

If June Were Mine

If June were mine, I'd weave for you—
Of roses red and skies of blue,
Of golden sun and orchard sheen,
Of blossom fretted damascene—
A veil of every petal hue.

And from the morning mists of dew
Distill a fairy stream that though
The woods should wend a way serene,
If June were mine.

And, ere the purple dusk anew
The curtains of the sunset drew,
Adown the river's dream demense,
I'd paint a patch incarnadine
And drift into the dawn with you,
If June were mine.

—Smart Set.

IN HELL'S CANON

By HAROLD KINSABBY



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Adventurous prospectors who have followed the perilous trails over the Cabinet Mountains have, as a matter of course, heard of the Lost Lead, but only he who is a total stranger to fear has penetrated the chaotic wilderness of Hell's Canyon, and thus come suddenly upon the Grave of Gold. Four rude granite posts, connected by heavy log chains, enclose the spot. On the face of the giant boulder that stands guard over the few square feet of sacred earth is carved:

THE LOST LEAD.
LOUIS GILBERT.
1869-1891.

This inscription marks the loneliest, yet richest, grave in the world.

Late in the spring of 1889, Louis Gilbert left his home in Kentucky for a visit to his uncle's mine in the Northwest. He had lung trouble, and the doctor had ordered an outdoor life. While his health improved, he became infected with another ailment, perhaps the only one to be caught at that great altitude—the gold fever. Miners were his only associates, the talk was all of lodes, leads and drifts, and the only communication with the outside world was by the train of pack mules that carried the heavy ore sacks down the winding trail. So it was not surprising that his walks took the character of prospecting tours, and carried him farther and farther from camp. Late in October, when his visit was nearly over, he



Fell like a dead man before the mess-room door, started with three days' food for a last trip, into new territory. From a conical mountain top about ten miles

west of the mine, he had looked over a lower range of summits to a great expanse of wild and broken country that he had never explored.

The weather was like summer when he started, but thirty-six hours later, on the evening of the second day, a fierce snowstorm set in. By midnight, the first blizzard of the season was raging through the mountains. On the third day the storm still howled furiously, but searching parties were sent out with a faint hope of finding the young prospector before the trails became entirely impassable. In the dim twilight of the afternoon they returned one by one, almost worn out, convinced that the body of the missing man would not be found till the warm winds of spring should melt away the drifts. Yet, as a humane precaution, lights were set in cabin windows, and, guided by one of them, Louis Gilbert staggered into camp and fell like a dead man before the mess-room door. He was taken from the snow, wrapped in blankets and laid before a blazing fire. When he showed signs of life he was given hot drinks and undressed. His prospector's belt dropped to the floor like lead, and when opened was found to be stuffed with nuggets of virgin gold.

In the fever that followed, Gilbert talked deliriously of his long struggle through the blinding drifts, hungry, cold and aching for the sleep which would mean death, yet forcing himself onward with the blizzard at his back as his only guide. The amazing richness of his find had given him the strength that saved his life.

Finally he opened his eyes with the old look and told more in detail the story of his wonderful discovery. On the east side of a stream, in a canyon so terribly wild and broken that it was almost impassable, he had found the gold on the very face of a ledge.

Filling his belt, he had started to blaze his way back, when the storm came down with frightful violence. The rest of the journey was simply a horrible nightmare.

As nothing could be done while the snow lasted, Gilbert returned to Kentucky for the winter, yet could think of nothing but his gold mine.

Early in the spring he was back at his uncle's mine, waiting impatiently for the snow to melt and be carried away by the swollen streams. Finally, after a tedious delay, he set out with a small party of miners all eager to have a hand in locating the rich prospect.

"Hell's Canyon!" exclaimed the foreman, as, skirting Cone Top mountain, Gilbert pointed out the way. One of the men, a Mexican, declined to go any farther with the party, and the

foreman explained to the wondering Gilbert:

"The Mexican's give Hell's Canyon a wide berth. They say that one of them found a big treasure there, and then lost it and his life in some uncanny way. They found his bones, though, next summer. Knew 'em by his divining rod, that he clung to even in death."

On the second day Gilbert and his companions found the stream, which fought its way among the upturned rocks, cavernous gorges and fallen logs of Hell's Canyon. At the sight of the stream Gilbert eagerly led the search along the east bank, and every yard was carefully searched. But the boulder, the two dead trees—every other characteristic landmark on Gilbert's chart—had disappeared. All search was vain. The map was not that of the locality they were in—as Gilbert himself was obliged to admit.

During that summer Gilbert led out four other searching parties, but never got any nearer the lost lead. Then he again went South for the winter. When he next returned it was with a flushed cheek that contrasted horribly with his pale, pinched look and steadily falling strength. In spite of all disappointments, he was still hopeful, and to humor him his uncle's miners occasionally made excursions into the maze of peaks and gulches.

