

on. Weeping may endure a night for death and wrong, but love's the morning; we begin afresh. And you will think me a strange man that every fresh discovery of your father's makes me the sorrier for that poor wretch who surely never knew what love was, and can never learn it now. It was not my father's life was marred, but Duncanson's; my father's death was glorious compared with his, even if it were as your father thinks. It's for the sake of that poor clay I hope it wasna."

"You may be sure my father's right," said Janet quietly. "This time he'll find what he is wanting."

"In the doocot?"

She nodded.

"Tell me why you say so."

"I know! I have known it for a week."

"But how?" he cried.

"For not one reason you will listen to, Æneas, but the foolish first was that I loathed the doocot. I hated it since ever I guessed that you were there that night with Margaret, and when my father told me how your troubles started there, I seemed in a flash to see what Duncanson had done. My father might talk about France and your father dying there, but somehow I could think of nothing but the doocot, and Duncanson's cold fishy hand. Believe me, Æneas, that's where your father lies!"

He soothed her agitation; she was shaken like a leaf. "You should have told your father what you thought," he urged, but gently.

"I daren't!" she said. "I was afraid. I hoped he never would discover; my happiness looked like depending on his not discovering. And you need not ask me now for why; I'm too ashamed to tell you. Some day——"

"Ah, never mind!" he said in a gush of sudden pity at her turmoil.

He had no faith in her intuitions, and even from Ninian's search expected little. When he got back to the house, he found them there of the same opinion—that the *beachdair's* reasoning had gaps in it patched up with mere surmise.