

back blushing and leaning on the arm of Dennis McCarthy, a young Irish miner.

"My dear friends," she said, "I have bid you to my wedding, Dennis is the lucky man, we pledged our troth in dear old Kerry."

The ceremony proceeded and each kissed the bride. It was the first and last time. How we spent the next hour I shall never know and Phalin can furnish you with no fuller particulars. I have a confused recollection of Rosa, the curate, Teddy, a bunch of roses and McCarthy, that is all. At last we got away, heaven only knows what we said. Once out on the path we stalked along in moody silence. When we came to the Golden Fleece we both turned in, entered the private parlor and ordered whiskey, straight. Two hours later we were sent home by the landlord in barrows. When I awoke the next morning I found myself in Phalin's hut and in Phalin's bed. Phalin found himself in my hut and in my bed. How the thing happened we have never been able to explain. The following day when we met we concluded to enter into partnership and the sign reads to this day, Shea & McLeod, solicitors.

"No, we have never married."

"What about the Garden Gully?"

The mine is running yet and has paid the shareholders many handsome dividends."

"Rosa?"

The day following the wedding, the bride, McCarthy and Teddy took a special stage for Melbourne en route for the old sod. A week later my partner and I each received a letter, precisely the same, written in Rosa's best hand, containing a certified cheque on the Bank of Australia, drawn in our favor, for five hundred pounds.