## I HAVE A BOY.

I've a wonderful boy, and I say to him,

Be fair, and be square in the race you

I have a boy and I want him to know, We reap in life just about as we sow, And we get what we earn, be it little or great.

Regardless of luck and regardless of fate. I will teach him and show him, the best That it pays to be honest and upright, a man.

I will make him a pal and a partner of

mine, And show him the things in this world

that are fine. I will show him the things that are wicked and bad,

For I figure this knowledge should come from his dad. I will walk with him, talk with him, play with him, too,

We will grow up together, I'll too be a

And share in his trouble and share in his

We'll work out our problems together and

We will lay out our plans when we both will be men.

No pleasure in life could be greater to he knew from the stories of his fath-

-Hugh Marion Pierce

## WHEN DREAM GULCH PAID.

A steady hand on the wheels, Jim Marshall piloted his car easily up the perilous grade that winds around the perpendicular side of Jackass Moun-

Into the dizzy heights the road crept like, in places, a mere trail no wider than the wheels, where the sheer walls of the canyon dropped away for thousands of feet.

Jim stopped the machine on the divide, a dot at the apex of the world. He locked the brakes and gazed off across that gorgeous panorama of wild jagged beauty, of depths and heights and green forests, broken here and there with silver lakes and the silken skein of a winding river.

Over this very road, when it was a trail so narrow that jackasses could not pass, the hordes had tramped in their mad rush to Dream Gulch. Over it his father, Two Barrel Marshall. had come when he carried his riches to the outside world.

Through Two Barrel's eyes Jim had seen it, and he recognized the landmarks, the little intimate details of the great picture. There was friendly old Bear Mountain over there against the horizon, and down there below was the gulch between the two

ridges.
"Dream Gulch!" he exclaimed. Old Two Barrel Jasper Marshall had made his stake in the rush of '83 and then he had lost it, practically all of it, in fighting a bitter up-hill battle through forty-odd years. He had died two weeks before-with his boots on-still finghting, as he had

wanted to die. He had left his son, Jim, a gray-

But Jim had the pioneering blood of his father in him, and he was ready for the battle. Free, twenty-six, full ing its brief existence.
of life, he was answering the call It had lived, and to Jim it still lived. of life, he was answering the call It had lived, and to Jim it still lived. which had been tugging at him ever He remembered as though he had since he could remember.

hardships, the battle for existence, the romance of blood and love and

Two Barrel and his partner, Charlie Wilson, had staked discovery of '83; and they had seen cities spring up there in the wilderness over night. They had seen the assendancy, then the decline and decay, of Dream Gulch.

"It's dead an' gone now, Senny," old Two Barrel had said often. "But the real strike was never made there. The ledge from which that placer washed was never found, an' some be another strike in Dream Gulch."

That was the lure which had induced Jim Marshall to come across

the continent. He stood beside the car with the world at his feet. His face, bronzed from the outdoors which he loved. was set with that sterness which had been his father's when he fought his battles. Then it relaxed into tender lines and his eyes softened. It seemed to him for a moment that that big, gruff, kindly man who had been his as he looked off into the spaces be-

low.
"Dream Gulch!" he said again, half aloud. "The lost gold ledge. Dad, it's a fine legacy you have left me."

There it was below him exactly as

he had known it would look. Slowly the car crept down, down, twisting and winding along the face of the mountain.

A great snowshoe rabbit, a mottled honked his horn shrilly, laughing at the sudden antics of the wild creature as it leaped for the sector. gray in its late Fall coat, sat hunched up in the road ahead of him and Jim as it leaped for the safety of the

brush above the grade. The vibrating echo of the blast came back to him from a dozen angles of the canyon wall, growing in vol-

Jim to break that great silence of the roof.

hills with the harsh, discordant note tion, and after that the car slipped

with no other traveler over its whole varion. Beside the opening was piled course until Jim came at last to the vation. Beside the opening was piled when I git on II the pays.

When I git on II the pays.

The face white but her small names they ain't much t' clean up."

I her face white but her small names they ain't much t' clean up."

