

him." As I said this I felt a hand laid lightly on my arm, and turning, I saw Mrs. Slade standing beside me. "Is not this George Hunter?" she asked. I answered "Yes!" and she asked, "Did you not know Wm. Slade who used to edit the Yreka paper years ago?" I answered "Yes! and you were Miss Brown, of Jacksonville; quite a young girl when I saw you last!" She said "Yes"; then pointing to her dead husband, said, "George, this and these dear children are all that is left me in this wide world, and God only knows what will become of them and me for I am entirely without means, even to bury my poor dead husband, much less to clothe and feed my children." The tears streamed down her wan cheeks as she said this.

I took her hand and said: "Mrs. Slade, do not distress yourself about financial affairs; you have sufficient to do to comfort these poor orphan children; leave the rest to the doctor and myself, and rest assured that all will be done for your husband that you could wish, and you and your children will be cared for. There are hundreds of big, warm hearts near you, and when they are made aware of your troubles, they will sympathize with and assist you and yours to their utmost ability."

She replied, "The Doctor has already assured me of these things; but I can only realize that I am left alone with these my poor children and this my dead husband."

Then, dropping on her knees, and laying her weary head on the unthrob-
bing breast of him who had been her stay and support, she cried, "Alone! Oh God, all alone!"

Well, this was too much for me, an old timer. After wringing Mrs. Owsley's hand and kissing the babies, I hurriedly left the cabin, as I feared that if I remained longer I might "slop over" myself. Owsley followed me. Nothing was said till we reached the upper end of Main street. Here we concluded to part, each taking a side

of the street in search of "Brothers" belonging to our Fraternity.

I will try to describe my progress which, I presume was duplicated by the doctor. The first house I visited was a large saloon, wherein were several "moneyed" tables around which were many miners, packers and others, engaged in "fighting the tiger" and similar games. It was "chips for dust" and "dust for chips" all around the hall. I approached the bar and ordered something, at the same time—in my own way—inviting as many other fellows to join me as stood in need of refreshments, thus soon attracting the attention of many of those present. Among them was Joe Oldham, a brother of the famed Sim Oldham, of California.

Joe was a tall, straight, fine-looking man—a sporting man by profession, and a saloon keeper. He approached me with the others, and, stepping aside, asked me if I wished to speak with them. I replied: "Yes. Upon my arrival in this place an hour or so ago, I met Dr. Owsley, a brother, who informed me that he had been attending professionally upon a brother who had recently arrived from Yreka, and that the patient died during the previous night, leaving his widow and three small children destitute and friendless in a cabin near by. Now, the doctor and myself are looking for brothers, and we hope those we find will seek for others, and meet us in some hall here, where I will institute a Lodge of Instruction (or Investigation), when we will proceed to give the deceased a decent interment, and provide for the widow and orphans."

Oldham and myself then went to a store and ordered such things as were required for the immediate use of the family. Then we interested some sporting women, who repaired to the cabin and sewed for the family, closing their houses till after the funeral. There were no other women near at this time, except Mrs. Owsley and the broken-down and grief-stricken widow.

For the rest of the day and night the