

"But what will become of Buckskin Dan?" asked Madeline. "Perhaps he will go with us."

"Not a bit of it, dearie. His mind is too full of the gold he discovered in that old abandoned mine. He's going back to work it as soon as possible. He wants me to return after affairs are settled in England. He's at the Sergeants' Mess now, and will be here this evening to talk the matter over with us. You won't mind coming back, darling, will you? We shall have a fine house like this in Big Glen, and be so happy here."

"I shall go to any part of the earth with you," and Madeline placed her hand in Norman's as she spoke. "We must never be parted again."

The twilight deepened, and the fire burned low as the two lovers sat and talked of the future. The weary trails of the past were ended, and new ones opened up before them, winding far into the unknown future, shimmering clear and golden in the mystic light of eternal love.

THE END