



"Well, Larry, did you find the mokes?"

"Faith, and I did, and I won't forget it for many a day."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Just let me rest a little, and I'll be afther telling yez," said the speaker, Larry Hogan, to his mates, Donald MacNab and Jack Stubbs.

The three men were mates and were working in some old abandoned gullies on one of the tributaries of the lower Robertson, and had been several years prospecting, fossicking, and occasionally taking out a crushing.

Donald was the biggest man of the three, as well as the oldest, being over fifty years of age, hale and hearty. Donald had been "old Donald" long before his age merited the appellation. Tall and ungainly, with a shyness that no amount of knocking about could wear off, Donald had to be known some

time to be appreciated, but those who did know him were ready to swear that Donald was a white man from the soles of his patched bluchers to the crown of his ancient felt.

Jack Stubbs, or "Cockney Jack" as he was called, was the opposite of Donald, was angular and certainly, could Jack have divided it, had cheek enough for two, being never at a loss for something to say and always ready to say it. Cockney Jack was brimful of yarns and reminiscences, comic, pathetic and tragic; in fact, had a strict account of Jack's narrated adventures been kept, he would have required to have been over three hundred years old, instead of the thirty he pleaded guilty to; but a bush audience is not too exacting in this respect when the yarns are worth listening to.

Larry, though as old as Jack, had been longer at home than Jack, which gave that worthy the excuse to call him a new chum in their arguments.

At the time of the introduction to this story, and as it often happens in out-lying gullies, one of the party had to look to see the horses were right, while the others slung the billy and prepared tea. This arrangement will account for the greeting that passed between Jack and Larry at the commencement of the story.

"Whin I knocked off, I struck across for the burnt feed, and there sure enough I saw our two horses as continted as could be, but when I looked for that clothes rack of Jack's, it was no where to be seen. 'Up to yer ould tricks agen,' says I: 'bad cess to yer for a mongrel of a baste.'"

"Shows more breeding than that animated panel of fence of yours," interjected Jack.

"Well," continued Larry, "I started over the ranges at the best pace, whin just as I happened to look ahead I saw a native walking along the ridge wid a saddle on his head. He was walking right away, but just across the way I was going, as if he was making fur the creek. 'Maybe he'll have seen the horses,' sez I; so I struck out to meet him. I just tuk me eyes off him for a minute, and whin I looked up agen he was out ov sight. 'Over the ridge,' sez I, and in a jiffy I was on the crown, and there fornenst me was Jack's moke, but divil a skerrik of the native could I see, and I could see for a half-a-mile every way, and not

cover enough to hide a rat, let alone a man in white pants and a blue shirt."

"'Come out ov that,' sez I; 'I can see yer plain enough,' bekase I didn't want the crayther to think that he had circumvented me, but the divil a sign ov him could I see. Thin, not to let him bate me, I hunted round till I was certain there wasn't enough room fur him to hide above ground, whin it came to me all at wanst that there was some pishrogue on me, and I may niver if I didn't turn as wake as water gruel. So whin I came to meself a bit, I put the mokes together and came home."



"Well, you must be a new chum, to let a native best you like that, and carrying a saddle too. It was some carrier's boy horse hunting. They will pass along the old western creek road to-morrow, I'll bet," said Jack.

"The divil a fear of it being a native," retorted Larry; "it was no mortal."

"Weel, weel," said Donald, "if it was no a leeving body, it maun a been an hallucination."

"I'll be sworn it was no living man, nor a Lucy Nation aither," stoutly maintained Larry.

"I canna think it a case of second sight."

"Nor I aither," said Larry; "bekase the second time I saw him he was clane out ov sight."

"Oh, come in to tea," cried Jack; "it was an old man kangaroo he saw hopping along the ridge. How do you know it was a blackfellow anyhow?"

"Shure didn't I tell you that he was right fornenst me, and didn't I see the saddle wid a little swag or valise strapped to it? He had one hand up houilding the saddle steady, and his shirt being unbuttoned, it hung down so that I could see his arm. Besides the ground was burnt as bare as yer hand, and I saw the black feet and legs ov him; it was a sheogie or I'm no Christian."

"I say, Larry," said Jack, "you must 'ave been dreaming that you were back in Ireland amongst the ghosts and fairies."

"Begorra and it's in Ireland you'll find 'em; every respectable family has a fairy or banshee, but they wouldn't demean thimselves waiting upon scallawags or sassenachs like yourself."