Jim reached out his hand again, held steadily in her lap.

"Does it scare you?" Jim asked with no other traveler over its whole d'Alene range like a yawning chasm. And there Jim began to feel the full glamor of the north Idaho gold camps of '83 weaving the spell of their ro- the car to investigate.

wide street when it teemed with the like bucket. jostling crowds of seven thousand miners, prospectors, adventurers, sudden death.

It sprawled before him exactly as it had been built nearly half a cen-it had been built nearly half a cen-tic half a cen-

dence of three resident families and a patched-up store building and post-office combined, which had added to itself the modern touch of a gas pump.

with a flowing white beard.

"They's some 'spicious characters shafts, with which Charlie had pockmarked the mountains about the silence finally. "Got t' be kinda gulch in his search for the lader than the place of the

And to all of my promises, strive to be pump. The jarring note of that glaring red gas pump in Delta's silent street startled Jim.

"I'll be darned!" he said, half aloud. "What in thunder would anyone want to put a gas station clear up in here for?"

He let the car idle to a stop in front of the store while he looked up and down the deserted thoroughfare, And, oh, what a wonderful joy it will be, placing various buildings-buildings

> His eyes wandered on down past the last rotting structure and on up the gulch. That gentle tugging at his heart which was the siren lure he had followed was pulling strong again.

Up there was where Two Barrel Marshall had washed the yellow gold from the gravel. Up there romance had lived; up there the lost gold ledge was hidden.

"That's it!" he said aloud, as if he had made a new discovery of an old and friendly beacon.

Suddenly Jim stepped on the accelkeeper who had stepped up at that old man spoke first.

His eyes on the narrow road, Jim watched the curves ahead as the car droned on and on along the winding courses of the gulch, dotted with the decaying cabins of another day and torn with the sluice dams and upturned gravel and caved-in shaft holes of the placer diggings.

His nerves were at tension-tingahead which he had never seen but which he knew he could find. The

Thiad.

Jim knew it at once—the long forgotten city which, in its day, had outrivaled Delta in the madness of its blood and in its lust for gold. What tales of Thiad Two Barrel Marshall had told his son in his childhood as they sat before the open fireplace, the lights turned off.

Thiad slept the long sleep, as still and silent as those human beings beneath the sunken-in rectangles of sod eyed, square-jawed young fellow like had once been, but little out of the wreckage—a few thousand dollars memories; but to Jim Marshall it had life, breathed, pulsated with life as it had when Two Barrel Marshall had reigned as chief of the vigilantes dur-

been there himself the murder of Jeff Old Two Barrel had been wont to draw back the curtain which shut out on the sluice boxes; the hanging of his past life and lead young Jim into the two who had been left after the the wonderland of the Wild West; battle and who had been given sumthe excitement of the gold rush, the mary justice by that rough mining camp court. Those pictures which his father had drawn for him, and they had fired his imagination.

There before him was the old dance hall and saloon, the Thiad Palace. claim in Dream Culch in the spring Jim slipped from the seat of the car and walked over to it. "Third rafter from the east end,"

he muttered aloud. He counted the wobbling, warped rafters under the broad, sunken porch

and there it was! Jim's blood was racing hot in his veins and he breathed heavily.

Four feet apart on the third rafter were dangling two knots of heavy

hemp rope, frayed, ready to fall apart. The two robbers had been hanged bodies left dangling in the breeze for twenty-four hours, while the thou-

warning. Jim turned slowly to his car again, unaware of the two faces-coarse, brutal faces with shifty eyes-which peered out at him between the yawning log walls of the Thiad Palace.

sands of Dream Gulch looked and took

A moment before when Jim's car father, was standing there beside him had come to its sudden stop, these two had been sitting facing each other across a worm-eaten pine table, their heads close together, their voices lowered to undertones as they studied a sheet of oiled paper on which they

had drawn a crude map with a pencil Jim climbed into his car again with gulch yit." the resolve that another day, perhaps the next, he would return to Thiad and putter about its buildings, nosing into places where Two Barrel Mar-

er; then all at once it flattened out into a little level swale.

