"You are a prospector," said Jack; he knew the type.

"That's me, sir," assented Chope cheerfully. "Know anything of the business"

"Very little," replied Jack.

"Ah, well, it's a fascinating profession," said Chope. "It's a kind of gamble; that's why. You may go on for years, just keeping body and soul together; and then, one day, when you're digging for water or sticking in a tentpole, you strike the yellow, and strike it rich."

"I hope you have done so," said Jack pleasantly.

"I have, sir," replied Chope; "and I did it by accident."

He stopped suddenly, as if he felt that he was becoming too communicative, and presently asked Jack if he could tell him of a theatre worth seeing. It was rather too late for a theatre, and Jack, who rather liked the man, offered to take him to a music-hall. Chope was evidently much gratified, and they went off together. Jack sat and thought of Clytie, as usual; but Chope enjoyed himself amazingly. It did Jack good to watch his face and to hear him laugh.

"Fine show, that!" said Chope. "And I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness in taking me. Of course I can see you're a gentleman, and I quite appreciate your company.

"That's all right," responded Jack. "I've been in Australia, too you know, and therefore I claim the privilege of what they call an old chum."

He wished Chope good night, went off for his usual solitary stroll before he turned in, and thought no more of the man. But Chope had evidently taken a fancy to Jack, and, rather shyly and quite unobtrusively, displayed a desire for his company; so the two men went out together now and again; and Jack found it somewhat of a relief to his mind to help Chope to enjoy his holiday in London; for Chope was going back to Australia, he said.

One night, as they sat alone in the tiny smoking-room of the hotel, after a theatre followed by a good but modest supper at an unpretentious restaurant, Chope became communicative.

"Yes," he said, "my time's petering out. Well, I've had a good time, thanks to you, Mr. Jackson." In giving his name when he arrived at the hotel, Jack had hesitated after his Christian name, and the landlady had thought that he had said "Jackson." Jack had accepted the name with a shrug of his shoulders, for in his then condition of mind one alias more or less did not seem to matter. "I didn't come over here altogether on a holiday, but to find a man in search of. And that's what I've been trying to do most of the daytime; but you might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay as look for a man in this London. It's this way," he continued, after taking a long drink of his whisky and water. "In the course of my travels over there I happened upon a place called Parraiuna."

Jack was filling his pipe; but he stopped and looked straight before him; and Chope went on unsuspectingly.

"A nice place, and nice people—name of Jarrow; about the nicest people I ever met. They made me welcome, and did me well; and I'm very glad to say I was able to pay them back—do them a good turn. They're prosperous people; and they've got another farm called Silver Ridge. I went over there to spend a day or two, just by myself, to pass the time. It's a wonderful pretty place; I was immensely taken by it. I suppose that's what some people would call instinct; they say that an old prospector can almost smell what he's after. However, be that as it may, on the second morning of my visit I was washing my boots down at the stream when I saw—" He paused, and Jack said quietly:

"Gold."

"Right you are, Mr. Jackson," assented Chope. "Gold it was. Not a large quantity, mind you, for it was all in one place—I prospected pretty carefully, you may guess—but there was enough of it to make a tidy fortune."

Jack smoked steadily. He was not greatly surprised; in an auriferous country gold may crop up anywhere, like a jack-in-the-box; nor was he excited; for all the gold in the world could not buy Clytie for him.

"Now, the cute and business-like thing for me to have done," continued Chope, "would have been to go to Jarrow, say nothing about my find, and buy this Silver Ridge; nor the old man had treated me so well, and was much a square old chap himself, that I couldn't do it. So I went back to Parraluna and told the Jarrows what they'd got on that property of theirs; and they acted as square as I'm sure they've always done. I was to run the show and take equal shares, one-third."

