

—if he were dead at all—in secrecy, with fearful possibilities which left all speculation on his fate a nightmare. She had little faith in the ability of Alan or of Æneas to clear the mystery; what trust she had was all in Ninian Campbell, and her call on Janet was, in truth, a call upon the *beachdair*.

She was a long time gone; so long that her husband went to look for her, and he met her on the street. She was someway roused, a nervousness was in her manner. "There's nothing fresh?" he asked her, wondering.

"No," she said, "but there's a thing that bothers me. It's Jennet Campbell. I canna get over her!"

She walked some yards in silence by his side, as they turned for home.

"Well?" said her husband. "What ails Jennet? She's none the worse, I hope, o' her jauntings? I thought, myself, last night, she was out of trim."

"Deplorably! And she's worse to-day. I thought it was right to call and ask for her, and learn perhaps what Ninian was doing. I kent he wouldna be losing time at packin' salt or rummaging in barrels."

"Just that, my dear!" said the Bailie. "Ye're in trim, yourself, whatever! And what's the news of Ninian?"

"He's out. He's away for the night wi' a penny candle in his pocket. She watched him leave Carmichael's shop and made an excuse to go there herself and find what he was buying."

Her man heaved up his shoulders. "It's no' wi' a candle Ninian need search," said he. "If it's Paul's concerns he's prying in, he'll need a bonfire. Where was he goin'?"

"It was there that Jennet puzzled me first, for she kens; I'm sure she kens, but she'll no' let on. Alan! there's something at the back of that girl's mind. She's frightened!"

"What for?"

"I canna tell ye that! But as sure as I'm a livin' woman, Jennet Campbell's frightened about something. It's in her eyes! I ken that girl as if she were my daughter; till yesterday her heart was bare to me; she