Much more discussion followed during the meal and in the interval between that and bedtime relative to ghosts, fairies and spirits, malignant or good-natured, and the improbability of any of the genus wandering about the ridges on the Robertson, but for all their reasoning Larry went to sleep in the full belief that it was no mortal man he saw.

Next morning the sun rose bright enough to chase all thoughts of ghosts and goblins from the most gloomy mind. The three mates started for work. They were fossicking in gullies that had been worked and abandoned years before; breaking up a bit of old bottom here and there, or trying for a

little solid ground in the banks or points. They had to carry whatever washdirt they got some distance down to the creek to wash it, and even there water was getting scarce.

Larry and Jack were working in a gully a little higher up the creek than the one Donald was trying; intending that all should set into the one that gave the best prospects, but up to this, as Jack said, "they had been so blarsted poor, there was no choice to pick from."

"Do you think we shall see yer ghost today, Larry?" queried Jack, as they were walking up the creek.

"Mebbe we shall, and mebbe we shan't," was Larry's non-committal answer.

"I hope he'll leave us his saddle. I don't see what a ghost can want with one," rejoined Jack.

"He was a-walking in this direction when I saw him," said Larry gravely.

They had by this time reached the gully and started work; conversation ceased till re-opened by Jack exclaiming: "Well, I'm d---d if there isn't a stirrup-iron; it's been here twenty years, if a day. See, the rust has eaten right through it, and there was six inches of gravel over it."

"Many a throe word is spoken in jest," said Larry.

"Well, never mind, old man. I've got a bag of stuff from under that stirrup-iron, and I'm going to hump it down to see whether it has brought us any luck." Shouldering the bag, Jack started for the water. After washing the stuff, he was returning to the gully when he met Larry looking as white as a sheet.

"Did you see anything?" said Larry.

"Just the colour," replied his mate, thinking that he referred to the stuff he had taken down. "Why," (noticing Larry's scared look) "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Divil a word ov a lie in that. I worked away after you left, thinking on nothing good or bad, and whin I just looked up to straighten me back, who should I see but his nibbs, walking down the gully; the voice wint from me clane, or I'd are given a whistle to have put you on your guard. The bend of the gully hid him from me sight, and thin, whin I pulled meself together, I came down to see if you had seen him."

"Well, that beats all I ever heard," said Jack, "why you must 'ave native on the brain, or be going loony."

"Loony or not, I'm off out of this to-morrow. I've seen him twice; the third and last time means mischief."

"Mischief yer granny; I'd never let a shadow, black or white, drive me out," said Jack. "Next time he shows up throw a gibber at him."

"I'd sooner you do that nor me," said Larry shaking his head; "you'd sup sorrow if yer did."

They worked on without further incident till dinner time, when Larry related the second appearance of the native to Donald.

"He had his back to me, by good luck," said Larry, "for it manes misfortune whin you meet thim face to face. He was dressed just the same as yesterday, with the saddle on his head, his moleskins were clane, only for the marks behind like one would have that had been riding all day. Shure he must have passed close by me down the gully, and I niver heard a foot fall."

Donald took Jack's view of the matter that Larry must be labouring under a delusion, but nothing would shake Larry's faith in the spectre.

"Shure, me grandfather by me mother's side saw a little hump-backed man twice whin he was passing an ould churchyard; 'By this and by that,' said me grandfather, 'I'll niver go that road agen afther sunset.' But the ould bhoy had been to a fair an' was going home pretty full, an' forgot himself and tuk this short cut agen, and met the little hump-backed man face to face, and died a year afther. He was gone eighty, rest his soul."

"And about time, I should think," said Jack, "an infant like that. It is strange the native doesn't show up to Donald or myself."

"I ken several places in tha heelands where ghaists were reported to walk, but canna say that I ever saw ane mysel'," said Donald, "and I didna think to hear of ane here, but I maun say that I think it verra strange that Larry should see the same blackboy twice; it's no whisky that's to blame this tame."

“Be me soul, thin it’s not, but a drop ave the cratur would do me the world ov good.”

The afternoon proved a smoker; the few lumpy wool-packed-looking clouds only intensified the heat, concentrating the sun’s rays upon the bare rocky gullies till even the flies fled for shelter.

“By Jove,” cried Jack, “it’s melting the marrow in my bones; your ghost will want an umbrella if he walks this afternoon, Larry.”

