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(Continued.)

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 tolled 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 inflow began in earnest. The trail was beaten smooth by swarming feet. It became a stage road. A great railroad sent surveyors tolling 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 attested 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 grassless, but Valley Springs was a bower of trees and growing vines. The houses of the peak were tents, slab shacks 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.

Skytown was the cupola of Sky camp. It surveyed the whole field, dominated only by the glittering crest of Mogayon, which rose nearly 4,000 feet higher into the thin and fleckless air. Bozle and Hoffman and Indian Creek and Eureka and a half dozen other villages lay below.

This was the town, the camp, toward which Raymond had been gazing in longing and irresolution for two years and to which he directed his steps as soon as he was able to walk with something of his old time vigor.

For a week he did nothing but stroll slowly up and down the streets of Bozle, studying his surroundings, listening to all that was said and asking searching questions of every man who seemed to know anything of mining matters. The altitude at first troubled him greatly, but he ate well and slept well, and day by day his strength and native resolution expanded within him, and he began to definitely seek a place whereon to try his hands at labor.

One night as he sat toasting his shins before the big fire in the hotel he became immensely interested in the grand physical proportions and easy, unstudied grace of a middle aged miner who stood with his back to the fire replying to the rapid questions of a young reporter whose head was bent absently above his notebook and pencil. The

prospector satisfied every requisite of a mountaineer. His massive head, covered with grizzled hair; his handsome, weather beaten, smiling face; his worn laced boots, spattered with mud; his rusty brown jacket and his broad hat, worn with careless yet unflinching grace, made him easily the most picturesque figure in the room, and when some one clapped him on the back and called out, "Hello, Kelly!" Raymond realized, with a pleasant warming of the heart, that he was looking upon Rocky Mountain Kelly, who knew the ranges of the west as intimately as the lines on the palm of his hand.

Seeking opportunity, he touched the big man on the shoulder. "Are you Matthew Kelly?"

Kelly turned his keen gray eyes on his questioner. "I am, sir. What can I do for ye?"

"I've heard you're a good natured man," began Raymond.

Kelly slid his hand into his pocket. "How much is it?"

Raymond laughed. "Do I look like that?"

"You look like a sick man," replied Kelly, scrutinizing him. "And a hungry man."

"I'm neither," Raymond smilingly replied. "I've just eaten the supper they serve here, and I'm fairly comfortable, but I want to ask your advice about a business matter. If you had a little money and wanted to break into mining, what would you do?"

"Take out a lease," answered Kelly promptly.

"Do you know of a promising property to lease?"

"I do."

"Will you show it to me?"

"I will."

Raymond was amused by the crisp succinctness of these replies. It was plain that the prospector was sizing him up, and favorably.

Kelly indicated a chair. "Sit down, man; ye look like a citizen with a lung faded. Where are ye from?"

"I'm a rancher from the plains."

"And ye want to mine?"

"Yes."

"It's ninety-nine chances to one ye lose y'r wad."

"I know it."

"Have ye a wife?"

"I have not."

"Any one dependin' on ye?"

"No one."

Kelly relaxed, and his eyes began to gleam friendly. "Very well, then, I consent to rob ye. I'm the owner of one mine into which I've put me last dollar, but I know a dandy proposition which I'd like to display. I'll take ye with me over the hills when ye're a little better acquainted with me, and when ye've seen the mine we'll talk the terms of partnership. The bankers all know me, and the faro dealers likewise, the more shame to me." A smile of singular charm curved his handsome lips.

"But never mind that. Matt Kelly never tuck advantage of any man, and that, I think, ye'll find me neighbors agreed upon. I'll not say I like the looks of ye—that would sound like blarney—the truth bein' I'm seekin' a partner, but in a day or two I'll lay me scheme before ye."

Putting aside business, they talked of their personal affairs, Raymond guardedly, Kelly with entire freedom and some humor. Kelly was married and had two little boys, for whom he was now living. "Since Nora came," he said, with tenderness, "I drink no more, but gambling is in me blood. I

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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 tolling at windlasses whose joints 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 house 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 picturesque 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, me 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 lunger' yet."

The two men walked round the little grove of firs to the west and came upon some men busy with a very small

apright 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 latching 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.)

Do You Know How It Is?

To a woman there is a sense of satisfaction in knowing her new gown has excited a feeling of envy.



Raymond's blood leaped with the joy of it, play no more with cards or dice, but with lodes and shafts. I'm always taking on new chances. I load myself up with 'good things' till me back is broke and me hands fall empty."

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