

The next day he determined to find out the truth of the matter, and so we started up the canyon.

The road seemed rougher than it did when I was prospecting and as we neared our destination, the boulders became more numerous. This fact increased the wonder that I felt at having proceeded so far in my flight without falling.

At last we came to the cave. As we entered, I could not repress a shiver at the remembrance of what had taken place here. Jack, who was leading, suddenly stopped and motioned me to him. He pointed to two skeletons lying on the floor of the cave and I saw by his face that he now had more belief in my story, although he would have laughed to scorn the idea that he placed any stock in the supernatural part.

While I stood looking at these gruesome objects, Jack moved to the side of the cave and took up a loose piece of the rock. He examined it closely for an instant and then shouted, "Jim, it's gold!" I hastened to his side, my previous thoughts going to the winds, my present ones occupied by the glad discovery. Sure enough, there it was, the piece of quartz in his hand being streaked with the precious metal.

Well, Jack and I hugged each other like two school girls. Our luck seemed to us too good to be true. Who would have prophesied that Jack Waters and my humble self, two of the most notorious "flunks" of the class of — at State, would so speedily become rich.

When I had become somewhat used to the idea, I went over to where the skeletons lay and while gazing down at them I did not find it difficult in my present state of mind to forgive them for frightening me out of my wits. And, indeed, they did not look very ghostly now.

Who the poor fellows were or how they met their death will never be known unless Yntali's story be accepted as true. And why should it not be?

N. W. MCCALLUM, '99.