“Never a bit ov difference it’d make to him; he’d go through fire or wather, an niver turn a hair,” said Larry, speaking as one well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of the ghostly fraternity. “It’s meself that knows that same.” They made several journeys down to the creek with bags of stuff to wash, without seeing anything worse than “a starvation prospect,” as Jack said. When the lengthened shadows of the scraggy box and ironbark that dotted the ridges gave notice that it was nearly time to knock off for the day, Jack remarked as he shouldered a bag of dirt, “this is my last load for to-day; when I get this washed it will be a fair thing: are you ready?”

“All right me bhoy, I’ll be afther you in a jiffy.” Just as Jack had panned off his last dish Larry came down to the water hole.

“Any better luck this toime, Jack?”

“Not a happworth; it won’t run many plums to our duff this Christmas, Larry me boy, unless Donald drops on a speck or two. I’m off to sling the billy. Bring old Donald along with you as you come home.” He moved off down the creek, leaving Larry washing the contents of the bag he had carried down. On his way down the creek Jack came upon Donald, who had also brought down some stuff to wash.

“Well, Donald old man, what luck?”

“Puir, verra puir. I dinna think it would give mair than tucker the distance one has to carry it! Did you come off any better?”

“Not much, I’m sorry to say.”

“Weel, it canna be helped. Did Larry see any mair of the ghaist?”

As if for an answer, an unearthly yell sounded from up the

creek.

"Guid God save us, what's up? Has the callant gone daft?"

"I left him O.K. not mor'n five minutes ago; perhaps he's bit by a snake. Come on, let's go an' see."

Donald and Jack started up the creek, and met Larry coming down.

"What's gaun wrong wi ye, mon?" queried Donald.

"I thought a snake had bit yer," said Jack.

"Be gorra, it was worse nor a snake — it was the ould sarpent himself. Divil one ov me will stay here another day for the best farm in the Seven Counties. Bad cess to me that I stopped as long as I did."

"Weel, but Larry mon, what was it ye saw?"

"What, but the same divil ov a native. I was just straightnen' meself up afther washing the last dish, whin who should I see walking along the bank right over me, but the native? Bhoys, but I'd have fell only for leaning against a boulder, as he walked along right under the big slip. I was spachless and as limp as a wet rag. The craythur walked tired-like. Musha God help us, thinks I to myself, is he going to sit down here?"

"Was he carrying the saddle on his head this time?" asked Jack.

"Faith, an he wasn't — he was carrying it on his arm. Well, bhoys, he walked along slowly till he got under the highest part of the slip, and then he turned slowly round. Larry Hogan thinks I, yer a dead man, so you are. His eyes looked loike coals ov fire at the bottom ov a deep hole, and there was a piece ov a broken spear sticking out ov his breast, and his white pants were all red with blood in front, and be the same token, he had a red cap on his head, which I didn't see the first and second time I saw him, by raison ov the saddle being over it. But it was the look ov his eyes that froze the blood in me. He was just making his mouth up to spake, whin glory be to God, I thought ov making the sign ov the cross. 'Between us and evil,' sez I, and thin it faded away and samed to go in the ground right under the slip, and then I found me voice to give the pillilu you heard."

"Weel, weel, it's the strangest tale I ever heard. I dinna

mean to say that ye didna see it, but it maun be some delusion or freak of imagination that ye are suffering from. You see, it dosna haunt ye when ye are in company wi' Jack or myself."

"And be jabbers, I won't stop for it to come in company. I'm off to Green Hills before another sun sets. Shure they are picking up gold like praties there."

"We'd better make tracks to camp or it will be dark. Come on, boys, we'll have a good look for the ghost or his tracks to-morrow."

Arriving at the camp, they found a stranger sitting on his swag, who after the greeting was over, informed them that he was on his way from the old Gilbert township to Green Hills. "I took the old bridle track that crosses the creek a bit lower down. It's a short cut. I saw your hut and thought I'd camp with you for company. Working up in the old gullies; I worked there when they were first opened; poor enough then, I can tell you, and the natives bad; couldn't trust your horse out of your sight, but the blacks would put a spear in him."

"Never mind your quart old man, this family teapot of ours will brew enough for all hands," said Jack.

"Yes, come over here to our summer palace," cried Larry, as he brought the damper and beef to the sheet of bark that did duty for a table under the bough shed in front of the huts. "Shure, we're like the quality taking tay in the arbour."

And the stranger was helped with the free-hearted, if rough and ready, hospitality so generally offered by the pioneer and genuine digger. The stranger was full of stories, experiences of the Gilbert and Etheridge fields from their opening. So with Jack to chip in now and then, the conversation flowed pretty freely, till the storm that had been brewing all the evening burst with even more than the usual tropical fury.

