

A light," he cried, "that we may see what manner of man he is who thus comes seeking admittance."

"There are two of us," said the stranger politely. "You had better see us both. Come forward," he added, turning to his companion. "Now, sir," addressing the officer, "be pleased to satisfy yourself."

The officer took the torch into his own hand, flashing it into their faces and up and down their persons repeatedly and deliberately, as if noting every line and button of their dress. He understood at once they were no common men of the mountains. One was in full Highland garb, that is to say the saffron shirt, the *breacan feile* or belted plaid secured on the shoulder with a silver brooch, the short slashed coat and the buskins, leaving the leg bare from thigh to ankle. The second, who seemed to be chief, was also in the habit of the Gael, save that he wore the Tartan truis, or long hose, in addition to the plaid, shirt and Tartan jacket. This, as the dress of the Scoto-Irish, made the officer pause in wonder. For plume both men had a rip of oats in their bonnets, and for arms they carried broadsword and pistol.

"Whence come ye?" asked the officer in evident perplexity.

"A long, tedious march," answered the foremost. "And as we bear tidings of the gravest importance, we crave immediate audience of your leader. If it please you, therefore, have the goodness to conduct us to him."

"There be two words about that, my friend," was