

solicitors were innocent. The money received was returned to the share holders, except a few hundred pounds which O'Flynn had squandered. O'Flynn was committed to stand his trial.

The following night Phalin and I repaired to the little cabin where, much to our surprise, we found Rosa, apparently in the best of spirits. When we asked her for an explanation she said:

"I tell you there is plenty of gold in the Garden Gully and it was not put there by Teddy O'Flynn. I saw it again last night in my dreams. It is down deeper and runs away out there," pointing toward the range. "Will you dig for it or shall I do the work myself."

We suggested hiring two miners.

"No," she said, with a toss of her pretty head, "it must be found without any outside help and Teddy set free."

Instantly we both agreed with her. We would have agreed to any proposition falling from the same lips. Without a moment's delay she produced two miner's caps, into the peaks of which she thrust two candles, then marched us out to the pit. The candles were lighted. Rosa took a seat on the tub, we seized the pick and shovel and began to dig. Rosa chatted and laughed, the hours flew by, at midnight she brought us a lunch and two bottles of ale, but it was not until near dawn that our taskmaster called a halt. Rosa explained that during the day she would wash some of the dirt and report the result the next night. Worn out and completely exhausted Phalin and I staggered to our huts. Not a word was exchanged as we stumbled down the path. Our hands were covered with blisters, our clothes drenched with yellow clay, our faces streaked and seared with soot and grease from the dripping candles. Two such melancholly objects could not be found in all Bendigo. Each was determined not to yield. It was a contest of Scotch grit and Irish pluck. All day long we slept or nursed our lacerated hands, each recuperating for the second struggle. We were animated by no hope that gold would be found, a more powerful influence was at work and bade us continue the struggle. At night we were again at the cabin. Rosa reported "No gold." Then we renewed our labors, with the same hardships and the same results. For eight nights in succession the struggle went on. Our legal business went by the board, rumor said we were drinking ourselves to death and appearances confirmed the rumor. On the ninth night imagine our surprise when Rosa informed us that we had struck the lead and in proof exhibited fully an ounce of the yellow metal. No