

The ancient had then sat down among the heather to a great dish of brown and swimming collops. Personally, as far as my stomach went, I could not love the deer so much, loved I not on a moor, with concomitant Spey Royal to drown the taste. Nor was that likely to happen in this case. The absence of old friends one can endure with equanimity. But even a momentary separation from anyone to whom one has just been introduced is almost unbearable. Circumstances, I thought, as I looked over at the man, alter cases. I would give the rogue a chance. "Have you a good memory?" I asked. "Intermittent but long," he answered. That signed his death warrant. Well, signatures were his business. The gold was being cleared out of the light ; the remaining silver was, how shall I say?, unsatisfactory. I also had flaunted the panache---it lay at that moment beneath my lips---to the public without ever having been satisfied with it.

NOTES