

the conqueror was paying for his victory. There ensued a final, outrageous squirm of

drew one long, red mark across the stran-

ger's wrist and another down the back of his hand to the knuckles. They were good, hearty scratches, and the blood fol-

"A cat in the hand is worth two night-ingales in the bush," he said boldly, and hughed. "I would shed more blood than

and far gone in taffeta. With her lustre-fui light hair, absent blue eyes and her gentle volce, it was not too difficult to justify Crailey Gray's characterization of

her as one of those winsome baggages who had made an air of feminine belp-lessness the fashion of the day. It is a wicked thing that some women should kiss when a man is by; In the

present instance the gentleman became

weren't you? My father is in the library.

Miss Bareaud drew back.

"I'm so glad-glad!" exclaimed Betty.

coming to see me

mewhat faint

You were

Let me

that

two frantic claws, extended,

CHAPTER L

WAS not long ago in the days when men sighed when they fell in love; emnly gliding about; in that mellow time stance, so long ago, when the young were ro-mantic and Summer was roses and wine, old Carewe brought his lovely daughter home from the convent to wreck the ably Mr. Carewe, and about him the neat and tight aristocracy of the place re-

That was not a far journey; only an afternoon's drive through the woods and by the river, in an April, long ago; Miss cleus, together with descendants of the Betty's harp carefully strapped behind the great lumbering carriage, her gultar and the industrious Tankees, by virtue (if on the front seat, half-buried under a not by the virtues) of all whom the town mound of bouquets and oddly shaped littie bundles, farewell gifts of her comrades and the good Sisters. In her left hand she clutched a small lace handkerchief, with which she now and then touched her eyes, brimmed with the parting from Sister Cecella, Sister Mary Bamileds, the old stone steps and all the girls; but for every time that she lifted the dainty kerchief to brush away the edge of a tear, she took a deep breath edge of a tear, she took a deep bream mount was a predchownam, and in the set of the Western woodland air and emiled days, when to go abroad was a ponder-days, when to go abroad was a ponder-ous and venturesome undertaking, the fact that he had spent most of his youth at least twice; for the years of strict inclosure within St. Mary's walls and still gardens were finished and done with, and at last the many-colored world fiashed and danced in a mystery before her. The mystery was brilliant to the convent-girl bese it contained men; she was eager to behold it.

They rumbled into town after sunset, in the fair twilight, the dogs barking before them, and everyone would have been surprised to know that Tom Vanrevel, instead of Mr. Crailey Gray, was the first to see her. By the merest accident, Tom to see her. By the merest accident, Tom was strolling near the Carewe place at the time; and when the carriage swung into the gates, with rattle and clink and clouds of dust at the finish, it was not too soon lost behind the shrubbery and trees for Tom to catch something more than a for Tom to catch something more than a pened-perhaps it is more accurate to say them, in that, even in the one flash of them he caught, they meant so many things at one time. They were sparkling, ournful; and they were wistful, although undeniably lively with the gayest comprehension of the recipient of their glance, seeming to say, "Oh, it's you, young man, is it !" And they were and mysterious with youth, full of thal wonder at the world which has the apsarance, sometimes, of wisdom gathered in the unknown out of which we came. But, above all, these eyes were fully conscious of Tom Vanrevel.

Without realizing what he did, Mr. Vanrevel stopped short. He had been swinging a walking-stick, which, describing a brief arc, remained poised half-way in its descent. There was only that one glance between them, and the carriage disappeared, leaving a scent of Spring flowers in the air.

The young man was left standing on the oden pavement in the midst of a great ioneliness, yet enveloped in the afterglow, his soul roseate, his being quaveing, his expression. like his cane instantaneously arrested. With such promptitude and finish was he disposed of that, Miss Carewe been aware of his name

of time the little trading-post of the (Copyright 1960, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) Northwest Territory had grown to be the leading center of elegance and culture in the Ohio Valley-at least, they said so in when people danced by candle and Rouen; only a few people in the country, lamp, and did dance, too, instead of solquestioning whether the center could lead.

