

was, wasn't half good enough for Olga Trevelyan, it is probable that in the end he will illustrate the truth of his own vaticination, and console himself in a few years' time with some other girl more nearly his coeval.

As to Sir Donald Mackinnon, when he recovered, somewhat from his first fright, and came to think the matter over seriously, he would shake his sapient head at times and mutter in a wise voice to his friend Keen,—

“My dear sir, that young doctor-fellow explained the thing on strict scientific principles very glibly and eloquently, no doubt : but for my part, I must say, between you and me, when I come to put two and two together, I somehow fancy that in spite of everything, there must be a little kernel of truth after all in the Kalee business.”

To which Mr. Keen would answer with a solemn shake of his head,—

“Nonsense, Mackinnon ; that 's all your pure Highland superstitiousness and nonsense. Do you want me at my time of life to begin believing in a whole pack of heathen gods and goddesses ? The less said about Kalee, I think, the better. Between you and me, if it comes to that, it's a precious good thing for us two that that young doctor-