A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XIV.

"Kate, I never saw a better fashion'd gown, mendable."

Taming of the Shrew. This dressing of Lilian for the undoing of her cousin is a wonderful affair, and occupies a considerable time. Not that she spends any of it in a dainty hesitation over the choice of the gown fated to work his overthrow; all that has been decided on long ago, and the fruit of many days' deep thought now lies upon her bed, bearing in its every fold-in each soft fall of lace-all

work of the inimitable Worth. At length-nurse having admired and praised her to her heart's content, and giv. her merry kittenish ways have disappeared : en the last fond finishing touches to her she walks as a young queen might who has toilet-Miss Chesney stands arrayed for been grossly affronted in open court. conquest. She is dressed in a marvellous | "Give you my honor I quite forgot him," robe of black velvet-cut a la Princesse, murmurs Taffy, from the spot where he is simply fashioned, fitting a merveille, being yet in mourning for her father. It is a little open at the throat, so that her neck-soft and fair as a child's-may be partly seen out, closes the door with much determina-(looking all the whiter for the blackness tion behind her. The stranger, suppressing that frames it in) and has the sleeves very a smile, stoops to pick up the fallen brush, tight and ending at the elbow, from which and the scene is at an end. rich folds of Mechlin lace hang downwards. Around her throat are a narrow band of black velvet and three little strings of pearls her thick and heavy. Could anything be that once had been her mother's. In ber more unfortunate! Just when she had got ily.

Standingerect before her glass she contemplates herself in silence, - marks the snowy loveliness of her neck and arms, her slender his presence in the drawing-room below,hands (on one of which Guy's ring is sparkling brilliantly), her rippling yellow hair in ance in Taffy's bedroom! Oh! horror! She all its unstudied sleekness, the tender, exquisite face rose-flushed, and, looking gladly upon it all, -- for very love of it, --stoops hands, and a stare of undeniable surprise Musgrave's mercy and borrowed his brushes beauty that smiles back upon her from the able! mirror.

"How do I look, nurse?' she asks, turning with a whimsical grace to the woman who is regarding her with loving admirations. "Shall we captivate our cousin?"

I'm nigh sure you could coax the birds off the bushes."

ney, tenderly, pressing her own cheek, soft with youth's down, against the wrinkled one near her. "But I must go and show myself to Taffy."

So saying, she opens the door, and trips away from Mrs. Tippi g's adoring eyes, down the corridor, until she stops at Taffy's door.

" Taily ?" "Yes." The answer comes in muffled tones.

"May I come in?"

"Yes," still more muffled. Turning the handle of the door, Lilian enters, to find Mr. Musgrave in his shirtsleeves before a long mirror, struggling with his hair, which is combed straight over his forehead.

a heart-rending glance at Lilian, who laughs entering the room, seats herself in a cosy with most reprehensible cruelty, considering | chair and prepares to meet her fate with | the situation.

"I am glad to find you are not quite suffocated," she says. "From your tone, I prepared myself-outside-for the worst. Here, bend your head, you hopeless boy, and I will do it for you.

Taffy kneeling before her submissively, teenth century. she performs her task deftly, successfully, and thereby restores peace once more to the

bosom of the dejected dragoon. "You should hire me as your valet," she says, lightly : " when you are away from your cousin, Archibald Chesney." me, I am afra d to think of all the sufferings you must undergo. Are you easier in your

mind now, Taffy ?" that young man, when he is sufficiently re- | shake hands with her own kin. covered to glance around. "I call that rigget that from ?"

"Straight from Monsieur Worth," returns Lilian, with pardonable pride, when one remembers what a success she is, drawheight, and letting her white hands fall clasped before her, as she poses for wellearned admiration. "Is not it pretty? And doesn't it fit like a glove?'

good figure," with all a brother's calm im-"You have got yourself up regardless, so I

suppose you mean mischief. "Well, if this doesn't soften his heart, nothing will," replies Miss Chesney, vainly, regarding her velvet, and alluding, as] Musgrave well knows, to her cousin Archibald. "You really think I look nice, Taffy? You think I am chic?"

"I do, indeed. I am not a judge of woman's clothing, but I like black velvet, and the world in general. His nose is of when I have a wife she shall wear nothing else. I would say more in your favor, but | the denomination of aquiline, or hooked, as that I fear over-much praise might have a bad effect upon you, and cause you to die of your 'own dear loveliness.'

pout. ' Never mind, I know you admire me intensely."

