

lady," taking Marjorie's hand, "has plighted her troth to me ; and I am Robert Mossknow, *alias* Campbell, *alias* Roberts ; and, unless I'm much mistaken, the lawful heir of Linne."

EPILOGUE.

THE revelation of the young man's identity, which my reader has, no doubt, guessed from the first, came like a thunderclap, even on Marjorie. As for Linne, he was stupefied.

On that sudden tableau the curtain shall fall, for my little dramatic idyll of real life has ended and there is little more to tell,—save that Robert Campbell proved his identity beyond all question ; that Edward Linne wandered away from Linne Castle like a beaten hound ; and that, within a month, Robert and Marjorie were married in the old castle, by no less a person than the Rev. William Macgillvray, B.D., of the University of Glasgow.

THE END.