

cross roads so Jean wouldna hae to gang hersel'," calmly responded Phenie.

Rob gave Jean a quick, startled glance, as in fact did each of the rest. This was something new, and Phenie was quite disturbed at its effect.

"Tell's a' aboot it, Jean, lassie," said Jamie.

"Aweel, th' callant 'n' 's dog were in th' bushes 'n' the dog frightened poor Bess till she was fair mad, 'n' Mr. Maxwell bade me bide still 'n' he'd gang 'n' fetch 'er, an' that's a' there's to tell o't; ony I'll weel ken he never druv a coo afore."

"Ye'll ne'er said nowt aboot 't th' nicht," said Rob sternly.

"I'll ne'er thocht on't—'twas naethin' t' mind. I'll canna fash mysel' wi' ilka time a craw flees ower m' heid," said Jean unconcernedly.

"Weel, he'll happen be o' mair account t's than a hale flock o' craws," said Sandy, and then each of the men told Rob of the mineral possibilities.

But the white, set look did not leave Rob's face. The older ones thought that the fitting into place and performing one of the duties falling to men as citizens "had wrought on the lad," and they separated early to "gie 'm a chance t' sleep ower 't."

Before the dim shades of twilight had given place to the young moon, the whip-poor-will's solo found no answering chorus of human voices. But the minds of some of his neighbors of the *genus homo* revelled in dreams of suddenly acquired wealth—one did not close his eyes, and the first streak of daylight found him, as the last streak of twilight had left him, with the whole world for him turned topsy-turvy. One only—Jean—slept as soon as her head touched her pillow, without a thought either backward or forward.