steep sides of the rock, making a most terrific noise, and bursting into thousands of fragments. Bands of sheep could be seen hurrying out of sight amid clouds of dust, terrified at the noise we were making, and the snorting of our mules was distinctly audible between the crashes. Our return to camp was uneventful, save that one of the party killed a wild pig, mistaking it for a bear as it ran through the brush.

The fourth day after this saw us on the road again, but we took an entirely different direction this time. We extended our travels as far as a high crest several miles south of camp, obtaining an excellent view of the surrounding district. Becoming thirsty, we tied our mules and went in search of water. We had not proceeded far, however, when we heard the brush cracking at a great rate, and presently there appeared about fifty cattle coming directly toward us. These cattle were half wild, and very ugly, and, as there was quite a band of them, they did not hesitate to charge us. We ran behind some trees, threw our coats over our heads, and ran toward them yelling at the top of our voices, this sending them fleeing in all directions. Knowing they would soon return, we made all haste to our mules and mounted them, the cattle following, shaking their horns and pawing the ground. Once in the saddle we were safe, for they are accustomed to horsemen, and do not offer to harm them. We made a parting charge at them on our mules, and then turned toward camp, the cattle watching us until we disappeared from sight. This was the last of our expeditions, and during the remainder of our stay we spent our time largely in hunting. The heat of the day was spent in swimming or performing gymnastics, and a deck of cards afforded us considerable pleasure.

Pack-trains passed through camp every few days, bringing the news from town, or bearing word to our folks. Before we realized the fact, three weeks had slipped through our fingers, and unwillingly we returned to civilization, consoled, however, by the thought that probably we should all take part next summer in another expedition that would likely prove as pleasant, if not more so, than the one from which we had just returned.

The Modern Version.

A lively maid once saw a frog,
Calm, seated on a mossy log,
No fear of interruption rude
Disturbing his still solitude.
“Come off your perch!” she softly cried,
And quickly to a bent pin tied
A bit of string; then for the bait
To lure poor froggy to his fate.
A small, bright-colored strip she tore
From the thin apron which she wore,
And stuck the pin-point through and through it,
Just as she'd seen her brothers do it.
Now down the gay temptation goes
On the sharp point; from which suspended
He feels all earthly joys are ended,
And thinks the heartless maid must be
Some student of Biology;
So smilingly she notes each action,
And murmurs, “Muscular contraction.”
At last the fatal hook slipped out;
The victim, with sore-mangled snout,
Lay weltering by the streamlet’s flow;
But as the maiden turned to go,
She thought the frog croaked plaintively,
“ ‘Twas fun to you, but death to me!”
Let him for this a moral find
Who knows the ways of woman-kind.

A Sad Mistake.

“Lawrence,” said my friend Forbes, as he settled himself comfortably in my best chair and commenced vigorously to puff away at my pipe, “one of my ambitions was nearly realized to-day.”

The mere fact of having any of one’s ambitions wholly or nearly realized is certainly interesting; and although I knew that Forbes was a man of many of these, yet I was positively certain that they all had heretofore shared the fate of the unsuccessful. So, naturally, I queried, “How? Has the governor come down handsomely for the new year? or has your last problem on the Doric Order been accepted?”

“No,” he replied; “far above the worldly thought of gold, or even above the sacred mys-