

"Rorie, my son, let us go to the cave. And," he added, drawing his frail figure erect, "you will bring my granddaughter and my great-grandson, Don John."

So we went to the cave, and over the two graves beneath the hollow oak, the old gentleman knelt and prayed. And over the two graves Don Alvar took the little lad in his arms.

"Rorie, my son," said he, "when he is a year older, and when Mariposa wills, you will bring her and my great-grandson, Don John Alvar, to Murcia. And, Rorie, when you come to Spain, you will tell them"—his eyes twinkled moistly—"you will tell them you met Don John!"

It was in the dusk of the next day that we watched the sails of Don Alvar's ship sink beyond Ailsa Craig. A summer haze was upon the Firth and the hills of Bute and Cowal were purple with heather. Mariposa and I stood together at a window of the castle, watching the Spanish sails deepen from gray to blue, from blue to brown, and finally merge with the sea and sky.

It was like the vanishing of the last of the vanquished Armada, but where the ship went down a great, clear star rose out of the sea. Mariposa saw it, too, for our eyes were fixed on the point where we had last seen the ship. And we both had the same thought. As I turned to look at her, she lifted her eyes and our lips met.