

as she did. The months passed. At last George was honorably released. I saw him united to his wife and his son. I thought of them now as happy for life.

Soon afterward I left Salt Lake, but Ruth and I exchanged letters occasionally and hers were always bubbling over with joy. George was as dear as ever. The boy grew and thrived, and said and did so many wonderful things! One letter brought news of the arrival of a little daughter and told me that they had made her my namesake. George wrote that she was a miniature of her mother. "And you know," he said, "that is the loveliest thing I could say of her." Other children came to them. I heard of these as always welcome to that happy circle, and always bringing love and joy with them into the world.

Then there came a long break in our correspondence. When Ruth wrote again I was disappointed by the tone of her letter. There was some change in her—