

hopeless: 'Oh, lad, lad!' I intended to come this morning; I would have come, even if Miss Ryland——"

"Pardner!" said he, stopping, looking at her with a cast of pain in his earnest face. "She shouldn't—Oh, little Pardner, little Pardner!" he said in a voice of deep, sorrowful rebuke.

"This morning, before she went to the station to take the train, she came to see me, and she said—I'll not tell you what she said, but if I were a certain man I'd go down on my knees and worship her!"

"Poor little Pardner!" said he gently, as to himself.

"I was coming, anyhow; I ask you and your father only to believe that much of me," said she.

"You were coming," he repeated, with such eloquent earnestness that she turned to him with a quickening flash of gratitude over her mobile face.

"To give you back this money"—she presented it, drawing it from her muff as she spoke—"and tell both of you that I believe in you, and that I believe the oil is *there*, and to ask you to go on with the work and find it!"

There was no glove on the strong, steady hand that clasped the little roll of money, and Ared Heiskell stopped, and made it a prisoner between his own.

There was a light in his face such as comes to a few men once, to thousands not at all, the light that breaks over the troubled waters, showing the reward