

the *Gelder* for a mile and a half, the dogs, which had come up, following us, and the Empress talked a great deal, and most pleasantly, about former times.

When we came back to the little Shiel, after walking for an hour, we had tea. Brown had caught some excellent trout and cooked them with oatmeal, which the dear Empress liked extremely, and said would be her dinner. It was a glorious evening—the hills pink, and the sky so clear.

We got back at twenty minutes past six, and the Empress drove back to *Abergeldie* with her lady.