The Immertality of the foul.

It must be so; -Plato, thou reasonest well, Else why this pleasing hope, this fond This longing after immorta'ity?
Or whence this secret gread and inward Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the

Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'fis the Divinity that stirs within us.

'Tis Heaven itself that points out a Here-

And intimates Eternity to man.

- Joseph Addison.

MOONDYNE.

BOOK FIRST.

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. IV.

B ND AND FREE Three years passed. It was believed Joe had perished in the bush. Bowman had entered the convict service as a trooper, but even his vigilance brought no discovery. Absconders are generally found after a few months, prowling around the settlements for food, and are glad to be retaken.

But Joe was no common crim'nal nor common man. When he set his face toward the bush, he meant to take no half measures. The bush was to be his home. He knew of nothing to draw him he knew of nothing to draw him back, and he cared not if he never saw the face of a white man again. He was sick of to justice and hard-ship—sick of all the ways of the men he had known. Prison life had developed a strong

nature in Joe. Naturally powerful in mind, body and passions, he had turned the power in on himself, and had obtained a rare mastery over bis being. He was thoughtful man, a peacemaker, and a lover of justice. He had obtained an ex traordinary hold on the affection of the convicts. They all knew him. He was as true as steel to everything he undertook; and they knew that, too. He was enor-mously strong. One day he was working in in the quarries of Fremantle with twenty others in a deep and narrow ledge. Six teen men were at work below, and four were preparing a blast at the head of the ledge, which ran down at an angle of fifty degrees, like a channel cut in the solid of the channel. A pebble dropped by the four men would have dashed into their

Suddenly there was a cry above, sharp, Short, terrible,—"Look out, down there!"
One of the terrible baif-filled charges had exploded with a sudden mischievous puff, and the rocks at the head of the ledge were lifted and loosened. One im mense block barred the tumbling mass from the men below. But the increasing weight above grew irresistible—the great stone was yielding—!t had moved several inches, pressed on from behind. The men who had been working at the place fled for their lives, only sending out the ter-rible cry to their fellows below,—

"Look out, down there!"
But those below could only look outthey could not get out. They was no way out but by the rising channel of the ledge. And down that channel would thunder in a quarter of a minute the murderous rocks that were pushing the

saving stone before them. Three of the men above escapedin time They dared not look behind—as they clung to the quarry side, out of danger, they closed their eyes, walting for the horrible

But it did not come They waited ten seconds, then looked around. A man stood at the head of the ledge, right before the moving mass—a convict—Moondyne He had a massive crowbar in his Joe. He had a massive crowbar in his hands, and was strongly working to get a purchase on the great stone that blocked the way, but which actually swayed on the verge of the steep decline. At last the bar caught—the purchase was good—the stone moved another incb, and the body

precious moment and escape. They saw , and, with chilled hearts at the terrible danger, they fled up the ledge, and darted pas, the man who had risked his own life to save theirs.

Another instant, and the roar went

down the ledge, as if the hungry rocks knew they had been baffled.

Moondyne Joe escaped-the bar saved driven across an angle in the ledge, and held there, and he was within the angle was mangled and bruised-but life and limb were safe.

was one of several instances that proved his character, and made him trusted and loved of his fellow-convicts. Whatever was his off nce against the

law, he had received its bitter lesson. The worst of the convicts grew better when Common sense. associated with him. truth and kindness were Joe's principle He was a strong man, and he pitied and halned those weaker than himse f was a bold man, and he understood the He was a brave man, and he grieved for a coward or a liar. He never life did more good to his fellows than all the hired Bible readers in the colony. No wonder the natives to whom he fled

soon began to look upon him with a strange teeling. Far into the mountains of the Vasse he had journeyed before he

fell in with them.

They were distrusted of all white men, but they soon trusted him. There was something in the simple savage mind not far removed from that of the men in prison, who had grown to respect, even t reverence his character. The natives saw him stronger and braver than any one they had ever known. He was more silent than their oldest chief; and so wise, he settled disputes so that both sides were They looked on him with dis then with wonder; then with respect and confidence; and before two years were over, with something like awe and veneration, as for a superior

They gave him the name of "Mgon-- which had some meaning more

than either manhood or kingship.

