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CHAPTER II

A FRONTIER POST

"That new world which is the old."—TENNYSON.



AVE I told you about Edson and its "prospects"? No! ah, well, never mind, I shall do so by and by, when I have talked to the citizens.

While biding my time for a seat at the lunch-counter, I will walk up and down the station platform. Every minute men are arriving to await the out-going train to the city. They come and come, apparently from nowhere, till there are quite a hundred of them. Of course, they really come from up the street (I should have said from the streets, for there are two, or, perhaps, three streets), having recently arrived from the grading camps somewhere up in the mountains. We are going there to-morrow, or maybe the next day, and then we shall see the habitat of these battling, brown-throated fellows who nose the steam of flesh-pots and feed on hunks of brawn.

The men philander about, or sit on the platform planks, and loll lazily against the sun-warmed wall. They count their money, smoke, and talk,