

out his orders. Procuring his horse from the stable, he mounted, and soon was carrying out the programme detailed for him.

In spite of the speed at which the horses moved, it was quite dusk when the carriage, followed by Alistair on horseback, passed under the ivy-covered archway leading from the north road into the Luncarty policies. A quiet glade was easily found where Sheila could be left. Alistair did not tie her up, but stroking her glossy neck, and whispering a word or two in her ear, he proceeded to the great door of the house, where he had seen the young ladies enter. On mentioning his business to the manservant who opened in answer to his knock, he was admitted, and shown into a small room opening off the entrance hall.

Miss Forbes soon came to him, and warmly grasped the young man's hand. When she had read her father's letter, she smiled, and then laughed merrily, saying as she left the room:

"Don't go away till I return, Alistair."

A few minutes passed in silence, then footsteps were heard approaching.

He looked up expecting to see Miss Forbes reappear, but what was his amazement and joy when he saw—not the daughter of his chief—but Elsie Garland, the fair young "White Rose of Darvel," as she was called by many of her friends, and to whom, when a student, he had pledged his youthful affection.

He did not wait to ask any questions, but taking her in his arms pressed kiss after kiss on her sweet lips, then, holding her by both hands, he pushed her gently from him, so that he could look at her lovely face. Then, in a voice trembling with excitement, he said:

"How are you here, my darling? I do not need to tell you of my gladness, for the greatest sorrow I had