

have I seen?—the ruffian chiefs with their men for instruments, their cunning and their crimes; a land held under bondage to mere names! More poetry is in the life of the poorest fisher on Loch Fyne! But I couldna think my father such a man, nor moved by the springs that actuate such men as Lovat. He must have had some gleam, some vision worth the dying for; 'twas that that sent me North. I went a prince, in a mood of glory, and I came back a beggar, for I saw nothing there I would lift my hat to. There was only left for me the hope that there might, one time, have really been a cause that justified my father's ruin. His story was the only scrap left to me of my old romantics, and the sorest blow I have had in my life was this tale of Duncanson's. He says my father was suspected by his friends and challenged; that he died in the encounter twelve months after he left Scotland, and no one knows now where he lies."

"The lying's up in the big house with the candles in't," said Ninian hotly. "Where's Macfarlane?"

"He's dead, according to Duncanson. He died ten years ago."

"And where's the letters of your father and Macfarlane?"

"That I asked, of course. But they're no longer in existence. Duncanson had kept them in his desk till the day he fancied I had searched it, and then in terror of exposure he destroyed them all."

"My grief! isn't he the master-hand? Ye're in grips wi' the cleverest scamp in Scotland!"

He took off a shoe and shook the grains from it; the mildewed corn was to his ankles. Aneas for the first time saw with surprise the signs of questing.

"What were you doing here?" asked he.

"Seeking. Just seeking what's no in't that I can see—the cause of Sandy's terrors. When you were gone from your uncle's house I took Jennet home and came up the glen to meet you. It wasna altogether to meet you either, but to glisk again through this place. I was here to-night before and put it to the probe like any