

He held out his hand on a sudden; on its palm was a piece of metal.

"I cut that from the leather," he said; "it's part of the silver mounting—a buck's head wi' a motto—Lovat's crest!"

"And—and was there more?" asked Aneas, parched.

"There was," the *beachdair* answered. "At least your father may rest at the last in good Scots clods; it was what I said—the dirk!"

THE END.