

"Then," he continued, "if you will place most of your time at my disposal during the coming twelve months, and have no objection to spending part of the time as Neilson's assistant at the mine, I think the matter could be arranged at the next meeting."

He said a little more before he went out and left them; and when by and by they strolled out on the veranda they came upon Lucy Brattan.

"You have all my good wishes," she said with a smile, which Clare suspected cost her an effort. "You are a fortunate man, Sydney Carteret—and I am not sure that Clare is to be pitied either."

Then she turned away and left them sitting alone on the shadowy veranda in the still evening, while the sweet, resinous scent of the bush crept out into the dew-chilled air and the great firs grew blacker across the clearing.

THE END