"Have I not said so in the plainest Queen's English? But that time has fatally revealed to me the real character of the person standing in those costly garments, I feel I should fall madly in love with you tonight."

"Silly child!"-turning up her small nose with immeasurable disdain, -- "do you think I would deign to accept your boyish homage? No; I like men! Indeed!"with disgraceful affectation, -- "I think it my duty to warn you not to waste time burning your foolish fingers at my shrine.

She moves him aside with one small finger, the better to see how charming she is in another glass. This one reveals to her all the sweetness she has seen before, -and something more. Scarcely has she glanced into it, when her complexion, that a moment ing reserved for the poor of the earth. since was a soft and lovely pink, changes suddenly, and flames into a deep crimson.

There, at the farthest end of the long room reflected in the glass, -staring -- back at her, -- coatless, motionless, with a brush suspended from each hand, stands a man, ing him with quiet scrutiny, decides that he is days, when on the top of a high wall he lost in wonder and most flattering astonish-

ment. Miss Chesney, turning round with a start. finds that this vision is not belonging to the other world, but is a real bona fide creature | pened up-stairs ?" he asks, gently, after a of flesh and blood, -a young man, tall, pause spent in as earnest an examination

bread-shouldered, and very dark. For a full minute they stare ilently at "Up-stairs?" says Lilian, with raised

each other, oppressed with thoughts widely different in character, while Tatfy remains More quaint, more pleasing, nor more cem- blissfully ignorant of the situation, being now engaged in a desperate conflict with a refractory tie. Then one of the brushes falls from the stranger's hands, and the spell is broken. Miss Chesney, turning impetuously proceeds to pour out the vials of her wrath upon Taffy.

"I think you might have told me," she said, in clear angry tones, casting upon him a glance meant to wither. But Mr. Musgrave distinctly refuses to be withered.

"Eh? What? By Jore!" he says, vaguethe distinguishing marks that stamp the ly, as the awful truth dawns upon him. Meanwhile Lilian sweeps majestically to the door, her velvets trailing behind her. All

rooted through sheer dismay. His tones ness. are dismal in the extreme, but Miss Ches ney disdains to hear or argue, and, going

Down the stairs, full of vehement indignation, goes Lilian, thoughts crowding upon amber hair a single white rose nestles sleep- herself up in the most effective style,just when she had hoped, with the aid of this velvet gown, to make a pleasing and delightful entree into she had been led into making his acquainthas been face to face with him in his shirtsleeves, with his odious brushes in his upon his hateful face! Oh! it is insupport-

And what was it she said to Taffy? What did she do? Hastily her mind travels backward to the conversation that has just taken place.

First, she combed Taffy's hair. Oh! miser-"Ay; so I think, my dear," replies nurse, able girl! She closes two azure eyes with quietly. "Were you willing, my beauty, two slender fingers from the light of day, as this thought occurs to her. Then, she smirked at her own graceless image in "You are an old dear," says Miss Ches. Taffy's glass, and made all sorts of conceited remarks about her personal appearance, and then she said she hoped to subjugate "him." What "him" could there be but this one? and of course he knows it. Oh! unhappy young woman !

As for Taffy, bad, bad boy that he is, never to give her a hint. Vengeance surely is in store for him. What right had he to forget? If there is one thing she detests, it is a person devoid of tact. If there is one thing she could adore, it would be the power to shake the wretched Taffy out of his shoes.

What is there left to ber but to gain ber room, plead bad headache, and spend the remainder of the evening in retirement? In this mood she gains the drawing-room door, and, hesitating before it, thinks bet-"It won't come right," he says, casting ter of the solitary-confinement idea, and, admirable calmness.

Dinner is ready, -waiting, -and still no Archibald. Then there is a step in the hall, the door is thrown open, and he enters, as much hurried as it is possible for a well-bred young man to be in this nine-

Lady Chetwoode instantly says, with old fashioned grace, the sweeter that it is somewhat obsolete,-

"Lilian, permit me to introduce to you

Whereupon Lilian bows coldly and refuses to meet her cousin's eyes, while kind Lady Chetwoode thinks it is a little stiff of "Oh, I say! what a swell you are!" says the child, and most unlike her, not to

An awkward pause is almost inevitable, out downright fetching. Where did you when Taffy says out loud, to no one in particular, but with much gusto,-

"How odd it is they should never have seen each other until now!" after which he goes into silent agonies of merriment over ing up her slim young figure to its fullest his own wit, until brought to his senses by an annihilating glance from Lilian.

