

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

They were summering in the Santa Cruz mountains, the most delightful place in the most delightful state in the Union. The days were long, but full of the interest that extended rambles and sylvan discoveries confer. A fine stream, in which one could wade or bathe to heart's content, kept up its ceaseless conversation, like the hum of near and far voices. How beautiful in the early morning was the light falling on the ranks of giant redwoods; and surely there never was a bluer, purer sky than that bent above it all!

Amy Desart, book in hand, sauntered down a leafy path, on which faint rays of light from the far sky sifted down through the redwoods' odoriferous branches, glistened on their scarred trunks, and fell like silver arrows into the rich shade of the forest. The book she carried was a pretext. The day was for dreaming, and what printed page could charm the eye, when there were a thousand distractions tempting the curiosity and challenging the admiration of a healthy nature? If a humming bee, a vagrant bird, a clump of yellow violets, or a broad "golden back" were enough to speak to a poetic soul, or charm an artist's eye, who could tire of watching the grander beauties of a redwood forest, or weary of the sudden glimpses through opened boughs of the sublime blue mountains? So a book was quite a useless thing to Miss Amy Desart, but at the same time her habitual companion.

She was aroused from her lazy dreaming by a loud halloo. Indeed, she was not immediately aroused, for the hallooing had been going on for quite a respectable length of time before her drowsy consciousness stirred to the effect of something unusual, for hallooing save for owls, was by no means common in those silent depths. Once aroused from her summery stupor, she listened with growing interest.

The calls continued at intervals, pausing, seemingly in expectation or hope of some reply. Miss Desart concluded, as she heard no responsive halloo from any other part of the forest, that the call was from some one lost in the wilderness. As soon as her half-somnolent brain had formed this conclusion, her voice took up the idea, and when another desperate and far away shout came to her ear, she answered with a musical call from her vigorous young lungs, at the same time going in the evident direction of the sound.

She was heard, for a responsive call came in slightly louder tones, so she knew that, whoever it was, he was approaching her voice. Making a trumpet of her hands, she cried, "Lost?"

The answer came quite distinctly, evidently trumpeted in the same manner, "Yes."

She lost all her languor. Here was something of lively interest to occupy her time. "Who are you?" she called. "John Westwood," came the answer. "Of San Francisco," he continued. Unhesitatingly she plunged into the undergrowth and trackless way of the woods, her guide the voice, which kept up a rather one-sided conversation—if that can be called a conversation—as she only answered occasionally to show him that she was coming. She had no fear of being lost herself, for she had, time and again, roamed in the deepest and wildest parts of the forest, which was full of landmarks for her.

"Out hunting-and-lost-my-way," came slowly and detachedly to her ears. She stopped and said to herself: "I've a mind to leave him to his fate. The idea of deserting this sacred place with a shot-gun!" However, she proceeded to the rescue, determining to give Mr. John Westwood a caustic piece of her mind, when once she had discovered him. (It is safe to say here, in parenthesis, that she forgot her cruel intention long before she came up to him.) She picked and crashed her way through the bushes for a mile, it seemed to her, but distances are deceptive when you have to work your way.

At last, he, waiting, gave a halloo which sounded absurdly loud, when right on the heels of it the bushes parted, and a radiant wood-nymph, to be sure, in a becoming costume of buff lawn, the soft, loose draperies of which she had caught up to protect them from the brambles, revealing thereby the stiff embroidered ruffles of an immaculate skirt, and faultless feet shod in neat French walking boots. But her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were dazzling, and a cloud of shining hair rested lightly on her white forehead. Her wide hat, pushed far back on her head by some saucy branch, served as a frame to a bewitching face.

She beheld a tall young man in hunter's buckskin, leaning on a rifle. His brown eyes were a shade softer than usual, from their weariness, perhaps. His face was clearly cut, and a dark moustache adorned his firm lip.

