

quite irrelevant to his commission. "They're like the pipes," he said to her. "A man wi' pipes in his oxter's always bold, and wi' me it's the same wi' papera."

He went to the castle with a fancy that it would be in an uproar over Forbes's tidings from the North, and he found it like a church. The great room he was put in, with its shelves of books, and pictures, iron suits, and banners, had the hush of a necropolis. The only sound in it was when a cinder fell upon the hearthstone. A drum was hanging on the wall beside a window with a silk band round it marked with the names of Ramillies and Malplaquet; he knew it had drummed MacCailein up on battle mornings, and he itched to tap it with his fingers. Far off in the house a door was shut and another opened; some one played a flute. A curtain parted, and the Duke came in.

"Well, Ninian Campbell," he said, "I thought before this to hear you barking."

For a moment the *beachdair* hung on the meaning of this speech, and then he smiled.

"I never bark, your Grace," said he, "till I have the beast at bay."

"Come away in here till I speak to you," said MacCailein, backing between the curtains.