

THE SPIRIT OF SWEETWATER

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The Spirit of Sweetwater by Hamlin Garland

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HAMLIN GARLAND

**THE SPIRIT OF
SWEETWATER**

The Spirit of Sweetwater

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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THE SPIRIT OF
SWEETWATER

BY
HAMLIN GARLAND

AUTHOR OF
WAYSIDE COURTSHIPS
MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS
PRAIRIE SONGS, ETC.



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Add

THE MYSTERY OF MOUNTAINS

*As the sun sinks
And the cañons deepening in color
Add mystery to silence
Then the lone traveller lying out-stretched
Beneath the silent pines on some high range
Watches and listens in ecstasy of fear
And timorous admiration.*

*In the roar of the stream he catches
The reminiscent echo of colossal cataracts;
In the cry of the cliff-bird
He thinks he hears the eagle's scream
Or yowl of far-off mountain-lion;
In the fall of a loose rock
He fancies the menacing footfall of the grizzly bear;
And in the black depths of the lower cañon
His dreaming eyes detect once more
Prodigious lines of buffalo crawling snake-wise
Athwart the stream,
Or files of Indian warriors
Winding downward to the distant plain,
Where camp-fires gleam like stars.*

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The Spirit of Sweetwater

CHAPTER I

One spring day a young man of good mental furnishing and very slender purse walked over the shoulder of Mount Mogallon and down the trail to Gold Creek. He walked because the stage fare seemed too high.

Two years and four months later he was pointed out to strangers by the people of Sweetwater Springs. "That is Richard Clement, the sole owner of 'The Witch,' a mine valued at three millions of dollars." This in itself was truly an epic.

Sweetwater Springs was a village in a cañon, out of which rose two wonderful springs of water whose virtues were