

nearly squeezing the last breath out of him. We pulled him out to all appearance finished by it, drenched in blood, with his clothes in strips. A little time, however, brought him to again, not seriously injured, though there was more than one ugly rip. A score of bullets at the least had been put into the bear, and none of them signified till the last had smashed his skull. A cooler thing of the sort never was done than old Judge Tracey did on the occasion, for he actually took care to put a fresh cap on his rifle before pulling trigger. If he had hung fire or missed the mark, not only would all have been up with Lettson, but with a few more of the United States Survey.

The Judge's composition had been rather underrated before, in regard to what he could do if put to it. As to his title, it was well known to have been derived merely from having taken a lead in the arrangement of Lynch cases at the Mines: but after this he stood in a new light, which some of us were destined to see clearer before being done with him. Mr. Higley, the compassman, in particular,—who was understood to have been originally a school-master at home in the "Granite State,"—proved slower to take a hint on this point than he ought. Through his always looking

on the head-surveyor as a Southerner, with more temper than brains, he thought to trip up his heels with Government when the Vigilance Committee rose into power shortly afterwards; yet smart as Higley doubtless was, Judge Tracey showed himself able to steal a march upon him in that very respect.

The old grizzly bear was a piece of game such as rarely had fallen to the luck of any surveying-party, or, for that matter, of any hunter in the Gold State. Had the season been cooler, within reach of town or settlements, he would have been worth no small sum to us, taking meat and hide together, besides the showing parts; his weight being about that of a full-sized ox. As it was, being in prime condition, and mostly nut-fed at that season, he furnished the staple of several days' provision in camp. As our ground subsequently led us from the redwoods, the further adventures of the party did not turn on any incidents of the same nature. It was not the last grizzly that I saw tackled and killed during ten years in the country, not by a score at the least; some of which happened to cost a good deal more damage to those concerned. But even allowing for the fact that this was the first in my experience, I should say he was decidedly the hardest to manage of them all.

PAUL AND JEAN.

WHEN I was a little girl, I was never tired of reading a book, which has now become quite old-fashioned, about "Our Village" in Berkshire. Kind, good Miss Mitford! How many happy hours I spent with her and her greyhound; with the mole-catchers and little Harry Grover; with Lady Mary H——, "a professed tea-drinker" (and green tea too!), and Hopping Bob. Their very names are warm to my heart. Never was picture so full, so true, as these stories of Three Mile Cross near Reading. That was the name of Miss Mitford's village. It still stands, of course; farms and cottages, the forge and the inn, and the hedge where Master Tom pulled the papers off Fanny's fairings. But dear Miss Mitford is not there. She is gone where pretty Lizzie went before, and the old French Abbé, and Godmother, and the good old Judge, her father. They are all gone together; but you, dear children, can read about what they did in the world, if your mamma will ask at her circulating library for the old brown volumes which I read some thirty years ago. Or you can buy them in a bran new edition at the bookseller's. I have got them in keeping

for my daughter Polly, that when she learns to read, she may know what Old England was like before any railway went to Reading.

This village where I write is a French village, and so different to an English one, that I could never make you understand it by mere description. But I can tell you something about the people. The greatest house is called the château, or the castle, but it is not in the least what we call a castle in England. It has neither towers, nor a moat, nor a drawbridge, and it would not stand a siege of half an hour, even if all the shutters were put up. It is a large, handsome white house, about 200 years old, with a beautiful sloping park, and an orangery where the orange-trees live in tubs, like Diogenes. They are brought out every summer, and put like sentinels all along the broad terrace just underneath the house on the park-side. There is also a sort of winter garden, with walks and parterres and a little pond, all covered over with glass; and a row of conservatories full of splendid flowers. Our windows look right over these, and we always know when frost is expected in autumn by the lighting of the fires. This