

'want for no good thing.' I have that on the best authority."

"Have you any directions about putting the shell away?" inquired the Parson.

"Don't make any fuss about burying me or go to any expense," replied Sandy. "Just a plain box of fir, and some of the old Forty Mile and Circle Boys to carry it. No crape or black gloves or any such foolishness. The College Boys and Kitty are gone, but there will be plenty to sing 'Rock of Ages,' and you can read them something about the Camp I'm making for and the trail that leads to it.

"And now, the important thing: I want to see my Lassie and May put in good hands before I go. We'll have the weddings in the new church to-morrow, and Jim and the two Bills and the Doctor will take me there. Doc has promised to keep me on this side of the Divide for a day or two, but there's no time to lose."

And so it was. The whole camp was there in the church or around it. Simple and sweet was the ceremony, the Parson saying the words that united the younger pair; and Mr. Bowman repeating the same form for him and Mrs. Randall. Very sweet and happy the brides looked; and very proud and happy the grooms. Long Sandy was the Best Man for both couples, and the happiest one of all.

And three days thereafter there was another great assemblage at the church, no more solemn and hardly less cheerful than the double wedding. Father Justus and Mr. Bowman were on the platform. Other words, as simple, as sweet, as joyful were read from