

ject, and broke the silence by asking—

"Did you come in to talk to me of Billy?"

"Yes, my darling, I wanted to warn you, and beg of you not to keep company any more with Billy Lovelace, should he return. I would like to tell you all about his conduct last week, the very bad company in which he was found, and—"

"Oh, father, don't mention it. I know all, and can't believe that he is as bad as you think."

"But his degraded turn of mind has come to light, and if you are a christian—"

"I don't want to hear any more about the affair. I didn't see the affray, of course, and must hear Billy's side of the story before discarding him. Then if I think him unworthy, I will give you the answer you are now trying to force me to give. I will not listen to any more abuse of him until I see him myself. There!"

"Then I will leave you for the present. It is now bed time, and you should retire, but do not close your eyes without first praying to God for guidance and enlightenment to do right. He will give you strength to preserve the good reputation of your parents, and save yourself from shame, if you will pray fervently to Him for help. An honest prayer is always answered. Good-night, and may God be with you."

Ella heard the door close after her father, but did not stir for an hour. She was praying earnestly to be relieved from trouble, but the more she prayed, the clearer the vision of Billy was set in her mind. Midnight had passed before she fell into a sleep. Then she dreamed of thunder storms, dark canyons on each side of a desolate divide, saddled horses standing around, men standing in the rain, and an Indian camp opposite them, all revealed by repeated flashes of light-

ning, as it leaped from the heavens to the earth. As daylight approached, and the scene was before her vision, men on horseback were hurrying to and fro, Indians appeared in hundreds on the divide, and rifle shots were heard in quick succession. Then the bugle sounded the retreat, and men disappeared among the crags and in the timber. Billy was dragged from his horse and carried to the timber by four of the brutal Ban-nocks.

Ella awoke with a start, and it was only a dream. She prayed again; but the more she appealed to God in her feverish mind, the more vivid the scene appeared, and the clearer the sound of the cornet rang in her ears. It was daylight, and she soon arose. The scene was so perfectly impressed on her, that she believed her mind had wandered to the camp of volunteers, and she wrote a description and sealed it in an envelope, which she handed to her father at the breakfast table, exacting a promise not to open it until her permission was obtained.

Late in the evening, the men commenced returning by ones and twos, "Old Syc" being among the first. As was usual on exciting occasions, he accepted many invitations to "take something," and by evening he was feeling the liquor, but not enough to deprive him of his senses. When the meeting was called to order by the captain, "Old Syc" was appointed to relate the details, which honor he was glad to accept. It was a repetition of Ella's dream of the morning before, which it is not necessary to rehearse. Suffice it to say that he declared vengeance for the loss of Billy, who, he said, must by this time be a chunk of burned flesh and bones, in a pile of smoldering ashes, somewhere on Salmon river, as he saw the Ban-nocks capture him. He was the only one who did not answer to roll call, and