

and give you my child; then lie down to rest—a long rest, for I'm so tired."

The chill of a great fear fell on him as he remembered those two mounds, lying side by side, in the "Horseshoe." He gathered and held her close to his heart, that for five years had kept constant vigils for her—that for five years had had no other thought but of this hour.

"You will promise?" she whispered.

In all her life, he had never denied her anything within his power to give. He could not now refuse to grant this, her last request. Yet he could not trust himself to speak. For answer, he stooped and laid his first kiss upon her brow.

"Dear Ben!" she said, softly stroking his cheek. Then, suddenly remembering her babe, she would have led him to see it.

"Not now," he whispered, hoarsely, while his breath came and went in quick pants. Even the child should not come between them yet.

They were again climbing the Sierras, in the same old, lumbering coach that had brought Keith down from the happy mountain home five years before. She had borne the journey bravely, but was looking wan and feeble.

"Lie down, child; you look weary."

"Yes, I'm tired—so tired. I want to be rested when I get home," smiling faintly.

He folded a shawl under her head and spread his greatcoat over her, for even in mid-afternoon, the air was chilly in the mountains. Then he sat down opposite her, with the child in his arms—her child; and he gnashed his teeth above the rosy face on his breast, as he thought of the unnatural father.

The afternoon wore on. They had been winding up the gulch, and would soon be at home. How soundly they both slept, through the rattling and lurching of the old coach! The last rays of the sun were gilding the Sierras with a radiance seen nowhere else. He wanted Keith to see it; he remembered how she used to love these mountain sunsets. She was lying with her cheek on her hand, in the old, childish way he could never forget.

"Keith!" he called, softly. She did not answer. He leaned across and tenderly touched her hand, then threw back her veil—

"Keith! Keith!" he cried.

The child awoke in sudden alarm and clung to him, but the mother did not stir—the tired mother, who wanted to be rested when she got home. She would never be tired any more.

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To-day, in San Francisco, there is no name that is a synonym for greater wealth, or that heads a larger list of public and private benefactions, than that of Ben Hepworth, the quondam miner of Devil's gulch. He is a great railroad magnate and lives in a palace on Nob hill. Once every year, he makes a pilgrimage to the "Horseshoe" and lays a wreath of blue forget-me-nots on one of the three graves under the shadow of the pines. The white shaft bears the one word, "Keith."

In one of the best private boarding schools in the city, is another Keith Conway, with the glorious eyes and gentle nature of the mother, who is known as Ben Hepworth's adopted daughter, and who will one day preside over his home.

MEX LINTON.