His fame and name spread through the

expression oftenest heard was "Moon-dyne." The convicts and settlers constantly heard the word, but dreamt not then of its significance. Afterwards, when they knew to whom the name had been given, it became a current word throughout the colony.

Toward the end of the third year of his freedom when Moondane and a party of

Toward the end of the third year of his freedom, when Moondyne 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 absconder. He was taken to the main prison at Fremantie, and sentenced to the chaingang for life; but before he had reached the Swan R ver every native in the colony knew that "The Moondyne" was a prisoner.

prisener.

The chain-gang of Fremantle is the depth of the penal degradation. The convicts wear from thirty to fifty pounds of iron, according to their offense. It is riveted on their bodies in the prison forge, and when they have served their time the great rings have to be chiselled off their

great rings have to be chiselled off their calloused limbs.

The chain-gang works outside the prison walls of Fremantle, in the granite quarries. The neighborhood, being thickly settled with pardoned men and ticket-of leave men, had long been deserted by the aborigines; but from the day of Moondyne's sentence the bushmen becan to build their mere and hold their began to build their myers and hold their

began to build their myers and noise their corrobborces near the quarries.

For two years the chain gang toiled among the stones, and the black men sat on the great unhown 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 sun-

rise to evening.
One day they disappeared from the quarries, and an officer who passed through their village of myers, found them deserted It was quite a subject of interesting conversation among the warders. Where had they gone to? Why had they departed

l'he day following, an answer came to these queries. When the chain gang was formed, to return to the prison, one link was gone—Moondyne was missing. His irons were found, filed through, be-

hind the rock at which he worked; and from that day the black face of a bushman was never seen in Fremantle.

THE KOAGULUP SWAMP.

We arrive now at the opening scene of this story. Eight days after his escape from Fremantie, Moondyne was seen by the convict Daye Terrell, on the shores of the Koagulup Swamp. In those eight days he had travelled two hundred miles, suffering that which is only know to the hunted convict. When he met the prisoner in the moonlight and made the motion to silence, Dave Terrell saw the long barrel of a pistol in his belt. He meant to sell his life this time, for there

was no hope if retaken.

His intention was to hide in the swamp till he found an opportunity of striking into the Value Mountains, a spur of which was not more than sixty miles distant.

But the way of the absconder is perilous; and swift as had been Moondyne's

ous; and swift as had been Moondyne's fight, the shadow of the pursuer was close behind. No tardy step was that of h m who led the pursuit — a man with a terribly malmed face—a new officer of the

penal system, but whose motive in the pursuit was deadlier and dearer than the love of public duty.

On the very day that Moondyne Joe reached the great swamp, the mounted pursuit tracked the fugitive to the water's edgs. A few hours later, while he lay ex hausted on an island in the denselywooded moraes, the long sedge was cautl-outly divided a few yards from his face, and the glittering eyes of a native tracker met his for an instant. Before he could spring to his feet the supple savage was upon him, sending out his bush cry as he sprang A short struggle, with the black stone moved another ince, and the book of the man bent like a strong tree under the awful strain. But he held back the and with a gasping sob it lost its nerve and lay still, while Moondyne half rose, to

From every point he heard the trackers closing on him. He sank back with a mean of despair. But the next instant the blood rashed from his heart with a new vigor for every muscle.

It was the last breath of his freedom,

and he would fight for it, as for 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.

A bullet through the animal's brain left him free again, with steadied nerves. Even in the excitement of the moment a thrill of gratitude that it was not a man that lay there passed through him. He flung his pistol into the swamp, and dashed toward the leg on which he had gained the island Beside it stood two gained the island Beside it stood two
men, armed. Barehanded, the fugitive
fing himself upon them, and closed in
desperate struggle. It was vain, however;
others came and struck him down and
overpowered him.

He was put in irons, and found himself in charge of the most trutal officer in

the penal service—his old fellow-convict and employer, Isaac Bowman.

VI.

THE BRIBE.