Here, close beside the road, stood an old-fashioned structure, composed of four stripped cedar poles, freshly ne. hewn and standing upright to bear Suddenly it seemed sacrilegious to the weight of a sloping cedar-shake

A new rope wound about the windlass suggested a well and Jim stopped

seemed he had walked its single long shovelful to the load, then straighten

shovelful to the load, then straighten built, an' yuh can pile yer beddin' on his bent back with gnarled hands to Two Barrel's bunk, Sonny." gamblers, women; when it was a his bent back with gnarled hands to blaring, boisterous city of life—and his hips as he turned a venerable face upward to the light.

"Hello, down there!" Jim called a shall walked its streets with his cor- began to climb the fifteen feet to the

The low buildings with fallen roofs til he stood straight and tall before and sagging walls, the silent dance Jim, his sharp eyes peering at the younger man out of a face covered

Jim smiled broadly. its head where some ancient slide had "I thought this was a well." he

eyes grew wide with a slowly dawn- gulch itself to collect and hold the

He came a step nearer until his face was close to Jim's. He was went to Wallace and secured the servbroader, taller, more massive than ices of an engineer and a small crew Jim, with the power of the outdoors, "Yuh ain't him, air yuh?" he demanded, a slow, eager hopefulness in the winter.

his voice.

things," the old man went on unstead-ily. "I ain't though. It's yuh, ain't development. it, Two Barrel, like yuh was back in

"Charlie Wilson!" Jim answered with firm conviction. "I am Two Bar-

erator and the car leaped forward, spitting a cloud of gas fumes into the astonished face of the rugged storeastonished face of the rugged store-

"Sonny, whar's Two Barrel?" he asked, his face softened with a flood of memories, his voice wistful. "I been a-waitin' here fer nigh on t' forty years fer him t' come back."

"Reckon it ware my fault," he said. "I done lost that 'er address he give ling. He was looking for something me an' I didn't know whar he were. "I rode into 'Frisco after him an' miles slipped by and then suddenly he threw on the brakes bringing the car to a sharp stop.

me done cleaned up, an investigation a king thar. Then when it ware gone, I done some prospectin' in Nevady; then come back her t' clean up agin. There beside the roadway stood Two Barrel waren't here, nobuddy

> found it yet. I reckoned it 'ud come. though; then I aimed t' go an' find Two Barrel, fer him and me ware partners in Dream Gulch."

"Two Barrel made a strike and lost it—in the east," Jim said. Charlie Wilson looked up again, his

time if I could git a grub stake." "Michigan," Jim answered. "Ain't never heard much o' gold

Slowly he turned to his windlass. and putting his strength to it, hoisted the bucket of gravel. With the load at the surface, he

carried it to the edge of the dump and turned it over, watching it spread

The bucket down, he made a hitch in the rope so that the wind-

"I been a-puzzlin'," he said. There was much of the softness of tone that and received the hard knocks of a comes to one who has lived in the solitudes in his voice. "I been a-puzzlin' like if Two Barrel ware gone an' yuh was his boy, yuh'd be having

there from that third rafter, and their prospected these here hills 'till they ain't no place left much t' prospect; but we'll make it. We can wash placer from the diggin's t' grub stake us." "Is there still placer gold here?"
Jim asked, his blood firing as the fev-

"It's down deep-along bedrocktwenty feet under some places," Charlie explained. "It's thar, though, lots

"Why did the miners leave the gulch then?" he wanted to know. "The water got into the gravel and they ain't never been enough to work the sluices since," Charlie explained. 'The rich gold was took out; but they

"Couldn't we put in a dam up at the head of the gulch somewhere and hold the spring water to wash the gravel with?" Jim demanded, his en-

thusiasm growing. Charlie shook his head sadly. "That 'ud take a right smart sum
o' money," he said. "An' it 'ud be only a chanct they was enough in thep ay streak t' make it back. "I've got some—a few thousand," Jim offered. "We'll go partners on

"Best do like I been a'doin'," Charlie hesitated. "Summer times I been

Jim had observed numerous simi- an' winter, I pile out enough gravel ground. This made traveling peril- place, but Winkie watched me all the along, but they were rotting, tum-bling to the ground. Under the roof o' water in the gulch. That-a-awy I of this one, however, was a wooden clean out enough t' grub stake fer windlass, standing over a wide exca- the next summer. Only they's times

firm grip.

