

she talked rapidly and disconnectedly, rushing from one subject to another. It worried me.

We reached the base of the mountains and sat down to rest in a spot that had been one of our favorite retreats. From that point the whole valley was spread before us. Just below us, the army post—Fort Douglas—was set out among its trees, in the half circle of the officer's homes, the long barracks, the church, and the little cemetery, with its ranks of quiet graves on the hillside. Farther down, the city seemed to rest after the day, to enjoy the coming of the evening. Far in the west, beyond the shining lake and the blurred blue mountains, the sun was setting in a blaze of flame.

I was thinking of the days when we used to come there to read, and talk, and dream our wistful girlish dreams. The sunset gun boomed into the silence, and the clear notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" rose to us from the army post.