

clapped down upon the floor and wrought for twenty minutes at the planking with his knife. When he was done the candle of the lantern flickered out; its end was come; its final grease was spilt upon his boots.

In half an hour he was in his bed at home and sleeping like a boy.

The land was bathed in yellow light, and the forenoon well advanced when he got up next day and took his breakfast. Janet had had hers long hours ago; her rest had freshened her, but yet in her manner were uneasiness and restraint. From him to her there was conveyed some influence bodiless and secret—hints and premonstrations in his flattest tones, the twitching of his eyebrows, even in the breathing of his nostrils. His air affected her peculiarly.

"You were late of getting in this morning," she said to him.

"I was that!" he admitted. "It's no' a bite o' the night that'll do for me; I like to make a banquet o't."

"I know where you were," said Janet. "You were in the doocot."

He put down his spoon, laid his two hands flat on the table and looked at her.

"My grief!" said he, "ye're no' canny! How kent ye that?"

"Your shoes were covered with candle-grease," she answered, "and you werer't in any dwelling-house till that time of the morning. Besides, there was grain in them."

"Oh yes!" said he sharply, "that, so far as it goes, is pretty clever of you; but what for should ye think it was the doocot, Jennet? I never was in the place in all my life—till last night."

"I knew," she answered simply.

"There's many another place in the parish where one