

'Ah! yes,' said Uncle Sylvester. Well, in those days there was a scarcity of money in the diggings. Gold dust there was in plenty, but no coin. You can fancy it was a bother to weigh out a pinch of dust every time you wanted a drink of whisky or a pound of flour; but there was no other legal tender. Pretty soon, however, a lot of gold and silver pieces found their way into circulation in our camp and the camps around us. They were foreign—old French and English coins. Here's one of them that I kept.' He took from his pocket a gold coin and handed it to Gabriel.

Lane rose to his feet with an exclamation: 'Why, this is like the louis-d'or that grandfather saved through the war and gave to father.'

Uncle Sylvester took the coin back, placed it in his left eye, like a monocle, and winked gravely at the company.

'It is the *same*!' he went on quietly. 'I was interested, for I had a good memory, and I remembered that, as a boy, grandfather had shown me one of these coins and told me he was keeping them for old Jules du Page, who didn't believe in banks and bank-notes. Well, I traced them to a trader called Flint, who was shipping gold dust from Stockton to Peter Gunn & Sons, in New York.'

'To whom?' asked Gabriel, quickly.