

brought it to his lips, when it was firmly, though gently, withdrawn, and with an arch smile the young lady, with her finger pressed upon her lips to remind him of his promise, retired into the saloon.

Vincent, after a silent promenade, entered softly the sick-room. He arranged with McCann the watches of the night. The Lieutenant, who was to be called at one, retired to his own room, and Rollin took his place by the restless, fevered sufferer. There are few men who make good nurses by the couch of pain, but Vincent was one of the few.

He did not call McCann, but watched by the bedside until the gray of the morning. Dumfrees had fallen into a gentle slumber as the Lieutenant entered the room.

"Why did you not wake me?" in a whisper.

"I knew you were exhausted."

"Always too generous. We are within a mile of Leavenworth City."

"Then I must leave our patient; fortunately, he is safe."

"All right; I will see you before you cross the plains."

"Good-by, Terry."

"Good-by, Rollin, for the present."

It was yet early in the morning as Vincent stepped from the gang-plank and heard again the well-known voice of Harry Fairleigh,

"At last."

His friend's bright face was lit up with delight.

"Yes, Harry, at last. It has been a long voyage. Lieutenant McCann is on board, bound for the Fort."

"Good; we'll see him there, then. Let us to breakfast."

And the friends moved on to the Mansion House.

Breakfast over, the young men repaired to Fairleigh's room and seated themselves for the "talk." Pipes were produced, and while the smoke of the glowing bowls rolled out into the room in clouds, Harry, reclining in his easy-chair, weaves a little unimportant history.

"Ned Pritchard," he began,—“you

remember Ned of the 9th Michigan?—returned last month from Arizona. I met him in New York. He gave glowing accounts of the wealth of the Territory, and said he intended to form a company of the officers of our old division, and return to the mines and develop them. He invited me to join him. I asked time to consider, and looked for you, but you were out of town. Meanwhile Pritchard made good progress with his work. Within a week the company was formed, and nearly all the members have served in our old division in the Shenandoah.”

“Good: you think it will pay handsomely?”

“Of course; Pritchard shows specimens of gold-quartz that are just ‘A No. 1.’ We are all crazy for the gold-fields. It is resolved that no member shall own more than one share of the stock, and each share is three thousand dollars. Tom Eaton, Dunscombe, Dakin, Churchill, Meredith, and a host of others are with us. And Adderly,—you know Adderly, I suppose, eh?”

Captain Vincent turned very pale, but made no answer.

“I thought you knew Adderly!”

Still Vincent seemed suddenly absorbed in distant and not pleasant thoughts

“Well, he is with us, at all events,” resumed Fairleigh, “and a host of others. So I purchased an extra share, and have managed to keep it for you.”

“Harry, you compel me to reveal my poverty; I am not able to—”

“Say not a word of that; if we succeed, you can easily pay; if we fail, I lose it. The investment is a good one, and here is your share splendidly engraved, ‘The America Mining Company to Rollin Vincent.’”

“Harry,” said Vincent, slowly, “I appreciate your kindness, but really—”

“Really what,” replied Harry; “have you not regard enough for me to allow me to act as your friend?”

“Certainly, but—”

“But—no buts; for my friendship's sake, accept the certificate.”

“I will.”

“Our machinery was purchased in