

"You are not going to-night, then?" inquired Mandy in delighted surprise.

"No—I—in fact, I believe I have changed my mind about that. I have been—ah—persuaded to remain."

"Oh, I see," cried Mandy in supreme delight. Then turning swiftly upon her sister-in-law who stood beside the doctor, her face in a radiant glow, she added, "Then what did you mean by—by—what we saw this afternoon?"

A deeper red dyed the girl's cheeks.

"What are you talking about?" cried Dr. Martin. "Oh, that kissing Smith business."

"I couldn't just help it!" burst out Moira. "He was so happy."

"Going to be married, you know," interjected the doctor.

"And so—so——"

"Just so," cried the doctor. "Oh, pshaw! that's all right! I'd kiss Smith myself. I feel like doing it this blessed minute. Where is he? Smith! Where are you?" But Smith had escaped. "Smith's all right, I say, and so are we, eh, Moira?" He slipped his arm round the blushing girl.

"Oh, I am so glad," cried Mandy, beaming upon them. "And you are not going East after all?"

"East? Not I! The West for me. I am going to stay right in it—with the Inspector here—and with you, Mrs. Cameron—and with my sweetheart—and yes, certainly with the Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail."