

ily on his head, and slipped the epoch-making coin into his trousers pocket.

"Good-bye, old man," he said. "I'll see you later, and tell you all the particulars."

Without waiting for the answer, for which he probably knew there would have been little use in delaying, Yates walked to the fence and sprang over it, with one hand on the top rail. Renmark stood still for some minutes, then, quietly gathering underbrush and sticks large and small, lighted a fire, and sat down on a log, with his head in his hands.