When the party had travelled a dozen miles from the convict camp, the evening closed, and the sergeant called a halt. A chain was passed round a tree, and locked and to this the manacles of the prisoner were made fast, leaving him barely the power of lying down. With a common prisoner this would have been security enough; but the sergeant meant to leave no loophole open. He and the private trooper would keep guard all night; and according to this order, after supper, the trooper entered on the first four hours

The natives and wounded men took their meal and were stretched on the soft sand beside another fire, about a hundred

paces from the guard and prisoner.

The tired men soon slept, all but the sentry and the captive. The sergeant lay within arm's length of the prisoner; and

native tribes all over the country. When turned his face toward the sentry, and they came to the white settlements, the motioned him to draw near. The rough,

but kind-bearted fellow thought be asked

but kind-hearted fellow thought he asked for water, and softly brought him a pannikin, which he held to his lips. At the siight motion, the sergeant awoke, and hashly reprimanded the trooper, posting him at a distance from the fire, with orders not to move till his waten had expired. The sergeant returned to his sleep, and again all was still.

After a time the face of the prisoner was once more raised, and with slient lip but earnest expression he begged the sentry to come to him. But the man would not move. He grew angry at the persistence of the prisoner, who ceased not to look toward him, and who at last even wentured to speak in a low voice. At this, the fearful trooper grew alarmed, and sternly ordered him to rest. The sergeant awoke at the wood, and shortly after relieved the trooper, seating himself by relieved the trooper, seating himself by the fire to watch the remainder of the

night.
When the prisoner saw this, with a look of utter weariness, though not of resigna-tion, he at last closed his eyes and sank to rest Once having yielded to the fatigue which his strong will had hitherto mas-tered, he was unconscious. A deep and dreamless sleep fell on him. The sand was soft round his tired limbs, and for two or three hours the bitterness of his captiv-

ity was forgotten.

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.

The sleep had given him new strength.
He raised his head, and met the eyes of the sergeant watching him. The look

between them was long and steady.
"Come here," said the prisoner in a low tone, "I want to speak to you."
Had the gaunt dog beside him spoken, the sergeant could not have been more

"Come here," repeated Moondyne, "I have something important to say to you.'
The sergeant drew his revolver, exam ined the caps and then moved toward his prisoner.
"I heard you say you had spent twenty-

five years in this colony," said Moondyne, "and that you might as well have remained a convict. Would you go away to another country, and live the rest of your life in wealth and power?'

The seggeant stared at him as if he thought he had gone mad. The prisoner understood the look.

"Listen," he said impressively; "I am not mad. You know there is a reward offered for the discovery of the Vasse Gold Mine. I can lead you to the spot! not mad. There was that in his voice and lock that thrilled the sergeant to the marrow. He glanced at the sleeping trooper, and drew closer to the chained man.

"I know where that gold mine lies,"

said Moondyne, reading the greedy face, "where tons and shiploads of solid gold are waiting to be carried away. If you help me to be free, I will lead you to the mine."

The sergeant looked at him in silence He arose and walked stealthly toward the natives, who were soundly sleeping To and fro in the firelight, for nearly an hour, he paced, revolving the startling proposition. At last he approached the chained man.

"I have treated you baily, and you hate me;" he said. "How can I trust you? How can you prove to me that this is true ?"

Moondyne met the suspicious eye Mondyne met the suspicious eye steadily. "I have no proof," he said; "you must take my word. I tell you the truth. If I do not lead you straight to the mine, I will go back to Fremantie as your prisoner.'

Still the sergeant pondered and paced. He was in doubt, and the consequences might be terrible. "Have you ever known me to lie?"

said Moondyne. The sergeant looked at him, but did not answer.

At length he abruptly asked: "Is it far away?" He was advancing toward a

decision. "We can reach the place in two days, if you give me a horse," said Moondyne.
"You might escape," said the sergeant.
"I will not; but if youd subt me, keep

the chain on my wrist till I show you the "And then?" said the sergeant. "Then we shall be equals. I will lead you to the mine. You must return, and

scape from the country as best you can. you agree? The sergeant's face was white, as he sanced at the sleeping trooper and then

at the prisoner. "I agree," be said ; "lie down, and pre tend to sleep.'

