

"Where do you plan to go? What are you going to do?" asked Lester, tolerantly, as to a sick boy.

"I'm not quite sure," replied Burmah, with a puzzled frown. "Once I told you, I think, that, if it came to a show-down, I could go back to New York, the biggest of the jay towns, and make a livin' peddlin' gold bricks to preachers and millionaires; but I can't do that now. I've got to try to make money on the level."

To his surprise, Lester stood erect and laughed, a strange, exultant laugh.

"Burmah," he said, "I don't know that we ought to talk to you so much, but I may as well tell you—may as well confess. You told the people here that you had lied to them. Well, I'm not much better than that, for I lied to you!"

Burmah turned his head, and frowned at him. Lester came closer and leaned over the bed, and looked at Burmah with eyes that glowed with admiration and friendship.

"You thought, and perhaps still think, that I didn't, or don't care for you, old chap. Well, I do! More than you know! You're the biggest man I ever met!"

"Humph!" said Burmah, coloring, and turning away.

"When you gave me that hundred thousand and asked me to buy back the land in the Colonel's and Arabella's name, I didn't do it!"

Burmah lifted his head from the pillow, and the old sharp, angry gleam came to his eyes that had been there in past days when any of his subordinates failed to do his will.