

The old woman threw her piece on the floor, where the boys fought for it.

"I'll take no gold fer the babe," she muttered, "she be never made fer sech 's yuh be."

Carmen took Nil's little, trembling hand and led her out on the mountains.

"Are you glad, child," she said, in her soft voice, "are you glad to go with me—to see the world and wear fine clothes, and have nothing to do from morning till night but lie in the sunlight and dream?"

"Glad!" said Nil, only. But her heart swelled till her little body quivered with ecstasy, and tears rushed to her lowered eyes.

"It was meant, then, that you should be like me," mused Carmen, softly, speaking aloud, yet to herself, "no matter what the old woman said. All the purity and virtue in the world could not escape fate—and they call me Fate," she added, laughingly.

She threw herself carelessly upon a rock, carpeted with moss, and motioned Nil beside her. But the child gave a quick start and flung up her head and listened, like a young, startled deer. Then she glanced behind her, and, all in an instant, gave a great cry and flung herself upon the woman.

"Yuh're so beautiful," she breathed, "An' I—I don't count, nohow. I'm daft, mother says, but you—yuh're like the skies, the mountains, the flowers—they sha'n't kill yuh!"

There was a loud report, a flash, a cry of agony, and the child fell upon the young grass at the woman's feet. Out from the shadows of the tall trees Nil had loved, came two men, with smoking pistols in their hands. The left arm of the smaller one hung at his side; his face was darker and more sullen than usual.

"Look on your work," he cried fiercely, to the woman, who was kneeling beside the child. "We were fighting—fighting for your smiles, woman. I saw the child fling herself upon you, but I—I did not seem to care. I knew you were screened, and I thought he," with a bitter look at his rival, "would screen her. But as it is, it does not matter. It is far better that she should be dying than that she should go with you."

The child opened her glazing eyes. "I hear—the music," she breathed, slowly and with difficulty. "Louder, an' clearer, an' sweeter, than ever—before. An' I see the valley, an' the beautiful—lady—an' I'm—goin' with—her."

Then there was no sound, save the sighing of the wind among the pine trees, the soft rustle of the grasses as it swept through them, and the drowsy hum of the bees.

"Let us go," said one of the men, with a shudder. "Let us get out of these accursed mountains."

"It was as the old woman said," cried Carmen,

laughing, but with a white face, when, a little later, their carriage was swinging from side to side on its way down the canyon. "The child was fated to never leave her mountains—to 'never be sech 's I be,' as the grandmother said. I thought I knew better than she, but I was wrong. But then, she was so old—so old—and, sweet heaven! how the eyes of the old look through one! For the young I do not care; but for the old—"

Then she lounged back among her cushions, laughing, forgetting already, and flecked the dust from her face with the crimson roses.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

#### A NEW ERA FOR VANCOUVER.

DURING the past summer new life has been infused into the business men of Vancouver, W. T., and the town has taken some decided steps toward a new order of things. Possessing a town site unrivaled for beauty and location on the Columbia, having tributary to it a large area of some of the best farming and fruit lands on the Pacific coast, and being within easy reach, by a railroad which might be cheaply built, of exhaustless forests of timber and deposits of coal, there has seemed to be no reason why the city should lag in the march of progress, yet it has hitherto hung back and neglected to improve its magnificent opportunities. Now, however, the citizens are aroused to the need of energetic action, and are taking steps which have already resulted in largely increasing the value of property and business of the city, though as yet but a beginning has been made.

Chief among the new movements was the organization, some months since, of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima Railway Co. The prime object is to tap the timber and coal to the northeast of the city, with the final purpose of extending the line through the mountains, by the Klickitat pass, to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Yakima or Prosser, or some other road, should one be built before that time offering a better connection. By this organization a paper railroad is not intended. On the contrary, the citizens have subscribed \$60,000.00 for the construction of the first ten miles. Five miles are nearly completed, and will be in operation in December. By June next ten miles will be completed, and ten more by the end of 1889. The first section of five miles penetrates a magnificent belt of timber, which will furnish a paying business from the start. A year hence Lewisville will be reached, and the rich agricultural region of Lewis river rendered tributary to Vancouver. On the line of the road, sixty miles