

the corners of his mouth, and a far-away sparkle in his keen grey eyes, as of one to whom revelation is no new thing.

"Ha! Beautiful! beautiful!" he mused, when Pam had finished, and was looking with a timid, sub-radiant eagerness from one to the other. "There'll be a scandal, of course. That's the proper penalty for not having confided your trouble into the care of Holy Church." Here the Doctor made a savage thrust with the poker through the grate-bars, and stirred and stirred up the red coals till they glowed to incandescence. "But better late than never. Leave it to me. Leave it to me, dear child. Our spiritual Mother never yet turned away from any suppliant that sought her with true faith and humility. We'll do our best for you. Of course, the business is not so bad as it would be if it had been unexpected. But fortunately, we've been prepared for it. No mistaking the symptoms. As I confided to the Doctor here . . . the affair, from the first, pointed to only one termination."

"Not tae me, ye didn't!" the Doctor negatived, with emphatic directness. "Ye said naethin' about tairr-minations tae me."

"Ha! Not?" His Reverence raised eyebrows of a reflective, incredulous surprise, as though he were trying to think through it. "I had the impression. . . . But. . . . Ha! Of course. To be sure. I beg your pardon. Anderson. Quite right! quite right! It was to my brother cleric I said it."

"Verra possible," the Doctor acquiesced, as though, apart from his own disputed share in it, the matter did not trouble him.

And the tale, as Ullbrig will tell it you to this day, goes on to relate how Pam would not return to the Post Office, but took up her post as nurse by the Spawer's bedside, and could hardly endure to let a bite pass her lips thereafter, for her care of him, till he made the mend.

And that same morning, news travelled to Ullbrig that the schoolmaster had been found, roaming and raving like a madman, in the neighbourhood of Prestnorth—where a married cousin of his was living—and was in bed now at her house, with brain fever. Not likely to get better, the rumour said, but therein it proved false, for a fortnight later he resigned the mastership of Ullbrig School, and wrote, at the same time, to Miss Morland, requesting that his effects might be despatched to him by carrier as soon as she could conveniently find leisure to undertake the commission. Another letter