FOUNDED 1853

THE INGERSOLL CHRONICLE,

AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

C. F. GERRETT, Proprietor.

TERMS FOR THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, by mail, if called for at the office of publication, or at the bookstores, $1.50 in advance; $2.00 if not so paid. Delivered at homes, or business places of subscribers, in town, $1.75 in advance, or $2.75 if not so paid.

The circulation of THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN is by general admission many times greater, both in town and surrounding country, than any other newspaper in South Oxford. It is the best medium in this district to reach the farming community of the county and adjoining township.

It has the largest circulation among Canadian Dairymen, being devoted specially to the interests of that class.

Printing by Steam Power in all its branches.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted in THE CHRONICLE AND DAIRYMAN, at 2 cents per line for the first insertion, and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

For solid legal and official advertisements the charge is 10 cents per line for the first, and 5 cts per line for each subsequent insertion.

Condensed advertisements:—Servants wanted—Situations Wanted—Lost or Found—Strayed—To Rent—For Sale—Board—Situations Wanted, or Vacant, 1c., (10 lines or under) will be published at the rate 50 cts. for the first insertion and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion.

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| 4 months. | 8 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 24 00 | 40 00 |
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| 12 months | 15 00 | 22 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 | 100 00 |

The above contract prices do not give the right to advertise Houses or Farms for Sale, or to Rent, Clerks, Domestics or Servants Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Entertainments, Auction Sales, &c., but extend exclusively to the legitimate commercial announcements, ordinarily displayed matter, of the persons contracting. Solid matter will be charged at the rate of 8 and 3 cents per line.

HEGLER & JACKSON

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c. Money to Loan at lowest rates. Offices, King Street, over Bank of London, Ingersoll.

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M. WALSH,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Solicitor in the Supreme Court of Ontario, &c. Money to lend at lowest rates. Mortgages Bought and Sold.

OFFICE up Stairs, Walsh's Block, Thames Street, Ingersoll, Ont.

JAMES F. McDONALD, L.L.B.,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW. Thames-St., Ingersoll. 1689

JAMES VANCE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over G.N.W. Co.'s office, Thames street.

W. W. HOLCROFT,

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Particular attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

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F. D. CANFIELD, M.D.,

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January 31st, 1884. 1586-y

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Ingersoll, 15th Oct. 1885. 1675tf

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DR. VERRINDER, (Organist of St. Peter's Cathedral, London), attends Ingersoll weekly for the purpose of giving lessons on the above. Terms moderate. Apply to

DR. VERRINDER,

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GRADUATE AND MEDALLIST of the Ontario Veterinary Co' ege, Toronto.

Treats all Diseases of Horses and Cattle.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS A SPECIALTY.

A full supply of medicines for horses and cattle always on hand.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER

INGERSOLL, ONT.,

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By the Following

First-Class Steamship Lines:

White Star Line sailing from N.Y. every Wednesday.
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Inman Line " " " Saturday.
Dominion Line " " Quebec " Thursday.
Anchor Line " " N.Y. every Saturday.

The White Star and Inman Lines will furnish saloon accomodation on special steamships for passengers holding second cabin tickets.

Price only $35 00.

Return, $65 00,

Steerage by all Lines $20.00.

Parties intending to visit the Old Country are requested to call at my office for further information which will be cheerfully given.

WM. ROBINSON,

AGENT

G. T. R. Station, Ingersoll.

CARSLAKE'S

Grand Derby Sweep

$25,000.00.

| | | Total |
|---|---|---|
| 1st horse (in duplicate) | $4,000 each prize, | $8,000 |
| 2nd " " | $2,000 " " | $4,000 |
| 3rd " " | $1,050 " " | $2,000 |
| Other Starters (divided equally) | $2,000 in duplicate | $4,000 |
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5000 Tickets at $5 each.

Drawing May 25th. Race May 30th 1888.

Tickets can be obtained from all prices.

