

terable loneliness about the place that my pen fails to describe; not a head put out of a cabin door to ask me the news, not a friendly; no, not even a dog, (I won't say to bark at me, for I was on as nearly speaking terms, with every dog in camp as man and dog can be) to show pleasure upon my arrival. It seemed like visiting the corpse of a friend. The form was there but the soul, the life had gone. I took an inventory of the Company's tools, etc., slept in my cabin that night and in the morning after breakfast put on my pack animal all I could, covered the fire and swept out the cabin, shut and locked the door, hung the key in plain sight and started. I had spent three pleasant years of my life there and felt lonesome as I rode away from Silver Canon. And Silver Canon was deserted. My cabin partner Jack Castle remained. He had a claim called the "Green Monster" in which he had great faith. So he moved to a spring about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Silver Canon and settled down. Jack was rich at that time in imagination at least from the undeveloped wealth of the Green Monster. I hear he has been working it occasionally ever since, getting a few tons of ore out, having it crushed and more than paying expenses, and my experience has been that any mine that more than pays expenses is a *rara avis*.

The chief of the small band of Indians around Silver Canon was named Powitchy. He must have had some system of levying revenue from his band, for I never knew the old beggar to work. The old nursery rhyme about covers his character.

"Old Powitchy the Indian chief

"Who you well know is a big thief.

"He handles his hatchet a little too handy.

"And never drinks water when he can get brandy.

Jack had been working all alone at the Green Monster for about a year when one fine day Powitchy came to the door of Jack's cabin with seven of his bucks behind him, all armed, Powitchy with a rifle and the rest with bows and arrows. Jack was sitting at the door