

The Maid, The Man, And The Mystic

A Story
of
Yellowstone Park

BY
Marguerite Louise Verdier

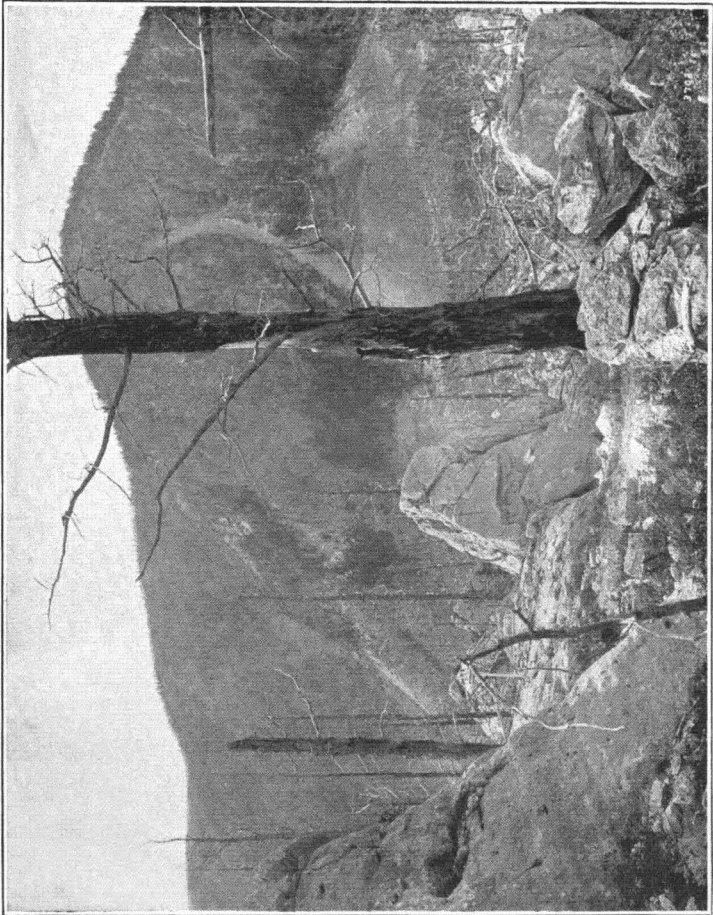
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This little volume is written for the purpose of demonstrating the one origin of all religions.

The story was arranged to interest the average reader while teaching him certain well established facts.

The sayings of the Mystic are culled from the Vedanta Philosophy of India. I have carefully avoided those Hindoo terms which are calculated to confuse or perplex one unacquainted with esoteric literature, and have written so plainly that all may understand.

To the works of Dr. R. Swinburn Clymer I owe much of the information given; while the many occult touches that obtain throughout the book are gathered from sources too numerous to mention.

The unique setting was arranged with the hope of creating more interest in the wonders of Yellowstone Park. All descriptions of geysers, hot-springs, formations, etc., also the information relative to life within the Park, are absolutely correct.

MARGUERITE LOUISE VERDIER.

Ft. Myers, Fla.

The Maid, The Man and The Mystic

CHAPTER I

THE MAID

A slender maiden, clad in a dark blue traveling suit, stood at the office window. The clerk, with pen behind his ear, saw her at once, and made frantic efforts to serve her, but the imperious telephone engaged his undivided attention.

"I understand," she said, when at last she gained his ear, "that the house boasts of a roof-garden."

"Yes ma'am," he replied, "the finest on the coast."

"How may I reach it?" she asked.

"Just take the elevator, and"—again the telephone interrupted, "and follow your nose!" he yelled as he snatched the receiver.

"Pretty girl," he mentally ejaculated, as the maiden disappeared.

“D—— that phone! I couldn’t even be civil.”

The Maiden took the elevator.

“What floor?” asked the obsequious Japanese boy.

“The roof,” she replied, and settled herself for a long ride.

“You must now to climb down little stair,” explained the boy as the elevator made its last landing.

“Ah,” said the maid, “that is the way I’m to follow my nose.”

She proceeded to do so, and arrived shortly upon a scene of rare loveliness—the roof-garden of the Hotel Lincoln.

After walking through the garden and admiring the view on all sides; after drinking a cup of tea in the dainty Japanese tea house; after a long talk with the German gardener; after accepting graciously the roses he offered her, and pinning the beauties upon her bodice, the Maid finally selected a seat, drew a tablet and the ever-ready fountain-pen from her hand-bag, and began to write.

She was a strikingly pretty girl. Rich auburn hair waved back from a low, broad forehead and formed a soft knot at the back of her head. Her brows and eye-lashes were almost black, while her eyes were green, hazel or black according to mental disturbances. Her

features were regular, her face oval, and her complexion dazzlingly beautiful. The charming dimples gave a somewhat babyish look to her face, but her very decided chin and firm mouth indicated unusually developed character in one so young. Though undoubtedly a delightful young woman, she was surely possessed of a temper, and would never hesitate to express her opinion in good forceful language. Those who had felt her virtuous indignation once did not court a second supply.

Now, as she sits, shaded by the vine-covered trellis, too deeply absorbed to notice her beautiful surroundings, let us peep over her shoulder and read the letter she is writing.

“SEATTLE, WASH.,

Aug. 8, 19—.

“My Dearest Clo: We arrived here last night; and while Auntie is indulging in an extra supply of beauty sleep, I am writing to you from the roof-garden of the Hotel Lincoln. My dear, it is simply heavenly! and the longer you are up here, the more you enjoy it.

“From this lofty point I have a magnificent view of this rapidly growing city, which is picturesquely situated upon a series of hills. Puget Sound is gay with shipping; for since the earthquake, much of San Francisco’s com-

merce has come here—come to stay. The nearer hills are heavily wooded, while far away is a glimpse of distant mountains. This little garden, too, is wonderfully attractive, with its Japanese tea-house; its trellis walk, covered with flowering vines; its swings and rustic seats; winding paths and brilliant flowers; yet, amid these beautiful surroundings, I am far from happy.

“When a man is wretched, or has done something disgraceful, his friends immediately ask “Who is the woman in the case?” Judging in like manner, you may readily conclude that the serpent which has crept into my Eden is a man—the horrid man whom I am expected to marry. Oh! why were men created anyhow? and why are we poor women forced to marry them? I am sure we’d be much happier without them. If the race must be kept up, why can it not be replenished by subdivision, as in the good old days when Polyps inherited the earth? You may smile, but dear friend, I am seriously distressed.

“You have heard me speak of my Uncle Meriwether, whose maiden sister reared me, and who always promised me his fortune. Since the death of my own parents, whom I do not remember at all, this dear couple have loved and provided for me as their own child. Aside from

the money lavished on me, they have given me so much love and consideration that I never felt the need of my ownie own parents.

“My uncle died a few months ago, and his will surprised and shocked me terribly. After a few minor legacies, he left his entire fortune to me, and my cousin, Lewis Meriwether Clarke, upon condition that we marry. Is it not an outrage that this man whom I have not seen since I was a tiny tot, is now turning my glorious summer into the winter of discontent?

“When I was seven, and he fourteen, I worshipped him as a superior being, and might love him madly now, had not Uncle M— determined to sacrifice us upon the altar of family pride.

“If I refuse to marry this redoubtable Lewis Meriwether Clarke, I forfeit my share of the fortune, the entire amount going to the said Lewis Clarke, as a kind of salve—a golden salve for his lacerated heart. October third has been selected as the fatal day. Then I must marry this man, of whom I know nothing, and care less, or go forth as a poor teacher, a lady’s maid, or, mayhap, a sales-woman.

“Upon that day my income ceases, and I must marry; or, the alternative is too terrible to contemplate! And now, his Serene Highness, Lewis the Confident, has graciously signified his desire to behold his handmaiden. He has been

in India for the last ten years, and must be a living counter-part of one of those horrid Hindoo idols we saw at the Exposition. I have no recollection of his face, and as we have never exchanged photographs, would not know him from Adam, save, perhaps, by his more modern garb.

“He has notified Auntie, with whom he has kept up a desultory correspondence, that he would meet us here and accompany us to Alaska. I had anticipated so much pleasure from the trip; but now, don’t know where I shall go, and I don’t much care, so I get away from this hateful man!

“Ah! a brilliant idea has just come to me. I will go to Yellowstone Park. Do you remember your brother’s enthusiasm over the trip he took there last summer? He camped the whole time, and came home strong and happy. I have so often dreamed of those jolly camp-fires and the free and easy life he described so vividly. I am so tired of hotels—tired of the people one meets there; tired of well-trained servants, and the luxuries of life. I want to go back to first principles; I want to live in tents, to wear old clothes; I want to see pictures in the glowing camp-fire; I want to forget things and be happy, if but for a week. So, my dearest Clo, you must straightway make your arrange-

ments to join me at Livingston, Mont., on the fifteenth, just one week from now, and we shall enter the Park through Gardiner, along with the same fascinating Wylie Camping Co. which so delighted your brother. I shall not read a paper, write a letter, nor send a telegram while I remain in that enchanting spot, but consume every moment in being happy.

“Auntie may remain here if she feels it her duty, and condole with my enemy upon the defalcation of his unwilling bride; and Mr. Lewis Meriwether Clarke shall not meet Miss Meriwether Lewis, until that fatal day, when, bereft of fortune, she proudly spurns him—”

A sudden gust of wind lifted the sheets of paper and scattered them over the garden. They lodged among the vines, rose-bushes and shrubbery, and were easily recovered—all except the last sheet. Was it fate which selected this particular sheet from all others, and caused it to flutter down—down, then up again, over houses and trees, floating down, a block away, at the very feet of a tall, broad-shouldered young man?

“A message from the skies!” he said, smiling as he picked it up. The amused look upon his face changed to one of surprise as he read the few lines.

“Well, I’ll be blessed!” he murmured, “I’ll be blessed!”

CHAPTER II

THE MAN

The man turned, and walked slowly in an opposite direction, his mind grappling with the problem in hand—a few lines from a girl's letter.

Reaching, at last, one of the many plazas which add such beauty to the town, he sank upon a well-shaded bench and fell into a "brown study," still holding the piece of paper in his hand.

He was a tall young fellow, broad shouldered and magnificently proportioned. He had pushed back his hat, thus disclosing a fine, intellectual brow. His hair was dark; so were the brows and lashes which shaded his brilliant grey eyes. They were vivid eyes—eyes that could pierce through flesh and blood and discover the inmost secrets of one's being. Yet, eyes that could grow tender with compassion, gentle with pity.

As he sat there, lost in thought, more than one woman glanced admiringly at him, and murmured, in passing, "what a handsome man!" All unconscious of these flattering criticisms, the man, after a long reverie, lifted the

paper and read,—“and Mr. Lewis Meriwether Clarke shall not meet Miss Meriwether Lewis until that fatal day, when, bereft of fortune, she proudly spurns him—” He laughed softly and regarded the scornful words almost lovingly. “Very flattering, upon my word,” he remarked, as he folded the paper and laid it carefully between the leaves of his note-book, which he replaced in an inner pocket.

“I wonder what my lady would say if she knew that this page of her letter rested so near my heart? The poor heart of him whom she expects to proudly spurn! Poor little girl! Her head must be full of romantic fiction; ‘proudly spurn’—that smatters considerably of sensational novels—or perhaps she heard it on the stage—I can fancy the star actress ‘proudly spurning’ the villain who pursues her, but it does seem deliciously funny from the dear little dumpling I knew so long ago. Well, it is hard lines on her too. I had not thought much of her side of the problem; no doubt she thinks me a cad, and perhaps I deserve her displeasure for having so long neglected my dear little playmate. But when one is engrossed in study he is prone to forget little civilities.

“So she will ‘proudly spurn’ me from her presence—too bad, when we used to be such chums! Let me see—she must have been some

six or seven, when I knew her, fourteen years ago—a dear little pet, with wonderful eyes, and a lot of red hair. She rode on my back, searched my pockets for goodies, and fell asleep in my arms. She loved me then, almost as well as she did her kitten. Alas! that time should bring such changes!

“ ‘Mr. Lewis Meriwether Clarke shall not see Miss Meriwether Lewis until that fatal day’ ” —that, I suppose, is the wedding day that has been decreed for us by our Uncle Meriwether. Dear old boy! Strange that he should enjoy a long life of single blessedness, then seek, after death, to harness two unwilling souls.

“ Well, cousin mine, I am no more anxious for this marriage than you are. I think, however, under the conditions, that we should meet and discuss the situation before deciding upon any course of action. A wife would greatly interfere with my pursuits, unless, indeed—but that is hardly possible in this case. Aside from my one great reason against it, marriage has never attracted me. I have never known a married pair who were truly happy. As far as I have observed, it creates discord and greatly interferes with harmonious vibrations. Then, too, I know nothing of this girl’s character—nothing of her temperament. We might prove utterly un-

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suited, and each render the other unhappy—at least, uncomfortable.

“Should I ever marry (which is extremely unlikely) the lady must be, in every respect, my partner. We must enjoy the same pursuits, feel an interest in the same people, places and things. Let me see, perhaps this bit of paper can tell me something.”

He took it from his pocket, and after careful examination, remarked, “I should judge, from the positive crossing of her t’s that she loves her own way—well, who does not? She can certainly keep a secret, if these closed letters mean anything. Though peculiar in some respects, she has a pleasant disposition, and a charming personality—dear me! that sounds like reading a fortune, yet I see it all in her hand-writing.

“Really, our uncle had no right to place us in this awkward position, merely because of family traditions. Here we are, not only afflicted with family names, but we are expected to marry, for the sake of keeping the family blood pure—unmixed with that of the common herd. Poor little soul! I can not blame her for running away. Truly, it is an ill wind that blows no one good. But for that friendly breeze, I might never have had this opportunity of becoming really acquainted with her.

Even though we may never fulfill Uncle Meriwether's condition, I want her to know, and like me—the real ME, before she is presented to this presumptuous cousin whom she now so bitterly hates.

“Now, I wonder where you expect to hide, little cousin? For our mutual benefit, I must find out.” He held the sheet of paper between his hands, closed his eyes, and appeared to listen intently.

“Livingston—the 15th—Yellowstone Park—camping—” was the psychometric message he received. “How truly delightful!” he exclaimed. “Very well, I, too, shall visit Yellowstone Park, *via* Livingston. I am very glad she has decided to camp, for one grows so intimate around a camp-fire. Adieu, cousin mine, till we meet on the fifteenth, at Livingston.”

He again replaced his note-book, containing between its leaves this wonderful bit of paper. “Auburn hair and gray eyes make a charming combination,” he mused. “What lovely skin she has, and such a dear generous mouth. I like your looks, little cousin, and if you are the woman I think you are, we shall yet be friends. You may learn to love me, despite—but hold on—she hates me now, so I must go slowly.” He looked at his watch and rose. “Plenty of time to catch my train,” he remarked. “I shall

wire Auntie my regrets at being unable to join her party, and they need never know that I have been here. Yes, I must go slowly."

CHAPTER III

THE MAID SEES THE MYSTIC

The waiting-room at Livingston, during the summer months, presents a scene of lively interest. One sees groups of people, waiting for trains. Some eager to enter the Park; others, having made the trip, now on the return journey. Agents of the various companies that furnish transportation through Yellowstone Park, looking about the room with eager eyes, ready to pounce upon the "tender-foot," beguiling him with promises of extraordinary attention, and setting forth in flowery language the merits of his particular company above all others that tour the Park.

The train from the East was due at five, which, in that altitude, was scarcely daylight. But, for all that, the room was pleasantly full of moving people, presenting a fine study in the expression of human faces.

Among those waiting to meet that early train, was Miss Meriwether Lewis, our lady of the roof-garden. She was quite alone and looked somewhat solitary amid the moving throng.

Miss Lewis had reached Livingston the night previous, and awaited the incoming train with joyful expectation; for, would it not bring her dear friend Clotilde, with whom she should take the Park trip? They would have time for a comfortable breakfast before taking the seven-thirty train for Gardiner, the northern entrance to Yellowstone Park.

Miss Lewis had not found it easy to arrange this excursion. Her aunt objected strongly, and finally declared that she would not chaperon her niece upon the journey, nor in any way would she countenance the affair.

She asserted in positive terms that Meriwether was very rude to leave when she knew that her cousin, Lewis Clarke, was on his way to meet her; that all arrangements having been made for their Alaskan journey, she, Auntie, would go, if need be, alone. That, by her unchristian conduct, Meriwether was flying in the face of Providence; and, having brought untold misery upon them both, by her selfish ways, would no doubt repent in sackcloth and ashes. Upon receipt of her nephew's telegram, however, she was somewhat mollified, and agreed that Meriwether and her friend Clotilde should take the Park trip. She would visit friends who lived in the country, and meet her

niece at Lincoln Hotel, upon her return from Yellowstone Park.

"After all," said her aunt, "two weeks is not long, and by that time Lewis may be able to join us. Then we may go to Alaska, or return home, as you young people prefer."

Meriwether privately determined that at the approach of the detested Lewis she would disappear, return home with Clo, or visit other friends. "I will not," she mentally exclaimed, "meet this man until forced to do so." But prudently refraining utterance, she had accomplished her end, and now needed only her chum to complete her happiness.

All this passed through her mind as she sat at a window in the waiting-room, apparently admiring the surrounding hills and more distant mountains.

The whistle of an incoming train roused her to the present; and she moved near the door, eagerly scanning the faces of all new comers who entered. None of them were known to her. Perhaps Clotilde would come by a later train, she thought.

"When is the next train due?" she asked the ticket-agent. "From the East, I mean."

"Not till afternoon," he replied.

"What shall I do?" thought the girl. "I do

not like to remain here all day on the uncertainty."

Then some inner voice seemed to say, "Ask for a telegram."

From early childhood, Meriwether had been blessed with intuition; and, having always followed its promptings, the inner voice became more pronounced as she grew older.

"Have you a telegram for me—Miss Meriwether Lewis?" she asked the operator.

"Yes," he replied, as he handed it to her. "It arrived last night but we could not find you, so held it."

Hastily tearing open the yellow envelope, she read:

"Impossible to join you. Unexpected company whose stay is indefinite. Clo."

Miss Lewis sank upon the nearest seat, and almost wept.

What should she do? Could she bear the mortification of returning to her aunt, after fighting a battle-royal for this coveted trip? Decidedly not! Yet, could she go alone? It was bad enough for two young girls to go unchaperoned, but could ONE brave the displeasure of spiteful Dame Grundy?

"I shall go," she finally decided "I suppose I must give up my cherished vision of camp-fires and freedom from conventionality;

but I can surely go with the hotel people. They say that each hotel along the route is unique—different from any other, so perhaps I shall enjoy it anyhow.”

Just then a party of four, evidently married couples, entered the room, laughing merrily. Miss Lewis watched them enviously; they seemed to be having such a jolly time, while she—

“Are you, too, going to the Park?” asked one of the group, a tall blond woman of about thirty.

“Yes,” replied Miss Lewis.

“With the Wylie Camping Co.?” persisted the lady, bent upon conversation.

“No,” returned the girl regretfully, “I fear I must take the hotel route.”

“Better come with us,” urged the lady, “you will enjoy it far more.”

“I feel quite sure that you are right,” returned the girl. “I had intended going with the Wylies, but the friend who expected to accompany me has been detained, and—I hardly think I want to camp quite alone—among perfect strangers. So, although it almost breaks my heart to give up the week of camping, I suppose I must appease Madame Grundy.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the other. “Come along with us—we will take care of you. I am Mrs. Landrum, and this is my friend, Mrs.

Adams, while those two men over there talking to the ticket agent are our respective husbands. My dear," she continued, turning to Mrs. Adams, "this young lady speaks of giving up the freedom of camp life simply because she fears unpleasant remarks. I tell her that we will gladly chaperon her."

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Adams, who was a large motherly looking woman with weak blue eyes and an immense mole on the right side of her nose.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Lewis. "You are very kind, but I hate to feel like an interloper."

At that moment a Wylie agent entered, the name of his company printed upon his cap.

"I shall speak to the agent," said Miss Lewis, "he may help me to decide." She met the agent and introduced herself.

"I expected to meet a friend here who would take the Park trip with me. Unfortunately, she is delayed, and I am quite alone. Please tell me candidly would it be considered very outrageous if I went to your camp alone—entirely without chaperonage?" She looked earnestly into the kind face of the tall man who listened so sympathetically to her tale of woe.

"In traveling," he replied, "how many times

do you meet the proprietor of the hotel at which you stop?"

"I can not remember ever having met him," replied Miss Lewis.

"How often do you meet a lady whose business it is to look after the comfort and happiness of her guests?" he continued.

"Never!" she exclaimed.

"I thought not," he answered. "Very well; when our people arrive at the various stations along the route, they are met by the matron of that particular camp, and treated, in every respect, as her guests. You will feel as if you are visiting friends—that you are one of a large house-party."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried the girl. "Then chaperones are not necessary?"

"By no means," replied the agent. "The matron, who is always a perfect lady, cares for all, and is ever ready to serve her guests. Furthermore, if, at the end of the trip, anyone can truthfully complain of the service, we are more than willing to refund his money."

"Oh," said Meriwether, "all that made me hesitate was what my sister campers might think of me. I think your management simply perfect, and shall certainly avail myself of it. I have never camped, and am anxious to enjoy

that experience. When the train is due, will you please send a porter to help me on board?"

"I shall take pleasure in assisting you," answered the agent. "Rest assured that I will call for you at the proper time."

"Thank you so much!" she exclaimed gratefully. "You are very kind."

"It is my business to be kind," he returned. "It is but courtesy to look out for our people."

The man, bowing politely, moved on, and Miss Lewis returned to the ladies who had befriended her.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Landrum.

"I have decided to camp," replied Miss Lewis, as she seated herself near them. "The agent says there is a matron at each camp, and that it is all just like a big house-party."

"Good!" ejaculated the lady. "I know you will enjoy it immensely. I wish we could ask you to chum with us, but I understand that the tents are divided into either two or four apartments, and, of course, we want to keep our own party together."

"It is dear of you to mention it," said the girl sweetly, "but I wouldn't think of intruding. Perhaps I shall be put with some other unattached women—I hope so, for it would be awfully jolly, if we proved congenial."

"Of course," said Mrs. Adams, "anything is

proper in the Park. But I am not sure if it is safe for a party of young women to tent alone. You should have a man in the party."

"I fail to see the necessity," remarked Miss Lewis. "I like men well enough, but I do not see why we should be constantly under their protection."

"Why, my dear young lady!" exclaimed the good woman. "The Park is infested with wolves, bear and—and many other wild animals."

"Oh, well," remarked Miss Lewis, "I can shoot."

"Indeed!" replied the matron, "but that is not allowed. The animals are protected by law and no fire-arms are permitted to enter the Park."

"Ah, yes," remarked Miss Lewis, "I remember, it as a National Park, and that both woods and animals are protected by law. It will be indeed a treat to study Nature in one of her own strongholds."

A group of Orientals entered, and looked about the room. The soft, silken garments which hung in such voluminous folds about the forms of the women were suggestive of India.

Evidently, one was a lady of rank, if one could judge anything from the deferential manner of the middle-aged English woman who ac-

accompanied her. The long silken scarf draped about her head, did not entirely conceal the dark beauty of the woman, nor protect her from prying eyes. The long pearl earrings that depended from the shell-like ears attracted immediate attention, but the vivid spot of carmine in the middle of her forehead occasioned even greater wonder.

A Hindoo maid followed, bearing upon her arm a priceless shawl of that peculiar weave worn only by royalty. A Hindoo man-servant also carried wraps. Two gentlemen of the party wore grey traveling suits.

The most remarkable personage in the group was clad in the sacred garb of a Yogi priest. His commanding presence inspired a feeling of awe and reverence. A look of perfect peace radiated from his beautiful face and the dark eyes glowed with a wonderful light.

As Meriwether gazed in fascination at this wonderful being, the eyes of the Mystic suddenly met those of the Maid. The girl thrilled with happiness, for she KNEW in some mysterious way that this god-like being was her friend—that their lives would again meet, and that from him would come only the good, the true, the beautiful.

An official rushed forward, bowed low, and informed the party that their private car awaited

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them. The waiting-room seemed very ordinary when deprived of the luminous presence of the Mystic.

CHAPTER IV

MAID AND MAN MEET

“All aboard for Gardiner!”

Miss Lewis picked up her suit-case and looked nervously toward the door. A smile replaced her look of alarm as the tall Wylie agent entered and approached her.

“This is your train,” he remarked, as he took possession of her suit-case. “Did you think I had forgotten you?”

“No,” she replied, “but I should feel no surprise if you had—you have so much to remember.”

“True,” he answered, “but we never forget our guests. You will find throughout that we Wylie people are ever ready to serve.”

“I wish you were going, too,” said the girl, as he found her a seat upon the rapidly filling coach. “You have been so kind—I feel that I have known you always.”

“I thank you,” returned the agent. “It is not often one meets with such appreciation. Most people think ‘Oh, well, he is paid to be polite.’”

“But you have been more than courteous,”

she insisted. "Real kindness comes from the heart, it cannot be bought."

"It has been a pleasure to assist you," he replied. "Goodbye, I wish you a pleasant trip."

As the agent reached the car door, a young man entered. They shook hands; after a hurried conversation, the agent returned to Miss Lewis, accompanied by the stranger.

"As it is impossible for me to accompany you," remarked the agent, "I have placed you under the protection of Mr. Clarke, who is also taking our Park trip. I have no doubt he will care for you even better than I."

The young people bowed and the agent departed.

"May I share your seat?" asked Mr. Clarke.

"Am glad to have you, for I do so enjoy discussing beautiful scenery through which we pass."

"I understand the feeling," he returned. "It is a craving of the human heart for sympathy."

"I don't always want to talk, you know," explained the girl, "but I like to feel that some one near is thinking the same thoughts that give me pleasure. A beautiful sight, an exquisite sound brings me real happiness, but I lose half the joy unless it is shared with another."

Mr. Clarke glanced from the charming face to the slender hands.

"You have a highly artistic temperament," he observed. "You see more in a sunset than the mere fact that night is approaching."

"I do," she admitted, "but how do you know it?"

"But," he continued, "because of this very ability to enjoy pleasure, you suffer keenly."

"True, 'most wise and noble judge,'" she retorted, "but whence comes thy knowledge? How can you tell all that about a perfect stranger? You have not even heard my name."

"Dear lady," he replied with a smile, "we are on our way to Yellowstone Park—a place of rare enchantment. Do you not see that **ANYTHING** might happen in, or near that favored spot?"

"Yes," she replied, "It is because of its enchantment, I am going. I want to study Nature, and forget poor, puny man."

"I seriously object to that expression," answered Mr. Clarke. "I insist that **MAN** is not puny. Man is the most wonderful of all creations, the most intricate mechanism of brain and—but listen! that little fellow is about to instruct us concerning the beauties along the route."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the director

of this personally conducted party, "we are now about to enter the first canyon of the Yellowstone or Gate Mountains, which forms a natural entrance to the upper Yellowstone Valley.

"This canyon is nearly a mile long and just wide enough to accommodate the railroad, in addition to the river, the mountain wall rising up perpendicularly some two thousand feet on each side."

All eyes turned toward the windows, though the speaker received a respectful hearing.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," continued the speaker, as the train left the narrow canyon, "we enter Paradise Valley, which extends from the mouth of the first canyon, about thirty miles up the river, and is from seven to twelve miles wide. It is settled by ranch-men, and is very fertile.

"On the east, you observe, is a very picturesque range of mountains with constantly changing effects.

"The hills on the west are not so high, but are very interesting from a geological point of view.

"I will not weary you with further description, but am here to answer any questions you may ask. I see most of you have guide-books,

which will inform you of the points of interest *en route.*”

The speaker resumed his seat amid appreciative cheers, and the tourists consulted their guide-books.

“I neglected to buy a guide-book,” said Miss Lewis regretfully.

“Mine is at your service,” replied her companion.

“I will not be selfish,” she replied. “We can share it. You read aloud any point of special interest, while I study the landscape.”

“That will represent a fair division of labor,” returned Mr. Clarke.

“It reminds me of Switzerland,” she continued, “with its snowy summits, fertile plains and rushing river. The cattle grazing in the meadow, and that white cottage in the distance, give a charming touch of life to the picture.”

“You have been abroad?” he asked, as he studied the guide-book.

“Many times,” she replied. “And you?”

“But once,” he replied.

“You are fortunate,” she remarked, turning from the window to regard him more closely.

“How so?” he asked.

“It is lovely to travel,” she replied, “but it must be blissful to have a home—a real

HOME—not a corner in another person's house.”

“I agree with you,” he answered. “A HOME, with all that the word implies, must be the dearest spot on earth; but as yet, I have never enjoyed that blessing. Broadly considered, every place is my home, all men, my brothers—we are all God's children, you know—but I have never experienced the sweet intimacy of home life.”

“But surely, you had a mother,” she replied.

“That goes without saying,” he replied, “but she died at my birth, and my father did not long survive her.”

“How sad!” she exclaimed, sympathetically. “I, too, am an orphan; but a dear aunt and uncle cared for me so tenderly that I could not miss the parents I had never known.”

“Our early lives are so similar that we no doubt have many experiences in common,” he replied. “Now, I venture to say, Miss—I did not quite catch your name.”

“Oh,” she said, “names do not signify out here. Just call me anything.”

“I have no curiosity upon the subject,” he said, “but will we not find it somewhat inconvenient?”

“My friends call me Merri,” she replied.

“You remember the Pecksniff girls in Martin Chuzzlewit—Merri and Cherri?”

“Yes,” he answered. “Merri was the giggler, was she not?”

“She was; and you will find that I am Past Master in the art. Now, what shall I call you?”

“Did you not hear my name?”

“No—there was too much noise.”

“I have always had an intense desire to be called Jack.”

“Why, is it not your name?”

“No. I was not consulted at my baptism.”

“Nor was I, alas!” replied the girl. “Because we have both been afflicted with names that are hateful to us, suppose, during this beautiful trip, we forget that we are called by them.”

“One must register,” he objected, “and I could not feel happy under an assumed name.”

“Of course, we shall register properly,” she replied, “but I shall make no effort to discover your name, and beg that you will treat me with equal consideration.”

“I cheerfully accept any terms” he said, “that will give me so charming a friend, even for the brief period comprised in the Park trip.”

“It is but for the trip,” she responded, “so

let us be real friends during this delightful week.”

“Done!” he exclaimed. “We are comrades. Throughout the trip your name is YOU.”

“I think I’ll call you MAN.”

“Anything you like. Shall we shake hands upon it?”

“No, it would be too conspicuous—to-night, as we retire.”

“As you like—but see, we are entering another canyon. Let me see, this must be the Yankee Jim Canyon, named from an early settler who constructed a wagon road through the canyon, and collected toll from all who passed through. Look how high the mountains are—like a mighty wall.”

“How very narrow the gorge is!” exclaimed the girl.

“Hardly more than a hundred feet,” assented her companion.

“How deep it looks down to the river! Suppose the train ran off the track?”

“Don’t think of unpleasant things,” he replied.

“I do not like gorges,” she remarked. “They may be very grand and wonderful, but I feel so shut in.”

“Oh well,” he replied, “we are hardly in before we are out again. That snowy peak over

there is Electric Peak, the loftiest mountain in this vicinity. See how grandly it towers above its companions."

"Is it accessible?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, consulting his book. "It may be ascended from the North or South side, but saddle-animals cannot be taken so near the summit by the former route."

"I think I will make the ascent when we return from the Park," observed Miss Lewis.

"That would be fine," he answered.

"What town is that we are nearing?" asked the girl.

"Why, that must be Gardiner. I wonder if another agent will meet us."

"Of course," she replied, looking from the window. "Behold the man! I see his name from afar, and the coaches await us!"

The train had barely stopped when a commanding voice called aloud, "All for the Wylie Camping Company step this way!" He lined them up to his satisfaction, then demanded their checks. The question of baggage disposed of, he hustled them into great tally-ho coaches, which, after a short drive deposited them at the first lunch-station, where they would dine before entering the portals of the enchanted park.

CHAPTER V

THE MAID MAKES FRIENDS

The commodious reception hall of the lunch-station might easily be mistaken for the *rendezvous* of a large house party.

As the tourists scrambled from the coaches, they were welcomed by a well-dressed lady, and given the liberty of the house.

Those who brought trunks were assigned rooms, where they made necessary changes of toilet, and packed their suit-cases for the Park trip. No trunks are carried into the Park, so one must remember all his necessities or suffer the consequences of forgetfulness.

Some of our tourists strolled about the little town, which, from its position, represents much that is interesting. They visited the souvenir shops, investing in postals and other unique mementos to send home. They wrote letters, and mailed them. They bought fruit, and ate candy—in short, they “killed time” as restless people are prone to do when forced to wait for trains or anything else.

Those less energetically inclined lounged upon the luxurious couches that filled every con-

venient nook, and read or chatted as they preferred.

The welcome sound of the dinner-bell soon filled the lunch-room, for the pure mountain air had created good appetites, and the crowd ate with keen enjoyment the bountiful meal set before them.

“May I sit by you?”

Miss Lewis glanced up to meet the sweet smile of a dainty little lady dressed in black.

“Certainly,” she replied. “I shall be delighted to have you, for I am quite alone.”

“Indeed!” said the lady, “then we must adopt each other. I am Mrs. Chapman, and this is my son, Rex.”

Rex was a good-looking youth of eighteen, with honest blue eyes and a humorous mouth. He bowed politely, and took the chair beside his mother.

“I am Miss Lewis,” remarked our heroine. “I hope we may become good friends.”

“Quite alone?” asked Mrs. Chapman.

“Well, you are brave,” said the boy admiringly.

“I should feel quite desolate without Rex,” observed Mrs. Chapman.

“I am not quite so brave as you think me,” answered Miss Lewis. “The friend with whom I expected to chum was detained at the last

moment, so I determined to go alone, rather than give up the trip."

"You were perfectly right," answered the lady. "I admire your courage though I could not attain to it."

"It is a gorgeous trip," said the boy, "and I am glad you were plucky enough to come alone. Mother and I will take care of you."

"Thank you so much," returned Miss Lewis, gratefully. "Ah! here comes another kind man who has offered to protect me."

"What a striking personality!" exclaimed the lady, as Mr. Clarke entered the dining-hall, and walked directly toward them.

"Who is he?" asked Rex.

"I do not know," answered Miss Lewis. "I was introduced to him this morning by the Wylie agent, and placed under his care, but I did not catch his name."

"Well," remarked Rex emphatically, "he is **SOMEBODY**, as sure as you are born."

"Of course he is," laughed the girl. "So are you, so am I—and all the rest of us."

"Perhaps he is connected with the company," suggested Mrs. Chapman.

"I think not," returned Meriwether, "but of course—yes, you may have this chair; I have been keeping it expressly for you. Evidently,

you are not as ravenous as the rest of us, or you would have been here sooner.”

Mr. Clarke murmured his thanks as he took the chair, and unfolded his napkin.

“May I hand you the steak?” asked Miss Lewis, taking up the dish nearest her.

“No!” snapped the man just opposite her. “Never hand me meat of any kind—I am a VEGETARIAN.”

“Pardon me,” replied the girl coldly. “I was not addressing you.”

“It is just as well for you to understand the situation right now,” continued the Vegetarian. “As we may be at the same table frequently during this trip—”

“Heaven forbid!” murmured Miss Lewis behind her napkin.

Rex caught her eye and chuckled softly. His mother appeared somewhat shocked.

The Vegetarian was a tall, gaunt man with a sallow complexion and sandy hair; his eyes were restless and unhappy, his nose and mouth abnormally large. His teeth were large and yellow, his voice, loud and rasping.

“As I was saying,” he continued, “I never eat meat in any shape or form, and if you knew as much as I do about its evil effects, you’d let it alone.”

“Perhaps so,” replied the girl, with polite

indifference, "but, as I do not possess your superior knowledge, I would thank you for a piece of that fowl—a bit of the white meat, please."

He helped her grudgingly, inveighing the while against the barbarous custom of meat-eating and the misery it entailed upon the human race.

"Isn't he a bore?" whispered the girl.

"Shall I throw a biscuit at him?" asked Rex, with a grin of enjoyment.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Lewis, "I was so absorbed that I forgot to hand you the meat."

"I do not care for it, thank you," replied Mr. Clarke.

"Why," asked the girl, "are you, too, a vegetarian?"

"Yes;" he answered, "but I do not think it necessary to cram my sentiments down your throat."

"But why?" she persisted. "Are you a Parsee or a Yogi, or whatever Hindoo sect it is which eschews meat?"

"Are you not rather mixing things?" he answered with a smile. "I'm not a Hindoo, but I can give you several good reasons why I do not eat meat."

"Do you think that the souls of your ances-

tors may dwell in the cattle, and so fear to eat of their flesh?" she asked with a laugh.

"No such fear restrains me," he replied. "If the souls of my ancestors ever dwelt in the poor, driven cattle, it was ages ago."

"Do you believe in reincarnation?" she asked.

"I neither believe, nor disbelieve," he replied. "It may be true; but I KNOW nothing, one way or the other."

"Then you have other reasons for eating no meat," she asserted.

"Yes;" he replied, "my reasons are founded upon scientific principles, but this is not the time nor the place to discuss them. Suppose you attribute my peculiarity to hygiene. I lived many years in the East, where one had to be very careful of his diet, especially during the warm period."

"In the East!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if you saw those fascinating Orientals at Livingston, this morning?"

"No;" he replied, "what were they like?"

"From the servile attention of the train officials, I assume they were people of distinction," said Miss Lewis.

"The lady was tall, slender, and very beautiful," remarked Mrs. Chapman.

"She was rather dark," continued Meri-

wether, "but her features were perfect, and she had such appealing eyes."

"Did you see the red spot in the middle of her forehead?" asked Rex.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Clarke. "It must be the Princess. Her husband is a scholarly man of about thirty, and—"

"Yes" interrupted the girl, "and in the party was the most beautiful man I ever saw."

"I did not notice the man," said Rex. "Was he old or young?"

"Not young," returned Miss Lewis, "yet one could never associate age with that face—why it actually shone,—with the splendor of an angel!"

"You are right," replied Mr. Clarke. "His face is resplendent because his soul is full of light. He sheds a radiance wherever he goes—just as the sun sends forth light."

"You know him?" she questioned.

"Yes," he replied. He is Yogi Ramakuturi, spiritual advisor to the Rajah, and my very good friend."

"And are you also acquainted with the beautiful princess?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"Somewhat," he replied. "I was once able to do her a service which she has never forgotten. I knew they were on a tour around the

world, but never dreamed of meeting them here."

"How enchanting it would be to meet a real Hindoo Princess!" exclaimed Miss Lewis. "Could you not manage to introduce me as a near relative?"

"A cousin?" he suggested.

"Oh no!" she cried hastily, "I hate cousins."

"For all that," he replied, "I have no doubt you would prove a very satisfactory cousin, so we may as well institute the relationship."

"Anything you like," she said with a smile, "so you help me to meet that beautiful Yogi—he fascinates me."

"That can be easily managed," replied Mr. Clarke. "I presume they are at the hotel. I will ascertain, and arrange a meeting."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the girl.

"Perhaps I, too, shall turn Yogi and taboo meat."

"Would it be possible," asked Mrs. Chapman, "to induce the Hindoo teacher to give us a lecture?"

"It would be jolly good-luck to hear him talk," remarked Rex. "Those old priests are awfully learned, but very reserved."

"I heard Vivkananda lecture at the Columbian Exposition," observed Mrs. Chapman,

"and liked him very much, though I could not accept his doctrine."

"His philosophy is pure and lofty," remarked Mr. Clarke. "It prepares one to meet every condition of life and to face death with calmness."

"True," admitted the lady, "yet it is not a religion. I could not exchange my Church, with its beautiful, historic associations, for a mere philosophy."