Address, GEORGE CARSLAKE, Prop. Mansion House Montreal.

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RUNS EASY

NO BACKACHE.

Testimonials without number have been sent in by one man within a few hours. Hundreds have saved their cards daily. Sent to any address upon receipt of price, $1 per order from your druggist, received the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, and the Cross of Honor at the Centennial Exposition. AGENTS WANTED. Address, THE PULVIGNE CHEMICAL RESTORATIVE CO., 314 Canal Str., Chicago, Ill.

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Money Loaned on Notes and Mortgages at Lowest Rates of Interest.

Deposits received and interest allowed thereon, which can be withdrawn at any time. Real estate bought and sold upon reasonable terms. Special attention paid to collections and prompt remittances.

$50,000 to Loan at 5½ & 6 per cent per annum.

Office, King St., Market Building.

INGERSOLL.

Imperial Bank of Canada

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

Capital Paid Up, $2,500,000.
Rest, - 650,000.

Purchases Municipal Debentures, Issues Drafts on its branches and agencies in the North-West. Transfers Moneys by Telegrams to Winnipeg and Brandon. Dealers in Sterling Exchange. Savings Department—Deposits received and interest allowed. Agents in London, Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt & Co., 73 Lombard street, with whom moneys for transmission from Great Britain to Ontario and the North-West may be deposited.

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J. A. RICHARDSON, Manager

MERCHANTS' BANK

OF CANADA.

CAPITAL PAID UP $5,799,200
RESERVE - 1,700,000

INGERSOLL BRANCH.

THIS BANK TRANSACTS A General Banking Business, Buys and Sells Exchange on England and the United States, and issues Drafts on New York and all parts of Canada.

Particular attention paid to collections for Customers and Banks.

A. M. SMITH, Manager.

THE TRADERS BANK

OF CANADA.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - $1,000,000

Head Office, Toronto.

H. S. STRATHY, General Manager. ALEX. MANNING, President.

BRANCHES.—Aylmer, Brantford, Drayton, Elmira, Glencoe, Hamilton, Ingersoll, Madoc, Orillia, Ridgetown, St. Thomas, Toronto, Wallaceburg, Watford.

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Sums of $1 and upwards received on deposit and interest allowed thereon from date of deposit to withdrawal; no notice of withdrawal required.

NOTES discounted at lowest rates.

American and Sterling drafts bought and sold. Drafts issued on all points of Canada.

Special attention paid to Collections.

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Manager Ingersoll Branch.

J. C. NORSWORTHY,

GENERAL

Banking & Loan Agent

KING STREET, INGERSOLL.

Transacts a General Banking, Loan and Insurance Business.

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*I beg to announce to parties wishing to borrow upon Mortgage Security either to pay off present encumbrance, to purchase additional property or to improve present holdings, that I am authorized by my principals to offer loans for the present at the following low rates of Interest, viz.: For loans of $500 upwards at (5½ to 6 per cent.) five and a half to six per cent. per annum, according to the terms of repayment required by the borrower. Now is the time for parties wanting loans to make their applications. (The mortgage can be made and the money paid over at any time that it is required.) These exceptional low rates are not likely to be kept open any great length of time.* 58ey

CHEESE MAKERS ATTENTION

Having purchased the

DAIRY FURNISHERS SUPPLY

AND

PROVISION BUSINESS

Lately carried on by Mr. C. H. Slawson

At the Old Stand, Thames Street, Ingersoll.

We intend keeping a general stock of the best brands of Annatto, Rennets, Rennet Extract, Presses, Hops, Curd Knives, Rubber Goods, Brushes, Press Rings, Test Instruments, Glassware, Milk Books, Scale Boards, Cheese Cotton, Strainer Cloths, The best brands of salt and all other articles required in the cheese manufacturing business, also Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter, &c.; all of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices.

We Solicit the Support of all our old Friends,

and the trade generally. Satisfaction guaranteed both in quality and price.

