

yourn ain't dead. She's got too much meditated. He could see that, when she sense to kill herself. She's got a firm dreamt that dream, her soul and Billy's mind, that gal has, and I'll bet I can must have been very close to each other. trace her up before bed time. Here's Tears rolled down his aged cheeks, and Billy, now. Of course you heard all all the others remained silent, except about us savin him, and it was through "Old Syc," who again demanded— this feller here. By the way, parson, "You won't go back on your word, he preached the funeral sermon on the will ye, parson?" two fellers what lost their scalps, and "Certainly not, but it's no use," then don't git mad when I tell yer he's lots observing Billy, he continued: "Cheer better a preacher than what you are. up, Mr. Lovelace, don't—" Say, parson, let's go up to your house "Say, parson," interrupted "Old Syc," and talk this thing over. D—d if I "s'pose we should find her now, wouldn't it be a fine thing for you to marry them right away, without invitin' anybody, except we 'uns, and that young lady who jest come, and is 'round walkin' with that young feller we picked up?" Then looking around, he continued: "Durn my buttons, if they ain't gone. Looks a little like as if he war gettin' in love, somethin' like Billy, here."

A sympathetic flash passed through Rev. Dixon's mind when he heard "Old Syc" utter such a blank oath, but the invitation was extended, and Rev. and Mrs. Dixon, Billy Lovelace, Josephus Sycamore and "the young feller from Boise" were soon walking around the beautiful flower garden in front of the parsonage.

"Say, parson, Billy likes that gal o' your'n mighty well, and she likes him. Now, s'pose I find her, would you let her marry him?"

"Yes, I would give my consent with all my heart. I have found out that Billy only did a humane and christian act, saving a fellow being, when he committed what the jury and judge pronounced a criminal act. I have a letter she gave me on the morning of your first battle. It is not to be opened without her permission, but as it may throw some light upon the mystery, I will break the promise and read it."

It was opened, and "Old Syc" requested that it be read aloud, which was done. Its contents were given as a dream, and Rev. Dixon recognized that it was a concise portrayal of the battle he had heard "Old Syc" describe over a week before. He remembered the fainting of his daughter just before the close of "Old Syc's" description of the engagement. The aged minister sat and

Billy and Mrs. Dixon were too much absorbed in thought to speak, and sat gazing at the ground. After a few moments of silence, during which time Rev. Dixon fell into a deep thinking mood, Ella and her young friend, May White, slyly advanced to where the aged minister was sitting, and standing side by side, his meditations were interrupted by Ella, as she remarked—

"May will act as bridesmaid."

The old man was overwhelmed with joy, yet he could not believe his eyes.

"Say, Billy, let me act as best man," spoke up "Old Syc," quickly.

Rev. Dixon commanded them to stand up, when the marriage ceremony was performed and his blessing bestowed before any of them could control themselves so as to fully realize what was taking place.

"Say, Billy, are you goin' to take that young feller home with you to live there, what you promised yesterday?" asked "Old Syc."

"He was a fine looking young man,