"Charlie Wilson,' he said, " you and I signed up as partners. We'll

some grub that wants to be eaten?" "Sartin sure," Charlin grinned. "It's that," she said. Her voice was low, the same old cabin Two Barrel an' me soft.

There was ring in his voice and his new fires as he visioned the future and the new strike which was sure to

Indian summer was passing and the nip of late fall was creeping over the Coeur d'Alene when Jim came to Dream Gulch so that there was no time to be lost.

Charlie Wilson gave up his work dam a narrow point in the gulch near

almost closed the passage. This would make a reservoir of the ing amazement. spring flood water for use in washing "Same looks an' same voice," he their gravel throughout the year. A spring flood water for use in washing concrete dam was essential to hold a sufficient body of water; so Jim

He and Charlie Wilson turned to Jim stared; then suddenly he thrust and worked as members of the crew, speed before freezing weather should set in. For the first time in over for-

The word went about among oldtimers scattered through the hills and the towns of North Idaho that a crazy young fool was blowing his money in Dream Gulch, and many there were that fall and early winter who went in

Most of these had tried their hands at washing gold in Dream Gulch, and

they shook their heads.
"It won't pay you," Jim was told more than once. "There's only the fine stuff left along bedrock, and you can't hold enough water to go down

after that." The glamor of it was in his blood though, and Jim paid no attention. He was not even regretful when he drew a check for the last dollar of his inheritance. The dam was finished, and was ready for the spring floods, and lim promised a cle

summer. And then about the time the dam was finished the first trouble loomed. The two rough, shifty-eyed miners who had watched the movements of Jim Marshall the day he first passed town for the winter while they were back of the place had, on several oc- tramped the three miles down to Thicasions, come up the gulch to watch ad. the progress of the dam building.

Instinctively Jim mistrusted them and watched them carefully. LeBioc, nailed him and asked him if he would be able to bring his wife

and step-daughter out from town. The idea of women wintering in the ghostly city startled Jim, and he showed it in his face.

"They's others that'll bring the old lady and gal out," Hec growled. Don't know's I want yuh mixin' up with my wimmin folks anyhow."
"It wasn't that," Jim assured him. "It was only the idea of women staying in Dream Gulch through a win-

"That's my business," Hec snapped. 'They'l take care of themselves.' So in Wallace Jim called for Mrs. LeBloc and her daughter. The mother was a rather ordinary type of hillwoman who had toiled all her life rather hit and miss existence with the stolid indifference of her race. Her face still showed the traces of a faded beauty, and she was friendly toward Jim.

But the daughter, Vera Jarvis, was different. When Jim saw her, he was glad that she was not the daughter of Hec LeBloc, while his resentment was aroused that she should even be com-

pelled to come in contact with men like LeBloc and his partner. She was a slim, little creature with wide, round blue eyes that were like something Jim had seen in the hills -the far-away azure of the peaks along the Coeur d'Alene range after the sun had set. There was about her a timid, shy wildness; she was like a fawn that is startled—yet is unafraid.

Jim stared frankly as he held out

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Miss Jarvis," he said, when Mrs. LeBloc had spoken the girl's name.
"She's like me," Mrs. LeBloc had added with ill-concealed pride. "Pur-

his hand to her.

ty. Winkie Dunning's crazy over her. Shouldn't be s'prized they'd be a weddin', come spring."

The girl flushed painfully, but said the claims just before snow came."

