

roof. The old man sat in his cosy armchair, with his glass of port on the small table by his side. Story after story of the "Fifteen" did he relate; he even attempted a verse or two of "The Wee, Wee German Lairdie," making up for want of melody with the sarcastic vim he gave to the words of that, the most sarcastic of the old Jacobite ballads.

When the midnight hour had struck on the old eight-day clock in the hall, he lighted candles for his nephew and himself, and wishing him a good night's rest, retired to his own bedroom.

They had another chat over their breakfast next morning; and then, handing to Charles the money of which he had spoken, Mr. Fraser bade him good-bye and set out for business.

Charles completed his commissions for his father, and taking the north road, made his way homewards.

Having told his father and mother of the task committed to him, he proceeded without delay to the Knowe, to interview Mr. Garland.

He found the worthy farmer and his wife about to sit down to supper, and at their cordial invitation he joined them. He could see that there was a certain amount of restraint upon both of them and so he was careful to avoid any subject of conversation that might add to the difficulty. When the table was cleared, and the trim servant-lass had left the room, he turned his chair towards the cheerful fire, and said:

"I suppose you are both wondering what wind has brought me to the Knowe to-night. If you will just listen to me patiently for a wee while, I'll tell you my story. I have only returned to-day from Aboyne, where I spent a short holiday. While I was away from home I had the fortune to meet with one who has a very kindly regard for you and yours. He has heard of your financial