The dinner hour is remarkable for nothing except Lilian's silence. This, being so utterly unexpected, is worthy of note. "It does. It gives you really a tolerably After dinner, when the men gain the drawing-room, Archibald, coming over, deliberpertinence, while examining her critically; ately pushes aside Miss Chesney's velvet skirts, and seats himself on the low ottoman beside her with modest determination.

> Miss Chesney, raising her eyes, regards him curiously.

He is tall, and eminently gloomy in appearance. His hair is of a rare blackness, his eyes are dark, so is his skin. His eyebrows are slightly arched, which gives him an air of melancholy protest against the high and mighty order that comes under may suit you best. Before his arrival Cyril used to tell Lilian that if Nature had meant him for anything it was to act as brigand "Mechant!" says Lilian, with a charming in a private theatre; and Lilian, now calling to mind this remark, acknowledges the truth of it, and almost laughs in the face of her dark-browed cousin. Nevertheless she mother ! refrains from outward mith, which is wisdon on her part, as ridicule is his bete

Despite the extreme darkness of his complexion he is unmistakably handsome, though somewhat discontented in expression. Why, no one knows. He is rich, courted, as are all young men with a respectable rent-roll, and might have made many a titled debutante Mrs. Chesney had he so chosen. He has not even a romantic loveaffair to fall back upon as an excuse for his dejection; no unfortunate attachment has arisen to sour his existence. Indeed, it is seldom the owner of landed property has to complain on this score, all such luxuries be-

Archibald Chesney's gloom, which is beto his face, and prevents the ignorant from guessing that he is one of the wildest, mad dest young men about London. Lilian regardgood to look at, and that his eyes are pe. first heard her singing it. culiarly large and dark.

"Are you angry with me for what hapof he as any she has bestowed upon him.

brows of inquiry and carefully studied ig- him presently with a smile full of kindliness, norance.

"I mean my unfortunate rencontre with you in Musgrave's room.' "Oh, dear, no," with clear denial. "I seldom grow angry over trifles. I have not thought of it since." She utters her fib bravely, the truth being that all during din-

ter she has been consumed with shame. "Have you not? I have. I have been atterly miserable ever since you bestowed that terrible look upon me when your eyes first met mine. Won't you let me explain my presence there? I think if you do you will forgive me."

"It was not your fault : there is nothing about which you need apologize," says Lilian; but her tone is more cordial, and there is the faintest dimpling of a smile

cround her mobile lips. "Nevertheless I hate myself in that caused you a moment's uneasiness," says Mr. Chesney, that being the amiable worb he employs for her ill temper. "I shall be

discontented until I tell you the truth: so hen tell it," says Lilian.

"I have a man, a perfect treasure, who can do all that man can possibly do, who is in fact faultless, -but for one small weak-

" And that is?

"Like Mr. Stiggins, his vanity is-brandy hot. Now and then he drinks more of it than is good for him, though to do him justice not very often. Once in six months, regular as clock-work, he gets hopelessly drunk, and just now the time being up, he, of course, chose this particular day to make | When we love we grow fearful; and with his half-yearly exhibition of himself, and, having imbibed brandy ad lib., forgot to bring himself and my traps to hetwoode in time for the first dressing-bell."

"What a satisfactory sort of servant!" cur so seldom. But I wish he had not his presence. chosen this night of all others in which to play me false. I don't know what I should have done had I not thrown myself upon hamp being addicted to such foreign music. and combs and implements of war generally. As it was, I had almost given up hope of being able to reach the drawing-room at all to-night, when just at the last moment my 'treasure' arrived with my things andyou with my explanation? It is very good of you to listen so patiently, but I should have been too unhappy had I been prevented from telling you all this."

"I think, after all, it is I should explain my presence in that room," says Lilian, with a gay, irresistible laugh that causes Guy, who is at the other end of the room, to lift his head and regard her anxiously.

He is sitting near Florence on a sofa (or rather, to speak more correctly, she is sitting near him), and is looking bored and gene. Her laugh pains him unaccountably; glancing next at her companion he marks the still admiration in the dark face as it gazes into her fair one. Already-alreadyhe is surely empresse.

"But the fact is," Lilian is saying," I have always been in the habit of visiting Taffy's room before he has quite finished his dressing, to see if there be any little final touch required that I might give him. Did you meet him in London?

