

"I don't know her, Margaret. What does she want?"

"She wants to see you, ma'am. The maister kens the story. It happened afore we cam. She ran awa."

"And she has come back, I suppose, in trouble?"

"Aye; and they'll no tak her in at the Mains, even her ain mither. Will ye see her, mem?"

"Yes; put her in the library, Margaret, and see that the fire is good," said Elizabeth, and as the door closed she turned to me. "I remember the story now; Keith told it to me. There was an Edinburgh artist at the Mains two years ago, painting the strath. Pretty Jeanie was fair amusement for him. He persuaded her to run away with him, but we thought they were married. What an old story it is! How often have you and I seen it played!"

She seemed saddened by the thought, and presently went down to see the suppliant, and I was left alone. But not for long. It was almost tea-time, and Mr. Hamilton usually turned in at that time, and we often said it was one of the jolliest hours of the day.

"Hulloa, you're there, and as sober as a judge," he called out cheerily, as he put his bright face inside the door. "Where's Elizabeth?"