

The three days of Rob's absence, so long to look forward to, sped away quickly enough, and they had nearly as much to tell him on his return as he had to relate of things strange seen and heard at the County town.

He had visited the jail in company with the other jurors, reported general condition good and recommended a few needful alterations, had passed on some cases from the southern townships; then this dreadful tragedy from right at home—Jamie and Sandy listened with bated breath for this.

"We brocht in a true bill," said Rob, "an' the trial will coom aff at first term o' Queen's Bench. It's a fearfu' thing t' sit in judgment on a man's life."

"It is that," said Jamie, "but we'll a' hae t' do oor duty as ceetizens. Ither twal' men'll hae harder wark. Ye'll ony said th' prisoner s'uld be tried, whilk na mon could doot; noo, wull yon find it's doonricht murder, or ony an innocent-like plan fer puttin' people awa?"

"Did ye see th' bit picthur 't yon fechtid ower?" asked Elspeth, to change the subject.

"I did mind 't. It's hingin' ower th' bench where th' judge sits. It's no that much tae fecht ower, ony but it's th' sign o' authority, 'n' th' Grenville fowk didna want 't tae gang o't o' th' county."

"We'll hae summat tae tell ye oorsel's, lad," said Sandy; "aiblins guid news: ane o' th' prospectors 's bin here."

"Ay, an' he drove home Jean's coo, Bess," said Phemie, wishing to add testimony to his qualifications.

"An' for why shud he drive Bess home?" asked Rob sharply.

"His dog harried her, an' he louped till th'