

The groom was a tall young man. He was patting my neck when he noticed the white star on my forehead and said with a start:
- Beauty! My Beauty! Is that you? Do you remember me? I'm Joe!
Little Joe who almost killed you one night at Birtwick!

Joe threw his arms around my neck and I put my nose up to him to show him that we were friends. Then he took me to my new home, and I knew my hard days were over.



Finally, I had found a beautiful place and some good people to spend the rest of my life in peace. And sometimes, at night, I fancy that I am still young, in the orchard at Birtwick, with my old friends under the apple-trees.