

in my imagination, would see the face of her for whom I was toiling. When feeling most depressed, I would take my miner's kit and go upon a prospecting tour. I would wander down to a little Indian village known as Manitou, situated at the base of the Rockies, close beside a gushing mineral spring which issued from the mountain-side. Then I would stroll on through the "Garden of the Gods" where vast pillars of grotesque shaped rock stood erect marking the core of a denuded mountain. Oftentimes I would remain away for weeks, eating meals at various mining camps and all the while watching for an opportunity to "strike it rich."

"Fortune did not favor me in this locality; so, after laying in a stock of provisions, I commenced my journey southward along the trail toward the famous Cripple Creek. The gold fever in this district was high,—men flocked in from all parts of America; yes, and even from parts of Mexico and Europe, having heard of the immense quantities of high grade ore found here. After some days' journey, as I was seated upon a large boulder taking a rest, a traveller came up toward me. From all appearances he was also a prospector and was a young man of about my own age. With the free and easy custom of the West, we spoke to one another, and soon proceeded along the trail together. I was not long in finding out that my travelling companion was one who had received a thorough education and was of cultured breeding. He informed me that his name was Clark and that his early days had been spent at Harvard University in preparing himself to accept a position of

trust in one of the great Railway Companies. For two years after graduating, he had held his position; but, when the gold fever took hold of so many in the East, he could not resist the temptation; and so here we were, both bound to accomplish the same end.

"After travelling over 60 miles of rough and rocky trail, up through a deep canyon of the mountain, we came to the wealthy, but uninviting-looking camp, known as Cripple Creek. We decided to throw our lots in with one another and to share our good and bad fortune together. Both of us were strong and able-bodied, and we were not long in getting employment upon one of the claims some five miles distant from the main camp. Here we worked side by side through the long days, and at night we would sit in our little tent and plot and plan how we would later acquire a paying claim. Frequently we made prospecting tours together; but our lack of knowledge of mining told severely against us, and little success attended our efforts.

"After spending three summers and three winters in Cripple Creek with varying fortune, we began to grow despondent of ever being able to make our fortune in the mining business. Never, however, would we allow ourselves to brood over our unfortunate luck. When Clark would be downhearted, I would cheer him up with stories of those who had been fortunate; and when I was depressed I would steel away by myself and hold silent communion with a photo which I always carried with me. I would think of Marguerite away in Eastern Canada upon the shores of Lake On-