Larry and Jack turned in and were soon asleep. "You maun make your doss down here between the bunks on the floor," said Donald, as he spread out a lot of old bags and dunnage that collects in a camp. "It's dry, and better than outside — my sakes, what a flood," cried Donald as he caught sight of the yellow torrent rushing by many feet above any flood he had seen in the creek before, and carrying uprooted trees along like straws.



‘ They found a stranger sitting on his swag.’

“Yes, this is better than camping on Dead Man’s Creek under a blanket,” said the stranger, as he rolled out his swag and fixed his spare clothing for a pillow. “It was lucky for me I came on, I thought of stopping: I was near done up, for the

afternoon was a terror.”

“Ay, it was verra hot, na doubt; but I didna ken there was any creek o’ that name about here.”

“It’s the name we gave the next creek to this after Pat Courlett was killed there.”

“I canna say that I’ve mind o’ that, an’ I’ve travelled about here the last fifteen years.”

“No! that’s likely enough, it was in the latter end of ’69. Pat Courlett had a store and a pub on the Cloncurry and a place on the Gilbert. He was a go-ahead sort of chap, bought and sold everything. This time he had collected a lot of gold. There were no banks then up here, or money either. You paid gold for everything, and the only other medium of exchange was the shin plaster I.O.U’s the storekeepers or butchers would give you as change. Well, as I was saying, Pat had a lot of gold and was going down to Normanton to ship it South – six hundred ounces it was said. He left the Gilbert all right. He was travelling alone except for a blackboy; he passed the Robertson crossing, telling some men that were camped there he intended to camp on Dead Man’s Creek (Of course, it wasn’t Dead Man’s then.) as the grass was better there.”

“Next day some of the men started for Western Creek; it was a new rush then. They found Pat Courlett dead with two spears through him; his saddle horse was dead, and had been speared. They had a pack horse, and that was found along the road with the pack on, and two hundred ounces of gold in it. The horse the native rode was found in the ranges with a head-stall bridle on, with the reins broke off. Of course it was supposed that the natives were planted at the time Courlett and the boy rode up, and they were just taking off their saddles when the blacks let drive a shower of spears, killing Courlett and his horse. The pack horse, it is thought, bolted along the road, and the natives did not care to follow. The mystery always was, what had become of the blackboy? He was never seen afterwards nor his saddle either, and it is certain that the balance of the gold, fully four hundred ounces, was strapped on his saddle.”

“Of course there was a big roll up. The boys turned out, for we were all armed in a kind of a way. We had some Cape

boys with us and after a deal of nosing around they picked up what they said was the blackboy's track, and told us that he had been speared as there were drops of blood along the trail. It beat me how they could tell one native's track from another, but they showed a few shreds of blue shirt, and it was proved that the boy had a blue shirt on when he left the Gilbert."

"Do you say he had a blue shirt on!" exclaimed Donald.

"Yes. There was nothing wonderful in that; he was a storekeeper's boy, remember. Our trackers were certain they would find him next day, but that night a storm came and swept away all signs of the tracks. The boys hunted around for days, but at last had to give it up; native, gold and saddle were never seen afterwards."

"Do you no think that the blackboy might a cleared away with the gold?" said Donald.

"Not the slightest chance. The boy had been with Courlett for years, and could have done nothing with the gold if he had cleared; besides, where could he go to? The boy would not have left Pat for anything. It was supposed the boy had just taken the saddle off when the spears were thrown, and that his horse broke away from him in the shindy, and that the boy followed in hopes of catching him."

"But was it no strange that he carried away the saddle and he in danger of his life, an' wounded, too?"

"Well, not so very strange when you come to think over it. You see when Pat left the Gilbert, he said, 'Now Paddy' — that was the boy's name — 'you stick to that fellow gold, and don't leave it or give it up to anyone till we get to Normanton.' And it's likely Paddy had his boss's injunctions in his mind when the scrimmage started, and besides as he was armed with a revolver, he might have beat the natives off for the time, and come to grief when he was after his horse. This is very likely, for that he would have stuck to Pat while there was any fighting going on, all who knew him felt certain. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday when they passed me the other side of the Robertson. Paddy was as proud as punch with his white pants, blue shirt and red cap."

"A red cap, did ye say mon?" cried Donald.

"Yes, a red cap. You see, Pat was fond of the boy and

used to give him whatever he thought would please him."