CASSWELL & CO.

Dealer in Dairy Furnishings and Provision Merchants.

Casswell's old stand, Thames St.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from 75 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All ought to send.

# The Ingersoll Chronicle,

## AND CANADIAN DAIRYMAN.

VOL. XXXV.—NO. 23. INGERSOLL, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1795

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

Try the Cure. CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER. DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A. EASY TO USE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

TAMARAC

Mr. J. G. Steacy, general merchant, of Escott, Ontario, says: I take great pleasure in recommending "Tamarac Elixir." I suffered from a severe cough for several months, which was considered incurable although I tried numerous remedies, and was under the care of a physician for some time. Nothing relieved me until I used "Tamarac." The first dose of "Tamarac" seemed to do me more good than all the medicine I had previously taken. Three bottles effected a perfect cure.

IMPORTANT TO ALL

Who are Bald, or have Thin or Grey Hair, or who are troubled with

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DR. DORENWENDS'

GREAT GERMAN

'Hair Magic'

Will be found invaluable for the hair and scalp. It cleanses the scalp of all Dandruff, invigorates the growth of the hair, and in cases of baldness where there are the slightest signs of roots left it will produce good crops of hair. It restores grey hair to its original color, and is an excellent dressing.

DO NOT DELAY if your hair is in a weak condition get a bottle at once.

For sale by J. Gayfer, J. W. Browett, R. Kneeshaw & Co., D. Secord. Ask for it.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Manfr.,

TORONTO, CANADA.

A. Dorenwend is the leading manufacturer of Hair Goods in Canada. 1771vy

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT!!

Because it is agreeable to take.

IT CURES

LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS

CAMPBELL'S Cathartic Compound

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

TRADE MARK

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST, CONTAINS NO ALUM, AMMONIA, LIME, PHOSPHATES, or any injurious materials.

E. W. GILLETT, TORONTO, ONT. CHICAGO, ILL. Mnf'r of the CELEBRATED ROYAL YEAST CAKES.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

1000 Fine White Business Envelopes, with Card neatly printed for $2.25. Best value. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send copy, with remittance. Postage prepaid to any part of the Dominion. THE CHRONICLE, Ingersoll

DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND

CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all impurities of the blood from whatever cause arising.

Female weaknesses and general debility.

Purely vegetable.

Highly Concentrated. Pleasant Effectual Safe

ASK FOR DR. HODDER'S COMPOUND.

Take no other. Sold everywhere. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

DR. HODDER'S Cough and Lung Cure

Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle. Proprietors and manufacturers.

THE UNION MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CAN.

## A TALE OF THREE LIONS.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Most of you will have heard of Allan Quatermain, who was one of the party that discovered King Solomon's mines some little time ago, and who afterward came to live in England near his friend, Sir Henry Curtis. He has gone back to the wilderness now, as these old hunters almost invariably do, on one pretext or another. They cannot endure civilization for very long, its noise and racket and the omnipresence of broadclothed humanity proving more trying to their nerves than the dangers of the desert. I think that they feel lonely here, for it is a fact that is too little understood, though it has often been stated, that there is no loneliness like the loneliness of crowds, especially to those who are unaccustomed to them.

