great deal of this soil is very productive, and the time will come when the greater part of this "desert" will be reclaimed from the common waste and will be made to add its abundance to the wealth of the great Inland Empire. Everywhere over this region the grass is excellent, and the absence of surface water tends to preserve it for winter range, where the vast herds of the neighboring valleys find abundance of food. Deer and antelope are plentiful, though a shameful destruction of them is going on. From this elevated stand can be seen Wagontire Mountain, a hundred miles away, where the last remnants of the mountain sheep of Oregon are found.

In the dim distance to the south are visible the bluff "rim rock" and wooded mountain that bound Silver Lake and Summer Lake valleys on the south and west, and separate the Chewaucan from Goose Lake Valley. To the southwest, clear and distinct, though very distant, shining like a steel point against the clear sky, Mount Shasta proclaims herself in queenly grandeur. Turning now with face to the west, the Cascade Range, only forty miles away, forms a sublime background to the picture in that direction. Sweeping a glance to the north and west, and then to the south and west, along this majestic range of snow-clad mountains, one is startled into the consciousness of having before him one of the grandest and most expansive views on the continent. Almost from British Columbia to Shasta the view extends, and embraces within it thirteen prominent and eternally snow-clad summits. Commencing at the south, and naming them in their order, they are: Shasta, 14,440 feet; McLaughlin (or Pitt), 10,000; Thielson, Diamond Peak, Three Sisters and Jefferson, each exceeding 9,000 feet; Hood, 11,225; St. Helens, 9,750; Adams, 9,250; Rainier, 14,440, and Mount Baker almost as high, besides other summits towering far into the ethereal blue and crested with snow.

The Three Sisters and Jefferson are nearest, and stand out in such bold and grand relief, so startlingly majestic, that one cannot wonder that the simple natives used to worship them. The Des Chutes River flows between the butte and the range, through a low valley and a deep gorge, making the height of these peaks seem doubly great.

As the sun began sinking to the west, and passing below these towering piles of grandeur, the scene commenced to change and the imagination easily painted thousands of strange and weird impossibilities.

I watched the shadows as they stole quietly over the valley and gorge of the Des Chutes, then up the side of the mountain on which I stood, and imagined a message borne to me on the wings of the evening from the Goddess of Snow, who for thousands of years has reigned supreme among the crags and peaks of eternal winter. Quietly and silently, like the approach of night, this messenger came, until its trophy of shade was at my feet, and without sound or touch as steadily passed on, leaving me to my own speculation. The eastern slope of the gigantic range before me, clothed in its forests of pine and fir, inhabited by its thousands of wild beasts, acknowledged the coming of the sable Goddess, and donned a robe of darker green. A deeper gloom settled over the valley and gorge of the Des Chutes, the atmosphere became crisp and chill, and as the shadows pursued each other over valley and plain far below me, the mirages of the desert took unto themselves wings and flew away. The colors of desert, plain and mountain that make up the beauty of the midday landscape seemed to dissolve under the touch of the shadows, and leave a broad panorama of sombre hue and uncertain extent. The snowy peaks from British Columbia to California acknowledged the last salute of the expiring king, and for a brief space returned it in crimson and gold; then as the color died away from them, and the stars came out one by one, the peaks that a moment before were shining like polished gold in the evening sun, took upon themselves a gray, cold, steel-like appearance and retired into the night. As I stood alone, miles from the haunts of man, on the summit of a lofty mountain, surrounded by the first snows of winter, yet in the presence of eternal winter, a feeling of solemn consciousness came over me. I seemed to hear "the music of the spheres" in one and the same strain, singing words of admiration for the wonders of Nature, and a solemn requiem to the dying of a day.

C. B. Watson.

SPEARING FISH UNDER WATER.

THE natives of the Hawaiian Islands have many ingenious ways of catching the dwellers of the water surrounding their lovely islands, and one of the most novel is that of diving and capturing them with a spear or by hand. The spear used by the diver is a slender stick of from six to seven feet in length, made of very hard wood and sharply pointed at one end, but more tapering at the other. Since the possession of iron, spears are always tipped with it, but perfectly smooth, without hook or barb. Diving to a well-known station by a large coral rock or against the steep face of the reefs, the diver places himself in a half crouching position on his left foot, with his right foot free and extended behind, his left hand holding on to the rock to steady himself, watches and waits for the fish. Fish in only two positions are noticed by him, those passing before and parallel to him, and those coming straight toward his face. He always aims a little in advance, as, by the time the fish is struck, its motion has carried it so far forward that it will be hit on the gills or middle of the body and thus secured, but if the spear were aimed at the body it would be very apt to hit the tail or pass behind. When the fish is hit, the force of the blow generally carries the spear right through to the hand, thus bringing the fish up to the lower part or handle of the spear, where it remains whilst the fisherman strikes rapidly at other fish in succession should they come in a *huakai* (train), as they usually do. Some fishermen dive to well-known habitats of certain fish and lobsters, and, thrusting their arms up to their armpits under rocks or in holes, bring out the fish one by one, and put them into a bag attached for the purpose to the loin cloth. Women frequently do the same in shallow waters and catch fish by hand from under coral projections. The different kinds of edible sea slugs are caught in the same way, although the larger kinds are sometimes dived for and speared under water.