"No; never saw him until a couple of hours ago. Very nice little fellow, I should say. Cousin of yours?"

"Yes: isn't he a pet?" says Lilian, eagerly, always glad to hear praise of her youthful plunger. "There are very few like him. He is my nearest relative, and you can't think how I love that boy.

". That boy' is, I should say, older than you are,'

"Ye-es," doubtfully, "so he says about a year, I think. Not that it matters," says Miss Chesney, airily, "as in reality I am any number of years older than he is. He is nothing but a big child, so I have to look after nim.

"You have, I suppose, constituted yourself his mother?" asks Archibald, intensely amused at her pretty assumption of mater-

"Yes," with a grave nod, "or his elder sister, just a I feel it my duty at the moment to pet or scold him. " Happy Taffy !"

"Not that he gives me much trouble. He is a very good boy generally." "He is a very handsome boy, at all events: you have reason to be proud of your child. I am your cousin also.

" Yes."

A pause, after which Mr. Chesney says,

"I suppose you would not take me as a

second son? "I think not," says Lilian, laughing "you are much too important a person and far too old to be either petted or scolded."

"That is very hard lines, isn't it? You might say anything you liked to me, and I am almost positive I should not resent it. And if you will be kind enough to turn your eyes on me once more I think you will acknowledge I am not so very old."

"Too old for me to take in hand. doubt you would be an unruly member, -a mauvais sujet,—a disgrace to my teaching. I should lose caste. At dinner I saw you frown, and frowns"-with a coquettishly plaintive sigh-" frighten me!"

"Do you imagine me brutal enough to frown upon my mother?-and such a

"Nevertheless I cannot undertake your reformation. You should remember you are scarcely in my good books. Are you not a usurper in my eyes? Have you not stolen from me my beloved Park?'

"Ah! true. But you can have it back again, you know," returns he, in a low tone, half jest, though there is a faint undercurrent—that is almost earnestness—running through it.

At the moment Lady Chetwoode saves Lilian the embarrassment of a reply.

"Sing us something, darling," she says. And Lilian, rising, trails her soft skirts after her across the room, and, sitting down at the piano, commences "Barbara Allen," sweetly, gravely, tenderly, as is her wont.

Guy's gaze is following her. The pure combine to make a lovely picture lovelier. The words of the song make his heart throb, and bring to life a certain memory of carlier

Pathetically, softly, he sings it, without having finished, still lets her fingers wander

listener), whilst the others applaud. Guy alone being silent, she glances at asleep.

that claims and obtains an answering smile

"Have I ever seen that gown on you be-

fore ?" he asks after a pause. "No. This dress is without doubt an eminent success, as everybody admires it. No; you never saw it before. Do you like

"More than I can say. Lilian, you have formed your opinion of your cousin, andyou like him?

"Very much, indeed. He is handsome, debonnaire, all that may be desired; and-

he quite likes Taffy. "A passport to your favor," says Chetwoode, smiling. " fhough no one could

one, and he sees the ring he had placed upon the third finger a few hours before now glistens bravely upon the second. The discovery causes him a pang so keen that involuntarily he draws himself up to

his full height, and condemns himself as a

thought,-though in reality she knows nothing of it, -Lilian says, gazing admiringly at the glittering trinket in question,-"I think your ring grows prettier and prettier every time I look at it. But it would not stay on the finger you chose: while I was dressing it fell off: so, fearing to lose it, I slipped it upon this one. It

looks as well, does it not?" "Yes," says Chetwoode, though all the time he is wishing with all his heart it had not fallen from the engagement finger.

fear there is torment. "Why don's you ask Florence to sing?"

asks Lilian, suddenly.

"Because I detest French songs," he answers, somewhat sharply, -Miss Beauc-

"Do you?" says Lilian laughing at his tone, which she fully understands, and straightways sings one (the gayest, brightest, most nonsensical to be found in her repertoire) in her sweet, fresh voice, glancany amount of concealed spirits. Do I bore ing at him with a comical challenge in her eyes every time the foolish yet tender re-

When she had finished she says to him saucily,-

" Well, Sir Guy ?"

And he answers,-"I am vanquished, uttery convinced. confess I now like French songs as well as

any others." "I like them ten times better," says Archibald, impulsively, "when they are sung by you. There is a rerve, a gayety about them that other songs lack. Have you any more? Do you known any of Gounod's? I like them, though they are of such a different style.'

