

ended then and there, for henceforward, even when passing troubles rested upon us, I could turn for counsel and comfort to a helpmate whose wisdom and sympathy were equalled only by her courage. Nevertheless, two incidents linger in my memory, and were connected with the last meeting of what had now ceased to be a prairie tribunal at Bonaventure. It was an occasion of festivity, but regret was mingled with it, for Boone and Cotton would leave us that night, and there was not one of the bronzed men gathered in the great hall at Bonaventure who would not miss them. Boone, it may be mentioned, had, after entering into recognizances to appear if wanted, been finally released from them by the police. At length Haldane stood up at the head of the long table.

"This has been a day to remember, and, I think, what we have decided to-night will set its mark upon the future of the prairie," he said. "Where all did well there were two who chiefly helped us to win what we have done, and it is to our sorrow that one goes back to his own country now that his work is well accomplished. We will not lightly forget him. The other will, I hope, be spared to stay with you and share your triumphs as he has done your adversity. I have to announce my daughter's approaching marriage to your comrade, Henry Ormesby."

It pleased me greatly that Cotton was the first upon his feet, and Mackay the next, although it was but for a second, because, almost simultaneously, a double row of weather-darkened men heaved themselves upright. Cotton's face was flushed, and his eyes shone strangely under the candlelight; but he looked straight at me as he solemnly raised the glass in his hand.

"The Mistress of Bonaventure: God bless her, and send every happiness to both of them!" he said.

The very rafters rang to the shout that followed, and it was the last time that toast was honored, for when next my neighbors gathered round me with goodwill and festivity, Lucille Haldane became mistress of the new