

And when the three went back to the house, Return riding upon the shoulder of his "booful farver," carrying still his little silver cup, they were received as we would receive one who, having been fondly loved, bitterly mourned, deeply, intensely yearned after, had returned to us from the dead.

Ulysses would, with the sailor's bluff directness, have asked the newcomer why, when he found himself upon an English ship, whose commander was Ulysses Chaters, he did not make his own name known. But Sir Paris, when the conversation verged toward such a query, adroitly drew his brother aside and said to him:

"We be bachelor men, you and I, Ulysses. One of us will not very long remain so, as I am thinking," and he cast a humourous glance toward Hastie. "As for the other, having been born a bachelor, he looks to die one; and there be many things in the affairs of married persons into which a bachelor should not inquire too straitly. It appears that our nephew, Robert Marshall, was a most devoted husband, and took the utmost pains to bequeath all his estate to his beloved wife in case of his death; and yet that when that death failed to take place, he showed no disposition to avail himself of the opportunity to return to her, and even allowed the letter and will to fall into her hands which would persuade her of his decease. If now he seems most monstrously delighted that his plans have miscarried, and the family been reunited, methinks it were best we ask no questions, but take a good thing as we find it."

"Aye, and right thankfully, my sage philosopher — right thankfully," responded Ulysses, glancing