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CHAPTER IX.
MEANWHILE, during Raymond's days on the ranch, while the cattle were withering away on the plains and the long trail from the south was filling with grass, a most notable settlement had been forming like some new kind of parasitic growth on the westward shoulder of old Mogalyon, the mighty peak to the west.

In the midst of the mountains, in the lap of two smooth, grassy domes, old Phillip Le Beau established a cow camp in the early seventies and called it Belle Marie, after his wife. This, however, proved to be too fanciful for his cowboy neighbors, who promptly called it "Le Beau's Hole," and in the end it was known among cattlemen as Bozle Creek.

Just west of Le Beau's camp, and sentinel to the valley of the Loup, stood a symmetrical peak which some missionary to the red people had called Mount Horeb. About the year 1870 some persons not missionaries planted gold in the soil in convenient places at the base of this hill and raised a mighty shout over the discovery of a new El Dorado. A rush took place, and to the outside world the region became known as "the Mount Horeb mining district" and was alluded to with deep seated resentment, with curses.

But there were miners whom neither the dogmatic opinions of geologists nor the tricks of schemers could turn aside from a faith that somewhere on the mighty slopes of Mogalyon lay veins of gold, and these continued to chip and to dig and to hammer.

Valley Springs was becoming known as a pleasant health resort, and the waters of its springs were being bottled and shipped to the eastern cities. Each year a larger number of stricken ones came to find respite, if not recovery, in its gloriously bright sunlight and pure air. For years it remained a village and its business men merely shopkeepers and resident ranch owners, but as its fame spread families of wealth and social position in the east began to settle along the bank of the Bear and to build homes into which the sunlight streamed with healing magic, and the men of these families began to look about for business and for investment, and not a few of them were in the mood to listen when rough bearded men began to plod down the trail from Bozle Creek bringing sacks of promising ore.

Returns from these samples, sent away to be assayed, started a flight of golden eagles east and west. Again the adventurous youth, the skilled prospector, the gambler and all the uneasy and shifting elements that follow such lures poured into the valley and toiled over the trail to the grassy hills of Bozle.

At first, though short of breath by reason of the altitude, two full miles above the sea, some of these incomers laughed and some were angry. "Gold! In these grassy hills? Impossible!" And they went away again with bitter words. It was Mount Horeb repeated on a large scale.

But the assayers, the men of learning, persisted and, in their little mortars brayed the ore and in tiny portable furnaces smelted for many a sturdy miner minute buttons of shining metal. The gold was there, and at last even the most skeptical believed.

Then the infow began in earnest. The trail was beaten smooth by swarming feet. It became a stage road. A great railroad sent surveyors toiling up each of the deep and winding canyons in the attempt to reach the mighty camp whose fame was beginning to shine throughout the world. The beautiful grassy hills were blotched with eruptions of red earth. Paths appeared leading from burrow to burrow like runways in a town of prairie dogs.

The main street of Bozle was 10,000 feet above the sea, but at last, on the top of Pine mountain, a vein of ore running \$2,000 to the ton was discovered, and another town arose—full 11,000 feet above sea level—the highest town in all America, and this became at once celebrated above all others and was called Skytown.

In the end Skytown dominated the whole camp and gave name to it. Bozle, Grass Mountain, Pin Gulch, Hoffman, all were subordinate in fame as they were topographically, and the press alluded to the region as the Skytown mining district.

In those days the barroom of the Mountain House in Bozle was the central stock exchange of the whole camp. It swarmed of an evening with business men from Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and New York. Every great newspaper had its representative there, alert and indefatigable, seeking the latest word of strikes and sales.

At the time when Raymond entered it Skytown was the busiest, most vital and in some ways the most picturesque mining district in the world. It was at its height as a poor man's camp. New territory was being opened up each day. Each evening brought stories of strikes—scores of them.

The streets of Bozle were graceless and graceless, but Valley Springs was a bower of trees and growing vines, and the houses of the peak were tents, sheds and cabins of aspen poles, and remained so, while splendid stone palaces had already appeared in the valley, and every comfort and nearly every luxury of the east was obtainable, almost common.

