

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

Thus the artist's future was being shaped by invisible agencies, in a manner that neither of the men dreamed of. Upon what little things, oftentimes trivial circumstances, hinge the crises of human life!

By a step aside, Renfrew lost his way; this led to acquaintanceship, and consequent change of habitation, thought, purpose and plan, which, in turn, became the stepping stone to great achievement and ultimate fame and fortune.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered," said the Divine Teacher; and who, that has felt the blessed assurance of the dear Father's constant care, would ever willingly be without such evidence? Meanwhile

"Night dropped her sable curtain,
And pinned it with a star."

The pure, cool mountain air crept in at the open window, but a cheerful fire blazed in the wide fireplace. On one side, Zeke stretched out with his nose between his fore

paws; on the other sat the mountaineer, and the artist occupied the center.

"What a demoniacal look that scar gives his face," said the latter, nodding toward the dog, "as though the identical legion of devils, cast out of the fierce Gadarene, had intrenched themselves within his shaggy coat."

Zeke arose with inconceivable majesty, lifted his brows, and flashed upon the speaker, from his fine, lustrous eyes, a look that said as plainly as if put in words: "A gentleman quadruped demands satisfaction from a gentleman biped. Take that back, or score accounts!"

Renfrew laughed good-naturedly, and with a low bow of mock deference, said, "I beg a thousand pardons. On the word of a gentleman, I meant no offense whatever."

The dog gave a leer of satisfaction, and resumed his former position. The mountaineer's face was grave, and he seemed lost in deep thought. Presently he spoke, with kindling eyes—

"Stranger, I ha' summat to say to ye. Thar be scars thet air badges o' shame an' disgrace, an' thar be scars thet shine like jewels in a king's diadem, an' kin be worn es proudly. Ye kin't allus jedge o' th' kunnel by th' outer shell. I kin p'int out on these 'ere mountins a score o' ole lan' marks, whose trunks be twisted an' seamed an' scarred wi' warrin' agin th' elements; but ef ye'd look at 'em close, ye'd see a vigorous, healthy top to 'em; an' ef ye'd cut through th' bark, you-uns 'ud find a generous flow o' rich,

sweet sap. Stranger, don' pin yer faith to th' outside, o' th' platter. Th' Pharisees did thet an' ther own in-'ards wuz rotten es las' year's dung 'eap, an' no sweeter, le' me tell ye. Th' Nazarene hed

to sot down on 'em. He sot down on 'em a heap o' times, but they wuz like a rubber ball, an' bounced up agin w'en th' pressure wuz took off. They wuz a plaguey set; an' th' airth ain't rid on 'em yit, by a long shot. Now a dog's instinct 's wiser 'an a man's reason. He'll scent th' cloven foot an' forked tail quicker 'an a wink, an' never miss 'em wunst. You-uns don' pear to set much store by thet air Zeke o' mine. But I kin gin ye a piece o' his history thet 'll stagger yer faith 'bout a dividin' line twixt instinct an' reason. Ye'll fergit all 'bout

thet scar, like we do th' humliness, o' folks thet we come to know an' love; an' ye'll say, 'long wi' me, thet not another dog be ekel to 'im."

He hitched his chair closer to the artist's, and his voice, in its earnestness, took a higher key, with a slightly nasal twang. Even the fire seemed to brighten with expectancy, while Zeke gently wagged his tail, and, lifting his head, looked full into the face of his master. The mountaineer gave the dog an answering look, that said—

"Ye kin trus' me, ole feller," and launched forth in his canine narrative. "Es well es I kin rikollect, et's nigh onter ten year sence I wuz superintendin' a cattle ranch down in Western Texas. The owner wuz a English gentleman, named Brockton. He hed a mighty fine place over thar in Yorkshire, thet wuz called Brockton Hall. He hed bought th' ranch th' year before, an' left it in charge uv a overseer; but it wuz badly managed, an' w'en he come back th' nex' summer, he shipped 'im an' put me in his place. Et wuz quite th' fashion them days fer th' English gentry

