and dog-eared as the inventories of Ninian Campbell; it was from it that Æneas could gather easiest the nature of his father's dealings with his factor. A debit, always mounting, stood for years. The rents, such as they were, were rising; but so, it seemed, were the costs of the improvements on the property, and every now and then came in a loan from Duncanson—"to Paris," "to the care of Glendaruel," "to self at Martinmas." On some occasions these had been paid back with interest, after a few months' interval, but otherwise the loans were a constant burden.

Æneas was left for hours at this doleful business. His uncle had a gabbert at the quay with salt, and was at the cooperage, no more preoccupied with what he did there than with poetry; a fury was on him at the mad deception Duncanson had so long maintained, but most of all at this shocking latest accusation against Paul. The worst of it was, he had nothing to confute it! No, that was not the worst!—the worst was that the story might have just a grain of truth in it. It was ill to think of Paul—the loyal, even in folly—so much as turning a sleeve to betray his friends. And yet there were stories of such apostates in his cause—of men who kept up a connection with its victims, selling their plans for safety to themselves, or even for money. Could Paul, in some desperate hour, have played the spy? But it was incredible! His innocence of that the Duke could speak to: Alan would see the Duke and get the truth to-morrow. But the story spoiled his peace of mind to-day.

At gloaming, Annabel, with her parlour made untenable for her by reason of this resurrection of what she had thought was buried for good and all, left Æneas at his task with a glass of milk beside him, and went round to Janet Campbell's. For Annabel the story of the spying was a trifle, if the men spied on were rogues, as she honestly thought all Jacobites save Paul Macmaster; but she felt it hurt her indirectly through the anguish which it brought her nephew. For her it was more to the point that the father had in some way died