"You are an Episcopalian," observed Mr. Clarke.

"I am," replied the lady, with proud reverence.

"It is hard for them to accept innovations," he said, with a smile.

"I, too, am a church-woman," said Meriwether. "Yet, occultism fascinates me. I read all I can find upon that interesting subject."

"You surprise me," remarked Mrs. Chapman. "In my day, young ladies were not so learned. Rex is crazy over psychology, but I can never find time to separate the conscious from the sub-conscious mind. The super-conscious and the instinctive-mind are all the same to me."

"You are not the only one who mixes the terms;" answered Mr. Clarke, "most people have but a hazy idea of scientific language. It

is very simple when you understand the true meaning of the words.”

“Some writers,” said Miss Lewis, “attribute much of the power possessed by the super-conscious to the instinctive mind, making little, if any distinction between them.”

“Yes,” rejoined Rex, “that puzzled me awfully at first. But, after all, a fellow has to thresh out his own information.”

“You are mighty right!” answered Miss Lewis.

“Are you as fond of psychology as you are of Eastern lore?” asked the boy.

“It appeals to me strongly,” she replied with enthusiasm.

“Then,” he answered “we shall have some good times. You are highly magnetic—”

“So are you,” she interrupted. “So is everyone who conserves his forces.”

“Well, young lady,” broke in the Vegetarian, “if you’ll take my advice, you’ll not fool with the forces of Nature. Before you know it, you will drift into Spiritualism—and there madness lies.”

Everyone at the table turned from his food, and listened, for the Vegetarian’s voice was harsh and obtrusive.

“In a way,” quietly observed Mr. Clarke, “we are all Spiritualists.”

A storm of protest greeted this remark.

"Wait a moment," he continued, calmly. "All of you, I assume, accept the Christian Bible."

"Yes—OF COURSE!"

"How then, do you explain the mention of Spirit manifestation that occurs so frequently throughout that sacred book?"

"Well," said Mrs. Chapman, thoughtfully, "of course, I believe in angels—"

"Also in devils," asserted he.

"Certainly," she replied in a shocked tone. "There can't be a Heaven without a Hell, nor angels without devils. The Bible plainly tells us this."

"Does it?" asked Meriwether with a smile. "You know 'angel' simply means messenger—one sent. I could be an angel—"

"Not could, but *are*," gallantly interrupted Rex.

"Do not interrupt my flow of eloquence, naughty boy!" she said with a laugh.

"Do you not believe in a personal devil?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Rex. "No one believes in his Satanic Majesty these days."

"I believe there is much evil in the world," said Mr. Clarke, "which is born of ignorance. You call it the Devil, while the New Thought

people term it *The Not Good*. The force is identical. It is a thing—a dynamic power.”

“I suppose,” snarled the Vegetarian, “that you are a Theosophist. I am here to warn you against meddling with the forces of Nature. My wife and I studied magnetism, hypnotism, all forms of New Thought, and dipped into Spiritualism, but we found it would not do. Yes, there is a FORCE I’ll admit—a powerful force—but no man can afford to fool with it.”

“I am not a Spiritualist, in the common acceptance of the term,” began Mr. Clarke, “nor am I a member of any Theosophical Society, yet I venture to say that I could easily demonstrate to you—”

“The coaches will be at the door in ten minutes,” announced an attendant. “Passengers will please register before leaving. Tickets for the round trip on sale at the office.”

A grand scramble for the office.

CHAPTER VI

THE MYSTIC AGAIN

“I want to sit by the driver,” said Miss Lewis. “I can see nothing in this crowded coach.”

“Then you must climb over the backs of all these seats to reach the high one up front,” replied Mr. Clarke.

“Better hurry!” exclaimed a voice from outside, “or the doctor will get ahead of you.”

Hesitating no longer, Miss Lewis stepped across the intervening seats and crawled through the opening in front, just as a handsome man of about fifty, swung himself lightly to the driver’s seat.

“You must be the doctor,” she said, with her sweetest smile, “whom I was advised to get ahead of.”

“I am,” he replied. “Dr. Danvers, at your service. I always sit by the driver.”

“I am Miss Lewis;” she responded, “and I, too, invariably sit by the driver—when he is nice.” She cast a bewitching smile at the big red-faced man who held the lines.

“I am glad to have you, Miss,” replied the

pleased driver. "There is room for both of you."

So the little woman perched upon the high seat, between the two big men, and proceeded to enjoy herself.

On they drove, past the unique log station-house, under the imposing stone arch, on the Northern boundary, which was dedicated by President Roosevelt, in 1903; across a charming valley in which grazed gentle deer; then, turning into Gardiner's Canyon, they followed the beautiful Gardiner River over one of the most attractive drives in the park.

The afternoon was perfect, the air, exhilarating, and the scenery exquisite.

As yet, nothing of a startling nature had been presented to them, for the real wonders of the Park are in the Upper Basin, which would not be reached till the following evening, after the longest day's journey of the entire trip.

Dr. Danvers had but recently returned from abroad. He was an intellectual man and a fluent speaker.

The big driver, too, could tell a good story, and explained well all points of interest along the route. He did not fail to point out Eagle Nest Rock where the canyon cliffs tower 1500 feet above the roadside; nor did he forget to tell of the nesting there, and of the eaglets that

each year left their stately home to sail the still more lofty heavens.

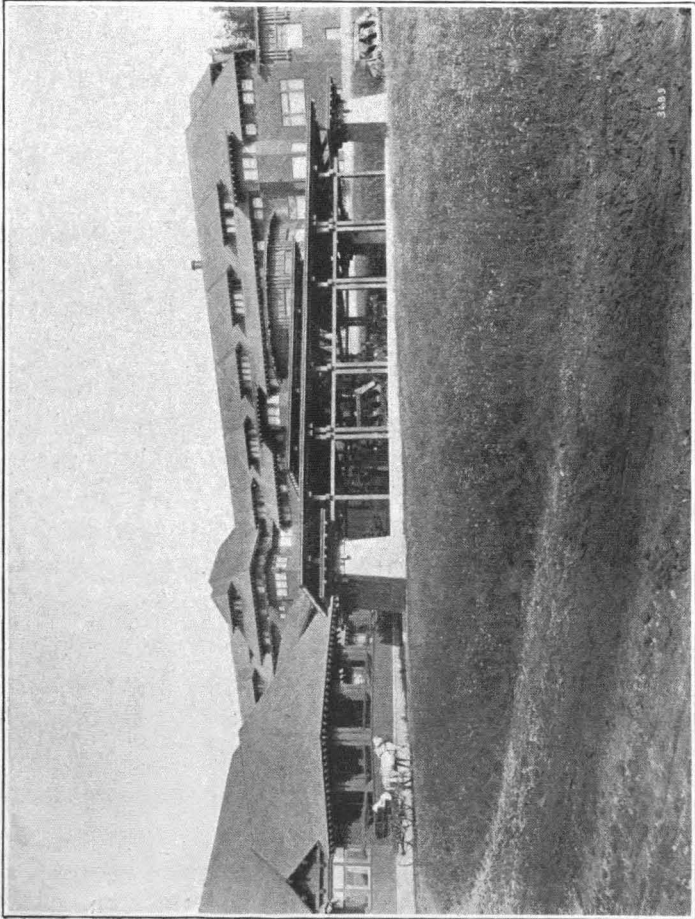
Mammoth Hotel, and Fort Yellowstone furnish diversion by the way. The government has established, at the latter point, a military station for the prevention of vandalism, and for the protection of all living creatures within the park. The entire park is under systematic patrol and tourists are not allowed to carry fire-arms within its precincts.

A short drive brought them to a wonderful series of terrace-built hot-springs. They occupy several acres and comprise many distinct terraces and springs.

To even casually inspect these very interesting springs, one must do much walking; so, the party left their coaches at the base of Jupiter Terrace, and under the care of a competent guide, strolled an hour or more among these mighty wonders of our continent.

“How gorgeous!” exclaimed Miss Lewis as she viewed this brilliant formation from its base.

About one hundred feet high, it extends two thousand feet along the edge of a brightly colored mound, its glistening formations representing every shade of yellow, from deep orange to snowy white.



MAMMOTH HOTEL

“Will you climb to the top?” asked Mr. Clarke.

“Of course; do you think I mind that little climb?”

“It will require considerable breath,” he replied, “for the elevation here, is considerable.”

The climb of 100 feet, up a steep trail, caused more than one eager sight-seer to pant for breath. The sight which awaited their arrival more than repaid them for the unusual effort.

The level top of the formation is occupied by two immense hot-springs, fully 100 feet in diameter. One is of a deep, beautiful blue color, the other, an exquisite green. They supply the main terrace, also the beautiful Pulpit Terrace, beneath, on the eastern slope.

Immediately south of Jupiter, lies Minerva Terrace, 40 feet high, covering an area of three-fourths of an acre, with a hot-spring at its summit, 20 feet in diameter.

“This terrace,” the guide informed them, “is generally active. The constant changes in the overflow, and the intermittent character of the spring render it impossible to predict from one season to the other, which will be the active side of the terrace. Sometimes the spring dis-

appears entirely, and the terrace, of course, becomes uninteresting."

"How do you account for such changes?" asked Miss Lewis.

"I account for nothing in the Park;" he answered with a smile, then continued, "the rapid deposit of carbonate of lime, which forces the water over the entire surface, is supposed to account for some of the disturbances."

"What is the daily amount of deposit?" asked Rex.

"About one-sixteenth of an inch in four days," replied the guide.

"See those dainty stalagmites that fringe the spring!" exclaimed Meriwether. "Are they not beautiful?"

"Any hard substance," said the guide, "like glass or iron, if placed where the water flows over it, soon becomes covered with a pure white crystal deposit.

Cleopatra's Terrace, a vividly colored mass, lies northwest from Jupiter, its setting of dark green pines rendering it doubly attractive.

After visiting Cupid's Cave, they took the path leading west, to Narrow-Gage Terrace, thence to Orange Geyser. The brilliant coloring of its oblong mound, together with its great activity, renders this little geyser quite attractive.

"You must see Angel Terrace," said the guide, "also the Devil's Kitchen."

"The name is not attractive," remarked Meriwether as they neared the Kitchen.

They descended a ladder, entered the crater of an extinct hot-spring.

"We are going down into Hell," said Rex. "Gee Whiz! I'd be devilish too, if I had to live in this damp, hot atmosphere."

"It certainly is oppressive," replied his mother.

"I'm going to leave!" cried Merri. "I don't think old Satan could stand it long."

"When the Kitchen was first discovered," remarked the guide, "the bones of many wild animals were found there."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Merri. "No doubt, they fell in, and could not scramble out. Think how helpless we would be without that blessed ladder."

As later on, they were about to enter their coaches, Dr. Danvers who had been walking with his wife, introduced her to Miss Lewis.

"I have so enjoyed meeting your husband," said the girl, "and hope that you, too, will be my friend."

"I certainly will not," replied Mrs. Danvers, "if you sit on top all the time. You must remember that the rest of us enjoy it too."

“To prove my sweet, unselfish nature,” laughed Merri, “I will change seats with you, though it breaks my heart to leave that big driver, not to mention the beautiful view of the whole surrounding country.”

Mrs. Danvers mounted to the coveted seat, while Miss Lewis found a place within the coach, between Mrs. Chapman and her son.

“It was lovely up there,” she told them. “I wish we could all ride on the outside.”

“Well,” growled a fat man on the back seat, “I see nothing to rave over. Why, I’ve seen nothing since I left home that could compare with the Hudson.”

Merri turned and regarded him sorrowfully. He was a large, flabby old man of seventy, with a very bald head and large protruding yellow teeth. An immense mole decorated his high, narrow forehead, another accentuated the size of his selfish mouth.

“I differ with you,” said Miss Lewis. “Aside from the Palisades of which all Americans are proud, the Hudson possesses a beauty distinctly its own. But this—why, Yellowstone is one of the greatest WONDERS of the world.”

“Oh, you see,” replied the young woman at his side, “we saw the Hudson under such peculiar circumstances that—er—perhaps it was more beautiful to us than to others.”

"I bet my hat they are B. & G.," whispered Rex.

"Surely not!" replied Merri. "But I'll find out."

"Better let them alone," warned the boy. "The old one may bite."

"I fear," said Miss Lewis, to the young woman behind her, "that your father will find the trip fatiguing."

"My HUSBAND," corrected the lady with a conscious blush.

"Ah!" exclaimed Merri. "Then you were up the Hudson on your honeymoon."

"Yes," replied the bride, "and it was all SO beautiful."

"Poor girl!" whispered Merri behind her hand. "How can she stand him?"

"Yes," continued the fat man, leering complacently at his wife, "she gave up a European trip to marry me—eh Lula?"

"Yes, dearie," she replied sweetly. "My trunk was packed, my ticket engaged, and—"

"But you decided you'd rather marry," he interrupted, squeezing her hand quite openly.

She smiled and blushed; he gave a fat, comfortable laugh which showed all his teeth and shook the moles.

"How could any girl sell herself to that old animal," whispered Miss Lewis in disgust.

"Perhaps he was her guardian," replied Mrs. Chapman. "He may have compelled her to marry him."

"Or," said Rex, "he may have hypnotized her. One can never account for marriages anyhow."

"I think most of them are due to magnetic attraction," remarked Miss Lewis.

"And that soon wears off, unless supported by real congeniality," said Rex.

"Why, my dear," asked Mrs. Chapman, in surprise, "do you not believe in love?"

"I am not sure that I do," replied the girl. "Certainly not in much that passes for love."

"I see;" returned the lady, "you have never felt the Divine passion—when your time comes you will not prate of magnetism."

The drive-way ascends the mountains so gradually, and with so many graceful curves, that it is hard to realize that an elevation of one thousand feet is gained in less than three miles.

"We are about to encounter the Hoodoos," remarked Mr. Clarke, from the seat just back of them.

The Vegetarian, who sat beside him, had kept up a constant conversation in his rasping tone, but the younger man had listened patiently, displaying no fatigue.

"I have a presentiment" said Merri, "that something is going to happen."

"What do you mean?" asked Rex.

"I don't know," she answered. "I am not sure what it means—but I am afraid of those Hoodoos."

"Did your presentiments ever materialize?" asked Mr. Clarke.

"I had an aunt" said Mrs. Chapman, "who could almost foretell events. We actually dreaded to hear of her dreams—they invariably brought distress to some member of the family."

"Do you believe in dreams?" asked Rex.

"I don't know;" replied Merri, "some of them are wonderfully vivid."

"Yes," he answered, "I dreamed once of being shot—I could hear the bullet whiz through the air, and the queerest kind of sensation came over me as I dropped dead."

"Did you ever float through the air?" asked the girl.

"No, did you?"

"Yes. That is my favorite mode of escape when attacked by an enemy."

"Why, do you fight in your sleep?"

"No, but sometimes things get after me—usually it is snakes—then I simply rise and float above them. It's a delightful sensation

in that you are safe from harm, and that no matter how high the snakes may leap, nor how loud they hiss, you are beyond their reach. I have floated so often in my sleep, that I am convinced that I can accomplish it awake."

"How do you begin the operation?" asked Rex, much interested.

"I take a long, deep breath, which makes me as light as a feather. Before I realize it, I am ascending."

"The Eastern Adepts have attained the power of levitation," said Mr. Clarke, "and declare that all may gain it."

"But how?" asked the girl.

"It is all a matter of learning to control the *prana*," replied Mr. Clarke. "One must conserve his forces, and use them only when necessary."

"That sounds very fine," observed Mrs. Chapman, "but I have no idea what it means."

"I understand," said Rex. "I read the other day, that a fellow lost enough magnetism every day to light a whole room—just think of it! a *whole room*."

"I do not doubt the statement," replied Mr. Clarke.

"Well, I do;" snapped the Vegetarian, "though I will admit that some people are powerful magnets. My wife could make a table

walk all over the house by merely touching it with one finger."

"Is that so?" asked Rex. "I wish to goodness you'd brought her along."

"She is in Heaven," asserted the Vegetarian, solemnly.

"Oh—ah—pardon me!" stammered the boy.

"Did you ever meet anyone who could light the gas?" asked Merri, coming to the rescue.

"Why sure! any fool can light the gas," he responded, and laughed heartily, to break the tension.

"You mean" said Clarke, "without matches—by sending an electric spark from the fingers?"

"Yes."

"Surely not!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman.

"You doubt it?" asked Merri.

"I do not," said Rex. "I bet you have done it more than once."

"It is really no trick," she answered. "Anyone can do it. Oh, how wild and strange these Hoodoos are—they give me a creepy feeling!"

"Let me hold your hand," said Rex gently.

"Please do," she replied, as he held her tiny hand in a firm, warm clasp.

Mr. Clarke gave her a reproachful glance, and the Vegetarian looked enviously at the boy.

"What have I done?" she asked.

"It is what you have NOT done," replied Mr. Clarke, in a tone of disappointment.

At that moment, while still in the midst of those grotesque formations known as "the Hoodoos," the road makes an abrupt turn, passing between great blocks of lime-stone that rise fully seventy-five feet.

"The Silver Gate," read Mrs. Chapman, from her guide-book.

"Why, what is the matter?"

The coach had stopped and the driver seemed arguing with someone.

"Perhaps, we have stopped to view the formations," suggested Rex.

Mr. Clarke, who was near the door, glanced out.

"It looks like a hold-up," he remarked quietly.

Miss Lewis turned pale.

"I knew something was going to happen," she said, nervously.

"Be brave," whispered Mr. Clarke. "After all, it is only a question of money."

"If only I had a pistol!" fumed Rex.

"Oh, my dear," cried his mother, "I am thankful you have not. What are a few paltry dollars compared with your life?"

The big driver opened the door of the coach.

"I regret to tell you," he said, looking deeply

mortified at being obliged to convey the information, "that we are held up. It is only one man, but he has the drop on us. We can do absolutely nothing, so the sooner you shell out, the sooner we can proceed."

"What do you mean," asked the Bridegroom, his flabby face turning pale with terror.

"A robber!" screamed the women. "Oh, what shall we do!"

"Can't you men do something?" cried a female voice. "Will a dozen of you stand by and allow us to be robbed and murdered before your eyes?"

"What's the use of being a man if you can't do something?" cried another.

"Oh that I were a man!" exclaimed another hysterical woman.

"Well, ma'am," said the driver, "what can we do? I can knock down any man in an open fight, but who wants to face a loaded pistol? The rascal knows we are not allowed to carry arms, or this—"

"Driver," commanded the robber in pre-emptory tones, "line up your crowd, or I'll fire."

"It will save trouble if you come quietly," remarked the driver.

The men swore, and the women wept, but

they fell in line, facing the masked figure that held the deadly revolver.

“Come forward one at a time,” ordered the robber, “and place your money in the bag at my feet. Begin at the right.”

The Vegetarian advanced sullenly, holding his open pocket-book.

“Keep the wallet,” remarked the robber. It may possess memories—I want only the money. Is that all you have?”

“Yes, you d——d—— scoundrel!”

“Next!” called the robber. “The women who carry money about their persons will do well to produce it before coming forward.”

“If ever I get back to God’s country,” grumbled the bride-groom, as he produced a roll of bills, “I’ll be satisfied with the Hudson.”

“Next! Step lively or there will be trouble.”

“She is my wife,” explained the groom. “She hasn’t a d——d cent except what I give her.”

“Poor woman!” murmured the robber, in a tone of pity.

“You may steal my money,” said Miss Lewis, stepping forward in turn, “but you can not deprive me of the satisfaction of telling you that I consider you a mean, low, contemptible sneak—you take advantage of a law which our

government has made for the protection of life—you are a miserable coward—”

The man began to cringe. Miss Lewis was astounded. Had her eloquence produced the wonderful change that was creeping over him? Hardly; for his eyes seemed fixed upon some object at her back. She turned to investigate.

Hardly a foot from her stood the Mystic, in his quaint Eastern garb. His right hand was outstretched, as though in command. His glowing eyes were fixed upon the highwayman, yet he uttered not a word.

Lower and still lower cowered the man, till he fell upon his knees at the feet of the priest. The Mystic took the revolver from the now nerveless hand; then, lightly touching the bowed head of the subdued robber, said, in tones of exquisite gentleness.

“Go, poor misguided brother, and sin no more.”

Kissing the hem of the flowing robe, the bandit rose, and turned to depart.

A tempest of protest broke from the crowd.

“Bind him!” cried one.

“It is dangerous to allow his escape!” exclaimed another.

“He deserves to hang!” yelled others.

“To jail with him!” cried many.

The Yogi raised his hand to command silence.

“Brothers,” he said, “it is my wish that this man depart. Take each of you that which is yours.”

The crowd gathered about the money-bag, each claiming his rightful portion of its contents. A satisfactory division being reached, they turned to thank their deliverer.

The revolver lay upon the ground, but both robber and Mystic had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAID IS ADOPTED

The camp at Willow Grove was full of activity. Eager tourists were scrambling from their coaches. Women were shaking out crushed skirts or locating their belongings, while the men stretched their limbs and rejoiced inwardly that so little luggage was permitted within the Park.

"Are you all one party?" asked the pretty matron, as she greeted the Doctors Danvers, Mrs. Chapman and Rex. Miss Lewis, who stood near them, was included in her graceful gesture.

"I do not really belong to them," she replied, "but if agreeable, I should greatly enjoy sharing their tent."

"Why, my dear young lady," replied Mrs. Danvers, "that is for you to decide. We shall be delighted to have you."

"We shall indeed," said the doctor. "I think it a charming arrangement."

"Rex and I want her too," remarked Mrs. Chapman sweetly.

"Oh say!" cried Rex, "why can we not form

a colony of our own and tent together throughout the trip?"

"You can," replied the matron. "I will assign you to number twelve." She called an attendant and ordered their suit-cases conveyed to the tent in question.

"You don't know how I appreciate your kindness," said Merri.

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Danvers. "Like attracts like, just as water seeks its own level. You would not be happy with any of the rest, nor could we affiliate so closely with them."

"I think you are just dear," returned the girl. "I shall always love you for showing such sweet consideration to a stranger."

"You don't look like a thief," said Rex, laughingly.

"No," replied Mrs. Danvers, "I hardly think she will filch the watches from our pockets, or the gold links from our sleeves."

"Still," insisted the girl, "you know nothing of me."

"My dear," said Mrs. Chapman, "you bear the guinea mark so plainly upon your face, that letters of introduction are superfluous."

The camp presented the appearance of a tent-city, being laid out in streets and avenues. The large open square in the centre contained

the matron's tent and the dining-hall, adjoining which was the kitchen and laundry.

Number twelve was floored and divided into four apartments. The central hall, which served as sitting-room, was furnished with chairs, an iron heater, and a table, upon which stood pitchers of drinking water and four candle-sticks.

"What a dear little stove!" exclaimed Merri. "Can we have a fire after supper?"

"Certainly," replied the attendant. "We make fires both night and morning. Most people enjoy sitting around the camp-fire."

"Oh yes," cried Merri. "I had forgotten the camp-fire—that was one of the chief pleasures I anticipated."

Dr. Danvers, and his wife, also a physician, occupied one apartment, Miss Lewis being assigned the adjoining room; Mrs. Chapman and her son took the two beds on the opposite side of the hall.

"Oh, I say!" cried Rex, as the ladies were arranging their belongings for the night. "I have just discovered that the bride and groom are tenting in number eleven—all alone. I do wish I had some rice."

"Oh, well," replied Miss Lewis, "I fancy the cook will sell you a little."

"I'll furnish the dime if you will invest it," said the boy eagerly.

"Don't bother," she replied. "I can pay for it. Where is the kitchen?"

"Just beyond the dining-hall. I located it the moment we arrived. You must go alone, or someone might suspect—you get the rice, and I'll do the rest."

Miss Lewis started upon her mission of mischief. On the square she met the Vegetarian.

"I have just seen a family of bear," he said. "Come quickly, or you will miss them."

"I cannot, just now," she replied. "I am going to the kitchen to get—to get some hot water—I am so awfully burned." Her vivid blush at this deception made the sunburn much more apparent.

"Yes, I see you are," replied the Vegetarian. "My wife burned easily too,—thin skin, you know. Better rub in a little cold cream."

He turned, and walked with her to the kitchen, evidently intending to carry the hot water for her.

How could she get rid of him? Rex would be so disappointed if she failed to bring the rice.

"Thank you so much," she replied, treating him to her sweetest smiles, "I shall certainly try your remedy. You know Mr. —, the gentleman you sat with in the coach? Will you

please hunt him up and send him to me? Yes, here—it is something special.”

“Sure,” replied the man, heartily. “I will do it with pleasure. He is a fine young fellow—Vegetarian, too, just like me.”

“Thank fortune, I’m rid of him,” thought Merri, as the Vegetarian strode away. “Now for the cook-lady.”

She entered. The tent was full of white girls busily engaged in dishing up the dinner. They were neatly dressed, and were lady-like in their bearing.

“May I speak to the cook?” asked Miss Lewis.

“I’m she,” replied a large, attractive looking woman of about twenty-five.

“Can you sell me a little rice?”

“I fear not—we are rather short.”

“Do, please—just a tiny bit.”

“Why do you want it?” asked the woman, smiling at her earnestness.

“Why, you see,” explained Merri, “there is a bridal couple tenting next to us, and—”

“Here,” said the cook, producing the rice, “help yourself.”

Merri took a cupful.

“I think this will do,” she said.

“How much do I owe you?”

"Nothing at all," replied the cook. "Put it in this paper bag, so no one will see it."

"Thank you so much," said Merri.

The girls tittered, and she joined in the laugh.

"Oh, I forgot—I am supposed to be here for hot water," said Miss Lewis. "If not too inconvenient, may I have a little?"

"Certainly, I will send it. What number?" asked the good-natured cook.

"I will take it," said the girl. "Many thanks. I hope some day that I may add to your happiness."

"Oh, well," responded the woman, "if you can't do anything for me, you can for someone else, so it keeps things moving."

"The cook-lady is a philosopher," thought Merri, as she departed with her bag of rice and pitcher of hot water. "What an endless chain of GOOD we could create, if each who received a kindness, would pass it on to another."

She reached the square and reconnoitered. The Vegetarian was not in sight, nor was anyone with whom she had a speaking acquaintance. The bag of rice was in her ulster pocket; the pitcher of water held conspicuously with both hands would convince any curious spectator of her reasons for visiting the kitchen.

"Did you get it?" asked Rex, as she entered number twelve.

"Of course," she answered, producing the paper bag.

"Now I tell you," continued the boy, "we must work this thing down fine. When they go to supper, I will slip into their tent and fix things right."

"Do you need my help?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "they might smell a mouse if both of us were absent."

The supper-bell sounded throughout the camp, and the hungry tourists made a rush for the dining-hall.

"Mr. Lamb tells me that you wished to see me," remarked Mr. Clarke as he took the seat on the right of Miss Lewis.

"Mr. Lamb?" she inquired. "Oh, yes—no wonder he is a Vegetarian; all animals are, I believe—except the carnivorous ones."

"He has some very good ideas," replied Mr. Clarke, "though I admit that he does not attract one at sight."

"He really jars upon my nerves," said Miss Lewis. "There is something about him which creates a spirit of antagonism in me. I long to contradict his assertions, and take a positive pleasure in doing the things of which he disapproves."

"Your planes of vibration are so different,"

began Mr. Clarke, "that—but what did you want?"

Miss Lewis laughed.

"To be perfectly honest," she replied, "I wanted to get rid of the—the Lamb."

"Very flattering to both of us," replied Clarke.

"Don't be angry," returned the girl. "I really like you—"

Mr. Clarke looked pleased.

"I mean," she hastened to explain, "that you do not bore me—but you have no idea how that man disturbs me."

"Perhaps there was some unpleasant contact between you in a prior incarnation," he said.

"Do you really believe that theory?" she asked earnestly.

"I am an agnostic in this as in many other things," he replied.

"Does anyone absolutely KNOW anything?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied. "One can speak with certainty of that which he has actually experienced."

"Please hand me the bread."

Merri turned, with a start.

The bride and groom had entered, unobserved, and were sitting at her left.

“Pardon me,” said Merri, as she handed the bread, “I did not see you enter.”

“Where is your party?” asked the bride, looking about the room.

“I hardly know—we are somewhat scattered,” replied Miss Lewis. “Let me see—the doctor and his wife—she, too, is a physician, are at the next table, nearly opposite us; Mrs. Chapman occupies the extreme end, and Rex—why, there he is, at the table with the drivers. What a jolly time they are having—I’ll make him tell me what they are laughing at so heartily.”

“Let me cut your meat, dearest,” said the bride.

The groom received her attentions complacently and looked on approvingly while she cut his meat and buttered his bread.

“Would you like a spoon to feed him with?” asked Merri with artful artlessness.

“Oh no, thank you,” answered the bride, in good faith.

“What is the matter?” asked Merri. “Has he had an accident—some kind of stroke?”

“Oh no,” replied the lady. “I just LOVE to do things for him.”

“Oh, I see,” answered the girl.

“Yes,” said the bride, “he is so DEAR and

sweet to me that I just LOVE to show my devotion and prove my gratitude."

"Yes?" Merri was trying hard to look serious, though she was strongly tempted to laugh.

"I say, young woman," called the groom, as a trim waitress entered with hot biscuits.

"Just pass 'em round this way."

"Oh dearest love," exclaimed the bride, "is it well to eat so much hot bread? Try a bit of this lovely toast, or a few of those crisp crackers—"

"Oh stop your gabbling, Lula," returned the old man. "Who is eating this supper—you or me?"

"Both of us, dearest," she replied sweetly.

"Well," he growled, "I'll have you to understand—"

"But you know, dear, the doctor,—"

"Damn the doctor! I'll eat what I please," persisted the groom.

"Come dearie," she pleaded, "let us take a walk. We have had no exercise today, and you know how necessary it is for y— for both of us. Let us go outside, and watch the sun set, as we did that evening, on the Hudson, when—"

She laid her hand upon his arm, and by slow degrees, got him out of doors.

Miss Lewis gazed reflectively at their retreating forms.

“Poor woman!” she murmured. “Why did she marry him?”

“Perhaps she really loves him,” suggested Mr. Clarke.

“Impossible!”

“Or, he may have been very kind to her in a moment of great need.”

“No extremity could have induced me to marry him.”

“Perhaps not; all are not built on the same mental plan.”

“You mean—?”

“That what might be Purgatory to one, would prove Heaven to another.”

“Or Hell—if you mean marrying an obnoxious, old man.”

“One can never read the motives of another—”

“She should not have sold herself, no matter for what motive.”

“You have no right to judge by appearances. Money, evidently, was not her object, or she would have made a direct deal—”

“How you defend her! I really believe you would like to have some woman cut your food and tuck a napkin under your dear chin to keep your shirt clean, and—”

"Well, if *you* would do all that for me as sweetly as she did—"

"Oh, don't be silly!"

The matron entered, conversing earnestly with the big driver.

"I've just heard of the hold-up," she said. "Long Tom," indicating the driver, "seems so confused in his account, that I would be glad of any information the rest of you can give me."

"My wife and I were on the driver's seat," replied Doctor Danvers, "and saw the beginning, as those within the coach could not."

"Then," returned the matron, "you are the man to tell the story."

"We had made an abrupt turn," resumed the doctor, "and passed through the Silver Gate, when we were confronted by a masked figure, revolver in hand. He demanded our money, and was in the act of taking up an unwilling collection, when a wonderful deliverer appeared from God knows where, and hypnotized us all to such an extent, that we let the robber escape, even though he dropped his pistol."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed the matron. "Who was the deliverer, and how did he get there in time?"

"He is Ramakaturi," said Clarke, "a saintly Hindoo *Guru*."

“What is a *Guru*?” asked one.

“What is he doing here?” questioned another.

“I thought Adepts never left the East,” remarked a lady.

“Yes,” said Merri, “I have always associated them with lofty mountains and mysterious monasteries.”

“This holy priest is no doubt more at home in the mountain retreat of his Brotherhood,” replied Clarke, “but for several years, he has been the religious instructor of the Rajah of —, who, with his young wife, is touring the world. The royal party is now in the Park—probably at Mammoth Hotel.”

“But, man alive!” cried the matron, “how came the old priest at the Silver Gate—and what influence had he over the robber? None of you are very clear in your story.”

“I can tell you nothing,” answered the doctor, “and doubt if the rest know more. You see, most of us had contributed our little all, inwardly cursing our luck, and wondering how we’d get identified at the Livingston bank, or how we’d manage to get more money, when suddenly—from nowhere—a majestic figure appeared before the bandit—”

“Oh! those blazing eyes!” cried Merri. “They are fairly burned into my soul!”

"Well," said the matron, "what then—what did he do?"

"I—I don't know, and I'm blessed if anyone else knows WHAT he did; but he gave us back our money and wouldn't let us touch the robber."

"What?" screamed the matron.

"Yes," said Merri, "and his voice was sweeter than an angel's, when he said, 'go, poor misguided brother, and sin no more.'"

"And what became of this wonderful Hindoo?" asked the matron.

"God knows!" exclaimed the Vegetarian. "He simply disappeared."

"What?" she asked, "right before your eyes?"

"Well," he admitted, "we had turned a moment to take back our money; when we looked again he was gone."

"Perhaps the robber made way with him," she suggested.

"Don't you believe it!" snorted the Vegetarian. "Besides, the revolver lay upon the ground—the driver took it."

"Yes," she replied, "I have seen it. I can understand the robber's disappearance—he undoubtedly knew the country, and hid among those wretched Hoodoos."

"Well," remarked Clarke, "he selected an

ideal spot for the hold-up. Only an adept could have saved us."

"I feel awfully proud of being so honored," remarked Merri.

"What?" asked Rex. "By the hold-up?"

"No, silly!" she retorted. "Do you know that was the most thrilling experience of my life. The most exquisite little thrills of terror rushed up and down my spinal column as we stood in line, facing that pistol."

"Yet," said Clarke, "you were the only one of us brave enough to tell him just what you thought of his vile conduct."

"Not brave," she answered; "it was foolish."

"It was magnificent," he replied, "but I trembled for your life."

"You think he would have shot me?"

"Yes, if the priest had delayed another moment in coming."

"Do you know," she said in an undertone, "I was looking right at the Mystic when he left."

"Yes?" replied Mr. Clarke. "How did he go?"

"You see, I had not dropped my money into the bag—I was still holding my purse when the Mystic appeared. I really believe he came as he went."

“How was that?”

“You won’t laugh at me, nor think me crazy?”

“Certainly not!”

“Well, while I was looking right at him, he rose in the air, just as I do in my dreams, and floated away.”

“You mean he levitated—I’ve seen him do it in India.”

“How wonderful! Do you mean that he can float about at will?”

“He can—but I fancy upon long journeys he sends his astral.”

An attendant entered, looking hastily about.

“Some one at Mammoth Hotel has telephoned to know if we have a Mr. Cleat,” she said, “Mr. Cleat.”

No one answered.

“A gentleman, recently from India—”

“By Jove!” exclaimed Mr. Clarke, as he rose to answer the telephone, “it must be the Mystic.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE MAN READS PALMS

A huge, log fire blazed in the open square, and around it gathered groups of merry people, upon pleasure intent.

The sun had set, but in that high altitude a beautiful twilight lasts until after ten o'clock. A sweet-toned organ had been moved into the square and one of the ladies began to play.

"Those who can entertain," said the matron, "will please volunteer."

No offers from the crowd.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen can sing a college song," she continued.

Rex lifted his hand, after the manner of school-children.

"Thanks; begin it, please, and others may join in."

Rex adjusted the music stool, rattled off an accompaniment, and dashed into a jolly college song. Before he reached the chorus he had been joined by Doctor Danvers, Mr. Clarke and the Vegetarian. Their voices blended well, and they sang with the keen enjoyment one evinces upon meeting an old favorite.

"If any lady recites, does character-pieces or tells fortunes," again remarked the matron, "I beg that she will favor us."

"I could do a cake-walk," replied Merri, "if you provide a partner—or sing a coon song, or tell a tale—or—"

"Wait," said Rex, who now constituted himself master of ceremonies. "We will take the tale first—a good old-fashioned plantation story mind you,—and later, when I find a partner worthy of your attainments, you can display your activity in the cake-walk."

"Very well," she answered good-naturedly, "shall I tell 'The Tar Baby' or would you prefer to hear about Haunts?"

"Oh, give us the Tar Baby—we all love Uncle Remus."

"But, my dear," objected Mrs. Landrum, "only a Southerner can get off that dialect. As much as I have been South I should never attempt it."

"Where do you think I am from?" asked the girl.

"Boston, of course," replied the lady. "Your accent is unmistakable."

Miss Lewis laughed, and began her story, telling it with dramatic power, and reproducing perfectly the tone and language of an old "befo' de wah" negro. As an encore she

delighted them even more with "De Ole Hant House."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Landrum, "I did not know it was possible."

"Are you really a Bostonian?" asked the Vegetarian.

"There was a time," replied Miss Lewis, "when I was very proud of being a Southerner."

"What!" cried Rex.

"But now," continued the girl, "I glory in being an AMERICAN."

"Good for you!" cried the boy, "my sentiments exactly."

Mr. Clarke surprised the company by an offer to read palms.

So deeply grounded in our natures is the love of mystery, that this proved by far the most popular feature of the evening.

"Will you tell my fortune?" asked Miss Katt, a tall, angular lady of uncertain age.

"You have a good life line," remarked the seer, "and have had no serious illness. You will live to a good old age and enjoy many quiet pleasures."

"Shall I marry?" she simpered consciously.

"Yes, within a year. Your partner will be a widower with four children, one quite young."

"Oh," she cried, "how could you know all that?"

"Is it true?" asked motherly Mrs. Adams. Why do women enjoy the thought of marriage, when they know so well the misery it often brings?

"Well," said Miss Katt, with a maidenly blush, "we are not actually engaged, but—er—"

"My fortune is already made," said Mrs. Danvers, with a loving glance at her husband; "but see if you can read my character."

"Your character?" remarked Mr. Clarke, as he took her hand. "You are honest and honorable to yourself and to others. You demand no more than you are willing to give. You have a deeply scientific bent, and will attain a very high place in your profession. 'Advance' is your watch-word. You have few idols to break, but never hesitate to discard time-honored theories for something better."

"Thanks," she said, withdrawing her hand. "You have given me all I could desire."

"I am ready for my fortune," said Merri, after a number of palms had been read.

"It is not a fortune," he insisted, "I only tell what the lines indicate."

"Very well," she said; "what do you see?"

He took her hand. A strong magnetic current passed from one to the other.

"You feel it too?" he asked, as she turned pale and trembled.

"Yes," she said. "Are you always so shocking?"

"No," he replied, with a smile, "it is your influence."

"Well," she asked, "what do you see in my hand?"

"You have a highly artistic temperament," he said, closely inspecting the slender fingers. "You could succeed along any artistic line of work you went in for, but as yet you are only a dabbler. You have dipped into many studies but are mistress of none—"

"That is true," she interrupted.

"You can never become proficient," he continued, "until you confine your efforts to one thing."

"I do not wish to be a specialist," she returned.

"Take up one thing at a time," he continued, "and see it to a finish, before you begin another."

"Why should I compel myself to finish things, when perhaps they have lost their interest?"

"The thing begun may be useless, but a fail-

ure to finish it weakens your character. You MUST put your best into what you do, or you have not been true to your higher self."

"Go on."

"You have great ambition, which combined with your good headline and long lifeline should enable you to become whatever you WILL to be. I find also marked independence of character—"

"Alas! Yes. That is my greatest sin."

"And a strong leaning toward the occult."

"Right again."

"You do not worry over small matters, as most women are prone to do; but have the happy faculty of dismissing even weighty affairs from your mind, and of enjoying to the fullest all that the present affords."

"Do you really see all that in my hand?"

