

mother.' And from that day come back he never did, nor any word. There was trouble wi' the lad—wi' him and Maister Robert at the Court; but I never knowed nowt o' the truth. And it's seven-and-twenty years since Maister Robert went."

Gaston leaned over his horse's neck, and thrust a piece of silver into the woman's hands.

"Take that, Becky Lawson, and mop your eyes no more."

She gaped.

"How dost know my name is Becky Lawson? I havena been ca'd so these three-and-twenty years—not since a' married good man here, and put Jock's faither in 's grave yander."

"The devil told me," he answered, with a strange laugh, and, spurring, they were quickly out of sight.

They rode for a couple of miles without speaking. Jacques knew his master, and did not break the silence. Presently they came over a hill, and down upon a little bridge. Belward drew rein, and looked up the valley. About two miles beyond the roofs and turrets of the Court showed above the trees. A whimsical smile came to his lips.

"Brillon," he said, "I'm in sight of home."

The half-breed cocked his head. It was the first time that Belward had called him "Brillon"—he had ever been "Jacques." This was to be a part of the new life. They were not now hunting elk, riding to "wipe out" a camp of Indians or navvies, dining the owner of a ranche or a deputation from a prairie constituency in search of a member, nor yet with a senator at Washington, who served tea with canvas-back duck and tooth-picks with dessert. Once before had Jacques seen this new manner—when Belward visited Parliament House at