

also; and I'll say this, that in patties you're an artist, not to speak of collops and toddy. You've a way with a braxy ham, too, that makes the mouth water at the thought of it. Yes, you're a woman of accomplishments, Janet, though you don't know how to cook a syllogism."

"If you tell me about it, sir, I'll try," said Janet modestly, whereat the laird roared to the forgetting of his anger and his sprained ankle.

"It's too dry, Janet," he replied, wiping his eyes. "You could make nothing of it, for all the fat in Glenveagle wouldn't soften it. It's fit neither for roasting nor boiling, for stewing nor frying. We won't have syllogism for dinner, thank you. As to the reading, let me see——" He cast his eye on a remote shelf near the ceiling, on which reposed some dusty volumes.

"There's a book up there on Eternal Punishment, Janet," he said. "My mother's sister—the Colonel's wife, you mind—left it to me thinking I needed a warning, and I've never opened it. Hand it down: we'll see what the fellow makes of hell." His face grew suddenly grim. "If it's worse than some places you and I know, Janet, we owe the ancient enemy our sympathy."

Three days he kept to the rear part of the house, moving, with Ian's aid, from his bedroom to his sitting-room, and back again from his sitting-room to his bedroom. On the fourth day, which completed the enemy's triumph, he became explosively irritable, poured upon Ian a torrent of wrath that would have cost any other man a broken head, fell foul of Janet's cookery, cursed the writer on theology for "a doitering idiot," and cast his book into the empty grate as in token of the burning it deserved. All afternoon he sat glooming at the crags through the little square of a window, fierce, silent, foodless, an incarnation of rankling misery and smouldering fury.

When Dunveagle woods began to darkle in the gloaming