

act with all the gold in their bolted coffers. And this these—*financiers* would do, and their price is large, and—
—I speak for thee, my dear?—Yes?—Then we reject their proffered fortune, and spurn their bribe with scorn. I fear that I may have, perhaps, imperfectly expressed our sentiments, but I think I have made our meaning clear,—and there is nothing more to add, I believe, and—and—we need not detain these—*people* any longer, need we, my dear? No? I thought not. They understand fully, now, and will not prolong their visit.”

The volubility of Snatchet and the alertness of Skinner quite failed them. They took up their hats, and silently bowed themselves out; and, as they climbed into their waiting buckboard and were whirled off to catch their train for the distant city, they caught a farewell glimpse of the lonely old couple framed picture-wise in the inner doorway, she with two shapely arms flung round her husband's neck, to which she clung, gazing with yearning love and wifely devotion into his eyes, while he, with one supporting arm about her waist, was stroking back the silver hair from her brow with the free hand, and kissing away the tears which welled from a full heart. And with minds illumined, they knew the tears were not those of regret.

And Lot number seven remains yet no-man's-land, because no owner is found to give a title; and the shiny black streaks of the plumbago glitter amid the quartz of the bluff throwing its shadow into the waters of the Lake of the Trembling Mountain; and the story has spread about the countryside; and the peasant folk speak with awe of the mine of wealth which none may claim; and the inquiring stranger asking the name of the peculiarly marked hill is told that it is known hereabout as *Le Protêt de M'sieu' le Notaire*.