The pivotal figure, though perhaps no the heart, of the center, was unquestion-

volved; the old French remnant, having liberally intermarried, forming the nu-Cavallers (and those who said they were) grew and prospered. Robert Carewe was Rouen's magnate, commercially and socially, and, until an upstart young lawyer, named Vanrevel struck into yer, namen vanrevel struck into nis power with a broad-ax, politically. The wharves were Carewe's; the warehouses that stood by the river, and the line of packets which piled upon it, were his; balf the town was his, and in Bouen this meant that he was possessed of the Mid-dis Justice, the High and the Low. His mother was a Franchwoman and in those mother was a Frenchwoman, and, in those in the French caiptal wrought a certain glamour about him; for to the American, giamour about him; for to the American, Paris was Europe, and it hay shinamering on the far horizon of every imagination, a golden city. Scarce a drawing-room in Rouen lacked its fearsome engraving en-titled "Grand Ball at the Tuffleries," nor was Godey's Magazine ever more popu-iar than when it contained articles elab-orate of similar evenes of feetal light orate of similar scenes of festal light, where brilliant uniforms mingled with shining jewels, fair locks, and the white shoulders of magnificently dressed Duch-enses, Countesses and ladles. Credit for

for Tom to catch something more than a glimpse of a gray skiri behind a mound of flowers, and of a charming face with parted lips and dark eyes beneath the scuttle of an enormous bonnet. It haphad the temerity to declare the polish to pened-perhaps it is more accurate to say that Tom thought it happened-that she was just clearing away her vell when he turned to look. Bhe blushed suddenly, so much was not to be mistaken; and the eyes that met his were remarkable for other reasons than the sheer loveliness of even in such matters and also because the ing finished her plano-forte practice, gether too much on the spot. I touched her harp twice, and appegload ately-and just as Miss Carewe, eye in such matters, and also because the slandered gentleman could assume a man-ner when he chose to, whether of not he possessed it. At his own table he ex-haled a hospitable graciousness which, (for she was profoundly determined to pursue her tasks with diligence), but the open windows disclosing a world all sun-shine and green leaves, she threw the book from a man of known evil temper, car-ried the winsomeness of surprise. When he wosed, it was with an air of stately devolton, combined with that knowing-ness which sometimes offsets for a widness which sometimes offsets for a wid-over the tendency a girl has to giggle at him; and the combination had been, once or twice, too much for even the alluring Cralley. Mr. Carewe lived in an old-fashioned

streak than a kitten, down the drive, through the open gates and into the strest, Miss Betty in full cry. Across the way there chanced to be house on the broad, quiet, shady street which bore his name. There was a wide lawn in front, shadowy under eium and locust trees, and bounded by thick shrubberies. A long garden, fair with reses and hollyhocks, lay outside the library windows, an old-time garden, with fine gravel paths and green arbors; forwsed over in summer-time by the bees, while werhead the locust rasped his rusty ca-bences the livelong day; and a faraway bences the livelong day; and a faraway brought to mind the line, like an oid re-brought to mind the line, like an oid re-

The

shaven, his eyes keen, deep-set and thoughtful, and his high white hat, white set and

For a moment, as she came running toward him, he met her flashing look, bright with laughter and recognition and haste, he stammered. A thrill nothing less than delirious sent the blood up bethind his brown cheeks, for he saw that she, too, knew this was the second time their eyes had met. Naturally, at that time he could not know how many other "Err brought to mind the line, like an old re-frain: "The voice of the turile was heard in the land." Between the garden and the carriage gates there was a fountain where a bronze boy with the dropsy (but not minding it) lived in a perpetual bath from a green gobiet held over his head. Near

and glowing, ran into the street-the small animal doubled, evaded Miss Betty's fran-

tic clutch, re-entered the gateway, and attempted a disappearance into the lilac

in difficulties with the close-set thicket of

In regard to the extraordinary agility of which the pursuing gentleman was capable, it is enough to say that he caught the cat. He emerged from the illacs bolding it in one hand, his gloves

and white hat in the other, and presented himself before Miss Betty with a breath-lessness not entirely attributable to his

instead of going around them, only to find itself, for a fatal two seconds

come again very soon. Just now we are upon an errand of great importance. Good day!" Miss Betty waved her hand, staring ing would have in this connection; for any one going to the statiway must needs pass her door; and, what was more to the point, a party of gentlemen descending late from the mysterious turret might be not so quiet as they intended, and the young lady sufficiently disturbed to inquire of her father what entertainment he pro-vided that should keep his guests until 4 in the morning. after them, her eyes large with wonder. She compressed her lips tightly: "Er-rand." This was the friend of childhood's happy hour, and they had not met in two "Errand!" She ran to the hedge, along in the morning. But at present it was with the opposite end of the house that the town was occu-pied, for there, workmen were hammer-

