

happen Donald. But oh, the fond, foolish heart! I loved him more than any of his brothers, because I was to lose him soon; and though when he left me I took farewell of him for ever, — for I knew I was never, never to see him more, — I felt, till the news reached me of his fall in battle, as if he were living in his coffin. But oh! do tell me all you know of his death. I am old and weak, but I have travelled far, far to see you, that I might hear all; and surely, for the regard you bore to Donald, you will not suffer me to return as I came.’

“But I need not dwell longer on the story. I imparted to the poor woman all the circumstances of her son’s death as I have done to you; and, shocking as they may seem, I found that she felt rather relieved than otherwise.”

“This is not quite the country of the second sight,” said my friend; “it is too much on the borders of the Lowlands. The gift seems restricted to the Highlands alone, and it is now fast wearing out even there.”

“And weel it is,” said one of the men, “that it should be sae. It is surely a miserable thing to ken o’ coming evil, if we just merely ken that it is coming, an’ that come it must, do what we may. Hae ye ever heard the story o’ the kelpie that wons in the Conon?”

My friend replied in the negative.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE STORY OF THE DOOMED RIDER.

“THE Conon,” continued the man, “is as bonny a river as we hae in a’ the north country. There’s mony a sweet