

Since the moment when Marjorie and Linne had parted in anger the two had not met, and now she hardly looked at him, but she gave her hand to the lawyer and sat down near him. The old man put on his spectacles and looked at her curiously.

"You are a very peculiar young lady," he said. "What do you mean by all this?"

Marjorie laughed.

"Mean by what, sir?" she asked.

"Why, by throwing about your money in this way, and making over valuable estates as if they were farthing candles. Bless my soul! it's like turning the world topsy-turvy. Here is a will that it took my old friend the laird several months to think out, calmly cast aside like a straw upon the wind."

"But what could I do, Mr. Menzies?"

"What could you do? Why, keep the will, of course. What do you suppose these things are made for, if not to be followed?"

"I have carried out my guardian's wish," said Marjorie firmly.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, that is just what you have not done."

"He wished," continued the girl, hurriedly and nervously, "to keep the estates all together, and to have them owned by one of his own kin."

"Then why didn't he say so?"

"He did say so very often, to *me*."

"But he did not write it in his will. What he said there was this——"

He produced a copy of the will and seemed