

it in the morning," he said, "and I think I'll go into camp there with the machinery until I can get another contract."

Jo thrust her foot into the stirrup, and swung to the saddle quickly.

"And to-morrow I'm going away," said she.

He was amazed. He looked at her blankly for an explanation, but Jo drew up the reins and settled in the saddle, her eyes on the lights of Oil City, blinking under the hill.

"Why, you didn't say anything about it when you came, Jo!" he protested, as if she had taken an unfair advantage.

"I didn't know it when I came," she answered.

She leaned toward him suddenly, and pushed back his hat from his forehead with something like the quick impulse of that other one when she had undone him with her kiss. But Jo did not go so far as that. She left her warm little hand there a moment, as if in benediction, looking straight into his eyes.

"I'll never see you again, Ared," said she, "and so I can tell you. I've tried to open the door, Ared, and I'd like to open it, and go in and comfort you. But you've locked it against me from the inside. Good-bye!"

She was away, rods down the road, and the sound of her galloping horse's feet was loud in his ears before he understood. Pardner loved him, perhaps as he loved the other! She had been trying to make him understand; weeks back she had tried to make