

known as Broadway. The main lead had been traced from the foot hills across the large expanse of flat, and they secured a claim a short distance above the street, not far from where the "Golden Age" hotel afterwards stood. The sinking at this part of the lead was about 40 feet, and after striking the "bottom" and drifting a few feet they struck a good paying portion of the pay dirt streak, which they worked to advantage for three or four weeks.

Here and at Mt. Moliagul four or five miles distant they worked together until the McIntyre Wet Diggings were discovered, when after vainly endeavoring to get Thorne to accompany them, the others took their way to the new diggings and Thorne concluded to work alone, as he had done at Maryborough. With this object he moved his tent to a point near the foot hills, at the place where the main lead turned to the right, at right angles with its first course, and followed the meandering river like course laid down for it, at the time when these alluvial deposits took place.

Here at the elbow the ground had been rich, and several large nuggets had been taken out. The sinking was from 20 to 25 feet and in many of the richest claims, blocks and pillars of unworked ground had been left, and were still standing, which the former occupants had thought it better and safer to leave, than to incur the expense of wooden props and cap pieces.

Thorne's tent was pitched in a pleasant grassy spot a few rods distant from the lead, and where a few gnarled, cross-gained specimens of the blue gum and stringy bark trees, too tough for the ordinary miner to convert into fuel, formed a partial shade from the rays of the noon day sun, and enabled him to partake of his damper and mutton, with greater comfort than usually falls to the lot of the gold digger.

Some water holes half a mile distant in the direction of Jones' Creek enabled him to enjoy a Saturday afternoon bath, and while doing so the shirt, trousers and stockings which he had just taken off and washed, were drying in the sun, and would be ready for him when he had finished bathing.

Taken altogether, Thorne, for a gold digger, was very comfortably situated and hoped to be more so on his return to the land of his birth. He had been thinking of the shady walks with the flint walled grounds and gardens that lie back from the river in the vicinity of Gravesend and Greenhithe, and at the particular time

when our story opens the notice of the Kent's intended sailing, had made him again long for a sight of his boyhood's home.

As there were several days to pass before the vessel sailed he concluded he might as well spend them in looking for his big nugget, and the place where he was, offered as good a show as any, for that purpose.

Next morning he finished his breakfast in better spirits and with a better appetite than he had enjoyed since his mates had left, and commenced searching for a suitable place to continue his mining operations.

He had heard that under that claim a "skip" had occurred in the lead, and paying dirt had not been found until they had struck the lead again some forty feet lower down. That was his chance. Between those points the golden stream had run, and he would try to obtain some ocular demonstration of the fact.

He was soon at the bottom of the shaft, which had been sunk on the claim where the "skip" had commenced, and crawling into the tunnel, he lighted his stump of candle, and began to inspect. He found that the tunnel ended against a rising bottom of slate or reef, which had evidently been the point at which the original water course or stream had turned at right angles.

He commenced picking away at the end of the tunnel and after working in a foot or more, the bottom of the drift gradually rising, he struck a part of the reef, which rose nearly perpendicular, and was soft, sticky and partially shaly like clayslate and pipe-clay mixed.

Examining this closely by the light of the sperm candle he discovers a nugget of gold partially imbedded in the reef, and with his fossicking knife and light driving pick, he commences to develop it. Larger and larger grows the nugget, and he then begins to pick into the gravel lying to the right of the tunnel.

After a few strokes he breaks into a tunnel running from an adjacent claim. He knows that it is dangerous to take out any more of the wall without propping or timbering, but there is the nugget, a few more strokes of the pick and he can get it out. He will risk it. A few sharp strokes and a boulder the size of his head drops from the roof of the tunnel. Before he can throw himself back, a crash like the roar of an avalanche, and poor Thorne is buried beneath tons of falling earth.

He has dug his own grave, and there his body will remain to guard the gold, the discovery of which has

cost him his life. Those who will notice that his tent is unoccupied, will think that he has gone to one of the new rushes constantly occurring, and to some of which they will go before the week is over.

As a sequel to the above we copy the following from the Melbourne Age of recent date.

GUARDING THE TREASURE.

"Last week as some workmen were sinking a well near what used to be considered the head of the Main Lead, Dunnolly, they discovered the skeleton of a man, and beside it a pick, a rusty fossicking knife and a solid nugget of gold weighing seventy two pounds. Near it were some other nuggets weighing about ten ounces, which seemed to be imbedded in the original gravel. In the early days of the Dunnolly Diggings, several large nuggets were unearthed at this point in the old lead, and it is conjectured that the skeleton is that of a miner who had been familiar with the gold discoveries made there, and who had been knocking out the solid support pillars usually left in mining claims, in search of nuggets. How nearly he succeeded, the immense nugget referred to, shows. At the inquest an old man employed as hostler at the Golden Age Hotel, said that some 35 years ago, he was acquainted with a young man by the name of Thorne, who had been working as a "hatter," that is working alone, on the old lead. Thorne disappeared about this time and it was supposed that he had gone off to some new rush. He is strongly of the opinion that the skeleton found is that of Thorne, and that he belonged somewhere in the vicinity of Greenhithe, England."

DIDYMUS.

WANTED.

EVERY Manufacturer, Merchant, Trader, Hotel-keeper, and other Business man throughout the United States and Canada, to adopt our Letter-Head System, by which his advertisement is placed directly under the notice of 27,000 persons at the cost of his own Letter-Heads. By this system other parties do all but a mere fraction of your advertising at their own expense, and your name, business and address, as well as anything you wish to advertise, becomes known in every household throughout the country. Enclose stamp for sample copy of THE LAND WE LIVE IN D. THOMAS & CO., Publishers, explains the system.

D. THOMAS & CO., PUBLISHERS, Sherbrooke, Que.

PUBLISHERS!

100 Agents Names and Addresses, 10 cents. 500 names and addresses, (Postpaid), 30 cents. Write, mentioning this paper. S. M. WILKINSON, New Middleton, Tenn.

1,000

4 x 6 Circulars printed and sent post paid for 35 cents. H. TRAYNOR, Pub. Kilsenny, Minn.

Dickens' Complete Works and the Land We Live In, 1 year only \$1.60.

With Pflueger's Luminous Bait you catch fish with others. Try it. Pflueger's Luminous Bait, once tried, always used. Try it.