

The Story of an Old Garden



"And I must work thro' months of toil
And years of cultivation
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation."

Tennyson's "Amphion."

VEARS ago—nearly a quarter of a century ago it is now—a strange infatuation began to possess the minds of men in the new West. Speculation and unreality were in the air, and fortunes were made and lost to the tap of the auctioneer's hammer. Old men saw visions, and young men dreamed dreams, wild, foolish dreams, dreams of effects without causes.