

exploration, and seventy-five per cent of its stock remained unsold and in his hands. His heart warmed when he recalled Triggerheel's confession of having bought ten thousand shares. Now that hastily placed hundred dollars had made the old man rich.

As the last clamp was fastened, and the workmen went away, and the last wonder-stricken visitor had turned about, silent in the awe of the thing that he had seen, Ared spoke to Jane Sloane, standing by his side. The sun was red on the hillside; it tinged the pools of oil with shuddering crimson; it tinted the trampled landscape with the hues of a sanguinary field of strife.

"Now you are rich," said he.

"I suppose so," she replied. "But there is something lacking to give it the thrill. If I only had come sooner—if I only had come!"

"You were coming—you came," said he, satisfied that it was so.

"How precious a moment is in this fleeting life!" she sighed, tears following tears over her sorrowful face.

"You will be going away now," said he after a spell of self-communing silence. "Milan, Paris, Berlin, I suppose, to pursue your studies and round out your ambitions."

"No, I am not going," she said.

"The world will miss your song," said he softly, as if telling it to his own sad heart.