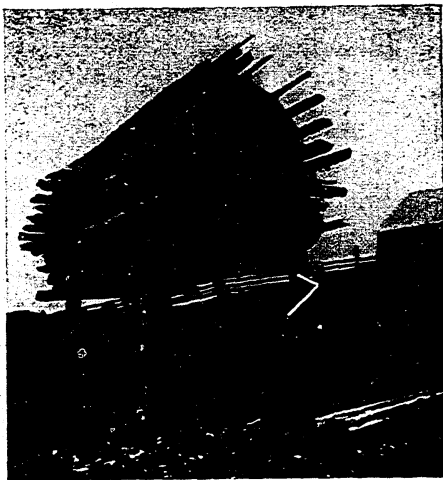


out groups of coniferous trees in Prussian green, except where a forest fire had raged and changed them to a burnt sienna. And on goes the noble Nechaco, pressing against the high beaches until it is fairly turned back into its own course, and we find ourselves going towards the north. It is over all too soon, three hundred miles in four days. Then the steamer, then the stage, and two hundred more miles are covered. At last the coach rattles into dusty Ashcroft; and a faint whistle floating up the hot air from far down the valley tells that the train is coming to carry me three thousand miles and that in five short days I shall be in New England.



CACHE HOUSE, WHERE THE SALMON ARE STORED.

THE PEASANT'S TEMPTATION.

By George E. Tufts.

IN the deep sleep that to the toiler comes,
 Arose the pale and fitful light of dreams.
 By unknown deserts with my love I strayed,—
 When down the wind a group of riders whirled,
 Proudly attired and joyous eke and free;
 And they and we upon the desert plain
 Grew mixed in quaint and spectral minuet,
 Gathered or scattered by a sudden whim;
 And one, the fairest lady of the band,
 Somehow was with me from the rest apart,
 And love's sweet spell upon us fondly wrought.
 Bright in the dream the glance of her mild eye;
 Her soft, white hands were warm as human life;
 Her soft and tender cheek was pressed to mine;—
 When with mischievous glance to where she stood,
 The lady said, "How fares it with your mate?"
 I answered as an idiot, out of sense,
 That she was only little peasant folk,—
 And straightway woke in ecstasy of tears;
 But why they fell I can not now discern;—
 Whether for thought of the vanished lady fair
 And my eternal exile from her sphere,
 Or shame that I was false to my true love,
 Standing alone, forgotten in the waste.