

heard it, and will let me, I shall put this ring upon your finger."

The tale he told was of an early love; a beautiful girl, but incapable of sincerity, who, heedless of her vows, had gone with another man, who had left her to die in poverty and vice, as soon as he had tired of her charms. For the sake of his own little son (now almost a man) and his lost love, he had seen that she received sufficient for a comfortable maintenance and proper treatment, which alas! was at a private asylum for the insane for many years.

When the Gold Escort, which was the last pack train for the coast, passed down, it was joined by this merry party, bound for civilization and the pleasures of an eastern winter.