

enough to get into that camp are going to be let hang around and do nothing but loll on flower beds and play with harps, do you? It's going to take a big lot of prospecting and mining to provide all that gold, if they use it as common as that. Now I'm nothing but an old miner and prospector; I don't know any other calling; I'd be lost in a crowd, and the lawyers and doctors and big merchants in the city could put it all over me; but, when it comes to hunting for gold, I'm right there. Another place in that book it says that gold is found away off in the wilderness and that the miners sink down shafts there to get it. Why shouldn't I be a prospector and miner in that land as well as in this?"

"Do you mean it?" asked Shorty doubtfully.

"Yes," answered the old miner. "I have got a big Friend, boys, who has put me wise to this location, and blazed the trail that I struck when I was a young man and that I have tried to follow ever since. You've got to be a little careful of what you take in your pack on that trail, and observe the mining laws when you make your location, but it's the easiest claim to locate that I know, and nobody's going to jump it or take it away from you. You can't buy anybody else's claim; you have got to set the stakes yourself. There is plenty of room in that Valley where the 'Water of Life' flows and it's just over the Big Divide. I wish you'd hit the trail with me, boys."

The old miner's voice was growing weak, but his eyes were bright and a smile was on his rugged face. Lanky Bill's eyes were brimming over; Shorty and