"What is there in the world," old Quatermain would say, "so desolate as to stand in the streets of a great city and listen to the footsteps falling, falling, multitudinous as the rain, and watch the white line of faces as they hurry past, you know not whence, you know not whither. They come and go, their eyes meet yours with a cold stare, for a moment their features are written on your mind, and then they are gone forever. You will never see them again, they will never see you again: they come up out of the unknown, and presently they once more vanish into the unknown, taking their secrets with them. Yes, that is loneliness pure and undefiled; but to one who knows and loves it, the wilderness is not lonely, because the spirit of nature is ever there to keep the wanderer company. He finds companionship in the winds—the sunny streams babble like nature's children at his feet; high above him, in the purple sunset, are domes and minarets and palaces such as no mortal man hath built, in and out of whose flaming doors the gods come and go at will; the sun seem to move for his pleasure; the stars shine out for him in the night, and talk to him of peace; yes, and thank heaven I had got away from the cursing and the coarse jokes of the miners, and the voices of those Basutu Kafirs as they toiled in the sun, the memory of which is with me yet. Well, for some months I dug patiently at my claim till the very sight of a pick or of a washing trough became hateful to me. A hundred times a day I lamented my own folly in having invested £800, which was about all that I was worth at the time, in this gold mining. But, like other hasty people before me, I had been bitten by the gold bug, and now had to take the consequences. I had bought a claim out of which a man had made a fortune—£5,000 or £6,000 at least—as I thought, very cheap; that is, I had given him £500 down for it. It was all that I had made by a rough year's elephant hunting beyond the Zambesi, and I sighed deeply and prophetically when I saw my successful friend, who was a Yankee, sweep up the roll of Standard bank notes with the lordly air of the man who made his fortune and cram them into his breeches pockets. 'Well,' I said to him—the happy vendor—'it is a magnificent property, and I only hope that my luck will be as good as yours has been.' He smiled; to my excited nerves it seemed that he smiled ominously, as he answered me in a peculiar Yankee drawl: 'I guess, stranger, as I ain't the one to make a man quarrel with his food, more especial when there ain't no more going of the rounds; and as for that there claim, well, she's teen a good nigger to me; but between you and me, stranger, speaking man to man, now that there ain't any filthy liquor between us to obsculate the feathers of the truth, I guess she's about worked out!'

"I gasped; the fellow's effrontery took my breath out of me. Only five minutes before he had been swearing by all his gods—and they appeared to be numerous and mixed—that there were half a dozen fortunes left in the claim, and that he was only giving it up because he was downright weary of shoveling the gold out.

"'Don't look so vexed, stranger,' went on my tormentor, 'perhaps there is some shine in the old girl yet; any way you are a downright good fellow, you are; therefore you will, I guess, have a real Al, old jam, plate glass opportunity of working on the feelings of Fortune. Any way it will bring the muscle up on your arm, for the stuff is uncommon stiff, and what is more, you will in the course of a year earn a sight more than £3,000 in value of experience.'

"And he went just in time, for in another minute I should have gone for him, and I saw his face no more.

"Well, I set to work on the old claim with my boy Harry and half a dozen Kafirs to help me, which, seeing that I had put nearly all my worldly wealth into it, was the least I could do. And we worked, my word we did work—early and late we went at it—but never a bit of gold did we see; no, not even a nugget large enough to make a scarf pin out of. The American gentleman had secured it all and left us the sweepings.

"For three months this went on, till at last I paid away all, or very near all, that was left of our little capital in wages and food for the Kafirs and ourselves. When I tell you that Boer meal was sometimes as high as £4 a bag, you will understand that it did not take long to run through our banking account.

"At last the crisis came. On Saturday night I had paid the men as usual, and bought a mud of mealie meal at 60s. for them to fill themselves with, and then I went with my boy Harry and sat on the edge of the great hole that we had dug in the hill side, and which we had in bitter mockery named Eldorado. There we sat in the moonlight with our feet hanging over the edge of the claim, and were melancholy enough for anything. Presently I pulled out my purse and emptied its contents into my hand. There was a half sovereign, two florins, ninepence in silver, no farthings for copper pennies, nothing goes not circulate in South Africa, which is one of the things that make living so dear there—in all exactly fourteen and ninepence.

"There, Harry my boy!' I said, 'that is the sum total of our worldly wealth; that hole has swallowed all the rest.'

"'By George,' said Master Harry, 'I say, father, you and I shall have to let ourselves out to work with the Kafirs and live on mealie pap,' and he sniggered at his unpleasant little joke.

