

Jamie came quite close to the horse. "If—if anything shud happen t' me b'fore help comes," he said, falteringly, "jes' remember I didn't do 't fer your sake, but fer her'n."

Then the horse went crashing through the frozen snow, half turning once or twice to give a wondering look and a regretful neigh to Chuck Olalla.

"My good fella!" muttered the little shoemaker, sinking down wearily into the snow that seemed warm to him. "Thet's all th' thanks I git fer it. After all thet long, lonely ride, after freezin' mos' to death, an' now, hevin' to lay here while he goes home t'—t'—her, an' all th' thanks I git 's t' be called his good fella—'s if I was a dog!"

A coyote howled from his mountain home and Jamie shuddered.

"Th' only thing thet keeps me up," he whispered, "is thinkin' 'bout how she'll look when I git home—how she'll come t' meet me, weth sech a light in her eyes an' sech a color in her face! An' she'll say, kinder sof' an' low, 'Jamie, I do love ye fer all ye've done fer me,' an' then I'll know she's fergive me fer even darin' to—love—her. Yes, I'll know then—"

After awhile a coyote howled again, but Chuck Olalla did not hear.

"Poor Chuck Olalla," Miss Jennie said, with a sigh, next day, when they brought him home, dead. "He was really created for a purpose, after all. I always wondered what it could be, but now I know," and she slipped into her lover's arms, "that it was to save you for me."

ELLA HIGGINSON.