For more than a moment they gazed into each other's eyes, then laughed and bowed. After thanking her enthusiastically, he said: "I had no idea of compelling a young man to my rescue. I thought it was a boy who answered me, and fully expected to see a 'barefoot boy,' with cheeks of tan," instead of—"

"You will see no barefoot boys around here," she said, hastily. "There is too great a fear of rattlesnakes."

"I have not seen any."

"Maybe not, for they are not fearfully prevalent, or I should not be here. But once in a while you come across an ugly fellow. I always go armed myself," she said saucily, producing a tiny, silver-mounted flask from the depths of a capacious pocket.

It was but a glimpse of the flask he caught, for she plunged it back impatiently, as if she resented the impulse of familiarity.

"If you will follow me—," she said shortly.

"With all my heart. I love the woods, but began to feel I should never get out of this. I have been wandering about, seeking a path which I could follow anywhere for six mortal hours."

"It's easy enough when you know the way."

"Ah, but every one isn't a dryad."

"No, I'm especially engaged for the summer in that capacity," she said, airily acknowledging his meaning. "When I'm at home," she continued, thinking previous confidence called for a like return, "I'm Miss Amy Desart, of—well, everything in general. We're nomads."

"I'm most happy, Miss Desart," he began in the stiff manner some people adopt when acknowledging an introduction, "to find in you an angel unawares," he concluded with regained ease. "And—and," he went on mischievously, "I think I was bitten by a rattlesnake some time this morning."

She turned in alarm and met his eyes, in which he could not repress a twinkle.

"Why, you said you hadn't seen any."

"I didn't see one, but I'm sure I must have heard a good many, and one could easily bite me and I not pay much attention to it, you know, in my perplexity."

She regarded him carefully, felt sure that he was a gentleman, and saw besides the mischief in his eyes a great exhaustion, that brought out the silver flask without further misgiving.

"I came off at 4 this morning, without any breakfast," and one could see his weariness was real. "You know," he added, excusing himself, "I expected to be back at the hotel by 6 with a deer for breakfast."

"You are staying at F—?" she asked. "F— was a village on the line of the railway, about a mile distant."

"I have been there for the last week, but intend to return to the city to-morrow. I suppose you can show me the way to F—?"

"Oh, yes. I am so glad it was full," she said irrelevantly, as he returned her the empty flask. "You must have been very faint. We are nearly to the path; and Miss Desart's compliments, and will Mr. John Westwood deign to partake of an informal lunch at Hepsidam?"

"Mr. John Westwood accepts with due informality, not to say that he jumps at the chance. But where and what in the name of the redwoods is Hepsidam?"

"Hepsidam—as the name signifies—is 'a place in the wilderness,' rented during the summer months to campers for a small stipend. We have been down every summer for three years. But here we are."

He stepped out on the path and stood beside her. How fragrant and cool the woods were. The broad, leafy path made one sigh with pity for those who were bound to tread the stifling streets of the city. They soon reached the cottage, which was not far from where they struck the path. It was an idyllic retreat that awaited them. Mrs. Desart was as lovely and cordial as her daughter, and Mr. Desart was full of bonhomie and unconcealed delight, at meeting any one so recently from the city.

"I wish I had had the good luck to lose myself in this vicinity a week ago," said Westwood, regretfully, as he was taking his departure, considerably later in the afternoon.

"Well, you can find your way here easily now, and we shall be glad to see you at any time," said paterfamilias, cordially.

"Thank you for your kindness, but my vacation ends to-morrow," he sighed.

They all joined him on his walk hotelward, to make sure of his taking the right turns and angles which were to take him to F—, and it seemed to him that Amy was even more beautiful in the tender twilight than before. They parted from him as warmly as from an old friend, with cordial hand shakes all around, and Mr. Desart told him to run down any Sunday when he wanted a breath of the redwoods—an invitation cordially seconded by Mrs. Desart, and shyly by Amy. They stood and watched him till he reached a bend in the road, where he turned and waved his handkerchief, at which three handkerchiefs fluttered in response, then the bend in the road hid him from sight. They turned back on the path with rather a lonesome feeling, for this bright young fellow, whom they had not known a dozen hours before, had proved such a jolly comrade for the few hours of their acquaintance, and they honestly regretted his departure.