There was something winning in the humorous glance of his big, gray eyes, and Raymond sat with him long. His vast experience, his indomitable good nature, his physical pride, all appealed to the rancher with such power that he left him with a distinct exaltation. "Here is the man to help me make my fortune, and I can be guide to him," he added, and he went to sleep that night with greater confidence in his future than at any time since taking Barnett's ranch. He set his teeth hard in the determination to win, and though he had put Ann quite out of his plans for the future, she remained an inspiration and a lure.

His feeling of confidence in Kelly was deepened by his ride with him next day.

Turning from the gulch road, Kelly led the way up the side of Pine mountain, along a trail which braided itself upon a grassy slope like a purple brown ribbon. The air was keen, the sky a fleckless blue hemisphere. Raymond's blood leaped with the joy of it and with a sense that his feet were set at last on the road to fortune.

All about him the miners were climbing, each his special way, swinging a tin bucket which sparkled like glass in the morning sun. Great wains loaded with ore rolled creaking on their downward course, while others of their kind, piled high with lumber and machinery, crawled slowly up the curving roads. On every side men were tunneling into the hillsides, trenching in gullies and toiling at windlasses whose jingles cried out resoundingly as the heavy ore boxes rose. The whole scene set forth buoyant activity and hope. Each man had either struck ore or hoped to do so at any moment.

Here and there on the slope a tall and shapeless shaft rose, with heaps of orange and blue gray refuse rock close beside it. The whole camp was as yet disorganized, formless and debatable. Not one in a hundred of the mines was a paying property; all the others were mere prospects.

As they left Baldy and turned to climb Pine mountain the dwellings thickened. They were nearly all built of the smooth, straight trunks of the aspen, but nearer the summit were of fir, and a few of them stood in picture-gallery



Raymond's blood leaped with the joy of it.

esque nooks amid the rocks. Toward one of these, more homelike than the others, Kelly directed his horse, and as he neared the door a couple of lusty, yellow haired boys of six or seven years of age came bounding out to meet him.

Mrs. Kelly was unexpectedly ladylike, small and very pretty, with a skin that no wind could tan, and her great, wistful, pathetic eyes appealed to Raymond with instant power. She greeted him cordially, and, while Kelly took the horses to the corral, he entered at her invitation. Her voice was as charming as her pale face and hair of burnished gold, and the young fellow looked upon her in surprise.

"You don't look very well, sir," Mrs. Kelly said to Raymond.

"I'm not very well, but I'm going to tear up the sod just the same. Your husband is to show me how."

"Matt can find gold easy enough, but he can't keep it."

"I've confessed as much, Nora. ma"

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girl, and if Raymond can help me on that score I'll put him in the way of makin' his pile. Can ye walk a few rods? If so, I'll show ye the mine and the chance."
"Certainly. I'm far from being a 'one lurger' yet."

The two men walked round the little grove of firs to the west and came upon some men busy with a very small upright engine hoisting ore from a shaft.

"Here," said Kelly, "is where we tap 'the river of life.' This is my own mine, but the wan I advise ye to take is that just beyond. I have an offer for me own prospect, but I shall not take it. If ye are agreeable, we'll lease the Last Dollar together and work it to the limit, for I'm satisfied its vein is the same as me own, which will keep; but if I strike ore, Curran, who owns the Last Dollar, will jump his price to the moon. Our lay is to bond and lease his mine, move my machinery over to his old shaft and work like mad to open up ore to buy in the property. Ye see, no one has touched pay ore in this quarter, and Curran is anxious to sell. He offers it at \$15,000. I believe we can open a vein that'll pay for it in less than six months. Will ye go in with me?"

"I will."

As their hands met their hearts warmed to each other. Kelly removed his hat and was almost solemn as he said slowly: "This makes us both. Now let's go eat."

