

poured over successive beds of clay and comes out pure.

On the small Mediterranean island all hot human breath has cooled, loneliness and homesickness in the exile are assuaged, violence and treachery, jealousy, hatred, even love, are gone. The elves have it all their own way now for Lampedusa is uninhabited.

Before the leaves that were budding on the south slopes of Duntullock when Robert Temple was captured had all blown from the trees the laird was riding at dusk across a moor heavy with autumn rains. A gunshot cracked from a copse at its eastern border and the horse made its way riderless home. The mystery was never explained but we know that Mother Graham was a wonderful shot at her age, especially at long range.

The barque *Maybird* was never certainly heard from. Depredations, perhaps committed by other ships, have been foisted upon her. She became a symbol of outlawry, gathering upon her decks, as the tales about her grew, the robbers and marauders of widely separated years, and, type of successful lawlessness, skimming unharmed about the borders of the last occasions for such prowess left in the world. Perhaps in reality she is peacefully trading; perhaps she has scattered the poisoned presence of her old crew to the four winds and is wrecked and rotting, like the system to which she belonged; perhaps she hovers about the last slave coasts, vigilant