

Adair. It's natures like his that either make or mar themselves. There will be no middling course for Robin—either he'll come to something great and be a world's wonder, or he'll sink lower than the low."

"He must not be allowed to sink, then, John," said Adair, quickly. "What you tell me interests me inexpressibly. Tell me one thing—do you think he feels that he has not had sufficient education?"

John smiled a slow smile.

"It depends upon what you mean by education, Miss Adair. Of book lore he has maybe had but a small share in his youth, but he has made up for it since. Maybe you'll no believe me that he can speak three languages besides his own. Every penny of his earnings except what he pays to his mother for his keep is spent on books and on lessons, and every spare moment is g'iven up to that alone. A man that can dae that will make his mark."

"You astonish me," said Adair, and, indeed, she looked much impressed. "Then, what makes you say that you fear he might sink low? A man who is so devoted to intellectual pursuits would never debase himself in any way."

John shook his head.

"Ah, but there's a queer strain in him, Miss Adair. He belongs to no common folk; if only I could get a clue to his birth I would maybe ken better how to deal with him."

"Then you think he will not long stay here?" said Adair.

"I am sure of it. He is not putting all that knowledge into his mind to put it out again on wool spinning," said John, with a dry smile. "But them that lives longest 'll see maist."