such a fire in his eyos. As he worked, he was caugh up in the old passion that had ruled most of his life. If frenzy seized him that markedly increased from moment to moment. He worked like a madman, till he panter from his exertions and the sweat dripped from his factor the ground. He quested across the face of the slid to the opposite wall of the vein and back again. And midway, he dug down through the red volcanic eart that had washed from the disintegrating hill above, unthe uncovered quartz, rotten quartz, that broke an erumbled in his hands and showed to be alive with fregold.

Sometimes he started small slides of earth that covered up his work and compelled him to dig again. Once, he was swept fifty feet down the cañon-side; but he foun dered and scrambled up again without pausing for breath He hit upon quartz that was so rotten that it was almost like clay, and here the gold was richer than ever. It was a veritable treasure chamber. For a hundred fee up and down he traced tho walls of the vein. He even climbed over the cañon-lip to look along the brow of the hill for signs of the outcrop. But that could wait

and he hurried back to his find.

He toiled on in the same mad haste, until exhaustion and an intolerable ache in his back compelled him to pause. He straightened up with even a richer piece c gold-laden quartz. Stooping, the sweat from his forehead had fallen to the ground. It now ran into his eyes, blinding him. He wiped it from him with the back of his hand and returned to a scrutiny of the gold. It would run thirty thousand to the ton, fifty thousand, anything-he knew that. And as he gazed upon the yellow lure, and panted for air, and wiped the sweat away, his quick vision leaped and set to work. He saw the spur-track that must run up from the valley and across the upland pastures, and he ran the grades and built the bridge that would span the cañon, until it was real before his eyes. Across the cañon was the place for the mill, and there he erected it; and he erected, also, the