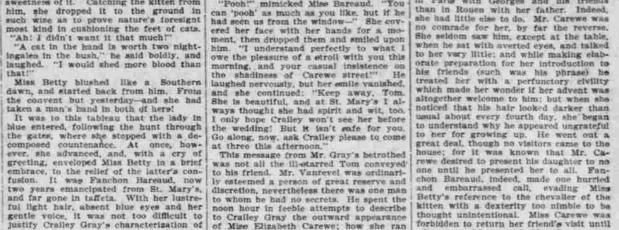
"No, no! she interrupted hastily, and with evident "perturbation. "I-we must be on our way immediately." She threw a glance way immediately." She threw a glance at the gentleman, which let him know that she now comprehended his gloves, and why their stroil had trended toward Carewe street. "Come at once!" she com-manded him quickly, in an underione. "But now that you're here," said Miss Betty, wondering very much why he was not presented to her, "won't you wait and let me gather a nosegay for you? Our pansles and violets..." "I could help," the gentleman suggest-ed, with the look of a lame dog at Miss Bareaud. "I have been considered useful about a garden." "Fool!" Betty did not hear the word that came from Miss Bareaud's closed that came from Miss Bareaud's closed teeth, though she was mightily surprised at the visible agitation of her school-mate, for the latter's face was pale and mate, for the latter's face was pale and excited. And Miss Carewe's amazement was complete when Fanchon, without more words, cavailerly seized the gen-tleman's arm and moved toward the street with him as rapidly as his percepti-ble reluctance to leave permitted. But at the gate Miss Bareaud turned and called back over her shoulder, as if remember-ing the necessity of offering an excuse for so remarkable a proceeding: "I shall come again very soon. Just now we are upon an errand of great importance.

Surviving Evils of the Reign of Terror. tion with her great-uncle, she had lost Does there exist an increduious or jeal-ous denizen of another portion of our country who, knowing that the room in the wooden cupola over Mr. Carewe's library commonly alluded to by Rouen as the "Tower Chamber," will prove himself so sectionally prejudiced as to deny that

tained by clasping its waist, and already | the world could have seen that he meant | of that delectable period, then not so dim with time but that the figures of it were Misa Betty disappeared. There was a rigidity of expression about the gentle mouth of Fanchon Barsand, which her companion did not enjoy, as they went on their way, each preserving more than tragic shadows, and for a week there was no meal in that house to which she sat down earlier than half an hour ger's wrist and another down the back of his hand to the knnckles. They were good, hearty scrutches, and the blood fol-lowed the artist's lines rapidly; but of this the young man took no note, for he knew that he was about to hear Miss Carewe's volce for the first time. "They say the best way to hold them," he observed, "is by the scruff of the neck." Beholding his wounds, suffered in her, cause, ehe gave a pltying cry that made his heart leap with the richness and sweetness of it. Catching the kitten from him, she dropped it to the ground in such wise as to prove nature's foresignt "A cat in the hand is worth two night-ingaies in the bush," he said boldy, and hughed. "I would shed more blood than late. She had a rightful property interest in the Revolution, her own great-uncle baving been one of those who "auffered"; not, however, under the guillotine; for to Georges Malinac appertained the rare dia-

rewe desired to present his daughter to no kitten with a dexterity too nimble to be thought unintentional. Miss Carewe was forbidden to return her friend's visit until after her debut; and Mr. Carewe explained that there was always some worthless young men hanging about the Barcaud's, where (he did not add) they interfered with a worthy old one, who de-

Unction of death by accident on the day when the business-like young Bonaparte played upon the mob with his cannon. There were some yellow letters of this great-uncle in a box which had belonged great-uncle in a box which had belonged to her grandmother, a rich discovery for Miss Betty, who read, and re-read them with eager and excited eyes, living more in Paris with Georges and his friends than in Rouen with her father. Indeed, she had little else to do. Mr. Carewe was no comrade for her, by far the reverse. She seldom saw him, except at the table, when he sat with averted eyen, and talked to her vary little; and while making shub-



It was to this tableau that the lady in hiue entered, following the hunt through the gates, where she stopped with a de-composed countenance. At once, how-ever, she advanced, and, with a cry of greeting, enveloped Miss Betty in a brief embrace, to the relief of the latter's con-fusion. It was Fanchon Bareaud, now two years emancipated from St. Mary's, and for enne in toffeta With bet intres ly esteemed a person of great reserve and discretion, nevertheless there was one man to whom he had no secrets. He spent the noon hour in feeble attempts to describe to Crailey Gray the outward appearance of Mise Elizabeth Careve; how she ran like a young Diana; what one felt upon hearing her voice; and he presented in himself an example exhibiting something of the cost of looking in her eyes. His

sired to honor Fanchon's older sister, Virginis, with his attentions This was no great hardship for Miss

but the effect of it was complete. CHAPTER IL Betty, as since plunging into the Revolu-

ways thought she had spirit and wit, too. I only hope Cralley won't see her before the wedding! But it isn't eafe for you.