"Yes, and considerable more."

"Tell about her love affairs," said Rex.

"Her flirtations have been many, but they have touched her lightly. Into her life will come one love—deep, true and abiding."

"How interesting!" she exclaimed, with a mocking laugh. "Perhaps, O Sage, you can see the object of my adoration?"

"I can," he assented positively.

"Tell me the worst," she cried in tragic tones.

“You shall marry within three months—”

“Heavens! to the Only Love!”

“Yes.”

“Oh! Joy!” she exclaimed. “Anything is better than—”

“What about money?” asked Rex.

“You will soon inherit a large fortune, and—”

“How lovely! So I will get the money after all. But tell me—”

“Tell nothing!” cried Rex. “You have told her too much already. She will be so puffed up with pride over that fortune and Only Love that she won’t associate with us—I expect her to join the hotel gang tomorrow—give us the G. B!”

“Don’t think so meanly of me,” replied Miss Lewis. “When I inherit that fortune, I’ll—I’ll celebrate—and you shall help me.”

“I think it is my duty to warn you,” said Mr. Clarke gravely. “I see a very serious break in your life-line. It looks like an accident of some kind—a fall, perhaps, or a—”

“For Heaven’s sake, don’t fall into a geyser!” laughed Rex.

“Or into one of those hot-springs,” said his mother. “Think how awful it would be.”

“I don’t mind dying,” said the Vegetarian, “but God forbid my scalding to death!”

"Hush! All of you!" cried Merri, "or I'll have hysterics!"

"What is the matter?" asked the Groom, as he and his lady strolled into the square.

"A speech!" cried Rex. "A speech from the bride-groom. A speech extolling the happy state you have just entered."

The Groom smiled serenely.

"Lula," he said, "they want us to make a speech—you say something."

"Why, dear," she replied sweetly, "they expect YOU to speak."

"Well," he answered, "I'm not going to do it. You've been a teacher—you say a word or two."

"Speech from the bride-groom!" called Rex.

"Speech from the bride-groom!" echoed the camp.

"Come along, Lula," growled the Groom. "We can't waste time on such foolishness. People that have to be up at six in the morning ought to be in bed."

They departed amid suppressed laughter, and good-natured flings.

"Horrid old thing!" said Merri. "How can she stand those terrible teeth?"

"Oh," whispered Rex, "I don't imagine he bites her."

“What did you do with the rice?” she asked softly.

“Oh, I fixed it!” he answered with a pleased grin. “They won’t see the last of it till they get back to the Hudson.”

“Did you ever cast a horoscope?” asked Mrs. Danvers.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Clarke. “I learned the method in India.”

“Well,” remarked Mrs. Chapman, “I fail to understand how the movements of certain stars can affect my thoughts or actions.”

“Nevertheless,” replied Mr. Clarke, “it is a scientific fact. The ancients not only predicted coming events by astrology, but regulated their social and civic affairs by this agency. Their great rulers were compared to the mighty Sun; and many exploits attributed to their kings, were but a flowery description of old Sol’s journey through the various constellations.”

“And you really believe that the stars control our destinies?” asked Merri.

“No, you create and control your own destiny,” he replied, “but one receives certain influences from the stars that go largely toward making him what, by his own effort, he becomes.”

“How do you know all this?” she asked.

“Every branch of Occultism is common in

the East," he replied. "One absorbs it as readily as he breathes. Indeed, I am convinced that the air we breathe into our bodies passes through some mystical, chemical process by which it is converted into material with which to feed our psychological natures."

"Dear me!" said fat Mrs. Adams, "you talk just like a book."

"Where did you learn so much young man?" asked Mrs. Landrum. "To be sure, I don't understand half you are talking about, but I'm awfully interested in all you say—especially about Astrology."

"I regret that I am not more clear," he returned with a smile. "Take, for instance, the birth of Jesus. It had been foretold not only by the Jews, but by astrologers throughout the East. The story of the Magi forms an important part of the inner teachings of more than one occult order of Asia. The story is always told by the *Guru* as a part of the religious instruction of the *Chela*, or pupil."

"Do you mean to say," asked Mrs. Adams, "that those heathens worship our blessed Savior?"

"Does not your Bible tell you of the wise men from the East?" replied he. "Matthew uses the word 'Magi' in the original Greek."

"Yes," said Merri, "my revised translation

gives the word Magi, in foot-note. These wise men, I suppose, were Oriental magicians."

"Yes," he continued. "We get the word Magi from the Greek, they deriving it from Persia, Chaldea or Assyria."

"These Magi, you think were Adepts," said Merri, "belonging to some Mystic Brotherhood?"

"Yes, each saw the sign in the Heavens, and each came to worship the Christ-child."

"You mean the Star of Bethlehem?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"No, I do not believe in that strolling star."

The good lady looked shocked, as he continued:

"The true astrological event which was recorded by the ancient masters, and which may be proved by modern astronomical calculations, is a peculiar conjunction of the planets, which invariably precedes the birth of a mighty teacher—a Great Divine Soul, a Master of Mystics."

"How wonderful!" cried the good lady. "You say that these heathens, who knew absolutely nothing of the promised Messiah, expected his coming just as the Jews did?"

"Yes; the coming of the Master was a favorite topic of discussion and speculation among the Mystics throughout the East. It had been

foretold that a great Master would be given to the world—a mighty AVATAR, or appearance of Deity in human form. He would incarnate of his own free will, leaving the realms of bliss that he might redeem the world from the great wave of materialism which threatened to overpower it. The Jews expected a king, who would renew the glories of Solomon, and place Judea once more among the nations of the earth. The Mystics, on the other hand, knew the nature of the Babe—to them, the event meant the descent of pure Spirit into matter.

“But how could they know all this,” asked Merri, “and what was really the sign they saw?”

“One night,” continued Clarke, “as the Magi watched the stars, seeking information concerning the vital question, they saw, first, the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, in the constellation of Pisces. These two planets were soon joined by Mars, the three in close relation of position. Now, Pisces, as every astrologer knew, was the constellation governing the National existence of Judea. This, with the relative position of the planets, enabled the Magi, who were really Adepts, to know with absolute certainty that the Master had been born in the Land of Judea.”

“It seems to me,” said Merri, “that you are

very deeply versed in Eastern lore. Did you study it systematically, or merely absorb it?"

"I really studied—and that means something in India," he replied. "Ramakaturi helped me over many hard places, but there comes a time when one must depend upon himself—when he must evolve his knowledge from that Inner Guide which never faileth."

"It seems to me," said Rex, "that we are becoming too serious. Won't somebody sing a song, dance—do anything to liven us up?"

"Here is a good one," answered Merri. "Who started the first express company?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the boy. "Some of the Adamses, I guess."

"Yes, and it was a woman."

"Well, that's news to me. Who was the enterprising female?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, but I bet she was a suffragette. I never heard of her before."

"Oh, yes, you have. Listen—Eve was created for Adam's *Express Company*. See?"

"Pretty good, upon my word!" said the Vegetarian. That reminds me of a story my wife used to tell—"

"Come outside," whispered Clarke, "I have something to tell you."

They slipped quietly away from the camp-

fire, and found a rustic seat between two trees.

"I had a telephone call from the hotel," he began.

"Yes," she replied, "I remember that a Mr. Cleat was called for. Are you he?"

"No. It is easy to misunderstand names over the phone. My name is—"

"Do not tell me! It is so romantic to form a friendship with one whose name is a mystery. I am thankful it is not Cleat—I don't think I would care for Mr. Cleat."

"But, dear lady, I must call you something."

"Call me YOU."

"I am not ashamed of my name, and would prefer to tell it now. You will understand why, later on, when you know me better."

"There will probably be no later on. It is merely a whim of mine to live on intimate terms with a nice man during these six days, just to see—"

"But listen! The Rajah has invited us to dine with his party on Sunday, at the Old Faithful Inn. What shall I call you—how introduce you?"

"Us? Why he does not know of my existence."

"I told him I was traveling with a young relative—a cousin, and he included you in the invitation."

“How dear of you! I wish you were my cousin.”

“Well, why not? If God is our Father, all mankind are brothers and sisters.”

“We never met before this morning, yet you seem like an old friend.”

“I feel the attraction too—but about those people—how am I to introduce you?”

“As your cousin. Any name will answer.”

“Then I shall give you my name, dear little cousin.”

A bell sounded throughout the camp.

“Why,” she asked, “what does that mean? Surely not another supper?”

“That,” he replied, “is the curfew bell. All lights are out at ten.”

“Indeed! then I must rush for my tent.”

He took her hand, and they ran, like children, toward her tent. Bidding him a hasty good-night she entered.

Rex was doubled up in the rocking-chair, hugging his knees, and chuckling in unholy mirth.

“What is it?” she asked.

“The rice!” he gasped between fits of laughter. “They have been having a perfect shindy in there,” pointing to the next tent. “I wish you could have heard ’em. He cussed and snorted around at a terrible rate. Oh! it was great!”

A deep sonorous snore was wafted from Number Eleven.

“Oh Lord!” groaned Rex. “Must we listen to that all night?”

“He is taking his revenge,” she remarked sweetly. “Good-night. May you enjoy the music and dream of rice.”

CHAPTER IX

A DAY OF WONDERS

“Hot water!” called out the attendant, as he deposited a pitcher at the curtain of each apartment.

Miss Lewis opened her eyes, and looked about her tiny room. The early morning air felt frosty but the fire which crackled in the stove was rapidly warming the tent.

The rising bell sounded; and as breakfast would be served exactly thirty minutes later, it behooved her to crawl from the bank of covering and prepare for the day. Hastily dressing, she packed her suit-case, and entered the square just as the second bell rang.

“Good morning,” said the Vegetarian, from a comfortable seat near the huge log-fire, which now burned as merrily as it had the night previous.

“You should have been up an hour ago,” he continued, “to see the bears feed.”

“I am sorry to have missed it,” she replied. “Did you see many?”

“About a dozen, counting cubs. We saw a

lot of deer, also, and quantities of birds and chipmunks."

"How interesting! I shall certainly rise earlier to-morrow."

"Sit down," he insisted, "and I will tell you all about where we went and what we saw."

"Did you not hear the breakfast bell?" she asked.

"What of it? Do you still cling to that worse than foolish custom of overloading your stomach with three meals a day?"

"I certainly do—and enjoy them, too."

"Well, you'd better call a halt right now, or you will regret it when your health is ruined—no stomach can digest three meals—"

"Oh, what lovely flowers!" exclaimed the girl, as Mr. Clarke approached carrying a large bouquet of wild-flowers.

"Are they not beautiful?" he replied, as they walked to the breakfast tent. "I am making a collection, but gathered enough to divide with you."

"I should like them immensely," she said, "had I the means of preparing them for my herbarium."

"I came prepared;" he replied, "we can work together, and divide our spoils at the end of the trip."

"That will be awfully jolly," she replied. "I

enjoy the work so much. I see plainly that I must rise early, while in the Park."

"Yes, one misses so much by lying in bed."

"Did you see the sun rise?"

"Yes. It was glorious! I think, in some former existence, I was a devout Sun-worshipper."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that to look at the rising sun, exhilarates me wonderfully. Almost unconsciously I bare my head, and breathe out an invocation to the mighty FORCE which gives to us life, light and power."

"I never thought of old Sol in that light, though, of course, I know that but for his cheering influence we should have no life—the whole solar system depends upon him."

"I fancy that most people regard the sun as a huge electric light, placed in position for their pleasure and comfort; turned on by day, and switched off at night by that convenient being whom they call God."

"Yes," she returned, with a laugh. "I once heard a minister assert from the pulpit, that the sun, moon, and stars were created expressly for our pleasure—to give happiness merely to this poor little Earth."

"What superb egotism! I presume he had had but little education. Ignorance alone could account for that remarkable statement."

“Ignorance, you think, is responsible for all folly?”

“Yes, and for all crime and misery. If one could see and comprehend all that his every action entails he would be extremely careful.”

“You think, then, that there is no real crime?”

“Crime proceeds from ignorance, yet ignorance becomes crime when one wilfully neglects every opportunity for gaining information.”

“I am not sure that I follow you. Do you think that a criminal—say a murderer—because of his ignorance, will escape final punishment?”

“Every crime is punished upon its own plane. That is the Law, from which there is no escape. If I swallow poison, believing it to be pure water, I suffer the consequences; if you fall into a passion, or harbor unkind thoughts, you pay the penalty in the form of a headache or general break-down—”

“Yes, anger always makes me ill. So does violent weeping. I have had to dispense with both.”

“No one can afford the indulgence,” replied Mr. Clarke, slowly sipping the cup of hot milk which had just been brought him.

“Are you a ‘no breakfast’ man, too?” she asked in alarm.

“I am;” he answered, “but do not fancy that I shall try to convert you.”

“I can not understand why you do it.”

“Oh, I adopted the custom in India. Meals are largely a matter of habit.”

“Does breakfast make you ill?”

“No, only sluggish. I think more clearly, and do better work when my digestive organs are not taxed to the limit.”

“I could do no work without breakfast.”

“I thought so, too, at one time. While in India, I rose quite early, drank a glass of milk or water, and got through an immense amount of work before my eleven o’clock breakfast.”

“That sounds very nice and sensible from you, but when the Vegetarian tried to discuss the same subject, he rubbed me the wrong way.”

“The poor fellow seems to jar upon you. Perhaps, if you tried to see some of his good qualities, you would enjoy him more.”

“His good qualities? Has he any?”

“Oh, come now, that is unworthy of you. You know very well, that every creature, no matter how low, has some good quality.”

“Yes, I suppose so; but it invariably disturbs my mental poise when that man begins to hurl his theories at me.”

“Suppose you try the experiment of trying to feel an interest in what he says.”

“Assuming an interest, you mean.”

“No, you must actually feel an interest.”

She shook her head.

“At first,” he continued, “you can only open your mind to receive his words, but soon you will follow his ideas with interest. The fellow has a bright mind, and has dabbled into many things. Some of his experiences are well worth listening to.”

“Well, to please you, I will sit beside him in the coach, and—”

“I had hoped for that pleasure.”

“Oh, well, you may occupy the seat just back of us, and absorb some of the wisdom which falls from his inspired lips. Come on; I have sufficiently supplied my corporeal needs, and shall now proceed to fill my soul with wisdom and my mind with understanding. I wonder if he will discuss Spiritualism, or harangue me upon Socialism?”

The big tally-hoes had been exchanged for smaller coaches, which held six persons, including the driver.

The pretty matron was busily engaged arranging out-going parties.

“All from Number Twelve will go with Baby Lou,” she said.

“Who is she?” asked Miss Lewis in astonishment.

“The driver,” answered the matron, indicating the handsome six-footer upon the coachman’s box. “His name is Llewellen, but we call him ‘Baby Lou’ because of his size.”

“You see,” she said to Clarke, “that I am forced to defer that charming interview which you so kindly planned. I see that the Doctor has already appropriated the seat by our driver, so I am forced to chum with Rex.”

“I regret that you can not carry out your good resolutions,” he said, as he assisted her into the coach. “See that you remember them in the future.”

After passing Apollinaris Spring, they saw nothing of special interest until they reached Obsidian Cliff, a bold escarpment of volcanic glass rising some two hundred and fifty feet above the road.

“It is wonderful how they managed to cut this road,” remarked the Doctor. “Of course, blasting was out of the question—”

“I bet a penny I know how it was done,” said Rex.

“Listen to the Wise One!” mocked Merri.

“How, dear?” asked his mother.

“Now, I bet a nickle—” he began.

“Attention! he is raising his bet,” teased the girl.

“I bet ANY amount,” he declared recklessly, “that they built tremendous fires upon the cliff, and then—”

“Oh, I see!” cried Merri. “Then when the glass was heated to its utmost capacity, they poured water over it, causing it to crack.”

“Yes,” remarked the driver, “that was exactly how it was done.”

“Very primitive,” said the Doctor, “but probably the only way to accomplish it. As far as I know, this is the only glass road in the world.”

“They say,” continued Baby Lou, “that long ago, when the Indians roamed over the country, they came here, once a year, to make arrow-heads. All tribes met here and even bitter enemies were at peace upon this neutral ground.”

“Do you think I can find an arrow-head?” asked Merri.

“Plenty of them,” replied the driver.

“They are generally found where the Indians established their summer camps. No need to search for them—you can buy any quantity of them from the curio shops.”

“Do you mean to say that curio shops profane these sacred precincts?” asked Merri.

“Yes,” he replied, “we have them at several points. You can buy postals showing any of the formations or geysers, Obsidian jewelry, Rocky Mountain gems, and a lot of other stuff.”

Passing Obsidian Cliff, the road extends along the east side of Beaver Lake. Several beaver-dams are constructed across the lake, and a beaver-house, inhabited by these industrious little creatures, is located near the west shore.

The lake is alive with water-fowl, they seem to understand, in some mysterious way, that they are free from harm, so congregate here in numbers, scarcely deigning to notice passing vehicles.

The drive from this point to Norris Basin is through one of the natural passes between the head-waters of the branches of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers; but the ascent of the divide is so gentle, one does not know when it is passed.

After a good dinner at the lunch-station; after resting under the trees, and comparing notes concerning the morning drive, our party resumed their coaches, and proceeded to the Norris Geyser Basin.

“This region,” explained the guide, “was discovered in 1875—by Col. P. W. Norris, who was then superintendent of the Park. It covers an area of six square miles, and is highly inter-

esting from a geological point of view. Many of its geysers are of very recent origin; and, although they cannot compare with those on the Upper Basin, are well worth your interest. I would advise you to inspect them thoroughly now, for on the return trip you will regard them as too insignificant."

"I feel," said Miss Lewis, "that we are on the suburbs of a great manufacturing town."

"Oh, my dear," replied Mrs. Chapman, "even our large factories do not make that terrible rumbling, hissing sound."

"Nor emit those very disagreeable odors," added Mrs. Danvers.

It was a wonderful sight. The day was cool and clear, making the steam which rose from geyser and hot-spring all the more apparent. Higher and higher it floated, to join the fleecy clouds in the blue sky above, its volume ever increased by the mysterious disturbance within.

On the left, as they entered the basin, they saw an immense boiling spring called Congress. Its pale blue waters are in constant agitation, an indication that it is fast approaching the geyser state.

"Several years before the Congress appeared," said the Guide, "there existed, near by, a steam vent, an opening in the rocks from

which a great quantity of steam escaped. During the winter of 1893 the steam vent ceased, and the Congress appeared."

"Was the eruption violent?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," replied the guide. "It came with such terrific force as to completely blockade the road with great masses of earth."

They inspected the wonders of the place, and paused at the South end to admire the active little "Minute Man." The Doctor took out his watch and timed the industrious little geyser. Promptly, in sixty seconds, jets of water were thrown forty feet in the air, while the main body was lifted thirty feet.

The guide explained everything in plain, concise language, the crowd following like a flock of sheep, wherever he led them.

Miss Lewis paused to examine more closely the chimney shaped opening of the Black Growler. At that moment, the Growler was seized with a desire to redouble his efforts. The Hurricane, a few feet away, determined to hold its own. Their united efforts produced a maddening combination of rumbling sounds and blinding vapors.

Bewildered by the overpowering mist, terrified by the explosion and the strong odor of

sulphur, she cried aloud with all the strength of fear.

“Oh MAN, come to me! I need you!”

“I am coming.”

The voice reached her through the vapor, and brought comfort.

Soon a friendly hand grasped hers, and held it firmly.

“Do not move till the explosion is over,” said Mr. Clarke.

“Oh,” she cried, holding tightly to him, “I was so terrified—so utterly demoralized!”

“I understand,” he replied. “Those explosions, together with the vapor and sulphuric odors are enough to bewilder anyone.”

“Thank Heaven, we can see again!” she exclaimed, as the mist cleared away.

“Come,” he said, to divert her from her recent terror, “I want to show you Emerald Pool, a lovely hot-spring just a little way back in the timber.”

“How can I thank you?” she said, as they walked along. “I can not describe my terrible, lost feeling amid those awful smells and sounds. I do not know how I became separated from my party, or how I managed to—”

“I saw you approach the Growler,” he replied, “and decided I had better be near.”

“How dear of you!” she murmured grate-

fully. "Why are you so good to me—a perfect stranger?"

"You forget that we are cousins."

He smiled at the truth of his assertion. "Besides," he continued "every woman is my sister, every man, my brother—I must do always, as I would be done by."

"Do you really love all humanity?"

"Yes. To me it is one great Brotherhood."

"But there are so many uninteresting people—how can you love them?"

"No. Every person, everything is interesting when we understand them."

"Then, you will say, it is only my ignorance of their interesting qualities which causes me to feel bored by certain people?"

"Certainly. No one has a right to feel bored. Every person, high or low, can talk well upon some subject; listen attentively, and see how much you can learn, and how really interested you become, as the speaker grows eloquent under your intelligent appreciation."

"Very well, I shall try your plan with the Vegetarian—he may talk Socialism or Spiritualism or Hygiene to his heart's content, and I'll strive to listen intelligently."

"Good girl! Now do not become enthusiastic and rush matters—over energy is often as bad as none. It exhausts itself."

"Don't distress yourself. I am naturally lazy."

After comparing the merits of the Fearless, the Vixen and the Steamboat geysers; after admiring the many hot-springs, with their wonderful coloring; after much conversation, both grave and gay, the Man and the Maid finally sat down to rest upon the loading platform, and contemplated the Monarch, the largest geyser of this basin.

Its crater consists of two oblong openings, the larger of which is twenty feet long, three feet wide. Its eruptions occur without warning, consisting of several terrific explosions in which great volumes of water are thrown a hundred feet high. Its interval of eruption is about twelve hours.

"We are lucky to see it perform," remarked Mr. Clarke.

"It is truly wonderful!" exclaimed Merri.

"What impresses you most about all this?" he asked.

"I am too much bewildered to think—my mind is almost a blank."

"Sight-seeing always has that effect unless one takes it systematically, and in very small quantities."

"I think," she said thoughtfully, "that one

is most impressed by the gigantic POWER which produces all this disturbance.”

“I am glad you feel it too—the awful grand-ure of that unseen Force.”

Several members of their party, among them the bridal couple now joined them.

“Fine thing, that eruption,” said the Groom, pointing toward the geyser with his walking-stick.

“We are very fortunate to see it,” chimed in the bride. “The guide said that many persons visiting the Park miss it altogether.”

“Is it as fine as the Hudson?” asked Merri mischievously.

“Oh, well—” began the groom.

“Yes, indeed!” exclaimed his wife.

“But they say that the Upper Basin is far ahead of this.”

“You forget,” said Mr. Clarke, “that the Upper Basin is much older—these geysers are young yet.”

“Why,” asked the lady, “how do you know?”

“Because there is little or no formation surrounding them. The size of the formation enables the scientists to estimate the age of the geysers.”

“Ah, I see; it is quite simple when you think a moment.”

“Well,” exclaimed the groom, “I don’t understand how the devil they do it.”

“Why you see, dear,” explained his wife, “they measure the daily or weekly precipitate, and then calculate—”

“Oh, damn the precipitate!” exclaimed her lord. “Come and help me to the carriage—I see some of ’em leaving.”

Resuming their coaches, they soon reach Elk Park, a beautiful valley surrounded by heavily timbered hills, the Gibbon River, winding quietly through; on through Gibbon Meadows with its fine scenery; beyond the two Chocolate Springs to the Paint Pots, a little off from the main road.

All scramble from the coaches to see these curiosities. They consist of openings in the highly colored clay, their brilliant shades and odd shapes rendering them very attractive.

While most of these openings are at the base of the hill, the most beautiful of the Paint Pots is some fifty feet up the hill-side. Its crater is funnel shaped, with walls of finely ground clay about six feet high. Each puff of steam through the thick, pasty material at the bottom of the crater forms a perfect rose, in full bloom.

“That,” said Merri, “is the most wonderful thing we have yet seen.”

“There goes another!” cried Rex, bending over the edge of the crater.

“It is very fascinating to watch them form and disappear before your eyes,” said his mother.

Leaving the Paint Pots, they pass through Gibbon Canyon, thence to the valley of the Fire-hole. The pass is very rugged, overshadowed by precipitous cliffs, two thousand feet high.

Proceeding along the Pass, one sees many little puffs of steam arising from near the surface of the water. These are from the countless hot-springs of this region, some of which are very beautiful. The largest of these is Beryl Spring, which is quite near the road, and easily seen from the carriage. The violent boiling of its surface, and the hiss of escaping steam fill one with nervous apprehension. The great stage horses, who each day witness these mighty wonders, stand undisturbed by the hiss and roar, while their more intelligent brother, Man, cries out in fear.

Gibbon Falls with its beautiful Cascades, constitutes the chief charm of the Canyon. The driver informed them that the Gibbon and Fire-hole unite to form the Madison, one of the sources of the Missouri river.

The Cascades, two miles from confluence of these streams, are very beautiful. Below them,

the river is confined to a narrow gorge, until it reaches the Falls of the Fire-hole, which occurs near its union with the Gibbon. The road follows the banks of this gracefully curving stream for some distance then crosses, by ford, the East fork of the Fire-hole, near the Summer Cantonment of the United States cavalry, thence on to Camp.

CHAPTER X

RIDGLEY THE GUIDE

As the coach neared camp, Miss Lewis noticed a tall, slight young man, dressed in black. His clothing sat jauntily upon him; a white tissue veil was draped artistically around his hat; a festive air pervaded his presence.

“Who is that distinguished personage I behold from afar?” she laughingly asked.

“He looks like a first-class dude,” replied Rex scornfully. “The idea of any man wearing a veil.”

“It’s because of the mosquitoes,” she replied. “They are said to be fierce in the Upper Basin.”

“Well, I’d rather suffer a few bites—”

“Look!” she interrupted, “he approaches. My heart tells me he is a prince in disguise!”

Because Rex appeared so disgusted, Merri raved even more extravagantly over the appearance of the stranger.

“Mr. Driver!” she called, “who is that distinguished looking man coming to meet us?”

The driver gave a smile of appreciation.

“That” he said, “is Ridgley, the guide for the Upper Basin, and a royal good fellow. If

you want anything done, call on Ridgley; if you need tools, or anything you don't see lying around loose, Ridgley is the man to find them; he can do anything from building a fire to darning a bit of lace. He can jolly a crowd, and supply more information to the square inch than any man I ever saw. He is a perfect gentleman, and in his veins flows some of the bluest blood of the South. I have known him all my life, and have yet to learn anything mean of him."

"You give him high praise," observed the Doctor.

"One can not say too much," replied the enthusiastic friend.

"I shall straightway appropriate this wonderful man," remarked Miss Lewis, fell determination in her eye. "Mr. Driver," she said sweetly, "will you tell your friend that I am the very nicest girl in camp?"

"No use," came the gallant reply. "He has eyes."

Very handsome eyes they were, too, as Merri discovered. When the coach stopped, Ridgley was at hand to assist the ladies. He gave orders concerning their baggage, and conducted them in person to the register.

He was a tall young man, very dark, with fine, regular features and an air of distinction.

“I understand, Mr. Ridgley,” said Merri, as she walked beside him, “that you are a living Encyclopædia of Park information.”

“I suppose Lou has been stuffing you,” he replied with a smile.

“He has given you such a reputation for knowledge, wisdom and power,” she continued, “that I expect to become your most devoted follower.”

“Delighted,” he replied, bowing low. “All that I am, all that I know, are at your service.”

“Thank you so much,” she said sweetly, resisting an inclination to laugh at his impressive manner. “When do you take us upon a tour of inspection?”

“To-morrow morning. You know an extra day is always given to this camp because of its many attractions. We take you to one part of the basin in the morning, to another in the afternoon.”

“Oh, I am just wild to see Old Faithful. Must I wait till morning?”

Ridgley consulted his watch.

“You have ample time to walk there and back before dinner,” he remarked. “I greatly regret being unable to accompany you, but urgent duties detain me here.”

“You think it safe to go alone?”

“Assuredly. Keep in the road and do not wander among the hot-springs.”

“Never!” she laughed. “I shall view the geysers from a respectful distance.”

The camp was beautifully located in proximity to a group of small though very attractive geysers, one of which was playing almost continuously. The tents were named for the great geysers; and, to her delight, Merri found that they were assigned to Old Faithful.

Without loss of time, our little party started for the great geyser centre. Passing all attractions by the wayside, they kept steadily to the road which leads to Old Faithful Inn, and in turn, to the famous geyser from which that unique hotel takes its name.

Near a point of timber, on the main road, they easily recognized the Castle. The great amount of deposit at its base, together with its immense cone, renders it very conspicuous.

“The Castle is said to be the oldest geyser in the Park,” observed the Doctor.

“Suppose we look down its crater,” proposed Rex.

“Would you dare?” asked Merri.

“Yes. The all-wise Ridgley informed me that she would not ‘go off’ till to-morrow, about ten o’clock.”

"It is appalling how much that man knows," said Merri thoughtfully.

"Oh," replied Rex, "he does not burden his brain—has it all written down in a dainty morocco note-book which he carries in his breast-pocket."

The eastern side of the cone being much broken, they easily reached the summit, which is about twenty feet across. They found the opening to the geyser tube to be fully three feet in diameter, perfectly round, and lined with a bright yellow formation.

"Ridgley says that the eruptions occur every thirty hours," remarked the Doctor, "and that they are preceded by the geysers throwing out jets of water, fifteen to twenty feet high.

"These premonitory symptoms usually continue six hours, when more violent demonstrations occur. That for half an hour, great columns of water are shot up to the height of seventy-five feet; then follows a steam period."

"Yes," said Rex, "he told me that several times each season it makes most unusual demonstrations—that the water is thrown twice as high and the steam period is longer in proportion."

"Well," observed Mrs. Danvers, "I hope we shall be treated to this unusual display. I always like the best to be had."

“Ridgley said,” continued Rex, “that on the North side of the cone, we should find a wonderful hot-spring that camping parties frequently used as a cook-stove. You can boil coffee, cook eggs or stew a chowder in no time. No trouble to kindle fires, you know, and hot water constantly on hand.”

Stopping to examine no other wonders, they kept steadily on till they reached Old Faithful Inn.

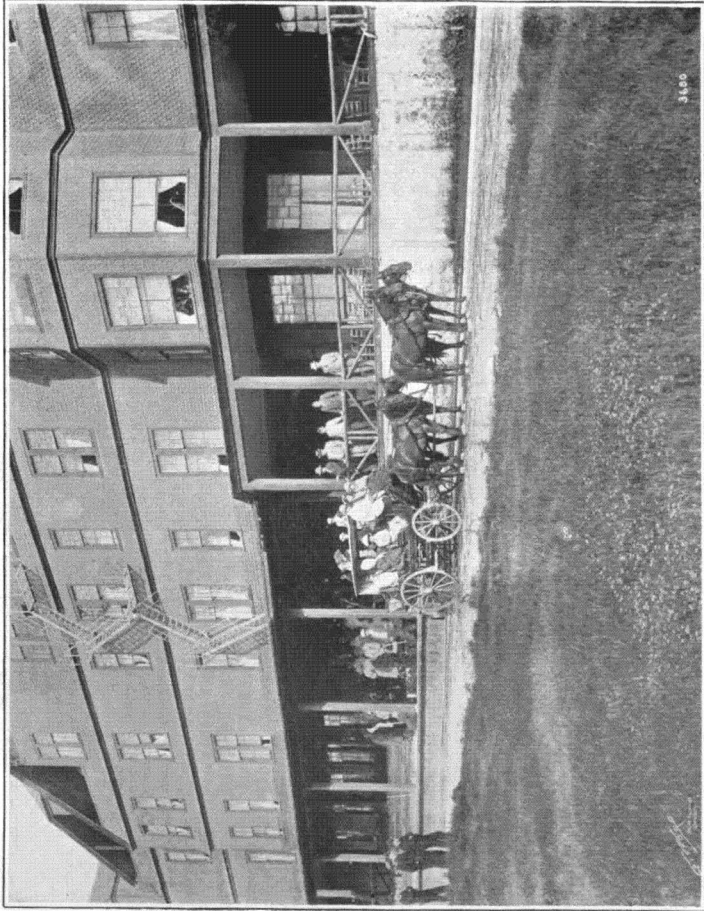
This is the most extensive log-house in the world, and may be considered as wonderful an achievement of art as the geyser is of Nature.

It is constructed almost entirely from material found in the Park, yet furnishes every luxury of a modern, thoroughly up-to-date hotel. The rough stone blocks which form its foundation, look as natural as when first found at the base of the near-by cliffs. The rough logs that compose the structure, the huge doors with their quaint hinges and locks, fascinate the beholder even before he enters.

“They say,” remarked Rex, “that this hotel cost two hundred thousand dollars.”

“I do not doubt it,” returned Merri, “but I am too anxious to study Old Faithful geyser to pay much attention to the hotel. We can carefully observe its interior to-morrow.”

Just then, Old Faithful began to play. The



OLD FAITHFUL INN

jet she threw into the air was probably two feet in diameter; up, up it went, like an immense fountain, reaching the height of one hundred and fifty feet, where it appeared to remain stationary for three minutes; then came the steam period—the whole display lasting exactly five minutes.

Its crater is an oblong opening, 2x6 feet on the inside, situated upon a mound of geyserite twelve feet high. It is composed of a succession of terraces full of shallow, basin-like pools of water, clear as crystal, their edges exquisitely beaded, their bottoms showing dainty tints of rose, white, saffron, orange, brown and grey.

Upon the North end of the crater can be seen great globular masses of beady, pearly, deposit, and the geyser's throat is of a dark yellow color.

“What a rusty throat she has,” said Merri, as she peeped down the opening. She turned to speak to Rex, whom she supposed to be at her side.

Just behind her stood the Hindoo Princess, clad in rich Eastern garb, great pearl earrings hanging almost to her shoulders, a soft silken scarf thrown over her dusky hair, its ends falling to the hem of her richly embroidered robe.

“Would you care to look into the throat?” asked Merri. “It is very wonderful.”

"I would like it," replied the Princess in precise, perfect English.

She took Merri's place and gazed into the opening as though fascinated.

"Is it not beautiful?" asked the girl with enthusiasm.

"It is wonderful. We have nothing like it in my country. Here all is strange—new."

"You may not have geysers, but you have the great majestic mountains—the highest in the world."

"Ah yes," said the Hindoo, her dark eyes glowing with pleasure. "My own home, where I lived as a child, was near the Himalayas."

"I once read such a charming story," continued Merri, trying to make conversation, "called 'On the Heights of the Himalayas.'"

"Yes?" said the lady, puzzled, but polite.

"It was all about your own Eastern philosophy," continued Merri, "and intensely interesting."

The Princess looked even more bewildered, though she tried to express a courteous interest.

"Perhaps, you do not care for esoteric philosophy?" suggested Miss Lewis.

"Ah no! I care not for philosophy. My husband—he is *Chela* to the great and good Ramakaturi, his uncle."

"The tall priest, with the beautiful face?"

The Princess nodded her head.

"He interests me greatly," continued Merri.

The Princess regarded her with surprise. She was not accustomed to hear young ladies discuss philosophy and express such admiration for even a holy priest.

"He is powerful," she replied, "like the gods—whatever he desires, he can accomplish."

"How splendid! He must be awfully good."

"He is a saint—a *Guru* beloved."

"I can imagine how dearly his people love him—one can actually see his beautiful soul shining out from his wonderful eyes."

A Hindoo servant approached, and bending low, addressed the Princess in their own language.

"I bid you farewell," she said, with stately friendliness. "I hope that some day, we may meet again, for I like you much."

"Why do you like me—a perfect stranger whose name you do not know?"

"I like you because you have been kind. You treat me as a human being."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that these Americans are dreadful. They regard me as a wild animal from the jungle. They stare and stare. Do they imagine a Hindoo is devoid of feeling? I hate the ill-

mannered race! But you—you have shown me true courtesy.”

Before Miss Lewis recovered sufficiently from her surprise to defend her compatriots, the Princess withdrew from the scene of her onslaught, closely followed by her dusky attendant.

“Cricky!” exclaimed Rex, as Merri joined her party, all of whom sat upon a rustic seat near by, waiting for another performance of this most reliable friend of the public.

“So you have hob-nobbed with the Princess,” he continued. “She looks no end of a swell. Why those ear-rings alone are worth a king’s ransom.”

“Yes,” replied Merri, “they are handsome; but I would not care to wear the great long things.”

“I suppose you never heard the fable of sour grapes?” he teased.

“Silly! You think I’d wear them quick enough if they were mine?”

“Beyond a doubt.”

“Well, it is impossible to prove what I—oh, just look! She is playing again!”

Every seventy minutes, with almost no variation, day and night, summer and winter, Old Faithful gives her wonderful exhibitions.

Because of its regularity, and the excellent

opportunities afforded for observing it, this is by far the most popular geyser in the Park. Seats have been placed at a convenient distance from the geyser, that tourists from other camps may rest, and contemplate these phenomena at leisure. One never tires of the display, for Old Faithful presents new beauties when viewed at sunrise that do not appear at high noon; nor can the gorgeous reflections of a sunset be compared with the soft, pale beauty of the moon-lit fountain. It is said to be especially attractive in the midst of a storm, and when the surrounding country is covered with snow.

"I suppose," said Merri regretfully, "that we have not time to wait for another eruption."

"Oh, well," replied the Vegetarian, "we can come back and see it by moonlight."

"'Speak for yourself, John,'" quoted Rex. "I am not anxious for the tramp. Besides, I have arranged a dandy entertainment for to-night, and need you both."

"What is it?" asked Merri.

"Never you mind. It is something that will appeal to you—something along psychic lines."

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"Psychology is all right," remarked the Vegetarian, "but when you begin to play with the forces of nature, you generally get hurt. I admit that it is all right when you understand what

you are driving at—but how many that pry into her secrets know the first principle of the inexorable Law which governs such matters. No sir! they rush in like fools, and suffer the awful consequences.”

“Oh,” said Rex, “I do not suppose we shall accomplish much—we just want a little fun.”

“Well,” continued the Vegetarian, “my wife and I went into everything—Psychology, Hypnotism, New Thought, Spiritualism—everything. We simply had to drop the whole shooting-match.”

“Why?” asked Merri, while Rex looked disappointed.

“We found,” continued the Vegetarian with great relish, “that there was a tremendous force at the back of all phenomena that could not be trifled with.”

Dr. Danvers looked disgusted; he did not like the Vegetarian and could not stand his peculiar manner of expressing himself. In despair of changing the conversation, he dropped back a few steps and joined his wife and Mrs. Chapman, who were too deeply interested in discussing the relative merits of the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the Revolution to heed any vagaries propounded by the Vegetarian. Merri was making an effort to discover the good qualities that Mr. Clarke assured her this man pos-

sessed. She compelled herself to listen with assumed interest to all he said, and tried to forget his rasping voice and ungainly appearance.

Rex, who enjoyed the Vegetarian very much, spurred him on to further expression by asking,

“What happened to you when you dipped into the occult? Did you see things?”

“No, but we heard them all hours of the day and night. It was ghastly!”

“How interesting! For instance?”

“Loud noises—moans, groans, rapping and bumping of the furniture could be heard over the entire house. Sometimes we heard footsteps coming up the stairs; often they stopped just outside our door, but occasionally they entered and stood by the bed. More than once we were awakened by terrible screams, shrieks of agony, and would start up to feel a hot fevered breath in our faces—”

“How uncanny!” cried Merri.

“Did you ever find out what it really was?” asked Rex.

“Find out!” repeated the Vegetarian. “I should say not! The moment we turned on the light all was silent.”

“How do you account for it?” she asked.

“I don’t account for it. No man can explain the Unknown. He may theorize till Doomsday,

but when you come down to rock-bottom what can he prove?"

"How did the spooks affect your wife?" asked Merri. "Was she brave enough to face that unseen presence?"

