

heavy burdens which hung at either end of a long pole, the said pole pointing athwart his shoulder north and south, while his body looked one way westward and the other due east. Open these burdens and you would find a bag of rice, a pot of opium, some dried fish and chop-sticks, a tent, a blanket, a bottle of quick silver, a book or two, and pen, ink and paper; whilst dangling at the outside hung pick, shovel, frying pan and tooth brush.

Indians drunk and Indians sober, Indians clothed and Indians naked, were there by the hundred; whilst Kanakas fresh from Honolulu, Spaniards just from the Gulf of Mexico, mingled with the thousand and one nationalities ever found in a frontier mining camp.

But conspicuous among all these was "Old Man V." To see him stand in a crowd and push his hand over his bald head, as he always did when excited, and to hear him swear, was a memory like that of some horrid nightmare; it clung to you, though you got away from it, like the slime of the devil-fish in the northern seas. He lived with—well, let that pass, for once he lived with a wife who was now in the Golden City, and away in New York he had a brother who had never ceased to pray for the old man on the Fraser river. Nobody knew this then: they only knew he had been in California, in Oregon, and now in British Columbia, the hardest man of them all.

The mines fizzled out, the miners left, the gamblers went after the miners, the boatmen were either all drowned or up the river, and "Old man V." departed among the rest. Fort Hope was left to Chinamen, Indians, and some poor white trash, who were waiting for something to turn up.

Years have passed, and now down in a lovely prairie, hemmed in by snow-capped mountains, and fronted by the mighty Fraser river, "Old man V." has found a home. Grandly those mountains looked down from their higher life of unstained whiteness, whilst the broad prairie, intersected by clear trout streams and broken by tiny lakes, with the sward covered with many-coloured flowers, looked like a park fit for the gods. But amid all this grandeur and all this beauty, "Old man V." had sunk lower and lower, until it seemed as if the angel wife would wait for him at the door of heaven in vain, and his praying brother would find his prayers an investment in stock, blotted from heaven's bulletin-board for ever. But one midnight when the mountains were asleep under their coverlids of