

what you had known of my work at Lockton Green would discourage you from such a purpose. But I'm glad, Amiculus, that you have decided to preach. You have made a grand move out from old things. I am sure your mother is delighted, and your father too. Oh, how are they both?"

"Mother is well," replied Amiculus, "and is, as you suppose, delighted. Father enjoys ranching well, too. It proved a good day for us, after all, when that fire swept through the village and left so many homeless. Of course, father is aging, but you would be surprised to know how much local preaching he does in new parts where they have no minister. Among the cowboys he is a perfect 'lion.' They will do anything for him."

"And Carrie—how is she? Grown to a fine young woman, of course."

"Oh, you did not hear? She is married—to a druggist," replied Amiculus.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Greenway. "No, I had not heard. What is his name?"

"Cafferty,—Nolan Cafferty," said Amiculus, much amused, as he saw Greenway's face go up and down in surprise. "Nolan is doing well and keeps away from drink. That last awful experience at Lockton Green and his term in prison cured him forever of drink. I had not the slightest misgiving in seeing Carrie join fortune with him."

"Well, that is the best of the whole matter," said Greenway. "You know it was in Nolan to be a good fellow. But he was exceedingly independent, and the appetite was not wholly eradicated; and he was