

there!" she said, her eyes glowing, her cheeks as red as sunset.

"If we need that money that I paid you as capital, and you want to go that far with us in the exploration——"

"It's yours, not mine," she insisted.

"Then we'll use it," he finished, "for I haven't any more, that emptied the barrel. You keep it; you'll be the treasurer. Let's go on now, and carry the news up the hill. I want to tell him that to-day the Heiskell luck has changed—we're unlucky men no more!"

They faced again toward the homestead.

"Fleming knows the oil's there," said she, "I know it from what he said to mother as we were going back to town yesterday. He wants to keep the belief alive that there is none, so he'll be able at last to get hold of the land for nothing."

"Maybe," said he, a coldness falling over his high spirits at the recollection of her relations with Fleming yesterday. She saw it, as any woman would have seen.

"I don't like Fleming any better, and I don't trust him any farther than I did that night you saved me from his unwelcome attentions," she said. "I want you to know this. I don't like him, and I don't trust him."

"I'm sure you do not," said he, the clouds passing away.

"He met us in the hotel yesterday morning—we