onversation was more or less in

and had talked to him at length, giving the flavor of his dandylsm and his beauty at first hand to his young relative. He had been one of those hardy young men wearing unbelievable garments, who began to appear in the garden of the Tulle-ries with knives in their sleeves and cudgels in their hands, about April, 1794, and whose dash and recklessness in many matters were the first intimations that the Citizen Tallien was about to cause the Citizen Robespierre to shoot himself Citizen through the jaw.

In the library hung a small, full-length drawing of Georges, done in color by Miss Betty's grandmother, and this she carried to her own room and studied long and ardently, until sometimes the man himself seemed to stand before her, in splie of the fact that Mile. Meilhac, had not a dis-tinguished talent and M. Meilhac's features might have been anybody's. It was tures might have been anybody s. It was to be seen, however, that he was smilling. Miss Betty had an impression that her grandmother's art of portraiture would have been more successful with the profile than the "full-face." Nevertheless, nothing could be more clearly indicated than that the bair of M. Meilhac was very yel-low, and his short, huge-inpeled waist-coat white, striped with searlet. An enormous cravat covered his chin: the heavy collar of his yellow coat rose behind his ears, while its tail fell to his ankies; and the tight trousers of white and yellow stripes were tied with white ribbons about the middle of the calf: he wore white stockings and gold-buckled yellow shoes, and on the back of his head a jauntily ing and eawing and painting all day long. finishing the addition Mr. Carewe was building for his daughter's debut. This hammering disturbed Miss Betty, who had become almost as busy with the French read, the hero's lot was inevitably linked

and the condition wrought in him by the single stroke, she could have sought only the terse Richard of England for a like executive ability. "Off with his head! So much for Vanrevel!"

She had lifted a slender hand to the fluttering vell, a hand in a white glove with a small lace gauntlet at the wrist. This gesture was the final divinity of the radiant vision which remained with the dazed young man as he went down the street; and it may have been three-quarters of an hour later when the background of the picture became vivid to him; a carefully dressed gentleman with heavy brows and a handsome high nose, who sat stiffly upright beside the girl, his very bright eyes quite as conscious of the stricken pedestrian as were hers, vastly different, however, in this; that they glittered, nay, almost bristled, with hos- tain peaks-some towering upward two or tility; while every polished button of his blue coat seemed to reflect their malignancy, and to dart little echoing shafts of venom at Mr. Vanrevel.

Tom was dismayed by the acuteness of his perception that a man who does not speak to you has no right to have a daughter like the lady in the carriage; and, the noment of this realization occurring as he sat making a poor pretense to eat his Jefferson, Three Sisters, Mount Thielsen evening meal at the "Rouen House," he dropped his fork rattling upon his plate and leaned back, staring at nothing, a proceeding of which his tablemate, Mr. William Cummings, the editor of the rank among the greatest mountain build-Rouen Journal, was too busy over his

river bass to take note. "Have you heard what's new in town?" asked Cummings presently, looking up.

"No," said Tom truthfully, for he had seen what was new, but not heard it. Old Carewe's brought his daughter home. Fanchon Bareaud was with her at St. Mary's until last year; and Fanchon says she's not only a great beauty but a great dear."

"Ah!" rejoined the other with masterly indifference. "Dare say-dare say."

"No wonder you're not interested," said Cummings, cheerfully, returning to the sussion of his bass. "The old villain will take precious good care you don't

will take precious good care you don't come near her." Mr. Vanrevel already possessed a pro-found conviction to the sume effect. Rob-ert Mellhac Carewe was known not only as the wealthiest citizen of Rouen, but also as its hearitest and most steadfast hater; and, although there were only 5000 as the wealthiest citizen of Rouen, but also as its hearitest and most steadfast hater; and, although there were only 5000 or 6000 inhabitants, neither was a small distinction. For Rouen was ranked, in those casy days, as a wealthy town; even at those casy days, as a wealthy town; even at those casy days, as a wealthy town; even stit was called an old town, nound of its atternational and cash as the data of the scien-participate in its outings. or 600 lobabiliants, neither was a small distinction. For Rouen was ranked, in those casey days, as a wealthy town; even as a monthy proud of its age and its riches, and bitter in its pol-tics, of course. The French had builts fort there, soon after La Salle's last voy-age, and as Crailey Gray said, had setted the place, and had then been setted them-selves by the place, and had then been setted them-selves by the place, and had then been setted them-selves by the place, and had then been setted them-selves by the way of Tennesses and Kentucky; while the adventurous country-was in its teens. In course

by a stone sun-fial bleamed against a clump of line bushes; and it was upon this spot that the white kitten info-tuced fhomas Varrevel to Miss Carewe. Upon the morning after her arrival, hav-

