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NOWELS THE TIME TO ADVERTISE I can to help you."

"I know that, laddle. You've been a good friend to me, an' now, please

## The Lust of Hate

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil," "A Bid For Fortune," "The Marriage of Esther,"

"Dr. Nikola," Etc., Etc. 

Somewhere or another I remembered to have read that, in the malady from which I believed my old friend was suffering, on or about the twenty-first day the crisis is reached, and afterwards a change should be observable. My suspicions proved correct, for on that very day Ben became conscious, and after that his condition began perceptibly to improve. For nearly a week, though still as feeble as a month-old, child, he mended rapidly. Then, for some mysterious reason he suffered a relapse, lost ground as fast as he had gained it, and on the twelfth day, counting from the one mentioned above, I saw that his case was hopeless, and realized that all my endeavors had been in vain.

How well I remember that miserable

was nopeless, and reansed that an my endeavors had been in vain.

How well I remember that miserable afternoon! It had been scorchingly hot ever since sunrise, and the little room in which I watched beside the sick man's bed was like a furnace. From my window I could see the stretch of sunbaked plain rising and falling away towards the horizon in endless monotony. In the adjoining bar I could hear the voices of the landlord and three bushmen who, according to custom, had come over to drink themselves into delirium on their hard-earned savings, and were facilitating the business with all possible despatch. On the bed poor Ben tumbled and tossed, talking wildly to himself and repeat-

talking wildly to himself and repeat talking which to himself and repeating over and over again the same words I had heard him utter that afternoon at Markapurile—"five hundred paces north-west from the creek, and just in a line with the blasted gum." What he meant by it was more than I could tell, but I was soon to discover, and that discover, was destined to

I could tell, but I was soon to discover, and that discovery was destined to bring me as near the pit of damnation as it is possible for a man to get without actually falling into it.

A little before sundown I left the bedroom and went out into the verandah. The heat and the closeness of the siek room had not had a good effect upon me, and I felt wretchedly sick and ill. I sat down on a bench and took in the hopeless view. A quarter of a mile away across the plain a couple of wild turkeys were feeding, at the same time keeping a sharp at the same time keeping a sharp lcok-out about them, and on the very edge of the north-eastern horizon a small cloud of dust proclaimed the coming of the mall coach, which I knew had been expected since sunknew had been expected since sun-rise that morning. I watched it as it loomed larger and larger, and did not return to my patient until the clumsy, lumbering concern, drawn by five panting horses, had pulled up before the hostelry. It was the driver's cus-tom to pass the night at the Change, and to go on sgain at daylight the fol-

the hostelry. It was the driver's custom to pass the night at the Change, and to go on again at daylight the following morning.

When I had seen the horses unharnessed and had spoken to the driver, who was an old friend, I made my way, back to Ben's room. To my delight I found him conscious once more. I sat down beside the bed and told him how glad I was to see that his senses had returned to him.

"Ay, old lad," he answered feebly. "I know ye. But I shan't do so for long. I'm done for now, and I know it. This time to-morrow old Ben will know for hisself what truth there is in the yarns the sky-pilots spin us about heaven and hell."

"Don't you believe it, Ben," I an "Don't you believe it, Ben," I answered, feeling that although I agreed with him it was my duty to endeavour to cheer him up. "You're worth a good many dead men yet. You're not going out this trip by a great deal. We shall have you packing your swag for a new rush before you can look round. I'll be helping sink a good shaft inside a mouth."

month."
"Never again," he answered: "the only shaft I shall ever have anything to do with now will be six by two, and when I'm once down in it I'll never see daylight again."

see daylight again.
"Well you're not

"Well you're not going to talk any more now. Try and have a nap if you can. Sleep's what you want to bring your strength back."

"I shall have enough and to spare of that directly," he answered. "No, lad, I want to talk to you. I've got something on my mind that I must say while I've the strength to do it."

But I wouldn't hear him.

"If you don't try to get to sleep," I said, "I shall clear out and leave you. I'll hear what you've got to say later on. There will be plenty of time for that by and bye."

"As you please," he replied resignable."

that by and bye."

"As you please," he replied resignedly. "It's for you to choose. If you'd only listen, I could tell you what will make you the richest man on earth. If I die without celling you, you'll only have yourself to thank for it. Now do you want me to a to sleep?"

have yourself to thank for it. Now do you want me to go to sleep?"

