

whose silver rifle had now become, in its owner's hand, a never-failing weapon. Races, too, were started, and here again Dick stood pre-eminent, and when night spread her dark mantle over the scene, the two best fiddlers in the settlement were placed on empty beer-casks, and some danced by the light of the monster fires, while others listened to Joe Blunt as he recounted their adventures on the prairies and among the Rocky Mountains.

There were sweethearts, and wives, and lovers at the feast, but we question if any heart there was so full of love, and admiration, and gratitude, as that of the Widow Varley as she watched her son, Dick, throughout that merry evening.

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Years rolled by, and the Mustang Valley prospered. Missionaries went there, and a little church was built, and, to the blessings of a fertile land were added the far greater blessings of Christian light and knowledge. One sad blow fell on the Widow Varley's heart. Her only brother, Daniel Hood, was murdered by the Indians. Deeply and long she mourned, and it required all Dick's efforts and those of the pastor of the settlement to comfort her. But from the first the widow's heart was sustained by the loving hand that dealt the blow, and when time blunted the keen edge of her feelings her face became as sweet and mild, though not so lightsome, as before.

Joe Blunt and Henri became leading men in the