(Det Charlie Wilson has the came." nothing. Jim winced. Winkie was the younger partner of Hec LeBloc

and the more cunning of the two from | do that." what Jim had observed. Vera sat silent beside Jim in the front seat of the car as he made the claims, never thinking anyone else return trip to Dream Gulch. Mrs. Le-would come in here," Vera answered. return trip to Dream Gulch. Mrs. Le-Bloc was in the back seat with sup-

plies piled high about her. It had turned bitter cold and al-

up over the divide, the car made dangerous slips which almost precipitated it over the grade. Once Mrs. Le-Bloc screamed and tried to plunge from the car, but the girl sat still, her face white but her small hands

her.
"Not-much," she answered with-

out looking at him. them from death only by a miralce, and looked up into his face. he smiled down at her reassuringly, and she looked up at him, her blue eyes wide with excitment. "I wish I could drive a car-like afraid of her."

"I'll teach you!" Jim promised. When at last they came to Thiad, and the men piled out to meet them, old eyes were kindly with the lights of Jim felt his resentment growing at their familiarity with the girl. Winkie Dunning came up close to

"Got a kiss fer me, kid?" he demanded crudely, and Jim wanted to strike him. But the next instant his heart bounded with joy. The girl was looking at Winkie steadily out of crust. And just as she vanished calm, level eyes.

"Don't you ever touch me!" she "Oh, ho! Little spitfire" he laughed

coarsely. "We'll see, cutie!" There was a sudden glint of fire in her eyes which reassured Jim. As he drove on up the gulch to Charlie Wilson, his mind was picturing the time grim. when he should do physical battle

with Winkie Dunning.
Winter came that night and for five months Dream Gulch, with its queer little assortment of settlers, the two men and two women hibernating in the best of the old buildings at Thiad and the two men three miles up the gulch at Charlie Wilson's cabin, was locked up like an old mine shaft, shut away from the outside

The snow fell steadily for a week, filling the gulch until the dump piles and the mine shafts and the old buildings were hidden beneath a level blanket, the trees bent under their burden.

The snow was an omen of good luck, though, to Jim Marshall and his old partner, for it meant there would be plenty of water with the first general thaw and their reservoir would be filled. As the weeks passed, Jim absorbed

that slow, unquenchable spirit which fired his partner, the gold fever of the prospector whose life is the future when he shall make his strike. His body ached and his blistered hands had smarted those first few weeks. But he had come to be as hard as nails, able to stand the strain of son, whose strength and endurance

he had envied and marveled at in the beginning. They were great partners, those two, and were accomplishing wonders with their work. In the diggin's along the gulch they were following bedrock and piling up so much gravel that they knew when the water came they would have enough to make a big cleanup. Then they would be re-

warded for their labor, when Dream Gulch paid. When the first hard freeze came, and the snow formed a crust that they realized that winter was gone, through Thiad and we had estab- would hold Jim's weight, he put on lished themselves in the old deserted the crude bear's paw snowshoes which Charlie fashioned from strips of a working at a prospect in the hills buck's hide and twisted willows, and

He found the people there fairly comfortable in a mud-chinked cabin but the reception he got was not of On one occasion, though, when Jim the warmest. The girl, Vera, greeted was making a final trip to Wallace him with shy friendliness in the presfor the last of the winter's supplies ence of the others, while Winkie Dunjust as the first snow was gathering, ning, who evidently had made small the older of the pair, known as Hec progress in his love-making, showed open hostility, sneering at him as an Eastern dude come there to mix in

other people's affairs. Jim held his tongue, but his visit was short, and he went back to his work of digging out the gravel. Aonther time, unable to stay away from Thiad, he started out but came on Vera in the gulch, half-way between the two places. She was standing on a knoll of snow which marked the presence of an old cabin beneath her and was gazing across the gulch up into the mountains. She was wearing bear's paw snowshoes like his own. From under a red, woolly tam

peeped the fringe of her rich chestnut brown hair. Jim watched her for a time, his pulse quickened. The cold winter sun glinting over the snow caught and tangled in a stray lock of her hair and brought out the rich red gold in it. In her sweater and slim fitting khakis she was an elfin of the winter off his assailant, Jim struck him a struck him as the face and had his -a sprite of the big woods and the

mountains. "Yoo-hoo-oo!" he called softly. She turned quickly, swift alarm on flight. Then she saw Jim and smiled, his rifle for another shot at the old like things of the wild do when their

mates come to woo. "Vera!" he said, his voice vibrant with an awakening emotion as he looked deep into the blue depths of her eyes. They were soft and submissive now as he had seen the eyes of deer when they came up close to his cabin in the early morning. He reached his hands out and for a moment she put hers in them trustingly.