"Yes, I do!" I said, thinking the poor fellow was growing delirious again. "I want you to try more than ever. When you wake up again I'll promise to listen as long as you like."

He did not argue the point any further, but laid his head-down on his pillow again, and in a few moments was dozing quietly.

When he woke again the lamn on the ricketty deal table near the bed had been lit some time. I had heer reading a synney paper want I had picked up in the bar, and was quite unprepared for the choking cry with which he attracted my attention. Throwing down the paper I went across to the bed and asked him how he felt.

'Mortal bad," was his answer. "It

all your ears."

"I'll listen, never fear," I replied, hoping that my acquiescense right soothe him. "What is it you have upon your mind? You know I'll do anything I can to help you."

you. Help me to sit up a bit."

I lifted him up by placing my arm under his shoulders, and, when I had propped the pillows behind him, took my seat again

"You remember the time I left you to go and try my luck on that new field down South, don't you?"

field down South, don't you?"

I nodded.
"Well, I went down there and worked like a galley slave for three months, only to come off the field a poorer man than'I went on to it. It was never any good, and the whole rush was a fraud. Having found this out I set off by myself from Kalanan Township into the West, thinking I would prospect round a bit before I tackled another place. Leaving the Darling behind me I struck out for the Boolga Range, always having had a sort of notion that there was gold in that part of the country if only folk could get at it."

He panted, and for a few moments

He panted, and for a few moments I thought he would be unable to finish his story. Large beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and he gasped for breath, as a fish does when ed for breath, as a fish does when first taken from the water. Then he pulled himself together and continued:

"Well, for three months I lived among those lonely hills, for all the world like a black fellow, never seeing a soul for the whole of that time. You must remember that for what's to come. Gully after gully, and hill after hill I tried, but all in vain. In some places there were prospects, but when I worked at them they never came to anything. But one day, just as I was I worked at them they never came to anything. But one day, just as I was thinking of turning back, just by chance I struck the right spot. When I sampled it I could hardly believe my eyes, I tell you this, laddle," here his voice sunk to a whisper as he said impressively, "there's gold enough there to set us both up as millionaires a dozen times over."

I looked at him in amazement. Was this delirium? or had he really found

this delirium? or had he really found what he had averred? I was going to question him, but he held up his hand to me to be silent.

"Don't talk," he said; "I haven't much time left. See that there's no-body at the door." I crossed and opened the door lead-

ing into the main passage of the dwel-ing. Was it only fancy, or did I really hear someone tip-toeing away? At any rate whether anybody had been eavesdropping or not, the passage was empty enough when I looked into it.

empty enough when I looked into it. Having taken my seat at the bedside. again, Ben placed his clammy hard upon my arm and said—

"As soon as I found what I'd got, I covered up all traces of my work and cut across country to find you. I sent you a letter from Thargomindah telling you to chuck up your billet and meet me on the road, but I suppose you never received it?"

I shook my head, If only I had done

I shook my head. If only I had done

I shook my head. If only I had done sa what a vast difference it might have made in both our lives.

"Well," continued Ben, with increased difficulty, "as no letter came I made my way west as best I could, to find you. On Cooper's Creek I was taken ill, and a precious hard time I had of it. Every day I was getting worse, and by the time I reached Markapurlle I was done for, as you know."

"But what did you want with me?" I asked, surprised that he should have taken so much trouble to find me when Fortune was staring him in the face.

"I wanted you to stand in with me, lad. I wanted a little capital to start lad. I wanted a little capital to start work on, and I reckoned as you'd been so long in one place, you'd probably have saved a bit. Now it's all done for as far as I'm concerned. It seems a bit rough, don't it, that after hunting for the right spot all my life long, I should have found it just when it's no use to me? Howsoever, it's there for you, laddie, and I don't know but

I should have found it just when it's no use to me? Howsoever, it's there for you, laddie, and I don't know but what you'll make better use of it than I should have done. Now listen here." He drew me still closer to him and whispered in my ear—
"As soon as I'm gone make tracks for the Boolga Range. Don't waste a minute. You ought to do it in three weeks, traveling across country with good horses. Find the head of the creek, and follow it down till you reach the point where it branches off to the east and leaves the hills. There are three big rocks at the bend, and half a mile or so due south from them there's a big dead gum, struck by lightning, maybe. Step five hundred paces from the rocks up the hillside fair north-west, and that should bring you level with the blasted gum. Here's a bit of paper with it all planned out so that you can't make a mistake."