"But I was in no mood for joking, for it is not a merry thing to dig like anything for months and be completely ruined in the process, especially if you happen to dislike digging, and consequently I resented Harry's lightheartedness.

"'Be quiet, boy!' I said, raising my hand as though to give him a cuff, with the result that the half sovereign slipped out of it and fell into the gulf below.

"'Oh, bother,' said I, 'it's gone.'

"'There, dad,' said Harry, 'that's what comes of letting your angry passions rise; now we are down to four and nine.'

"I made no answer to these words of wisdom, but scrambled down the deep sides of the claim, followed by Harry, to hunt for the half sovereign. Well, we hunted and we hunted, but the moonlight is an uncertain thing to look for half sovereigns by, and there was some loose soil about it, for the Kafirs had knocked off working at the very spot a couple of hours before. We took a pick and raked away the clods of earth with it, in the hope of finding the coin, but all in vain. At last, in sheer annoyance, I struck the sharp pickax down into the soil, which was of a very hard nature. To my astonishment it sunk in right up to the haft.

"'Why, Harry,' I said, 'this ground must have been disturbed!'

"'I don't think so, father,' he answered, 'but we will soon see,' and he began to shovel out the soil with his hands. 'Oh!' he said presently, 'it's only some old stones; the pick has gone down between them. Look!' And he began to pull at one of the stones.

"'I say, dad,' he said presently, almost in a whisper, 'it's precious heavy; feel it;' and he rose and gave me a round, brownish lump about the size of a very large apple, which he was holding in both his hands. I took it curiously and held it up to the light. It was very heavy. The moonlight fell upon its rough and filth encrusted surface, and as I looked curious little thrills of excitement began to pass through me. But I could not be sure.

"'Give me your knife, Harry,' I said.

"He did so; and resting the brown stone on my knee I scratched at its surface. Great heavens, it was soft!

"Another second and the secret was out; we had found a great nugget of pure gold, four pounds of it or more. 'It's gold, lad,' I said, 'it's gold, lad, or I'm a Dutchman.'

"Harry, with his eyes starting out of his head, glared down at the long gleaming yellow scratch that I had made upon the virgin metal, and then burst out into yell upon yell of exultation, that went ringing away across the silent claims like the shrieks of somebody being murdered.

"'Be quiet,' I said, 'do you want every thief of the field after you?'

"Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when I heard a stealthy footstep approaching. I promptly put the big nugget down and sat on it, and uncommonly hard it was, and as I did so I saw a lean, dark face poked over the edge of the claim and a pair of beady eyes searching us out. I knew the face. It belonged to a man of very bad character known as Handspike Tom, who had, I understood, been so named at the diamond fields because he had murdered his mate with a handspike. He was now, no doubt, prowling about like a human hyena to see what he could steal.

"'Is that you, 'unter Quatermain?' he said.

"'Yes, it's I, Mr. Tom,' I answered politely.

"'And what might all that there yelling bef' he asked. 'I was walking along, a-taking of the evening air and a-thinking on the stars, when I 'ears 'owl after 'owl.'

"'Well, Mr. Tom,' I answered, 'that is not to be wondered at, seeing that, like yourself, they are nocturnal birds.'

"'Owl after 'owl!' he repeated sternly, taking no notice of my interpretation, 'and I stops and says, "That's murder," and I listens again and thinks, "No, it ain't; that 'owl is the 'owl of hexultation; some one's been and got his fingers into a gummy pot, I'll swear, and gone off 'is 'ead in the sucking of them." Now, 'unter Quatermain, is I right? Is it nuggets? Oh, lor!' and he smacked his lips audibly—'great big yellow boys—is it them that you have just been and tumbled across?'

"'No,' said I boldly, 'it isn't'—the cruel gleam in his black eyes altogether overcoming my aversion to the untruth, for I knew that if he once found out what it was that I was sitting on—and, by the way, I have heard of rolling in gold being spoken of as a pleasant pastime, but I certainly do not recommend anybody who values comfort to try sitting on it—I should run a very good chance of being 'handspiked' before the night was over.

