My Heiress.
A playful struggle in the boat
As Bess, with courage fine,
Declared that she knew how to row,
And seized that oar of mine.
A few weeks later I made bold
To seek her father's door.
An interview—'tis well; I haste
To clasp my mine of ore.
—L. C. K.

A Mountain Vista.

I.

At last! There was no doubt of it this time;
it lay there before him, a misshapen piece of brown stone quartz, interspersed with dull yellow metal. The stroke had sent his pick deep into the yielding mass, and one strong wrench had laid the treasure at his feet.

How often, during the long, sleepless nights, he had pictured before him this self-same scene; in fancy he had seen the yellow gleam answer to the stroke of his sturdy pick, and in fancy he had tossed his well-worn hat high in the air and shouted "Eureka!" And oh! how often he had pictured it, was the first rich reward of the long, weary years of toil and waiting.

But where was the anticipated elation—the expected joy? How strange everything seemed! Even the landscape had an unfamiliar look; objects seemed to swim around before his eyes, and strange, rushing noises from the mountain torrent sounded in his ears.

With a quick, impatient gesture he raised his hand and brushed back the long, gray hair from his forehead.

"I'm only tired," he muttered; "I guess I'd better knock off for to-night;" and he arose wearily from the half kneeling posture into which he had fallen in the first excitement of discovery. Slowly he gathered up pick, and shovel, and pan, and then stood for a moment as if in a dream, gazing away off across the valley to where the setting sun barely tipped the blue line of the distant foot-hills.

How white and strange he looked as he stood there leaning on the long handle of his shovel; and as he turned to go, there was an expression in his eyes that had never been there before. As he tottered up the trail his limbs trembled under him, and he had scarcely taken three steps before he staggered and fell. Slowly raising himself again to a sitting posture he gazed about, in a dazed sort of way for a moment, until his eyes rested on the nugget lying just as he had left it; and as he gazed at it he broke into a harsh, discordant laugh, that, had any heard

mountain a month before, and had struck "pay dirt" almost immediately. The first result went far beyond anything he had realized for years, and the old fever broke out with renewed energy. Then followed days of overwork and sleepless nights, of conflicting hopes and fears, until nature asserted herself, and his health broke down under the strain.

Still, he had worked on as best he could, eagerly welcoming each day as the last of toil, and still had the prize eluded him, until he had almost given up in despair. And there it was, at last! There, exposed to his view, was the out-cropping "vein"; there, lying beside his muddy pick and shovel, just as he had so often pictured it, was the first rich reward of the long, weary years of toil and waiting.

But all that had been in the enthusiasm of the earlier days, when, in the first fever of excitement, he laid himself down at night with the expectation that the morrow had the hoped-for luck in store. But the weary years had come and gone, and the luck never came. The mother way off in the little New England home had wearied of waiting, and the chief element of his dreams was gone.

But he had toiled on in a blind, hopeless sort of way, drifting here, and there, and everywhere, until at last, when long past the prime of manhood, he held within his grasp the prize which had so long eluded him. He had drifted to this little place on the side of the great