

worth the while of opening up. Up there, somewhere, in these crests, where the last glow now abruptly went out, were the famous mines—the Ophir and the This-is-It. Up there, also, were prospectors looking for more Ophirs, or hunting round for shows of mineral that would warrant the ejaculation from them of “This is *it*, too!” At least, they would be in camp now, at this precise moment, but they were up there, nevertheless. From the veranda of the Gold House, Mack could see a twinkle like a star that had dropped a little way from the sky, and rested in the shadowed mountain.

“Is that the light of the Ophir, or the This-is-It?” he asked some one.

“No—I expect that is a prospector’s camp,” he was told. “You can’t see the Ophir and This-is-It from here. They’re over the crest. At least, you can’t see the lights in the bunk house. During the day, from the end of Dawson Street, you can just make out—if you know where to look for it—a puff of steam now and then from the pumping engine at the Ophir. The This-is-It is over the crest altogether.”

“So?” said Mack, put his heels on the veranda rail, and, having lifted his eyes to the looming mountains with admiration for a spell, dropped them to observe the street below. The hum of talk and laughter went on from end to end of Eureka. She was, he felt, a live new town.

But—the tariff at the Gold House was three dollars a day, or, for a week, cut rate, eighteen dollars. So, at the end of two days, he left the Gold House and went round to First Avenue to a boarding-house there, where the tariff was twelve dollars per week, or, cut rate, if one slept in a double-bedded