"No it wore upon her to such an alarming extent that we were forced to move out, though the house was convenient, and suited us admirably, in other respects."

"Did the change improve her?" asked Rex.

"She never recovered. She seemed obsessed by some malign spirit that slowly deprived her of life. Medical science was of no avail. I took her everywhere—had the best physicians; but when you come down to solid facts, doctors know mighty little. They stuffed her with a lot of poison—don't look so shocked—all physic is poison, and all physicians are licensed to kill—why some of them insisted on an operation the very day she died, but thank God, I would not permit them to torture her last moments."

"Then you think," asked Merri, deeply moved by the tragic recital, "that a VAMPIRE was preying upon her?"

"It could be nothing else. She was more susceptible to those hidden influences than I, so the demons fastened upon her, and never loosened their hold till they got her last breath. Neither of us understood the risk we ran in

tampering with these unseen Powers, nor could we throw off their evil influence when once it enwrapped us."

The Vegetarian paused, lost in gloomy reflections. Merri regarded him curiously. What a tragic life! Surely, he was a brave man to pick up the broken threads of life and interest himself in Socialism—or anything else, for that matter.

"What is a vampire?" asked Rex, with startling directness.

"It is an astral being that preys upon susceptible human bodies," replied the Vegetarian.

"Elementals, you know."

"I think" said Merri, "that vampires are identical with the devils of the Bible—the devils that were cast into the swine, you remember."

"Oh come, now," said Rex, with a scornful laugh. "You do not believe that little story?"

"I see nothing impossible in it," she asserted calmly.

"You see nothing in a big 'cunger' trick like that?" he mocked.

"Aside from any religious halo that may surround Him," she continued, "Jesus was a great Initiate—a Past Master in the knowledge of the East. The forces of Nature were an open book to Him, for He knew the central

Source and drew upon it when needful. One can do anything when he knows how—and Jesus KNEW.”

“Gee, whiz!” exclaimed Rex. “You talk like a preacher—

‘Still I gaze, and still my wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all she
knows.’ ”

The Vegetarian gave an approving smile, so plainly expressing admiration for the girl, that Rex was highly amused.

“Did you ever consider,” he asked, “why Joseph went down into Egypt; why Moses was initiated into the mysteries of Isis; why Jesus, when a child, was taken to Egypt?”

“I was reading upon that subject only a few days ago,” replied Merri. “Egypt was then, and had been for centuries, the seat of learning—both spiritual and mental. While the common people worshipped idols, the Priests understood the pure, science-religion that lay behind the symbol. Great teachers of all time understood and practiced this beautiful wisdom-religion in its purity.”

“By Jove!” cried Rex, “I had never thought of that as being the object of the Greek philosophers—Plato, Socrates—and the rest of those old chaps. I always thought they took that pil-

grimage into Egypt for scientific information, or to brush up literature and languages."

"Yes," said the Vegetarian, "religion was at the bottom of it. The Elusinian Mysteries were undoubtedly copied from the sacred rites of Isis and Osiris, being adapted, of course, to Greek individualism."

"Those Mysteries always fascinated me," remarked Merri pensively, "I used to spend a lot of valuable time wondering about them."

"I must confess" remarked Rex, "that religion has never appealed to me. I think if a man leads a clean, honorable life he has nothing to fear from angels or devils."

"I hope you are right, brother," replied Merri. "I am booked for Hell if orthodoxy is true."

"Is it that bad?" laughed Rex.

"I have never been converted," she continued, "nor felt a change of heart."

"Poor girl!" he said cheerfully. "I see you are destined for the toboggan-slide."

"Don't be too sure of meeting me there," she retorted. "I am determined *not* to take the slide."

"Wretched one! How can you prevent it? Can you force yourself to feel the emotion required by our most learned clergy?"

"I can not," she replied seriously. "But I

love my fellow man—you remember Abu Ben Adam?"

"A legend, my poor child—a mere myth!" responded Rex airily. "Consider the terrible lake of brimstone and fire! Think of the pitchfork—"

"Hush, silly boy! Are you never serious?"

"Yes, when exams. approach—that knocks all the foolishness out of a fellow. Well, I wonder what's up now?"

As they neared the camp, Ridgley could be seen going from group to group explaining something of a highly interesting nature if one could judge by the evident excitement produced by his words.

"Let us hurry," said Rex, "and get our share of it."

CHAPTER XI

NATURE AND SOCIALISM

Upon joining the crowd, they found that the indefatigable Ridgley had located a quantity of bear in the woods nearby, and was industriously spreading the news among the tourists, most of whom were eager to see "all that was coming to them."

"Come," said the Vegetarian, "let us watch them feed."

"I am too tired," protested Merri. "A long ride over mountain passes in addition to the walk we have just taken does not incline me toward a bear-hunt."

"Nonsense! You are too young to feel that slight exertion. Why, I am ready to walk ten miles before bedtime."

"I fancy supper must be almost ready," she suggested evasively.

"A whole hour yet," he replied, looking at his watch.

"Lead on, O thou indefatigable man!" she cried in mock despair. "And if I faint by the wayside, blame thy own zeal."

Rex had disappeared; and as no help could be expected from the rest of her party, Merri assumed an interest she did not feel, and blindly followed the Vegetarian.

“You have plenty of good stuff in you,” he said—“good stuff—”

“Ah, thanks,” she murmured.

“Good stuff,” he continued not heeding the interruption. “I recognized it from the first—but you are too darn conventional to let your real self out.”

“Dear man, how little you know me. In what, pray, am I so ultra conventional?”

“To begin with, you always herd with your own party, when you are not with your cousin.”

“My cousin?”

“Yes. Fine young fellow, too; we have many views in common. As I say, you never affiliate with the rest of us, and have such a high and mighty way—”

Merri laughed.

“I protest against such slander,” she declared. “Do I not sit by the driver, when the doctor permits me that pleasure?”

“Simply to pump information from him,” growled her companion.

“Do I not chat with the maids, and do I not cling fondly to the guides?”

“Why shouldn’t you? Those guides and

drivers are all college men; and the girls are sweet, modest, educated young women. They are paying for their holiday by doing a little light work; or, perhaps, earning money for the next college term."

"I am sure no one respects them more than I," replied the girl earnestly. "I admire personal worth above all else."

"Still, you have that old aristocratic idea about positions—"

"Now do not lecture me. I am not a Socialist like you."

"Look here, young woman, do you realize the true meaning of Socialism?"

"I confess that I know nothing of its tenets."

"Then why have you not informed yourself?"

"Oh, I don't know—it never appealed to me. It is always associated in my mind with anarchy and unrest."

"Never a greater mistake!" he cried enthusiastically. "Socialism is a great economic, political movement. Its effort is to secure co-operation instead of divisional work. It aims to make the tools of production and distribution undivided public property, instead of divided individual property as it is now."

"Speaking of property," said Merri, "reminds me of the two Irishmen who were dis-

cussing Socialism. Mike was telling all that he would do if he had a million dollars—he would foster this industry and help that individual, dividing his fortune equally among his many friends.

“ ‘Faith, Mike, me boy,’ said Pat, ‘ye havn’t got a million dollars but ye have got two pigs—as fine pigs as I iver set me two eyes upon. Now, thin, Mike, ye kin divide up thim pigs wid yer friends—faith, it’s an aisy way to prove ye principles.’ ”

“ ‘No, indade thin,’ said Mike, ‘thim pigs is MINE, an divil a bit does any man git of ’em!’ ”

The Vegetarian did not join in her laugh.

“I see,” he said gravely, “that you labor under the delusion held by so many others—that Socialism means an equal division of individual property.”

“I have certainly heard that doctrine very forcibly expressed by people calling themselves Socialists.”

“All a mistake—only the most ignorant believe such stuff.”

“Yes, I always thought them greatly mistaken.”

“Socialism wants only the things that are publicly used, to be publicly owned. Its whole aim is to render it possible for all people to own private property. The present order of things is

the enemy of private property. Look at the terrible poverty that exists to-day. Socialism would end all that by making it possible for all to possess and enjoy property."

"That sounds very fine, but how can that be accomplished?"

"By giving to the producer the full value of his labor, be it mental or manual, Socialism will augment the incentive to do, to accomplish, to produce. For instance, if by your brain power or deftness of hand you produce a piece of work worth ten dollars a day, Socialism demands that you be paid that amount."

"But suppose I am worth one dollar a day, while you are worth ten—are our salaries the same?"

"Not by a jug full! You should be promptly discharged to make room for better stuff."

"Then, after all, it is a matter of individual worth."

"Yes, we believe in equality of brains, regardless of sex, or station. Socialism is the only institution that declares itself boldly for WOMAN. We would give her not only the freedom of the ballot, but make her so economically and politically free that she may develop to the fullest extent the powers God has given her."

"Dear me! You paint such a glowing picture

that I am almost persuaded to become a Socialist."

"Why not? The finest women of the world belong to us—the brightest intellects. If you'd only drop your conventional ideas and use your common sense, you'd make a splendid Socialist."

"You have peculiar ideas on conventionality. If I were half as strict as you seem to fancy, I certainly would not be taking this walk with you, to whom I have never been properly introduced."

"My! but you sure have me there! Perhaps you would like to see my credentials?"

He fumbled among his pockets, and finally produced a package of legal looking documents.

"Oh no!" she cried hastily. "I think nothing could improve you."

"Do you mean it?" he beamed with pleasure at this equivocal remark.

"I wish, however, that you would read the Governor's letter—I am very proud of it."

To please him she took the letter and read:

"This is to certify that I have known Mr. Robert B. Lamb for many years, and can cheerfully recommend him to all that he may meet. In the threefold position of citizen, neighbor,

and friend; he is unequalled. He is a true gentleman and a deep thinker.

(Signed) John Briscoe."

"Very flattering," she said, returning the letter with its big official seal.

"We have been personal friends for many a year," he said proudly.

"It must be beautiful," remarked the girl, "to have a true friend; one upon whom you could rely without question—one who would fight for you—if necessary—die for you."

"Now you are talking! But, do you know, such friends are rare—you'll not find one in a million. We love to talk about our friends, but when the grind comes and we need them like the devil, where are they? The surest test of a man's friendship lies in his pocket-book. If he pulls me out of the mire when he knows it will financially embarrass him to do so, he is my friend."

"And the greatest test of a woman's friendship is when she puts down slander. Why, the bravest act of my life was that of entertaining a much-discussed woman at a theatre-party. It required the utmost courage."

"Your love for her sustained you."

"But I did not love her."

"Then, why did you do it?"

“I felt that she was being unjustly treated. She had been imprudent, perhaps, but not wicked; yet all the women in our set snubbed her. The men dared not defend her for fear of making matters worse. My social position was secure; as my friend she would be received. After talking matters over with my aunt, we issued invitations for a select theatre-party, letting it be distinctly understood that this lady would be the guest of honor. My invitations were accepted, and the crowds that filled the opera house had the opportunity of seeing us. They did not fail to observe us either, between acts; we received almost as much attention as the actors.”

“Well, you are a daisy!” he exclaimed, admiration beaming from every feature. “Did your plan work?”

“Beautifully. People are like sheep, you know; they follow a leader without stopping to reason.”

The woodland, through which they were passing, was very attractive. Great forests of pine and mountain growth furnished a delightful shade to the grassy slope. A flock of deer grazing upon the succulent grasses calmly regarded the intruders. A tiny fawn left its mother and rubbed its little nose against Merri's outstretched hand.

"The little darling!" she cried with delight.

"Isn't it DEER?" replied the Vegetarian, grinning at his own wit.

The doe, after tranquilly surveying her visitors, decided in their favor and came forward to share the caresses with her babe.

The Vegetarian was as pleased as the girl.

"Are you not glad you came?" he asked.

"They are of that variety known as —"

"Mercy! What is that?"

A saucy chipmunk had run up the back of her dress, never stopping till securely seated upon her right shoulder.

"Don't move!" commanded the delighted man. "I must kodak that picture. It's the finest thing I ever saw."

As though accustomed to such occasions, the gentle animals remained quite unmoved by the excitement of their visitors. The enthusiastic artist made several "snapshots" before the spell was broken.

"This is a rare treat," said the girl, "but where are the bears we came to see?"

"They must be near at hand," he insisted. "Our driver says there are stacks of them in this wood. He says they attack the new-born calves every night."

"How terrible!"

"Fact! Says they have to take the young

calves into their tents, or sit up all night to protect them. By Jove! Can that be the dinner bell? I had no idea we had been out so long."

With a farewell pat to the affectionate, wild creatures, they hastily retraced their steps and were soon in the dining-tent.

"Come over here," called Rex. "I have saved a place for you."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Merri, as she sat beside him.

"You do not deserve it," he replied. "Here I have waited like Patience on a monument, while you have been deep in the romantic shades of the forests, engaged in a shameless flirtation with the Vegetarian."

"You mean the Socialist."

"Yes, and the Spiritualist and the Theosophist and the Scientist—"

"And the artist."

"What, does he paint?"

"Yes. Kodaks his scenes and copies them in oils with such additions as fancy may dictate."

"So he is an artist, and last of all a —— Lamb."

"A curious combination. I am glad that I am not an animal."

Rex laughed.

"You'd be surprised to know of the menagerie feeding in this tent," he continued. "Upon

your defalcation," regarding her reproachfully, "I amused myself looking over the register. I found so many animals that I've been busy ever since, trying to locate them."

"Tell me about them," she begged.

"Well," he began with evident relish, "that fat, comfortable couple at the next table, are the Flyes—"

"Not house-flies?"

"No. At present, they are tent-Flyes."

"That is pretty good. Who next?"

"The wiry, little man, two seats to the left, is a Campbell; just beyond him is a family named Wolff—"

"Heavens! Do the Wolff and Lamb occupy the same tent?"

"I don't know—but it is almost a literal fulfillment of the Scriptures when the Lamb and the Lyon feed together as they are doing now."

Merri laughed.

"Which is the Lyon?" she asked.

"He is the mild-looking gent to the left of the Lamb; while the lady on his right is Miss Katt."

"How funny that they should all be at one table," she said.

"I have not finished yet. That thin, blonde lady in gray, who minces her food with such precision, is a Hogg—"

“Why, Rex!”

“Positive fact, though she does not look it. On the opposite side of the table is a family of Birds. The girls look like dainty canaries, don’t they?”

“Who is the stately gentleman in black?”

“Mr. Crow, who is guardian for the young Bob White who sits beside him.”

“You mean—?”

“That his name is Quail, though he is not related to the plump Mrs. Partridge at the end of the table. Then there are the Ducks—”

“And the Ganders.”

“Be still, unruly maid! As I remarked, there are the Poulletts—”

“And the hens and —”

“And the Cranes and the Orioles—”

“Oh, hush!” She closed her ears and turned her back.

He regarded her sorrowfully.

“You are making it out of whole cloth—I don’t believe a word.”

“Examine the register, unkind one! Oh, I forgot the Songbirds, and Wrens—the Wrens and—”

“Will you be quiet?”

The matron entered and walked to the centre of the tent.

“Someone has neglected to register,” she

said. "There is one more person present than appears upon the register. As we are compelled to be very careful in such matters, I beg that the forgetful member of our family will rectify the mistake."

Each tourist eyed his neighbor suspiciously, and no one spoke.

"My dear," asked Mrs. Danvers, "did you register for me?"

"Certainly," replied the Doctor.

"How did you register?" she persisted.

"As Doctor Randolph Danvers and wife," he replied.

"Just as I suspected!" cried his wife. "That accounts for the mistake."

"Mistake," he repeated, in comic dismay, "are you not my wife?"

"In private life I am your wife," she continued, "but to the public I am Dr. Elizabeth M. Danvers. That tells my name and station. I have labored too long and earnestly to quietly relinquish my identity. I would rather be *myself* than the wife of any man."

Various expressions of surprise greeted this outburst. Some few ladies looked shocked, others amused.

Merri laughed openly, though she admitted the justice of the lady's position.

"Well, my dear," replied the Doctor, flushing

with annoyance, "I beg that at the next camp you will register us as Dr. Elizabeth Danvers and husband."

"Now, Randolph," she said, slipping her hand through his arm, "don't be silly. I understand very well that it was mere thoughtlessness on your part; but you know I am right."

"Of course you are," he returned readily. "I am just as proud of your reputation as of my own and —"

They left the tent, chatting happily.

"Well!" exclaimed Merri.

"She hit him hard;" said Rex, "right out from the shoulder! but he took it like a man. Oh, say! I have a splendid program in my mind for to-night. Come to our tent and help me arrange it."

CHAPTER XII

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

Around the blazing camp-fire gathered a crowd of happy, care-free people, discussing with enthusiasm the magic splendors of the Park, and congratulating themselves upon this unconventional manner of spending their evenings. The young drivers had donned gala attire, and together with the maids, occupied one side of the square. Although superior in appearance and breeding to many of the guests whom they so faithfully served, the attendants of the camp kept to themselves and attempted no association with the tourists.

“Have you ‘seen Baby Lou’s girl?’” asked Rex.

“No,” replied Merri, “is she present?”

“Yes, over there, just behind that fat woman,” he replied. “Isn’t she a daisy and isn’t he badly stuck on her?”

“I admire his taste,” she returned.

The girl was well worth looking at. Her dainty complexion, flaxen curls and appealing blue eyes presented a rare type of blond loveliness.

“Are they not a vivid contrast?” continued Rex. “She looks like a child beside him.”

“I think them a charming couple,” said Merri. “I love a big man.”

“Like your cousin—he is your cousin, isn’t he?”

“We claim relationship simply because we like each other,” she answered. “Don’t you remember, I told you at Gardiner that we had only met that morning?”

“That was a century ago—just look at that girl! Did you ever see such dimples?”

“You mean Baby Lou’s friend?”

“Yes, they say she broke down—had nervous prostration before her school term was over and came here to recuperate.”

“Then, she is a teacher?”

“Yes, in one of the city schools.”

“And he—? Driving is not his regular occupation.”

“No, he is head book-keeper in a bank. But he knows horses, let me tell you, or he wouldn’t be driving in Yellowstone Park.”

“I hope not.”

“The matron told me that each driver was compelled to prove his experience before being entrusted with our lives.”

“They arrange all of their excursions systematically, so as never to conflict, still we are

apt to meet coaches from other camps; and, as you know, the road is often perilously narrow—barely wide enough to allow two very fine drivers to pass.”

“I hope we shall never meet another team in close quarters,” said Merri with a shudder.

“Oh, I should love it!” cried Rex.

“It would be exciting,” she admitted, “but not enjoyable. “If we should ever be so unfortunate, I sincerely hope that Baby Lou will take the inside. I much prefer the cliff to the gorge.”

“Well, I am not sure—cricky! What is the matter with the Vegetarian? I verily believe that walk with you in the enchanted forest has turned his brain. Behold, those frantic gestures and the wild glitter of his eye!”

“Foolish boy!” she cried, laughing at his extravagance, “I know what is the matter.”

“Indeed! When did you become a mind reader?”

“I judge by analogy. I absolutely know, from his beaming smile and wild desire to involve others, that he has discovered a family of bear, and is determined to exhibit his find.”

“Let us hope it is nothing worse,” said Rex with an ominous shake of his head.

“Come on!” yelled the Vegetarian, as he neared the group, “come on, all of you! I have

located a lot of bears—hurry, or they may leave.”

“He would appreciate it greatly if you would all come,” said Merri, addressing the crowd. “Bears are his hobby.”

Led by Merri and Rex, the party joined the Vegetarian, who escorted them in triumph to the scene of interest.

Near the edge of the forest, a large mother-bear was feeding, and personally superintending the supper of her family of two.

The cubs ate like voracious young animals, while the mother maintained the dignity of her position.

For a few moments, they calmly surveyed their spectators; then upon command from their mother, whose grunt was positive though not alarmed, the cubs climbed into a tree, being closely followed by Dame Bear.

“Do you think she is afraid of us?” asked Merri.

“No,” said a gentleman near her. “It is probably their bedtime and like a good mother-bear, she does not permit her offspring to keep late hours.”

“She is evidently a good old-fashioned mother,” said Merri with a laugh. “Children of this generation do not obey so promptly.”

“All a matter of training,” replied the Vege-

tarian. "Human young should be taught absolute obedience until they are old enough to use discretion. They should be trained exactly as if they were dogs or horses."

A storm of protest pelted the bold speaker, but he defended his position gallantly.

"Do you imagine," he continued, "that those cubs would have obeyed so promptly had they been allowed to argue the point? Can you fancy one of them saying, 'I don't WANT to go to bed, and I AM NOT GOING TO DO IT!'"

"Do they always sleep in trees?" asked a thin elderly lady who wore glasses and carried a note-book.

"Why, of course," replied Rex, "Just like snakes, you know—they are likely to drop down upon us at any moment."

"Dear me!" she cried, edging away from the tree. "I was under the impression that they lived in holes—snakes, I mean—and that bears inhabited deep, dark caves."

"Well, you see," the boy explained gravely, "this species is different; besides, in the Park everything is odd."

"True;" she replied, noting rapidly, "bears climb trees and sleep therein; snakes ditto."

Returning to camp, Rex announced that psychological games were in order.

A circle of clasped hands was formed, and

one person sent beyond hearing, during whose absence some feat was decided for his accomplishment.

“Will you be the first victim?” asked Rex, turning to Merri.

“I do not mind;” she returned, “but suppose we send your mother, or Mrs. Doctor.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Rex began, “we are about to demonstrate one of the most important of the mysteries of Nature. For this purpose, a victim is needed. Who will make the noble sacrifice? Let the good of the cause fire your zeal, but—don’t all speak first.”

Miss Katt rose and volunteered.

“I have never played the game,” she said, “so may prove a failure.”

“Many thanks,” replied the impromptu manager. “Some are more highly developed than others; but, after all, your success will depend largely upon us. Now, Miss Katt, retire to that tree, and gaze steadily at the moon until you are summoned.”

She proceeded to obey.

“What shall we make her do?” asked Rex.

“Writing is her specialty,” suggested Merri. “She carries her note-book and pencil in a deep, immense pocket—”

“The very thing! She can make notes.”

The circle, being duly informed, the Lamb

and Rex escorted the victim into their midst, lightly touching her upon the shoulder.

"My mind is a blank," she said, as she groped blindly about. "I feel no inclination to do anything."

"You don't want to think," replied Rex, "Just do the first thing that comes to you."

"But nothing enters my mind," she returned. "I fear I am proving a poor subject."

"Say, all you people!" cried Rex. "You are not concentrating."

"You had better try another subject," insisted Miss Katt.

"I will go," said the Doctor lady, and retired from the circle.

A gentleman took a trunk key from his pocket and placed it upon the organ.

"Let her find and return this to me," he said.

"That will be a test," remarked the Vegetarian as he and Rex withdrew.

"Now," said Merri, "let us think hard of the key until she finds it; then COMPEL her to return it."

They entered, the victim blindfolded. With but a few moment's hesitation, she walked to the organ, picked up the key, and stood as though listening for instructions. No one spoke, but all THOUGHT so intently that, after

a slight pause, the key was returned to its owner.

Loud cries of "Splendid!" "Perfectly lovely!" "How fine!" greeted this exploit. Mrs. Danvers resumed her seat amid hearty applause.

At that moment, Mr. Clarke entered the square.

"Come on, old fellow," called the Vegetarian, "we need you in this hypnotic business."

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Clarke, "I do not care to participate."

"Why," asked Miss Katt, "do you fear it?"

"Hardly," he replied. "I understand it too well for that."

"Then why object?" persisted Rex.

"From conscientious motives," he replied.

"What do you mean?" asked Merri. "Surely there is no harm in what we are doing."

"Magnetism is one of those forces which should never be played with," asserted Mr. Clarke. "It is given us for a definite purpose, and should be conserved to that end."

"You would do away with all public exhibitions that deal with magnetism?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"It may be well," he replied, "to give a few such performances for the purpose of demonstrating its possibilities. The public is too busy,

or too sceptical, to personally investigate deep subjects—”

“And I was hoping you would show us something really fine,” said Merri regretfully. “I am sure you have seen so much of that kind of thing in India—”

“Ah, do please,” pleaded Miss Katt. “I am so interested.”

The Bride and Groom joined the party.

“What are you playing?” she asked.

“A magnetic game,” replied Rex. “Will you join us?”

“Magnetism!” snarled the Groom. “All infernal nonsense!”

“You think so?” asked Merri sweetly. “I was just hoping that you would be our next victim.”

“You’ll not catch *me* wasting time on such rot!” he sneered.

“But, my dear—” protested the Bride.

“The whole thing is a fake—from beginning to end,” declared the Groom with the pomposity of ignorance.

“You should have been here a moment ago,” said Merri, “and seen what we made happen.”

“All humbug!” he retorted. “I never saw any of those tricks that had not been pre-arranged.”

“Can not you understand that a scientific principle underlies—”

“Scientific fiddlesticks! It’s all tommyrot.”

Miss Lewis bit her lip, but refrained from making answer. A look of determination illumined her face, as she stepped close to her cousin and laid her hand upon his arm.

“Will you do me a favor?” she asked in her sweetest tone.

“That goes without saying,” he replied, surprised yet pleased at her request.

“Lay aside your scruples, just this once,” she pleaded. “I am so anxious to convince that old doubter.”

“Why should you?” he replied. “You can not convince him against his will.”

“I can not because I know so little,” she returned humbly. “But you can. Oh, do, PLEASE! I do so enjoy the fall of the mighty!”

“Very well,” he replied indulgently. “We will convince him beyond a doubt.”

“We?” she asked. “Am I to assist?”

“Yes, you shall cover yourself with glory and the crowd with wonder.”

“You alarm me. How can I do it? I have no experience.”

“It is not necessary. I will do the work. Your part is easy.”

"I may fail you," she warned.

"I know your capabilities," he replied calmly.

The Bride and her lord sat near but not within the magic circle.

The crowd anxiously watched the cousins, devoutly wishing the girl would prevail.

"To convince Mr.—"

"Bragg," supplied the Groom.

"To convince Mr. Bragg," continued Mr. Clarke, "I have decided to waive my objection to this style of entertainment; and, assisted by this lady, will demonstrate the power of thought."

Amid the applause which followed, Merri retired.

"Now, Mr. Bragg," remarked Mr. Clarke, "you will please set some task for the lady to accomplish."

"Here is my watch-charm," said the Groom, handing the trinket to Clarke. "Hide it carefully and let her bring it to me. If she does that I shall be satisfied."

Mr. Clarke carefully wrapped the watch-charm in a leaf torn from his note-book, placed it under the lining of the Vegetarian's hat and jammed said hat upon the head of Rex.

"Bring the victim," he commanded.

Rex and the Vegetarian started.

“Hold on!” cried the Groom, “How am I to know that you won’t tell?”

“We are supposed to be gentlemen,” replied Clarke. “However, it does not matter.”

“Approach, O Victim, to thy doom,” cried Rex in tragic tones.

Mr. Clarke met her in full view of the doubtful Groom, blindfolded her; and without touching her, followed wherever she went, his fingers held near the base of her brain.

With hands outstretched, as though feeling her way through the darkness, Merri walked without a moment’s hesitation to where Rex stood beside his mother.

“It is hidden under the lining of his hat,” she said, pointing directly to him.

“Describe the object,” commanded Mr. Clarke.

“It is a masonic emblem,” she replied.

“What else?” He took the packet from its hiding place and placed it in her hand, then slipped his fingers to her wrist.

A moment of breathless suspense. Could she do it?

“I see a quaint, gold watch-charm,” said the girl, “a souvenir much cherished by its owner. It is a masonic device as I said before—a square and compass. It was presented to its owner thirty-five years ago by his lodge, at a

banquet given in appreciation of his faithful services, and has never before left his watch-chain."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Rex.

"I never saw anything better among professionals," said another.

"That will do." Mr. Clarke spoke calmly, positively.

"Return the charm to its owner."

He removed his hand, she walked, unaided; broke through the circle and placed the unopened package in the hand of the amazed Groom.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he muttered.

"Mr. Bragg will please inform us if the information given is correct," remarked Mr. Clarke.

"Correct enough," replied the Groom, "but how the devil did either of you know it?"

"You are thoroughly satisfied? There was no deception—no fake about the matter?"

"How the devil could there be?" growled the man, "I'm the only person here that knows anything about it—never even told my wife."

"Do something else," begged Rex.

"More! More!" shouted the crowd.

"Could you get me a small table and a pack of cards?" asked Mr. Clarke.

The ever-ready Ridgley produced both.

Mr. Clarke took the cards and without shuffling spread them face downwards upon the table.

“Select one,” he said, “and hold it so that all may see it. Be sure to remember it, or I can do nothing.”

She turned the Ace of Hearts, holding it up for inspection.

Rex shuffled, returning the cards to Clarke, who began to deal.

“This is the card,” he said, as the Ace of Hearts appeared. “As you have seen,” he continued, “I first read Mr. Bragg’s thoughts, and transferred them to the lady, who expressed them to his satisfaction. Next I read the lady’s mind. Now she shall read my thoughts.”

She demurred.

“Are you sure I can do it?”

“Absolutely,” he replied positively. “Turn your back.”

She did so.

“Here, ladies and gentlemen, is a card,” he held up the Jack of Spades. “Observe carefully where I place it.”

He arranged three piles, placing the card selected in the central pile.

“Ready!”

The girl turned.

“Do not stop one moment to think,” he con-

tinued, "answer the first thing that comes to your mind. Here, as you see, are three piles. The card selected is in one of them. Now tell me—quick! now!—in which pile is it contained?"

"The middle one."

"Good!" all cried.

"Name the card."

"The Jack of Spades."

The audience cheered.

"I think Mr. Bragg will admit that we used no trickery, but have given a genuine piece of thought transference."

"Yes," replied the humbled Bridegroom, "I don't understand how you did it, but you arrived at facts. I see no special harm in what you have shown us, but I mortally hate public performances—especially hypnotic shows, where a lot of sane people are made to cut the fool."

"I heartily agree with you," responded Mr. Clarke.

"Oh! I think them great fun!" exclaimed Rex. "Can't you hypnotize a lot of us, and make us cut up didoes?"

"I can," replied Mr. Clarke, "but I will not so debase my powers. They should only be used to relieve suffering."

"I don't believe he can do it," said a voice from the crowd.

"You are right," answered another, "he'd do it quick enough if he could."

Mr. Clarke turned to Merri.

"You understand why I will not do this thing?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "if they doubt your power after what you have already done, they would demand more, no matter what you accomplished."

"Old fellow," said Rex affectionately, "I wish you would—just to humble those ingrates, you know."

"I should be really glad to oblige you," replied Clarke. "But I can not. If any were ill or mentally distressed, I would do my best to relieve them, but I decline to amuse a crowd with mere parlor tricks."

Rex was bitterly disappointed.

"I regret to inform the audience," he announced, "that our star performer has positively refused to indulge your perverted taste for parlor tricks. If you desire a display of hypnotic powers, you are earnestly requested to furnish a collection of aches and pains. Nervous troubles cured; broken bones a specialty. Trot out your troubles or there will be no show."

No invalids appearing, he continued, "I see you are lacking either in ailment or faith. At any rate, the *seance* is closed for the evening."

* * * * *

In her apartment, Miss Lewis reviewed the evening. What a unique ending to a full day! What wonderful geysers they had seen, and what real pleasure she had derived from her walk in the forest. After all, the Vegetarian was not so bad; perhaps it was because she was trying to follow her cousin's advice.

Her cousin? How odd to call him that; yet he was very dear to her. How she wished he really was her cousin. He was so big and handsome—. She did love big men—so gifted, so wonderfully magnetic, so altogether congenial. She had never had such a comrade—why he understood her perfectly, although they had met so recently.

Oh! if only the hated cousin was like this man—stay! perhaps they had met in India. If so this new friend could advise her. Yes, she should tell him all about the redoubtable Lewis Meriwether Clarke, and ask his advice as how best to dispose of the unwelcome suitor.

"What lovely eyes he has," she thought, as she nestled under the blankets, "and such a sweet, tender mouth; so strong yet so firm. Oh! how I wish—"

CHAPTER XIII

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Miss Lewis rose early and began her geyser study before breakfast. The guide book informed her that the Upper Basin is triangular in shape, and comprises about four miles. It contains twenty-six geysers and four hundred hot springs, the basin being drained by the Firehole River. Here, grouped within the space of one square mile, are found the mightiest geysers and most wonderful hot-springs known to man.

Dense clouds of vapor hang shroud-like above the basin; the air is heavy with sulphurous flames; the earth trembles with the mighty voice of mysterious rumblings, and vegetation is conspicuous by its absence. The horrors of Hell could scarcely be more terrible than this spot, so fascinating in its awful beauty.

Outside her tent, Miss Lewis paused to admire the group of small geysers near the camp.

"Whither away, fair maid?" asked a voice at her side—the voice of the Man.

"Exploring," she replied, "as it is impossible for me to remember all the guide tells us, I am studying in private."

"I am out for the same purpose," he returned. "Suppose we leave these small geysers until our return, and go now to Biscuit Basin. The regular party goes there after lunch, but we shall not be with them?"

"You mean?"

"That we lunch with the Rajah at Old Faithful Inn. Do you not remember?"

"Yes—but—the Princess was so gorgeously clad, and—I have no dressed-up clothes."

"The princess is very sensible. She will not expect full dress."

"Well, she will be sadly disappointed if she does; but—look here, Man, do you know the way to Biscuit Basin?"

"Ridgley, the guide, told me it lay on the west side of the river, about a mile below Riverside Bridge."

"That sounds easy."

"He assured me that the spot is easily located."

"What is there to see?" she asked, as they walked along.

"Some curious green formations constitute the biscuits, but the real attraction is Sapphire Pool."

"These pools are wonderful," she replied. "Then, too, we are in a mood for enjoyment because of our early rising. I dearly love my

morning nap, but when for any reason, I eliminate it, I feel so virtuous."

"That is the voice of approving conscience," he answered.

"Tell me exactly what you mean by conscience," she said.

"It is that inner voice which always approves or condemns our actions," he replied.

"Conscience, then, is the real Ego, the Spirit?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, "to my mind neither religion nor philosophy has put it more clearly than Shakespeare—

'To thy own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then prove false to any
man.'"

"Yes," she replied, "that quotation contains the very essence of the Golden Rule."

"And the Golden Rule was old before the birth of Jesus."

"What do you mean?"

"That the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, formulated the Golden Rule five hundred years before the Nazarine began his teachings. Confucius was a wonderful man, but I am not sure he evolved the rule; he probably quoted it from some older writer."

"It seems to me," she replied, regarding him earnestly, "that you are very learned."

"Orientals absorb esoteric lore," he replied. "The whole atmosphere reeks with it. Even you would become inoculated."

"I? Why, I am simply crazy over such things. The occult has always appealed to me."

A smile of pleasure lit his face. "I remember the indications I saw in your hand;" he said, "but, would you really enjoy the study?"

"Above all things," she replied, "but the aunt with whom I live disapproves highly of such studies, and I have no friend with whom I can work. You know how hard it is to struggle along alone—how necessary it is to have sympathetic companionship."

"I know," he answered. "I passed through all that before I went to India."

"Speaking of India," she said, "reminds me of a man I once knew out there."

"A Hindoo?" he inquired politely.

"No," she answered, "an American. He was the cousin of a girl I knew. He went abroad years ago, and has not seen her since she was seven years old."

"Yes?" he said, as she paused.

"And now," she continued, "he is coming home, expecting to marry the girl."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed, "how romantic."

"Nothing of the kind;" she hastened to say, "the whole affair is disgustingly destitute of sentiment."

"How so?" he asked.

"It is entirely a question of money," she answered.

"You mean that the man has made a fortune, and the girl is willing to share it?" he asked.

"Nothing so delightful," she replied. "Their only uncle left an immense fortune to be divided between them at their marriage."

"How kind of him!" he answered with a laugh. "Most young couples have to struggle for themselves."

"If either refuses to marry the other," she continued, "he or she forfeits his or her share, the whole fortune going to the refused party."

"Pretty hard lines," he commented, "unless the young people really love each other."

"How can she love him?" asked the girl scornfully. "A mean money-grabber—"

"Do not judge him too hastily," he said. "The man may be as adverse to marriage as she is."

"But think of the girl," replied Miss Lewis. "All her life reared in luxury, and now forced to make her bread."

"Perhaps," said Clarke, "she will accept the alternative."

“Never!” she exclaimed.

“Is the man so obnoxious?”

“I do not know—I have not seen him since I grew up, but I am sure she could never marry him.”

“Perhaps he will generously refuse her hand, that she may get the fortune.”

Merri shook her head. “I don’t believe in his generosity;” she said with a sigh, “and even if he proved so heroic she could not accept the sacrifice.”

“Do you know the girl intimately?” asked Clarke.

“As myself,” came the answer.

“Then advise her to meet the man and talk matters over before coming to a decision.”

“What good could come of such a meeting?” she asked.

“Why, you see, the man may care for some other lady, and so welcome release. Many of those Hindoo girls are wonderfully alluring. He may consider it a point of honor to meet his cousin and explain—”

“Oh, if you are only right!” she cried. “Then she might take the fortune and deed him half of it.”

“That would be a happy arrangement,” he replied, “if there is no clause in the will that prohibits it.”

"I am not sure that there is," she answered, "but of course she would have her lawyer arrange everything in legal form. How glad I am I told you all about it—you have lifted a load from my mind."

"You should not allow the troubles of your friends to disturb you so powerfully," he remarked.

"But this girl," she began, "is—is—"

"I know," he kindly finished, "she is like your very self."

They had crossed the river on the foot bridge, and after a short walk reached Biscuit Basin, and stood beside Sapphire Pool, whose highly decorated margin suggested the basin's name.

Hundreds of small, biscuit-shaped formations, olive green in color, surround the spring. The Sapphire is known as a "breathing spring," and will, in time, become a geyser.

The "biscuits," formed by the constant ebb and flow of its waters, are well worth attention.

"We should need strong teeth to masticate them," observed Merri.

"Not even Fletcherizing would render them digestible," returned Mr. Clarke. "Just look at that little geyser—the jet is not over twenty feet, but the eruptions are so frequent."

"Yes," she replied, "I am timing them. The

last was just three minutes ago—there she goes again!”

A short distance to the west, they saw the Black Pearl geyser, whose basin is thickly studded with black pearls, one-fourth of an inch in size. Its formations surround the stump and roots of a tree, completely incrusting them with these gems.

Upon the return trip they turned aside from the main thoroughfare to visit Morning Glory Spring, a silent pool of rare loveliness, which they had seen the evening previous.

“How deep it is,” said Merri, looking into the funnel-shaped crater, “and how exquisitely colored.”

“The shape of its crater,” remarked Mr. Clarke, “together with the beautiful transparency of the waters, probably suggested its name.”

“It is very probable,” she assented. “I think most of the names very appropriate.”

Nearing Riverside bridge, they were very much surprised to see the camp out in full force.

“By Jove!” exclaimed Mr. Clarke, “they must expect Riverside to perform.”

“What luck!” cried Merri. “Let us hasten to the scene of action.”

Both sides of the river were alive with peo-

ple, while many stood upon the bridge. Ridgley, the guide, flitted here and there, a large following in his wake.

"I hope you won't feel deserted," remarked Miss Lewis, "but I expect to leave you and attach myself to the interesting Mr. Ridgley."

"As you like," he returned.

"Then you won't mind?"

"Why can I not join you? I, too, would gather crumbs of wisdom."

"Then come," she said, "but expect no further attention from me. The geyser and Ridgley will absorb my every thought."

As they approached the scene of interest, Ridgley stood upon the mound, looking into the crater.

"Is it safe up there?" asked Miss Lewis.

"Oh yes," he replied, extending his hand to assist her. "The Indicator," he continued, pointing to the tiny crater, "will warn us when to leave. Besides, even should she begin playing this moment, we are absolutely safe, for the spray shoots immediately across the river."

