



"The Indian sends messages to her who loves Ironheart."

great North had made them too big for little jealousies now.

Brian ate his heart out in secret, for he saw that Jean was gentler to Andrew than to him; but when he met Andrew afterwards, he was always friendlier, in proportion to his private uneasiness.

Black Fordie and Benoni had their hours of suspense also. They also had their hours of moodiness—a thing uncommon to Benoni, at least. One day they sat alone in the Castle. Each knew that something was to be spoken, which had long lain hidden from the world.

"John Fordie," said the showman, at last, "there's a thing on which we have words to say to one another, after many years."

Fordie looked straight before him through the cloud of tobacco smoke, fiercely puffed forth, and said: "I know that weel, David."

"I'll not have many years to live, John."

"Ay, ay," interjected Fordie, dryly, "ye'll be growin' grey and stoopit. Ye'll no travel across the warld, and back again, and be

leevin' wi' savages, and keep the gristle i' your bones;" and he shook his head with a chuckle.

"I've had good days in the world, and many a land have I seen, and many a ship have I trod, and I've been a little of the gentleman, and very much of the vagabond, something of the fool, and a bit philosopher too, I hope. . . . And now I'm coming to the time when I must lay by with my old rance show and flute; and go out no more to wander."

"And to wanner nae mair," said Fordie, abstractedly.

"I did not think," the other continued, "that I should ever want back from your hands what's mine, but has been as yours for many a year, and—"

Rising suddenly to his feet,

Fordie hoarsely interrupted him. "David," he said, "I kenned it was comin'. Seven-and-twenty years syne, you had sair trouble, and your bairn, new-born, was left mitherless. At that time my wife lost a bairn at its birth and she went mad for it, and we took yours—for you were far awa', a prisoner o' war—and we put it in her arms and she made it her ain, nursin' it at her ain breast. And it was lang afore ye cam back; and ye maun gang awa' again—for it was time o' war. And you said tae me, for the wife ne'er kenned it, that the child should be ours, for it had grown like our ain, and ye might never come back. And ye had mair dangers and hard fortunes; and when ye landed on England's soil again you had na a bawbee; and the bairn had got to loe us, and we to loe her."

Benoni raised his hand in protest, as though the remembrance of these things hurt him. There was a slight pause, and Fordie continued: "And ye became Benoni, the Italian showman, and when she's a woman