"'If you want to know what it was, Mr. Tom,' I went on, with politest air, although in agony from the nugget underneath—for I hold it always best to be polite to a man who is so ready with a handspike—'my boy and I have had a slight difference of opinion, and I was enforcing my view of the matter upon him; that was all.'

"'Yes, Mr. Tom,' put in Harry, beginning to weep, for Harry was a smart boy, and saw the difficulty we were in, 'that was it—I hallooed because father beat me.'

"'Well, now, did yer, my dear boy; did yer? Well, all I can say is that a played out old claim is a wonderfully queer sort of place to come to for to argify at 10 o'clock of night, and what's more, my sweet youth, if ever I should 'ave the argifying of yer'—and he leered unpleasantly at Harry—'yer won't 'oller in such a jolly sort o' way. And now I'll be saying good night, for I don't like disturbing of a family party. No, I ain't that sort of a man, I ain't. Good night to yer, 'unter Quatermain; good night to yer, my argified young one,' and Mr. Tom turned away disappointed, and prowled off elsewhere, like a human jackal, to see what he could thieve or kill.

"'Thank goodness!' I said, as I slipped off the lump of gold. 'Now, then, do you get up, Harry, and see if that consummate villain has gone.' Harry did so, and reported that he had vanished toward Pilgrims' Rest, and then we set to work, and very carefully, but trembling with excitement, with our hands hollowed out all the space of ground into which I had struck the pick. Yes, as I had hoped, there was a regular nest of nuggets, twelve in all, running from the size of a hazelnut to that of a hen's egg, though of course the first one was much larger than that. How they all came there nobody can say; it was one of those extraordinary freaks, with stories of which, at any rate, all people acquainted with alluvial gold mining will be familiar. It turned out afterward that the American who had sold me the claim had in the same way made his pile—a much larger one than ours, by the way—out of a single pocket, and then worked for six months without seeing color, after which he gave it up.

"At any rate, there the nuggets were, to the value, as it turned out afterward, of about £1,250, so that after all I took out of that hole £450 more than I put into it. We got them all out and wrapped them up in a handkerchief, and then fearing to carry home so much treasure, especially as we knew that Handspike Tom was on the prowl, made up our minds to pass the night where we were—a necessity which, disagreeable as it was, was wonderfully sweetened by the presence of that handkerchief full of virgin gold, which represented the interest of my lost half sovereign.

"Slowly the night wore away, for with the fear of Handspike Tom before my eyes I did not dare to go to sleep, and at last the dawn came blushing down the somber ways of night. I got up and watched its perfect growth, till it opened like a vast celestial flower upon the eastern sky, and the sunbeams began to spring in splendor from mountain top to mountain top. I watched it, and as I did so it flashed upon me, with a complete conviction that I had not felt before, that if I had had enough gold mining to last me the rest of my natural life, and I then and there made up my mind to clear out of Pilgrims' Rest and go and shoot buffalo toward Delagoa Bay. Then I turned, took the pick and shovel, and, although it was a Sunday morning, woke up Harry and set to work to see if there were any more nuggets about. As I expected, there was none. What we had got had lain together in a little pocket filled with soil that felt quite different from the stiff stuff round and outside the pocket. There was not another trace of gold. Of course, it is possible that there were more pockets somewhere about, but all I have to say is I made up my mind that, whenever found them, I should not, as a matter of fact, I have since heard that that claim has been the ruin of two or three people, as it very nearly was the ruin of me.

"'Harry,' I said presently, 'I am going away this week toward Delagoa to shoot buffalo. Shall I take you with me or send you down to Durban?'

"'Oh, take me with you, father,' begged Harry, 'I want to kill a buffalo.'

"'And supposing that the buffalo kills you instead?' I asked.

