

into the great prairie sea! As thus I watched his slowly receding figure, memory was travelling back over the long trail of our companionship—back through all the varied scenes of strife, and chase, and travel, to that distant day when first on the shore of the wilderness our lives came together. "Think of you!" I said, speaking half aloud my thoughts. "Yes, that I will. Whenever the wind stirs the tree-branch, or rustles the reeds and meadows—wherever the sun goes down over distance of sea or land—in the moonlight of nights, in the snow of long winters, you will be near me still."

At a bend in the trail he turned to look back: it was but a moment, and then the mountain path was vacant, and I saw him no more.

THE END.