And though they would have disclaimed indignantly, and with truth, any suggestion that they had suffered ennui before his appearance, still they began to look forward to the possible Sunday when he would come again. They might have had visitors in abundance, of course. But, though not by any means selfish people, they were still not gregarious to any extent.

Their unsocial instincts were probably due to their fondness for traveling, and the ease with which they had always been able to gratify that fondness. Amy, in fact, could hardly have told which was her own country. She was as familiar with France and Germany as America, and Scotland she has always loved. But since they had discovered the redwoods of California, she was inspired by their grandeur to quite a strong patriotism, for, though cosmopolitan bred, she was California born.

The next Sunday, John Westwood could hardly conquer his desire to visit his new friends. But he felt that it would be better taste to let one Sunday elapse between his visits. He was not very much expected, to be sure, as they did not look for him before two or three weeks. But in that week, Mr. Desart received a telegram that demanded his immediate presence in New York. And in a few days the family, always prepared for such emergencies, were on their eastward way.

Mr. Desart, as politeness demanded, wrote a note of explanation and apology to Mr. Westwood, whose address he intended to transcribe from the San Francisco directory. His intentions were good, but when they had left New York and were far out on the Atlantic, he discovered the still unaddressed note in one of his many pockets.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the disappointment and surprise of Mr. Westwood, when in high spirits he set out on the woodland path, only to find a deserted house at the end of it. He repeated the visit at odd intervals during the rest of the summer and fall, but

always with the same result, till he finally gave up in despair, and came near to believing that he had never been lost in the redwoods, but had fallen asleep on an enchanted hill-side (as Grimm's people do) and dreamed the whole thing.

It was late in September of the following year before John Westwood felt able to take his annual vacation from business cares. But the days grew so warm that he determined to break away from the hot pavements and ceaseless noise of the city, for a week in the mountains.

But where? There were mountains north of him, mountains east of him, mountains south of him. He had only to choose. The mountains to the north were the Marin county branch of the Coast range, of which Tamalpais is the most prominent feature. But Tamalpais is visible from the city, so they wouldn't do. The same fault attached to the mountains to the east, that rise from the arid San Joaquin plains. Mount Diablo was their great feature, and his infernal majesty was plainly visible from the city. To the south were the Santa Cruz mountains, in whose depths his short-lived romance of a year ago was enacted. It is not strange that ignoring the charms of Mendocino redwoods, which necessitated a day or two of steamboat travel, and steeling his heart against Donner lake and the snowy Sierras (which were rather far off into the bargain), he decided to seek the bracing mountain air in the Santa Cruz range. F— was only a few hours distant from the city, and yet the place was a wild, untrodden wilderness—a wilderness possessing the great advantage of accessibility. One had only to strike out from the station at F— in any direction to lose himself—as he had once proved—in a virgin and primeval forest.

He had no hope of meeting his quondam acquaintances again. If they had been down at all, he felt sure they had flown before that. He assured himself that he would not have wished to meet them, for they had treated him shabbily. It was a most contradictory impulse, then, that drew him the very first day of his arrival past the redwood cabin. If he had hoped for any sign of his will-o'-the-wisp friends, however, he was disappointed. No sign of life was about the place, and he avoided it in his future rambles.

The large streams that flowed through the forest were famous for trout, and to trout-fishing he devoted himself, as offering fewer opportunities for getting lost than hunting the wary deer. So, with rod and line, a plentiful supply of light literature, and a sportsman's lunch basket well filled, he would start out for the day.

