

**UP FROM
THE HILLS**

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Up from the hills by N. C. Hanks

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INTRODUCTORY

Simplicity is the evidence of greatness!

People who are really educated know what to do next.

Religion is the inherent longing in the human soul to answer harmoniously the call of the Great Divine.

A person's grade of intelligence may be rated by his sense of humor.

We are born alone; we work alone; we succeed alone; we fail alone; and, last, but not least, we die alone.

Up From the Hills.

CHAPTER I.



I CAME up from the hills. Followed that long, crooked, slippery trail that winds between the crests of the cliffs, over the rocks, by the pine trees, and through the snow drifts.

My boyhood days were spent there. The meadows, mountains, valleys, and murmuring pines were all my playmates. Many mock battles went on; even the Weaver of Dreams, Zane Gray's Buck Dewaine and Riders of the Purple Sage were very insignificant to compare with some of the characters of my boyish dreams.

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After I was graduated from the swimming-pool, the cow herding, and the dog and pony days I was kicked and cuffed through seven grades of a very ordinary country school in Charleston, Utah, the place where I discovered America. As I look back over those methods of instruction, I wonder which end of my body they were trying to educate—or if they had misunderstood the location of my brains. The wonderful age of sixteen arrived with all its likes and dislikes, choices and choosings, sweethearting, and teasing. The trip to the University interrupted my boyish pranks. I worked for the money. It seemed the only way to get it. And when I broke off the family tree, Dad cut me loose to pay my own debts. So through the coming years of seven-

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teen, eighteen, and nineteen, and twenty I worked for resources and went to school whenever I could. My record at the University was not a brilliant one, as the pauses to get cash were frequent. However, I finished my second year in the commercial college and acquired an appetite for more education, but the money had to come first and faster. I bade adieu to the old farm with all its happiness, plenty and memories, and went away to the mines as fast as I could go.

CHAPTER II.

I saw the carloads of ore coming out of the mountain sides. It looked good to me, and I said to myself, "Here's where I make a raise." So during the vacations from school I