

far too good and simple, Æneas, for a man like you. *What way did your father die, and where?*"

"I am coming to that. Duncanson, part from spite at my uncle, as he now admits, but mostly, as he says with abject shame, to stick to what he had prematurely grabbed, never divulged that he was keeping my father abroad, supplied with Drimdorran rents. And just as we suspected, he destroyed my father's letters to my uncle and to me."

Ninian started. "Let me think!" said he, and held his chin. "Well, well! What else?" he said in a little, with a steely glitter in his eyes.

"My father lived a shiftless life in France——" A cloud came over Æneas's manner. "He went about from place to place without a settlement. All Duncanson's letters to him were addressed to the care of a Scot, Macfarlane, with a shop in Havre; and the thing came to an end with a letter from Macfarlane sending back the last of Duncanson's. My father died in Paris——"

"Who saw him die?" shot Ninian.

Æneas wrung his hands, with his visage furrowed. "That is the bitter thing!" he said. "That is——that is what revolts me! I have only the old man's word for it, but he says my father at the last—— . . . He changed his politics. . . . He mixed among the Jacobites, and sent their plans——"

"A spy!" cried Ninian, and spat. "A turncoat spy! Oh-h-h, isn't that the damned rogue!"

"My father, sir?" said Æneas, whitening.

"No, no, no, no! Ye silly boy! But Duncanson! I knew your father little, Æneas, but I knew his stamp and know his kin. There never was a traitor named Macmaster! There, sure enough, is Sandy lying. Blow on your *griosach* now, and have a fire; ye never can wrestle wi' a rogue until ye hate him."

"You hearten me!" cried Æneas. "I doubted it! I doubted it! Oh, Ninian, if you could understand what it means to me to have my father's memory clean! It was the last that was left to me of that romance that made the Highlands cry in me like trumpets. And what