

On the Saturday morning every one was most extraordinarily busy, especially as the time approached for the arrival of the train from Cheyenne. Next day all the shops would be shut; and on Monday morning early we started.

"Lady Sylvia," said the lieutenant, with ingenuous earnestness, "I must really go after those saddles again. Tell Mr. Balfour I shall be back to lunch, will you, if you please?"

Indeed, one went away on one mission, and the other on another, until there was no one of the party left in the hotel with Lady Sylvia but Queen T—. The latter was in her own room. She rang, and sent a servant to ask her friend to come and see her. She took Lady Sylvia's hand when she entered.

"I am going to ask you to excuse me," said she, with great innocence. "I feel a little tired; I think I will lie down for an hour, until luncheon-time. But you know, dear Lady Sylva, if there are none of them down stairs, all you have to do is to get into the omnibus when it calls at the door, and they will drive you to the station; and you will not have long to wait."

The white hand she held was trembling violently. Lady Sylvia said nothing at all; but her eyes were moist, and she silently kissed her friend, and went away.

About an hour thereafter, four of us were seated at a certain small table, all as mute as mice. The women pretended to be very busy with the things before them. No one looked toward the door. Nay, no one would look up as two figures came into the big saloon, and came walking down toward us.

"Mrs. Von Rosen," said the voice of Lady Sylvia, in the gayest of tones, "let me present to you your new agent—"

But her gayety suddenly broke down. She left him to shake hands with us, and sat down on a chair in the dusky corner, and hid away her face from us, sobbing to herself.

"Ha!" cried the lieutenant, in his stormiest way, for he would have none of this sentiment, "do you know what we have got for you after your long journey? My good friend, there is a beefsteak coming for you; and that—do you know what that is?—that is a bottle of English ale!"

## CHAPTER LI.

### OUR LAST NIGHT TOGETHER.

ON that Monday morning when we left Denver to seek Bell's distant home in these pale-blue mountains, there was no great rejoicing among us. It was the last day of our long journeying together, and we had been pleasantly associated; moreover, one of us was going to leave her dearest friend in these remote wilds, and she was rather downhearted about it. Happily the secret exultation of Lady Sylvia, which could not altogether be concealed, kept up our spirits somewhat: we wondered whether she was not going to carry her husband's portmanteau for him, so anxious was she about his comfort.

The branch line of rail that pierces for some distance the Clear Creek canon takes a circuitous course on leaving Denver through some grassy plains which are intersected by narrow and muddy rivulets, and are sufficiently uninteresting; so that there was plenty of opportunity for these sojourners to sketch out something of their plans of living for the information of the new comer. But Balfour—who, by the way, had got thoroughly bronzed by his travelling—would not hear of all the fine pleasure excursions that the lieutenant was for planning out.

"We are under enough obligations to you," said he, "even if I find I can do this thing; but if I discover that I am of no use at all, then your charity would be too great. Let us get to work first; then, if the way is clear, we can have our play afterward. Indeed, you will be able to command my attendance, once I have qualified myself to be your servant."

"Yes, that is reasonable," said the lieutenant.

"I am quite sure," said Lady Sylvia, "that my husband would be a poor companion for you, so long as our affairs are unsettled—"

"And, besides," said Balfour, with a laugh, "You don't know what splendid alternative schemes I have to fall back on. On the voyage over I used to lie awake at night, and try to imagine all the ways in which a man may earn a living who is suddenly made penniless. And I got up some good schemes, I think; good for a man who could get some backing, I mean."