

having the box and making such fraca about its loss when he thought her son had taken it. Where did he get it? When did he get it? Tell me that and I'm at the end of my bit string! If Paul had the box with him at Glenshiel we're comin' close on the very hand that slew him. Was it sent from France?"

He gave a start as he asked the question, and beat his breast. "My grief!" he cried, "aren't we the fools to believe one word of Sandy's story when we have proved so much of it is false? *Was Paul in France at all?* Did he ever get out of Scotland? That's the thing I should have questioned from the first! If Paul was killed abroad, and the box in his possession, nobody would think of sending it to Duncanson. What for should they?"

"He might never have taken it with him to France," said Alan-Iain-Alain Og.

"Na, na!" said his wife. "Ye needna say such a thing to me! Wherever Paul went in the body, he had Selina's picture. He kept it like a watch below his pillow."

"Oh, man! if I were only sure he had it in the North!" said Ninian with eagerness, and turned as he said so to the opening door. Æneas entered, looking wearied: he had tramped for hours all round the country, and the first thing that his eyes fell on was the tarnished box he knew in his uncle's hand. He learned with amazement that the portrait was his mother's; he had never seen another.

"That I should not have guessed!" he said as he looked at it again, with moistened eyes. "And now, quite plain, I see myself in her as Lovat did."

Ninian glowered. "What's that ye say?" he shouted. "Did Lovat see this picture?"

"He did indeed, unless there chance to be another."

"There never was!" said Annabel. "And that's what made me long for't many a day."

"Then," said Æneas, "Lovat saw it. He saw it with my father that time at Castle Dounie."

"Are ye sure?" asked Ninian.