

proud of you. I'd sooner confide my sister's happiness to you than to any man I know."

I thanked the Captain for his words, and then Ruth and I shook hands with Pierre, whose bright eyes glistened in the moonlight as his mind probably went back to that period in his life when he proclaimed his first love to some dusky maiden.

"Dat's all right, Lachlan," he whispered to me, as we reached the camp, "you be marry one hangel sure. Pierre be mighty glad."

I kissed Ruth at her tent door. When I finally slept I dreamed of Paradise, of the angels—and of Ruth.