

the shadows in Cashel's heart, heavy and grey his thoughts.

Twilight was almost upon them when they gained Billy's cave beneath the Ridge. The opening of it was deeply sunken among stones, and boarded over roughly with planks worn by weather to the grey of the lichened granite around them. These planks Billy pulled aside cautiously. "But there ain't no b'ars been here," he said, "or Sam 'd have smelt 'em."

He vanished into the cave, found a battered lantern, and lighted it. "Everythin's all right," he called proudly to Cashel; "come an' bring Sam. There ain't no place fer him outside."

Cashel obeyed, and led in Sam, who came docilely. He found himself in a dry, warm rock-chamber some ten feet high, twelve feet long, and of irregular width. It was narrowest at the end, forming a sort of recess; and this was thickly floored with dry pine needles, breathing the very incense of the forest. Two soap boxes, a barrel, a couple of old horse-cloths, two old tin saucepans, and Indian fishing-spear, an old pair of moccasins, and some other characteristic odds and ends were all that the cave contained. Yet it had an air of wild comfort attractive to any one not too far from youth.

Billy set the lantern on the barrel, tied Sam to the finger of rock, unsaddled him, and covered him with a blanket. "You sit on the biggest box, while I gets supper," he said importantly to Cashel. "I guess we needn't mind about the light showing to-night." From some mysterious recess he produced hay for Sam, biscuits in a tin box, and a piece of ancient cheese. "Everythin's just as I left it," he said contentedly.