

"Hurrah for Billy!" cried "Old Syc," throwing up his hat. "Miss, d—n me if we don't have that lover o' yourn before another week. If you only knowed how he talks about yer, a sayin' what a fine gal you are, but daren't see you since he saved a poor drunkard's life, 'why, yer would marry him in a minit, if the hull world would git down on yer for it. His heart's bigger'n that there mountain." "Old Syc's" remarks had the effect to brighten up Ella's spirits, and she expressed a desire to go with him immediately to camp, but he replied—

"No, you stay here and let me go an' git the boys. It'll save time, you know. Thar's plenty o' grub in that overcoat. I'll leave it, an' you jest hide here till I git back."

"That is good; but promise not to let any of the men know who I am. Tell them I am a young man from Boise City."

"I'll do it, Miss, an' I'll bet my life that we git Billy all right."

Mounting his horse, he waved good-bye, and was soon out of sight, on his way to the volunteer camp. All day long Ella mused on the now strong hopes for Billy's recovery, and her heart would beat for joy to know that he loved her so dearly. "Old Syc" had taken the letter with him, but she remembered every word it contained. Ella had traveled day and night since leaving Atlanta, only resting for short intervals, and this night she wrapped Billy's overcoat around her and slept well. About 9:00 a. m. the next day, while she sat musing on the beauties of nature, and her soul yearning to meet Billy, she saw moving objects in the distance. Raising her field glass, she saw the volunteers were rapidly approaching. On arriving, "Old Syc" yelled out, in his usual boisterous manner—

"Here's the little chicken. We'll add

'im to the gang, an' I'll bet he'll make a good one. Come on, young feller, here's a horse all saddled and ready. Jump on quick, 'cause we don't want any stoppin' on your account. In a moment Ella was in the saddle and the men pressed forward. They were all excited and determined to run the red fiends down as soon as possible. Some were betting on who would return with the most scalps; some were telling stories of fights with the Indians long since forgotten; others were relating instances of the most barbarous and inhuman cruelty practiced on those who fell into their hands at an unfortunate moment.

After a quick march of ten or twelve miles to the northwest, the old Cape Horn cabin was reached. This cabin had been erected for the use of packers and travelers, during the Loon creek excitement, in 1870. Here the men halted for lunch, and to allow their tired horses to rest for an hour. One of the men spied an envelope in a crack of the cabin, and opening it, saw it was from Billy. He mounted a bowlder outside of the cabin, and read the following to the anxious ears around him:

Go ten miles northwest. We will remain a few days just under the cliff on the east bank of middle fork of the Salmon. Don't shoot at the man on the white horse. That will be me, and you will hear the calls on the same old cornet. Tell "Old Syc" to give my love to Ella Dixon, at Atlanta, if the devils take into their heads to murder me.

BILLY LOVELACE.

Aug. 30, about midnight.

As it was dangerous to advance further during the day, the animals and men remained at the cabin during the afternoon, and evening found them all well rested. After dark, so that they could more easily escape the observation of scouts who might be lurking around the high mountains, the little band mounted and moved cautiously forward. "Old Syc" kept near Ella, who, although she appeared perfectly calm, was