The Kelly home was as suited to its surroundings as a Swiss chalet. It had the dirt roof, the widely projecting eaves and the southern porch of a mountain cabin, and its lathwork and battened door were in keeping; only the windows, with their machine made frames, were out of key. There were two small bedrooms, a living room, which served also for dining room, and a tiny kitchen, and yet it produced on Raymond's mind the most charming effect of unhesitating hospitality and homeliness. This was due as much to the charm of Mrs. Kelly's manner as to the deep voiced, cordial invitation of the host himself. There was no lock on their door and no bar to their warm hearts.

But Raymond saw what Matt's loving eyes could not discern—Nora was overworked and losing heart. In spite of her ready smile and cordial seconding of her husband's invitation, "Ye must make your home with us," she was not strong enough to take on this extra care, and he resolved to stay in Bozle till he could build a cabin for himself.

(To be Continued.)

They usually contain acids and burn the flesh. The one safe cure in liquid form is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is purely vegetable, causes no pain and cures in one day. Don't forget the name—"Putnam's."

SAVED INNOCENT LIFE.

One of the Queerest Trials in British History is Recalled.

The charge of counterfeiting coin preferred against a gang of men in the Midlands recalls one of the strangest trials in the history of Britain's legal system.

A French refugee named Jacques du Moulin was accused of uttering counterfeit coin under very curious circumstances. His habits was to buy of the customs authorities goods which had been smuggled, then resell at a handsome profit. After the deal had been effected he would return to his customer, produce bad coins and declare that the buyer had uttered them.

This happened following a deal with a merchant of repute, who not only denied the charge, but declared that Du Moulin was himself a counterfeiter.

The Frenchman brought an action for defamation, and the defendant called many witnesses to prove what had been the practice of the suspect.

A criminal indictment was then laid against Du Moulin, his effects were searched, and among them were found many false coins and the whole apparatus for counterfeit coinage.

He was found guilty and sentenced to death.

The date of the execution drew near, and the man's doom seemed sealed.

Then a miracle happened. A man named Williams, a seal-graver, was killed in the street, and his death brought his wife to the verge of the grave. Assured that she could not recover, she confessed that her husband had been one of a gang of coiners and that Du Moulin had been their innocent victim.

In Du Moulin's employ was a footman who belonged to the gang and had been in the habit of extracting from the desk of his master good coins and substituting false.

It was these latter which the Frenchman had charged his customers with palming off upon him.

Still, there remained the damning evidence as to the coinage apparatus itself in the possession of the doomed man. This was explained by the fact that the footman, having obtained duplicate keys to his master's desk, had when Du Moulin was arrested, feared that he himself would be implicated, and, to fasten the guilt upon his master, placed the entire paraphernalia in the latter's drawer.

Happily, the whole plot was revealed in time to save an innocent man's life—Sketch.

Parnell's Superstitions.

From the intimate study of the late Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, made by Emily Monroe Dickinson in "A Patriot's Mistake," it appears that, like many of his countrymen, Parnell was rather superstitious.

At the time following his marriage, subsequent to the famous divorce suit in which he was involved, he joined his sister at Cahir, where he was to speak at a meeting. Upon his arrival the crowd, in their eagerness to shake hands with the agitator, broke the windows of the carriage and thrust their hands through the broken glass, a circumstance that afforded him strongly as a sign of evil import.

On another occasion, when he was expected as a guest by the author, her housemaid thought she had seen him on the stair at a moment when, as it afterwards proved, he had not yet reached the town. Upon his arrival when told that the servant had seen him on the staircase early that morning, Parnell refused to stay in the house, and went with his baggage to his sister's.

First Photograph.

Lord Avebury (otherwise Sir John Lubbock) was the first person in England to have his photograph taken. M. Daguere, the co-inventor of the art, came to London to patent his discovery, and paid an early visit to Lord Avebury's father. He was explaining the details of his invention very enthusiastically, when he beheld the little son of his host playing about in the garden, and at once asked permission to use him as a subject, in order to give a practical demonstration of the art. This was given, and resulted in a very successful photograph, the first ever taken in the country.

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