

It was the mother who warned the searchers to observe strict silence, and neither to speak nor whisper while turning up the sod.

O'Leary, fearing failure, hid his designs from his sons, but, finding it difficult to obtain his desires alone, he communicated his designs to his friend, O'Brian. So one beautiful day in September, such a one as welcomed the pirates on their visit to the West Cape shores, the two men, armed with axes, picks and shovels, and accompanied by the horse and waggon of O'Leary, set out in search of a fortune. A cool breeze blew steadily into their faces; the sun shone brightly in a clear blue sky; and the sea rolled noisily in upon the rocks. All was beautiful, and the air was filled with a melody of song, mingled with the harsh, discordant notes of the jay and the crow. But the two men trudged along in silence beside their gallant steed.

At last they reached the end of the road, and, leaving their horse tied securely to a post, they entered the forest. They continued steadily on their way for some time, until, approaching a giant oak, stripped of its leaves, and standing naked and dead, with its branches torn and twisted by lightning, the two men halted as if by mutual consent. Above them, standing out alone against the blue sky line was a large, withered branch; but at the end of that branch was the representation of a skull and crossbones, the piratical symbol.

Throwing aside their rough woollen jackets, the two men began to dig. For hours they toiled, while the sun moved steadily towards the west, and gradually sank into the rolling sea. Finally it disappeared, and the country assumed a gloomy appearance, but still the silent men worked, and dug, and dug, and dug.

In the meantime, the sons of O'Leary, curious about his long absence, set out in search of him. After a considerable search they came upon the horse, and decided to