

his troubled face, and on his grey hairs, which indicated the approaching age which might soon be rendered desolate. Yes, soon. Lisbeth Gray had already faced that possibility, and it had no terrors for her, save this of leaving the husband of her youth.

'I havena been weel this long time, faither,' she began, fixing him with her sweet, steadfast eyes. 'I thocht maybe it was just that I am gettin' auld, but noo I fear me it is something else.'

'What?' he asked, and his voice sounded strangely even to himself.

She put her hand to her side, and pressed it gradually downwards.

'There's something here. I dinna ken what, but I'd better see somebody. I think I'll go to Mrs. Denham's the morn, an' get her to tak' me to a doctor in Edinburgh.'

'Could we no gang the nicht?' he asked, and she smiled upon him with something of the arch sweetness of long ago.

'Eh, isn't that like a man! The great doctors dinna see folk at nicht, faither; ye've to wait their time. I'll gang by the nine train in the mornin', if ye like; an' dinna you worry, my man;