

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTERGLOW.

BUT who shall describe the joy, the dismay of old Dr Macintosh! Joy that his favourite adopted son had at last been freed from such a life-long nightmare; dismay that his theory had after all been entirely wrong. It was humbling; it made him quarrelsome, and he pounced upon Hetty Tranent as the sole cause of the mistake. She must have invented the whole scene as she described it to Dr Arbuckle, he maintained. But Arbuckle strenuously defended Hetty. She had seen and heard enough to excite suspicion; probably, he might in his sleep, have thrown himself across Ramsay, and he have shaken him off. That was all she could have seen. The rest her imagination had conjured up, inspired by the horror of the morning's discovery. But that she was entirely sincere in her belief there could be no manner of doubt. Dr Macintosh had no patience with him.

"As sincere as she was when she came and denounced you as a wilful—"

"George, my dear!" expostulated his wife, whose interest in the matter was as great as his own, only she had no theories upset, therefore could be calm.

"By the way, Miss Stobie, did you ever see or hear anything of Dr Bruno after I left?" inquired Mrs Arbuckle, dexterously changing the subject.

"Oh, yes, frequently. The Doctor, you know, sold out his interest and agency in the Eureka Mina at a fair