"Does the flow come from both chimneys?" she asked, standing at a respectful distance from the two craters.

"No," he replied, "only from the lower one, though most people fancy the reverse."

"Riverside is very industrious" she re-

marked, "to begin her work before breakfast. How did you happen to discover her intentions?"

"Riverside is one of our dependable geysers," he replied, "like Old Faithful. She plays regularly, every seven or eight hours. We note the last eruption, so can calculate with certainty when to expect another."

"Then you gather your crowd when you expect a performance," she observed.

"Certainly," he replied. "Sometimes we hustle them out in the dead of night; sometimes at early dawn. You know, some of these people will never come here again, so want to see all that's coming to them."

"I understand," she returned.

"And its up to us to give them all we can." he continued.

The loud churning sound caused by the internal commotion going on within the geyser-tube was deafening, and the steam from the constantly overflowing lower crater would have blinded them, but that a strong wind blew it steadily from them.

"How long is it safe to remain here?" asked Merri, anxiously.

"About ten minutes," replied Ridgley, consulting his watch.

"How can you tell with accuracy?" she asked in wonder.

"The overflow begins thirty minutes before she plays," he explained.

"How interesting," she exclaimed.

"Besides," he continued, "we have the Indicator." He pointed to a small opening near the base of the crater.

"What does it do?" she asked.

"About ten minutes before an eruption," he replied, "the water rises in the Indicator."

"How odd!" she cried, looking with interest at the Indicator.

"Look!" he called, "It is beginning."

From the small opening a tiny geyser began to play, reproducing on a small scale, the same features of its mighty namesake.

"We must leave," said Ridgley. "She is coming up."

Scarcely had they reached the bridge, when with a terrific explosive sound, Riverside began to play.

The water was thrown to the height of ninety feet, forming an arch across the river, the entire discharge falling into the stream.

Before the end of the steam period, the sound of the breakfast bell caused a great rush for camp.

Why are people so ready to leave a really

thrilling scene—nature's grandest handiwork—
at the mere reminder of food? With all our
boasted civilization are we still so near the
animal plane.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CATASTROPHE

Immediately after breakfast the party of fifty people was driven a short distance from camp, to the scene of the greatest geyser activity in the Park. This particular section lies between the tent-city and Old Faithful Inn, an attractive wagon-road leading to the latter place.

At a given spot all passengers dismounted, the coaches being driven to the hotel to await their coming.

Ridgely, in holiday garb, wearing a pair of gloves and carrying a stout cane, a soft white veil protecting his face from the hungry mosquitoes, was in his glory. In the masterly manner peculiar to himself, he conducted them through that labyrinth of geysers and hot-springs known as the Upper Basin, explaining the personalities of each in such good pure English that all who heard him were forced to understand something of their wonderful phenomena.

He called special attention to the exquisite coloring of the hot springs; he remarked upon the size of the geyserite mounds, the indication

of a geyser's age; he told the story of the Chinaman who used a hot-spring for laundry purposes, both clothes and man disappearing mysteriously in the geyser he created; he explained the disastrous effects of "soaping a geyser," and finally informed them that the Giantess would play that morning.

"How do you know?" asked Merri.

"How does one know anything?" he replied.

"By experience," she returned.

"Yes," he agreed, "and one must have a varied experience and a good memory to know anything about geysers. Now, there are certain indications, I may say individualities, that belong to each geyser. Their little personalities should be studied just as carefully as if they were human beings."

"How intensely interesting!" exclaimed Merri, while the crowd listened in wonder.

"Take the Giantess, for instance," continued Ridgley, warming to his subject, "she is considered by many, the most remarkable geyser in the Park. As you see," he pointed out the geyser with his stick, "her crater is bowl shaped. It is sixty feet deep, twenty-four by thirty at the surface, and entirely devoid of the highly colored ornamentation possessed by most of the others."

“Oh well,” said Merri, “one could hardly expect a giantess to care for ornaments.”

“But I bet my hat,” remarked Rex, “that she makes things move.”

“Of course she does,” replied Mrs. Danvers, “or she would not be the Giantess.”

“I thought,” observed Mrs. Chapman, “that the name was given because of the immense size.”

“Also her power,” replied Ridgley.

Merri gazed with admiration, not unmixed with awe, into the deep, wide crater.

“How beautifully clear the water is,” she said, “like a great pool of sapphire. I cannot imagine these exquisite waters in the mad fury of eruption.”

“You will change your opinion when you see her play,” replied Ridgley.

“And that will be—”

“In the course of the morning,” he replied. “Right over there,” he continued, “is the Bee Hive. There is supposed to be a subterranean connection between her and the Giantess. The Hive possesses one trait peculiar to itself—”

“What is it?” asked Rex.

“It is the only geyser near which one can stand during an eruption.”

“How is that possible?” asked Merri.

“The water ejected is so tremendously hot,”

explained Ridgley, "that it evaporates in the air."

"How high is it sent?" asked the Doctor.

"It varies," replied Ridgley. "Sometimes it reaches but one hundred and seventy feet; then again it will shoot up to two hundred and twenty."

"I do not doubt your assertion, Mr. Ridgley," remarked Merri, "but I shall keep at a safe distance when she begins."

"Don't want any Bee buzzing around you," laughed Rex, "much less a whole Hive."

"How often does she play?" asked Mr. Clarke.

"Usually three times during the course of the day;" replied Ridgley. "but at times she has periods of great activity, only three hours apart. Then, again she will remain silent for weeks."

"Well," said Merri, "I hope she won't be sulky and refuse to play for us."

"I can safely promise you a display sometime today," replied Ridgley. "She generally follows the Giantess."

"Look!" cried Rex, "Who, or what is that playing?"

"That," explained the guide, "Is the Lion; he plays daily. The group beside him are the Lioness and the Cubs."

“The whole Damn family,” sang Rex, at which the crowd laughed.

“As with some human families,” remarked Ridgley, “there seems little in common between the heads of the household.”

“Surely,” said Merri, “geysers do not quarrel.”

“They do worse,” declared Rex, “they growl and spit at each other.”

“They never quite come to blows,” said Ridgley, laughing, “but while the Lioness and the Cubs frequently play together, the Lion never joins them.”

“Selfish brute,” exclaimed Merri, “just like some men I know.”

“Oh come now,” said Rex, “do not abuse us so vehemently. I have been told that men constitute a very necessary adjunct to female happiness.”

“Poor child,” returned Miss Lewis, pityingly, “do you believe all you hear?”

“After all,” remarked the Vegetarian, “men are but brutes, slightly veneered by civilization.”

“And in some cases,” observed Merri, “the veneer is wondrously thin.”

“Now I protest,” said Mr. Clarke. “Man is the noblest work of God—a Divine manifestation of Love and Power.”

“Observe,” remarked Mrs. Danvers, “that the father of the family rooms alone. No doubt he wished to get away from the noise of the Cubs.”

They looked more closely, after this remark, and saw that the Lioness and the Cubs occupy a conspicuous mound of geyserite, to the west of the Lion, he being separated from them by a slight depression.

“How very funny!” laughed Merri.

Leaving the Lions, they followed the pathway leading through a point of timber near the river and were soon confronted by a number of active springs and small geysers.

Of these, the most important is the Saw Mill. It has a shallow basin of about forty feet, enclosing a smaller one. From the center of this rises the funnel-shaped cone, some seven feet across the top, but sloping to a small opening.

As though indignant at their approach, the geyser began to perform.

“That noise is very like the racket of a saw-mill,” observed Rex, as the spiteful little geyser redoubled its efforts.

“She seems to grow more vigorous each moment,” said the Doctor.

“She will keep that up for an hour,” stated Ridgley, “rest a while, and go at it again.”

“How often does she play?” asked Mrs. Chapman.

“Several times during the day,” he replied, as they moved on.

Some five hundred feet north-west of the Castle, is situated the Grand, with its irregular jut shaped crater.

“This crater” explained Ridgley, “is merely a water-basin or reservoir. It is probably connected with the Turban, over there,” pointing to a near-by geyser, “but is quite separate and distinct from the Grand.”

“Indeed?” asked Merri, in astonishment, “has the Grand no throat?”

“Oh yes,” replied Ridgley, “this cushion-like mass of geyserite,” pointing a few feet to the south, “contains the opening through which the Grand plays. Her eruptions are very fine, as you shall see—”

A loud outburst from the Grand cut short his remarks. Twelve distinct eruptions followed, lasting forty minutes. At each discharge, forked columns of water were thrown to the height of two hundred feet. The length of the display enables people scattered all over the Upper Basin to arrive in time to witness at least a part of this truly magnificent exhibition.

“How exquisite!” exclaimed Merri, as the

sun, shining through the lofty jet, produced a dainty rainbow effect.

"Very nice," said the Groom, just behind her, "very nice, indeed," he added, complacently.

Miss Lewis turned and regarded him sorrowfully; then, catching a smile from Mr. Clarke, remained silent. At that moment the Turban began to play, affording them the inspiring sight of two mighty demonstrations of geyserpower.

"I think we are getting our money's worth," observed the Groom, "this beats anything I expected."

"As you see," explained Ridgley, "the Turban does not play from its main crater, but from a fissure-like opening immediately to the north of it."

The crater became much agitated, its seething mass of steaming waters occasionally overflowing into the crater of the Grand, just below it.

"It is certainly a Grand display," remarked Rex, as they continued their walk.

Many of the prominent geysers and hot-springs lie in close proximity to the river. Truly the Indians were justified in calling this stream the Firehole. The steam and bubbles arising constantly from some part of its surface speak plainly of volcanic disturbance.

About a mile from the hotel, and quite near the river, stands the Giant. Although a little off the main road, he is very conspicuous. Its ten foot cone stands upon a platform of deposit about seventy-five feet in diameter. The cone is broken from the apex nearly to the base, affording a good view of the interior of the crater which is in a constant state of agitation.

As the Giant deigns to play but once a week, many tourists enter the Park and leave it without witnessing this wonderful performance. Those who have been so fortunate as to see him in action never forget the splendor of the display, nor the feeling that enfolds them. Deep rumbling sounds like underground thunder fill the air, then a mighty stream is projected upward, two hundred and fifty feet.

"I do so wish he would play for us," said Merri, "but I suppose we cannot expect to see them all."

"He may relent," said Rex, "and show his manners before we leave. Much can happen in a day."

"Here," continued Ridgley, "is the Punch Bowl. As you see, it is on a mound of geyserite deposit some five feet above the general level and is ten feet in diameter."

"Just see the glittering rim that surrounds it!" cried Merri.

"Yes" returned Ridgley, touching the brilliantly colored formation with his cane," the rim is eighteen inches high."

"It is indeed beautiful," murmured Mrs. Chapman, looking deep into the Bowl.

They walked to the east side of the mound, to examine the small cave-like opening.

"How lovely!" cried Merri. "It appears to be lined with the finest quality of satin."

"It is the most exquisite thing of its kind I ever saw," said the Doctor, whose extensive travels made him an authority upon most subjects.

"And now," remarked Ridgley, a little later, "we come to the Black Sand Spring, and Specimen Lake, two of the greatest attractions in the Upper Basin. Observe the delicate rim surrounded by that odd toadstool formation, and note how the basin slopes to the center opening."

"The waters are exquisitely tinted," said Merri, looking down the deep funnel-shaped opening.

"The funnel," said Ridgley, "is about forty feet in diameter, while the entire space covered by the spring is fifty-five by sixty feet. Beyond the rim is a border of black obsidian gravel, sloping twenty-five feet."

"Tell us about this channel," said Merri, indi-

cating the stream which flows from the west side of the spring.

“Observe the wonderful coloring,” replied Ridgley. “Did you ever see such a variety of shades? Notice those dainty tints, and observe how beautifully they blend into those richer hues of brown, gold and green.”

“Why” asked Rex, “are there so many dead trees in this vicinity?”

“It is owing to the absorption of silica;” answered the Doctor, “those trunks seemed to be petrified.”

“You are correct;” replied Ridgley, “no vegetable life can exist near this basin; but to my mind those dry, lifeless trunks add a peculiar charm to the spot.”

“The charm of a grave-yard,” grunted the Groom. “I’d much rather see green stuff growing.”

Crossing a foot-bridge over Iron Creek, they arrived at Sunlight Basin, which comprises several large silent pools whose colorings are unsurpassed by anything seen in the Park.

The most fascinating of these is Emerald Pool whose exquisite beauty haunts the beholder long after he has left this wonder-land of geysers and hot-springs.

Returning, they passed some ancient geyser

cones, and visited those dainty springs known as the Three Sisters.

They stopped at the wonderful spring that will swallow any small garment, and return it in a few minutes well laundered.

“Let the geyser-fairies wash my handkerchief,” said Merri, as she dropped it into the pool. Ridgley held it in place with his cane. In a moment it disappeared, sucked down to—who knows where?

“That’s the last you’ll see of it,” predicted the Groom.

“Oh I have more confidence in the fairies,” answered Merri, “not to mention my abiding faith in Mr. Ridgley.”

Ridgley bowed his thanks. At that moment, the dainty scrap of embroidery called a handkerchief, floated to the surface. Ridgley, after cooling it a moment, wrung it out and returned it to Merri.

“I regret,” he said, “that it is not ironed. We have a mangling spring in the Park, but it never works on Sunday.”

His gravity deceived many. “How wonderful!” exclaimed Mrs. Chapman.

“Why mother,” said Rex, “don’t you know he is stuffing us?”

“If you are not satisfied with the laundry work,” continued Ridgley, “this spring will

wash any garment twice, but it positively refuses to accept the same article three times."

Many tests were made to verify the statement; there was a fascination in watching an article disappear, quite soiled, and see it, shortly after, return to the surface beautifully clean.

"And now," said Ridgley, as they neared a deep boiling spring, unprotected by any rim-like formation, "you must be very careful or you may chance to slip, and then—"

At that moment the Giantess elected to perform. Shocks similar to those of an earthquake could be distinctly felt throughout the basin, accompanied by a loud roaring sound. The entire contents of the crater were instantly forced out, flooding the surrounding region. Then as though relieved from some immense pressure, the Giantess began to eject great columns of water and steam, throwing them one hundred feet in air.

Merri, who had loitered behind the party, started toward the spring when Ridgley began to speak. Bewildered by the rumbling, and blinded by the immense volumes of steam, she missed her footing and fell headlong into the boiling spring.

"My God!" cried Rex, in helpless horror.

The women wrung their hands in agonized terror, while the men stood helpless.

“Ridgley!” called the Doctor, “For the love of heaven do something! Do not let her die in that Hell.”

The ever ready Ridgley had already begun action. He ran to the edge of the pool, and leaning over reached out his cane to her.

“Grasp my stick!” he called, cheerfully.

“Courage!” cried Mr. Clarke, “we shall soon have you out.”

Without ceremony, he seized the heavy cane from the hand of the almost paralyzed bridegroom, and with a dexterous twist fastened it in her skirt, and assisted in drawing her to land.

By some miracle, the girl had been saved from sinking, her head and face being still above water. She retained sufficient presence of mind to grasp the cane, and cling to it firmly, until, more dead than alive, she was drawn from the pool. Then, overpowered by physical suffering, she swooned.

CHAPTER XV

MAID AND MYSTIC

In a luxurious chamber in Old Faithful Inn lay the unconscious body of Meriwether Lewis. Her spirit—who could tell where it floated, or if the fragile cord connecting it with the body had been severed? The two doctors Danvers and Mrs. Chapman hung anxiously over her.

“I see no help for the poor girl,” said the Doctor, “even should she recover from this protracted swoon. If near a drug store, we might do something, but under present conditions we are absolutely powerless.”

“And,” said Mrs. Chapman, with a sigh, “we do not even know where to write her people, when the worst comes.”

“Can we do nothing?” cried Mrs. Dr. Danvers, “It seems so heartless to let her die without one effort to save her.”

“Well, my dear,” replied her husband, “what can we do?”

“Nothing,” she admitted unwillingly. “We might try to rouse her from this swoon.”

“To what end?” returned the Doctor. “It is more merciful to let her go thus, than to bring

her back to a realization of her sufferings. Her lower limbs and much of her body are actually par-boiled. God only knows what saved her hands and face."

"Her pulse grows weaker," announced Mrs. Doctor. "It is a mere flicker."

"Poor young thing!" sighed Mrs. Chapman, "and only an hour ago she was so full of the mere joy of living."

"She possessed a charming personality," said the Doctor, "and was really a deep thinker, beneath her mask of frivolity."

The door opened to admit Mr. Clarke and the Mystic.

"Oh Mr. Clarke," cried Mrs. Chapman, "is it not terrible? She is so young to die!"

"Die?" he replied. "She is not going to die."

"But man alive!" exclaimed the Doctor, "how can she possibly recover? Away from civilization as we are, what can one do?"

"With the best appliances," said Mrs. Danvers, "I doubt the possibility of relieving her. We might ease her life out with morphine, but nature has sent this merciful swoon instead."

"We at least have the comfort of knowing that she is not conscious of pain," said Mrs. Chapman.

"As you admit your power to do nothing,"

remarked Mr. Clarke, "my friend the Yogi, Ramakaturi will aid us."

With looks of mingled scorn and incredulity the two physicians left the bedside, but remained in the apartment. The *Guru* took the lifeless white hands and held them firmly, looking steadily into the beautiful face.

"What is her name?" he asked.

"Meriwether Lewis," replied Clarke.

Still holding her hands, his eyes fixed steadily upon her face, the Mystic remained a few moments in silent, rhythmical breathing.

"Meriwether Lewis! Meriwether Lewis! Meriwether Lewis!" he called, in a firm, low tone. "Meriwether Lewis! Meriwether Lewis! Meriwether Lewis! return—I command."

The deep, vibrant voice of the Yogi reached the spirit of the maid as it floated in the Unseen. With a flutter of white lids the beautiful dark eyes opened, and gazed trustingly into the glowing orbs so near her own. Her breathing became more regular; a faint color returned to her cheeks and lips; slowly but surely the life forces resumed their sway.

"Listen to me, my child."

The *Guru* spoke tenderly, and the maid listened closely, a look of adoration upon her face.

“You have had an accident—a terrible fall into boiling water.”

A spasm of pain contracted her face.

“I know that you suffer,” continued the Mystic, “but the pain will leave you. It is going now. You shall, in a moment, fall asleep. When you wake, all pain, all soreness, all discomfort, shall have left you. The blood will circulate freely throughout the body, and you shall feel strong and well and vigorous. Now sleep.”

The white lids closed. The maid breathed slowly and regularly, giving every indication of healthful slumber.

“She will sleep three hours,” said the Yogi. “Fear nothing, all is well with the maid.”

Before they realized it he was gone.

“Well!” exclaimed the Doctor, looking from one to the other.

“Wonderful!” responded his wife. “I could not have believed it, had I not seen him do it.”

“He reminded me of the blessed Christ, healing the sick,” said Mrs. Chapman. “Where did you meet him, Mr. Clarke, and how came you to remember his wonderful power?”

“I knew him in India,” replied the young man, “where I have seen him relieve much suffering. He is a very holy man.”

“You have perfect confidence in her recovery?” asked the Doctor.

"Absolute," returned Mr. Clarke. "Ramakaturi is master of all natural forces, because he understands the law which governs them."

"Then you think the dear girl will be spared to us?" asked Mrs. Chapman.

"I know she will," he replied with inspiring conviction.

"That being the case," returned the practical matron, "I will take her clothing to the laundry and have it pressed. They can surely get it ready in three hours."

"I thank you very much," said Mr. Clarke. "I deeply appreciate your kindness to my cousin."

"Your cousin!" exclaimed the lady. "Why I thought that—"

"I have been abroad so long that she does not remember me," explained Mr. Clarke. "I came here on purpose to meet her—to become really acquainted with her before she realized our relationship."

"How romantic!" exclaimed the lady.

"Does she suspect nothing?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"I think not," he answered, "and beg that you will not enlighten her."

"You may trust me," replied that lady, "I never tell tales."

"Come, Mrs. Danvers, said Mrs. Chapman, "I know poor Rex is anxious for news."

"Such glorious news we shall carry!" cried Mrs. Danvers. "Randolph," she continued, turning to her husband, "that man has humbled my pride to the dust. I thought I stood at the head of my profession, yet how powerless I was to help that girl."

"Well, my dear," said the Doctor, "we will hunt up this Hindoo and study his method of hypnotism."

"It was more than hypnotism," she answered. "It was power which comes from understanding. Yes, we will call upon this gentleman after dinner and talk to him—"

"I doubt his receiving you," remarked Clarke. "He is the uncle and religious instructor of the Rajah. He mingles little with the public."

"You are fortunate to know him so well," observed the lady.

"He is my friend and Master," replied Clarke, reverently. "I owe him my life, my health, my faith in God and man."

"What do you mean?" asked the Doctor.

"It is a long story," replied Mr. Clarke, "much too long to relate now. Suffice it to say I owe him all that makes life worth living. He

has taught me how to get the best from life, and how to meet death unflinchingly."

"Tell me more," begged Mrs. Danvers, as having left the chamber, they walked upon the broad verandah.

"What is the use?" he asked. "I could fill a volume with his wonderful exploits."

"Will you who know him, gain us an audience?" she pleaded. "I am determined to know more of his great power, and if possible to emulate it. Think what untold good we might accomplish."

"True," assented the Doctor, "we have a wide field of labor and could use this—ah—force—to great advantage."

"I will, if possible, arrange an interview," replied Mr. Clarke.

"Thanks," returned the Doctor lady, "we shall be here this afternoon to enquire after your cousin, and incidentally to watch Old Faithful play."

"I will report to you then," returned the young man, as he assisted the ladies into their carriage.

"How is she?" asked Rex, with breathless eagerness.

"Oh, she is all right," replied his mother.

"Is that so?" he inquired incredulously, "I feared she was dead."

“You remember that queer old Hindoo who saved us from the robber?”

“Yes, but what has he to do with—”

“Well, my dear,” continued his mother, as they drove off, “he came in when we despaired of her life, and performed a miracle. Literally raised the dead.”

She spoke with great solemnity. Rex was deeply impressed.

“Oh,” he exclaimed, with a low, astonished whistle.

“And,” continued his mother, “he announced positively that she would be perfectly well, absolutely uninjured, in the small space of three hours.”

“J-e-e-e-whillikins!” exclaimed the boy. “Do you believe it?”

“I believe every word he uttered,” replied his mother. “He is more God than man.”

Tenderly guarded by the Hindoo maid, Miss Lewis slept peacefully, all unconscious of the excitement she was creating.

“She is the lady whom I met at the geyser,” said the Princess, as she gazed in tender pity upon the sleeping girl.

“She talked to me like a friend—a sister—not as to some strange wild animal to be koddled. I am glad to have her here—glad our sainted *Guru* could cure her. Beautiful one!

I would she were my sister! My maid shall sit with her while we lunch, and when she wakes shall dress her in my richest robes."

"You are more than kind," replied Clarke.

"Kind!" she exclaimed. "Ah, my friend, you know the pleasure it gives my heart. To do anything for you is a joy. What do I not owe to you?"

"Nonsense!" he replied, "it was but a trifle."

"To you, a brave man, perhaps; but to the helpless woman you so nobly saved—"

"Then you will send the maid?" he interrupted.

"At once," she replied, and hastened to fulfil her promise.

Truly, "sleep doth gather up the raveled edge of time," and renew the life forces.

Despite the fact that barely one hour before, she had been drawn from a seething caldron—a very hell of physical pain, Meriwether Lewis slumbered peacefully, a sweet smile upon her red lips, a dainty flush upon her cheeks. Her hair had become loosened, and lay in golden masses across the snowy pillow. The long dark lashes curling up from white lids were the exact shade of the finely penciled brows above. Lying thus, in unconscious grace, she might easily be mistaken for the fabled Sleeping Beauty.

Silently the Hindoo woman watched the sleeping girl, her mind filled with wonder the while.

“Why,” she thought, “does my mistress, the Princess, deign to care for this American—this mere foreigner? She is but a passing acquaintance of the hour. But stay! perhaps, in some other life this girl befriended my beautiful mistress. If so, the great Law of Karma demands this kindness from the Princess.”

Miss Lewis moved in her sleep and threw one round white arm over her head.

“The foreign girl is very fair,” mused the maid, regarding her critically, “though not so beautiful as my mistress. Who knows but that in another incarnation, they were sisters—at least dear friends? The Blessed Buddha would not have so touched the heart of my adored Princess had there been no cause. The Holy One teaches us that all flesh is one—that all people, all races, all colors are children of the one Father. This may be so, but for me—I can never forget my caste, nor those above me. It may be permitted to an exalted spirit, like the Holy One, to look into the souls of all, and see the Real Self, of which he talks so much; but as for the rest of us—we are still on the Wheel of Time where few can see clearly or discern the True from the False.”

She drew down the covering and examined the lower limbs of the sleeper.

“Yes,” she continued, “they have been scalded terribly, one can see that at a glance; but the blood is circulating freely over the beautiful young body, and without doubt the girl will be restored. I have wonderful powers of rubbing; I, the humble Hindoo maid, can also remove pain, like the Great *Guru*. Shall I rub this girl’s limbs and take away any remnant of soreness that may be left? No, I will not touch the foreign lady—she is nothing to me. Besides, did not the Holy One say that she would be completely restored? Who would dare to question this mighty oracle? Surely not the poor serving-woman to the Princess!”

Time passed and the maiden slept. The color in lips and cheeks deepened; a smile of perfect peace illumined her face.

The Rajah and his wife, Mr. Clarke and the Mystic, dined in a private apartment, being served by their Hindoo attendant in his native dress. The English woman who acted as companion to the Princess, lunched in the public dining-hall.

The spiritual insight of the *Guru* lifted him above all consideration of caste, while the liberal education of the Rajah (he was an Oxford man), and the broad training the young Prin-

cess had received from her English governess, robbed them of their native ideas concerning their exalted station.

They had met the young American under peculiar circumstances, and loved him like a brother. Nothing pleased them more than to load him with marks of favor.

The meal over, Mr. Clarke excused himself, and returned to look upon the sleeping maid.

“How lovely she is,” he thought, gazing tenderly upon her expressive face. “How sweet it is to have her here, pulsating with life and health. Thank God we were able to save her from that steaming hell.”

He had not realized till the accident that so nearly caused her death, how dear she had become to him. They had been so intimately associated since they met, three days ago, that he seemed to have known her always. They were so congenial in their tastes, and her mind was so bright and active, that she could follow any line of thought. He knew that her soul was pure and beautiful, that her spirit was lofty and aspiring. When they were married—of course they would marry—they would lead such an ideal life—a life full of study and experiment. Her spirit was as fearless, as aspiring as his own, and together they would tread the Path of Attainment.

He looked at his watch. The three hours were about over, and she would soon wake. Should he emulate the example of Prince Charming and wake the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss? Her lips were very tempting—surely one little kiss—but no, she was in his power. He could take no advantage of the confidence she had reposed in him.

The Hindoo servant regarded him silently, wondering secretly what connection the Sahib so beloved by her mistress could have with this unknown girl.

Kneeling beside the bed, and lightly touching one dimpled hand that rested upon the coverlid, the young man murmured, "Come back, Beloved; come back to me!"

Slowly the white lids opened, and brown eyes looked into grey.

"Is it you?" she said, wonderingly, "Oh, Man, I have had such a horrible dream."

"Yes—yes," he assented, "but you are all right now?"

"Of course," she replied. "Why shouldn't I be? Run along—I'll join you presently."

"But, dear," he began, "you do not understand—"

"I certainly do *not* understand," she interrupted, "why you should be in my bedroom—"
She looked around in bewilderment.

The luxurious chamber was very different from her tiny apartment in the tent city, and the dusky maid in Hindoo garb certainly was a stranger to the Wylie Way.

“I have no idea how I got here,” she said, “unless the good fairies brought me; but I know that it is quite unconventional to receive in bed—so I beg that you withdraw—in short—skidool!”

He skid.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MAID RECEIVES

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Lewis, clothed in her own well pressed garments, appeared upon the hotel verandah.

The crowd below cheered lustily. She replied with a bow, and a gesture of appreciation.

"A speech! A speech!" came from the crowd.

"I am very glad to see you all," replied the girl, "and thank you greatly for your interest."

Another cheer as she finished. Throughout the hotel, and the many camps in the vicinity, news of the terrible disaster, the timely rescue and the promised recovery of this girl had awakened the most lively interest. If the girl really recovered full use of her body in the time specified, the Yogi had undoubtedly performed a miracle.

But no one knew this Oriental juggler. He might prove a fake. If he really possessed the power he claimed, he would be a God. At any rate, they would go to the hotel—the grounds were attractive—and Old Faithful could

always be relied upon to furnish entertainment.

The Wylie camp turned out *en masse*. Did not the star actress in this wonderful drama belong to them? Had she not endeared herself to them all by her winsome personality? And, too, there was Ridgley—their own Ridgley—had he not assisted in saving her from a horrible death? Baby Lou, who had driven her throughout one long, full day of sightseeing, was there, with his best girl, the fragile young lady who served Miss Lewis at table; the pretty matron of the camp was there, together with all her help, both male and female. That Ridgley was there goes without saying. His attire was even more spotless than usual and he had donned a new red tie in honor of the occasion.

The Vegetarian had done himself proud by appearing in spotless white duck, blissfully unconscious that it accentuated his sallow complexion and rendered more striking his sharp, angular features and ungainly figure.

Merri had scarcely finished her greeting to the crowd when Mrs. Chapman and Rex joined her.

“Dear old chum!” cried the boy effusively, “I am so thankful to have you back.”

“He speaks for us all,” said his mother. “My heart is too full for utterance.”

“Mine is not,” said Mrs. Danvers, as she

gave a firm hand-clasp. "I am burning with questions I want to ask."

"You will have much talking to do, young woman," said the Doctor, as he grasped her hand; "but I think you are equal to the occasion."

With professional instinct, his fingers sought her pulse. "Strong and regular," he reported, "perfectly normal."

The bride and groom came forward with warm congratulations.

"By George!" exclaimed the old man, "you certainly gave us a fright. What the devil did you mean by—"

"Do not become so excited, dear," said the bride, "you know the doctor said—"

"Damn the doctor!" profanely retorted her lord, "I'll say what I damn please. Now, I say it was a piece of goldarn foolishness for her to scald her own skin, not to mention scaring us well nigh to death; and I maintain—"

"I certainly agree with you," interrupted Miss Lewis, sweetly, "and I promise never to do it again."

"I should hope not," said the Vegetarian, as he shook her hand.

"In future you had better take my advice—"

"And not fool with the forces of nature," she

quoted. "Especially when nature means a hot-spring," she added grimly.

Mingling freely with the crowd, explaining, listening, assisting, Miss Lewis could plainly distinguish the tall form of Ridgley, the guide.

"Why does he not speak to me?" she asked.

"He never butts in," exclaimed Rex; "Ridgley is a perfect gentleman, a man of sensitive feelings. He would never think of speaking to you here among all these people."

"Why?" she asked.

"You might snub him, or they might fancy that he presumed."

"O-h-h-h!" drawled Miss Lewis.

"The Wylies dote on him. The company values him immensely, but you know, some of these hotel people are awful snobs."

"Yes?" she said.

"To them" continued the boy, "the guide is no more than a servant—a mere adjunct of the Park."

"I see," she replied.

"And Ridgley is too proud to give them a chance to see him slighted," continued Rex. "He would deprive himself of any pleasure rather than place you in an awkward position."

Miss Lewis walked to the steps. "Mr. Ridg-

ley!" she called, in a clear, vibrant tone—a tone all could hear.

Ridgley sprang forward.

"I want to shake hands with you," she said sweetly, as she placed her tiny hand within his well-shaped brown one. "Words cannot express my appreciation of your timely rescue," she continued. "But for your fertile brain and speedy action I would not be here now to thank you."

"You owe me no thanks," replied Ridgley, beaming with pleasure. "The other fellow deserves as much credit as I; besides, 'twas he who found and brought the Mystic. We but dragged your body from the pool; he drew your soul back to earth."

"But," she insisted, "the Holy One could have done nothing had you left me in the pool. The soul must have a dwelling, you know."

"Tell me," he asked earnestly, "are you really well; as well as before?"

"Yes," she said, "even better. My mind seems more calm, more philosophic."

"And," he questioned, "do you remember the horror of falling or the pain of the scalding water?"

"No," she returned, "I remember only the first terror of realizing what it meant, and the pressing necessity of keeping my head above

water. I remember clearly the noble rescue, the excruciating agony when drawn from the pool—then comes oblivion.”

“You do not know where you went—the real you, I mean—or what you saw?” he asked.

“I remember nothing till the *Guru* called me, and—why, how could he know my name?” she asked in wonder.

“Your cousin, no doubt—ah, here he comes.”

With a graceful bow Ridgley withdrew, amid cries of “Three cheers for Ridgley, the Prince of Guides!”

“You are perfectly well,” asserted Mr. Clarke, as he held her hand.

“Perfectly,” she agreed happily. “I never felt better in my life. I have no feeling of soreness, no discomfort whatever. Even the first horror of falling, and the agony of realizing my peril has left me. I shall always remember it, but only as an experience—the most wonderful of my life.”

“I hope to heaven you’ll never have another such experience!” he exclaimed earnestly.

“Tell me just what happened after I fainted,” she said. “It seems so strange to know nothing of what happens to one’s self.”

“Ridgley ran here,” explained Mr. Clarke, “and had the room in readiness, while—”

"The Incomparable Ridgley!" she exclaimed, "how I admire that man."

"So do I," replied her cousin, heartily. "I never knew a finer man."

"And how did I get here?" she asked. "On a litter—like a corpse?"

"No," he replied, "I brought you in my arms."

"What?" she asked in surprise, "all that distance? I can never repay you for all you have done in my behalf."

"I am already repaid," he replied. "Your recovery is all I could ask."

"When we leave the Park," she continued, "we shall probably never meet again, but I shall hold you in grateful remembrance all my life."

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Mean what?" she answered. "Do you doubt my gratitude?"

"I am not thinking of gratitude," he answered, "but of our next meeting."

"That is not probable," she replied.

Mr. Clarke looked steadily into her eyes.

"Do you not *know* that is untrue?" he asked quietly.

"How can I know anything?" she retorted. "Your own theory is that one knows nothing he has not experienced."

She laughed at having turned his words against him.

"I shall see to it that you receive the proper amount of experience," was the undaunted reply.

"Why should you?" she asked, almost sadly. "We are but 'as ships that pass in the night.'"

"Do you propose, upon leaving the Park," he asked, "to blot this entire week from your memory?"

"I must always remember the geysers—and hot-springs," she replied, "and the other mighty wonders."

"And the people?" he questioned. "Shall you forget us entirely?"

"Never!" she exclaimed passionately. "The sweet intimacy of the ideal life we have led is indelibly stamped upon my memory. I could no more blot it out than I could prevent the eruption of a geyser."

"You are right," he said, "one cannot soon forget the Park, or the free, unconventional life we have led."

"Oh," she cried warmly, "I love it! I love everything, everybody connected with the trip—I love the cute little chipmunks, the great awkward bears and the gentle deer. I love the lofty mountains, the dainty waterfalls, the forest growth—"

“And do you love the geysers and hot-springs?” he asked.

“They fascinate me,” she replied, “but the feeling is more one of awe and wonder.”

“You should not be a monopolist,” said Mrs. Danvers, playfully, shaking her finger at Clarke. “Rex is growing quite jealous, and the Vegetarian is actually green with envy. Just look at him.”

At a short distance from them stood Mr. Lamb, regarding the bright animated face of the girl very earnestly. His pale blue eyes were fixed hungrily upon her. He was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to observe that he was attracting attention and remark.

“If you are not careful,” continued Mrs. Danvers, “he will seek to transform you into a Lamb.”

“Do not malign the poor man,” returned Merri, “he is merely studying me as a social problem. Then, too, I remind him of his lost Ethel.”

“Poor child!” exclaimed the lady. “Has it gone so far? That, my dear, is an unfailing sign. Whenever a widower discovers in you a great resemblance to his lost darling, look out for proposals.”

“Nonsense!” cried Merri, laughing, “he is

too much absorbed in the big things of life to waste his thoughts upon frivolous subjects."

"Frivolous," said Mrs. Danvers, "do you call love and marriage frivolous? Poor child! how little you know."

"I admit," replied Merri, "that I do not know much; but, what do you know—really know?"

Mrs. Doctor rose gallantly to the occasion.

"I know," she said, "that love is the only thing that makes life worth living—and that none can afford to scoff at the sacred flame."

"I quite agree with you," remarked Mr. Clarke. "When the world accepts the gospel of love, another golden age will begin."

"Here we are, drifting into philosophy," said Mrs. Danvers, "which reminds me of that remarkable friend of yours. When will he receive us, and where?"

"Tonight," replied Clarke, "in the reception hall. He has consented to give us a little talk. All may come who wish to hear him."

"How splendid!" cried Merri.

"I thank you for arranging it," said Mrs. Danvers. "I can understand how a man in his position would loathe a cheap notoriety. He must know, however, that amid the many merely curious, are a few real seekers after truth."

"He does know," responded Clarke. "He will speak to the few. Let us hope that the seeds shall fall on fertile soil."

"Do you suppose," asked Mrs. Danvers, "that it would be possible to induce him to deliver a series of lectures in one of the great cities?"

"I think not," said Clarke.

"Money, I assume, could not influence him," continued the lady.

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Mr. Clarke. "He gives freely to those who can grasp his knowledge. Besides, he is connected with a monastery in the East, and is only here because of a special desire of that order for this young Rajah to receive the best instruction. The Rajah is supposed to be of great worth to his people, a prince to whom the gods have shown special favor."

"How interesting!" cried both ladies.

"Will the Royalties appear to-night?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"I think not," replied Mr. Clarke, "the Princess does not relish being stared at."

"I had a charming visit from her in my room," said Merri. "You know she sent her maid, a beautiful Hindoo girl, to watch over me while I slept. When I awoke she chatted with me in her quaint, attractive way, and

offered me the loan of her entire wardrobe. Was it not dear of her?"

"Indeed it was," replied Mrs. Danvers. "How does it happen that they speak such perfect English?"

"The Rajah was educated in England," replied Mr. Clarke.

"You surprise me," said the lady.

"He took the regular course," continued Clarke, "and is quite occidental in many of his ideas."

"But the Princess—" asked Merri, "surely she did not attend a select school for young ladies?"

"No," returned Mr. Clarke, "but she had an English governess—the lady who is now her companion."

"Was that not somewhat unusual?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"I fancy so," answered Mr. Clarke. "There are peculiar conditions surrounding these people. They are not like the general run of Eastern potentates."

"The *Guri* is the one that interests me most," said Mrs. Danvers. "He is the most fascinating being I ever saw. Was he always a priest, or do you know what led to his becoming a Mystic?"

"He was not reared to the priesthood," re-

turned Mr. Clarke, "but to the court. At one time he was considered the most subtle diplomat in a court famous for intrigue."

"I can scarcely credit it!" exclaimed Mrs. Danvers.

"He is a brilliant linguist," continued their informer, "and understands human nature better than anyone I ever met. He stood high not only in the court of his native prince, father of the present Rajah, but was a man of weight in English circles."

"What caused the change?" asked Merri.

"The mighty Voice within could not be stilled," replied Clarke. "Against the entreaties of his own people, and the protestations of his English friends, he left his princely surroundings, and for years buried himself in the forest, absorbed in prayer and contemplation of the Real. Later he established an order, of which he is the head, and devotes his time to training advanced students in the science of soul culture. Of course they use proper Hindoo terms for what I am telling you in plain English."

"How intensely interesting!" exclaimed Mrs. Danvers.

"I suppose," said Merri, "that his deep intellectuality enables him to advance further along the Path, and to attain to greater spirit-

ual heights than is possible to ordinary mortals."