"Vera!" he whispered again. "I was coming to find you-Jim," she said, dropping her hands to her sides. And Jim saw then that her face was clouded with worry. "They are going to jump your claims and take the work you have done. heard them planning. They recorded "But Charlie Wilson has those

claims!" Jim exclaimed. "They can't "He has just been working the prospects without recording the 'I heard Hec and Winkie talking it over, and they looked it up. They think you are making a rick strike. ready, higher up in the mountains, Oh, what can you do! I-I tried to

ous, and several times as they went time. He says he will kill you. And if they knew I was here with you,

they would kill me now."

Jim's lean jaw squared, and his hard fists knotted. "The dirty skunks!" he said "I'll go

down there and drive them from that place like I would rattlesnakes!" He meant it, too. If Charlie Wilson had seen him then he would have known that Two Barrel Marshall was alive again in this son. But Vera Jar-At another time when Jim saved vis laid a small, firm hand on his arm

> "Please!" she said. "They would only kill you. I know them. Mother will help us if I tell her. They are "I was not thinking of the claims,"
> Jim answered. "I was thinking of

> "Jim-don't!" Slowly the tenseness went out of his face and his muscles relaxed. "I

> wanted you to know and be prepared. But I must go now, before they follow me and find me out." Jim did not try to go with her. He stood there watching her as she went over the snow, walking easily, swinging her bear's paws deftly across the

among the trees, she turned and she waved to him. When Jim told Charlie Wilson of the impending danger, the old veteran sat silent for several minutes, gazing into the embers of the fire. Then, he stood up to his great height, his broad old shoulders squared, his face

"They hanged gold robbers in this place," he said ominously. "Two Barrel Marshall ware judge o' the court which hanged 'em down at Thiad. They'll be no gold robbers here while Charlie Wilson an' Two Barrel's boy

is able t'fight. "The third rafter from the east,"
Jim said slowly. "I saw it, Charlie.
The knots of the rope are still there." He was silent, then, for a moment, like Charlie. Then he said, as though he were speaking to himself:
"Gold fever. Mad hate and blood—

and love! Dream Gulch had 'em and they're still here!" Charlie Wilson had taken his old muzzle loading rifle down from its pegs above the door and was carefully cleaning, oiling, and adjusting it, making ready for an emergency.

The partners worked steadily in the diggings after that, taking out more and more of the bedrock gravel, and stored it ready to wash. Everything depended upon these operations as they had invested everything thy had

in them.

They were constantly watching for the first hostile move on the part of their enemies down the gulch, but as the weeks advanced through the winter and into the first mild weather steady labor longer than Charlie Wil- of spring the two men at Thiad gave no sign. "Reckon they's apt to be some bad

slides when the thaw starts," Charlie told Jim, looking up into the hills where the snow was drifted in great banks. But Jim was more concerned about the dam in which their money was in-

vested. "If a chinook strikes the gulch and takes that snow out the way you say those chinooks act in a few days the dam is liable to break," he worried. But the thaw was gentle and slow,

spring had come. The great reservoir

behind the concrete bulwark of the dam began to fill, and finally the water had raised until it spilled over the Jim and Charlie then turned to the sluices and began to work on the

great cleanup. And that was the time Hec Le-Bloc and Winkie chose to make their raid. One afternoon as Jim and Charlie worked in the sluices, the two men

appeared suddenly above them with rifles in their hands. "We got these claims staked an' the records on 'em," Hec LeBloc announced without preliminaries. "You birds move out o' here, an' be fast about it!"