TO US who have ascended some one

or more of the numerous high moun-tain peaks in the long backbone of

the Pacific country, it is difficult to under-

stand why so many Americans cross the

tinent. For I firmly believe that one cannot find elsewhere on the face of the globe

so many grand upheavals, so many moun

more miles above sea level. Were these

bare rocks alone they would be well worth seeing, but Nature has been prodigal and

clothed many of them with sparkling gar-

ments, white in its texture, consisting not

only of snowfields but living glaciers,

some second to none in the world in point

State of Oregon has Mount Hood, Mount

and others; Washington has within her

confines Rainler, St. Helens, Adams and

Baker; while Alaska, with her glants of

them all, McKinley and St. Elias, takes

It is this love of nature in such majes-

tic form that has so greatly increased the

interest in mountain-climbing in recent

years among the people of the Far West.

Individually and in organizations they

have done much to awaken Americans to the possibilities of a pastime which, for

health, pleasure and instruction, is unex-

celled. One of these associations had its inception under circumstances truly unique. Ten years ago there was held a

meeting far above the clouds on the sum-mit of Mount Hood, 12,440 feet above the sea. Over 100 men and women who had conquered the peak banded together un-der the appropriate title of the Mazamas and resolved that at least once each year the solved that at least once each year

ers of the globe.

of magnitude and scientific interest.

THE INSPIRATION OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

of over five miles and forming the river of the same name. This great mass of slowly moving ice is three-fourths of a mile wide in its greatest width, and ex-perts say 2000 to 560 feet deep. It has erected in its thickening and thinning process morains on other side almost mountainous in their character. Great bowiders, the size of houses, crowded out of the key bed, mark the tremendous force expended in creating it. and requiring the use of a findine as a greater measure of safety. At this stage each person is required to "mind his foot-ing" and attend strictly to the business in hand. Patience and perseverance will accomplish almost a wthing, and in this finds us looking down on a scene of such beauty and sublimity that words fail to express it. Tolling wearly upward the novice may ask himself, "Does it pay?" Probably the most interesting features connected with a visit to Mount Hood and a feature which the "Mazamas" have explored, are the great cavity and the Across the Columbia in Washington we

see Mount Ruinfer, St. Helens and Adams, whose ice-crowned peaks range upward from 12,000 to 16,000 feet, 50 miles distant. Southward the line of vision extends to Mount Jefferson, Three Sisters, Thielsen and many others, all more than 10,000 feet in height. Think of it, you of the plains and valleys, who have never seen any-thing higher than a 29-storied building, Mount Washington or the Appalachian Range, that here, from the summit of Mount Hood, called the "Bride of the Rockles," you have within range of vision

12 or more glacier-covered mountain peaks, each above two miles in height. Such is merely an outline of a pastime which in the West has drawn people from every walk in life to study Nature in her most wonderful manifestations. But she well repays the mountain wanderer who becomes a devote at her shrine, invigor-ating not only his body but his mind, for which he remains long after he has de-scended from this upper world to the pur-suits of his every day life-an inspiration which tends to make a man the better for his experience.

An Old-Fashloned Garden Strange, is it not? She was making her gar-

den, Pianting the old-fashioned flowurs that day-Biseding-hearts tender add bachelors-buttons-Spreading the seeds in the old-fashioned way.

with that of every one of importance in his generation; yet Georges appeared to have been unacquainted with these pershe had become a Girondin. She found memoirs, histories and tales RT J. CAPRON, OF PORTLAND, iEW YORK INDEPENDENT comparatively easy of access, but the greater portion is up a very steep icy in-

smile he wors. Beholding this smile, one remembered the end to which his light footsteps had led him: and it was unavoidable to picture ied him: and it was unavoidable to picture him left lying in the empty street behind the heels of the flying crowd, carefully forming that same smile on his lips and taking much pride in passing with some small cruical speech, murmured to him-self, concerning the inutility of a gentle-man's getting shot by his friends for merely being present to applaud them. So fancying him thus, with his yellow hair, his scarlet-striped waistcoat and his tragedy, the young girl feit a share of family greatness, or, at least, of picturfamily greatness, or, at least, of pictur-esqueness, descend to her. And she smiled sadly back upon the smile in the picture and dreamed about its original night after night.