Jack nodded. "That was very straight," he said. "One share each for Mr. and Mrs. Jarrow and one for you. I congratulate—"

"Thank you," said Chope, shaking the hand which Jack extended; "but you haven't got it quite right. It was one share for the Jarrows, one for me; and one for Jarrow's partner; for it seems that Mr. Jarrow had given half Silver Ridge, in partnership, to a young fellow that had worked with him, a young fellow that had both the Jarrows and, come to that, everybody on the farm had taken a great fancy to. His name is Douglas, and he left Parraluna quite sudden on account of some news he'd heard from England; and as I couldn't get old Jarrow to move an inch without his partner's consent, I offered to come to England to try and find the young fellow. Of course, I had some other things to do—get machinery and things of that sort; but that was my principal object. And, as I say," he concluded, with a sigh, "I might as well have looked for that needle. But I've had a very good time, and I'm going back to show Jarrow how things stand, and to persuade him to get to work, putting his partner's share aside."

Jack nodded and stared at the fire thoughtfully. The room had grown hot, for a touch of spring was in the air; but it was not only the heat that flushed Jack's face. He was somewhat staggered and bewildered by the strangeness of the coincidence; it was difficult to realize that he was the man for whom Chope was searching, that he was the part proprietor of a gold mine. His first impulse when he had somewhat recovered himself, was to say: "My name is Douglas. I am the man you are looking for. I will go back with you; we will start to-morrow!"

But he checked the impulse. Old Jarrow had acted like a brick, and Jack's heart was warm with gratitude. But had he any right to accept Jarrow's generosity? There had been no partnership deed; neither of them had contemplated the possibility of the presence of gold at Silver Ridge; and, besides, Jack had left Australia without any definite understanding to return, and, therefore, he had, so to speak, surrendered any claim to a share in the farm. He was very much touched by the kindness which the Jarrows had displayed toward him; and he felt drawn toward them and the old life; but it was hard to tear himself away from England and from all chance of ever seeing Clytie again.

He longed to see her once again, to see if she looked happy. It would be some kind of consolation for him to see, so many thousand miles away, that he recalled her face, to remember that it had been a happy one.

"How much longer have you got?" how much longer will it be before you return?" he asked Chope.

"Nigh upon a fortnight. I am going by the White Witch; she starts on the twenty-sixth," replied Chope. "So we must make the best of our time; that is, if you are going to be so good as to give me the pleasure of your company at an evening, as you have done. In the daytime I must try and hunt up this young fellow, as I have been trying."

"I wouldn't worry about him, if I were you," said Jack, with a shrug of the shoulders, but feeling rather mean.

"No; it don't seem worth while," said Chope; then he added suddenly: "I say, Mr. Jackson, why don't you come along with me? You don't appear to have much to do—no offence?"

"That's all right," said Jack, with a laugh. "Thanks very much. I'll think it over. Good night."

He lay awake a long time, thinking it over; but he could come to no decision. Chope being otherwise engaged, Jack was left to himself the following night. He had been so harassed during the day by his incapacity of coming to a decision that he turned into a theatre to divert his mind. The audience was a crowded and a brilliant one, for the play was one of Pinero's; and Jack, from his seat far back in the pit, looked about him absently but suddenly his heart leaped... the blood in his body seemed ... to his head; for three ladies ... the stage-box, and he saw that they were Lady Mervyn, Clytie, and Mollie. For a moment he could scarcely realize that Clytie was there under the same roof, within sound of him, if he chose to get up and call to her; and his heart beat so fast that he was afraid that the next and very close neighbor would hear it; and suddenly the shock of the surprise gave place to a feeling of concern and anxiety, for he saw that Clytie was looking sad; that, indeed, she was pale and thin, as if she were ill. Of course he could not take his eyes off her; and the more he looked the more deeply was he impressed by her appearance. It seemed to him that she had changed terribly. The eyes that had been so starlike were lusterless; there were dark shadows under them; the expression of her face, her attitude, were listless; and she leaned her head upon her hand, as if she were tired. He knew, as well as if he were by her side, that the clever play which was delighting the house did not interest her. Why, he could imagine that the expression on her face was something like that which his own wore when he was trying to amuse himself. What had happened to cause this change in her? While he was asking himself this futile ques-

---

---

tion, Hesketh Carton entered the box and stood behind Clytie's chair; and when the act came to an end Jack saw Hesketh bend over her. She turned to him, and, therefore, Jack could not see the expression on her face.

