

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS

"I have my reasons."

"No doubt you have a 'because' of your own. But what will Andrew say? He is not expecting you to leave to-morrow."

"I don't care what Andrew says."

"Sophy Traill!"

"I don't. Andrew Binnie is not the whole of life to me."

"Whatever is the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

Then there was a pause, and Christina's thoughts flew seaward. In a few minutes, however, Sophy began talking again. "Do you go often into Largo, Christina?" she asked.

"Whiles, I take myself that far. You may count me up for the last year; for I sought you every time."

"Ay! Do you mind on the road a real grand house, fine and old, with a beautiful garden and peacocks in it—trailing their long feathers over the grass and gravel?"

"You will be meaning Braelands? Folks could not miss the place, even if they tried to."

"Well then, did you ever notice a young man around? He is always dressed for the saddle, or else he is in the saddle, and so most sure to have a whip in his hand."

"What are you talking about? What is the young man to you?"