

[February,

there; an' he  
sir," said his

I shall remem-  
five-year-old  
deest of four.  
chair, holding  
ster, looking  
oing to her,  
hin, laughing  
; at each re-

baby out of  
er. "She 's  
er since she  
e of all three  
ow what I'd  
: She don't  
e, if she can

at her!" ex-  
to the baby's  
mile was flit-  
" (making a  
she laughed  
like we do."  
man life are  
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much of the  
es and Car-  
t sure that I  
F's face such  
t as on this  
ke no doubt  
yed to hear  
Extraordina-  
entertainment  
audience as  
e best show

y was made  
a sunrise on  
before four  
rizon of Ta-  
of rose-col-  
tly opened,  
unt Rainier,  
its western  
lingered at  
pennant, to

the west; the rose red changed to gold,  
—gold which seemed molten, as it  
streamed slowly down the mountain  
side; then it changed back to rose red  
again, as the sky grew yellow and  
yellow; next, three oval barges of  
gold swam out in the east, as if the sun  
were coming by sea; the forest lines  
were black as night; the stretches of  
water, first silvery, then gray, then  
crossed with golden bars; then the sky  
turned to opaline lavender, the woods  
went blue, the water blazed out red; a  
great column of light shot across from  
shore to shore; and the sun rose. On  
the instant, the whole mountain turned  
white again, calm and impassive, as  
though it had had no share in the pag-  
entry of the last half hour.

The Indian name of Mount Rainier

was Tacoma: meaning, according to  
some, "snow mountain;" according to  
others, "heart food," or "breast food."  
One catches a glimpse through the clums-  
y English phrase of a subtly beautiful  
idea, and a sentiment worthy of the  
mountain and of the reverential Indian  
nature. It is a shame to abandon the  
name. Retaining it for the town is a  
small atonement for stealing it from  
the mountain. There seems a perverse  
injustice in substituting the names of  
wandering foreigners, however worthy,  
and however enterprising in discovery,  
for the old names born of love, and in-  
spired by poetry we know not how many  
centuries ago; names sacred, moreover,  
as the only mementoes which, soon, will  
be left of a race that has died at our  
hands.

H. H.