

Castle—after this business is over, I mean. Mr. Hearne is about as much at one as at the other just now!"

The little silver-headed man took his way down from the Calton leaving the prisoner a prisoner still. But the bitterness of death was past. The Knifer's mind was full of a new world, a new life. He was not an imaginative man, Knifer Jackson, and he could not yet conjure up the life in those far pine woods and beside those rushing waters. He only knew that, God (and Mr. Molesay) helping him, the future should not copy the past for one Andrew Jackson, sometime called the Knifer, who was destined, in a logging camp on the Kootenay, to keep alight a blacksmith's forge, and to set a saw, or shoe a horse, or put an edge on an axe with any man.