"I do not know," replied Clarke. "He claims that book learning is of small avail in spiritual growth; that it must be evolved from within. But tonight you will hear him talk, and can form your own opinion."

"I think his voice the most beautiful I ever heard," said Merri. "Also the most compelling. I would not dare disobey him."

"I hope he will not bewilder us with a lot of Oriental jargon," said Mrs. Danvers. "I want to get at the fundamental principle which underlies his system of healing. The Hindoo religion does not interest me."

"Is he a Buddhist?" asked Merri.

"No," replied Mr. Clarke, "he holds to the most ancient of all religions. Stripped of all complicated Eastern phraseology, he is a most excellent Christian."

"How is that possible?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"He has developed the *Christos* within," replied Clarke. "He lives the Christ life, he performs the so-called miracles. What more is needed to constitute a Christian?"

CHAPTER XVII

THE MYSTIC SPEAKS

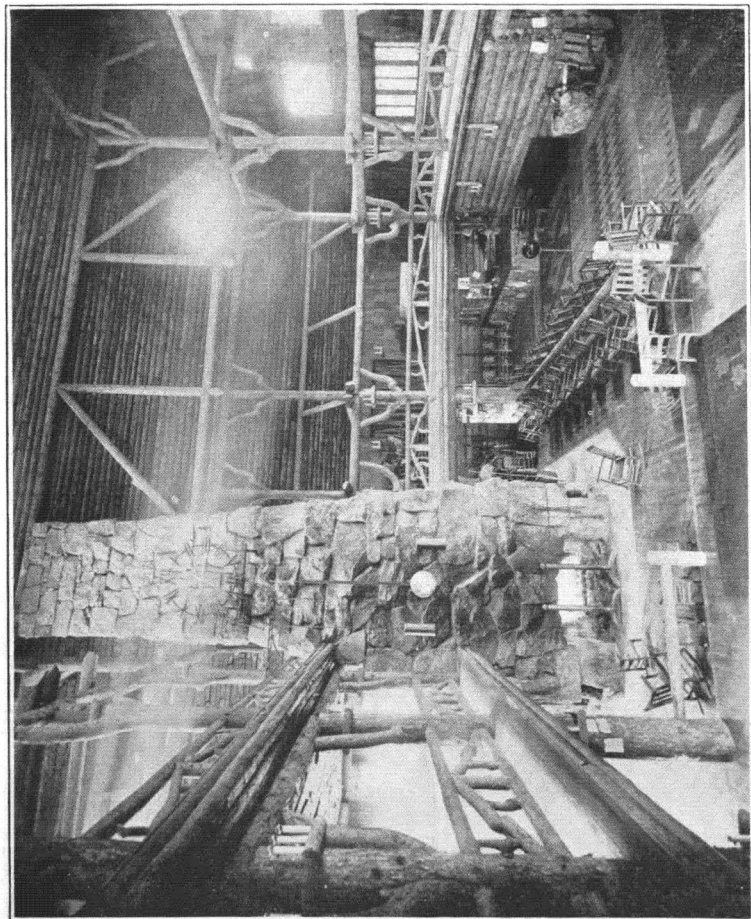
At the time appointed, the large reception hall of Old Faithful Inn was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Bright fires blazed in each of the four fireplaces that opened from the great central chimney, casting a ruddy glow upon the eager faces of those who had gathered to hear the voice of the Mystic.

An arm-chair had been centrally placed for the speaker, that all who could, might see his face. Calm and majestic, in his priestly robes, the Yogi sat among them, deeply interested in the moving throng.

“My friends,” he said, and his clear, bell-like voice penetrated the full extent of the room, and floated to the group of listeners upon the verandah, “I have been requested to address you. Not knowing what themes interest you most, I will speak briefly upon the one subject that is worthy of consideration—the development of the soul.

“All orthodox systems of religion, philoso-



INTERIOR VIEW OF OLD FAITHFUL INN

phies of all ages, have but this in view—the liberation of the soul through perfection.

“Our method is by Yoga. This one word covers an immense ground, but all of our philosophies point to it in some form, no matter how they may differ in detail.

“Now, I ask you to analyze the religions of the world. You will find that they are divided into two classes—one with a Book, one without a Book. Those with a Book are strongest, and have the greatest following. How are these Books composed? Whence comes the knowledge they contain?

“Go to the fountain-head of Christianity, and you will find that it is based upon actual experience. Jesus said that he saw God; his disciples claimed that they felt His presence.

“So it was with Buddah. He experienced certain truths, and preached them. This was true of the great and good Confucius; also of the Hindus. In their sacred Book, the writers, who are called *Rishis*, or sages, declare that they teach only those truths they have actually experienced.

“So, you see, that the religions of the whole world are built upon the one universal foundation of all knowledge—direct experience.

“In present times we are told that this ex-

perience has become obsolete; and that, therefore, we must take religion on belief.

“You are told that God no longer talks with man, as in the past ages; that to be saved from a burning hell, you must believe the doctrines as they are preached. This I do deny.

“If one man has experienced these things, it must follow that, millions of times before that man was born, others have had that same experience; also that it will be repeated again and again, throughout eternity.

“The Yogi science therefore declares that religion is based not only upon the experience of former times, but that each person, to be truly religious, must have these same perceptions.

“Yoga is the science which teaches us how to gain these perceptions, how to come into communion with the Supreme.

“Why is there so much unrest, so much disturbance, so much argumentation and fighting in the name of God? Why has more blood been shed in the name of God than for any other cause? It was because the people accepted blindly the customs of their fathers. They took not the trouble to enquire at the Fountain of all Knowledge; they came not in touch with the Divine Essence.

“What right have I to declare that I have a soul unless I can feel its influence?

“How can I declare there is a God when I have not seen him? If there is a God, I must see Him. If I have a soul I must perceive it. Otherwise it were better to believe nothing. An atheist is better than a hypocrite.

“Man wants truth. He wants to experience it for himself; he wants to grasp it for himself; to realize it; to feel it within his heart of hearts. Then, alone, will all doubt vanish, all darkness be scattered.

“You ask how this can be attained? How can one know the truth?

“Rajah Yogi provides a practical, scientific method for reaching this end. Now, as you know, every science must employ its own methods of investigation. To gain knowledge, you must practice the methods. I might talk to you many years, yet my words could not make you religious until you practice the method. Teachers of all ages, of all countries, tell you this. All sages declare that they have found a great truth—a truth that the senses cannot bring to us, and they challenge verification. The knowledge of mind, of thought, of the internal nature of man can never be had until man acquires the power of observing facts that are going on within himself.

“How is this accomplished? The power of mental attention properly guided, and directed

toward the internal world will analyze the mind, and bring illumination.

“This is the only source of true knowledge. From childhood we have been taught to study only the external. Most of us have almost lost the faculty of observing our own inward mechanism. To turn the mind inward, upon itself, to concentrate all its powers upon itself, in order that it may know its own nature, is very difficult. Yet, my brothers, it is the only sure, the only scientific approach to the subject.

“When, by this analysis, man comes face to face with something that is essentially pure; something that is altogether perfect; something that, from its very nature, cannot be destroyed, he can never more feel unhappy.

“Why is this, you ask?

“Because all misery proceeds from unsatisfied desire; from the fear of death and the dread of the Unseen.

“When man finds that he never dies, he will no more fear death, but welcome it as the door through which he enters a new life. When he finds that every desire can be gratified, that life is full of beauty, the specter of misery will be laid forever.

“Now, the method by which we gain this knowledge of all things visible and invisible is called Concentration.

“Nature is ready to give up her secrets when we learn how to knock at her door. The strength and force to strike the blow comes from concentration; but behind Concentration must lie Desire; desire to be, to do, to know all things.

“I assume that your chief interest is concerning phenomena and the methods by which they are produced. Therefore I will not burden you with even an outline of our Hindoo philosophies.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Danvers, “the law of phenomena interests me powerfully. I beg that you will explain it, as taught by your philosophy.”

“According to our philosophers,” continued the Yogi, “the entire universe is composed of two materials—*akasa* and *prana*.

“*Akasa* is all-pervading, omnipresent. Everything that has form is the result of *akasa*. At the beginning of creation there is only *akasa*; from it is formed air, liquids, solids, plants, stones, earth, sun, moon and stars—everything that exists. In its pure form it is so subtle that it cannot be perceived; only when it becomes more gross does it take form. At the end of each cycle the solids, gases, liquids, all melt into *akasa*, and the next creation proceeds from this source.

“How, you ask, is this ethereal *akasa* manufactured into a universe?

“By the power of *prana*.

“As *akasa* is the all-pervading material of the universe, so *prana* is the omnipresent manifesting power. Out of *prana* is evolved all that we call energy; all that we call force. It manifests as motion; as gravitation; as magnetism. From the highest creations of a cultured mind to the lowest physical forces, all are but manifestations of *prana*.

“The knowledge and control of *prana* is called *pranayama*. This opens the door to unlimited knowledge and power.

“If one perfectly understood the control of *prana*, he would be able to move the sun and stars out of their orbits, to rule the universe. The gods would appear at his bidding; the spirits of the dead would answer his call; all the forces of nature would obey his command.

“When the ignorant ones see a Yogi use this power, they wonder greatly and say he performs miracles.

“How gains he this power?

“Behind all particular ideas stands an abstract principle. Grasp it, and you have attained all power.

“Remember, all the forces of nature have been

generalized into this *prana*. Grasp *prana* and you have dominion over the universe.

“He who can control the *prana* can control his own body, and all bodies that exist; because *prana* is the generalized manifestation of force.

“When the Yogi accomplishes this, he has gained perfection. He is master of the Forces. He has attained all Might, all Knowledge.

“Occasionally, one stumbles upon this mighty secret, and uses the power unconsciously, not understanding what it is, or whence it proceeds. No force used ignorantly can accomplish that which may be achieved by trained and controlled force. For this reason it is well that all who attempt to control nature receive instruction from a competent Master. Where, you ask, is the teacher to be found? He will appear when you are prepared to receive his teachings. No soul is left to struggle alone through the darkness of ignorance. But, remember this, my brother, the *Guru* can only point the way; the chela must tread the Path, and evolve his real self. He alone can do this. Adeptship is not bought. Mastery comes not without effort. Then, study the science of your own soul, and strive to attain the highest. ‘He that conquereth himself, is greater than he that taketh a city.’ ”

The *Guru* paused.

"You think, then," asked Mrs. Danvers, "that this *prana* of which you speak, is the vital force in nature, and that when we understand its use we can heal the sick, revive the dead, and literally perform miracles?"

"I do," replied the Yogi. "He who can control the *prana* has unlimited powers."

"Tell me how to obtain this wonderful *prana*," said the lady earnestly.

"The way is long," he answered, "and the path is rugged. Many start upon the quest, but few reach the goal."

"But you have attained;" persisted the lady, "why cannot I?"

The Yogi regarded her steadfastly.

"You have courage;" he replied, "have you also determination? He who enters the Path knows neither peace nor happiness if he turns back."

"But I want the knowledge," she insisted. "I need it in my business. Think of the good I might accomplish if I possessed such power."

"There are schools," replied the Mystic, "that teach the art of healing. In this country you find them under many names. All are good, for all are founded upon the one fundamental principle—the control and direction of *prana*. The name of the cult, or its manner of applying the cure matters not."

“How long must one study?” asked the Doctor, “before he can grasp this power?”

“That depends upon the student,” replied the Mystic. “Under proper instruction some become illumined in a few months—some not in this incarnation.”

“Oh,” cried Merri, “must one accept the theory of incarnation?”

“One is forced to accept nothing,” replied the Yogi. “Each must decide for himself. When the mind is ready for any great truth, it will be accepted; till then it matters not.”

“What, then,” she questioned, “is the first and greatest essential?”

“The cultivation of the real self,” he replied; “what you call the soul or spirit.”

“You mean,” she asked, “to lead a religious life?”

“I mean,” he returned, “to be ever true to that inner voice possessed by all. Never pretend to be that which you are not. Be true in thought as well as in word and act.”

“You spoke of the gods;” said Mrs. Chapman, timidly, “of being able to communicate with them at will. Do I understand you to mean that you believe in more than One true and only God?”

The Yogi smiled.

“I believe in the One Source of All,” he re-

plied, "the Absolute, the Real. It matters little if you say God or Allah."

"But," persisted the lady, "the gods—"

"In the infinite realms of space," explained the Yogi, "dwell many pure spirits, whom we call free souls. They have almost attained perfection, but not quite. From their great knowledge, and from the goodness and purity they have attained through many lives, they are free from further incarnations. These are sometimes known as tutelary gods, and are often in charge of a sphere.

"By some they are called angels or devas. These are the gods you read of in classic lore.

"Man, in exalted mood, sometimes sees one of these bright beings, and ignorantly proclaims that he has beheld God.

"Occasionally, one of these radiant beings assumes the direction of a family, a tribe, a nation. At rare intervals they appear to the prophets or priests of that people to instruct them upon matters of importance. So long as that nation obeys the voice of this pure spirit (whom they worship as their god), so long will it prosper. When they disobey, comes disaster; for the strong protecting influence of one who **KNOWS** has been removed."

"Then," began Rex, "the ancient gods—all the Greeks and Romans—"

“Were once men,” continued the Mystic. “Men in all ages have deified Virtue. Much of the ancient religion was symbolic. You wonder why some worshiped the sun, some the fire, others a sacred river or a graven image. The people in that early day were ignorant. They had not the power to think upon the Unseen. They could not see the God within, yet they longed for worship.

“The priests, who understood the true wisdom religion, strove to give it to the people, whose untrained minds were not prepared to grasp it.

“To enable the multitude to better understand the All-Pervading Essence that you call God, these priests gave the people a symbol.

“They said, ‘Behold the mighty Sun, the day-god, of your world! From him you derive your every blessing; every joy; every comfort; nay, life itself. Consider his power for good or evil. Accept his aid, according to the Law which rules his actions, and you are blessed. Abuse his power, use it not rightly, and his fiery rays bring misery and death. So, too, it is with the Supreme. Obey the Law and you are happy, break it and you suffer.’

“Now, man could see the sun, the Supreme he could not see. It was easier to worship the symbol than this far-off Being. Time passed. The

priests saw how impossible it was to teach the masses the pure, beautiful religion which the teachers accepted; yet the people clamored for a tangible God.

“By degrees, elaborate systems of symbol-worship were created to appease the multitude; for, long before the birth of Jesus, the wise ones discovered that it was ‘useless to cast pearls before swine.’ ”

“Do you consider the story of Isis and Osiris only a myth?” asked the doctor.

“Not a myth,” returned the Yogi, “but a symbol. It typifies the true wisdom-religion.”

“Is it true,” asked Rex, “that the Egyptians received this ancient religion from lost Atlantis?”

“It is true,” replied the Yogi.

“Do you know it to be a fact?” insisted the boy.

“I KNOW,” calmly asserted the Mystic. “Besides the way of knowing which every advanced Yogi possesses, we have, in the archives of our order, records of great antiquity. These give much interesting information concerning Atlantis, and Lemuria, which existed in a prior cycle.”

“Tell on!” cried Rex, “You are the one man on earth whom I have intensely longed for.”

“I have always regarded the story of the lost

continent as a fable," remarked Mrs. Danvers.

"Atlantis," resumed the Yogi, "was quite as real as America, which it joined on the west; or as India, to which it was attached by a chain of outlying islands."

The Mystic again paused.

"Go on!" insisted Rex, "tell more."

"As many of you no doubt have read," resumed the Yogi, "the continent occupied the space now covered by the Atlantic ocean. It included Texas, and the Gulf of Mexico; a generous strip along the eastern coast, extending beyond Labrador, Scotland, Ireland and a part of England. It extended from the Andees on the West to Hindustan and the African gold fields upon the East. In its markets were to be found the products of the world. The climate was mild and pleasant, and the inhabitants possessed great physical strength.

"The Atlanteans enjoyed a period of high civilization, unequalled by any race that has since walked the earth. They were great builders; they were architects, sculptors, engravers. They possessed an alphabet; they were agriculturalists and manufacturers. They knew the use of the magnet; of electricity; of gun-powder. They had air-ships that could carry fifty to one hundred men. Like all progressive peoples, the Atlanteans formed colonies, stretching out east

and west from the mother country. New races and dialects were thus formed. Of the seven sub-races, the first colonized Greenland and Scandinavia; the second, California, Africa, India; the third, North and South America, producing the Mexican and Peruvian civilization under the Incas. The Red Indian of America sprang from the Toltec, or subordinate race of Atlantis. Egypt, also, was settled from this source.

“The higher, or white race, believed in the One Unseen Spirit of Nature. Their conception of the One Universal First Cause, was like our own. Why was this, I ask you? Because they were before us, because they gave us of their wisdom. The wisdom imparted by the third race to the adepts of the early fourth race has remained in all its purity in a certain Brotherhood which dwells today on an island in Central Asia. Later, about two hundred thousand years ago, a great lodge of Initiates was established in Egypt, where the great pyramids were built, partly as halls of initiation, and partly to protect certain mysteries during the submersion, which the Adepts knew would come.”

“That submersion,” said Rex, “must have been the flood we read of in the Bible.”

“There have been many floods,” replied the Yogi, “and the end is not yet.”

“What you tell us is very wonderful,” said

Mrs. Chapman, "and much of it is beautiful; but you do not accept our blessed Savior, or give sufficient importance to his teachings."

"I fear, Madame," replied the Yogi, "that I express myself but poorly. Very highly do I admire the character and teachings of Jesus. He taught the Law. He spoke with authority because he **KNEW** the Law."

"Yet," she persisted, "you do not believe him to be the Son of God?"

"I understand his meaning, Madame, when he declared himself to be the Son of God—you do not. In the same way all are sons of God; each can become a Christ."

"Impossible!" cried many voices. "Shocking!" exclaimed others.

"You mistake Jesus for the Christ," continued the Mystic. "Jesus was born in Judea; but he, himself, developed the Christ within. The Christ in the soul of God. It can be evolved by every man. This only is true religion."

"Do you mean to say," asked the lady in horror, "that poor puny man is the only God we have?"

"You mistake me," returned the *Guru*. "The tiny ray of light which proceeds from the sun is not the sun; yet it is a part of the sun. The spark of divinity in man is not God; yet it comes from God, and forms the connecting link be-

tween God and man. To become a Christ one must cultivate this divine spark within his being. Buddah, Confucius, Zoroaster, all founders of religious systems evolved Christhood."

"But," objected Mrs. Chapman, "these were mere men. While I have no doubt their religion was suited to the time in which they lived, and the people whom they taught, yet you forget the miraculous birth of Jesus."

The Yogi smiled.

"Perhaps," he said, "you do not know that the same claim is made for what you term heathen teachers. Such legends are common in the East."

"I am sorry to see," said the lady, "that you do not believe in the Bible."

"Which Bible?" asked the Mystic. "The Chinese have their Books of Confucius; the Persians those of Zoroaster; while we have our Vedas. All contain truth; all strive for the same end."

"I allude," replied the lady, with much dignity, "to the Christian Bible; the true Word of God."

"The Christian Bible," replied the Mystic, "which many of you find so hard to believe, is true; but much of it is entirely symbolic. It was not intended to be accepted literally. If you could understand its inner meaning, you would

marvel at its simplicity. All religious teaching has an outward form to cover an inner meaning. In all ages but one great truth has been taught by the Wise Ones. So it will be throughout eternity."

The Mystic rose, and stood a moment earnestly regarding his audience.

"Many of you," he said, in his clear, beautiful voice, "I shall not see again on this plane. May each of you evolve the Christ within—may you attain the highest.

"To all I extend the love and fellowship of a brother."

CHAPTER XVIII

DISCUSSIONS

A deep silence followed the departure of the *Guru*. His hearers were trying to adjust their minds to ordinary forms of thought. Suddenly, the Bridegroom astonished the crowd by exclaiming:

“It may be a lot of damned rot the old heathen has been stuffing us with, but it appeals to my reason far more than orthodoxy.”

“Oh, my dear,” exclaimed the Bride, “what would our minister say to such rank heresy?”

“Damned if I care what he’d say!” returned her lord. “If he’d preach more of this same heathen doctrine he’d fill his church with men who now loaf at home smoking cigars or squirting tobacco juice.”

“How can you talk so?” cried the Bride, brave in defense of her beloved pastor. “His discourses are beautiful.”

“And what does he talk about?” growled the Groom. “A lot of damned foolishness about a great big God who sits way off somewhere behind the clouds; who spies out all your little private sins; who holds a tight line upon any

kind of pleasure, and roasts you in Hell if you don't do to please him. Do you think any man of common sense can worship such a God?"

The Groom, thoroughly roused to the subject, enjoyed his own eloquence, and the evident sensation he was creating.

"But, dear," argued his wife, "there is the Blessed Christ—"

"Oh well," interrupted the old man, "Jesus is all right; I have no kick against him, except that fool notion of the vicarious atonement."

"Oh my dear!" cried the Bride, in horror. "Don't be so impious. God might strike you dead for such sacrilege."

"He might," complacently remarked the Groom, "but he won't. If there is a God he understands the needs of human beings a darn sight better than any straight-laced preacher."

The Bride looked even more shocked.

"Go on;" urged Rex, "you have mistaken your calling."

"I appeal to you as reasonable beings," resumed the Groom, his flabby face illumined by real interest. "How can any man bear the sins of another? If I fall down and break my leg, no one, no matter how he loves me, can stand the pain. I must suffer it in person. If I have mental distress, and suffer the tortures of the damned, who can lift the load from my mind?"

If I eat a raft of trash, who is going to stand the indigestion, you or me? It is my experience that every tub must stand on its own bottom, and every man must pay his own debts. I know I've always had to pay mine—every damn cent."

The Bride gave up in despair.

"When he gets into one of these streaks," she whispered to the nearest female, "there is no doing anything with him."

"Just let him alone," said Merri, "I like to see people enjoy themselves."

"Now, that Hindoo fellow," continued the Groom, "could make his fortune in New York. Not really lecturing, you understand, but just giving little talks as he did here to-night, and answering questions from the audience. Men want religion as well as women do; but we are not satisfied with a lot of tommy-rot that appeals merely to the imagination. We want rock-bottom facts, something we can know."

"I am sorry the Mystic did not go more into his own religion," said the Vegetarian. "I should like to hear him explain reincarnation and karma."

"And I am more interested in this wonderful *prana* he told of," replied Mrs. Danvers.

"What he said about the inner being or real

self appealed to me most," returned Mrs. Chapman.

"I enjoyed every word he uttered," said Merri, "and rejoice that I shall have the pleasure of hearing him again."

"Explain your language, young woman," cried Rex. "Are you to be favored with private instructions from the Yogi?"

"I mean," explained Miss Lewis, "that the Princess has invited me to be her guest during the remainder of the Park trip. Of course I accepted."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Rex, "You are the luckiest girl I know. Why, 'twas even lucky when you fell into that geyser."

"True;" she returned thoughtfully, "otherwise, this beautiful experience would not be mine."

"You mean hob-nobbing with Royalites?" teased Rex. "I thought you were too democratic to prize such things."

"Poor boy!" she returned. "Do you know me so little? Do you not understand that I rejoice because of the Mystic?"

"Now you are talking!" cried Rex, "that is the only thing I envy you."

"I wish you were to be with us," she answered sweetly.

"So do I," he replied. "I shall miss you, chum."

"It is dear of you to say it," she replied, "but truth compels me to admit that I will not have time to even think of you."

"Unkind!" he exclaimed.

"Oh," she said, "I'll miss you badly enough when the trip is over, and we are miles apart."

"Where do you go from here?" he asked.

"I do not know," she returned. "My plans are somewhat undecided."

"Well, I have almost as great an experience awaiting me," said Rex, "as this has been."

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"Yes;" he continued, "we are to spend the rest of the summer upon a big ranch in Montana."

"You'll enjoy that," she answered, with enthusiasm.

"I expect to," he returned. "I have never seen a cowboy, except on the stage, and am anxious to meet the real thing."

"And we" said Mrs. Danvers, "go to Alaska."

"Perhaps auntie and I will meet you there," replied Merri. "We had expected to go there before I decided to come here."

"That would prove delightful," returned Mrs. Danvers.

Ridgley entered.

"I am here" he said, "to inform you that Old Faithful will play in just five minutes. A powerful search light will be thrown upon the jet, producing an exquisite rainbow effect."

The room was emptied speedily, for the unique entertainment would not be repeated until the following evening.

"I shall keep a stern eye upon you," laughingly remarked Mr. Clarke as he assisted Merri down the steps, and placed her hand within his arm. "I shall see that you indulge in no more mad exploits."

"Do you know," she said, "that even as I fell, I thought of your warning?"

"My warning?" he asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes," she said, "when you read my palm; do you not remember?"

"I remember;" he replied, "but I never imagined the terrible meaning of that broken line."

"Lucky for me that the *Guru* was here. I wish I could describe to you the wonderful effect he has upon me. I simply could not disobey him. I verily believe, that if in my grave, his sweet compelling voice would reach me, and in some way bring me back to earth."

"I understand the fascination," replied Mr.

Clarke. "His friendship has proved a liberal education to me."

"I do so wonder if—Oh look!"

Old Faithful began to play. The searchlight from the hotel tower was turned full upon the stream of water as it leaped in air. The effect was beautiful beyond description. The vivid primary colors shaded into soft pinks, dainty blues and exquisite purple tints, intermingled with pale yellows and delicate green shades, formed a combination of rare loveliness. The steam period was even more beautiful than the fountain. Words give but a poor description of these wonders of nature. One must see them to understand their magic splendor or even vaguely comprehend their undying fascination. The mist slowly cleared away; the search light was turned off, and the full moon again resumed her wonted prestige e'er the tourists started for their various camps.

"Mr. Ridgley," called Merri, as that young man was departing.

Ridgley was soon at her side.

"I want to bid you goodbye," she said, extending her hand.

"As I am spending the night here, I shall have no other opportunity of seeing you before we leave."

"I had hoped to see you in the morning,"

replied Ridgley, as he held her hand. "I have strong reasons to expect that the Giant will play within twenty-four hours."

"In that case," remarked Mr. Clarke with decision, "you will see us. I know that the Princess is very anxious to behold the Giant."

"I insist," said Merri, "upon being in your party. Notify me, and I shall be ready at any moment of the day or night."

"I thank you," replied Ridgley, as though she had conferred a favor.

"I am convinced," said Merri, as his tall form disappeared amid the out-going throng, "that Ridgley is a Prince in disguise. When we discover his true origin, please remember that I told you so."

Slowly the crowd melted away, and the cousins were alone. Miss Lewis shivered a little.

"Come in," said Mr. Clarke, "it is too cool for you out here. I have discovered the dearest little nook in the hotel—just the place for a quiet talk.

"Presently," she said. "Just now I want to watch the moon-light as it illumines these wonderful formations, and to meditate upon all that has happened today—the fullest day of my life."

"Now," replied Clarke, "do not conjure up

the awful details, or you will not sleep one wink tonight."

"No," she replied. "I shall remember only the beautiful part of it."

The Hindoo maid approached with a soft silken scarf, bowed low, and presented it to Miss Lewis. Mr. Clarke thanked her in her own tongue. A smile of pleasure illuminated her face as she departed.

"It was certainly dear of the Princess to send me this scarf," observed Merri, as she wrapped it about her shoulders. "What a dainty perfume emanates from its folds."

"It is peculiar to India," he replied. "I have never perceived it elsewhere."

"There is a subtle fascination about the odor," she said, "it makes me imagine all sorts of beautiful things about those Eastern lands whence it came. I wonder, after all, if I am the same girl that went walking with you before breakfast?"

"The very same," he replied.

"Are you sure it was only this morning?" she questioned. "Surely it was a century ago."

"Only this morning," he replied, "and our Park trip but half over."

"Three more days of wonderland," she said, "and then—"

"What then—?" he questioned.

“Who knows?” she replied. “I, at least, must face life.”

“Do we not all face life?” he asked.

“You do not understand,” she replied. “I am in a very trying position.”

“Is there anything you would like to tell me?” he enquired tenderly. “I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but if the loving service of a brother can aid you, command me.”

“First you are my cousin,” she said with a laugh. “Now you are my brother. Tomorrow you may be my uncle, or—”

“It might simplify matters,” he replied, “to become your husband.”

“Oh,” she cried, hurriedly, “you do not understand.”

“It is because I do understand that I speak now,” quietly replied Mr. Clarke. “I was strongly attracted to you that first day, when we met in the car. The attraction ripened into something deeper; but I never dreamed how dear you had become to me until I thought I had lost you.”

“Dear Man,” she replied, “do you realize that you have known me but three days? What do you know of my character, my ancestry, my name? How, then, can you care for me?”

“I love you with the one love of my life,” he answered earnestly. “I care nothing for posi-

tion, ancestry or fortune. I want you—the real you that is hidden beneath the surface of froth and frivolity.”

“Do you remember” she said, “the story I told you of a girl who is compelled to marry a man whom she does not know, or give up a large fortune and go out to service?”

“I remember,” he said with a smile.

“Well,” she continued, “I am that girl.”

“I knew that long ago,” he replied quietly.

“You did!” she exclaimed indignantly. “Yet you advise me to temporize. If you really cared you would—”

“Think a moment,” he interrupted. “I advised you to see the man and discuss matters calmly, before deciding upon any course of action?”

“Y-e-s,” she admitted, “and now—shall I see him before giving you an answer?”

“Yes,” he answered steadily. “I shall accompany you home and present my credentials to your aunt.”

“I do not envy you,” she laughed, “Aunt is so wrapped up in the irreproachable Lewis, (my cousin, you know) that she can see virtue in no other man.”

“It is not the good Aunt I fear,” replied Clarke, “but the fiery young niece. She may not approve of my name or station.”

"Can you doubt her?" asked Merri, "A strong invisible cord seems to bind me to you—I have felt it from our first conversation."

"Yet you do not know my name," he said, repeating her own words.

"I always think of you as my chum;" she said, "as the very nicest man I know."

"While to me you are always my Lady," he returned tenderly.

"Well, chum," she said, "you have been lovely to me. I do not know your name, but I am sure it is a good one. A man can not live upon intimate terms with a Yogi, and a Rajah, without having achieved something. In the natural order of things, you must have had a few ancestors, but they do not interest me. I care more to know if your life has been sweet and clean, or if your secret closet is full of skeletons."

"You need never fear the rattle of dry bones," he assured her. "My life has been as pure as your own. I shall be pleased to furnish you testimonials—"

"What need?" she replied warmly. "In my heart of hearts I know you are true and honorable. My real self recognized the You during our first interview."

"Just as with me," he answered. "Until I met you I had never cared for women. The average lady one meets in society, does not attract

me. Besides, I was too much engrossed in study to think much about them."

"But now?" she suggested.

"Now," he continued, "I have found my mate—my other self. One whose mind is upon the same plane as my own; whose quick intuition and keen insight will render her a delightful student. Shoulder to shoulder we shall advance along the Path, and hand in hand move on to ever higher knowledge. Child! Child! just think of the beautiful life before us."

"Dear Man," she whispered softly, "you tempt me sorely. How can I meet my overconfident cousin and calmly discuss with him the money question, if you inspire me with longings for the highest and best?"

"I shall not plead my cause" he said with a smile, "until you have disposed of this obnoxious cousin."

"Till then," she continued, "we shall continue just as we are. You are my dearest Chum—nothing more."

He bent his handsome head and kissed her hand.

"And you are my Lady—" he said, "My liege Lady."

CHAPTER XIX

THE PRINCESS

Ridgley was not mistaken. The Giant began to perform at five the next morning. As he plays from one to two hours, all had ample time to reach the scene of action.

The Rajah's suite, including Mr. Clarke, and Miss Lewis, joined the Wylie party, and under the watchful eye of Ridgley, beheld this gigantic display.

The immense volume of water is lifted two hundred and fifty feet at its initial outburst, the height gradually becoming less, until the close of the eruption.

"It gratifies me much to see the Giant," remarked the Princess in her prim, perfect English.

"Why is it that educated foreigners speak so much more correctly than those reared in the English language?"

"Isn't it just dandy?" exclaimed a handsomely dressed woman behind them.

The princess looked puzzled.

"What is dandy?" she asked, turning to Merri.

"Oh," laughed Miss Lewis, "dandy is a term we apply to anything that appeals to us."

"It is so?" asked the Princess in surprise. "I thought that a dandy was a kind of ornamental man, who dressed too much."

"That," returned Merri, "was the old fashioned idea which obtained in the days of our grand-mothers. Now we call the dressy young man a dude."

"How funny!" interrupted the Princess.

"And" continued Merri, "apply dandy elsewhere. For instance, we say, that a party was dandy; our hostess wore a dandy gown, and gave dandy refreshments. You may play a dandy game at golf, or—"

"It is very perplexing," said the Princess. "How can a dress be dandy; a game be dandy; and a great stupendous geyser be dandy?"

"It really is terrible," admitted Merri, "but such is the American language."

"American, then, is not English?" enquired the Princess.

"No," returned Miss Lewis. "Although the same language, it is distinctly different. America, you know, is a large country, and its various sections possess certain words and phrases peculiar to those localities. For instance, in the South, we say, 'I reckon,' while up North, they prefer 'I guess.'"

“And what do you mean?” queried the Princess.

“That we have reason to believe—that we assume,” returned Merri, “we also say ‘a right smart,’ when we mean considerable, and ‘right away’ for ‘at once,’ ‘cut it out’ and ‘drop it,’ are good forcible slang, meaning to eliminate.”

“I see,” replied the Princess, with a wise little nod of her head. Then, she asked demurely, “Do you reckon it is time to go?”

“I guess so,” replied Merri, with a laugh, “you are catching on nicely.”

“How does one catch on?” innocently enquired the Princess.

“Heavens!” cried Merri, “how can I ever initiate you into the mysteries of slang?”

“‘Catch on’ is slang?” asked the Princess gravely.

“Yes,” replied Merri. “It means that you understand.”

“*I catch on,*” she said with a little smile. Then, slipping her hand through Merri’s arm, she continued, “I desire to meet your friend Mr. Ridgley. He has a most imposing presence.”

“He will feel honored,” returned Merri.

They walked to the spot where Ridgley stood, surrounded by attentive listeners, as he explained to them the crack in the Giant’s cone.

"Mr. Ridgley," called Merri.

He was at her side in a moment.

"The Princess wishes to meet you," continued Merri.

The crowd fell back in amazement, and gazed with mingled awe and envy, as Ridgley, the guide, bowed his handsome head to kiss the tapering fingers of the exclusive Hindoo Princess.

"You are a hero, Mr. Ridgley," she said, sincere admiration beaming from her soft dark eyes. "I admire you much."

"You are too kind," returned Ridgley, quite unembarrassed by her condescension.

"I adore bravery," continued the Princess. "Few possess the ability to think quickly, the power to act rapidly."

"It is to your power to do both, that I owe my life," said Merri.

"You value my poor services too highly," returned Ridgley.

"I shall remember you as long as I live," said Merri, as she gave him her hand in farewell.

"It is I who can never forget," replied Ridgley. "From first to last you have treated me white, and I appreciate your kindness more than words can express. If, at any time I can

serve you, command me—I shall esteem it a rare privilege.”

“You make me feel both proud and humble,” replied Merri, looking earnestly into his sincere face.

“How?” he asked.

“Proud to have inspired such sweet consideration in an almost stranger;” she continued, “humble that I so little deserve it.”

“You deserve the best that life can bestow,” he replied ardently.

Mrs. Chapman and Rex joined the group.

“We shall not say good-by;” said Mrs. Chapman, “we expect to see you tonight, at the hotel.”

“Do get the Mystic to give us another talk.” begged Rex.

“I will do my best,” replied Merri, as she waved them adieu.

Breakfast over, they started upon the third day’s journey.

Mr. Clarke rode with the driver; Merri and the Princess sat immediately behind them, while the Rajah and the Mystic occupied the rear seat.

Their route lay over the summit of the great Continental Divide, near Lake Shoshone, in which rises the Lewis Fork of Snake River, a

branch of the Columbia, which as everyone knows empties into the Pacific.

Leaving the region of geysers, the road follows the Madison River, the same stream which is known elsewhere as the Fire Hole. It crosses the river and climbs a gentle ascent to Keppler Cascades, whose waters, leap the rocky chasm in a series of enchanting falls.

At the third and last crossing of the Madison they made a side trip to Lone Star Geyser, about half a mile south of the bridge, on the west bank of the river.

The chief beauty of this geyser lies in its cone, which is striped vertically with bands of white, lavender and brown, intermingled with all the varying shades of yellow. It is completely covered by a large variety of beautiful pearl-like beads.

"This is entirely different from anything we have yet seen," remarked Mr. Clarke.

"The markings are truly wonderful," said Merri, "I never imagined anything like it."

"It is *dandy*," asserted the Princess, with a demure smile.

A foot trail led them from this interesting geyser to the Shoshone Geyser Basin. There, they found tourists not only from the hotel and the Wylie Way, but from various other parts of the park.

Although the Princess now wore a long grey rain coat, and high-heels to her shoes, her appearance was too striking to pass unobserved.

“Who is she?” asked an elderly woman, staring through her glasses.

“I don’t know,” returned the young girl at her side, “but she sure looks queer.”

“What a beauty!” exclaimed a rough looking man, gazing with intense admiration at the slender form.

“To thin, for my taste,” returned his companion, a flashy man with bold black eyes. “Not enough hips or—”

“Blessed Patty!” exclaimed a girl, “just look at that red spot in her fore-head!”

The Princess winced, but made no other sign of having heard them, until a loud-voiced woman called out.

“There she goes! Now, Frank, is the time for a snap.”

The man beside her leveled his kodak, but the Princess frustrated his manœuvre by opening her green silk umbrella and holding it between them. Merri laughed heartily at the expression which overspread his face.

“You are cruel;” she said, “think of the poor man’s disappointment.”

“I ask you to think of my disgust!” she re-

torted hotly, "Am I a Bengal Tiger that they show so much curiosity?"

"Not a Tiger," returned Merri, "but very much of a Lion-ess."

As she stood, indignantly discussing their rudeness, several kodak fiends slipped stealthily around the protecting umbrella, and 'snapped' the Princess. This so enraged her, that drawing the silken scarf closely about her face, she spoke a few peremptory words in her own language and turned toward the woods.

Her husband started in pursuit, but she waived him aside and insisted upon being alone.

"Do not follow," advised the *Guru*, as the anxious husband watched her retreating form.

"But," said Merri, "suppose she comes to grief, as I did?"

"She will be guarded from all evil," replied the Mystic. "A moment of quiet reflection will compose her mind."

"I regret that my countrymen are so rude," remarked Miss Lewis.

"What matters it?" returned the sage. "We should learn to welcome each experience which meets us upon the Path of Life."

"Then you do not mind being kodaked?" asked Merri.

"I do not," he replied. "It cannot injure me."

Why, then, should I deprive my brother-man of a pleasure?"

Leaving the Madison, the road turns to the south-east, and climbs with gentle ascent to the continental water-shed. Twin lakes mark the Divide, the waters from one flowing to the Atlantic through the Snake, Yellowstone, Missouri and Mississippi; the other to the Pacific through the Lewis Fork and Columbia Rivers.

Shoshone Point, about half way between the Upper Basin and Thumb Bay (a part of Yellowstone Lake) affords a most commanding view, overlooking, as it does, Lake Shoshone, its beautiful valley and heavily timbered slopes.

"Right over there," said the driver, pointing with his whip, "you can see the Sentinels."

"You mean those three snow-capped mountains?" asked Merri.

"Cert," he replied, "they are fifty miles away."

"And are part of the boundary between Wyoming and Idaho," read Mr. Clarke, from his guide-book.

The driver was not so polished in his manner as Baby Lou, nor so happy in his speech. He abbreviated many words and used considerable slang. This entertained the Princess greatly. She delighted in his free, though per-

fectly respectful manner of addressing her, and his utter disregard of her lofty station.