He was impartial in his choice of streams, and often angled in the one that flowed near Hepsidam. He chose that one to-day, and made his way up the stream for a long distance by leaping from stone to stone, or by walking the mighty length of the redwood trees that lay, as they had fallen, in and across the stream in every direction, and by wading with his water-defying boots in the beautiful smooth stretches of water.

At last he reached a place he judged favorable alike for angling and for reading. It was a redwood trunk, soft with mossy growths, hid among mighty boulders; and from this shelter his line could play on a smooth pebbly pool that promised lots of trout. Here he ensconced himself comfortably, baited his hook, flung his line out into the stream, propped the pole up near at hand (which may be a scientific way to fish, but was quite in the way of a lazy young man), stretched himself at full length on his broad divan, chose the most conversational novel his pocket bore, and was soon deep in its pages.

Behind him rose an absolutely perpendicular cliff, many feet in height, dotted from top to bottom with waving "five finger" ferns. They were of such dense and large growth that no portion of the rocky wall was visible, and down through the tops of the redwoods hundreds of feet above, and over the living green curtain, the sun sent his flickering rays. The trout were wary, and gave him plenty of time to get interested in his book, which, being a lively summer novel, caused him soon to forget the shyness of the denizens of the stream. So in turning a page it acted quite like a shock to his nervous system when he saw his pole bend, and suddenly show symptoms of falling headlong into the stream. He caught it with the mental ejaculation, "It must be a big one to pull like that!" and straightway his book was forgotten. He lifted the pole and carefully began to draw in the line, at the same time advancing to the edge of his nook to see his game.

An exclamation of pain greeted his effort to tauten his line, and there on a rock in the brook he beheld his catch. He gazed in consternation at the sight of a girl seated on the rock, and bending over a rosy bare foot, which bore in the pink ball of a tiny toe a cruel black fish-hook. His effort to draw in the line must have caused her acute pain, and called forth the moan which smote on his ears. Her head was bent, and her hands were busy trying to draw out the ugly barb.

"This must be another 'Lorelei,'" he thought, "and these woods are surely haunted. I'll be carried off by a pixie next."

He hardly knew how to offer his services—as he was evidently unobserved, it was awkward to break the silence. But of course it was only fair that he should help this damsel in distress. He was just essaying "Allow me," when she suddenly rose, without having extracted the hook, and attempted the feat of walking on her heel. Then raising her eyes, she saw him helpless and guilty before her.

"You!" she cried faintly, and let her skirts drop quickly over her feet, whereat the former became as wet as the latter.

"You!" he cried in rapture; for it was she! no strange pixie nor Lorelei, but his dryad of a year ago. "Can you ever forgive me?" he asked in deep contrition. "Let me take out that wretched hook."

She offered no resistance as he lifted

her up on a mossy log, and then deftly and as gently as possible cut out the barb. Of course it was painful, but two or three little gasps were all the sign she gave, and they cut him to the heart. He tore up his handkerchief for a strip to wrap around the little bleeding toe.

"And now," he said, as gayly as he felt to be consistent with a bad conscience, "fishermen always carry their catch home, I believe, and you can not walk."

She yielded to this arrangement, saying, "It isn't far—I had just started out to wade up stream for ferns."

So Paul and Virginia wise, carefully over the stones and up the road he bore his sweet burden, to the door of Hepsidam, where many explanations were the order of the day.

Mr. Desart gave him the long deferred letter, and they all forgave him for capturing Amy so cruelly. But at his wedding, some months later, he confided to his friends at large that it was the finest catch he had ever made; and none who saw his lovely bride questioned the statement. And Amy declares no one can ever say that she "angled for a husband."—K. L. Carnarthen in Overland Monthly.

Trouble on the Pacific Slope.

