

Zena said; and understood clearly what good Jubal meant. But the public 'peace,' like thin ice, may remain unbroken under considerable pressure, if no leap be made, no blow given, no fall occur.

Tom in leaping the fence fell. Rising smartly he was pushed down; then by a pugilistic arm knocked down. At this moment, a voice screamed from the temple:

"Anna's betrayer, slayer! Innocent Inkle! Anna Liffey's murderer! Save innocent Inkle. Like he may be lynched by bad boys!"

And Cicero Jubal's voice, not now soft, low, slow, screamed:

"Nay, neow, nay! Why should the ye-ung man be lynched? Why should a halter conduct the ye-ung man to the river?"

Soon a halter conducted him towards a single tree, with wide spreading boughs at no great height from the ground. But Inkle fought desperately and broke away wildly pursued. The ice was broken, the peace too.

It was now that Renshaw and Lillymere looked towards the river, discerning the white cupola, and red flags decking the temple. A tumult of voices came on the still atmosphere.

They took the glass by turns, scanning the crowd of people which seemed to pursue some object, dividing, reuniting, wheeling, again dividing and running out straight. Many falling, all scrambling to foot again, and running. Cried Lillymere, who had the field glass:

"Renshaw! come run with me, and help. They're hunting young Inkle; a halter on his neck, and over a bough of the tree!"

The impulsive youth did not wait to say all this in his companion's hearing; but with leap and pace of the antelope sped down the pasture field, and was through the outer crowd before the older, yet equally impulsive Renshaw, ran a third of the distance.

Lillymere had no weapon to strike, which may have been fortunate. With his pocket-knife he severed the lynching noose, and stood between the victim and crowd: the rapidity of action, impetuous manner, heroic countenance staying the arms of some inclined to be ferocious. Cried one who knew the parties:

"That is a generous and true man, anyway. But the other dog, Inkle, would have destroyed Lillymere; now the gallant fellow fights to save him. Let Inkle be tried by a jury ere you go farther ahead."

This suggestion was made, probably, to gain time. Renshaw arrived, and having a staff of strength and no mean arm to wield it, proceeded first to defend Lillymere: he again rescuing Inkle, who was a second time in danger of hanging.

The voice of Jubal continued to scream:

"Nay, neow, nay. Why should the ye-ung man be lynched? Why place a halter on his neck, so many times?"

Hildebrand, the coloured groom, now saw and came at speed, clearing the six bar fence with the agile stilt; scattering the crowd; felling some, nearest Tom, to earth with the heavy whip-handle; and cutting the halter with the sheath knife he carried.

Then the impetuous nigger rode at a mob which surrounded Renshaw and Lillymere, and singling one who aimed a hickory blow at Lillymere, shot the assailant dead.

Next instant, seeing Tom again haltered, and the rope on the bough to draw him up, Hildebrand spurred the charger and with three more barrels disabled as many lynchings. Then the horse swerved, and cantered away with an empty saddle; one stirrup holding the foot of Hildebrand, his head rattling on the ground.

A few lynchings followed; but the greater number remained near Inkle; restrained in part by Lillymere; and in modified degree by Renshaw; the latter caring for Inkle less, for Lillymere more. Partly restrained by them because one was a youth of courage and whispered mystery, the other the county gaoler; but mainly diverted from Inkle's execution by personal antagonisms.

An hour previously murderous ferocity was nearly akin in the ethics of lynching to moral inspiration. It was said, or felt, or desired to be true, that Inkle deserved death. But interests in nugget bearing and in barren claims conflicted. The banker's son's life might assure permanency of title in some; and gold might now be lying there in the matrix where nature hid it awaiting tools and title deeds. These elements came into the strife. Glaring eyes of combatancy flashed on the nerves of opponyency, and they fought; lynchings tripping heels, kicking from behind, and buffeting one another.

Renshaw describing them on a subsequent day, said:

"It was a rough-and-tumble almost as vicious in unfair play, as Knuckleduster and Dreduffin fight up west, in the great organs of public opinion, hitting below the belt as often as fair in your face."

An outflow from the crowd ran to the red flags for weapons, but Jubal was prudent, saying:

"Nay, no weapons. Guess you've all fit as much as is like to be good for you."