He pulled out half a sheet of greasy note-paper from his bosom and gave it to me.
"It don't look much there; but you mark my words, it will prove to be the biggest gold mine on earth, and that's saying a deal! Peg out your claim as soon as you get there, and then apply to Government in the usual way for the Dicoverer's Right. Andmay you make your fortune out of it for your kindness to a poor old man."

He laid his head back, exhausted with so much talking, and closed his eyes. Nearly half-an-hour went by before he apoke again. Then he said wearily.—
"Laddie, I won't be sorry when it's

wearily,

"Laddie, I won't be sorry when it's all over. But still I can't help thinking I would like to have seen that mine."

He died almost on the stroke of midnight, and we buried him next day on the little sandhill at the back of the grog shanty. That I was much affected by the poor old man's decease it would be idle to deny, even if I desired to do so. The old fellow had been a good mate to me, and, as far as I knew, I was the only friend he had in the world. In leaving me his secret. I inherited all he died possess.





CANADIAN GIN

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Montreal.

ed of. But if that turned out as ne nad led me to expect it would do, I should, indeed, be a made man. In order, however, to prevent a disappointment that would be toe crushing, I determined to place no faith in it. My luck had hitherto been so bad that it seemed impossible it could ever change. To tell the truth, I was feeling far too ill by this time to think much about anything outside myself. During the last few days my appetite had completely vanished, my head ached almost to distraction, and my condition generally betokened the apcondition generally betokened the approach of a high fever.

As we left the grave and prepared to return to the house, I reeled. Gibbs, the landlord, put his arm round me to

"Come, hold up," he said, not unkindly. "Bite on the bullet, my lad. We shall have to doctor you next if this is the way you are going on.

We shall have to doctor you next if this is the way you are going on."

I felt too ill to reply, so I held my tongue and concentrated all my energies on the difficult task of walking home. When I reached the house I was put to bed, and Gibbs and his slatternly wife took it in turns to wait upon me. That night I lost consciousness, and remember nothing further of what happened until I came to my senses, in the same room and bed which had been occupied by Ben, some three weeks later. I was so weak then that I felt more of a desire to die and be done with it, than to continue the fight for existence. But my constitution was an extraordinary one, I suppose, for little by little I regained my strength, until, at the end of six weeks, I was able to leave my bed and hobble into the verandah. All this time the story of Ben's mine had been simmering in my brain. The chart he had given me lay where I had placed it before I was taken ill, namely, in my shirt pocket, and one morning I took it out and studied it carefully. What was it worth? Millions or nothing? But that was a questeion for the future to decide.

Before putting it back into its hid-

But that was a question to the texture to decide.

Before putting it back into its hiding place I turned it over and glanced at the back. To my surprise there was a large blot there that I felt prepared to swear had not been upon it when Ben had given it to me. The idea disquieted me exceedingly. I cudgelled my brains to find some explanation for it, but in vain. One thought made me gasp with fright. Had it been abstracted from my pocket during my illness? If this were so I might be forestalled. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that, even if it had been examined by strangers, no harm would be done, for beeven if it had been examined by scaling gers, no harm would be done, for beyond the bare points of the compass it contained no description of the place, or where it was situated; only the plan of a creek, a dotted line running five hundred paces north-west and a black spot indicating a blasted

gum tree. As Ben had given me my directions in a whisper, I was convin-ced in my own mind that it was quite impossible for anyone else to share

impossible for anyone else to share my secret.

A week later I settled my account with Gibbs, and having purchased sufficient stores from him to carry me on my way, saddled my horses and set off across country for the Boolga Range. I was still weak, but my strength was daily coming back to me. By the time I reached my destination I felt I should be fit for anything. It was a long and wearisome journey, and it was not until I had been a month on the road that I sighted the range some fifty miles or so ahead of me. The day following I camped about ten miles due north of it, and had the satisfaction of knowing that next morning, all being well, I should be at my destination. By this time the idea of the mine, and the possibility of the riches that awaited me, had grown upon me to such an extent that I could think of nothing else. It occupied my waking thoughts, and was the continual subject of my dreams by wight. A thousand times or more, as I made my way south, I planned what I would do with my vast wealth when I should have obtained it, and to such a pitch did this notion at last bring me that the vaguest thought that my journey might after all be fruitless hurt me like positive pain. To Be Continued.



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