

Mulrady looked up.

'It's wrong, ain't it?' he asked anxiously; 'it should be *east*, towards the next tunnel.'

'No! *It's right!* I am wrong! We're all wrong!'

Slinn had risen to his feet, erect and inspired.

'Don't you see,' he almost screamed with passionate vehemence; 'it's *Masters' abandoned tunnel* your shaft has struck? Not mine! It was *Masters' pick* you found! I know it now!'

'And your own tunnel?' said Mulrady, springing to his feet in his excitement. 'And *your* strike?'

'Is still there!'

The next instant, and before another question could be asked, Slinn had darted from the room. In the exaltation of that supreme discovery he regained the full control of mind and body. Mulrady and Don Cæsar, no less excited, followed him precipitately, and with difficulty kept up with his feverish speed. Their way lay along the base of the hill below Mulrady's shaft, and on a line with *Masters' abandoned tunnel*.

Only once he stopped, to snatch a pick from the hand of an astonished Chinaman at work in a ditch, as he still kept on his way, a quarter of a mile beyond the shaft. Here he stopped before a jagged hole in the hillside. Bared to the sky and air, the very openness of its abandonment, its unpropitious position, and distance from the strike in Mulrady's shaft had no doubt preserved its integrity from wayfarer or prospector.

'You can't go in there alone and without a