Seen by Taura Durra the bull, in his pasture meadow not far away, the combatants ran in groups hither, thither, without intelligible brutal purpose. But the flags of red projected

magnetism on the bull's eye. Something was in progress demanding intervention of short sharp horns.

Taura lowered the head, raised the tail, and came along at an ambling trot; bellowing and boring through scrappy bushes, crashing down fence rails. Then he was silent, came to a stand; and set at a group engaged in hanging Hildebrand, whom they had caught and taken from the stirrup already half dead. The bull setting at the red fex which the executioners waved in triumph, ran at them, overthrowing some, scattering all, and gave Hildebrand with friendly aids time to escape.

Soon after this Inkle escaped by arrival of the Rama forces.

Had the entire crowd of gold dreamers combined against the young banker he must have quickly died; but as already said a considerable proportion of them were interested in his life; from whom arose diversity in the tumult.

Towards evening the commotion having subsided, Jubal opened his temple as a hotel, treating the crowd. In their partial quiescence came a new revolution.

Three separate claims at Redwald bottom, down by the river, had within a few hours yielded gold in good quantities. Thereat everybody in prospecting, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, machine selling, digging, boring and blasting, assaying, joint stock share selling, genteel loafing, vulgar loafing, general speculating, and gambling circles shook hands, congratulating one another, and repeating the news. Only the genteel loafers and the vulgar did not shake hands.

"Gold! Gold! Gold!" they cried: "real gold and a true washing!"

It was found on claims indicated as auriferous by Anna Liffey. Three companies of diggers now contending for the honour of using her name. Claims which Inkle sold at good profit, though not at high prices, and where not the faintest trace was discovered previous to that afternoon.

"Well, this is a caution."

"Guess it is a caution."

"What if those lucky diggers had hung young Inkle for selling barren land and then found the gold?"

"Rather say, what if they had hung him for murder of Anna Liffey, and that young lady of science should then have come in person to give the diggers joy of their fortune?"

"Real gold the assayers pronounce it."

"Yes, real, and true findings."

And so they were. Not questionable washings by joint stock company agencies with shares to inflate; but findings made by working excavators who a few hours earlier, in vexation at owning barren lots, looked favourably on the lynching of young Inkle.

Soon the sentiment prevailed that Anna Liffey might be alive; might have gone away secretly with sufficiency of gold to dower herself as Doctor Ocean Horn's bride, and the Inkle be honest men; honest men after all.

The banker came riding fast, agonized with the one thought of how to save his son if yet alive; how to avenge his death if murdered; how to face the ferocious enemy. But by time of his arrival the name of Inkle came on men's ears as music. The presence of the man who could unlock the auriferous lands giving to each company of adventurers a despotism equal to life and death within their claim, was hailed with shouts of welcome; as glorious summer and blessed harvest might be welcomed in a season of blight and famine.

The veritable treasure being really in the Redwald drift, was also, doubtless, in the rocks of the Ramasine hills. Of which hills Inkle held legal lock and key. The democratic crowd lately ferocious now strove to get speech of the honoured man; to catch his eye; to reach his ear with cries of:

"Three thousand dollars premium on Number Ten. Four thousand cash down on Number Six. Three thousand five hundred—"

"I take no bids of odd hundreds," interposed Inkle coolly, as if he had done nothing all day but stand selling at auction.

"Quite right, Mr. Inkle; I make it four thousand for Redwald second section, first fourth." To which another: "Three thousand for Redwald second section, second fourth."

Several voices at once: "Four thousand for Redwald second section, second fourth."

And as they cried aloud, waving handfuls of bank bills to catch the eye of the disposer of the auriferous lands, another set of diggers came in with four ounces of gold, rough but pure, just washed from drift in the "Anna Liffey claim." So they now termed it. Then cries in ears of Inkle were resumed, vehemently, entreatingly; cries almost reverent and imploring in tone:

"Ten thousand, cash down, for all of Redwald third section. Seven thousand down for half of Redwald third section, first and second fourths."