"'Oh, never mind,' he said, gayly, 'there are lots more where I came from.'

"I rebuked him for his flippancy, but in the end I consented to take him."

CHAPTER II.

"Something over a fortnight had passed since the night when I lost half a sovereign and found £1,250 in looking for it, and instead of that horrid hole, for which, after all, El Dorado was scarcely a misnomer, a very different scene stretched away before us clad in the silver robe of the moonlight. We were camped—Harry and I, two Kafirs, a Scotch cart and six oxen—on the swelling side of a great wave of bush clad land. Just where we made our camp, however, the bush was very sparse and only grew about in clumps, while here and there were single flat topped mimosa trees. To our right a little stream, which had cut a deep channel for itself in the bosom of the slope, flowed musically on between banks green with maidenhair, wild asparagus and many beautiful grasses. The water was as clear as crystal, and in the course of centuries of patient washing the water had hollowed out some of the huge slabs in its path into great troughs and cups, and these we used for bathing places. No Roman lady, with her baths of porphyry or alabaster, could have had a more delicious spot to lave herself than we had within fifty yards of our skerm or rough inclosure of mimosa thorn that we had dragged together round our cart to protect us from the attacks of lions. There were several of these about, as I knew from their spoor, though we had neither heard nor seen them.

"It was a little nook where the eddy of the stream had washed away a mass of soil, and on the edge of it there grew a most beautiful old mimosa thorn. Beneath the thorn was a large smooth slab of granite fringed all round with maidenhair and other ferns, that sloped gently down to a pool of the clearest sparkling water, which lay in a bowl of granite about ten feet wide by five feet deep in the center. Here to this slab we went every morning to bathe, and the delightful bath is among the most pleasant of my hunting reminiscences, as it is also for reasons that will presently appear among the most painful.

"It was a lovely night and Harry and I sat there to the windward of the fire, at which the two Kafirs were busily employed in cooking some impala steaks off a buck which Harry, to his great joy, had shot that morning, and were as perfectly contented with ourselves and the world at large as two people could possibly be. The night was beautiful; it would require somebody with more words on the tip of their tongue than I have to properly describe the chastened majesty of those moonlit wilds. Away forever and forever, away to the mysterious north, rolled the great bush ocean over which the silence brooded. There beneath us, a mile or more to the right, ran the wide Oliphant and mirror like flashed back the moon, whose silver spears were shivered on its breast and then tossed in twisted lines of light far and wide about the mountains and the plain. Down upon the river banks grew great timber trees that, through the stillness, pointed solemnly to heaven, and the beauty of the night lay upon them like a cloud. Everywhere were silence—silence in the starred depths, silence on the fair bosom of the sleeping earth. Now, if ever, great thoughts might rise in a man's mind, and for a space he might loose his littleness in the sense that he partook of the pure immensity about him. Almost might he seem to see the spirit of the heavens, girdled round with stars, passing down in the dead quiet to look, now that the night had covered up her sins, upon the sleeping face of his lost bride, the earth. Almost might he hear the echoes of angelic voices, as the spirits poised on bent and rushing pinions swept onward from universe to universe; and distinguish the white fingers of the wind playing in the tresses of the trees.

"Hark! what was that?"

"From far away down by the river there comes a mighty rolling sound, then another and another. It is the lion seeking his meat.

"I saw Harry shiver and turn a little pale. He was a plucky boy enough, but the roar of a lion for the first time in the solemn bush world at night is apt to shake the nerves of any lad.

"'Lions, my boy,' I said; 'they are hunting down by the river there; but I don't think that you need make yourself uneasy. We have been here three nights now and if they were going to pay us a visit I should think that they would have done so before this. However, we will make up the fire.'

"'Here, Pharaoh, do you and Jim-Jim get some more wood before we go to sleep, else the cats will be purring round before morning.'

