anywhere "in place." But no matter. In a light book one must not enquire too seriously. These fruit-growers, at any rate, have joined forces. Be Kootenay, with the country in which it is set, the Golconda of the boest-pamphlets, or the "bogus proposition" of the "knockers" (as those who decry are called out West), or be it somewhere between—which is probable—I would go back to that enchanting land, and see the folks again. If it be the will of the gods I shall go back, back again to Kootenay, hire a launch, and chug down to Ten Mile Point. It will be in the Spring, if possible, when in the cleared space under the evergreen pines the white foam of fruit breaks on the trees.

And yet the season does not matter. I know the