The sergeant had thought out his plan. He would insure his own safety, no mat-ter how the affair turned. Helping a convict to escape was punished with death by the pencil law; but he would put an-other look on the matter. He cautiously

waked the private tooper.
"Take those natives," he said, "all but the mounted tracker, and go on to Banbury before me. The wounded men must be doctored at once.'

Without a word, the disciplined trooper shook the drowsiness from him, saddled his borse, and mounted. In half an hour

they were gone.

Moondyne Joe and the sergeant listened till the last sound died away. The tracker was curled up again beside the

Sergeant Bowman then unlocked the chain, and the powerful prisoner rose to his feet. In a whisper the sergeant told him he must secure the native before he attempted to take the horse.

Moondyne went softly to the side of

the sleeping savage. There was a smile on his face as he knelt down and laid one strong hand on the man's throat, and another on his pistol.

In a few moments it was over. The ushman never even writhed when he saw the stern face above him, and folt that his weapon was gone. Moondyne left him tied hand and foot, and returned to the

When the convict stood beside the trooper he raised his hand suddenly, and held something toward him-the tracker's pistol, loaded and capped! He had played and won. His enemy stood defenceless before bim-and the terror of death, as he saw the position, was in the blauched face of the sergeant.

even from deep sleep awoke at the least movement of the chain.

Toward midnight, the chained man quietly. "You may give it to me, if you will, when I have kept my word."

The sergeant took the weapon with a

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

"Call the dogs," sa'd Moondyns, "We shall need them to-morrow." In answer to a low whistle the wolf like things bounded through the bush. The men struck off at a gallop, in the direction of the convicts' camp, the sergeant a little behind, with his pistol ready in the holster.

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

THE IRON-STONE MOUNTAINS Mondyne took a straight line for the Kosgulup Swamp, which they "struck" after a couple of hours' ride. They dismounted near the scene of the capture, and Moondyne pulled from some bushes near the edge a short raft of logs bound together with withes of bark. The sergeant hesitated, and looked on suspictiously.

"You must trust me," said Moondyne quietly; "unless we break the track we

quietly; "unless we break the track we shall have that sleuth dog tracker after us

when he gets loose."

The sergeant got on the raft, holding the bridles of the horses. Moondyne, with a pole, pushed from the bank, and entered the gloomy arches of the wooded swamp.

It was a weird scene. At noonday the

flood was black as ink and the arches were filled with gloomy shadows. Overheard the foliage of trees and creepers by a few thin pencils of moonlight Straight toward the centre Moondyne steered, for several hundred yards, the

horses wimming behind. Then he turned at right angles, and pushed along from tree to tree in a line with the shore they had left. After a while the horses found bottom, and waded.
"No more trouble now," said Moon-

dyne. "They're on the sand. We must keep along till morning, and then strike toward the hills."

They went ahead rapidly, thanks to Moondyne's emizing strength; and by daylight were a long distance from the point at which they entered. A wide but shallow river with a bright sand bottom emptied into the swamp before them, and into this Moondyne poled the raft and tied it securely to a failen tree, bidden in sedge grass.

They mounted their horses, and rode up the bed of the river, which they did not leave till near noontime. At last, when Moondyne deemed the track thoroughly broken, he turned toward the higher bank, and struck into the bush, the land beginning to rise toward the mountains when they had travelled a few

It was late in the afternoon when they alted for the day's first meal. Moon-dyne climbed a mahogany tree, which he had selected from certain fresh marks on its back, and from a hole in the trunk pulled out two silver tailed 'possums, as arge as rabbits. The sergeant ligh fire on the loose sand, and piled it high with dry wood. When the 'possums were ready for cooking, the sand beneath the fire was heated a foot deep, and, making a hole in this, the game was burled and the fire continued above. After a time the embers were thrown off and the meating out. It looked burnt and black; but when the crust was broken the flesh within was tender and juicy. This, with clear water from the iron stone hills, made a rare meal for hungry men; after which they continued their travel.

Before nightfall they had entered the first circle of hills at the foot of the mountains. With a springing hope in his heart, Moondyne led the way into the tortuous passes of the bills; and in a valley as silent as the grave, and as lonely, they

made their camp for the night.

