

off. Will you bid good-bye for me to my friends, the bunk house men ? ”

“ Certainly ; where shall I write to you when there is news of the mine to send ? ”

“ Mr. Banks of New York always has my address.”
The girl held forward her hand.

“ Good-bye to you, Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood,” she said.

For the first time in his life, his lordship neglected to take the proffered hand of a lady.

“ Are you making a guess, or stating a certainty, Miss Armstrong ? ”

“ I guess it’s a certainty. I saw in a New York paper that Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood was coming into this district to shoot. Then from Jim’s ear I unbound a handkerchief with a crest and a monogram on it.”

Stranleigh laughed, and took the hand still outstretched to him.

THE END.

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