

## A Friend's Revenge.

K. R. '03.

GLENFAIL was a small frontier mining camp, nestling at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It had sprung up in a few years on the discovery of gold and silver in the neighborhood. The greed of gain had attracted there all the varied types of the human race, whose diverse tastes and social inclinations rendered a common law quite impossible. Chinaman, Negro, Sioux, Miner and Cowboy—each and all were ready at a moment's notice to defend with pistol or knife, the order or disorder that reigned in the town.

It was my lot to live for many years in this modern Babel, acting as live-stock agent for an Eastern company and I had ample time to observe the making of many a fortune and the ruin of many a life. Fresh in my memory, is one anecdote, of peculiar and melancholy interest, in which a friend of mine, named Dalwit, was a leading figure.

I met Dalwit first when he was a prospector. He was on his way to the mountains with his winchester slung across his shoulder and a large spotted hound following at his heels.

"Look out for the grizzlies," I said as I saluted him.

"Rather," he returned with a laugh, "let the grizzlies lookout for me."

And as I saw his burly form disappear in a bend of the winding road, I could not but think how just might prove both warnings.

Dalwit did not return to Glenfail that evening, but on the day following, while I was talking to a cowboy named Cotton, who was a stranger in the town, I observed in the street the large spotted hound, that I had seen with Dalwit the day before. I mentioned the fact to Cotton and expressed a doubt of some mishap.