

## CHAPTER IV.

## SEEKING A SPY.

THE wail of a mountain pipe, poorly played, as any one accustomed to its strains would have admitted, even if the instrument were one he loved, and altogether execrable in the ears of Montaignon, called him to the *salle*, where Doom joined him in a meal whereof good Mungo's jugged hare formed no part. Mungo, who had upheld ancient ceremony by his crude performance on the *piob mhor*, was the attendant upon the table,—an office he undertook with his bonnet on his head, “in token,” as his master whisperingly explained to Count Victor, “of his sometimes ill-informed purpose of conducting every formal task in Doom upon the strict letter of military codes as pertained in camps, garrisons, and strongholds.” It was amusing to witness the poor fellow's pompous precision of movement as he stood behind his master's chair or helped the guest to his humble meal; the rigidity of his inactive moments, or the ridiculous jerkiness with which he passed a platter as 'twere to the time of a drill-sergeant's baton. More amusing still for one able, like Count Victor, to enter into the humour of the experience, was it to have his garrulity get the better of him in spite of the military restraint.

“The Baron was telling me aboot your exploit wi' the Loch Sloy pairty. Man! did I no' think ye had come by boat,” he whispered over a tendered ale-