Donald was about to tell the stranger Larry's strange experience, but checked himself for the time, and an increasing drowsiness soon put an end to the conversation.

The morning broke bright and cloudless. Everything looked freshened up by the last night's down-pour. The burnt stumps of grass were already tipped with diminutive points of green and the dry-leaf-littered creek bed of yesterday was a clear running stream to-day.

Breakfast being despatched, the stranger shouldered his swag and bade his entertainers good-bye, remarking, "I hope they had some of this rain at Green Hills, so that there might be a chance for a slug."

"And we ought to be able to do a bit of specking in the gullies," said Jack to Larry, as soon as the stranger was out of earshot.

"Divil a one of me ud stop if you make me as rich as Tyson," said Larry. "Shure, won't it be better for us to go to Green Hills like the old codger just gone?"

"Weel, there's no harm in just walking up the gullies," said Donald. "Besides we maun carry doon our tools."

Beyond a few scaly spees their walk up the gullies was unproductive, and as Larry was determined not to work in the haunted locality, the trio decided to carry down the tools preparatory for a start to Green Hills. In passing by the big slip where Larry had had such a fright the evening before, they stopped for a smoke and to remark the change the flood had wrought in the creek.

In former times the creek had undermined the hill, which sloped steeply from its bed, causing a big landslip which filled up the old channel, leaving a tumbled mass of rock and earth where the creek formerly ran, and a low cliff at the back, from which the mass fell. The last night's torrent had swept the fallen mass clean away, leaving a bare, steeply sloping bank right up to the cliff, and a clear shallow stream ran in the old channel which had been blocked for years.

"My certie, but there was a bit of ground sluicing done last night," said Donald, as he gazed at the altered creek bed.

"Yes," said Jack, "it swept Larry's blackboy clean away

if he remained where he saw him last. Don't you think so, old man?"

"It's straight fornenst where he wint out ov sight."

"It was verra strange, indeed," said Donald, who since the narrative given him by their guest was not disposed to treat Larry's vision with the flippancy which Jack indulged in; and he related to them the yarn told him by the stranger.

"Oh, come! I say old man, is that a make-up?" said Jack.

"Be me sowl, and it's not," said Larry.

"I wish I was as sure of finding my weight in silver as that the tale was true. The body wasna tellin' lies, I'm certain!"

"And do you mean to tell me that you never heard that yarn before about the saddle and native with the red cap, Larry?"

"Sorra a one of me, or I wouldn't have waited for him the second toime."

"Well, that beats all I ever heard," said the converted doubter. "Hang me if I thought there was a ghost in the country."

"I'll just step across the creek and see what like those leaders are, that are cropping out of the bank," said Donald.

His two mates followed him as he scrambled up the steep slope lately bared by the flood. The quartz proved of the most hungry description, and they were about to scramble down again, when Larry's attention was attracted by the difference in the stuff in a small patch in the face of the bank.

"Bedad, it looks like an old drive filled up. Lend me the pick, Donald, me bhoy, till I take a welt at it."

Donald, who stepped down two or three feet below, where Larry was standing, could just keep his footing upon the narrow ledge by clinging to the face of the rock. The shallow stream upon its sandy bottom was running a few feet below him, so a fall would have been no serious matter. He passed Larry up the pick, and Larry drove it into the strata, the different appearance of which had attracted his attention.

"Begorra and it looks like an old drive," said Larry, breaking another piece of the wall away, and then tearing down a kind of screen formed by layers of leaves and other

light debris, that had been blown or floated in, caked together by the muddy water which had invaded the cave in big floods or long rains. The instant he tore away this natural screen, and the sun's rays shot daylight into the cave, he gave a terrific yell, and missing his footing rolled down upon Donald, sweeping him from his narrow foothold. The two tumbled upon Jack, and then all three rolled in a heap into the creek, a pile of legs and arms, like a scrimmage at a football match.

"Guid God almighty, mon, what came over ye?" cried Donald, who, from his position in the scrum, was the first to gain his feet.

"Phooff," cried Larry, ejecting the sand and water he had taken in, "it's himself that's up there."

"Who's up there?" asked Jack shaking the water from himself like a Newfoundland dog. "You two fellows made a fine cushion of me. I haven't a dry rag left on me."

"It's the blackboy, I tell ye, divil a word of a lie in it. He's up there with his red cap on as natural as life," said Larry, looking as if he expected the apparition to come out of the cave.

"Are you sure that ye was no frightened at a shadow?" asked Donald.

"Faith an you'd better go and see for yourself," said Larry. "It's meself that's satisfied."