At this Inkle interposed:

"I'm tired. Must go to Rama and attend my poor boy, whom miscreants attacked and all but murdered this morning. I'll come to-morrow at ten and sell; with notary and clerks to draw deeds. Good thing if I have not to prosecute somebody. Now take notice; I start selling claims in this hotel, to-morrow; first bids to be ten thousand dollars for quarter

sections; forty thousand dollars for acre sections, not a cent less."

To Jubal he said:

"No, it weren't square; not a bit on't, to go move this hall, or temple, or church, or whatever they call it, in midst of tumult and riot. But thou'lt make a sight of money in it as a hotel; so we may come quickly to terms."

They came to terms; and by pressing invitation of Zena the banker promised to bring Mrs. Inkle to stay the day.

The bruises of limbs and inflamed glands in the necks of son and servant being surgically cared for, and pronounced not very dangerous, the triumphant owner of auriferous territory, and of a bank where gold seemed to grow, drove with his lady in the family chariot from Conway in the morning, followed in other carriages by the notary, and the clerks, with private constables to wait in case of need.

The Jubal House, as the Ized Bold temple of science had been named since converted to a hotel, was not yet arrived at the permanent site. Heavily laden waggons with steam boilers and engines, quartz rock crushers, pumping gear, sawn lumber, implements, frame houses, and provisions, blocked the way of the migratory Jubal. On the previous day he purchased of Inkle the right to remove a rail fence and run the temple into a field, changing the rollers and timber slides from west to south.

With that site gained and occupied, the hotel business began in midst of a prosperity seeming to gladden all the earth.

The gentlemen and ladies of rank, lately spoken of as coming from England, had arrived to congratulate the Duke of Sheerness on his escape from wreck in Niagara torrent. Some of them, report affirmed, to ascertain who and what was Sylvia Pensylidine, who had risen in the air as a balloon, descending on the Duke as a parachute.

Those eminent persons joined Lady Mary Mortimer and party—from which Lillymere, at his own earnest request, was omitted. It comprised the Duke, the Hon. Stephen Pensylidine, his family and other American friends. A pleasant time they made on the lakes and river; and by land in the sumptuous drawing-room cars of the two main lines of Canada, Grand Trunk and Great Western.

They also steamed in the Richelieu boats and the Inland Navigation down the Lower St. Lawrence, loitering a week at historic, picturesque Quebec.

Inspired by novelty of position on bosom of running waters, amid hills, islands, and mountains, under skies of purity and brilliancy, they widened the delightful travel, breathing Elysian ether at beautiful Cacouna, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, and all around in the shadows of Saguenay sublime.

In glamour of mental vision, the younger members of the party floated through enchantments, up the sixty inland miles of Saguenay, the ideally dowered enriching all the rest. Unfathomed mystery in the flood beneath their keel. Overhead, turning to the sky, stupendous monuments of the epochs when the planet in agony gave birth to molten mountains from under the depths of ocean, the Saguenay bulwarks of to-day. Named by early wonder-stricken navigators, Trinity and Eternity.

They returned west by Grand Trunk train from Rivière du Loup to Quebec, enjoying in the morning transparency scenes of beauty, special and unique; offered no where else on the continent. All the more charming to the eye of sense and eye of thought, coming unexpectedly. The books of travel not telling of this bowling green, fifty to sixty miles long, bowls three hundred feet diameter, most of the pleasure tourists miss it. Within the panoramic borders they beheld a river six, ten, twelve miles wide; islands in the river; ships, flitting free in the wind, scudding out to ocean; or coming from ocean ploughing initial furrows into the future of the Northern temperate zone. Mountains near and far away. Green at the river, then grey and blue. And out on the horizon higher mountains veiled in white, sisters of the North Pole, on tiptoe, peering into the empty chambers of absent storms.

The strangers, ideally revelling in the enchanting loveliness of that railway vision, stretching from Cacouna by Rivière du Loup to Quebec, had also other diversions of thought. At way stations gentlemen entered nearly all speaking French, wearing massive chains and rings of gold. Lady Mary suggested that the habitants, being a thrifty, industrious people, had economised savings and invested in family heirlooms.

"Pardon, my lady," said Roy Reuben, the Secretary, "these are not the habitants proper. The De Lery gold mines lie within the range of hills south of us."

