

knows I'm friendly to her about Æneas, but for some reason that I canna fathom she's dubious of Æneas, and something's in her knowledge she's afraid that I'll find out!"

"Hoots!" said the Bailie, "it's all in your imagination!"

"Na, na!" said Annabel firmly. "Allow a woman! That girl would break her legs for him, and he's just as daft for her; if it wasna that she kens he is, and that I'm friendly, I might think that she was frightened she might lose him."

"But what were ye talkin' about to find this out?" her husband asked her.

"Petticoats! Just petticoats! What widths of bombazeen, and all about tucks and gathers—the lassie's daft! To think she could baffle me wi' her petticoats, and her cheek like ash and her face begrutten! Anything at all but talk of Æneas and his father's business! There's something curious in it, Alan!——"

She had got so far when something stopped her—an eager whisper. They had reached their house-front; Æneas lay out on the sill of an open window.

"I thought you would never come!" said he. "I have something curious to show you."

When they got in, he was still in the midst of papers. The milk she had left for him when she went out remained untasted. He had the ledger in his hands, with the back torn off for half its length, and a reading-glass that was sometimes used by his uncle lay on the table.

"Did you ever go through this book?" he asked his uncle.

His uncle stammered. "Well, in a way, I looked at it," he said with some confusion.

"Ye never did," cried Annabel. "Ye just sat over it and grat! That was the way I took the whole trash from ye and shoved it in the garret."

"Indeed I canna just exactly say I studied it," her man confessed. "It had, at the time, too much in it for me. I always meant to take another——"