

Murty saw the woman's upraised arms go about the man's neck, and her face lifted to meet his. Quickly he turned his head away.

"Glory be—Glory be to all the Saints," he breathed deep. "'Tis all right—all right at last with them two."

Sighing contentedly like a man who contemplates a day's work well done, he sank back against the tree trunk and busied himself with his pipe.

"Mr. Craig and Miss Flora—Pater and Ellen—The Tarrier and MacTavish gone," he mused, as the smoke curled placidly upward. "The bye Narcisse had the straight av it after all. The Lord do be fixing things in His own way."

"So it goes—so it goes," he concluded. "Workin' and schemin', hatin' and fightin', lovin' and—and dyin'. Sure them's the things that makes it worth while livin'."