

The two men came into the room and sat down by the fire. Mr. Burt had forgotten Agnes was in the room, and carried on the conversation in a cool, unembarrassed way.

"And so you are back, Mr. Ashton! You went to some mines, didn't you, last summer?"

"Yes, sir. I remember passing here. I got back a few weeks ago, just in the beginning of cold weather, and have been sick since—am just able to be out."

"You do look rather thin," observed Mr. Burt. "But how did you pan out at the mines?"

"Did first rate. Struck a good lead and developed it so as to make a sale to an eastern company just before I left. Got \$50,000.00."

"Pretty good!" exclaimed Mr. Burt, enthusiastically.

"Yes, better than I had hoped. Well, I came back expecting to find my friend, Ben Murray—you remember him—but I can't find that he is on the stage route now. The agent at Butte is a new man, and don't know him, and he don't seem to be in Butte, anywhere. I looked and inquired, and have written East, and finally, I thought if anybody would know about him, it would be you, so I came—"

He stopped, hesitated, and then went on—

"I happened to hear of a dreadful accident that occurred at your bridge last summer, and I—I wonder if it could have been poor Ben?"

As he spoke he looked straight at Mr. Burt, who had been growing restless ever since Ben's name had been mentioned. He grew pale, and his hand trembled as he tried to carelessly rest it on his knee.

"Well!" demanded the visitor, impatiently, with a ring of fear in his voice.

"It was Ben," came slowly from Mr. Burt's trembling lips.

An exclamation of horror burst from the young man, as he clasped his hands an instant, then arose and paced the floor with rapid steps and bowed head.

"My poor Agnes!" broke from his lips.

He stopped, and addressing Mr. Burt, said: "You see, I am engaged to Ben's sister. She was to have joined him in September, and I expected to find her with him, so you can imagine my terrible disappointment. And I find, by writing East, that she really did come West later, but I can't find her in Butte or Helena. I am distracted! I can't think what to do next! The money I made is of no value to me without Agnes and Ben."

Mr. Burt felt distracted, too. He did not know how he was to bring the young people together without a scene—and he hated scenes. But he was not to be responsible. There was a sudden movement in the dark corner of the room, a graceful figure darted across the floor, and a sweet voice cried—

"Harry! Look! It is I—Agnes!"

Mr. Burt considerably left the room, blowing his nose vigorously as he went. He told his wife of the happy New Year that had dawned in the next room, and they rejoiced together, but did not make their appearance in the sitting room until Agnes opened the door and said—

"Please, dear Mrs. Burt, will you come in and see Mr.—my Harry?"

And so, after tragedy and disappointment, there was real happiness at Burt's bridge.

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BURIED TREASURE OF TILLAMOOK.

THE settlers down around Tillamook bay tell a story, which smacks strongly of Old Cape May and its ancient traditions of Captain Kid, the bold buccaneer, and his buried treasures. Any "old-timer" will tell, willingly, all he knows, and more, too, to the stranger to those parts, who has time and inclination to listen. The story, on the essential points of which all seem to agree, runs about as follows:

Many years ago, two hundred or more, a Spanish vessel, laden with fabulous treasure, consisting of gold and silver bullion, casks of the beautiful old doubloons, and trunks and chests of precious stones, taken from the rich mines along the Gulf of California, and destined for Spain, was driven, by stress of weather, far out of her course, and was finally wrecked on the sharp rocks, in Nehalem bay. Those of the crew of the ill-fated bark, who survived, took the treasure from the wreck and buried it somewhere in the vicinity. The exact location of the treasure has ever since been a matter of speculation, and much money and time have been spent in fruitless search.

So much, any old settler can tell, and in corroboration of the story, he will, most likely, tell you of the advent in Tillamook county, about three years ago, of four men, with a complete mining outfit. They claimed to have come from Philadelphia, and gave it out, as their avowed intention, that they were searching for gold mines. They soon became the laughing stock of the country for miles around, for the crazy manner in which they carried on their prospecting. They dug holes in all conceivable places, regardless of any indications of mineral, and otherwise conducted themselves in a very mysterious manner. After a year spent in this way, they left, as suddenly as they had come. Probably because of the disgust they no doubt felt at their poor success, and perhaps to prove that they were not such fools as everybody seemed to think, before they left they told of having come across some old Spanish papers, which told of a