

We reached Toronto in safety, and I persuaded my friends to visit my ancestral home in Bruce. Some tidings of my adventures in the far West, of my triumph over Casper, and the success of my mission, had preceded me, and as "a conquering hero" returning from the field I was accorded a warm reception by the old friends and neighbors. My exploits had earned for me much greater fame than was deserved, and for a time my popularity was out of all proportion to my deserts.

Tears of joy stood in my eyes as I grasped the hand of dear old Simon, who knew I was coming and who stood in the doorway to receive and welcome me home, while the deaf old housekeeper, with fresh apron and embroidered cap, gazed at me with real pride from the open window.

"Simon, Simon," was all I could say for a moment, so full was my heart.

The old man brushed the moisture from his eyes as he placed a hand on each shoulder, as was his wont in the old days, and said in broken tones:

"God bless you, Lachy lad. Man, I'm blithe tae see ye hame again, an' gey prood o' ye intil the bargain. It warms my auld hairt tae look upo' ye aince mair. An' sae ye hae keppit the promise I made tae yer faither, an' which ye made tae me in the Falkland woods yonder, an' yer title tae the estates is noo vindicated. An' wha's the bonnie lassie ye hae brocht wi' ye?" he added, looking at Ruth.

I introduced him to my sweetheart and her brothers without explaining our relations.