

**DOWN WILD  
GOOSE CANYON**

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Down Wild Goose Canyon by Charles Elmer Upton

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**CHARLES ELMER UPTON**

**DOWN WILD  
GOOSE CANYON**





A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

# DOWN WILD GOOSE CANYON

BY

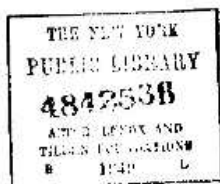
CHARLES ELMER UPTON, \*

AUTHOR OF "PIONEERS OF EL DORADO," "THE LIFE AND  
WORK OF THE REVEREND C. C. PEIRCE," ETC.



PLACERVILLE, CAL.  
CHARLES ELMER UPTON,  
1910.

*BNF.*



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Mountain Democrat Press,  
Placerville, Cal.

*TO FLORA A. GOFFINET*  
*as a slight token of my friendship and esteem.*

*The story, "Down Wild Goose Canyon," originally appeared in THE ARGOSY, Frank A. Munsey Co., New York, N. Y.; while the quatrain, "Endeavor," was first published in YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass. Thanks are due these publishers for permission to reprint my contributions.*



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## Down Wild Goose Canyon.

"SAY, BOYS!"

"Yes, Teddy, what is it now?" we said impatiently.

"It's all-fired hot here."

"Is that all, you old fraud! Tell us something we don't know."

The time was Saturday; the occasion a school picnic. Teddy, Clem, and I, classmates and great cronies, had slipped away from the main crowd, and were lying upon the river-bank, talking and dreaming.

A grand old place was that lonely canyon, down between those rugged hillsides—a nook apart, where one might forget the world and be alone with Nature.

"One would hardly think," said Clem musingly, "that this gorge is the work of perhaps more than a century of erosion."

"It's wonderful; isn't it?" said I.

W N R L

"What do you mean?" queried Teddy. Physical geography wasn't his strong point.

"Why, that it was made by streams flowing down from the Sierra Nevadas, cutting away the earth gradually," explained Clem.

Teddy looked incredulous but said nothing, and for a moment there was silence, broken only by the low murmur of the river.

Across the ravine the half-hidden sun sent down a straggling beam that tipped the foliage with a brighter green and set a myriad of silvery ripples a-dancing.

A squirrel ran out on an overhanging branch and sat there, eying us, moving his head about in a queer, jerky fashion. Teddy hurled a stone and away went Master Squirrel in long, swinging leaps from tree to tree, and in a twinkling was beyond pursuit.

"Straight shot, my boy," commented Clem, laughing. "But say, fellows, what did we come here for?"

"Hanged if I know," said Teddy.

"That gets me," I added. "You started it yourself, Clem. What's the scheme?"

"Did I? I'd forgotten. You haven't any fish-hooks about you, have you?"

"No, and don't want any," I said shortly. "We wouldn't get a bite in a coon's age."

"Let's go swimming, then."

J. B. N.