

"Weel," answered the doctor, with a little comical shrug, "I'll be na doot vera' welcome, so I'll just gane."

And though the hour was late, and the night dark the kindly man crossed the loch with the tidings that were to give the gloomy owner of Dunbaan relief too great for words. Biddulph was standing smoking on the terrace before his house, with folded arms and a restless, miserable heart, when the tall form of the doctor emerged from the mist and approached him.

"Weel, Mr. Biddulph, I've brought a message for ye," he began.

"A message?" repeated Biddulph, quickly.

"Ay, fra' the young leedy at Rossmore. She bade me tell ye she'd be pleased to see ye in the morn." Then he told what he had really gone to tell, and Biddulph listened with deep emotion, and in silence wrung the doctor's hand.

"This ends all doubt, then," he said, a few moments later. "Thank God, at last I am free!"

Need we go with him on the morrow to Rossmore, or tell of the meeting which took place in the shady garden, during which at first few words were spoken? They met, these two, like those meet who together have escaped some great peril, and clasped each other's hands in silent joy. For to both the passing away of the bar between them—a bar uncertain, doubtful, Biddulph ever afterward maintained—was a release from a haunting shadow, a grief which only could have ended with the woman's death, whose deceit, or that of her twin-sister had darkened Biddulph's life.

And her secret died with her. Whether the woman that Biddulph had wedded long ago perished in the Glen of Balla, or by the hand of her so-called friend, remained among one of those unanswered problems of which human life is full. The mysterious likeness between the two sisters made it, in fact, impossible to tell the end of which doubtful and dishonored life set Biddulph free.