
DULSE

I saw this vein of acadialite, and it seemed so fine above the shelf that I could not resist the temptation of coming up to get a piece of it. The way up was not difficult at all, but I did not realize how loose the stone is here. In getting out a piece of the vein I started some loose rock just above me, which fell and nearly broke my arm, knocked me down, and, worse of all, it started the rock below by which I came up, and left it difficult for me to return.

"It looks difficult," said Pierre, "but I think we can get you down. There is no chance from above," he continued, examining the cliff intently. "Can you move along the cliff a little?"

Winslow attempted to rise, but fell back again, putting his hand to his head as he did so.

"No use," he said. "I shall have to stay where I am for awhile. Something to drink would be in order just now, Len; can you pass me up something?"

The young man addressed looked more helpless than ever, being unable to appreciate the humor of Winslow in the trying and dangerous situation in which he was placed.

The sound of falling particles of stone warned the men below at this moment, and moving quickly back from the base of the cliff, they escaped a mass of rock that fell near the pile already down.

"Don't stand too near, friends," said Winslow, when the dust cleared away. "It would be suicide for you to attempt to come up here. I don't see just now how I can get down, with only one arm to