He watched them for a moment or two; then he could stand it no longer, and he sprang up and made his way out of the pit, rather roughly, it is to be feared. He went outside and paced up and down for a while; but, of course, he was drawn back to the theatre, and he stood at the back of the pit and watched the box; but its curtain had fallen forward, and Clytie was hidden from him. When the play was over, he went round to the front and watched the people coming out, saw Hesketh put the ladies in the carriage, then walk away; he passed so close to Jack that Jack might have touched him; so close that Jack noticed the expression of his face; it was the expression of a man who was thinking deeply, so deeply as to be unconscious of his surroundings; indeed Jack saw him pause suddenly, as if trying to remember where he was, and then turn down toward Charing Cross. There had been a block in the road, and Lady Mervyn's carriage was still in sight.

Jack got a hansom and told the man to follow the carriage. When it stopped at Grafton street, Jack got out, and screened by the cab, watched them enter.

(To be continued.)

SLING IN WARFARE.

Was the Primitive Form of Long Range Weapon.

Popular sympathy has always been on the side of David in his little bickering with the giant Goliath. It ought to be quite the other way, because there never was a minute when Goliath had a chance against an agile antagonist who could choose his own position and distance, and who was equipped with stones that wanted.

This is a problem which has been thoroughly worked out by modern military men and naval tacticians. A fight of this kind can only have one result.

We are accustomed to think of the sling as an old world weapon, but there is no question of the fact that it was in common use among the natives of Mexico, Central America and Peru long before Goliath and David were born.

Dr. Philip A. Means has been looking up the subject for the Smithsonian Institution, and he says that the early Spanish conquerors in America found the sling a formidable weapon in the hands of the aborigines.

A Spanish historian, Del Castillo, describing a battle with Mexican natives, writes: "As we approached with our army they shot from above so many stones that they covered the ground, they had slings and plenty of stones, and they shot arrows and stones so fast that they wounded five of our foot soldiers and two horsemen."

In Peru have been dug up many ancient vessels that bear paintings illustrative of combats in which slings were used.

Nava, another Spanish historian, describing the capture of a Peruvian city, says of the native troops: "In front of their army came the slingmen, who hurled pebbles from slings. These slings can carry shields made from narrow boards, very small. They also wear armor jackets made of quilted cotton."

Many of the actual slings used by early and even prehistoric Americans have been obtained from graves or otherwise recovered. They are made of various materials, including human hair, wool, llama hair and vegetable fibre.

Sun's Heat Forecasts Weather.

The little town of Calama, Chile, is located in one of the driest regions on the face of our globe. Day after day, almost without break throughout the year, the sun shines from a cloudless sky. Weather of this sort certainly has no appeal for the average man; yet two scientists from the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C., find it ideal. As might be expected, their task is an unusual one, involving daily measurement of the heat reaching Calama from the sun. Ninety miles away. Despite appearances, the work is thoroughly practical, as a striking correspondence has been discovered between the changing weather on our little planet and the fluctuating value of this solar radiation. In fact the two observers already telegraph their results each day to the Government of Argentine, which makes them the basis of temperature forecasts for several days to come; and with such success that stations are now suggested for similar stations in other various portions of the earth, as in Australia, South Africa, Egypt and India. By coordinating such widespread observations, it is felt that remarkable results could be secured—Popular Mechanics.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

All cattle lovers should reserve the dates of Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11 and 12, in order to visit the Fat Stock show, which will be held at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto. The show is said to be one of the best they have ever held. The entries are numerous, and the stock to be exhibited will far surpass any that has ever been shown. Every farmer should attend this show and see the best collection of fat butcher stock ever assembled in Canada.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.