

slight cry, and entered. The chief followed. The men crowded about the entrance. This is what they saw:

Mr. Algernon Hammer, dressed perfectly, just as he used to be in his days as controller of Egham Castle, was seated on a chair at the foot of the marble monument of his dead master.

On a couple of chairs at either side was arranged all that was necessary for his master's uprising. The clothes were neatly folded. The scarlet dressing gown was in its place—the pads and straps and braces. Last of all the wig, which Hammer had dressed every day with his own hands, hung over the knob of the chair back with a knowing cock.

But Algernon Hammer was dead—frozen stiff by the rigour of that place and the weakness of his heart. His eyes were open and he held his hand half-stretched out as if to assist his master to get up.

But neither one nor the other of those two should rise again—till That Day.

"I have come to make my report, Kid—I mean Mister McGhie," said a voice which has been heard more than once in this history.

"All right, Jackson," said the Kid; "signals all clear—go ahead!"

The unchristian cognomen of Knifer has never once been uttered on the western side of the ocean, three thousand miles from which these two now found themselves in a little rude cabin, the windows of which commanded a straggling mining camp.

"The by-products have not averaged so well this week, sir," said Jackson—Foreman Jackson of the "Patricia" Mine, apologetically; "but to make up for that, the whole clean-up is more nor a hundred ounces better!"

"In a fortnight I'll have another stamp dropping,"