

think he will develop a fine faculty for science. In the summer, as I said, I will bring him over to you. There is nothing more to say to-night except that I am as always,

Your faithful and loving friend,  
JASPAR HUME.

A moment after the letter was finished, the servant entered and announced "Mr. Late Carscallen." With a smile and hearty greeting the great man and this member of the White Guard met. It was to entertain his old arctic comrade that Jaspas Hume had declined to be entertained by society or club. A little while after, seated at the table, the ex-sub-factor said: "You found your brother well, Carscallen?"

The jaws moved slowly as of old. "Ay, that, and a grand meenister, sir."

"He wanted you to stay in Scotland, I suppose?"

"Ay, that, but there's no place for me like Fort Providence."

"Try this pheasant. And you are sub-factor now, Carscallen?"

"There's two of us sub-factors—Jeff Hyde and myself. Mr. Field is old, and can't do much work, and trade's heavy now."

"I know. I hear from the factor now and then. And Gaspé Toujours, what of him?"

"He went away three years ago, and he said he'd come back. He never did though. Jeff Hyde believes he will. He says to me a hundred times, 'Carscallen, he made the sign of the cross that he'd come back from Saint Gabrielle; and that's next to the Book with a papist. If he's alive he'll come.'"

"Perhaps he will, Carscallen. And Cloud-in-the-Sky?"

"He's still there, and comes in and smokes with Jeff