

chair at Johns Hopkins; son Robin was shipped back to Auld Reekie for his education. His grandmother was a M'Lachlan of Strathlachan (I am sure she sounds respectable), and his vacations were spent in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.

So much could I gather; so much, and no more. Tell me, I beg, some gossip about my enemy — something scandalous by preference.

Why, if he is such an awfully efficient person does he bury himself in this remote locality? You would think an up-and-coming scientific man would want a hospital at one elbow and a morgue at the other. Are you sure that he did n't commit a crime and is n't hiding from the law?

I seem to have covered a lot of paper without telling you much. *Vive la bagatelle!*

Yours as usual,

SALLIE.

P.S. I am relieved on one point. Dr. MacRae does not pick out his own clothes. He leaves all such unessential trifles to his housekeeper, Mrs. Maggie McGurk.

Again, and irrevocably, good-by!