

‘But there is,’ said he, looking like a big serious child. ‘That’s just the trouble. There is such a thing as money!’

Sadie brought her hand down from his shoulder and slipped it into his.

‘Jim,’ she whispered, ‘you’re incorrigible. No—you mustn’t! Not here! Some one might see!’

‘I’ll never be good enough for you,’ he said, ‘but I’ll surely always try.’

And after that love-scene, with regard to filthy lucre it is enough to say that Smythe bought—for a fabulous sum, a sum that is still the talk, and the ambition to rival, of every prospector along that great range of buried fortunes—the Rocky Mountains.

Olson invested his share instead of spending so much as a cent in looking for oil. Others could do that. He settled down to a happy bachelorhood, with rifles and fishing tackle and the best tobacco; and the first time he went hunting up in the Cartaret country he took a blue quill pen from a stationery store for John Wood Buffalo, who prized it so much that he never wore it (not even in the historic parade before the Duke of Connaught