

and laid it, without a word, in Cashel's hands. A silence fell on the little group.

Cashel stared at the bag, bewildered, amazed. Hereafter all, he held fortune in his hands. The gold he had sinned for, the gold he had suffered for, the gold he had prayed for, it was there, laid in his hands by the man for whose sake he had sacrificed it. He felt amazed, overwhelmed, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of the action. Yet his true heart taught his brain what to do.

He held out the bag again to Bruce. "Not the whole of it, Bruce," he said firmly, "but a third share if you like."

Reluctantly, Bruce took the bag again. After a silence—"I'll do your will, doc," he said in a low voice, "for Tom's sake, who but did my biddin' all through. But for my own, it's truth that I'd rather ye'd have the whole." And Cashel, meeting his eyes, had no reason to doubt his words.

"Thirds or nothing," said Cashel again, in a cheerful, matter-of-fact voice. "You pay in a third share of the profits to my credit at the bank. All right: that's settled. Shut up, Billy. Now, I want to know when you're going to Cascade. No more about the gold, please, Bruce."

But Bruce had him by the hand again, and Injun Tom's wild eyes softened and glowed. "I can't say more than that ve're the whitest man I ever knowed," said Bruce, "an' the straightest. I'll do yer will, 'cause it is yer will. Yes, I'm goin' now to Tom's shack for a rest. And to-morrow he takes me down ter Cascade by river. Nay, I want nothin'. I'd tell ye if I did." He leaned upon Tom's shoulder, breath-