

# RACING FOR LIFE.

We had been prospecting for a month through the Mogadon mountains, in Arizona, and had just with the good luck brought home a few more of the precious metal, but we were not to return to the mine, for we were fully convinced that the precious metals were entirely too scarce in that locality to warrant us in prospecting further.

There were three of us in the party—Paul Sanford, Arago and myself. Arago was a half-breed—part Spanish and part Zuni Indian—and a person of great strength. He was not over five feet six, and was rather heavy in build, yet he was so quick and so active as a person, I never knew his age, though I think it could not have been over thirty at the time of which I write.

Paul Sanford was a slender youth of eighteen, while I was a year younger, yet we were nearly the same size. I had come to Arizona six weeks before to get a long grand old time, and Paul was a former schoolmate, and whose father owned a ranch on the Gila, near where the Rio Salado empties its waters into that stream.

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"Lee Apah" he called, and with a change in our route, he led us to a place to guide the trail back toward the mouth of the stream.

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Every runner of hope left me as I saw this, and turning to Paul I saw that he was as pale as death. Arago stood with me in front of a large rock of porphyry and meditation on his scarcely visible.

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