The topography of no other part of the world is so adapted to develop dangerous floods and subsequent periods of water famine as that of California, where the natural conditions are destroyed, and the sheep industry of the state is actively engaged and has been actively engaged for many years in destroying the balance of power held by the forests upon the water supply. Countless herds of sheep, cattle and goats are driven every summer up the parched valleys into the moist mountain meadows and woods. They have devoured every blade of grass and stunted young trees along the whole length of the Sierras. The reproductive power of the forest is thus seriously impaired, if not utterly ruined.

Nor is this the worst feature of the situation. Overpasturage of the woods has destroyed the grasses and the shrubs, and now for the purpose of increasing or renewing the supply the shepherds are setting fire to the forests, which by shading the ground check the growth of herbage. A hundred forest fires may now be seen upon any summer day from any of the high California mountains slowly eating away, what was once the noblest development of all forest growths. The animals are grazing, moreover, and the fires are burning upon the public domain of the United States; and the government is indifferent to this destruction of property or unable to prevent it.—New York Sun.

Agassiz and the Student.

The writer well remembers his introduction to the late Agassiz and how he learned his method of investigation. Having undertaken the study of natural history, I went to the professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "so you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and report." "Oh I started with my fish. Very carefully I went about my dissection. In an hour or two I fancied I knew all about that fish, but as I was not to report until the next day I kept it, every hour, finding something new. I went to the professor at the appointed time, feeling proud and confident that my natural discernment, for such I was pleased to term it, had enabled me to master the subject, and that I should well acquit myself in my report. The professor listened to all I had to say, and in his quiet way remarked: "So, so, very good, but not all." To make a long story short, I kept at that fish for a month, but not all. How I hated that fish at the end of the first week. How it did smell! I did not want to touch it, and flew into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found something new, and so on until the end of the month, and what there was then about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing.—Electrical Review.

How to Skeletonize Leaves.

The usual method is to soak the leaves for a long time in rain water until they are quite decayed, but those who have had considerable experience in the work recommend a quicker method, the immersion of the leaves in a boiling alkaline solution, the time of immersion to be regulated by the character of the various leaves and the nature of the epidermis to be removed. When it is seen that the green part of the leaf is dissolving put the leaf on a flat white earthen plate and cover it with clear water. Then, being gently squeezed with the fingers, the membranes will begin to open and the green substance will come out at the edges. The membranes must be carefully taken off with the finger, and great caution must be used in separating them near the middle rib. The skeletons must then be thoroughly bleached by exposing them to the fumes of chlorine gas. If to this vapor be added that of peroxide of hydrogen the fibres of the leaves are strengthened, so that they can be readily arranged—after being dried by pressure between folds of tissue paper—in bouquets.—Boston Transcript.

Mesmeric Trance for Alcoholism.

A suggestion is made by The Journal of Inebriety which is sufficient to open up a new field of reform work. Hypnotism, or a form of mesmeric trance into which individuals of a peculiar temperament can be thrown by a person of more positive mental qualities, is proposed as a method of treatment for the alcohol habit. The theorist claims that the patient can be hypnotized and while in that condition made to realize the horrors and perils of inebriety. A shock to the brain centers is thereby imparted which is said to effect a permanent change in the patient's character.—Chicago News.

The silver ore found at Abington, Mass., assays 11 per cent. silver.

Society does not want noble souls.—Balzac.

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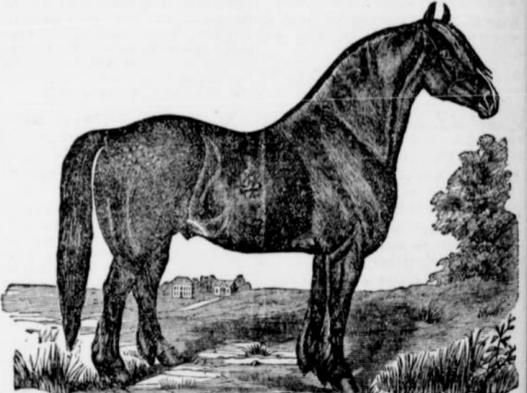
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