They were in the saddle before sunrise, and travelling in a strange and wild coun try, which no white man, except Moondyne, had ever before entered. The scene began to feel that it would be dangerous for a man who had not studied the lay of the land, to travel here without a guide. However, he had a deep game to play, for a great stake. He said nothing, watched Moondyne closely, and observed everything around that might assist his

memory by and-by.

In the afternoon they rode through winding passes in the hills, and toward

sunset came on the border of a lake in the basin of the mountains. "Now," said Moondyne, dismounting by the lakeside, and turning loose his horse

to crop the rich grass, "now we may rest. We are inside the guard of the hills." The sergeant's manner had strangely altered during the long ride. He was trembling on the verge of a great discovery; but he was, to a certain extent. in the power of Moondyne. He could not help feeling that the man was acting truly to his word; but his own purpose was so dark and deceitful it was impossible for

him to trust another.

The punishment of falsehood is to suspect all truth. The mean of soul cannot conceive nobility. The victous cannot believe in virtue. The artificial digni y imparted by the sergeant's office had dis appeared, in spite of himself; and in its place returned the caltiff aspect that had marked him when he was a convict and a settler. Standing on an equality with Moondyne, their places had changed, and

the prison was the master.
On the sandy shore of the beautiful lake they found turtles' eggs, and these, with baked bandicoot, made supper and break-

On resuming their ride, next morning, Moondyne said: "To-night we shall reach the gold mine."

The way was no longer broken; they

rode in the beds of grassy vaileys, walled by precipitous mountains. Paims, bear-ing large scarlet nuts, brilliant flowers and birds, and trees and shrubs and unnamed species—all these, with delicious streams from the mountains, made a scene of won The face of Moondyne was lighted up with appreciation; and even the sergeant, coarse, cunning and brutlsh, felt its purifying influence.

It was a long day's ride, broken only by a brief halt at noon, when they ate a hearty meal beside a deep river that wound its mysterious way among the hills. Hour

lagged on the way; but still the valleys opened before the riders, and Moondyne advanced as confidently as if the road were

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. Before them, standing in the centre of the valley, rose a tall white tuad tree, within fifty paces of the underwood of the mountain on either side.

When Moondyne, who led the way, had come within a horse's length of the tree, a apear whitred from the dark wood on the right, across his path, and stuck deep into the tuad tree. There was not a sound in the bush to indicate the precence of an enemy. The gloom of evening had allenced even the insect life, and the silence of the valley was profound. Yet silence of the valley was profound. Yet there was startling evidence of life and bostility in the whirr of the spear, that had sunk into the tree before their eyes with such terrific force that it quivered like a living thing as it stood out from the tuad.

Moordyne sprang from his horse, and, running to the tree, laid his hand on the shivered spear, and shouted a few words enivered spear, and shouled a few words in the language of the aborigines. A cry from the bush answered, and the next moment a tall savage sprang from the cover and threw himself with joyful acclamations at the feet of Moondyne.

Tall, lithe, and powerful was the young bushman. He arose and lent on his handbushman. He arose and leht on his hand-ful of slender spears, speaking rapidly to Moondyne. Once he glauced at the sergeant, and, smiling, pointed to the still quivering spear in the tuad. Then he turned and led them up the valley, which soon narrowed to the dimensions of a ravine, like the bed of a torrent, running

ravine, like the bed of a torrent, running its perplexed way between overhanging walls of iron stone.

The sun had gone down, and the gloom of the passage became dark as midnight. The horses advanced slowly over the rugg d way. A dozen determined men could hold such a pass against an army. Above their heads the travellers saw a par row slit of sky, sprinkled with stars. The air was damp and chill between the precip-itone walls. The dismal pass was many itous walls. The dismal pass was many miles in length; but at last the glare of a

fire lit up the rocks ahead. The young bushman went forward alone, returning in a few minutes. Then Moondyne and the sergeant, proceeding with him to the end of the pass, found themselves in the opening of a small valley or basin, over which the sky, like a splendid domed roof, was clearly rounded by the tops of the mountains. paces from the entrance stood a group of natives, who had started from their rest at the approach of the party.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MYSTERY OF THE SIERRAS.

