

able to speak—but recovering his senses he asked if he (the stranger) was the person who wrote the note requesting him to call for the lost pin. (Mr. Drayton found it impossible to say "stolen" to such a polite and elegant person.) The stranger smilingly replied that he had the honor, and asked if Mr. D. had brought the reward offered. On receiving the sum the stranger then took the valued pin from his vest pocket and gracefully handed it to Mr. Drayton, laughingly remarking that the possessor of such a jewel should be more careful of it. Mr. Drayton eagerly took the pin and restored it to its accustomed place in his shirt-front. Then, turning to the gentlemanly thief, he said, "Now, my man, that this little business is settled satisfactorily between us, and as I of course know that *you* appropriated my pin, I have no hesitation in asking you how in the name of Heaven you took it?—for it seems to me impossible for any man to rob another of a pin fastened securely in his shirt, without detection." The stranger looked at him whimsically for a moment, and then said, "Don't you remember, just as I was leaving you yesterday I turned and put my hand on your coat for a moment and tapped you on the breast, *so*, and *so*?—(suited the action to the word.) Well, *that* was when I took your pin." And, with a pleasant nod, the stranger shut the door and disappeared.

A few minutes afterward, while on his way toward the hotel, and recalling the scene of his strange interview, Mr. Drayton glanced down to feast his eyes again with the sight of his cherished diamond, and behold, it was not there! And he never saw it again. The clever thief had taken it a second time, while showing Mr. Drayton the "modus operandi" of its first robbery!

SCENE at a fashionable evening party.—Mr. Brown—"Ah, Mr. Jones, allow me to introduce you to Miss Smith." Jones—"Delighted to meet so agreeable and charming a lady. Will you allow me to hug you for a half hour, Miss Smith?" Miss Smith—"Certainly, Mr. Jones, I am exquisitely fond of such pastime." And the two embraced and waltzed off.

"THE big steer" of Clark & McGregor, of Roseburg, is now four years old. He is rather poor at present, but still weighs 2,600 pounds, and is a trifle over eighteen hands high.

ACROSS THE TIDE FLATS.

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LUELLING.
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Hidden among the mountains that lie along the coast of Washington Territory, nestles Twana lake. Its outlet threads its way through pleasant valleys and dark canyons, foams over miniature cascades, where the Twana Indians set their fish traps to catch the shining salmon, sweeps dark and clear over solid rocks, past the few hay farms on the one side and the straggling Indian huts and white houses of the Twana agency on the other. Widening and deepening, it flows on by a picturesque logging camp, and spreading itself tranquilly over wide mud flats, merges into Puget Sound. On this river, about a mile and a half from its mouth, are located the agency buildings. Shut in as we are from the outer world, we look forward to our few far visits into civilization with eager anticipations. The weary winter months had worn away, and the first warm steps of summer were making our wave-washed home lovely with bloom and foliage, when, with a joyful heart, I seated myself in the row-boat to be conveyed to the small town three miles distant. There I was to take the tiny steamer *Shoo-Fly*, that ran to Port Gamble. It was a bright June morning. Life seemed doubly dear to me as I looked at my sleeping baby, and let my happy thoughts run on and picture the meeting with the dear ones at home. Around the point we go, and the dancing waters leap forward to meet the salt sea waves beyond. "It seems to me," I remark, dubiously, "that the tide is very far out. Do you think we can get out of the river? For the Twana is low now, and at low tide the mud flats and shifting sand bars catch many an unwary boat and keep it and its occupants until the tide comes in." "I think we can," replies my husband. "A party went out yesterday morning an hour later than this." Thus reassured, I dismiss my fears and watch the familiar land-marks disappear. Now the river widens. The long head-lands reach out into the canal as if to intercept our way. Two huge trees, gnarled and broken, have drifted down to the mouth of the river, and rear their mossy roots, black and wave-worn, looking in the distance like some old sea monsters. A tall, long-

legged bird stalks leisurely about, with a preternaturally solemn air. "How prettily the water ripples in the first faint sunbeams beyond them." "It is shallow where the ripples are," said my husband. To the right the mud flats rise up, shiny and glistening, between us and the wooded shore. Full of pleasant thoughts, I have not noticed that we are in the shallows, until an ominous grating sound, once heard not easily forgotten, jars on my startled ear. No use to push back. We are fast, and so Jack lays down the oars, and stepping out, pushes and pulls the boat until again we float in calm water. Not far is the way smooth. The deceitful ripples are again around us. Safely through this time, and I take heart and hope that all may yet be well; but there are more ripples, and the water gets shallower as we go on. Again and again we rest motionless on a sand-bar; Jack works in the boat and out, pushing, pulling and dragging until he at last comes to the reluctant conclusion that this time we are fairly caught. Exhausted and despairing, he gets into the boat. The water hurries by as if mocking our helplessness. Around the point a thin blue smoke curls up. It is the steamer. It is so hard to be left, when a sick mother is waiting and watching for one. "Mother will think the Indians have killed us all," says Jack, after a gloomy silence. "Would you stay here while I walk across the tide flats and get a canoe at the city; a canoe could come out here now?" he asks. Oh, no; I shudder at the thought of sitting there all that while alone in that open boat, with only the white sea-gulls, flying far and near, to keep me company. "Why can't we both walk across the flats?"

This bright thought is no sooner spoken than agreed upon, and in our blissful ignorance we grow merry over our troubles. Gathering up my skirts and taking my satchel I prepared to follow my husband, who, with baby and baggage, had already reached the flat. A stream of water eight or nine feet wide ran between the boat and the mud bank. Running water always made me dizzy. But resolved to be brave, I grasped my parasol firmly and "waded through." For a while the walking was not bad, save for the clam shells; as these flats are great clam beds, our feet came often in contact