

rencontre was already vanished—gone from the field in a shameful rout, and the enemy not yet in sight.

Feeling that new-recovered velvet chin of his with nervous fingers, he stood in the dark of the lobby swithering what he should do next. The house was full of the smell of celery; Drimdorran had some curious Lowland whims, and dined at the hour of four from the first day he became a laird; faint rumours of the kitchen wafted up the stairs at times, to hang about all evening like the mists upon Glen Aray. At the lobby-end—far-off, for the house was long and the passage stretched from wing to wing of it—a voice was booming from Drimdorran's closet room; Drimdorran never boomed with greater satisfaction to himself than after waking from the noisy doze which always followed on his dinner. Some one was in his room with him—not Margaret, his daughter, nor his ward, young Campbell, Æneas's other pupil; at times a grown man's voice broke in on a different key on the laird's delivery; he had an outside visitor.

Except for this familiar sound from old Drimdorran's business quarters, that night the passage might have been a gully of the wood abandoned to the dark, and vegetable odours; the quiet that held the dwelling was the quiet of suspense and expectation even though Drimdorran boomed.

"They have gone out; I wonder where they are?" thought Æneas, and walked along the passage. It had upon its flags a runner carpet—yet another of Drimdorran's Sassenach concessions,—and his footsteps made no sound. At the top of the service stair which led from the under-world of stanchioned windows where Drimdorran's celery soup was cooked, a man stepped out with a lighted candle and drew back, alarmed, when he ran against the tutor.

"King of the Elements, Master Æneas, but I got there the start!" he gasped. "You have chased the breath of me into my breast! This is a house that frightens me—so full of things in waiting. Shadows! Sounds! My loss, that I ever left the Islands! In the