One morning, late in the season, Gilbert asked for one more chance to solve the mystery of Hell's Canyon. He had had a dream, he said enthusiastically, that this time he would be successful. The miners made up a party and started out in the usual direction. Although they went slowly, the young man's feebleness increased



"The Lost Lead!" he cried.

until it became necessary to carry him on a litter made of boughs. This delayed them even more, and it was late on the third day before they reached the stream. At the sight of the dashing water, Gilbert's strength appeared to rally, and, sitting up, he directed them to cross to the west bank. At this strange order the bearers exchanged glances and called the rest of the party. They all believed that with a brief return of physical strength the young man's mind had broken down. The one point on which he had always been most positive—that the vein was on the eastern bank of the stream—he had now abandoned. It was evident to them that the lost lead would never be found.

But it was time to camp for the night, and the west bank was much more sheltered. With much difficulty, bracing themselves against the stones, they carried the litter across the swift current. Selecting a site sheltered by a huge boulder, the men sent in advance to pitch camp began with picks to clear a spot for the tent. With a ring that could not be mistaken the steel struck the rock. The men gave a great cheer. Gilbert raised himself on his litter when it was brought up, and gazed excitedly at the great boulder and its surroundings, which had come to him so vividly in that prophetic death-dream—his last on earth.

"The Lost Lead!" he cried in triumphant tone, and then adding in a weak voice, "Bury me here, boys," he sank back—dead.

Spring freshets had changed the torrent's course, and the east bank had become the west!

They buried Louis Gilbert with the treasure he had never possessed, and while the rich mine became known in financial circles as "The Lost Lead," yet old miners themselves never call it anything but "The Grave of Gold."

OFFERS BIBLE FOR TOBACCO.

Aged Southerner's Exteremity Melts Heart of West Side Grocer.

A Chicago grocery man tells of a seedy-looking individual, with the appearance of better days in his memory, who came into the grocery, and, in the accent of the old South, asked for credit for a package of smoking tobacco. This was refused. The old man, who wore an ancient silk hat and a long frock coat, turned away with a sigh, but returned shortly with a pained look and a copy of the Bible.

"My name is Rust, suh—"

"You look it," the grocer interjected.

"I am a brother, suh, of Gen. Rust of Mississippi, suh, and not in the habit of making propositions of this kind, suh. But if you will take this book, suh, in pledge, and trust me for the smoking material, suh, I pledge you the honah of a Rust, suh, that I will redeem it in a very few days."

And yet the grocer refused to part with the "noxious weed."

Again the old man turned away and with a sigh remarked:

"Well, suh, if you won't take my word nor the word of God eyether, I presume that it is best to close these negotiations. Good day, suh; good day."

"That was too much for even as hard-hearted a man as I am," said the grocer. "I called the old gentleman back and made him happy with a package of tobacco, and I didn't keep his Bible, either."

Nothing Light About It.

F. L. Colver, president of Frank Leslie's publishing house, tells the following as an illustration of the quick wit of an Irishman who was sent to take some furniture to the storage warehouse preparatory to the family going to their summer home.

Colver, who was in the library, heard sounds of unusual puffing and blowing as one of the men was staggering downstairs under a weighty piece of furniture.

"What are you taking down," he called out, "the light oak dresser?"

"No, sor," panted Pat, "sure Oi'm takin' down the heavy mahogany one." —New York Times.

The Room.

Here in this old deserted room,
Where cobwebs fringe the tapestries
Swayed by the breezes in the gloom,
My heart renews life's ecstasies.
There where the dusty shade's let down,
Against the yellow light I see
A bended form whose silver crown
Is more than queenly crown to me.

There in the quiet corner nook
A leathern chair leans to the wall—
There bended o'er some cherished book
A form arises in the pall;
A form I looked to with delight
In days of childhood when I trod,
A vagrant and a tot'ring wight,
A trembling babe o'er vernal sod.

I list the voices faint and sweet
Borne to me in soft roundelays,
Like echoes from some dim retreat
Of life's exquisite choral days,
And while the mould'ring tapestries
Swayed by the breezes in the gloom
Crumble to dust, life's ecstasies
Bring back the sunshine to the room.
—Horace Seymour Keller.

Reed's Ready Wit.

"Col. Pete" Hepburn of Iowa is fond of telling how, during his early days in Congress, he once had occasion to consult Mr. Reed, then speaker, with a view to obtaining Reed's advice as to a eulogy on a deceased colleague which Col. Hepburn had been selected to deliver.

"Give me a general idea of what I shall say," said the inexperienced Hepburn.

"Say anything except the truth," responded the witty Reed. "It's customary!"