

Mrs. Manners yielded to my wish for us all to go to Carvel Hall. It was on a sparkling morning in February that we sighted the familiar toe of Kent Island, and the good-natured skipper put about and made for the mouth of our river. Then, as of old, the white cupola of Carvel House gleamed a signal of greeting, to which our full hearts beat a silent response. Once again the great windmill waved its welcome, and the same memory was upon us both as we gazed. Of a hale old gentleman in the sheets of a sailing pinnace, of a boy and a girl on his knees quivering with excitement of the days to come. Dorothy gently pressed my hand as the bark came into the wind, and the boat was dropped into the green water. Slowly they lowered me into it, for I was still helpless, Dorothy and her mother and Aunt Lucy were got down, and finally Mr. Marmaduke stepped gingerly from the sea-ladder over the gunwale. The cutter leaped under the strong strokes up the river with the tide. Then, as we rounded the bend, we were suddenly astonished to see people gathered on the landing at the foot of the lawn, where they had run, no doubt, in a flurry at sight of the ship below. In the front of the group stood out a strangely familiar figure.

"Why," exclaimed Dolly, "it is Ivie Rawlinson!"

Ivie it was, sure enough. And presently, when we drew a little closer, he gave one big shout and whipped off the hat from his head; and off, too, came the caps from the white heads of Scipio and Chess and Johnson behind him. Our oars were tossed, Ivie caught our bows, and reached his hand to Dorothy. It was fitting that she should be the first to land at Carvel Hall.

"'Twas yere bonny face I seed first, Miss Dolly," he cried, the tears coursing down the scars of his cheeks. "An' syne I kennt weel the young master was here. Noo God be praised for this blythe day, that Mr. Richard's cam to his ain at last!"

But Scipio and Chess could only blubber as they helped him to lift me out, Dolly begging them to be careful. As they carried me up the familiar path to the pillared porch, the first I asked Ivie was of Patty, and next why he had left Gordon's. She was safe and well, despite the Tories, and herself had sent