

## BLUE DIRT AN' BED-ROCK A' PITCHIN'.

### PART SECOND.

THAT is all there is, then, of "Blue Dirt an' Bed Rock a' Pitchin'?" I queried, when my friend stopped at the last period.

Not by any means. Without listening to that which is to follow, you would not ascertain where the strange part of the story is, for the foregoing may have been very tame; nor would you enjoy the real interest of the former part as you will when the sequel shall have been added.

I am all attention.

He continued:

Before the arrival of the day upon which our claim was to be sold, our debts were all liquidated, and we had an overplus of eighty thousand dollars.

About one month after we struck our rich diggings, Bob received a letter from Elizabeth. The genuine love letter that it was, closed with an addendum purporting to be the words of Amy, in which she sent her love to Bob, and expressed many wishes to see him back again, etc., etc. No word for me; no mention of my name. Why?

I would not accept Bob's explanation of the omission. Amy's letter to me—for of course she wrote when Elizabeth did—had miscarried; been lost on the way; would surely come to hand soon; he would speak to Elizabeth about it when he wrote to her again; there was nothing wrong with the girl; only an accident.

Elizabeth's letter acknowledged the receipt of Bob's letter from Bidwell's bar. I wrote to Amy at the same time;

certainly she should have acknowledged the receipt of it, if nothing more.

Bob sent off a letter to Elizabeth, and we kept on washing out, daily, large quantities of bright nuggets. Only one more month remained of our promised year of absence. Three piles of gold, each containing sixty thousand dollars, had been accumulated, one each for Bob and myself, and one to be divided as Mr. Germain had directed before his death. Bob was prepared to return and claim his promised bride.

"I'll not go back," I said to Bob, in answer to his pleading that I should not be stubborn nor jealous. "I'll not go back until I get a letter from Amy."

"Nonsense, Arthur, there's nothing wrong but yourself, and some kink in the mail. You know that letters for Scott river are taken out of the San Francisco post office by Wells, Fargo & Co's express, to be brought here, and yours has, in some way, been lost."

"This is my unalterable determination," I said again, "I will not return until I receive a letter from Amy."

"Then I must go without you. What shall I say to her?"

"When you have divided the sixty thousand dollars as directed, hand to Amy a draft which I shall entrust to your care, for the additional sum of fifty thousand dollars, and tell her to do with it as she thinks best; that it is a present from me. That is all."

Procuring the promised draft at the express office at Scott's bar, I handed it to Bob, together with five thousand dol-