

of his dreams at hand. In such a moment a man may prophesy, and lift his soul up to his God.

"I set my heart to win up to you, Jane Sloane, no matter what the distance, no matter what the height," he said, his voice deep and slow, his eyes seeming to draw her, like a strong hand, to his arms, "and now you have come! I thought this d. to be years ahead of me, and that I could reach it only by strife and sorrow and bitter blows. But you have come to me, you have come!"

Her face was white, her hand was trembling, but there was a light of ecstasy in her eyes as if she listened to some noble instrument in a sonorous lift of music. So for a moment she stood, her breath panting in her lips. Then she took her hand away, and the glad light passed out of her tender eyes.

"But Pardner—Pardner loves you, lad. Do you want to go to her?" she said.

"Do you want me to go?" he asked, his hand on her shoulder, tenderly.

"You didn't take back the money," said she, her face flashing rosy, "you must take it back."

"If you say the oil is there, then I say it, also, and I believe it as I believed it once, when I put the labour of my youth into the search for it, and gathered ashes for my gain. But if you say it's there, then I'll say it's there, and I'll bring my machinery here to-day and begin the old quest anew."

"And we'll never stop till we get it, for I *know* it's