

"Hello, old Whitey!" the engineer will sing out, leaning from his cab to smooth Fiddler's ears. "We're back again, you see."

Perhaps no mere traveller was ever more surprised at meeting Fiddler on the station platform than the occupant of a Pullman section who alighted one day from the Washington express. The colored porter who followed him with his hand-baggage seemed to think him a personage, but you or I would have needed but one glance at those smoked glasses and sandy whiskers before exclaiming, "Proggins!"

The first sight of Fiddler made him gasp; and no wonder, for as he stepped from the train he found himself confronted with that unforgettable white face. Under his whiskers Proggins

turned pale, and had it not been for perilling the deep respect which his dollar tip had evoked from the porter he would have climbed back into the car and shut the door. Edging around Fiddler and well to the rear, Proggins addressed the man in charge of the baggage-van.

"Nice horse you have there, eh?"

"Yes, sir; he's all right, old Fiddler is. And knowin'— Say, he knows more'n lots of people, he does."

"Yes," assented Proggins, "I should judge so."

As he moved down the platform toward the ferry-boat, Mr. Hiram Proggins turned to take a last look at the old horse. Fiddler, too, had swung about and presented his profile. It wore a sardonic grin. And Proggins, who had learned how, grinned responsively.

A Trail of Gold

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

I WOKE, a Pagan, with the sun—
A worshipper of dawn;
I saw the mists of morning run
Like ghosts across the lawn;
I saw the trees shake off their shrouds;
I saw a rosy ship
Come sailing out of rosy clouds
And dance along and dip.

It was a day of sun and wind
That blew into the brain;—
It beckoned me afield to find
The gods come back again.
It wooed me where the woods are green,—
To where the river leads,
And boisterous breezes pipe unseen,
Like Pan among the reeds.

The wild-grape fragrance followed me,
Insistent as a sound;
From every copse I looked to see
A vine-wreathed satyr bound.

In every bush a wood-nymph stirred—
A thousand sighs took wing;
I leaned against a tree and heard
The dryads whispering.

All day I wantoned with the breeze,
I revelled in the gold;
I burrowed, like the drunken bees,
In beauties manifold.
All day the Pagan gods were mine,
And when the sun was set,
I worshipped at a Pagan shrine
Of gold and violet.

It was a day of wind and sun;
The night came cool and still,—
A starry night, with silver spun
In mist along the hill;—
A quiet night of dew and air
And sweetness of the sod.
I folded tranquil hands in prayer
And made my peace with God.

The American Nile

BY G. GORDON COPP

Pictures by courtesy of the New York Botanical Garden

“WHEN you have drunk of the red waters of the Colorado you will be filled with an infinite longing to linger within sound of its voice. You may wander afar, but never again will you cease to hear the river calling. Some day you will obey and we will see you again,” the Indians who dwell along its banks will tell you, and many a white man who has felt the indescribable charm of this mighty American Nile repeats the Indian legend in explanation.

Like the Nile, the Colorado owes its being to the melting snows of mountains thousands of miles from its mouth, flows through arid lands, and terminates in an immense delta as large as the State of Massachusetts. Unlike the Nile delta, renowned for the many generations to whom it has given homes and sustenance, the great delta of the Colorado, equally if not more fertile, has lain almost idle for ages.

It is the home of the Cocopa Indians, and they alone have raised scant crops in the generous land these many years past. They build their houses of arrowweed, *Pluchea sericea*, with supports of willow or poplar, and conduct their crude husbandry according to the river's moods.

Each recurring spring the released waters rush from their mountain fastnesses and swell the river to resistless volume and current. Then follows a period of awaiting the river's pleasure to all who dwell or roam within the sphere of its influence. To casual observers there is naught of good, but much of seeming wanton destruction, in the annual bursting of the river's bonds and bounds, for the floods carry enough wreckage and sediment down to the sea each year to make a goodly State. Its quantity can only be estimated in thousands of tons, and its bulk is yearly crowding the ocean

waters farther south by slowly but surely filling in the Gulf of California. As the sea recedes, the characteristic flora of the region as constantly advances. As with most impetuous rivers, the Colorado floods subside as suddenly as they appear, and the river recedes to its usual channels, or such new ones as it frequently develops, while the ever-thirsty earth absorbs all lingering traces of the overflow with surprising rapidity.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal abandoned his duties as assistant director of the New York Botanical Garden for a trip down the Colorado early in March, and we made a hurried run across the continent. It was midnight when we were cast adrift at Mellen, a solitary station which the railroad people insist upon calling Topock. Kindly the brilliant Western moon arose to light us to welcome rest on a near-by hilltop. A hundred feet below, the Colorado was speeding on its ever-restless way, and beyond it the strangely worn and eroded Needles presented a singular medley of dignified and fantastic forms, silhouetted against the western sky. Daylight broke upon us seemingly before we had time to settle down cozily in our sleeping-bags, and the Needles appeared to have moved close upon us during the night from across the river in California.

In these lands of constant change one almost feels that he must be witnessing the birth of a new world. He finds the actual processes of moulding the earth going on all about him, and the mountains are affected only in less degree than the shifting sands which break into ripples and ridges at the behest of every idle wind.

At one point in the great desert is a chain of sand-hills averaging a hundred feet in height, which are slowly but steadily moving across the plain in the