

The Immortality of the Soul.

It must be so—Plato, too, reasoned well. Else why this pleasing hope, this fond dream...

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIRST. THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE, BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

IV. BIRD AND FEAR. Three years passed. It was believed Joe had perished in the bush.

Three years passed. It was believed Joe had perished in the bush. B'woman had entered the convict service as a trooper...

But Joe was no common criminal nor common man. When he set his face toward the bush, he meant to take no half measures.

Prison life had developed a strong nature in Joe. Naturally powerful in mind, body and passions, he had obtained the power in himself, and had obtained a rare mastery over his body.

One day he disappeared from the quarry, and an officer who passed through their village of myers, found them deserted.

The day following, an answer came to these queries. When the chain gang was formed to return to the prison, one link was gone—Moodyne was missing.

His tracks were found, fled through, behind the rock at which he worked; and from that day the black face of a bushman was never seen in Fremantle.

They arrived now at the opening scene of this story. Eight days after his escape from Fremantle, Moodyne was seen by the convict Dave Terrell, on the shores of the Koagulp Swamp.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

expression oftenest heard was "Moodyne." The convict and soldier constantly heard the word, but dreamt not of its significance.

Toward the end of the third year of his freedom, when Moodyne and a party of natives were far from the mountains, they were surprised by a Government surveying party, who made him prisoner, knowing of course, that he must be an abductor.

He was taken to the main prison at Fremantle, and sentenced to the chain-gang for life; but before he had reached the Swan River every native in the colony knew that "The Moodyne" was a prisoner.

For two years the chain-gang toiled on the stone, and the black men sat on the great unburnt rocks, and never seemed to tire of the scene.

The warders took no notice of their silent presence. The natives never spoke to a prisoner, but sat there in dumb interest, every day in the year, from sunrise to evening.

One day he disappeared from the quarry, and an officer who passed through their village of myers, found them deserted.

The day following, an answer came to these queries. When the chain gang was formed to return to the prison, one link was gone—Moodyne was missing.

His tracks were found, fled through, behind the rock at which he worked; and from that day the black face of a bushman was never seen in Fremantle.

They arrived now at the opening scene of this story. Eight days after his escape from Fremantle, Moodyne was seen by the convict Dave Terrell, on the shores of the Koagulp Swamp.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

but blind-hearted fellow thought he asked for water, and softly brought him a pannikin, which he held to his lips.

After a time the face of the prisoner was one more raled, and with almost lip but earnest expression he begged the sentry to come to him.

When the prisoner saw this, with a look of utter weariness, though not of resignation, he at last closed his eyes and sank to rest.

He awoke suddenly, and, as if he had not slept, felt the iron on his wrists, and knew that he was chained to a tree like a wild beast.

"Come here," said the prisoner in a low tone, "I want to speak to you."

"No more trouble now," said Moodyne. "They're on the sand. We must keep along till morning, and then strike toward the hills."

They went ahead rapidly, thanks to Moodyne's smug strength; and by daylight were a long distance from the point at which they started.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not dead. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vase gold mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

trembling hand, and his evil face had an awed look as he mounted.

"Call the dogs," said Moodyne. "We shall need them to-morrow." In answer to a low whistle the wolf like things bounded through the bush.

Moodyne took a straight line for the Koagulp Swamp, which they "struck" after a couple of hours ride.

Moodyne sprang from his horse, and ran to the trees, laid his hand on the shivered spear, and shouted a few words in the language of the aborigines.

"You must trust me," said Moodyne quietly. "I shall have to break the track we shall have that sleuth dog tracker after us when he gets loose."

They went ahead rapidly, thanks to Moodyne's smug strength; and by daylight were a long distance from the point at which they started.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not dead. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vase gold mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

after hour passed, and the jaded horses lagged on the way; but still the valleys opened before the riders, and Moodyne advanced as confidently as if the road were familiar.

Toward sunset he rode slowly, and with an air of expectancy. The sun had gone down behind the mountains, and the narrow valley was deep in shadow.

Moodyne sprang from his horse, and ran to the trees, laid his hand on the shivered spear, and shouted a few words in the language of the aborigines.

"You must trust me," said Moodyne quietly. "I shall have to break the track we shall have that sleuth dog tracker after us when he gets loose."

They went ahead rapidly, thanks to Moodyne's smug strength; and by daylight were a long distance from the point at which they started.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not dead. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vase gold mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

though, which covered the only level place in all that mining camp.

The next day a party of four proceeded to explore the mysterious cave I had discovered the preceding day.

Moodyne sprang from his horse, and ran to the trees, laid his hand on the shivered spear, and shouted a few words in the language of the aborigines.

"You must trust me," said Moodyne quietly. "I shall have to break the track we shall have that sleuth dog tracker after us when he gets loose."

They went ahead rapidly, thanks to Moodyne's smug strength; and by daylight were a long distance from the point at which they started.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not dead. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vase gold mine. I can lead you to the spot!"

He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies," said Moodyne, reading the greedy face, where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

A MYSTERY OF THE SIERRAS.

Often during my rambles in the wilds of the Sierras my curiosity has been excited by some strange blossom, plant or natural formation.

It was late in the afternoon when they had for the day's first meal. Moodyne climbed a magony tree, which he had selected from certain fern marks on his back, and from a hole in the trunk pulled out two silver tablets, as large as rabbits.

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

WHAT IS A BISHOP?

"What is a Bishop?" was a question put recently by Mr. Billard, Bishop of Caracass, before an immense congregation assembled to witness the consecration of the new Bishop of Salinas in the Cathedral of Ronen, France.

Mr. Billard answered his own question by a splendid discourse, which has been compiled in various quarters. Before defining the roll of a Bishop, he quoted St. John Chrysostom: "Speak not to me of thrones or diadems, the consecration of earthly glory is infinitely surpassed by the greatness of the priesthood."

He meant to sell his life this time, for there was no hope if taken. His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Vase Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the abductor is perilous; and swift as had been Moodyne's flight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of him who led the pursuit—a man with a terribly maimed face—a man officer of the penal system, but whose motive in the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moodyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edge. A few hours later, while he lay exhausted on an island in the densely wooded morass the long sedge was cautiously divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant.

It was the last breath of his freedom, and he would fight for it, as for his life. He sprang to his feet and met his first brutal assailant, a native dog—half wolf, half greyhound—which sprang at his throat, but sank its fangs in his shoulder.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chub was passed round a tree, and looked; and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down.

The natives and wounded men took trust at first; then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior being.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.

They gave him the name of "Moodyne," which had some meaning more than either manhood or kingship. His name and name spread through the native tribes all over the country.