

CHAPTER IV

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

EVERYONE at the Lanyon Mine took it for granted that the ascent had been made for a wager. Marsden was known by those at the summit camp, if not hail-fellow-well-met, known as a figure in Kootenay; and the boss of the shift that was coming off for dinner demanded that he, and his friend (as Sam now found himself styled, in the curious progress of his fortune) stay and eat. Hospitably were they led to the big barn-like room where were long tables covered with that kind of lacquered cloth, sight of which brought back, for Sam, memories of the construction camp and days at Henderson's ranch.

Agile "hash-slingers" clapped down mighty platefuls before the mighty men who came shouldering in from the ablution-room scented with yellow soap, and rosy from its use. The travellers by bucket-tram sat on either side of the boss, who, in the midst of chat and stuffing of himself with steak, leant back and chuckled and announced