

The Lure o' Gold

I handed the manuscript to the Doctor, who glanced at it askance for a moment, then took it and looked it over with a smile.

"I know one gold-seeker who will lament long enough," he said, in an undertone to me, as he glanced toward Trust significantly. "He'll have plenty of time where he's going for writing poetry. Let us hope that while he's there he'll improve his style as well as his morals."

The Doctor and I left the prison and took a street car to go down to the wharf and visit the old *Modesto*, now in the hands of the repair gang, and pay our respects to Captain Head. As we passed along East street, by the wharves, and saw the great hulks lying in the bright sunshine that glinted over a summer sea, I bethought myself of the cold, forbidding Bering coast, and shivered a little in spite of the warmth of the day.

As we neared the dock, we heard one of the passengers in the car, who was going aboard an Australian steamer, remark in a sophisticated tone to another, in reply to a question as to the probable dangers and adventures of his proposed voyage:

"Oh, no! Life on board ship is tame enough in these commercial days. All the romance is gone out