

To see the face of him again, and, quite  
In his old way, to hear him say, "Old boy !  
You're down on your luck I see ! Come on up town,  
Where we can talk and have something to eat, and  
something to wash it down !"

XIII.

'Twas like the sudden shining of the Sun !  
The flowers forgotten of old fellowship  
Went all abloom again,—there seem'd to slip  
A weight of wasted years and deeds ill-done  
Plumb down and out of my life, with chance to try  
The upward trail again, where he and I  
Could venture yet the highest to be won,  
Could let the very thought of failure die,  
And weave into our lives, from ravell'd ways,  
That cord of gold we talk'd about in the far-off college  
days.

XIV.

For Julien was a gentleman all through ;  
He stak'd me then, when I had not a cent,  
Braced me up and shared with me his tent,  
And help'd in every way a friend could do.  
As to the fortune that is ours to-day,  
I stumbled on it in the chancy way  
That all things come to me ; I cut in two  
The likeliest claim I found, ask'd Jule to stay,  
And work it with me, share and share alike,—  
And in a month at Lonesome Bar 'twas rank'd the  
richest strike.