

times, because I am compelled to keep you here in this rough, out-of-the-way place, when you ought to be in school, learning to be a lady."

"I try to do that here, Ben, so don't be mad about me any more."

"Ay, ay, Keith; you were always a lady, from a wee thing; born so, I guess. You are different from other girls, wise and womanly beyond your years. I can

hand shook as he laid it gently upon her head. When she had left him, he sat down by the fire and was soon lost in a profound reverie of the past. A wilder night than that which swept over the camp eight years before, he hoped never to witness again. The rain fell in torrents, and the water poured down the gulch in a great flood, while the mountains themselves seemed to tremble with



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do better by you now, I hope, yet it will take a little time."

She stooped and kissed his hand, and said: "You have been both father and mother to me, Ben; I owe everything—you owe me nothing."

"Tut, tut! The obligation's all on my side. I'd have been as wicked as the evil one himself, if the thought of you hadn't held me back. Now go and sleep, dear child."

He spoke gaily, but there was a suspicious moisture about his eyes, and his

the fury of the tempest. How well he remembered it, and the old trail down the gorge! There was neither road nor stage then. All communication with the world below was had through a messenger on a mule's back. Every week, one of the miners was detailed to perform this duty. He would go down one day and return the next. On this particular night, the messenger was expected back with mail and supplies; but he was late—very late. The camp became anxious, and then alarmed. Suddenly, in a mo-