

"An' hae ye nae heard the news? Darvel and his men have joined the Prince, and Alistair is awa wi' the lave."

"What! they've gane withoot me. Oh, Tibbie it's ower bad, and me sae willing to go."

He paused for a moment or two, as if deep in thought, then added:

"Ah! well, my father and mother are no as young as they once were, and it wouldna hae been right to leave them alone. Never mind, I'll maybe get a chance yet to show my loyalty."

"Ye dinna need to fear, Maister Charles; ye'll get yer turn as weel as the lave."

"Hoo's my uncle, Tibbie? I've been sae taen up wi' this grand news that I've never even asked for him."

"Oh, he's fine. But ye never saw such an auld fule as he was when he heard of the gatherin'. Naething wad suit him but that I should rank oot his auld Fraser tartan kilt and plaid that he wore in the 'Fifteen'; and, nicht after nicht, when he cam' hame frae the coort, and had gotten his dinner, he wad come ben the hoose to the kitchen, and polish awa' at his auld claymore, as if he had been gaun to tak' the road wi' the young folks."

Just as Tibbie was beginning to wax eloquent in her narration of her master's "antics," as she called them, who should come in but Mr. Fraser himself. Hearing Tibbie's loud tones, he came to find out what was the matter.

"Weel, weel, Charlie, and it's you is it? How are ye, man? I'm blithe to see you. Corrie awa' but' to my room, and tell me a' the news."

Charles followed his uncle, and while Tibbie busied herself in setting the dinner table, the two enjoyed a pleasant conversation in the room which was the old bachelor's study and living-room.