

a quirky one. Paul would look at that sly face and mind old Lovat's history, and say to himself, 'This man runs double; if he thinks I'm venturin' home he'll inform, and they will watch for me.' So he never said a word of Inveraray."

"But all this," broke out Bailie Alan, "is but speculation! What makes ye think Paul came to Inveraray?"

"He would never pass this door without a cry on us!" said Annabel.

Ninian shook his head. "That's the very bit!" he said. "I thought of that mysel'. Here were his kin and offspring, and his heart was warm, and he was going to banishment. Would he go past this house at night and not come in? . . . He never passed! The whole thing lies before me like a strath seen from the mountain-top: your brother came down the glen, but never got any farther. . . . Have ye a bite of bread? I've tasted nothing all this day, and now I'm like the wolf."

Annabel put bread before him and some milk.

"But are ye sure, Ninian, that he came this way at all?" the Bailie asked, still doubting.

"As sure as I hear the wave beat on the shore, there! When he left Castle Dounie he made straight for here, and met with Duncanson. How did Sandy have the box? When ye told me, Æneas, that Lovat saw the picture with your father, I knew the worst—that Sandy had destroyed him with his own hand! I knew then what the letter meant that Lovat wrote to Duncanson and brought the death to him—he was afraid of Fraser. That man in the Muir of Ord knew something. He must be shipped with us, if Duncanson would sleep.

"Now, I had the good sense to ask the wife of Fraser for his history. Fourteen years ago he was a man of Lovat's. He carried letters. I thought, when she told me that, of Duncanson, and asked if her man had carried letters to Argyllshire. She told me he had once been there, and it was to Duncanson, with a letter from a gentleman Macmaster. He brought an answer back, and she knew the very day and date; a child was born to her that morning."