

long ago. The mattress on each bed is usually composed of cedar boards and green fir boughs, with their fresh forest fragrance, and together they furnish an efficient substitute for the best feather bed. On these, after a short game at cards, a few songs or stories—and such songs and stories they are—the tired miner sleeps the sweet sleep of honest labor.

Such is the daily routine of the miner's life for over six months in the year, and it is generally unbroken by any unusual incident, unless, perhaps, a bear or cariboo may, out of curiosity or mistake, pay the camp a visit. Other visitors do not trouble themselves much to visit the mine, which is usually some eight thousand feet above sea-level, requiring a breathless climb to reach. From this, it will be understood that the miner does not often visit neighboring towns, and it is not until the mine "closes down" that he visits the cities (they are all cities in the West) again, where he proceeds at once to sacrifice his wages in having a "good time."

As a rule, the Eastern miner is the son of a man who followed the same calling before him. He is, usually, a man of steady and domestic habits, with a large family and an aptitude for gardening. He lives in a small home of his own, and around

him are a hundred fellow-workmen similarly situated. He is generally of temperate habits, and, in his dissipations and irregularities, never excessive, except when "on strike," for which he has a weakness. He keeps Sunday religiously, and builds himself up for the next week's labor.

The Western miner, is of a different stamp. He is a wild, jovial fellow, recklessly improvident, yet honest and generous to a fault. He is fashioned in a freedom-loving home, and represents perfectly, the unceremonious, easy and genial character of Western life. He respects religious rites and customs, but is hardly ever found in church. He has a general fund of knowledge, considerably above the average of other working classes, and is a great reader of light literature. The spirit of unionism is strong within him, and a distressed brother miner need never appeal to his charity in vain.

While not as nomadic as the "prospector," yet is he a restless, roving fellow, and seldom remains in the same district for any length of time. He has not, generally, a regular home of his own, seldom marries, and when not in camp, boards at the best hotels. He is a bird of passage, careless of opinions, independent and volatile, spending his money on whatever takes his fancy.

B. R. Atkins.

"DEAR HOPE IS DEAD."

DEAR Hope is dead; and nevermore my sight
 In this grey town her tender face shall meet
 Wherein she dwelt with me when life was sweet;
 And from these walls that held her presence bright,
 The glory that they wore hath taken flight;
 And nevermore shall pass her shining feet
 Across the shadows of this dreary street,
 That once her presence made a path of light;
 But when the sunset floods the western skies,
 Toward which it leads, I dream she hath but fled
 And sits supreme in some still land afar
 Where I shall meet again her radiant eyes;
 That my lost Hope, who seemeth to be dead,
 Abides for me in some immortal star.

—Gertrude Bartlett.