Often during my rambles in the wilds of the Sierras has my curiosity been excited by some strange blessom, plant or natural formation. Often have I felt a natural formation. Often have I felt a thrill of horror and superstition which I found it difficult to banish, although being perfectly aware of the folly of hedulg-ing in such reflections, induced by finding myself in some weird, uncanny-looking place. But never have my sympathies been so intensely wrought upon, never have I experienced such a thrill of horror and awe, as during one of my many rambles and adventures in the Sierras, the particulars of which I am about to relate. It was one glorious summer day. I sauntered along, a gentle breeze fanning

sauntered along, a gentle breeze fanning my face, as it came laden with the spicy aroma of the pines. After climbing to the top of the ridge I seated myself on the edge of a projecting boulder, and contemplated the lovely view before me. At my right was a shallow ravine, where the ground is covered with small pebble raised his snow crowned head in the distance. Seeing some luscious looking "Thimble" berries growing on the side of the canyon, I with some difficulty meda my way down to them. After I had eaten as many as I wanted I wandered along a narrow path which wound through the chapparelle I was roused from my reverie by perceiving that I stood at the base of a lofty cliff of gray-looking rock. There was an opening - a natural arch some fifteen feet high and twelve feet wide - which led to a sort of ante chamber, which was nearly equare. At about three by five feet, which led into an arched passage way. The light being an arched passage way. The light being very dim and uncertain, I could not see but a short distance in this passage; but as far as I could see the floor was smooth. and the roof arched, as was the outside chamber. Not caring to explore the gloomy-looking cavern alone, and having chamber. no light, I retraced my steps to the min tog camp, which for the present I called home. As I descended the path which led into the Wolf Oreek Canyon, the sun was

just disappearing behind the tops of the pines, and the scene that met my view was California in all its details. Miners' cabins stood here and there along the caek - they were all built of logs and covered with slabs; one end resting in the chapparelle, and apparently resting on nothing; but on closer inspection you will find them sup ported with poles with bark on. O ported with poles with cark on. On either side were dark openings in the mountains, where tunnels were being rut. I hasten my footsteps across the narrow brook as I hear the loud murmur of an approaching volume of water, for I know by this that the flood gates have been raised at the reservoirs above, and hat the hitherto pent up volume of water will soon come rushing down the canyon, to be used by the miners in "cleaning up" after a day's "run."

As I pass by a large miner's boarding-hotse composed of two huge sugar pine logion the "weather" side, forked stakes at he corners and roof, the remaining three sides covered with fine boughs inter woren, my nostrils are greeted with the flator of strong coffee and "biled" beans, the proverbial miner's fare.

At last I reached my home, a fragrant bover composed principally of

boughs, which covered the only level place in all that mining camp. The next day a party of four proceeded

The next day a party of four proceeded to explore the mysterious cave I had discovered the preceding day. We found the place, and after possessing ourselves of torches, we entered it. We proceeded along the narrow passage-way some twenty feet in single file; then we came to a lofty chamber. The roof was arched, to a lofty chamber. The roof was arched, as were the rest; we waved our torches aloft, and saw a strange looking object lying in a father corner. We approached it closely, and as the weird glare of the torches fell upon it we beheld with horror a grinning skull. The skeleton was dressed in some coarse dark cloth; a long bowie knife was lying several feet away, completely covered with rust; a rusty worm-eaten rifle stood near the wall. There was a box, which was badly decayed, in which were some letters, but they were so defaced by time, mold, and they were so defaced by time, mold, and damp as to be unintelligible. We entered the cavers with gay laughter and repartee. We left it with hushed footsteps, bated breath and awe-struck coun-

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The following day an investigation was made, but nothing was found to elucidate the mystery. A bullet hole was found in the skull, and from appearance death must have been instantaneous. The rifle in the cavern was loaded, and it did not seem possible that the man could have committed suicide.

committed suicide.