"Pharaoh, a great brawny Swazi, who had been working for me at Pilgrim's Rest, laughed, rose and stretched himself, and then calling to Jim-Jim to bring the ax and a rope, started off in the moonlight toward a clump of sugar bush, where we cut our fuel from some dead trees. He was a fine fellow in his way, was Pharaoh, and I think that he had been named Pharaoh because he had an Egyptian cast of countenance and a royal sort of swagger about him. But his way was a somewhat peculiar way, on account of the uncertainty of his temper, and very few people could get on with him; also, if he could get it, he would drink like a fish, and when he drank he became shockingly bloodthirsty. These were his bad points; his good ones were that, like most people of the Zulu blood, he became exceedingly attached to one if he took to you at all; he was a hard working and intelligent man, and about as dare devil and plucky a fellow as a pinch as I have ever had to do with. He was about five and thirty years of age or so, but not a 'keshla' or ringed man. I believe that he got into trouble in some way in Swaziland, and the authorities of his tribe would not allow him to assume the ring, and that is why he came to work at the diggings. The other man, or rather lad, Jim-Jim, was a Mapoch Kafir, or Knobnose, and even in the light of subsequent events I fear that I cannot speak very well of him. He was an idle and careless young rascal, and only that very morning I had to tell Pharaoh to give him a beating for letting the oxen stray, which he did with the greatest gusto, although he was, by the way, very fond of Jim-Jim. Indeed, I saw him consoling Jim-Jim afterwards with a pinch of snuff from his own ear box while he explained to him that the next time it came in the way of duty to flog him he meant to thrash him with the other hand, so as to cross the old cuts and make 'a pretty pattern on his back.'

"Well, off they went, though Jim-Jim did not at all like leaving the camp at that hour, even when the moonlight was so bright, and in due course returned safely enough with a good bundle of wood. I laughed at Jim-Jim and asked him if he had seen anything, and he said yes, he had; he had seen two large, yellow eyes staring at him from behind a bush and heard something snore.

"As, however, on further investigation, the yellow eyes and the snore appeared to have existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report, but, having seen to the making up of the fire, got into the skerm and went quietly to sleep with Harry by my side.

"Some hours afterwards I woke up with a start. I don't know what woke me. The moon had gone down, or at least was almost hidden behind the soft horizon of bush, only her red rim being visible. Also a wind had sprung up and was driving long hurrying lines of cloud across the starry sky, and altogether a great change had come over the mood of the night. By the look of the sky I judged we must be about two hours from daybreak.

"The oxen, which were as usual tied to the lissellboom of the Scotch cart, were restless—they kept snuffing and blowing and rising up and lying down again, so I at once suspected that they must wind something. Presently I knew what it was that they winded, for within fifty yards of us a lion roared, not very loud, but quite loud enough to make my heart come into my mouth.

"Pharaoh was sleeping on the other side of the cart, and beneath it I saw him raise his head and listen.

"'Lion, Inkoos,' he whispered, 'lion.'

"Jim-Jim also jumped up, and by the faint light I could see that he was in a very great fright indeed.

"Thinking that it was as well to be prepared for emergencies, I told Pharaoh to throw wood upon the fire, and woke up Harry, who I verily believe was capable of sleeping happily through the crack of doom. He was a little scared at first, but presently the excitement of the position came home to him, and he became quite anxious to see his majesty face to face. I got my rifle handy and gave Harry his—a Westly Richards falling block, which is a very useful gun for a youth, being light and yet a good killing rifle—and then we waited.

"For a long time nothing happened, and I began to think that the best thing that we could do would be to go to sleep again, when suddenly I heard a sound more like a cough than a roar within about twenty yards of the skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be developed from any quarter, or might not be developed at all; and though I was an old hand at this sort of business, I was anxious about Harry, for it is wonderful how the presence of anybody to whom one is attached unnerves a man in moments of danger; and that made me nervous. I know, although it was now chilly enough, I could feel the perspiration running down my nose, and in order to relieve the strain on my attention