

to him that here there was a Jacobite of some importance, to whom communications were being sent by the Prince. If he could only secure these and return with them to his own leader in Edinburgh it would mean a feather in his cap when the insurrection was over and honors were being handed around. Quietly but swiftly he stepped upon the well-kept grass that bordered the avenue, and by keeping well in the shade of the overhanging trees was soon within a few feet of the unsuspecting Charles. With one wild dash he sprang upon the carrier, hurling him to the ground. But his opponent was not one to yield without a struggle. Over and over the two contestants rolled, the advantage seeming for a time to be doubtful. Kilgour's physique was coarse and muscular, while Charles was lithe and wiry. Fearing lest brute force should prevail, he resorted to stratagem, and feigning to be stunned and played out he gradually ceased struggling. Now was Kilgour's chance. He tore open the carrier's coat and began to rifle its pockets, when, like a shaft from a bow, Charles sprang to his feet and by an adroit kick partially disabled his opponent and completely overpowered him. Snatching his cravat from his throat, he quickly bound his hands behind his back, and with a firm grasp on his left arm forced him to precede him to the house. Leslie's vigorous knock at the door speedily brought the old man-servant, and behind him the laird. Mr. Murray, as he first appeared to Charles Leslie, was a splendid specimen of his class. Tall and erect, in spite of his advanced age, he looked what he was—the scion of a family that had in its time helped to make the history of Scotland.

“What means all this noise at my doors? Who are you, sir?” addressing Charles, “and who is this man whom you bring here bound?”