I shall never forget the strange feeling that took possession of me, as the funeral cortege filed mournfully out of the cavern at the entrance of which I and a friend were standing. Just then a gust of wind swept up the gorge, and waved the tops of the pines, and a mournful wall broke the solamn silence then all the wall broke the solemn silence, then all the trees of the forest took up the plaint, and wailed and sobbed in unison. Some weeks after this a miner from the camp was out prospecting, and in following up a "lead," he came to an old tunnel I: had partially caved in, and a cave concealed it from view. He and some companions succeeded in re-moving the debris from the tunnel; the timbers had fallen to decay. About thirty feet at the farther end was not timbered, but stood perfectly solid with the pick marks plainly visible in the soft rock. Tals was near the cavern of which I spoke; all the necessary mining implements were there, but the gold oan.
Then the men tested a few handfuls of the the yellow metal. They went to the cave, and, after searching among the miscellan-sous articles that were scattered about, they found an old gold pan; and, putting this and that together, one would draw the inference that the man whose skeleton was found in the cave was the owner of the "Tunnel Claim," and that he had possibly accumulated a large amount of duct, to obtain which some person murdered him. This is the most plausible

theory I can think of.

I often think if some of the dark,
treacherous looking canyons of the Sterras
could give up their secrets many a mysterious disappearance could be explained, and many an anxious one would hear of the sad fate of husband, lover, brother or friend, who, with the fever upon him, bade adien to his loved ones and hastened to join the stream of gold hunters and adventurers who flocked to the Bay State in '49 — Matilda Traverse.

WHAT IS A BISHOP?

"Wast is a Bishop?" was a question put recently by Mgr. Billard, Bishop of Carcassone, before an immense congregation assembled to witness the consecration of the new Bishop of Soissons in the Cathedral of Rouen, France. Mgr. Billard answered his own question by a splendid discourse, which has been comwas amazing to the sergeant, who was used to the endies sameness of the gind forests on the plains of the convict settlement. Here, masses of dark metalication were heaped in savage confusion, and around these, like great pale serpents of cables, were twisted the white roots of track and torrent, underbrush and forest that the sergeant, old bushman as ha was.

This place is called in mining parlance, "Prospect Hollow," or "Holler."

On the other side a deep, dark looking canyon, termed in the same elegant phrasology. "Rattle Saske and torrents and the white roots of caught a glimpse of a strip of a sunparched valley looking like a border of yellow ribbon on the green. And Mt. Sharta, like some attachment of the priesthood." "If," said the sergeant is own question by a splendid discourse, which has been commented on in various quarters. Before defining the roll of a Bishop, he quoted St. John Chrysostom: "Speak not to me of thrones or diadems. Every phase of earthly glory is infinitely surpassed by the greatness of the priesthood." "If," said the sergeant apply to the simple priest, does not their significance in the spice of a sunparched valley looking like a border of yellow ribbon on the green. And Mt. yellow ribbon on the green. And Mt. Shasta, like some stately monarch, when we apply them to the Bishop, the Moses, and do we not see in him that sacred thing with which the faith of ages called 'a second majesty,' the first being the sdorable majesty of God? Wee to the sectarians who do the satanic work of snatching souls from God. With them the true Bishop is no longer as gentle as a lamb. He exerts rather the strength of a lion in endeavoring to rescue from the hands of their enemies the souls dear to God. He is ready to shed his blood for these souls. The cross which he wears on his breast is a perpetual exhortation to selfsacrifice. Were there a figure in marble symbolizing the liberty of the Church it should be veiled at this hour to represent the sorrow of her Bishops and of all her true children. To use the words of the great Fenelou at the consecration of the Elector of Cologne, 'O God, grant Thy Church other Ambroses and other Augustines—pastors who do honor to their ministry by their Apostolic courage."

If Cold in the Head is not promptly treated, Catarrh, with all its disagreeable consequences, is sure to follow. Nasal Balm gives instant relief. Give it a trial.

Now Free From Pain.

Mr. Frank Palmer, of Winona, Out., ays: "I have been troubled with lame says: "I have been troubled with lame back for about six months, then thought I would try Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which cured me. Am now free from all pains, and recommend Yellow Oil very highly.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the hand, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

The Bermuda Cabie.

The Bermuda cable now complete could carry no truer tidings than that Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other remedies in curing diseases of the stomach, liver bowels and blood. Known everywhere as the PERFECT blood purifier, curing

even the worst cases when all else fails. G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: 'He was cared of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.'

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.