"They are rather beyond me," says Lilian, laughing. "But hear this: it is one of Beranger's, very simply set, but I

since given exclusively to her guardian, until at length Sir Guy, muttering "coquette" Chesney master of the field.

Lilian, turning from her animated discussion with Archibald, follows his departing footsteps with her eyes, in which hes a faintly malicious smile; an expression full of suppressed enjoyment curves her lips ; she is evidently satisfied at his abrupt retreat, and continues her interrupted conversation with her cousin in still more joyous tones. Perhaps this is how she means to fulfil her mysterious threat of "showing" Sir Guy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROW A HERD IS ROUNDED UP.

Hard Riding.

The general round up of a district requires from sixty to one hundred cowboys and from three hundred to five hundred cow-ponies. Two or three big wagons, fille i with bedding and cooking and camp utensils, accompany the round-up over mountains and across valleys and bad lands.

The entire district is ridden over thoroughly by the cowboys. Gulches, canyons, draws, sagebrush bottoms, cotton-wood groves, bad lands, in fact every foot of the district is explored and every head of stock driven to the daily camp of the round-up. Viewed from the hills fringing some vast valley a round-up, with its circling cowboy riders, big herds of noisy cattle, bands of led horses for the riders and the wild Western landscape of far-stretching plain and distant mountain, combine to make a thrilling and picturesque scene.

Fifty or sixty miles of hard riding a day is the average distance covered by a cowboy during the round up. Five or seven horses ably into the animal's quivering sides.

There are but two meals a day on the nection with the steamer. round-up. Breakfast is long before sun up and dinner when the day's work is over. After dinner is a period of enjoyment. The coming if anything, does not sink deeper | though piquante face, the golden hair, the | appetites, sharpened by fifty or sixty miles than his skin. It gives a certain gentleness | rich old-fashioned texture of the gown, all | hard riding, have been appeared with bacon,

INDIANS KILL INDIANS

Trouble on Sorrow Island-A Bunting Party Completely Annihilated

A Vancouver, B.C., despatch says :-Stanley Smith, who arrived here from Bella Coola a few days ago, brings word that rumors are in circulation in that district of a terrible Indian massacre that took place a few weeks ago on Sorrow island. Some Rivers Inlet Indians went there to hunt otter, and on the island were some of the Kitkatalas tribe, further north, also hunting. The story is that a Rivers Inlet man molested a Kitkatalas girl. Her tribe avenged the insult by killing the offending man. A general fight ensued, and the help liking the boy." Then his eyes seeking Rivers Inlet men were vanquished. All her hands once more, fasten upon the right were killed with the exception of three chiefs, who were spared because of their rank. These chiefs were imprisoned in a hut. The victorious Indians held a nowwow and it was decided that if the Rivers Inlet chiefs were allowed to return, their tribesmen would avenge themselves. So it superstitious fool. As if she divines his was decided to act on the maxim "dead men tell no tales." They were therefore shot to death. The story was told to Smith by some Indians, and he also heard it mentioned by several of the crew of the steamer Coquillon, which had just returned from a fishing cruise in the locality. Sorrow island is quite distant from any trading post, so that it is probable the affair will not become generally known for several weeks. The Indian agent at Albert Bay has been notified of the matter, and he is making an investigation.

The World's Coal Supply.

One of the greatest authorities on coal, Herr Nasse, the official mining expert of Archibald Chesney has risen and lounged | Prussia, has just published the result of his over to the piano, and now is close beside long investigations as to the probable dura-"He is very, when he is sober-absolutely her. To Guy's jealous ears it seems as tion of the coal strata of the world. He beinvaluable. An then his little mistakes oc- though the remark was made to rid her of lieves that the next five or six centuries will exhaust the coal of Europe; that the supply of Austria-Hungary, France, and Belgium will be the first to give out; that the coal mines of Great Britain will be exhausted next, and finally those of Germany. Herr Nasse does not believe the American product will outlast that of Europe. There are, however, sources of supply which do not enter into these calculations, and may eke out the world's coal resources for some centuries longer. Coal is found in many of the newer parts of the world. Recent discoveries encourage the belief that other finds of importance may be made as exploration goes on. It is only within the past few months that we have heard, upon good authority, that along the northern bank of the Zambesi River, about three hundred miles from its mouth, are some thousands of square miles of bituminous coal lands. The coal is said to be of excellent quality and well adapted for the furnaces of ocean steamers. It is only four years since it was discovered that in the Chinde branch of the Zambesi delta, ocean and river vessels may meet; and Mr. Rankin says that the product of the new found coal fields may very cheaply be placed in the holds of ocean steamers.

