

"'Twas some affair about an Indian woman that brought Allan to his end, I'm thinkin'," he added.

"Now, by Garrah," he warned, "I've just the same as put me life in your hands. If it ever is found out that Murty McGonigal was out that night with his gun, after swearin' that he'd kill the Laird, it might be bad for mesilf. Sure, there's manny a man would conclude I'd just changed me mind and killed Allan. Kape it quiet, or I might find mesilf in danger av gettin' me neck stretched."

"Av them letthers there," he said to Flora. "The two consarnin' the Sheriff was open, and I took the privilege av readin' them. The wan to yerself was sealed, and 'tis yet. 'Tis plain that when he was sober, the bye Allan was like the rest av us—a lot av bad and some good."

"I belave this is yours, Mr. Craig," he said, with a sly grin, as he handed the surveyor the ring, which for a few moments had done service at the wedding of Peter McIntyre and Ellen McPherson.

"Now I'll be goin'." At the edge of the bushes he paused and, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked: "Sure now, I hope ye two won't be fightin' whin' I'm gone."

Without a word Flora handed two of the letters to Craig. Perplexed beyond words he opened and read them.

One was a letter containing several bank notes, and a communication to the Sheriff, informing him that the money was to pay for the maintenance of John Mohr McIntyre in Perth jail. It was signed by the Chief. It bore no post marks, and had never been mailed.

The other, dated a week later, was a letter from the Sheriff enquiring why the monthly stipend for McIntyre's maintenance had not been forwarded, and warning the Laird that in case of its non-receipt by a certain date, McIntyre would be released.

Craig, the letters in his hand, stood staring at Flora speculatively.

"He seems to have befriended you," he questioned.

For answer she handed him the other letter addressed to herself.