

miner ever gazed upon a great nugget which he had found, with joy equal to ours. It was a drawn battle. When will it end? was the query in our minds. Rosa gave no sign but served an excellent supper, prepared to celebrate our success. It was then arranged that Rosa was to pay the gold Commissioner a visit the following morning and inform him that the lead had again been found in the Garden Gully and that consequently Teddy O'Flynn had committed no fraud and should be released. Our offices was opened that day, but no attention was paid to our reformation so great was the excitement. An investigation of the mine proved the truth of Rosa's statement. Once more the tide turned in favor of Teddy O'Flynn and for the second time he became the gold king of Bendigo. Teddy had sold the Garden Gully for a rich mine and it was rich. The shareholders demanded the return of their stock, paid in their money and gave Teddy a second banquet at the Golden Fleece, with the same results, save that Teddy went under the table at ten thirty instead of at twelve, a weakness attributed to his confinement in the caboose and consequently condoned by his friends.

Three days later Phalin and Sandy McLeod each received a note from Rosa requesting them to be present at the cabin at eight p.m., and also stating, in post script, that it was an important occasion, therefore we were to be dressed in our best. Phalin inferred from the word 'important' that he was the lucky man, while I drew the same inference from the same word. Walking on the air, for our happiness made us oblivious of Bendigo, its dust and its wretchedness, we approached the cabin at the same time, punctual to a minute. We passed compliments of the day and then surveyed each other. Phalin was dressed in a pair of black trousers, a white shirt and a collar, a yellow vest, but no coat. Sandy boasted an antideluvian dress coat, blue trousers and a red shirt. We were met at the door by Rosa, clad in a white muslin gown, with a great bunch of roses at her belt. I had never seen her look lovelier. So great was my happiness at securing the prize that the words died on my lips. Phalin was equally overcome and for precisely the same reasons. Teddy received us with genuine Irish hospitality and a glass of whiskey. Entering the cabin we were face to face with a young English curate who had been sent up from Melbourne as a missionary. It was evident that the hour had come, we were confronted by our destiny. The curate remarked in a languid drawl, "This is a happy occasion." Rosa smiled her sweetest. Then she went out to the kitchen and came