

could reach the light and air; the latter especially, for he was gasping for breath?

He hardly glanced at the dislodged nugget, which fell before him till—oh, joy of joys—his pick penetrated into the tunnel beyond, and with a few more strokes the cavity was made large enough for him to squeeze himself through.

Five minutes later a faint shout from the mouth of the Yankee lad's tunnel drew several eyes in that direction.

"I believe the boy has struck it!" exclaimed old North, leaping out of the trench and hurrying toward Tom, who, pale as death, reeking with perspiration, dirty, and breathless, stood in the mouth of the excavation.

Two or three left their tents and shanties and rushed to the spot where old North, holding in one hand the largest nugget ever seen in Maguari section, was peering at it eagerly through his pocket magnifying glass, while Tom looked up eagerly, awaiting his verdict.

"It's the biggest find these parts ever saw, and the purest," said old North enthusiastically, and I am happy to say that there was not one who gathered to congratulate Tom Horton who was not honestly glad for him.

"If that tramp had worked half a day longer, he'd a found it instid of you, lad," said some one, as, after he had told his story, Tom, with his nugget held in both hands, made his way back to his shanty, scarcely able to believe in his own good fortune.

"Much good it 'ud a done Tom, though," grimly returned another. "Black Mike would have kep' it to hisself and lit out with it first chance."

But what "might have been" was not worth speaking of, and for the first time in months, Tom Horton turned into his bunk with a really light heart.

And in the morning the bird concert which began with the day dawn had no more appreciative listener than Tom, even when the laughing jackass started in, for now there seemed to be something joyously exultant in the bird laugh itself.

Not many more mornings did he hear it though, for as soon as possible Tom set out for Ballarat. And though his "find" was not in itself a fortune, the sum realized by its sale will, I have no doubt, prove to be the nucleus of a future fortune, if Tom goes to work the right way. He is beginning right now at any rate.—*The Golden Argoes.*

THE CONNECTICUT TROUBLE.

The breach between the Grand Lodge of Connecticut and Hiram Lodge, its oldest and largest constituent, is apparently being widened, and the matters at issue are being discussed in the newspapers of New Haven. At this distance and with the information we have, it is impossible to judge understandingly as to where the blame lies. It must of course be admitted that a subordinate Lodge should obey the edicts of the Grand Lodge, but when a lodge which has been in existence for 150 years, claiming that in all that time a regular Communication has never been missed having 700 members and able to carry them practically unanimous into rebellion against the Grand Lodge, there must be greivous cause for complaint and a serious responsibility must rest upon some one for allowing this condition of things to obtain and continue. It would seem that here would be an excellent opportunity for arbitration.—*Masonic Tidings.*

THE *Trestle Board*, of San Francisco, expresses its opinion that the Council Degrees should be requisite for promotion to the Orders of Knighthood. It thinks that Grand Commanderies ought to require the possession of the degrees of the Cryptic Rite on the part of candidates applying for admission into the Order of Knights Templar. We agree with the *Trestle Board* in its estimate of the import and value of the Council Degrees, but we do not expect that the Grand Encampment, whose legislation would be needed to establish the desired requirement, will ever consent to put Templary one step farther away from Master Masons. Grand Commanderies will not urge such a course; indeed, there is a disposition already apparent in some quarters to modify the present law requiring that candidates for the Templar Orders shall be Royal Arch Masons.—*Freemasons' Repository.*