

dead?" "No, no!" said Neville, cheerfully. "She's worth half a dozen dead ones, aren't you, little one? She's only tired and frightened. Now, Meth, pull your-elf together," he went on, as he car-ried the girl into the hut, "and let us have some supper."

have some supper." — "But where's that yere nugget!" de-immanded Meth, her eyes still on the child. — "That's all right, Meth," he replied, "as cheerfully as before. "You'll get your share to-morrow. Now then, little one," and he attempted to loosen the hands -from his neck, but she clung close with a -little shiver, and he drew a box iorward with his feet and sat down, saying: "All right. We'll wait a bit. Plenty of time. Now, Meth, hurry up with that eake, and some milk, or tea, or whatever you've got." you've got." The old woman saw that he didn't-

minwant to be questioned, and began to get some tea.

Neville sat patiently, now and agein patting the thin little arm or stroking the thick, dark hair then when the tea ywas ready he spoke to her.
 "How are we now, eh, little one? Not frightened still, eh? You're all safe now, you know. Come, drink a little tea and

rugatened still, eh? You're all safe now, you'know. Come, drink a little tea and you'h feel better and more plucky. You're all safe now, you know. You're --you're at home!" The girl seemed to listen to the mus-ical voice with all her heart as well as her ears, then raised her head, glanced at him with her solemn eyes, and slid down to the floor.

awayn to the floor. "I do not want any tea, thank you," she said, in a low voice, which, however, startled Neville as much as if it had been a trumpet tone. It was the voice, not of a digger's child, but of a little lady.

lady. He held her protectingly, encouraging-

lie and her protectingly, encouraging-ly, for a moment, as the crouched beside him and leaned against him. "No!" he said. "But you'll take some to please me, won't you--by the way, what is your name? Never mind, I won't bother you with questions to-night," he added, considerately. "She raised the wonderful, grey eyes and looked at him.

and looked at him. she said.

Noville nodded with his pleasant

"That's awfully pretty," he said. Woll, Sylvia, you are not frightened "Well,

, not now," she replied, glancing the dimly-lit hut and drawing a ong breath, "not now." "That's all right," he said, "and you'll

Meth." he said. He stretched himself on the threshold, his revolver in his hand-but it was dawn before he fel lasleep. His brain was too full of his new purchase. Did he dream and sigh over the loss of that little farm in green and smilling England, the farm he had "swapped" for the orphan of Lorn Hope?

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV. Neville rose the next morning, had a wash in the river, and resumed work in the hole which yesterday he had-said "Good-by" to, as he thought, forever. When he went in to see if any break-fast happened to be about he found Syl-ia making the coffee and old mother Meth "tidying up," but looking over her shoulder now and again at the slim, girl-ish figure in a kind of wonderment. Sylvia glanced round at him with her lärge, expressive eyes as he entered, but she said nothing, and proceeded to lay, the breakfast of cold pork, meal cakes and coffee on the table of rough deals supported by trestles. Neville saw that she had been crying. but she had drid her eyes, and was now simply gravely ehy. "Why, you're quite a little housekeep-er. Sylvia," he said. "What splendid coffee!"

His sally was not very successful. She look ed at him intently, her lips moved as if she were about to respond, but no sound came, and he ate his breakfast

and got back to his claim as quickly as

possible. After he had been at work half an hour he saw Lockit approaching. The two men exchanged nods. "Get that nugget out o' this, young un!" said Lockit. "Yees," replied Neville, cleaning his spade. "A rare slice of luck, young un! And you went and planked it down for that pirl! Well. I admire your nluck. I do. But, pard that fellow Lavarick has been at me this merning—you know what

But, pard that fellow Lavarick has been at me this merning—you know what we're going to do with the money—the nine hundred?" he broke off. No. It doesn't matter to me." "Well, we've reekoned to divide it square and fair, share and share alike all round." "All right," said Neville, indifferently. "But, young 'un, Lavarick has made the boys an offer." Neville leaned on his pick, and looked up at the man attentively.

up at the man attentively. "He's offered a thou-goodness knows

Found the dimly-lit hut and drawing a long breath, "not now."
"That all right," be said, "and you"like a some tea and get a good night's rest, won't you. A good long sleep is what you want, Sylvia."
"He's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows where the nigger got the money!-but he's offered a thou-grodness knows of the on interest in her, somehow. Says if you"! take his money he'll send her to prove the box so that she could hear ingainst it, and signed to Meth to give her that's it. What do you say! Strikes mey ord' better jump at it. Reekon you were just playin' it off high with that her the the word. Oh, adopt; adopt her, that's it. What do you say! Strikes mey ord' better jump at it. Reekon you were just playin' it off high with that angre to shool, and 'nad' better jump at it. Reekon you were just playin' it off high with that a give the back at play the should be dangreous for any one to he form."
"All right, Sylvia," he said, reassuring 'nou tumble into bed. Don't be afraid I shall be just outside, you know."
"Mexille bluebed like a girl, and got the shoulders the man was deprive the shall dore thing seemed like a ridiculous dream, and to shooting, just for amusement, her head forward the inne the dom't, young un, "retorted Lockit, with a grin. Th take him. And Pill give the bank agent your share of your own nugget. Here's luck to you, young 'un!" and he sampartment of the hut which formet the did so Neville chanced to glance to here's luck the and cow, "replied Mrs. The were deam in to dinner he found the dangrous, starding in our share of your own nugget. Here's luck to work as the list may here's luck to wore's a rer



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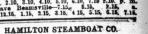
Leave Burlington-6.10, 3.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. Leave Burlington-6.10, 3.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m. 12.10, 1.00, 2.10, 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10, 7.10, 8.10, 9.10 10.10. \*Oakville local cars stop at cil stitioas.

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He went back and laid his hand on the head.
"All right, Sylvia," he said, reassuring the second second

Meth. "Se it true that she tells me, that you giv 'that yere nugget for her, young 'that yere nugget for her, young 'that yere nugget for her, young 'the she way't in the your her small hands. They were clean, though brown as berries, and she sat thus and watched him while he ate in 'Now say you was a darned young m." 'the croaked.
"Yea, I know," he assented, cheerfully.
"Did che say anything else. By the way, 'the her for the same the same