

It was the home of a man whom Atherton had bidden us to by note, saying that we would get good food and lodging, and no questions asked. And, indeed, we were in sore need of rest and comfort! I had urged pushing on thus far that we might clear the foul neutral country ahead of us to-morrow while daylight held, and make the camp at the man's place by the next night. But, good horsewoman as Debby was, she was nigh done for, and was more than willing to retire as soon as she had eaten.

Early in the morning we were again off, and, still noting that my fair companion had something on her mind, I was marvelling what it might be, when the lay of the land along the road began to look familiar and I recognised ahead of us the old tavern kept by Gowan as it lay hiding itself under the hill. I turned quickly to Debby and found her smiling mysteriously at me.

"You know the spot?" I asked.

"Quite well," said she, "and I have a mind to stop, and visit Master Gowan."

"Not by any means!" said I, decidedly. "The place may be the house of our wedding, but just now 't is no place for you."

"And yet I would stop there a while, and — *will!*" What a world of vigour was there in that last small word!

I urged, commanded, — nay, tried force, — but to no purpose. In we must go. So, dismounting, I called for a hand to take our horses, and in we went a second time to the dim old tavern.