

"Ah, the poor body!" said Annabel

"Well, I thought to myself, 'What was that letter? And what for should Sandy want that man trepanned?' I looked at it like this—Paul had affairs with Sandy; he was going abroad; he wanted money; he wrote to Duncanson, his doer, and asked for it. But the thing was far past money with Duncanson; the crying need was death. Oh, man! I saw it all like print! Duncanson said, 'Yes, ye'll have the money; come and get it.' And your father, Æneas, never doubted Sandy. He came to Inveraray! He darena come by day, for his name was at the cross and on the doors o' kirks; he came down that glen in dark, and he met with Sandy under cloud of night. Where did they meet? In Drim-dorran House?"

"Never on earth!" cried Annabel. "Paul wouldna put a foot in't."

"And that was a thing I thought of, too. They met, I'll swear, in the glen! And then I ask the rogue of me what happened. The scaffold loomed for Duncanson. He had got a property by crime. Here was the only witness, nothing but his breath to make him dangerous. . . . He killed your brother, Alan, there and then!"

"I canna believe it!" cried the Bailie.

"I'm just as sure as if I saw it! It's what I would do myself if I were him. Consider, Alan—search yourself for the savage in you,—here is a glen in dark and loneliness, and a hunted man condemned by law who may bring ye to the scaffold. What for have we got pistol or the dirk except to use them for our own particular skins? . . . Somewhere in Glen Aray, Æneas, your father died! That box was taken from your father's corpse; to keep it was the worst mistake of Sandy."

"You have still produced no evidence that he came here," said Æneas, who was pallid.

"But I have plenty!" said the *beachdair*. "A dead man can be buried, or thrown in a linn with a stone tied to his neck, but a horse is not so easy hidden. Your father borrowed a horse from Lovat and never