"These Sentinels," observed the Princess, "remind me of our own Himalayas, though they are not so grand."

"Well, Marm," replied the driver, "you must be used to something pretty lofty—'praps you don't know it, but them mountains is fourteen thousand foot high."

"I like his talk," whispered the Princess, "he is unique. Make him say more."

"We expect to take the steamer after lunch," said Merri to the driver, "so would be obliged if you will tell us of any special features we shall miss along the land route."

"I calculate you won't miss much," replied the driver, "for this is the least interesting day of the whole trip. We pass the Natural Bridge, a lot of paint-pots and geyser cones. Now, there is one geyser cone that would sure interest you. It rises above the surface of the lake just a few feet from the shore. A fellow can stand upon the top of the cone and catch fish from the lake; then, without taking it from his line, he can drop the fish into boiling water, and bring it out cooked to a turn."

"Oh come," said Mr. Clarke, with a laugh, "that sounds rather fishy."

“Positive fact,” returned the driver. “There aint no flies on me!”

“What does he mean?” asked the Princess. “Of mosquitoes I see many, but where are the flies?”

Merri laughed.

“When one asserts that there are no flies on him, he intimates that he is honest and upright—absolutely trustworthy,” she explained.

“How very odd! Make him talk more—I love to hear your American slang.”

“Mr. Driver,” called Merri, “Can you tell us something concerning the discovery of Yellowstone Park, and of the early days, when Indians infested these woods?”

“Yes Marm, I’m exactly the man that *can* tell you them things;” he cleared his throat and looked important. “The very first news anyone ever heard of this place come from a man named Coulter,” resumed the driver. “He was a trapper, and roamed around considerable. Finally he joined the Lewis and Clark expedition and crossed the continent with them.”

He accented the last syllable in continent, thereby adding to the vivid interest expressed in the face of the Princess.

“On the return trip,” continued their informer, “Coulter managed to get discharged; then

he and another fellow named Potts, come back to these parts."

"Potts!" exclaimed the Princess, "What a remarkable name."

"Well, marm," replied the driver, "'taint a very fine name, but pots is useful, if not ornamental. As I was saying, poor Potts was killed by the Blackfeet, and Coulter was tuck prisoner."

"Blackfeet?" repeated the Princess, in bewilderment. "Is that a Secret order, similar to the Black Hand?"

"The Blackfeet are a tribe of Indians," explained Merri.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "are they very ferocious?"

"You can bet your socks on that," replied the driver. "But Coulter managed to escape, and after a right smart spell, got back to Missouri. He'd set around whittling sticks and chawin' tobacco, and tell such powerful tales about lakes of burning pitch and boiling springs and geysers, that folks called him an unmitigated liar, and spoke of this country out here as Coulter's Hell."

"One can hardly blame them," said Merri. "It all seems too wonderful to be true."

"Now you're talking!" exclaimed the driver. "The tale they most doubted was about the

petrifications and the fossils. He told about a large tract of sage-brush in perfect petrification, with the sage-hens and rabbits, and chip-monks, and other animals looking plumb as natural as the live critters. That stuck pretty hard in their craws but they couldn't swallow at all when he lowed that them petrified bushes all bore fruit-diamonds, emeralds, and rubies—as big as hen-eggs. They up and said he was the double of the spirit of Annanias, but more perfect in that line than the Father of Lies ever dared to be."

"But was it all a fabrication?" asked Merri.

"No, marm, it warn't all a lie," returned the driver. "You know there can't be smoke without fire being somewheres nigh about. The fellow had took a few facts and spread 'em thick with imagination, for he calculated he'd never be found out."

"What is the real truth of the story?" asked the Princess.

"Well," continued the driver, who was greatly enjoying his own recital, "there is a piece of sage,—a right smart patch of it too—that has been petrified. You know the overflow from them hot-springs is full of silica. The trees get it too—drink it up through their roots and bark, and of course it turns 'em to stone."

“Yes,” remarked Mr. Clarke, “that is quite natural.”

“Why,” continued the driver, “I have seen some tree-trunks that have turned tetotally into crystalline quartz. On Amethyst Ridge there’s no end of ’em. Some of the crystals are white, you know, and we call ’em diamonds; the purple ones are amethysts, and the yellow ones topaz.”

“So that part of his story is true,” said Merri.

“But the dear little rabbits—” asked the Princess, “had they really turned to stone?”

“Not by a long shot!” exclaimed the driver. “Coulter made that out of whole cloth.”

“What does he mean?” asked the Princess, “I understand but little of his charming discourse.”

Merri laughed.

“He means that Coulter evolved the entire story from his imagination—that it was utterly without foundation.”

“Then an untruth that is all false is made from whole-cloth?” asked the puzzled Hindoo. “I fear I shall never learn the American language.”

“Oh yes you can, marm,” said the driver encouragingly, “All you’ve got to do is to butt in

whether you know things or not. You'll soon catch on."

"I hope to 'catch on,'" she replied with a demure smile, "but not being a goat, I shall make no attempt to 'butt in.'"

"You did that beautifully!" said Merri with a laugh. "Even I with my knowledge of slang, could not have excelled you."

After lunch they went aboard a large steamer and crossed that part of Lake Yellowstone known as the Thumb, stopping *en route* at one of the little islands to admire the collection of Park animals, kept there during the season, for the inspection of visitors.

The lake ride is one of the most attractive features of the Park trip, being distinctly different from all else.

The lake somewhat resembles, in outline, the shape of the human hand, with its fingers and thumb. It covers some one hundred and fifty square miles, and is the largest body of water in North America, to be found at an altitude of 7,788 feet above the sea-level.

The lofty snow-clad mountains that tower ever higher and higher, losing themselves in the dim distance, make an exquisite setting for the beautiful waters they surround.

Truly, no one can afford to miss the Lake trip.

CHAPTER XX

THE MYSTIC AGAIN

Miss Lewis had no difficulty in persuading the Mystic to again address an audience.

“Why should I object?” he asked. “All are entrusted with a message to the world. I have no right to withhold a word which may benefit my brother-man.”

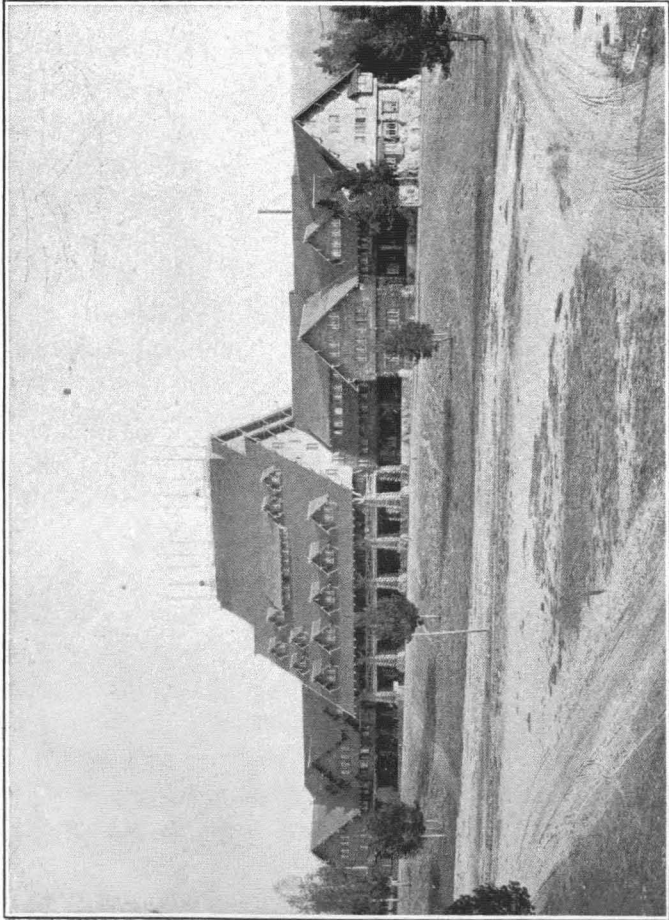
“It is good of you,” said Merri, “to give your time to strangers.”

“They are my brothers,” he corrected. “We are all rays from the great Eternal Sun of the Universe.”

After much coaxing, Merri induced the Princess to join the party which listened so earnestly to the words of the *Guru*.

“Religion does not interest me,” she said. “It fills me with perplexity and unrest. My husband studies much with *Guru*. He has long hours of meditation in his own apartment, when no one dares approach him. I think it must be very dull.”

“And how” asked Merri, “do you amuse yourself at such times?”



LAKE HOTEL

"I read and study with my companion, or, perhaps I sing," returned the Princess.

"You sing?" said Merri. "How delightful!"

"I sing because I must," explained the Princess. "It is the cry of a hungry heart."

"I do not not understand," said Merri, "You are young and beautiful, with wealth and station; what more can you desire?"

"My friend," cried the Princess with unusual emotion, "you know not the loneliness which comes with rank. I crave life and equality. I detest those who fawn and flatter—my heart aches for even one true friend."

"I love you," said Merri, simply.

The Princess looked steadily into her eyes, then as though satisfied, threw her arms about the girl and kissed her.

"It is sweet of you to tell me," she said. "You are noble and true, like your cousin."

"And because I love you," continued Merri, "I want you to meet my friends. They will interest you. Besides, the Mystic gives such beautiful talks, and explains everything so simply, that it helps us all to grow better."

"I, too, will hear these discourses, and grow better," said the Princess.

So it came to pass, that she left her lonely chamber to join the eager throng which, that evening, crowded around the Yogi. In their

midst he sat, calm and thoughtful, his fine face glowing with intellectual power.

The party from the Wylie Camp greeted Merri effusively.

"We miss you tremendously," said the Doctor.

"We still keep your vacant seat in our coach," remarked his wife.

"How dear of you!" exclaimed Merri.

"Your desertion falls heaviest upon me," said Rex. "The others are so staid and proper."

"Why Rex!" exclaimed his mother, "One would think you a child."

"I am," he asserted. "So is she; that is why we are such chums."

Merri presented her friends to the Princess who received them graciously. The Rajah did not join them, but sat apart, talking earnestly with Clarke.

Rex and the Princess soon became friends. His open, boyish admiration charmed her, while his somewhat slangy style of conversation demanded her closest attention.

"Who is the tall man with the teeth?" she asked in a whisper, as the Vegetarian entered.

"Oh," replied Rex, "he is an ardent admirer of our young friend," nodding toward Merri.

"Is it so?" asked the astonished Princess. "She likes him?"

“Yes,” replied the boy, “they are simply wrapped up in each other, have neither eyes nor ears for other people.”

“Strange—strange,” murmured the deceived Princess.

Rex was enjoying himself prodigiously.

“Yes, it is strange,” he continued. “Here I am, as everyone knows, frantically in love with her, and there is Clarke—”

“Ah!” cried the Princess, deeply interested.

“As I was saying,” continued Rex, “the fellow can’t keep his eyes from her face—and such eyes he has too! I wouldn’t blame any girl ‘fur a lovin’ dat man.’”

“That sounds very quaint,” replied the Princess, “but I do not understand your meaning. It is slang?”

“No,” returned Rex, “it is nigger talk. Have you never heard them talk and sing?”

“Never;” answered the Princess, “to me it is quite new.”

“Is that a fact?” asked Rex in a tone of pity. “Then, you have something to live for.”

“Where does one hear this strange language?” questioned the lady.

“Oh, I say!” exclaimed Rex. “If you come to our camp tomorrow night, I’ll get up a minstrel show for your express benefit—black faces, coon songs, and all.”

“You are very kind,” said the Princess, “I shall enjoy it much.”

“Do you hear, my friend?” she called to Merri, who was deeply engrossed with the Vegetarian.

“What is it?” asked Miss Lewis, as she joined them.

“This kind Mr. Rex has promised to make entertainment for me tomorrow night with— with—”

“A grand Nigger Minstrel,” supplied Rex as she hesitated.

“You will come?” asked the Princess.

“Of course she will come!” exclaimed Rex. “Why she is to be the star actress.”

The Princess looked shocked.

“Is it permitted in America, that a lady do such things?” she asked in astonishment.

“Oh, yes,” answered Rex, “it is permitted all right. Besides, we do as we please in Camp.”

“That is why camping is so delightful,” added Merri; “of course we do nothing outrageous, but we are absolutely free.”

“It is not so in India;” replied the Princess, “one would lose caste.”

The Vegetarian could not allow this to pass unnoticed. Regardless of the fact that he had

not been presented to the Princess, he proceeded to drive in a socialistic wedge.

“You forget, Madame,” he snorted, “that this is a free country. I thank God that our people are not ground by the curse of caste. That, in my opinion is just what has degraded India through all these centuries. Now, God made every man the equal of his fellow man; so why in the—”

“Hush!” exclaimed Merri, “The Mystic is about to speak.”

The large hall became very still, for its occupants were deeply interested in every word which came from the Holy One.

“I rejoice, my friends,” said the Mystic, “that you are sufficiently interested in the vital questions of life to seek further information concerning them; I rejoice that my words may aid you in finding the light; I rejoice if I awake in the breast of one of you a desire to forsake the illusions of the flesh, and to tread ever so slowly, the Path which leads to Perfection.

“I shall speak to you this evening upon the vast power of the human mind. The mind is your greatest curse, or your greatest blessing—it creates for you heaven or hell. Your own Bible has said ‘as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.’ The mind is the ruling power, the creative force of man. Without it you are noth-

ing; you accomplish nothing. Beware, therefore of anything or any person, that would take away your freedom of thought.

“Think always for yourself, no one can do this for you. It is through thought alone that you attain the highest.

“Learn to control the mind, and you become whatsoever you will. But, until you learn to control your own mind, and free it from the thralldom of the senses, you can never hope to conquer other minds, or to master the forces of nature.

“To become a Yogi, one must practice long and faithfully. He must forsake all argumentations and disputes; all light reading and vain conversation. He must be like the pearl oyster.

“In India we have a legend that if it rains when the Star Svati is in the ascendant, and a drop of rain falls into the oyster, that drop will become a pearl. The oysters, knowing this, comes to the surface, whenever that Star shines, and wait eagerly to catch the precious rain drops. When one falls into the shell, quickly, the oyster closes, and dives to the bottom of the sea, there to patiently develop that drop into a pearl.

“My brothers, be like the pearl oyster; fritter not your time in beginning the things you never accomplish. Those who nibble here, and taste

there, attain nothing. They are but slaves in the hand of Nature—creatures of circumstances, who never get beyond the senses.

“He who truly desires to accomplish, must take up one idea—think of it; dream of it; live it, until his brain, nerves and muscles absorb and make it their own.

“A teacher is necessary if one would attain the highest; merely a course of instruction availeth little. The Chela must, as you say in America, work out his own salvation.

“To succeed one requires tremendous energy—stupendous will. In this age of New Thought you have heard much of the Conscious-mind. There is still another plane upon which mind can function, called the Super-conscious. Now, the field of reason, or the conscious working of the mind, is very limited—it cannot go beyond its own small circle. Ask of reason any important truth; for instance, what is man; why was he created; what his ultimate end? The answer comes, ‘I know not.’ Does reason give us any information? None. Whence, then, come our ideas of God, of love, of sympathy, of morality; and above all, of unselfishness? Consider a moment; all ethics, all human action, all human thought hang upon this one idea of unselfishness.

“Why should I be unselfish? Why not be like

the brute, taking all, and considering none? Whence, I ask, came the idea of unselfishness to those early teachers of the human race? Was it instinctive? Hardly. The animals possess instinct, but they have not unselfishness. Nor was it reason—reason explains nothing. Whence then, comes this knowledge?

“In studying history we find that all these truths came to them from the Beyond. Some of them, alas! could not understand what they were getting—hence the error in much of what is called religion.

“All founders of religious systems claim to have heard the voice of God; to have seen an Angel or a Deva.

“What does Yoga teach? That these men were right in claiming that all knowledge came from beyond the plane of Reason; but, we assert, all knowledge comes from within oneself. The mind has a state of consciousness beyond reason; and when we reach that plane, we attain all knowledge.

“Sometimes a man stumbles into this state without due preparation. He does not understand what he sees or hears, so interprets it by his outer knowledge. Now, there is great danger in coming unprepared into the Super-conscious state; for, with all the knowledge one thus gains, he is prone to grope in dark-

ness. He understands but little of what he sees or hears, and gives out to the world many strange superstitions which should not exist.

“Mahommed was a great teacher; he accomplished much for the good of humanity; yet much evil was wrought by his fanaticism. Consider the millions of people slaughtered through his teachings. Parents bereft of their children; children deprived of their parents; husbands torn from wives, entire countries destroyed.

“Yet, Mahommed was inspired. If you read his writings you will find many wonderful truths mixed with gross superstition. Because he went untrained into the Super-conscious state, his teachings contain as much error as of truth.”

“How,” asked Merri, earnestly, “can one attain true knowledge?”

“All truth, all knowledge, all wisdom comes from within,” replied the Yogi. “Each person must develop them for himself. There is no Royal Road; all must follow the Path.”

“This Path you so constantly allude to must be very steep and tiresome,” said Merri. “It sounds like the ‘straight and narrow way,’ we have heard of all our lives.”

“It is the same,” replied the Mystic. “Your beautiful Christ taught the true Wisdom-religion. Yet, how many who profess to follow him

understand his teachings? Which of them follows the Golden Rule—that Law which existed from the beginning of time?

“How many professing Christians will lead religious lives on Sunday, and cheat their brothers on Monday? Who among you will guard your brother’s honor as your own? Who has learned to forgive an injury? Who can love his enemy?

“You have heard these teachings from infancy, yet, which of you closely examines your own heart before you act? If your heart is pure you will think no evil; do no wrong. The thought is Father to the act.

“Remember the Law, ‘whatsoever ye will that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.’ No one can escape the Law; it is for high and low, rich and poor; all must abide by it. What befalls him who breaks the Law? He must reap that which he has sown. There is no escape.

“This is the great Law of Karma, which puzzles many western readers of our Oriental Philosophies. Jesus also taught this Law, but it is not understood by the Church of today.”

“As I understand it;” said the Vegetarian, “Karma is the pay we get for the sins we commit.”

“Karma,” replied the Yogi, “is the result

that follows each action. It is the punishment you inflict upon yourself, or the good you have created for your benefit. Every good deed you do unto another comes back to bless you; every evil deed returns to curse you.

“If you think an unkind thought of another, speak an unkind word, or in any way injure your fellow man, you may expect, with absolute certainty, to receive similar treatment. You may possibly escape punishment in this life, but in the next you must live out the Karma which you alone have created. That is the Law, from which there is no possible escape.”

“You spoke of some other life;” said Mrs. Chapman, “I assume you allude to reincarnation.”

“I do,” replied the Mystic.

“You believe” she continued, “that when one dies, instead of entering the Eternal rest as we are taught by the Church, that he must return to earth again and again, through countless lives?”

“Does that not appeal to you as the only logical way of attaining perfection?” asked the Yogi.

“It does not,” returned the lady. “I prefer the blessed joys of Heaven to continued existence upon earth through many lives. If it rests with me, I shall never return.”

“Why do you regard reincarnation as necessary?” asked Merri.

“In the beginning of his life upon the Earth—plane,” explained the Mystic, “man was pure spirit. While he had not sinned, and possessed no evil passions, he was entirely devoid of that experience which goes to make up a perfect being. The longest life is too short in which to acquire all the knowledge man is capable of obtaining, and to gain which he materialized upon this planet. Why, then, should he rest in that vague realm you call Heaven, after spending so few years upon Earth? Is it not well that he return again and again, till he has experienced every joy, every sorrow, every pleasure, every pain? How can he know anything unless by experience in the human body?”

“It does seem logical,” admitted Mrs. Chapman. “What you say of pure spirits reminds me of Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, before the Serpent entered.”

“As I before stated,” replied the Yogi, “your Bible is a book of Symbols. I can explain it to you in simple language, and show you, through all the parables and imagery, the same beautiful Wisdom-religion which existed thousands of years ago, and which must continue throughout Eternity.”

“Well,” blurted out the Bridegroom, “I

wish to the Lord that we had you as preacher in our church back home. I can make neither head nor tail of most of the stuff I hear from that pulpit."

"Perhaps" remarked the *Guru*, "you make but little effort to understand. Remember, my brother, it is you who must seek knowledge. It matters not how eloquent the preacher, nor how lucid his discourse, illumination must come from within."

"Man alive!" exclaimed the groom, "how the devil am I to get understanding when I don't know how?"

"Within each of us there burns a light," resumed the Mystic. "In some it is but a mere spark; yet, that tiny spark is a part of the Divine Flame. Properly developed it will illumine the soul and make clear all that now is dark. You ask how to obtain this illumination? I can answer, through the power of Love.

"God, the great, Eternal Essence of all, you cannot now love, because you cannot yet know nor understand Him; but, your brother-man, whom you do know, you must learn to love as you love yourself. As, by slow degrees you learn this lesson, you will more clearly understand how to love God. When you realize that there is but one life; that every blade of grass that grows; each flower that decks the field; the wild

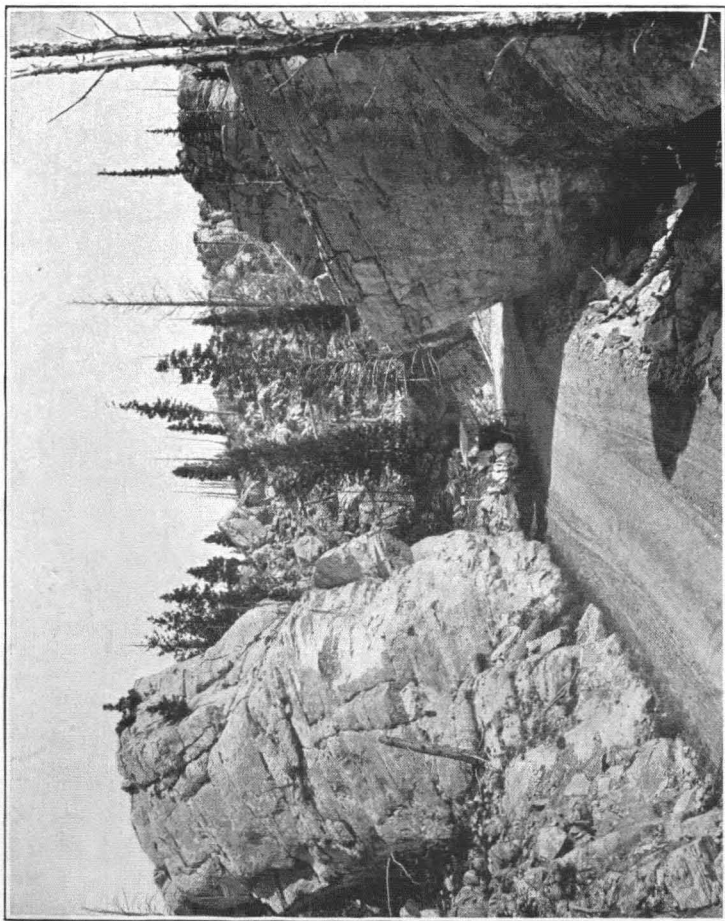
animals of the jungle; the song-birds that gladden the forest; the monsters of the deep; yea, the very stocks and stones, receive life from the One Source, you will become imbued with a feeling of kinship to all creation. You will say within your heart, 'these are my brothers. I have reached a higher plane of development, my greater knowledge imposes upon me larger responsibilities toward my humbler brothers. I must treat them kindly, even as I hope for consideration from those radiant beings so far above my present scale of vibration.'

"'How' you ask, 'can I love my neighbor? He is distasteful to me; he is a man of no honor and the truth is not in him. He did me a dirty trick only yesterday. How can I love him?'

"Consider, my brother; as you suffer at the hands of another you are only reaping what you have sown. Remember that your weaker brother is now passing over the ground you have already trod.

"In some past life, you too, have been a thief, a liar, a murderer.

"All must evolve from the lower to the higher state. This is the Law. He, then, is well upon the Path, who can say earnestly and sincerely, 'I love all the whole world; for in its forms, and all its creatures, I see expressed the infinite Spark which is like myself.' "



GRAND CANYON

CHAPTER XXI

THE GRAND CANYON

Passing the minor attractions along the route, our tourists pushed on, in haste to see the Grand Canyon, and the Great Falls of the Yellowstone.

The road passes through a rolling bit of country skirting the banks of the Yellowstone river, until within a short distance of the Upper Falls. The magnificent bridge which spans the river at the head of the rapids, just above the Upper Falls, affords the opportunity of viewing the Canyon from both sides; also of descending into the Canyon, by the famous Tommy's Trail, which takes one down to the very foot of the Great Falls.

About a quarter of a mile above the Upper Falls the current becomes very rapid, tumbling over a succession of cascades and swirling around great masses of rock in mid stream. Just before reaching the Falls, it turns abruptly to the east, preventing a good view of the cataract from the Hotel side of the river.

Above the Falls, a jutting point of rock affords a magnificent view of the rapids, and the

great masses of foaming water as it rushes over the precipice.

"I should like to stand here all day," said Merri, "if I was not so anxious to see the Canyon."

"See those columns of water that rise like rockets from the abyss!" cried Mr. Clarke.

"I have been wondering over them," replied Merri.

"The Falls have a perpendicular drop of one hundred and forty feet," read the Princess from her guide-book.

A short distance beyond Cascade Creek they catch their first glimpse of the Canyon.

"Over yonder," said the driver, pointing with his whip, "just three miles away, is Inspiration Point."

"Why the name?" asked the Princess, "is it so inspiring?"

"Them that claim to know says it is," replied the man. "You see, it is fifteen hundred feet above the river, and gives a bully view of both the canyon and the Falls."

"But the name?" persisted the Princess, "why is it so called?"

"Oh, you see," returned the driver, "some artist fellow (I forget his name) come here once, and painted the Great Falls and a piece of the Canyon all in the same picture. He lowed as

how he'd gained inspiration to do the job while standing on that point; so naturally, the folks round here called the spot Inspiration Point."

"The artist was Thomas Moran," remarked Merri, "I remember seeing the picture you mention in our National Capitol at Washington."

"Yes marm," replied the driver, "that's the chap; they do say that he got a pile of money for it."

Looking down stream, the view of the Canyon is especially fine, though the brilliant coloring of its walls is not so striking as when observed from above.

The road leads along the very verge of the gorge, and the tourists gazed with bated breath, deep down the precipitate sides of the canyon, to where the river flows, like a narrow silver ribbon, many hundred feet below.

Leaving their carriage, our party walked out upon the many points of observation that jut into the river. The rare beauty of their surroundings, its overpowering grandeur and exquisite coloring, beggars description.

"Ah!" cried the Princess. "It is so beautiful—so terrible that it hurts me—it pains my heart."

"What distresses me most" remarked Merri, "is that I cannot look upon the Falls and the

Canyon at the same time. Both distract me so that I can enjoy neither."

Looking up stream one beholds the beautiful Falls. Not the grandest on earth, though none are more lovely; and surely none can boast of such stupendous setting. On each side rise vast pinnacles of sculptured rock. The shining silvery waters, which have been compressed to less than one hundred feet, now leap a perfectly level shelf—down, down it tumbles, three hundred and sixty feet, into the gorge below where, amid those appalling depths, it dwindles into a mere thread of light.

The lofty rock sides of the wall which rise almost perpendicularly are exquisitely tinted. The dash of wind and wave, the forces of frost and snow, the filing process of glazier and mountain torrent, the hot breath of boiling spring and geyser have sculptured these everlasting walls into wonderful shapes.

"They remind me of some of the castles along the Rhine," remarked Merri.

"Or some vast old cathedral," said Mr. Clarke.

"Only," commented the Princess, "these are more lofty and sublime."

"'Now you're talking!'" exclaimed the voice of Miss Lewis, so closely resembling that

of the driver, that the Princess started in amazement.

“How do you do it?” she asked.

“Mimicry is one of my cardinal sins,” replied Merri.

“I think it is a ‘*dandy*’ gift,” observed the Princess demurely.

“So you are really learning to use slang,” said Merri with a laugh. “Oh, just look at that coloring!”

“It is as though a rainbow had fallen from the sky,” said the Princess, “and been absorbed into those rock minarets and domes.”

“How poetic!” exclaimed Mr. Clarke, “yet how true.”

The entire gorge seemed to flame with color. The underlying shade is yellow, deepened into orange. Near the base, dark moss shades rolled into vivid green. Many shades of rich brown blended into deep purple hues, dainty lavenders or pale greys. Great white rocks stand out like spectres of the past; lofty red turrets shoot up, crimson as though stained in blood. A perfect wilderness of color, before which one stands appalled—filled with awe and reverence for this masterpiece of creation.

The distance from the Thumb to the Canyon being short, our tourists have ample time upon arrival at the latter, to follow the various foot

paths which lead to exceptionally fine views of the Falls or Canyon.

Upon one of these trails, Merri and the Princess, who had wandered off alone, met Rex, also upon investigation bent.

"I say chum!" he cried, "Isn't it gorgeous? Did you ever see such coloring?"

"Never!" she replied. "It is as vivid as a sunset—as dainty as a flower. I am simply too full for utterance."

"Oh, say" remarked the boy, "you should have heard the Bride-groom."

"Did he say 'nice thing—nice thing—upon my word?'" questioned Miss Lewis.

"No," replied Rex. "He looked a moment at the Canyon, then exclaimed in sorrow not unmixed with disgust, 'Suffering Moses! What a waste! Why in the name of common sense did God Almighty hide this handsome piece of scenery way off here? Why didn't he set it down in Central Park or along the Hudson, where folks could see it without going to the end of creation?'"

Merri laughed heartily and the Princess also enjoyed Rex's description. The boy amused her greatly.

"We are going down Tommy's Trail after lunch," he remarked. "I hope you two feel up to it."

"Would it not be more correct to say down to it?" asked Merri.

"Perhaps so," he replied, "I believe we go down fifteen hundred feet."

"It matters not if it were fifteen thousand feet," returned Merri. "I am game for any adventure the Park affords."

"You are a partner worth having," replied Rex with enthusiasm. "I'll meet you at three sharp, in front of Tommy's cabin, and see you safely down the trail."

"O. K.," answered Merri.

The princess was sorely puzzled.

"I was startled to hear that you were 'game,'" she said slowly, "but 'caught on' to the fact that it meant brave. This O. K. is beyond me. What means it, my friend?"

"It means," said Rex, "All Korrekt; and is good American for without further trouble."

"Is it an American custom to abbreviate many words?" asked the Princess.

"It is," replied Merri. "You see, we are so progressive, we really have not time for speaking the whole word. When it comes to action, we lead the world, but our language leaves much to be desired."

"I do not criticise," remarked the Princess. "I merely do not understand your abbreviations, slang and negro dialect."

"That reminds me, Miss Lewis," said Rex. "I am depending largely upon your songs and stories for tonight's performance. See that you are prepared."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," returned the girl, "but I simply cannot assist."

"Not assist!" shrieked Rex, "you, the star performer backing down! Are you ill?"

"No," she began, "but I—"

"Then but me no buts, young woman," cried the irate stage manager. "You are booked for this show and you've got to perform."

"Listen, foolish boy," said Merri gravely. "Ever since I heard the Mystic discourse upon the great things of life I have been thinking, 'how best can I follow the Path.' Surely cake-walks and coon songs will not speed me on my way. Besides, the terrific grandeur of this canyon fills me with such sublime feelings that I find no room in my heart for frivolity."

"Oh" groaned Rex, "that I should live to see this day of bitter disappointment. I suppose you'll be going into a Yogi nunnery," he continued sadly.

"Are you never overcome with the serious side of life?" asked Merri. "Do you ever consider the terrible responsibilities we all must face—all that the mere act of living entails upon us?"

“Of course I do;” returned Rex, “just now the ‘terrible responsibility’ of that minstrel threatens to turn my hair grey, yet you meanly desert me in my hour of need. You pretend to love the Princess, yet refuse to aid in her amusement. You may think it a ‘change of heart,’ but I call it mean and selfish.”

“Perhaps it is,” she assented meekly, “I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have lost all interest in such things. Without enthusiasm one can do nothing. Just now, my one desire is to hear the Mystic speak, and to begin my journey along the Path.”

“The Mystic,” replied Rex, “is a gentleman, and a scholar; a man of sense and of true piety. Now, I bet my hat he would advise you to give your best efforts for the entertainment of your friends.”

“I will not seek to persuade,” said the Princess, “I respect your scruples, although I would much enjoy your songs.”

“And I’ve been counting on you for the cake-walk,” grumbled Rex. “Our cook-lady has promised a cake to the best couple and a lot of drivers and maids are going in for it. Surely you won’t go back on me, chum—where else could I find a partner?”

“I suppose I shall have to do it,” she said

grudgingly, "but be sure to have the frolic before the Mystic lectures, or I can do nothing."

"Leave that to your Uncle!" replied Rex with enthusiasm. "I knew my chum would not forsake me."

"You need never be sure of what a woman will do," answered Merri.

"Just now," said the Princess, "two of them should bid this boy adieu and hasten to the hotel. Our party may grow uneasy at our long absence."

After lunch they were driven to Inspiration Point, a distance of about two miles from the hotel.

The driveway follows as nearly as possible, the very edge of the canyon, affording some rarely beautiful scenery.

At Point Lookout, situated a half mile below the falls, one can obtain an excellent view of both falls and canyon. It is twelve hundred feet above the river; and being so near the hotel, is much frequented by tourists. A trail down the ravine led them to Red Rock, which lies under Point Lookout.

"The driver said" remarked Merri, as they viewed their surroundings, "that this is the very best view to be had of the falls."

"It is beautiful," replied the Princess with-

out enthusiasm, "but why should we follow all these trails. Is not one view sufficient?"

"I fear you are lazy," returned Merri. "Of course we must see the falls and canyon from every possible point. That, just now, is our business in life."

"Do you never tire of it?" asked the Princess.

"Never!" cried Merri, "I'd love to stay in the Park a year; then I'd think only of when I could return."

After crossing the bridge they made a short stop at Artist Point, where Moran painted his celebrated picture of the falls. The artist had chosen his ground well; no other spot could have given him such grand scenic effects.

Looking down stream, the view of the canyon is incomparable, with its vividly colored spires and domes, while a glance up the river shows the full beauty of the falls.

"The artist who attempted this scene was undoubtedly a man of great courage," remarked Mr. Clarke. "It would require absolute faith in one's own powers to induce him to even begin the task."

"Of course," began Merri, "he was a genius—"

"My dear girl," returned Clarke, "genius only means confidence in one's power of accom-

plishment, united to an unlimited capacity for hard work."

"Then," said Merri, "you think one can do absolutely anything, if he tries hard enough and long enough?"

"Yes," answered her cousin, "provided he has an abiding faith in his power of attainment. Without absolute confidence in Self, one need never attempt a task of any magnitude."

After enjoying the wonderful view from Inspiration Point, our party drove to the home of that sturdy explorer known as "Uncle Tommy." Guided by that celebrity, in person, they made the descent to the very foot of the falls.

Their guide discoursed fluently upon the wonders of the canyon, and "caused each particular hair to stand on end" by the thrilling experiences he related, all pertaining to his efforts to find and perfect this same trail for public use.

"Yes, Marm," he said, "there was times when I hung over the brink of the chasm, holding to a bare rock, or a bough of a tree, not knowing what minute I'd be hurled into eternity."

"Were you scared, Uncle Tom?" asked Rex, who had joined them at the cabin.

"Yes, child," replied Tom, "scared as the

devil; but I grit my teeth and hilt on, and the Good Master guided my feet aright."

"I comprehend not," said the Princess, "why you suffered such hardship! Were you compelled to do it?"

"Yes, Miss;" returned Uncle Tom, "but thar warn't no man compelled me. It was just my own nature. You know some folks ain't never happy unless they is running into the wuss kind of danger."

Over the most difficult places wooden steps have been constructed—three hundred and sixty-five in all, though not continuous.

This rendered the descent comparatively easy, permitting the tourist an opportunity to rest, when tired, and to admire the view without fear of breaking his neck. The entire trail is charmingly picturesque, and will remain a distinct remembrance to all who follow its intricate mazes.

"You must hold my hand, Uncle Tom," said Merri, "I don't want to tumble down the chasm."

"Bless your heart, Sissy," replied the guide, "its plumb safe."

The Vegetarian, who had also joined them, seized her hand and held it firmly.

Rex laughed openly; Mr. Clarke looked

amused; while the Princess appeared deeply shocked.

“You need someone to look after you,” he insisted, as he helped her over the rough places. “Ethel always said I could help her better than anyone else.”

“You are very kind,” she murmured politely.

“Oh,” he returned, “I’d be kinder still, if you didn’t freeze all the blood in my veins. Now, you are just the sort of woman that I want for—”

“Oh, just look at that frightful chasm!” she cried with a shudder. “Is it not appalling?”

“Yes, yes—but as I was saying—”

“And suppose,” she continued, determined to out-talk him, “just suppose one should fall—”

“Do not be afraid,” he said tenderly, “I will protect you with my life. Ethel always said that I could—”

The situation was becoming desperate. Merri looked around for aid. The stalwart form of Uncle Tom strode on in front, while her friends walked leisurely behind her, not caring to follow the break-neck gait of the Vegetarian.

In despair of controlling the conversation, Merri sat upon a bank of loose gravel to await her friends.

"Go on," she said, "I must stop a moment."

She did not know the full capacity of the man.

"I suppose you've got a pebble in your shoe," he said. "I'll get it out for you. Ethel always said I could beat anyone she ever saw putting on her shoes."

To her horror, he fell upon one knee, removed her neat tan Oxford and after shaking it vigorously, replaced it deftly. As, with great nicety, he finished tying the ribbon bow, Rex and the Princess joined them.

The Princess looked distressed, while Rex made no effort to hide his amusement.

"Pardon our intrusion," he said, with elaborate politeness, "The trail is too narrow to admit of a detour."

"She thought there was a pebble in her shoe," replied the Vegetarian, "but I found nothing."

Merri laughed nervously.

"You misunderstood me," she said, "I merely wanted to rest a while and admire the scenery."

Aside to the Princess she whispered, "For heaven sake do not leave me alone with that man!"

"My poor friend!" murmured the Princess.

"He does look dangerous. I fear his great yellow teeth, and his mighty jaws."

"I am more in fear of his tender speeches," replied Merri.

At last they reach the end of the trail, where the river, now a narrow stream, flows between towering walls of brilliant hue; and where the beautiful falls foam and sparkle in the sunlight.

"My lord, man," spluttered the Bride-groom, as he stumbled along, "I think you should pay us for coming down this break-neck trail of yours, instead of filching our pockets of money."

