

beheld that golden stream, of which he seemed to speak so prophetically in his last written word to his son. Solomon Heiskell was removed from his strivings and his troubles, but he had left behind him a legacy far from that of debt and disgrace.

"I believed him, I believed him, but I came too late!" Jane Sloane moaned, kneeling beside the old man's body, her hands pressed to her face.

"And I—I did not always believe him, and I have come too late!" said Ared, stretching out his long arms like one crucified, above the husk that had housed a vision too great for the conception of little men.

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Evening. The coroner had come and gone, and the marvelling multitude had beaten the old road with its thousand feet, and trampled round the mouth of the greatest oil well that the Southwest ever had seen. Old Solomon Heiskell's body lay in the room where he had slept his fevered sleep in life, and Jane Sloane's mother sat in his old chair before the fire.

Men had come and capped the mighty well, and bound its wealth down to pour only at the turning of a valve, like a monster tamed to the guidance of the human hand, for above the pangs of regret, and the wild ravengings of sorrow, Ared had felt that there were obligations to the living, as well as duties to the dead. The Prophet's Well Oil Company was suddenly one of the richest concerns in the field of