

again, Shorty and Pete coming from their nearby lay to help. The march was slow but without pause, and before sundown Long Sandy was in the best private room in the new log hospital and in the loving and skillful hands of Mrs. Randall.

"It's a darn shame," said Pete, as he stood by the bar of Big Bill's saloon the next morning with Lanky Bill and Shorty. "Here is the best man in all the Northwest, and one of the best miners, down and out. Just one streak of bad luck after another. Working all summer hard putting down one dry hole after another and now going into the jaws of grim death without finding a thing. If that's all God has to give to Christians you kin count me out. Set 'em up again, Bill."

Lanky Bill pushed away his glass. The "Eldorado King" was moody and thoughtful. "It don't look that way to me," he said. "Sandy has opened up a lead that the rest of us have passed by. Eh, Bill?" Then turning to Pete, he said, "Why, the Lucky Number Claim isn't a patchin' to it!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Shorty in round-eyed astonishment, while others gathered around to hear of the new strike.

"Lanky's darn near right," said Big Bill, "and I've a big notion to try to get in on Sandy's pay."

"Any chance for us?" Shorty's eyes were eager. "Pete and me has been pegging away for a year now on that lay and haven't made a grub stake."

Lanky Bill winked at Big Bill. "Sure, there's a chance for you," he said to Shorty and Pete. "Go and see Long Sandy; he'll put you wise;" and the