Jim dropped his shovel and leaped from the gravel pit straight at the throat of the speaker. "I'll get you, you thieving claim-jumper!" He gritted his teeth! his face was terrible to see. Charlie Wilson was only a second behind him, driving his

heavy old frame toward the younger of the two invaders, who stood with rifle ready. Both of the claim-jumpers fired, point blank at the men. Jim was so close upon Hec and his movements had been so sudden that Hec's shot went wild. Before he could draw the rifle back and use it as a club to beat stunning blow in the face and had his fingers in his coarse neck. The rifle flew from Hec's grips and the two

went down fighting. her round face, as a timid creature of his shot grazed Charlie's skull, Char-Winkie had more time though, and the hills would turn, ready for instant lie fell stunned, and Winkie leveled

miner. The picture flashed across Jim's vision as he struggled with Hec, and he rolled toward Winkie, bringing his own assailant with him. As Winkie fired Jim's heavily booted foot went out and caught him on the shin with such a blow that he cursed with the pain of it. The rifle ball went harmlessly over Charlie Wilson, and the next Jim knew, Winkie was on top of him, beating him in a mad, wild fury of anger.

It was an uneven battle with the two on him, but Jim fought with the last ounce of his strength to hold his fingers in the jugular vein in Hec Le-Bloc's neck.

While Winkie struck at him with corded fists, kicked him with heavy miner's boots and trampled over him, Jim kept that hold. The blood was streaming from the wounds in his face and body, and he was blinded, beaten almost insensible—yet his fin-

gers held their grip.

Then slowly he felt Hec's struggles lessen, and as he slipped into unconsciousness and the grip of his fingers slackened, he knew that Hec LeBloc. too, was unconscious.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1)

of this modern implement of civiliza- lar structures in the gulch as he went from the diggin's t' wash while the forward noiselessly.

For miles the road unwound itself

Be brave if you lose and be meek if you win,

Be better and nobler than I've ever been.

Be honest and fearless in all that you do And honor the name that I have given

Of 85 weaving the spell of their rothe car to investigate.

But standing beneath the roof of the open structure and peering down into the cavity below, he made out the stooped form of a man at the ranges, spread the old tumble-down the stooped form of the hole bending over a whale of an appetite.

But standing beneath the roof of the open structure and peering down into the cavity below, he made out the stooped form of a man at the stooped form of the hole bending over a whale of an appetite.

But standing beneath the roof of the open structure and peering down into the cavity below, he made out the stooped form of the hole bending over a whale of an appetite.

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But standing beneath the roof of the open structure and peering down into the cavity below, he made out the stooped form of the hole beneath the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering down into the cavity below the open structure and peering

Jim watched him heap the final

duroy pockets bulging with his surface, using cleats which had been pouches of gold dust. But it was nailed across a corner of the cribbing. Not a word did the veteran say un-

said. The pupils of the old man's blue

said irrelevantly.

out a hand and seized the work-hard- rushing the dam with all possible ened fist of the other. "Reckoned mebbe I might be a-gittin' twisted in my head, sorta seein' ty years Dream Gulch echoed to the

el's boy, Jim." For a long moment Charlie Wilson and Two Barrel Marshall's son stood to take a look at him and see what

"Gone," Jim answered simply. Charlie Wilson dropped the hand of the other and shook his head slowly.

waren't here. Dream Gulch had done played out.
"Sonny, I stayed here, think' mebbe Two Barrel 'ud come back. I been a-lookin fer the lost ledge but I ain't

eyes bright. "In Montaney?" he asked. "Reckcned mebbe I'd head over thar some

diggin' thar," Charlie Wilson mused; then he grew silent.

out and roll down the slope. Then he lowered the bucket into the shaft while Jim stood by watching.
It seemed to Jim that the old man had forgotten his presence, but he had

lass could not unwind; then he faced the younger man.

his part of Dream Gulch."
"I came out here to help find the lost ledge," Jim answered eagerly, playing up to the other.
"Wall," Charlie went on, "I done

er crept through him.

is a mighty fine pay streak up the

a-lookin' fer the ledge. Come fall there was a blanket of snow on the tell you when you were there at our