

notified Joe I'd found "another." The next move was to turn about, get on hands and knees back to the verge and reach a foot down—no bottom: then a rest, while Joe got a bracing position and took my hand; next I swung both legs over and slid down till my chest just balanced on the verge—still no bottom, and I shouted for Joe to pull. A short struggle and I rested easily on my breast. Then we consulted as to our bearings. We both remembered one place where I had boosted him and he in turn pulled me up. This must be it, and, after assuring ourselves the face of the cliff was within reach, we tightened our grip and I slid down, down—gracious! Was there no bottom? It seemed as though I was a rod long and still failed to reach. I was beyond helping myself, and was about to yell for Joe to pull, when my left foot touched. Resting on it, I explored with the other foot a little; the bottom was there all right, and soon as I could catch my breath I notified Joe. Letting go and drawing a sigh of relief, which could be heard through the storm, Joe swore if that thing continued much longer he would be gray-haired by morning. I laughed dismally, and taking him down we proceeded.

In the next half hour we had but little trouble, but then ran against a boulder which entirely barred our progress. We now knew that either the storm had destroyed our path or we had somehow forked into a wrong grade. Having a mind to see how far above the valley we were, a good-sized rock was dropped over the edge. After the first yard's rustling on the incline it went over, and to our dismay gave back no sound in striking. We, therefore, retreated to a projecting portion of the cliff, and sitting down out of the rain, with legs over the edge, began spinning yarns to pass away the night.

By two o'clock the storm had ceased, and we could hear the rush of the stream in front of us, at some distance, and from its sound it seemed certain we could not be so far above it as the stone indicated. However, we had had a sufficiency of night exploration, and so sat it out. Dawn found us still watchful and awake, and, lo! our feet were swinging within one yard of the grassy bottom of the vale. I walked back to where the deceptive rock lay within a yard of where it left my hand, and with unction hurled it into the stream. In the darkness we had passed the point where we had clambered onto the causeway, and, of course, had lost our bearings after going beyond.

Pledging each other to a six months' secrecy concerning our night's vigil, we set about building a fire and getting breakfast. That was the nearest I ever came to getting a "big horn," and Joe still thinks he is just a little the better hunter.

THE MAJOR.

# PUZZLEWITS

See advertising columns for particulars of prizes for puzzles and answers.

No. 36.

STAR.

- A letter.
- • A pronoun.
- • • • • A character expressing a number.
- • • • • To retire.
- • • • • A double notching.
- • • • • Slow (music).
- • • • • Merciful.
- • In contact with.
- A letter.

Sehome, Washington.

V. A. N. GUARD.

No. 37.

ENIGMA.

My whole of forty letters is an anonymous quotation, but excellent advice.

- My 1, 39, 26, 16, 35, 18, 30 is a couple.
- My 4, 24, 32, 8, 27, 21, 36 is molestation.
- My 34, 40, 9, 16, 22, 29 is a fraud.
- My 5, 31, 25, 33, 19 is a fresh water fish.
- My 12, 6, 15, 37, 23, 38 is strong.
- My 17, 2, 14, 28 is a vessel used to receive the washings of ores or metals.

- My 10, 20, 11, 3 is room.
- My 7, 13 is before (obs.).

PHONNIE.

## POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Under this heading are published as many as possible of the poems entered for the monthly poetical contest. See announcement in advertising columns for particulars. The names of prize winners for the month of March will be found on page 231.

No. 35.

LIFE.

On the eternal ocean's brink lies an hour glass filled with sand,  
Sifted from the golden grains that lie all along the strand,  
That the waves have carried thither, through the ages, to the shore,  
Coming from an unseen country called the Land of Evermore.  
Through the transparent, tiny vessel God can watch the steady line,  
Falling through life's stated hour, obedient to a law divine.  
Falling in a shining current, He can watch each grain of sand  
That has helped to fill the hour glass, from the hollow of His hand.  
And the heart, it is the hour glass, and the sand that ceaseless flows  
Is the life blood that is moving through the hour until its close;  
Each throbs a grain that measures all the sands that silent run,  
Sorely marking every moment till life's shortened hour be done;  
Whether throb of joyousness, throb of love, pain or regret,  
To a law immutable every heart beat's measure's set,  
Never changing with the currents of the great brain's shifting tone,  
Though often sadly, often lightly, or tuned to some grand, angel song.  
Till at last Death strikes the hour glass, and it breaks from side to side—  
Then lies still: the sands so quiet know no more their restless tide,  
And the hour glass, broken, shattered, falls from out Time's withered hand—  
All that's left some splintered fragments and a heap of golden sand.

Hoquiam, Washington.

GENIE CLARK POMEROY.

No. 35.

A DAY DREAM.

One sunny day when summer slipped  
Across the fields with lingering feet,  
And from her urn spilt perfume sweet,  
That she from out the flowers had dipped,  
A spray of poppies, ruddy tipped,  
Brushed soft across my drowsy eyes,  
And straight I walked in paradise,  
Where birds sang low and fountains dripped  
Cool in the shade. Before me swung  
A cloud, soft, luminous and pale,  
That trembled as I looked. In vain  
To pierce the shimmering barrier hung  
Across the path, I tried. The veil  
Still glistened like a mist of rain.  
  
Soft on my ear a whisper stole:  
"And wouldst thou see beyond this haze?  
Brush it aside that thou mightst gaze  
Into thy future? Wouldst thou roll  
Away the mist that shuts the whole  
Of joy and sorrow left for thee  
Beyond its silent mystery?"  
Eager my hungry heart and soul  
Cried out assent. With lifted hand  
I hastened on, then paused, drew back.  
Alas! I dared not look and see  
The road that wound through that strange land,  
A new, untrodden, unknown track,  
Whose end closed in eternity.  
  
Again the whisper, low and clear,  
Crept through the air: "Be patient, love,  
Dost thou not know that far above  
This cloudy shield thou seest here  
Leans thy good angel, firm and sweet,  
To guide thy wandering, wayward feet?  
Thou couldst not choose but shrink with fear  
To see thy future path too clear.  
Hope on, trust on through shade and sun,  
Better a rainbow made of tears  
Than sombre shadow through thy days.  
Of all thy blessings, count this one  
The greatest, that the coming years  
Are veiled in mist and cloud always."

Tacoma, Washington.

CHARLOTTE LAY DEWEY.

### IT WOULDN'T HURT IT.

GREAT MAN (angrily)—So you want my autograph, eh? I'm getting pretty tired of this thing, and have got to put a check to it.  
BOREM—Oh, well, sir, I'd just as lief have your name on a check.