

"And have ye heard all the news about young Cashel?" said Mrs. Jordan confidentially. "They say he's taken Billy ter live with him for good, an' that the boy'll sleep nowheres but in the wood-shed or on the steps. 'Deed now, Liza, that's truth. An' that he's set up a pair o' ponies I seen with my own eyes. He must ha' made his pile, spite of all."

"Pshaw, now, Sadie," answered Mrs. Macmurtry, "'tis all old news. He'd take no more than a third share from Injun Tom an' that Bruce brute—Lord forgive 's, an' he a changed man, they say, at death's door in Cascade 'orspittle! That's the doctor's doin'."

"Ay, I know," said Mrs. Jordan eagerly. "Fine, wasn't it now? I'm not meanin' the death's door, but the change. Fancy that lad givin' up the last chancet at the gold to stay an' save Bruce! Well, I thought I was real mad at him, cuttin' off without nary a word or sign after some crazy valley o' gold. But when I seen him at the door three days ago, smilin', half proud an' half humble, like—when he ses, 'I've come back, Mrs. Jordan. Have ye a welcome an' forgiveness for me?' I ups an' I lets out a yell, an' I ses, 'Thank God fer that, an' let there be no thought o' forgiveness needed nor took,' an' I grabbed him by the hands——"

"Round the neck, ye mean," said Mrs. Macmurtry, shaking all over. "Jordan told on ye, Sadie—an' ye with yer hands all soapy from the tub."

"Ay," cried Mrs. Jordan defiantly, "an' not fer the first time neither. I thought o' the night he'd saved us our Loreena, an' I done it before I thought. Eh? Think o' all he's done fer us, Liza, an' then say 'f we