

The Treasure Seekers.

BY ROY LEITCH

The high and rocky cliffs of West Cape, where the sea thunders ceaselessly and monotonously on the shore, and where the delightful sea breezes sweep over the land, bringing with them health and energy, these once witnessed the landing of Captain Kidd, the buccaneer. Forests of beautiful green interspersed with red and brown spread out before the eyes of the outlaws, as they rowed rapidly from their ship, heaving at anchor on the blue waters. As they approached the shore the songs of robins and the sweet notes of the tit greeted their ears, while the whirring of the partridge momentarily startled them. Landing, they toiled up the steep cliff peopled with the white gulls, which flew screaming away, far above the heads of the intruders. Reaching the top the freebooters noiselessly entered the beautiful forest, and there, depositing the rich treasures gained in many a fierce encounter on the sea, they left the spot forever.

Years rolled away. The primeval forests remained forsaken and alone, except for the birds and the bears, foxes and other animals, which roamed through its recesses. But, at last a few settlers arrived, and cleared a space for the small log-cabins, which served them for a home. High amongst the settlers in learning and influence stood O'Leary, while scarcely of less repute was Mother Groshel, the fortune teller.

She it was who told of rich treasures in gold, hidden in the recesses of the wood; she it was who fired the temper of O'Leary, and sent him off in search of untold millions.