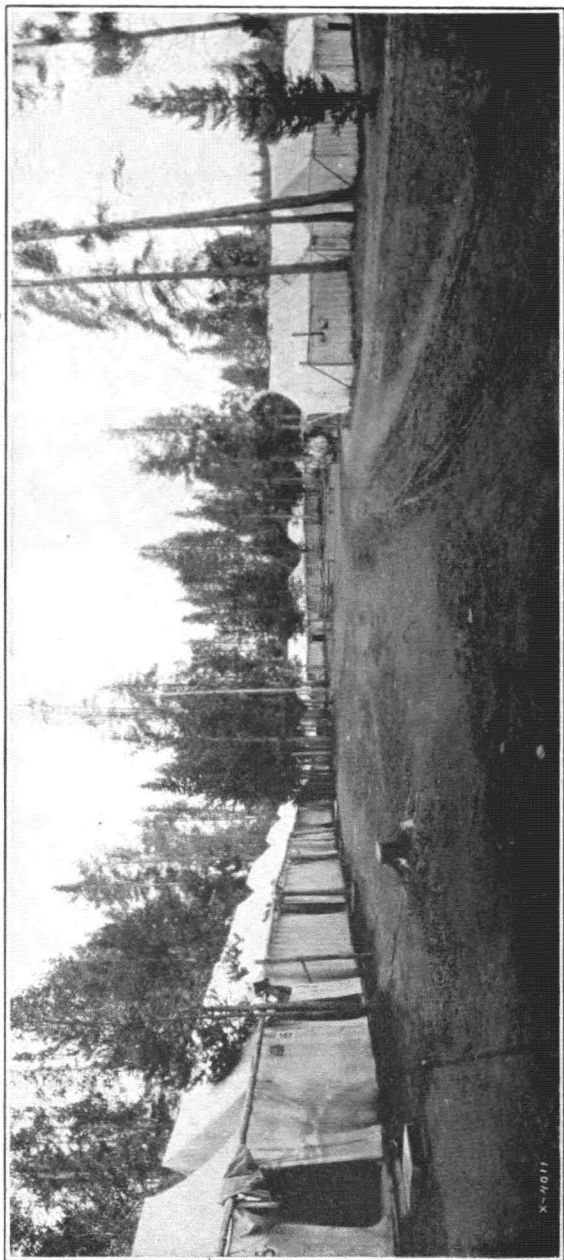
"What you talking about, Mister?" replied Uncle Tom, with a laugh. "I ain't charging you nothing for bringing you down here."

"The dickens you're not!" exclaimed the Groom, "Then why the devil did we have to show the color of our money before we started?"

"Oh, that," remarked the pioneer gravely, "was for bringing you back, safe and sound. If you'll agree to wait down here an hour after we start back, then come up alone, I'll give you back your half dollar."

"Not on your life!" yelled the Groom, "I'll be the first man to follow you on the uptrail."

"Then quit your kicking," drawled Uncle Tom, "and act the gentleman, even if you ain't one."



WYLIE CAMP

X-4071

CHAPTER XXII

BOTH GAY AND GRAVE

The long tables had been removed from the commodious dining-tent of the Wylie Camping Company, and seats had been arranged for the accommodation of spectators.

The young people were inspired not only with the desire to please the gracious Princess, but to enjoy the physical pleasure derived from active exercise.

Baby Lou, who knew the attainments of the girls at each camp, and the powers of the young drivers, assisted greatly in arranging the program.

Only those who could personate negroes were allowed to take part; for the minstrel was intended to give the Princess an accurate idea of the picturesque black race of America. The cook provided burnt cork, while the good-natured matron ransacked the camp for suitable "make-up."

The Princess was charmed. She greatly enjoyed the quaint sayings and the pathetic songs although she did not always understand the drift of the language.

Miss Lewis, her sunny hair hidden beneath a red bandanna, her rosy complexion deepened to inky black, and her slender form transfigured to the comfortable proportions of the typical "ole Mammy," delighted her audience with a wierd piece of folk-lore, wherein was given the reason why the robin has a red breast. This recital so charmed her hearers, most of whom were northern people, that she sang a dear little coon-song, her rendition being so perfect that one could hardly realize she was not a negro.

The comic songs, and the "shuffle" appealed strongly to the audience, but the cake-walk proved the striking feature of the occasion. Six couples entered the contest and acquitted themselves so well that the "Honorable Judges" were much puzzled how to decide the weighty question. When struggling with the problem a seventh couple approached, coming through the front entrance, down the long aisle.

Who can describe a real cake-walk, the dance above all others into which one throws all the enthusiasm of his individuality? Merri and Rex, both being well-trained gymnasts, did more than one "fancy stunt."

The delighted audience encored vociferously, and the judges awarded them the cake without hesitation.

"Did you like it?" asked Merri. Relieved of

her make-up, she slipped quietly in behind the Princess, and placed one hand caressingly upon that lady's arm.

"I liked it very much," replied the Princess. "I find it hard to believe that my dearest friend was once a funny little fat black woman. But that dance—we have nothing like it in India. Of course we have dancing girls, whose movements are very graceful and full of emotion—but your cake-walk is full of vigor and things most unexpected."

"Where did you learn those stunts?" asked the Vegetarian admiringly. "I have seen nothing better among professionals."

"Oh," laughed Merri, "one does not learn a cake-walk—he must evolve it from his inner consciousness."

Around the great camp-fire had gathered not only the Wylie people, but visitors from the hotel and tourists from other camps. After this evening they could not hope to hear the Yogi again, so all who could took advantage of this last opportunity.

"My friends," said the Mystic, "as many of you, no doubt, wish light upon some special subject, we shall devote this, our last evening, to the asking and answering of questions."

"Holy Father," remarked Rex, "I have long been anxious to hear of Atlantis. Pray tell us

more of that once powerful country and its gifted people.”

“Geologically considered,” replied the Yogi, “Atlantis belonged to the Cenolithic of Tertiary period, including the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene ages. It had more mountains than valleys, their summits being lost in the clouds. Its strata depth is five thousand feet. The Atlantic Ocean was then but an immense river; but as America rose above the waters to the west of her, Atlantis slowly sank, and the river became an ocean.

“The inhabitants were of two distinct races, as I before stated, each race being well versed in primeval wisdom, and the secrets of nature. They enjoyed a higher degree of civilization than has yet been attained by any earth nation, and their religion, in the beginning, was pure and beautiful. But they became terrible sorcerers, and by their own wickedness hastened their end. As Atlantis sank other parts of the country rose from the waters and became inhabitable. These were colonized from the one central source; hence the similarity in the manners, customs and religious belief of all peoples.”

“Will there be another submergence?” asked Rex. “Will the world as we know it continue

to the end, or will the story of Atlantis be repeated?"

"The crust of the earth is constantly changing," returned the Mystic.

"I know that;" replied the boy, "but will there be another absolute submergence of an entire continent?"

"Here, in America," resumed the Mystic, "is beginning the sixth sub-race, the forerunner of the great root-race which will be the last to people this planet. Long before their time, however, will occur mighty cataclysms which will cause much of the continent to sink beneath the waters. In the west, out of the Pacific, will rise a land which shall be joined to a part of what is now America, and connected also to ancient Egypt. This land will be a fit home for the last race, for among its people will be found many re-incarnates of ancient Egyptians."

"What you say of re-incarnation," remarked Mrs. Chapman, "reminds me of Vivekananda, whom I heard lecture during our Columbian Exposition. Do you belong to the same school of philosophy, and did you know him personally?"

"We are of the same school," replied the Mystic. "I know and love him as a brother."

"Why," returned the surprised lady, "you

speak as though he still lived. Is he not dead?"

"He has passed out of the mortal," corrected the Mystic. "What you call death is but the door to another life."

"But why did he allow himself to die?" persisted the lady. "If he possessed the same knowledge that you do, why did he not use it to prolong his own life—why did he not remain on earth, where he was calculated to accomplish so much good to humanity?"

"He had attained that experience which he most desired," replied the Mystic, "and, in the full flush of his youth and beauty, entered the higher life. Why should one wait till he is old and decrepit? Why not pass on in the full enjoyment of mental and physical vigor?"

"But he was such a loss to the world," replied Mrs. Chapman.

"His life teachings will be long remembered," answered the Mystic.

"But, from out of the East shall come a light which will illumine the world."

"You mean" questioned Merri, "that some great teacher will soon appear?"

"I do," responded the sage.

"Who is he?" asked Rex. "I hope he is from India, and is as good a Christian as you are."

The Yogi smiled.

"The coming Master," he replied, "is a Hin-

doo Mystic of wonderful power. His teachings will appeal most powerfully to students and philosophers, but the strength and power of his mighty influence shall be felt throughout the world."

"And his name, Holy One?" cried Rex, "tell us his name."

"He is Rakadazan;" answered the Mystic, "a name as yet unknown to you, but one which is destined to be emblazoned upon the memory of nations."

"What a blessed privilege to die young," exclaimed Merri, "I think it horrible for the soul to be forced to remain here when the body is wasted by sickness and disease."

"It need never reach that state," replied the Yogi, "the soul can free itself, when prepared for higher unfoldment. What you call death is but the door to a new life. It should be attended by neither pain nor sorrow. We should enter the new sphere in the full vigor of health, with every faculty alert."

Merri rose, and walking to where the Mystic sat, knelt beside him.

"Oh, Holy One," she cried, "teach me to so live that I may attain this blessed, painless transition into another life. Help me to cast aside the frivolities of life and set my feet firmly

upon the Path of Attainment. I would be thy *chela* and follow thee to the ends of earth."

The audience regarded the Maid with mingled horror and surprise. Surely a beautiful young woman, so gifted and attractive, would not sacrifice her prospects for a mere sentiment.

The Mystic laid his hand tenderly upon the golden head, as he gently replied,

"You have a beautiful life before you, my child. Your feet will be guided along the Path by one who loves you. We shall meet again upon this plane, but you cannot be my *chela*."

"You do not think me too frivolous for the deeper studies of life?" she asked.

"I do not advise you to spend your whole life in doing cake-walks," replied the Yogi, with a smile, "nor in singing comic songs. There is no harm in these things; and, when done purely to give pleasure to others, they contain virtue. But they do not tend to raise your vibrations nor assist you in concentrating upon the Real. As you unfold, these desires will drop from you. No one asks you to give them up; you will become so absorbed in the Real, that you will have no time for the froth; you will drop all that binds you to the Wheel of Things."

"Then," continued Merri, "to really attain perfection, one should separate himself from

the world, and devote his entire time to soul culture?"

"When one desires the highest," returned the priest, "seclusion from the world is at first absolutely necessary. When, by strict diet, and continuous contemplation, he has attained mastery of self, the *chela* may again mingle with his fellows."

"Why is seclusion necessary?" asked Mrs. Danvers.

"As the student develops," explained the Yogi, "his organism becomes more sensitive to disturbing influences. Little things, which before were passed unnoticed, jar upon, and disturb his vibrations. In the beginning it is necessary that he be shielded from all influences likely to disturb or retard his development."

"Surely," said Mrs. Chapman, "you do not advise our young people to give up marriage, and all the duties they owe to society, and become hermits?"

"I do not, Madame," returned the Mystic. "All must have experience, and each soul seeks that special experience of which he stands most in need. Therefore, it is well to marry and to rear children; to make money and to use it discreetly; to fill high places and to rule with wisdom; thus only will the soul be satisfied to

leave the illusions of flesh and seek the Real.”

The audience was surprised.

“You believe in love and marriage?” asked Merri in wonder.

“Love,” responded the Yogi, “is the most beautiful of sentiments; true marriage the most sacred bond, and the divine trinity of family life—father, mother, child—the most holy state that can exist. Woe betide the woman who marries for convenience, or the man who desecrates this holy union with lust of passion. Both are creating hell for themselves, and the sins of the parents shall be visited upon their offspring for unborn generations.”

“Suppose it was a question of money?” asked Merri. “Would a woman be justified in marrying merely that she might retain her fortune?”

“No,” emphatically declared the Mystic. “Such a union does not constitute marriage; it is the desecration of a holy institution—an unpardonable sin against soul and body.”

“And when people truly love,” persisted Merri, “they should marry against all obstacles?”

“Not always,” replied the Priest. “Union of soul is the only true marriage. Sometimes it is best that the bodies be not united; but no law, no circumstance, can deprive the soul of its mate.”

The glowing eyes of Mr. Clarke met the involuntary glance of his cousin. Forgetting the fact that they were being observed with interest, each read the soul of the other, and was satisfied.

"I beg," said Mrs. Danvers, "that you will tell me more about *prana*, and how I may acquire that wonderful force."

"That part of *pranayama* which attempts to control *prana* by means of the mentality," replied the Yogi, "is called Raja Yoga. It may be acquired by concentration and by chaste living. *Prana* is contained in the air you breathe, the water you drink and the food you eat. It is well, therefore, to take into your body the best and purest of these. All this you will learn in that part of our philosophy which is called Hatha Yoga. It deals with the science of living and should be thoroughly mastered by all; no one can possess a great soul without having a clean body."

"If I study hard under proper instruction," continued Mrs. Danvers, "how long will it take me to grasp and control this wonderful *prana*?"

"Some have attained it in three months," replied the Yogi; "some in six—others never. A master is necessary to direct the student and protect him from the unseen forces; but upon the *chela* depends his own progress."

“Is a master absolutely necessary?” asked Mrs. Danvers.

“One may develop alone,” replied the Yogi, “but at best the way is long and hard. The neophyte is like a child beginning to read. How rapid his progress under instruction; how slow when he puzzles out each word alone. When, after long struggle and weary waiting, the Unseen opens before the unprepared eyes of the neophyte, he understands it not. A mighty terror seizes him at the threshold—the madness of fear overcomes him.”

“I have no wish to delve into the astral world,” remarked Mrs. Danvers. “I simply desire to control the vital force you call *prana* and put it into practical use. I am a physician. It will be of inestimable benefit to my profession.”

“If possible,” replied the Yogi, “take a course of lessons in Hatha Yoga, under a master. If you cannot do this, procure a simply written book upon that subject; study and practice in your home. Pay special attention to the breath, for upon it much depends. Have absolute confidence in your power to attain whatever you may desire, and eliminate fear from your mind. Train and direct the will; it is a powerful force. Have the will that says, ‘at my command mountains shall crumble.’ With will,

combine energy and perseverance. Naught can withstand this trinity."

"You make strange use of the word trinity," remarked Mrs. Chapman. "With us the Holy Trinity applies only to the *Godhead*."

"The Holy Trinity is expressed throughout nature," replied the Yogi.

"Pray pardon the personal question," said Mrs. Chapman, "but do you, and Vivakananda and all the rest of you Yogi people worship our God?"

The Mystic smiled.

"Madame," he said, "you ask a hard question. Vivakananda belonged to the same school of philosophy at which I studied. We worship the One Source of All. Our great endeavor is to develop the spark of divinity within, that we may in time attain perfection. You, in this little crowd, call yourselves Christians. How many of you worship the same God?"

"All of us, of course!" exclaimed the indignant lady.

"Within his own heart," calmly continued the Mystic, "each has reared a God—each worships his individual conception of deity. So it is with every tribe, every country. Some of you, in this enlightened America, picture a large, perfectly shaped man, clothed in fine raiment, seated upon a gorgeous throne, a thunder-

bolt in one hand, forked lightning in the other. This being they call God, and worship him through fear of the thunderbolt and terror of the lightning flash."

"That is only God the Father," remarked the Bridegroom, with a hideous grin. "Don't forget God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, that's up there, too, helping to hold down the job."

"Oh, my dear—" protested the Bride.

"Hold your tongue, Lula," roared her lord. "If you want to swallow a lot of rubbish about angels and demons, I have no objections; but you can't cram that stuff down my throat."

The Bride looked so distressed that the Vegetarian hastened to fill the pause which followed the last outburst from her spouse.

"I do not quite understand your theory of reincarnation," he said. "Why must I return to earth time and again?"

"No one compels your return," replied the Yogi. "The force of your own desire draws you within the earth-current. If you depart this life with any unfulfilled desire, any ungratified ambition, an intense longing will compel the soul to return for this coveted experience. We are taught that one never reincarnates outside of his own karma. At re-birth the soul selects its own parents, and the environment best adapted to supply the experience he needs."

“Well,” remarked the Groom, “if you mean that the soul jumps into the skin of some child, at its birth, I think most of ’em show mighty poor judgment in choosing their parents and condition in life.”

“My brother,” replied the Mystic, “you do not understand. The soul, when freed from the illusions of flesh, sees with the clear eyes of the spirit. It then understands that certain influences will develop in it the qualities most desired; that peculiar environment will afford experiences most necessary for its unfoldment. We see but the outward effect; who can tell the inner working of the spirit?”

“It matters not how hard the trial, nor how terrible the pain, he who has gained wisdom will say, ‘I will welcome every experience, be it pleasure or pain, that comes to me along the Path of Development.’”

“And now, I thank you for this pleasant evening around the campfire. The memory of it shall remain long with me. My heart embraces each one of you. We are brothers—children of the All-Father.

“May the divine spark within each heart become a mighty flame of love. May that love consume the dross of wordly desire, leaving you pure and noble.

“May you behold the thousand-petaled Lotus of the Spirit, and attain bliss unspeakable.”

CHAPTER XXIII

ANOTHER MIRACLE

As the Grand Canyon is the place, of all others, from which to make side trips, the Rajah's party decided to rent a team and go where and when they wished.

Miss Lewis was sorry to bid farewell to the kind Wylie people, and to her more intimate friends, the Chapmans and Danvers.

"Dear chum," said Rex, as he held her hand, "I shall never forget you. Your image is indelibly stamped upon my memory, in intimate connection with the most sublime emotions of my life. I can never think of this gorgeous trip without recalling my dear little pal; and, though miles apart, I shall miss you, and long for you, together with the hot springs, geysers and other wonders we have enjoyed together."

Merri laughed heartily.

"It is dear of you to associate me with such marvelous works of nature," she said, "and I am glad you cannot separate me from your memories of the Park."

"You know," continued the boy, "you are the most satisfactory chum I ever had. You are

so nice and jolly and never try to make a fellow feel small,"

"Thanks," she returned, "I can reciprocate. You are the dearest boy I know."

"Chum," he said with conviction, "I always knew you were blessed with an intellect above the average. Would you mind very much if I kissed you?"

"Certainly not," replied Merri indulgently "I should feel quite hurt if you neglected that brotherly attention."

"Well," he said, as he performed that rite, "you are a brick!"

"I greatly appreciate your kindness to my boy," said Mrs. Chapman, as she, too, kissed the girl. "You have been so sweet to us both that you feel like our very own."

"I shall think of you often," remarked Mrs. Danvers. "But for you, we should not have met that delightful Mystic."

"I trust," said the Doctor, "that we may meet again upon the highway of life."

"You are all so lovely to me!" exclaimed the girl, deeply moved, "I cannot thank you for the kindness you have shown the forlorn little stranger you met just a week ago. This trip will be the sweetest memory of my life; and each of you shall be forever enshrined within my heart."

They were in the coach, about to start, when a figure was seen approaching in hot haste. He waved his hat and called aloud, making frantic efforts to attract their attention. The Princess covered him with her field-glasses, while the coach waited, its occupants filled with mild expectation.

"Ah, my friend!" exclaimed the Princess in deep concern. "It is he of the long teeth. What can he desire of you?"

"Be still, my heart!" murmured Merri in a tone of anguish. "How can I stand the parting?"

"Such deep devotion!" exclaimed Mr. Clarke. "But really, he is a fine fellow, despite his many fads."

Nearer came the Vegetarian, his hat in one hand, a huge bunch of wild flowers in the other.

"I say!" he cried, when within speaking distance, "I want to tell you good-bye. We'll be gone when you get back tonight. To be sure we may meet in Livingston, but one never knows."

"I see" said Merri, "that you are as industrious as ever. How far did you go for those flowers?"

"Oh," he returned, "I only walked about five miles. You should have been with me. I saw two buffalo, and six elk, beside a lot of other deer, all as gentle as kittens."

"I am sorry to have missed them," replied Merri, as she gave him her hand in farewell.

"You know," he said, regarding her earnestly, "I mortally hate to say good-bye. I feel as if I have known you a life-time. You are the only woman I ever met since poor Ethel died that I ever felt could take—"

"Here is my address," interrupted Mr. Clarke, handing his card to the Vegetarian. Merri gave him a grateful smile.

"I shall be glad to see you at any time," resumed Mr. Clarke. "If you are ever in my vicinity look me up."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the Vegetarian placing the card in his pocket-book.

"Good-bye, old fellow, and good luck to you."

The two men shook hands; the Vegetarian bowed to the royal party, and the coach drove on.

"Why does it really pain me to part from these people whom I had not seen a week ago?" asked Merri.

"It is because your *aura* has become so blended with theirs," said the Mystic, "that it causes a severe wrench to separate them; hence the pain at parting."

"Oh wonderful man!" exclaimed Merri, "is there anything you do not know?"

"Many things;" responded the Mystic, "but

none that I cannot discover if I so desire. The human mind is infinite in its capacity. Man is only beginning to vaguely comprehend his own powers. There is no limit to his attainments, save that which he himself may place."

"You attribute nothing to circumstances, or to environment?" asked Merri.

"We create our own circumstances," replied the Yogi. "There is no such thing as accident or chance. We get only what we create for ourselves."

The last, and by far the most delightful excursion taken by this congenial little party was to the summit of Mount Washburn, ten thousand feet above the sea-level.

Rising some five thousand feet above the valley from which it springs, it presents a most majestic appearance. Standing upon the summit, one looks down upon the grandly beautiful panorama, as does the eagle, soaring aloft amid the clouds. Far away, as far as the eye can reach, lies a mass of snowy mountains—range upon range, growing dim and vague in the distance. Nearer by rises the serrated peak of Pilot Mountain, while in the misty distance is seen the snowy summits of the Madison Range.

"Look at those great spots of steam," said Mr. Clarke. "They proceed from the geyser-basin thirty miles away."

“It is fascinating” replied Merri, “to watch the vapor from the geysers form into fleecy white clouds.”

“Those bits of silver,” said the Princess, “that flash upon the hillside, amid rich green forest growth—what are they?”

“They are water-falls,” replied Mr. Clarke, “or fragments of ice-glaciers, which have not yet completed their task of sculpturing these mountains.”

Yellowstone Lake, with its vivid blue waters, and its dainty islands, is plainly seen, its silvery outlet winding down upon its wonderful journey to the sea. The Grand Canyon, which from this point appears to be a frightful chasm, soon closes upon the shining waters, and shuts them from view.

Our party were loath to leave this enchanting spot, for the view was indescribably beautiful. When, finally, they forced themselves to leave Mount Washburn, they followed the road leading to the petrified trees, and from thence to Norris Basin, completing the circuit of the “Frying-Pan.”

While the entire area of Yellowstone Park is filled with highly interesting formations, the study of which would consume much time, the gigantic wonders are embraced within the “Frying-Pan,” the route of one hundred and

fifty miles of roadway being suggestive of that useful article. Taking the main road at Norris Basin, our tourists turned toward Gardiner (following the handle of the frying-pan), determined to stop no more by the wayside.

Their driver amused them with quaint stories about the Park, and told a number of stock jokes which the Princess found quite entertaining.

"One day," he informed them, "the waterman who sprinkles this part of the road, filled his tank at Alum Creek, where he found a lot of Chicago women bathing their feet."

"Why Chicago women?" asked Merri. "Are they the only privileged class?"

"Why, you see," responded the driver, glancing admiringly at the dainty foot of the maiden, "the Chicago women are famous for big feet, and alum water always shrinks everything it touches. Understand?"

"Is it really true?" asked the Princess.

"I do not know," replied Merri. "At any rate we do not need to experiment, thank fortune."

"Why bless your heart, ma'am," said the driver, "I saw one of them women take off her shoe and use it for a boat—positive fact."

"Tell us about it," begged Merri, who knew there was no truth in the statement.

This was a new man, not the master of slang who had brought them from the Upper Basin. He had a story for every occasion, and told it with keen relish, much to the delectation of his hearers.

"It happened at the Thumb," he resumed. "The lady's little child cried to go in a boat that was just leaving shore, so the mother pulled off her shoe, put the kid in it, with a bit of board to paddle with, and launched the craft."

"Was it not a terrible risk?" asked the Princess in all earnestness.

"Well, you see, ma'am," drawled the driver, "she knew that the thick cork sole would keep the shoe afloat; besides she had hold of the strings."

"Oh hush!" laughed Merri, "you get worse and worse."

The man assumed a hurt look, his tone grave and sincere.

"As I was saying," he continued, "the waterman sprinkled his beat with alum water, one afternoon, and the next day, the road was two miles short—shrank over night!"

"How could that be possible?" asked the Princess.

"Very remarkable," assented Merri, humoring the joke, "I hope the man was promptly

punished for carelessly destroying a part of the road."

"He was, ma'am," gravely replied the driver.

"How was he punished?" asked the Princess, much interested.

"They made him lie in Alum Creek till he shrank small enough to creep through a key-hole,—positive fact."

Even the Princess laughed at the extravagant statement.

"Young man," remarked Mr. Clarke, "you are a fluent liar."

"Well, you see, Mister," replied the driver with much complacency, "I am a lineal descendant of Ananias, the crack liar of Bible days."

"You seem proud of that distinction," returned Mr. Clarke.

"Who is not proud of ancient lineage?" gravely replied the Liar. "The distinguishing family trait is always well developed in one member of every generation."

"And you are the Ananias of the present generation?" asked Merri.

"You have said it," gravely responded the driver.

The road over which they were driving was extremely narrow. A high rocky wall rose ab-

ruptly on the right, while upon the left yawned a deep gorge.

"I should awfully hate to meet another team," remarked Merri.

"It is not likely," replied Ananias, "but a good driver could easily pass us."

The words were scarcely spoken, when, from the other end of the road, a team was seen, rapidly approaching them.

The ladies caught their breath, but gave no sign of fear.

"Be careful, driver," said Mr. Clarke. "Remember the ladies, and take no risk."

"You may trust me sir," began the driver "I never yet—My God! it's a runaway! There is no driver on the seat. May God have mercy on our souls!"

The Princess turned pale with terror, but did not scream. Mr. Clarke held his cousin's hand, and in a firm tone said, "courage."

Though greatly frightened Merri sat perfectly still, gazing in fascination at the terrified horses that pranced madly toward them. Ananias grit his teeth, braced his feet, and held his horses in an iron grip. It was impossible to turn in that narrow road; so all he could do was to give the frightened creatures as much room as possible, trusting that a higher power would enable them to pass in safety.

On came the runaways, prancing wildly. Their great eyes were blazing with terror; their nostrils widely distended, white foam dripping from their mouths.

Ananias drove as near the wall as possible, his horses under perfect control. Merri shut her eyes and held her breath to await the shock. In this one moment, which might be her last, she saw her whole life pictured, as in a lightning flash. She saw her aunt's distress; she even read the startling newspaper reports of her tragic end. The firm grip of her cousin's fingers calmed her, somehow. After all, it was not so dreadful to die. Were not they together? Whatever happened, nothing could part her from the man she loved—but she did not want to die—life held so much of interest, and with this dear one—

One minute—two minutes passed,—and still they lived. She opened her eyes in wonder.

The runaway carriage was only a few feet away. In front of the horses stood the Mystic, calm and majestic. In some mysterious way he had conquered the terrified creatures, which now stood trembling, but otherwise quiet. Speaking gently to the poor creatures, he stroked and patted them caressingly. They whinnied with pleasure, and rubbed their noses against his hand.

The driver stared in wonder, his eyes never leaving the Mystic.

“Is he the Angel Gabriel?” he questioned, “or the Devil?”

“Neither,” replied Clarke, “he is a very pious Hindoo priest.”

“Is there anything he cannot do?” asked Merri.

“I think not,” returned her cousin. “Throughout the many years of our acquaintance, I have never known him to fail in anything he tried to accomplish.”

“Well,” remarked Ananias with a sigh, “I wish to the Lord he’d teach me how to handle runaway horses.”

The driver of the empty carriage rushed up the road, panting heavily.

“I’ve run over a mile,” he gasped. “I knew they were likely to meet another team here, and only God knows what would happen if the other fellow lost his head.”

He was a “sage-brusher” he explained; (they belong to no specially organized party) he had just left the horses a moment to point out something of special interest to his party, which had dismounted, when the horses became frightened by a chipmunk running across the road. He called to them, but that made matters worse. A great stone rolled down the hill-side

opposite, and fell into the gorge below. This utterly demoralized them.

"I am deeply grateful to you, sir," he said, addressing the Mystic, "for preventing an accident. They might have run into your team, or jumped into that awful chasm."

"All of that might have happened," replied the Mystic, "and you alone would have been responsible. In future be more faithful to your trust. You know the dangers of the Park, and the responsibility of driving over these dangerous highways. See to it, my brother, that no careless deed on your part brings sorrow or death to others."

With fervent thanks, and many promises for future carefulness, the man drove off, that he might, in time, turn his vehicle, and regain his party.

The Mystic quietly resumed his seat, unruffled by the thrilling situation he had just controlled. The coach moved on.

The little party was strangely quiet. None cared to talk, though some of them thought deeply. Even Ananias was dumb. Afterwards, in describing the adventure to his fellow drivers and choice companions, he said:

"I tell you boys, it was HELL! Those wild horses were plunging toward us like mad, with no earthly hand to stay them. Suddenly, when

I was praying under my breath that God would strike them dead in their tracks, that old fellow was out in front of them. I don't know what he said or if he said anything; but the brutes seemed to recognize the God within him, for they grew as gentle as kittens. Fact! I swear it by the Holy Poker!"

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE ROOF-GARDEN

Miss Lewis sat in the roof-garden of the Hotel Lincoln. Little more than two weeks had passed since we first followed her to that delightful retreat; yet how changed had become her mental horizon, how full of interest and real purpose had become her hitherto aimless life.

She was daintily attired in filmy white, which became her immensely. The extreme attention she had evidently bestowed upon her toilet, together with the look of anticipation upon her face, plainly indicated that she expected a visitor.

A judicious application of cold cream and hot water had removed all traces of her recent trip through geyser-land. Altogether, she was even more beautiful than when we first saw her, busily writing in this very garden; for an expression of calm decision now gave a touch of strength to the lovely face, enhancing the charm of her saucy dimples.

“Could it be possible,” she thought, “that so much has happened in one tiny week? Surely

a year has passed since I sat here last, writing to Clotilde about the Park trip."

Ah, that incomparable trip—the people she had met; the adventures through which she passed; her friendship with the Princess and her worshipful admiration for the Mystic—and that dearer one still than all others—how could all these be crowded into one short week? And now, it was all over—like some bright beautiful dream. Yet, was it all ended? Who could tell? She recalled how, one night the Princess had kissed her and said passionately,

"Little American girl, I love you dearly. I much desire to have you with me—always. Return with me, and be of my household. My country is beautiful, my home is perfect. Be my sister, and learn to love my country."

"I love you also, like an ownie own sister—no, like a mother. You are so young, so child-like in your ways, that I feel years older and more experienced than you," replied Merri.

"I am sixteen," proudly responded the Princess, "and I have been married three months."

"Poor child! Poor little one!"

"My friend," said the Princess, "you are free—you marry when you please; you even select your husband. Not so in India. Besides, those of our rank have less liberty than the common people. A Royal Princess must marry the hus-

band that is provided, and thank the gods if he be not old and hideous."

"You have no cause of complaint, dear. The Rajah is both young and handsome."

"He is, dear one," answered the Princess, without enthusiasm. "He is also gentle and kind; but philosophy absorbs his mind. He cares more for the priest than for the wife."

"That is hard lines on the poor little wife. You should institute a mild flirtation with some other man. That would speedily arouse your husband to the charms of his beautiful wife."

"Never!" cried the Princess. "I can live without love, but I will not trifle with my honor."

"Oh, that sentiment has long since disappeared—died a natural death. All married women flirt now-a-days."

"Yes," replied the Princess in shocked tones, "I have seen the shameless ones! But I admire not the free manners that obtain between your men and women. It is unseemly."

"Honestly, now, do you think me too free with men?" asked Merri.

"No, you treat them like comrades," answered the Princess. "Some you hold off with a fine reserve—a reserve impossible to overcome; yet to all you are kind and sweet."

But then, dearest one, you are not an American—you are just You.”

“You love me for my real Self, just as I do you, my Princess,” said Merri.

“Tell me,” resumed the Princess, “I wish to ask that which you may consider improper—yet I much desire to know.”

“Ask on; I will answer to the best of my knowledge,” replied Merri.

“I have heard,” she continued gravely, “that English and American women will sometimes permit kisses from their husbands before marriage has been consummated. Can it be true? Would any really nice woman kiss her lover?”

“Strictly speaking, the men kiss us. We are rarely ever forced to make osculatory advances,” replied Merri.

Miss Lewis smiled as she recalled the shocked expression that overspread the Princess’ face at this bold rejoinder.

“Do you mean to say that really nice girls permit kisses and embraces before marriage?” she asked in horror.

“Of course they do! An engagement should be as sacred as a marriage—it is a marriage in all save form,” answered the girl.

“Would *you* suffer it?” asked the amazed lady.

“I most assuredly would. I have never been

engaged, and may never marry; but if I loved a man sufficiently to promise to become his wife, I certainly should not refuse him a few kisses."

"It is a strange custom," murmured the Hindoo, "and the girl—does she not lose caste?"

"No indeed! all lovers kiss. Now, dearie, do not think us a bold, bad lot. Remember that customs differ. When I visit you in your beautiful India, I shall, no doubt, consider some of your customs strange. You prefer them because you are reared to them; while I, who have lived much abroad, am intensely proud of being an American."

A smile of retrospection curved her lips, as she recalled another conversation she had lately enjoyed with Royalty. Strong in her desire to render the Princess more happy, she had gone to the Rajah, and bravely taken him to task for neglecting his child-wife.

"You do not consider her extreme youth and dangerous beauty," Miss Lewis had said. "Although she disdains the open admiration of the multitude, she cannot always hide her face. Other men cannot fail to admire the charms you blindly ignore. The human heart craves love—appreciation. If you fail to supply these, another may."

The Rajah was both startled and outraged by her daring speech.

"You know not our Hindoo women," he answered proudly. "They run not the danger of American wives."

"I fear you do not admire American women," she said with a laugh.

"I do not," he replied emphatically. "I like not their brazen way of going out unattended, with uncovered head and long bare arms. At the sea-side they wear too few clothes; also at social functions there is a lack of raiment. But more than all I detest their free speech and manner."

"You are hard on us," laughed the girl, "but I shall forgive your harsh criticism of us, if you will show more appreciation of the gentle charms of your own dainty wife."

The Rajah was a quiet, undemonstrative man, who said little and thought much.

After this conversation, Miss Lewis observed that his eyes rested more frequently upon the face of his wife, and that he paid her many thoughtful little attentions that had hitherto never occurred to him. No doubt he secretly compared the two women, greatly to the detriment of the fearless young American. The bold young woman rejoiced inwardly at having succeeded in arousing his interest in the wife he had accepted as unquestioningly as he did the daily toilet arranged by his faithful valet. His

mind slowly unfolded to the fact that she was a woman—young, beautiful, and much admired. Before they parted, Merri saw the beginning of a beautiful love between this married pair, and rejoiced at having instigated it.

All those memories belonged to the past; to that beautiful Park trip into which was blended the individuality of her daily companions, together with the most gigantic wonders of nature—lake, mountain, cataract, and geysers.

She had enjoyed her holiday to the utmost, and was now prepared to meet and overcome all obstacles that life might hold, including, naturally, her aunt's persuasions and the arguments of her obnoxious cousin.

Being a woman of action, she had lost no time in writing to this Mr. Lewis Meriwether Clarke, requesting a friendly conference. He had promptly accepted her invitation, and she expected him any moment.

After all, it was but honorable to let him distinctly understand the situation. If he wished to deal fairly they could easily effect a compromise. If he chose to be ugly he might have the money—she didn't care!

“The man I love,” she softly murmured, “is well able to care for me.”

She even hoped he might be poor, so that she, too, could work. Whatever his occupation, she

would share it; they should be chums, partners in all things. Then, after the labors of the day, how they would study! Theirs should be such a beautiful, active life, every moment filled with something that was really worth while.

Was there ever, in all the world, another such man? From the first he had attracted her, and each hour so deepened the feeling that now she knew she loved him with the one love of her life. Yet, how strange that she did not even know his name. What would the Princess say to such unconventional conduct?

Mr. Clarke appeared upon the roof, and looked about him.

"How lucky," he mentally remarked, "that we have the garden to ourselves. I do not anticipate an easy victory."

He had almost reached her, when the Maid discovered his presence.

"Why," she exclaimed in surprise, "I did not expect you—I am here to meet another man."

"Oh well," he replied good-naturedly, "I will leave when the other fellow appears. Surely you knew that I would come at the earliest possible moment?"

"Y-e-s—" she admitted; "at least I supposed so."

"Did you not *know*?" he demanded hotly.

The girl smiled provokingly.

"You once explained to me at great length," she replied, "that it is utterly impossible to know anything we have not personally experienced. Never having experienced the workings of your mind, I can know absolutely nothing relative to your possible actions."

"Very well," he said gravely, "I shall proceed to enlighten you. I KNOW that I love you. When will you marry me?"

"Wait a moment!" she exclaimed. "Did you not advise me to meet my cousin, and discuss matrimony with him?"

"Yes," he assented, with a smile.

"Well," she continued, "I am expecting him at any moment. After we have arrived at some decision I will talk to you; but—it is only fair to warn you—I may decide to marry him."

He rose and gravely regarded the laughing girl.

"If you have any doubts upon the subject," he remarked quietly, "I will go now."

"Look at me!" she cried impulsively. "Do you not see that I care for you?"

"I do not want a passing regard," he replied steadily. "Are you sure that you really love me?"

"Yes—oh yes!" she cried.

"Consider, dear," he continued calmly, not touching the dear hands she held out to him,

“you know nothing of my name, position or finances. Are you willing to risk life with an utter stranger?”

“I am willing to follow you to the ends of the earth,” she returned solemnly. “Your people shall be my people, your philosophy my philosophy.”

“Then listen, dear one,” he said, as he took her hands, “and try not to judge too hastily. You should have known long ago that I am—”

“Lewis Meriwether Clarke!” exclaimed their aunt, who unobserved had entered the garden.

“What does she mean?” asked the bewildered girl.

“Say nothing,” he whispered, “I will explain.”

“When did you arrive?” asked auntie.

“But a few moments ago,” he replied. “How did you know me?”

“By your remarkable resemblance to your father,” she returned.

“You knew him well?” asked the son, who had no remembrance of his father.

“Intimately,” she replied. “I am more than glad that you young people have met at last. When through discussing your affairs, you will find me in the parlor, at one of the bridge tables.”

Mr. Clarke escorted his aunt to the elevator.

“And you” said Merri, when again he stood beside her, “are Lewis the Detestable?”

“No,” he asserted, with more confidence than he felt, “I am Lewis the Fortunate.”

“And you KNEW, all along?” she questioned.

“Every blessed minute,” he confessed in trepidation.

“Then,” she cried indignantly, “you might well be dubbed Lewis the Sneak! Are you not ashamed of yourself?”

“I am not,” he declared boldly. “I have done nothing to blush for. I wanted you to know me—the real Me, instead of the obnoxious cousin you hated.”

“How did you find me?” she asked. “Did Auntie turn traitor?”

“No dearest,” he replied tenderly, “You gave me the clue and—”

“I?” she asked incredulously. “How was that possible?”

He handed her the fatal page of that letter written but little more than two weeks ago—only a few words,—yet so pregnant of result.

In deep surprise she took the letter and read, “and Mr. Lewis Meriwether Clarke shall not meet Miss Meriwether Lewis until that fatal day, when, bereft of fortune, she proudly spurns him from—”

Merri covered her face with both hands and began to laugh.

"What a comical mess I have made of things!" she exclaimed. "I wonder you could discuss matters so gravely."

"I could not help laughing inwardly," he admitted, "though I have never felt quite sure that you would forgive the deception."

"My beautiful romance is shattered," she said regretfully. "Think how simply perfect it would have been, had you known as little of me as I did of you."

"Dear one," he said earnestly, "I am sure I would have loved you, even had Fate and Psychometry not aided me in discovering your identity."

"For your future comfort," she replied, "you had better always make me think so."

"Then," he resumed, "we shall be good children, and dutifully fulfill the terms of Uncle Meriwether's will. You will be ready at the time appointed?"

"Not so fast, young man," replied the Maid. "This Lewis Clarke does not appeal to me."

"And shall you proudly spurn him from your presence?" he asked in mock dismay.

"Not quite," she answered sweetly, "I hope to see him at my wedding."

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“Indeed?” he questioned. “Then you expect to marry—?”

“The dear, big, beautiful MAN I met in Yellowstone Park,” was the highly satisfactory answer.

FINIS