

Then I retraced my steps to the head of the lake whither A—— had preceded me, and here was in store for me a new surprise.

It was at this point that the principal stream flowed in. Years of noisy toil had enabled it here to fill the lake, which was in most places quite deep, until one might wade out for perhaps a hundred yards without getting over the hips, save where a dark, winding line showed the channel of the stream through the silt and stones. A—— was standing out there, keeping unusually quiet for him, and making long casts out over the channel, and cautiously fluttering his flies upon the ruffled surface. Suddenly there was a heavy swirl, a strike, and his reel fairly sung as the old grandfather of all the trout started for deep water and finally succeeded in carrying away leader and flies.

To say that I lost no time in getting into that would be putting it mildly. All my fish, with an occasional exception, had been comparatively small, and here, it seemed, was the solution of what had before been a mystery.

If the sport had been good down the lake, it was here beyond all expectation. For an hour we moved up and down on opposite sides of the channel, forgetting the chilliness of the water in our enjoyment of such rare sport, and landing the most beautiful fish I ever saw. They taxed our light rods to the utmost. Now and then a fly or leader vanished forever in deep water, but we fished on

until our shoulders were sore with the weight of the filled creels and our lower limbs numb from the cold. Then, as the last ray of sunlight lit up the white cap of Mt. St. Helens and fled, leaving us amid the deepening shadows of forest and mountain, we reluctantly turned our faces toward the light of the camp-fire flickering through the tree-trunks, whence the coo-eing of our companion informed us that supper was ready.

Who can forget such hours as these? Whose pulses would not quicken at the delight of such moments? Whose senses could fail to feel the presence of some higher influence as the stillness of the mountain night surrounds him and his heart swells up with gratitude and kindly feeling toward all mankind?

We had excellent sport upon succeeding days, and the other pleasures and beauties of the trip were many, but none of them could suffice to dull the memory of that first try at the lake.

We ate of the plain camp fare as only those can eat who live in the open air. The firelight made ghostly shadows among the trees and an owl complained of our intrusion from the mountain-side above; then upon our bed of fragrant cedar boughs we lay and looked up through the tops of dark cedars at the blinking orbs whose rays could scarce penetrate the tangled foliage, and, lulled by the faint music of the stream, we fell asleep, grateful that it was our privilege for a little time to live close to the great throbbing heart of Nature.

SUNRISE IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

THE air is amber; twinkling mist-clouds lie
 Outspread like tapestries in gray and gold,
 Above the mountain summits, fold on fold;
 Soft spirit-winds on dusky wings go by
 Laden with myrrh and frankincense; the sky
 Seems like a sea of foam where free and bold
 The pink star-ships sail on in calm delight,
 And drifting in the offing, fade from sight;
 Deep in the wood—sweet herald of morn—
 A feathered Orpheus winds his liquid horn;
 A hush—then, where the black up-reaching ledge
 Holds high its moss-hung turrets gaunt and grim,
 Like burnished brass the sun's red, smoking rim
 Looms of a sudden o'er the orient's edge.