> We know just enough about the coal fields of the middle and upper Yangtse Valley, in This timeshesings to him, -unmistakably | China, to be able to assert with confidence a soft little Norman love-song, full of grace | that they are among the greatest in the and tenderest entreaty, bestowing upon him world. It has been asserted that the all the beguiling smiles she had a moment | Yangtse-Kiang coal fields can supply the entire needs of the world for many generations. Thus far this great source of wealth to his own heart, turns aside, leaving has availed even China very little; the native methods of mining are very rude. The coal resources of our own continent are still very imperfectly understood. Not many years ago it was thought that the long, cold winters and the almost total lack of timber for fuel were an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of colonizing the Canadian Northwest. Then came the discoveries of coal in southwestern Alberta, British Columbia, and along the northern branch of the Saskatchewan River. The fuel question was solved. Canada has coal for her own use and for export. The known area of our coal lands, still almost untouched, is as great as that of the United States and it is reasonably certain that coal will be found It is Effected by Means of Long Days of in large quantities in the Peace River region, where petroleum will be among the products of the future. There are many thousands of acres of coal in Alaska, and coal mining will soon be an important industry of that Territory. The Alaska Coal Company, which is about to begin mining on a large scale, says it can make a good profit by selling the product in San Francisco at \$3.50 to \$4 a ton. The company's property is in Cook's Inlet, and the coal, semi-bituminous in character, lies in veins of six to eight feet in thickness. It is a good deal more likely that, in the progress of knowledge, a desirable substitute for coal as a heat producer may be discovered, than that the world will be panic stricken on account of the exhaustion of its coal supply; besides, we may draw for coal upon regions still little known, for centuries after our present sources of supply give out.

An Awful Accident.

A British Columbia paper says: -A are in his string. Tough and wiry as they horrible accident occurred on board the are, the fierce chasing over broken, rough steamer Nelson on a recent run down Kootand stony country uses them up and for a enay Lake. A man named McDermott, one time takes the spirit out of them. No day's of a party of three prospectors, tried to steal riding is too hard, however, to keep a cow- a ride on the hoat and avoided the purser boy out of a race if one is proposed. No on his rounds. One of the slight wooden cavalry charge could be a more spirited sight | railings on the upper deck was found than that of a line of cowboys, every man broken, and on looking below at the stern yelling like an Indian and every horse doing of the boat alongside the paddlebox, the his best in a half-mile race across some level | bulk-head was found to be stove in and porstretch of soft prairie. There is quick work | tions of a human skull were discovered. It to be done when some mother and calf too is supposed the man, who was not sober, weak to be driven with the herd are found. | tried to get down and the rail giving way A couple of ropes thrown around the head he fell on the crank arm of the paddle and legs of the lusty young calf hold it to wheel, and after being crushed by a few the ground. A fire of sage brush or drift- revolutions was pushed overboard. No wood heats the branding irons to a dull red | sign of the body existed and the wash from and the cabalistic signs which mark the the wheel had obliterated all traces of blood, ownership of the victim are burned irradic- jetc. Captain McMorris states that this is the only accident that has occurred in con-

> The steamer La Bourgogne which sailed on Saturday from New York for Havre carried \$1,000,050 gold.

potatoes, hot biscuit and coffee. Unlucky | Late reports from the gold mine of Mount candidates for the duties of night herd have | Morgan, in Queensland, Australia, the richgone swearing and grumbling from the camp est in the world, show that the prospecting to their lonesome duties, and there is noth- which has been carried on makes it evident ing to do but talk over the day's adventures, that gold bullion to the value of scores of smoke and tell stories. The anticipated millions of dollars will be taken from this affectation or pretence of any kind, and, | routing out at 4 o'clock the next morning | deposit before it is exhausted. Ten years cuts short the evening's pleasures, and by ago the entire hill which goes by the name idly over the notes (drawing from them | the time dusk changes into the early dark. of Mount Morgan was sold for \$3200. Since delicate min r harmonies that sadden the ness of the spring night beds are pulled that time it has paid in dividenda to the from the baggage wagon and the camp is | stocklolders in the company that own sho I mine more than \$15,000,000.