

should think herself not good enough for a Macmaster, even if he wore the banners!"

"Stop, stop!" she cried, ashamed; "you go too fast for me. For all that there is between us—just a word!"

"There's not much need for words at the age of you: it's in the eyes, and I have seen him look at you in yon bit coach of Duncan's till my face was blazing. By God, you'll marry him! And it's not the tongs will do for Ninian Campbell's daughter!"

The upper buttons of his waistcoat burst; he was inflamed and swollen with injured pride. She picked up one that fell to the floor and polished it along her sleeve; she stood abashed like a little child.

"You put me to my shame, father!" she said.

"Yes," he cried, "and you put me to my shame that you should harbour fancy for a lad as poor's a dish-clout, and turn from him with your tail between your legs when you find he's like to be a landed gentleman. The one thing I will not have in child of mine is that she should be humble! I would sooner have you wicked! I would sooner have you dead! My grief! are you not Macgregor?"

"But I am not humble!" she said. "It is because I am proud I do not want a man to marry me because he may think it is his duty, and he is just the man that, having gone so far, would do it. So long as he was poor I had no doubt of him, and I was happy. I would have followed him across the world, but you are going to spoil him for me, bringing back to him Drimdorran. How am I to tell now that he wants me for myself? I'm frightened, father—frightened!"

Ninian rubbed his chin. "My loss!" said he, "that your mother was not to the fore; she maybe could have understood ye! Ye beat me! But one thing I'm determined on—ye'll marry him! An hour ago I couldna let myself think o' ye marryin' anybody, but now we've got this length my mind's made up,—I'll never rest till I get proof that Sandy killed his father: that's all that's needed now to get Drimdorran for him. He's bound to