

tercourse brought me! Bessie had stayed true to me as I to her. And to me it was all the dearer, for that mine had been a silent adoration I had never dared express, and yet so strong she must have sensed it to have responded, as plainly she had, by a lifetime's devotion.

Time passed — much time — until we had become in a way reconciled to our unfortunate lot; had about abandoned hope of again meeting in this world.

Yet once again our lucky star stood still above us.

Back to me came an old friend out of the mists of the past, a mate I had fought beside thirty years before, and who had been lost to me ever since; a mate who knew me and my work and was of a fibre to understand and appreciate it, himself a life-long pathfinder and battler in the wildest parts of three continents.

Back to me, literally, he has not yet come; but my correspondence with him through the last four years has cheered me, has stirred the blood of the old warrior, heartened him, until now again, thank God, no trumpet call of "Boots and Saddles" would find him the last mounted.

Come he has not, but come he will; he must.

For me the last divide is in sight.

Dim and distant reaches its pale line, still distant it seems as I now contemplate it, but too well I know I am driving toward it at racing pace.

God, but I cannot cross it without a hand-clasp of the man whose sympathy and good cheer