

Then he turned to Stuart. "There's a bit of ground up in the hills; it's mine, and I want her to have it—it's Tamahnous Hill—and the old mine—write it."

She thought of that other woman, and tried to protest. Again he saw it, and pressed her hand for silence.

"I want her to have it—for she likes these hills, and—she's been mighty good to me. No one will interfere—with her claim—I reckon."

"No one shall interfere," said Stuart, toward whom he looked. Genesee smiled.

"That's right—that's all right. She won't be afraid of the—witches. And she'll tell you where I want to go—she knows." His voice was growing fainter; they could see he was almost done with the Kootenai valley.

"In my pocket is something—from the mine," he said, looking at Rachel; "it will show you—and there's another will in the bank—at Holland's—it is—for Annie."

Stuart guided his hand for the signature to the paper. Stuart wrote his own, and Hardy followed, his eyes opening in wonder at something written there.

A slight rustle in the group at the door drew the Major's attention, and a young face coming forward made him turn to Stuart.

"I had altogether forgotten that I brought someone from Holland's for you—a boy sent there to find J. S. Stuart. I knew it must be C. S. Stuart, though, and brought him along."

A dark-faced little fellow, with a sturdy, bright look, walked forward at the commander's motion; but his wondering gaze was on the man lying there with such an eager look in his eyes.