

took him up as tenderly as I could, and carried him to his boarding-house; and for weeks I watched over him night and day. He did not know much of anything till a few hours before he died, and then he forgave me everything; but his heart was nearly breaking for his wife and child, who, he said, would be left in want.

"No, said I, and I was kneeling by his bed, they shall not want while Tim Miller lives; and I made him a solemn promise that I would find them, and give them his gold and all that I could dig. After he was buried I went into the mines again, and I worked early and late. Folks said I was a miser because I would not spend more money, but it wasn't my money; it all belonged to her. In a year I saved three thousand dollars, and then I came on here to find her. I put all my money in bonds, but I could not touch his gold. It's all there in the old trunk with the letters. I couldn't find her, and I'm dying. Here's the key. Take 'em all, John, and promise me you'll find her. Perhaps she'll forgive me when she knows all. Swear, John, swear that no one shall see the gold till you put it in her hand or her child's."

The sick man had risen in bed. His eyes glared wildly, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He clutched John's hand with the grasp of a giant, till he had sworn to fulfil his trust, then fell back senseless. There was a little gurgling sound; and then a dark stream began slowly to ooze from his mouth. John tried to revive him, but it was all in vain; and in a few moments a poor wasted, lifeless body was all that was left of the once stalwart Tim Miller, the sailor and miner.

After composing the dead man's limbs as well as he knew how, John took the key Tim had given him, and tried to turn the lock of the old trunk. It had grown rusty with long disuse, but at last gave way, and under a pile of ragged clothes he found the bag of gold, and near it in an old box the bonds. Rolled up with the bonds was Tim's will which read as follows:

"If I die before I find Lizzie Morton, wife of Charles H. Morton, I give all of my property to her, or in case of her death, to her child."

This was signed by Tim, together with two witnesses.

The clinking of the gold, as he lifted it to the floor, made John tremble; and he imagined he saw eyes glaring in upon him through the uncurtained windows. Soon after, there came a gust of wind that shook the crazy old house to its foundation, and nearly shattered the glass in the window.

"You can't stand this any longer, John Bolton," said he, jumping to his feet. So having locked the bonds in the trunk, and placed the gold in the sleigh, he was soon on his way home.

As he neared the house, he began to be troubled in his mind as to what he would do with the gold.