

the pallid snow line of the Sierras, still as remote and unchanged to them as when they had gazed upon it from Heavy Tree Hill. And, for the matter of that, they themselves seemed to have been left so unchanged that, even now, as in the old days, it was Barker's voice as he greeted them from the darkening trail that alone broke their reverie.

'Well,' said Demorest cheerfully, 'your usual luck, Barker boy!' for they already saw in his face the happy light they had once seen there on an eventful night seven years ago.

'I'm to be married to Mrs. Horncastle next month,' he said breathlessly, 'and little "Sta" loves her already as if she was his own mother. Wish me joy.'

A slight shadow passed over Stacy's face. But his hand was the first to grasp Barker's and his voice the first to say 'Amen!'

THE END.