This remark led to inquiries about the precious native ores. When the travellers got to Conway, and rested a day at the magnificent Canada Hall, they heard of the nugget findings at the Redwald farm. Thither in a procession of twenty-two chariots they proceeded, arriving at Jubal House while Inkle was still selling claims.

"Jubal," said the Hon. Mr. Pensylidine, "who'd have thought to find you keeping hotel here?"

"Well, Senator, Americans do travel some

and invest. Zena and I entertain this day in Jubal House, what the world cannot soon equal—Europe's highest nobility, America's greatest citizens. You are all to feel just at home."

They sat down, not eating much perhaps, but enjoying social courtesies as cultured minds may anywhere, but with all the more zest surrounded by things, persons, incidents so fruitful of philosophic thought, or hilarious mirth.

Said Mr. Pensylidine to the Earl of Underlyne, one of the newest arrivals from England:

"Your Lordship, should we be so fortunate as to share in some event to give character to this unexpected meeting in the Jubal House, the party might become historical. Not often that Great Britain and the United States are so agreeably and largely represented."

"Never before, Senator. May it often occur. Come and see us in England."

Lord Underlyne had but just spoken when the event occurred which made them historical.

The Jubal House, not yet in its permanent place, remained on the planks and rollers of locomotion; the rollers wedged.

Competition for gold digging claims proceeded with animation at higher and yet higher figures; Inkle giving titles and taking money, several hundred thousands of dollars.

"This extortion is to stop," said a voice.

The American and English visitors in happy anticipation of national amity, and some of life-long affinities, gave to Jubal's champagne intellectual effervescence.

"This is to stop," said a voice.

It stopped, and Inkle's sale stopped. The Jubal House moved; slowly a few moments, then faster. Soon it got on the steep going down to Rama River. It descended, jolted, leapt, split in two, half going in the river, half remaining on the bank, bursting in conflagration by the overturned kitchen stove.

It seemed a terrible disaster. Ladies drowning apparently; others in hazard of burning, wedged in by fractured timbers. But they came out of water, out of fire, and before the morrow heroes and heroines were more numerous, more likely to live and love, than they possibly could have been with no peril, no rescue, as may be seen another day.

Even to Inkle the event brought gold. To Jubal a new hotel.

"Mother," said Tom Inkle in faltering words, forced out of a three parts stangled windpipe:

"Noble young fellow Lillymere. So is Renshaw, ride as we often thought him."

"And knew him, Thomas."

"Lillymere is a hero, mother."

"I cannot find, Thomas, that any one knows where the young gentleman is, of course we shall be civil to him. But have you nothing to say of my coloured servant, who fought for you?"

"Mother, you know my sentiments about niggers."

"The bull, Taura Durra, they say the bull fought for you."

"Brutal instincts. Don't talk of meers and bulls."

"Tom, even at death's door you are lynchish. Would I were mother of a son like the boy of Tabitha Redwald?"

"Mother, had that boy taken care of his life and limb he might have this day been alive and owning all the gold of the Ramasine hills, and Redwald bottom. Think of that treasure."

"I think of the infinitely greater treasure he gained."

Lillymere and Renshaw listened to one who had assisted in opening the grave, to exhume the ashes of Tabitha Redwald's boy. Said he:

"A thousand silken fibres from the maple tree nearest, and from two elms farther away, had emptied the grave of all but the skeleton. That was enveloped in manifold shrouds of fibrous lace. It could not be removed. The maple tree, faithful to its trust as guardian, kept hold. It was a lovely and holy thing to see, and idealize. She said in low tones, thrilling into one's innermost being: 'As this tree enfolds my Zoa's bodily form so Heaven enfolds the soul, giving to me thoughts and words, every word a seed from the soul of Zoa; every seed germinating as the wondrous story of Zoa's faith is told.'"

"Then, she added: 'The body of Zoa remains in the good keeping of that forest tree, and of the cross which I again set up beside the grave.'"

Two gold diggers were heard talking next day. One said:

"Tabitha Redwald has possession of the treasury that never fails. The more she gives the richer she is."

"Are you touched by this woman and her story?"

"I am touched by Him who gave this woman the story."

Tabitha restored the grave, setting up the emblem of the power that was in her, at head of the tomb. In prospecting, digging, quarrying, all men respected the spot where the boy lay, and passed on.

(To be continued.)