

"Will you please to tell us some of them?" said Queen T——, with no apparent sarcasm. "We are so often appealed to for charity; and it would be delightful to be able to tell poor people how to make a fortune."

"The poor people would have to have some influence. But would you like to hear my schemes? They are numberless; and they are all based on the supposition that in London there are a very large number of people who would pay high prices for the simplest necessities of life, provided you could supply these of the soundest quality. Do you see? I take the case of milk, for example. Think of the number of mothers in London who would pay a double price for milk for their children, if you could guarantee them that it was quite unwatered, and got from cows living wholesomely in the country, instead of in London stalls! That is only one of a dozen things. Take bread, for example. I believe there are thousands of people in London who would pay extra for French bread, if they only knew how to get it supplied to them. Very well; I step in with my association—for the wants of a great place like London can only be supplied by big machinery—and I get a duke or two, and a handful of M.P.'s with me, to give it a philanthropic look; and, of course, they make me manager. I do a good public work, and I benefit myself."

"Do you think you would succeed as a manager of a dairy?" said Queen T——, gently.

"As well, probably," said he, laughing, "as the manager of Mrs. Von Rosen's mines and farms! But having got up the company, you would not ask me to look after the cows."

"Oh, Hugh," said Lady Sylvia, anxiously, "I hope you will never have anything to do with any company. It is that which has got poor papa into such trouble. I wish he could leave all these things for a time, and come out here for a holiday; it would do him a great deal of good."

This filial wish did not seem to awaken any eager response, though Mrs. Von Rosen murmured something about the pleasure it would give her to see Lord Willowby. We had not much hope of his lordship consenting to live at a ranch.

And now we drew near the Rockies. First of all, rising from the plains, we encountered

some ridges of brown, seared, earthy-looking hills, for the most part bare, though here and there the crest was crowned by a ridge of pine. At the mouth of one of the valleys we came upon Golden City, a scattered hamlet of small houses, with some trees, and some thin lines of a running stream about it. Then, getting farther into the mountains, we entered the narrow and deep gorge of the Clear Creek canon, a naturally formed highway that runs and winds sinuously for about thirty miles between the huge walls of rock on either side. It was not a beautiful valley, this deep cleft among the mountains, but a gloomy and desolate place, with lightning-blasted pines among the grays and reds of the fused fire-rocks; an opaque gray-green river rushing down the chasm; the trees overhead, apparently at the summit of the twin precipices, black against the glimmer of the blue sky. Here and there, however, were vivid gleams of colour; a blaze of the yellow leaves of the cotton-wood, or a mass of crimson creeper growing over over a gray rock. We began to wonder, too, whether this small river could really have cut this deep and narrow chasm in the giant mountains; but there, sure enough, far above us on the deep slopes, were the deep holes in the intertwined quartz out of which the water in by-gone ages must have slowly worked the bowlders of some alien material. There were other holes, too, visible on the sides of this gloomy gorge, with some brown earth in front of them, as if some animal had been trying to scrape for itself a den there: these were the "prospect holes" that miners had bored to spy into the secrets of the everlasting hills. Down below us, again, was the muddy stream, rushing between its beds of gravel; and certainly this railway carriage, on its narrow gauge, seemed to tilt dangerously over toward the sheer descent and the plunging waters. The train, indeed, as it would round the rocks, seemed to be some huge python, hunted into its gloomy lair in the mountains.

We were glad to get out of it, and into the clear sunshine, at the terminus—Floyd Hill; and here we found a couple of stage-coaches, each with four horses, awaiting to carry us still farther up into the Rockies. They were strange-looking vehicles, apparently mostly built of leather, and balanced on leather springs of enormous thickness. But they