

with all my heart it did not exist at all), but they tell me there is gold on it, though whether it is lying on the fields or down in holes I'm sure I don't know, and oh dear, I don't care, for it entails your going away again, my darling boy."

Here the poor old lady broke down, and, throwing her arms round Will's neck—regardless of the fact that in so doing she upset and broke one of her best china tea-cups—wept upon his bosom.

Such was the manner of the announcement of the news in the drawing-room.

In the kitchen the same subject was being discussed by a select party, consisting of Maryann, Mr. Richards the coachman, his spouse Jemima—formerly Scrubbins—the baby Richards—who has already been referred to as being reduced in the matter of his ablutions to a bread can—and Larry O'Hale with his faithful Indian friend Bunco.

"To think," said Maryann, with a quiet laugh, as she handed a cup of tea to Bunco—"to think that I should ever come for to sit at tea with a live red Indian from Ameriky—not that he's red either, for I'm sure that hany one with eyes in their 'ead could see that he's only brown."

"Ah, my dear, that's 'cause he's changed colour," said Larry, pushing in his cup for more tea. "He wasn't always like that. Sure, when I first know'd Bunco he was scarlet—pure scarlet, only he took a fancy one day, when he was in a wild mood, to run his canoe over the falls of Niagara for a wager,