

that, but my man won't stick for a few pounds. State the lowest sum you'll take."

I asked £2500 clear of all commissions, and I got it. When I received the cheque next day the assayer remarked that he supposed I'd go and peg out some more claims.

"No," said I; "I've pegged out a claim that isn't on the gold-fields, and I'm going prospecting there right away."

I went up to Hugh Redhill's place that evening, and began to put my work into land that held neither reefs nor leaders, but the fortune I sought was visible.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



"So-Long."



THEY have swung her out in the bay, old man,
 And over the waters clear
 I can hear her grumbling engines plan
 Their speed, and a course to steer—
 Her mast-head light is a low-swung star
 In the star-world's jewelled throng . . .
 And you'll be out o'er the rolling bar
 To-morrow. Old chum, so-long!

We dreamed of going together, old mate
 (I am dreaming those old dreams now)
 But some must go and the others wait,
 And there's madness in Why and How.
 But when through slumbering seas you cruise—
 When the moon-gemmed spray-drops fly—
 Through the ramping roar of your tearing screws,
 You'll think of your mate—Good-bye!

You will follow new roads to the north, old friend—
 You will lift new stars to guide—
 You will face Life's seas where the World-storms rend,
 And—I'll drift on the slack half-tide.
 You are going—going!—It seems so far—
 To the lilt of a giant's song—
 And I'm this side of a sheltering bar,
 Because—well, because—So-long!

QUILL N.