

what, think you, was his first word to me? He brings the boy in his arms, and asks whose child is it?"

Lit laughed with the ghost of her old sauciness. "'Tis what no other living creature will ask who sees them side by side," she said, patting the baby's round cheek fondly. "'Tis what our little lad will sure never have the face to ask his mirror."

Hastie was making use of that newly found voice of hers to question Robert in regard to his captivity. Sir Paris and Ulysses drew near to hear the answer. Lit, leaning forward, said whisperingly to Diana, "O mistress! I have somewhat to tell you and Francis."

Diana had acted as mediator between these two, had plead Frank Bennerworth's cause when Lit seemed like to cast him aside, and had made what headway she could against that strange unwillingness the girl developed, when it appeared patent to all that Bennerworth was on the road to make a man of himself. The two felt her presence was no check; rather, it brought to the surface a thing which Lit would have told her lover before, but for physical weakness and its resultant confusion of mind.

"O Francie! O both of you, my dear!" she cried, stretching a hand to each, while tears ran down her brown, beautiful cheeks. "I dare love ye both now, as much as I list — and that's a plenty! See, I'm white, like yourselves. I'm no half-breed squaw, — Jean Dalkeith's daughter, christened Jean, christened in a church, like any Christian of ye all! Dad told me so, ere he went. Why, what could my Francie have come to, a-mar-