

homestead which had replaced the sod-house at Crane Valley, instead of Bonaventure.

It was an hour later when she stood beside me, under the moonlight, speeding the last of the guests. Boone halted before us, bareheaded, a moment, with a curiously wistful look which was yet not envious, and his hand on the bridle. "It was a good fight, but I shall never again have such an ally as Miss Haldane," he said.

He had barely mounted, when Cotton came up, and I felt my companion's fingers tremble as, I think, from a very kindly impulse, she slipped them from my arm. Cotton, however, was master of himself, and gravely shook hands with both of us. "It was not an empty speech, Ormesby. I meant every word of it. Heaven send you both all happiness," he said.

He, too, vanished into the dimness with a dying beat of hoofs, and so out of our life; and we two were left alone, hand in hand, with only the future before us, on the moonlit prairie.

THE END