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light,' said Mulrady, laying his hand on the arm of the excited man. 'Let me get more help and proper tools.'

'I know every step in the dark as in the daylight,' returned Slinn, struggling. 'Let me go while I have yet strength and reason! Stand aside!'

He broke from them, and the next moment was swallowed up in the yawning blackness. They waited with bated breath until, after a seeming eternity of night and silence, they heard his returning footsteps, and ran forward to meet him. As he was carrying something clasped to his breast, they supported him to the opening. But at the same moment the object of his search and his burden, a misshapen wedge of gold and quartz, dropped with him, and both fell together with equal immobility to the ground. It was the treasure he had found four years ago, still intact. But the stroke that had fallen upon him then, and had followed him again three years after, smote him once more and for ever. He had still strength to turn his fading eyes to the other millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, who leaned over him.

'You—see,' he gasped brokenly, 'I was not crazy!'

No. He was dead!

THE END.