

together with a cap that the fellow had also left, but that was too wet to be of any use as trail; then I took the sack, and went off home, pretty well tired out. But when I had opened that sack and found five hundred dollars instead of the copper nails I'd reckoned on, I declare I felt as if I should go mad, and was more than ever keen on fastening the guilt upon Dolty. My dogs followed the made trail beautifully, for the comforter was very soiled with perspiration and carried the scent well, but when that beast Jenny pulled Maitland Crawford down, and he owned up to that wretched old comforter, I felt as if my heart would break, and I've known no peace nor happiness since. Everything has disappointed me in the way it has turned out. I bailed him out of prison with the five hundred dollars that I stole, but when I advised him to run away, he was too honest to go; so there is nothing left but for me to confess to my own wrong-doing, in order to save him from prison.

“Signed, TOBIAS ARLO.”

“So the old man did it; I thought as much when you read that paper this morning,” said Athabasca Bill.

“Poor old man, he must have suffered more than I did, for at least I had the comfort of a quiet conscience,” replied Mr. Crawford. “But I think I had better take this paper with me for Lawyer Grimes to see, then he will let the proper authorities know, but the old man's memory will be spared the shame of a public exposure.”

The visit to the lawyer brought a great surprise, Mr. Crawford learning that old man Arlo had died a really wealthy man, his talk about mortgages and destitution being only fictions invented to keep people in ignorance of his possessions.