

much about them. The current is pretty swift above, and the river comes splashing down at a furious rate, tumbling over a succession of cascades and churning itself white on the big boulders which project from the river bed."

"That must be fine," said Jack, shaking the contents of his pipe into the grate, "but hurry up and get to the point. You're telling me about this picture."

"Well, listen!" I replied somewhat impatiently, and then let him wait while I deliberately filled and relighted my pipe.

"Old sobersides like you have a notion that all Indians are old and dirty and wrinkled. You cannot imagine any intermediate between the papoose and the 'Big Injun'; you think all the pretty Indian maidens are confined to poetry and legend, but that's where you make a big mistake.

"When Eaton and I got all the pictures of the falls we wanted, we started up the river. It was one of those mild, summer days when Nature invites one to lie down on the soft grass and listen to the birds, and watch the clouds floating serenely overhead; but the roar of the river, the strangeness of our environment and especially our desire to snap some fresh scenery kept off the lethargy. We strolled up along the river bank, stopping only here and there to take some especially attractive view.

"We had been walking possibly an hour, when Eaton, who was ahead, suddenly stopped, and, turning around to me, pointed to a clump of firs a few rods in front.

"Looking in the direction indicated, I could see through the trees a very dirty old tent, from which smoke was raising.

"Put down your camera," said my companion in a low tone.

"He had already hidden his, and now we advanced stealthily toward the tent. Stretched out in front, apparently dead drunk and snoring like a whole army, was a very dirty buck. Within the tent all was quiet, but between snores we could hear a rustling noise behind it. Very cautiously we approached the corner and looked around.

"Say, Jack, if I'd try a year I never could tell you the sensations aroused by the sight which met our eyes. Five yards away sat one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. Dark as an Italian, yes, she was a full blooded Indian, yet more graceful beauty than hers you cannot imagine. A highly colored blanket was thrown loosely around her, so as to give the greatest freedom of motion. Her shoulders and arms were bare and, as she sat upon a low