

"Do you know, Ivan, that by your mad folly you seriously endanger the McAllister estates? An' though it is well known at court that I am not a Jacobite, yet I have many enemies who will soon tell the King my son is with the rebels. You endanger, too, your brother Nowell's position at court."

"Well, father, I have promised to go, and a McAllister never breaks his word."

"What! you are determined? You persist in your selfish course of folly? You will go in spite of all I say?"

"Yes, father, I must go, my word is pledged."

The McAllister's ruddy face grew white with anger, he clenched his hands as if he would strike his son and by main force reduce him to obedience, then with a great effort he controlled his anger and said in an ominously calm voice: "Then, Ivan McAllister, I tell ye, never mair shall ye set foot in this house, at least, when I am above ground; never mair call yourself son of mine, and may——" raising his right hand solemnly as if invoking supernatural aid.

But here he was interrupted by a gentle voice which said:

"Nay, nay, Nowell, ye shall not curse your son," and a soft hand was laid on his upraised arm.