Whether or not another figure, that of whether of not another methods, with a a dark young man in a white hat, with a white kitten etching his wrist in red, found any place in her dreams at this period, it is impossible to determine. She did not see him again. It is quite another thing, hazardous to venture, to state that he did not see her. At all events, it is certain that many people who had never beheld her were talking of her: that Rover bench and ber were using ou set, that Roven was full of contention con-cerning her and her gift of music, for a song can be heard through an open win-dow. And how did it happen that Crailey Gray knew that it was Miss Carewe's habit to stroll in her garden for half an hour or so each evening before retiring and that she went to mass every morning soon after sunrise? Cralley Gray never rose at, or near, sunrise in his life, though he sometimes beheld it, from another point of view, as the end of the evening, it appears that some one must have told

One night when the moon lay white on One night when the moon lay white on the trees and housetope. Miss Betty paused in her evening's promenade and scated herself upon a bench on the borders of the garden, "touched," as the books of the time would have put it. "by the eweet tranquillity of the scene." and wrought upon by the tender incentive to sighs and melancholy which youth in loneliness finds in a loveliness of the earth. The breeze hore the smells of the old-fashioned gar-den, of violets and cherry bloasoms, and a sound of distant violins ensme on the air playing the new song from the new opera: "But I also dreamt, which pleased me But I also dreamt, which pleased me

most, That you loved me just the same-

Biseding-hearts tender and bachelors-buttons-Byreading the seeds in the old-fashioned way. Just in the old-fashioned way, too, our quarres Grew until, angrify, she set the free-Planting, indeed, bleeding hearts for the two of us-Ordaining bachelor's buttons for me. ENVOL Brange was it not? But seeds planted in anger Sour in the earth and, ere long a decay Withers the biseding hearts, blighted the buttons. And-we were weld-in the old-fashioned way. -Ellis Parker Butler, in Leslie's Monthly for Juna.

ALBERT J. CAPRON

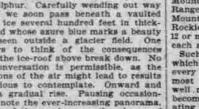
mountain climbing, among which are forms but one part of the experience heavy shoes with steel calks, leggings.

Several days are occupied in going to points of interest in its vicinity. One day finds the party at Yoacum's Fails and traversing Rhododendron Valley, another in the Big Sandy Gincler and Zigzag can-

force expended in creating it. At the head of the White River Glacier and well within the circle which indicates and well within the circle which indicates the original crater of Mount Hood, is a the original crace of stone hour hour and warning fumes, suffocating in volume and warning all against close approach. Volcano that this was, it is not without the range of possibilities that Nature may again give vent to her spleen by breaking forth with a fresh flow of lava similar to recent eruptions elsewhere.

and a feature which the "Mazamas" have explored, are the great cavity and the lake within the busin or circle mentioned above. Seldom does one have the oppor-tunity of access to this "Holy of Holles" of the mountain. Should the Summer sea-son be long and warm, then toward the latter part of August a break, aided in some measure by the heat within, may occur in the glacier. Passing along this our feet soon tread on the loose lava bed, covered here and there with layers of pure sulphur. Carefully wending out way upward we soon pass beneath a vaulted roof of ice several hundred feet in thick-ness and whose sure blue marks a beauty of the mountain. Should the Summer seaness and whose azure blue marks a beauty never seen outside a glacier field. One shudders to think of the consequences should the ice-roof above break down. No loud conversation is permissible, as the vibrations of the air might lead to results too serious to contemplate. Onward and up is a gradual rise. Pausing occasion-ally to note the ever-increasing panorama. we soon find ourselves on the shores of a miniature lake, which is, indeed, a phenomenon of nature. About 2000 feet in circumference, it is covered with an arched roof of ice, the mether side of

arched roof of lcc, the mether side of which is several feet above the surface of the lake and kept that distance by grad-ual melting. In consequence of the heat of the alumbering volcamo beneath. In spite of one's self the mind runs riot at the terrible possibilities of what might ihappen should the roof fall or should the bottom of the lake recede into the bowels of the earth. It is a place where one



BY ALBERT J. CAPRON, OF PORTLAND, IN NEW YORK INDEPENDENT