

know, my life in future will be among the Indians near the ocean."

Miss Martin, in the moonlight, suddenly awoke to the fact that the hero of her life was the most unselfish man she had ever met. Her old humor came back ; her eyes fairly glistened, as she asked him if she was to take that as an offer of marriage, for it was unlike any she had ever had before.

" Miss Martin, if it was right and not selfish, there would be no impediment could hinder me, or no sacrifice I would not suffer to make you my wife. You are a princess, indeed, worthy the best man in the world, while I am a poor missionary. I dare not ask you to do what may not be wise for yourself. Let us pray about it for a few days ; do not think of me, but of yourself : your position in society, your wealth, and your future so full of promise."

By this time they had crossed the bridge and were at the house. The hostler, who had heard the clatter of the pony's feet, was out to take him in charge, for he had little else to do except to look after " White Stockings." He had taught Miss Martin to ride him, and he idolized the pony nearly as much as she. Mr. Holt said nothing at parting, merely raising his hat as if to some crowned head, and then rode off once more to the prairie. As Miss Martin caressed the pony, the hostler felt a chill go through his heart at the tenderness in the tones of his young mistress. How