

and he was ready for all sorts of heroic nonsense, as I called it. We talked of everything, but the one thing, and about that we said not a word till, bending low to poke my fire and to hide my face, I plunged;

"You will see her, of course?"

He made no pretence of not understanding, but answered:

"Of course."

"There is really no sense in her staying over there," I suggested.

"And yet she is a wise woman," he said, as if carefully considering the question.

"Heaps of landlords never see their tenants, and they are none the worse."

"The landlords?"

"No, the tenants."

"Probably, having such landlords."

"And as for the old lady, there must be some one in the connection to whom it would be a Godsend to care for her."

"Now, Connor," he said quietly, "don't. We have gone over all there is to be said. Nothing new has come. Don't turn it all up again."

Then I played the heathen and raged, as Graeme would have said, till Craig smiled a little wearily and said:

"You exhaust yourself, old chap. Have a pipe, do;" and after a pause he added in his own way, "What would you have? The path lies straight from my feet. Should I quit it? I could not so disappoint you—and all of them."

And I knew he was thinking of Graeme and the lads in the mountains he had taught to be true men. It did not help my rage, but it checked my speech; so I smoked in silence till he was moved to say: