

"Wal," said Gilead Beck, "it does seem rough on us all, and perhaps it's rougher on you two than it is on me. But to think, only to think, that such an almighty Pile should be fooled away on a darned half-caste State like Eldorado ! And for all of us to believe Mr. Gabriel Cassilis a whole-souled high-toned speculator."

"Once I thought," he continued, "that we Amer'cans must be the Ten Tribes ; because, I said, nobody but one out of the Ten Tribes would get such a providential lift as the Golden Butterfly. Gentlemen, my opinions are changed since this morning. I believe we're nothing better, not a single cent better, than one of the kicked-out Tribes. I may be an Amalekite, or I may be a Hivite ; but I'm darned if I ever call myself again one of the children of Abraham."

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

"Whisper Love, ye breezes ; sigh  
In Love's content, soft air of morn :  
Let eve in brighter sunsets die,  
And day with brighter dawn be born."

**I**T is a week since the disastrous day. Gilead Beck has sold the works of art with which he intended to found his Grand National Collection ; he has torn up his great schemes for a grand National Theatre, a grand National Paper ; he has ceased to think, for the delectation of the Golden Butterfly, about improving the human race. His gratitude to that prodigy of Nature has so far cooled that he now considers it more in the light of a capricious sprite, a sort of Robin Good-fellow, than as a benefactor. He has also changed his views as to the construction of the round earth, and all that is therein. Ile, he says, may be found by other lucky adventurers ; but Ile is not to be depended on for a permanence. He would now recommend those who strike Ile to make their Pile as quickly as may be, and devote all their energies to the safety of that Pile. And as to the human race, it may slide.