

what you mean. I'm no fool, and what you suggest is exactly what's been driving me insane these last two days. I'm going in the morning, as soon as it's daylight; the team is all ordered; but to-night, now——" instinctively he glanced at the window where recollection pictured the darkness without—"I haven't nerve to face it now. I'd go plumb mad out there alone."

The Irishman shrugged in silence and attempted to pass.

"Please don't go," repeated Craig swiftly. "I know I'm acting like a child, but this cursed country's to blame. Stay with me this last night. I couldn't sleep, and it's madness to be alone. See me through this and I swear you'll not regret it. I swear it!"

Just for a second O'Reilly paused; then of a sudden his face flamed red through his untrimmed beard.

"To hell with your money!" he blazed. "I wouldn't lift my finger for you if How Landor were to come this second." He checked himself and took a step forward meaningly. "Besides, I couldn't help you any if I would. God himself couldn't protect you now unless He performed a miracle. Out of my way. I tell you I'm done with you."

Craig had not stirred. He did not now; and of a sudden the overseer turned to pass around. As he did so for the first time he faced the single window that looked north toward the second ranch house: the house which How Landor had builded to receive his bride. The curtain was still down, but to the Irishman's quick eye there rested upon it now a dull glow