"Weel, I'll just take a peek, it canna hurt a body," said Donald, lifting the pick and climbing up the bank, followed by Jack. Larry standing below expected to see the spectre charge the intruders and hurl them down the bank.

They reached the mouth of the cave unchallenged and Donald started to widen the entrance.

"Has he gone?" shouted Larry.

"I canna say that he's gone, but he's no likely to trouble anyone the noo. Come and see for yourself," said Donald, as he cleared away the entrance to the cave, assisted by Jack. Larry, seeing his mates still alive, and as far as he could see unharmed, scrambled up to the mouth of the cave.

"Bedad, he's there yet," he said, as he looked in, "but he's undressed himself since I saw him last. Where's his red cap?"

Reclining against the sloping side of the cave was the frame of a human being, a black to all appearance. The flesh seemed to have melted away, leaving the black skin sticking to the bones of the face and ribs. The skull still kept its place on the vertebral column, and the arms hung from the shoulders. The hair clung to the skull like a mat, and a few dark brown shreds of woollen cloth clung to the hairs, and sticking to the thighs and shanks were the shreds of what had once been clothing. It was a gruesome sight, and no wonder the first glance of the grinning skull scared the wits out of Larry.

"What's this?" said Jack, pulling a dark-looking splinter that was protruding from behind the ribs of the skeleton.

"It's the point of a spear, sure enough," said Donald.

"Didn't I tell yez that I saw a spear in him yesterday?" cried Larry.

"Ye certainly did, and it's maist extraordinary," said Donald.

"Hullo, what's this?" exclaimed Jack, who in raking with the pick amongst the debris in a corner of the cave, had struck something light and springy. "Why, hang me if it is not an old saddle, or all that is left of one. Here's the perished leather clinging to the tree, and there's the remains of an old valise, with the lower side of it rotted away. No gold though, worse luck. If this is the black that was with Courlett, he should have the gold with him as well as the saddle."

"Faith an' he had it last night, I'll swear," said Larry. "Didn't I see it wid me two eyes?"

"Well, it's not here now," said Jack despondently. Then raking carelessly amongst the rubbish, he gave a shout, "By gum, I've struck it."

Just under the spot where the old saddle had been lying was a little glittering pile, as bright as when it was washed from the gullies of the old Gilbert, and except for a handful or two of dirt, was just as clear as when it was put in the bags long since rotted away. And a glorious sight it looked to the three ragged fossickers who, but ten minutes before, had reckoned to scrape the flour bag for their Christmas dinner.

"Hurra, boys, we've got a rise at last. You're right Larry,

we won't stop another day here. Come on, let's git down to the camp, there's over thirty pound weight, if there's an ounce.

"Hould on, what are you going to do with him?" said Larry, jerking his thumb towards the cave.

"Do with him?" said Jack. "Why, let him lie there of course. You don't want to carry him with you, I hope."

"Bedad and I don't, but we'll have no luck if we don't give him a decent buryin'. Shure didn't I hear me father telling ov a man that found a crock full ov yellow goold afther dreamin' about it, in the Rath of Coolgarrow, and he just lifted it up without as much as by your leave, or God bless us, and whin he got the crock home it was full of black mould. Just leave the goold down till we bury the blackboy clean and dacent."

"Oh bother," cried Jack, "just break down a bit of stuff at the mouth of the cave and throw it in on him."

"No, we'll bury him down there on the grassy bank, where he'll sleep aisy," said Larry.

"I'd no say but yer right," said Donald. "Since we're heirs to sae much siller, this bit o' work winna hurt us."

So Larry carried his point, though Jack grumbled a bit about so much trouble over a dead blackboy.

"There rest his soul," said Larry piously. And so the disappearance of Courlett's blackboy was cleared up at last. Wounded no doubt when his master was killed, he had followed his runaway horse over the ridges, till exhausted he had crept into the little cave to be better able to defend himself, should he be attacked, as a rusty revolver found beside him proved; and there in his place of refuge he had bled to death, or suffered the more lingering fate of starvation when the land slip closed him in.

"I'm not sure, but the lawful course would be to hand this siller to the curator," said Donald thoughtfully, as they were drying the gold over the camp fire.

"Divil a fear ov it, me bhoy," said Larry. "Shure an' if it was meant for the curator wouldn't the ghost ave gone to him instead of coming after me? Shure he wanted us to bury him, and the first whisky we get we'll drink his health and long life with for the Christmas present that he gave us."