

MacLeod made a noise as if mouth and throat were dry-baked, flushed deeply, and looked furtively at his wife. "I would the lodgings were better," he said, "but 'tis all I can offer."

"I trouble you," said Montrose apologetically. "Think not of a chamber for me. A chair makes a fine resting-place, and indeed will suit most admirably, seeing that I must be off by peep of day."

With that he made as though to return to the apartment he had just left; but one of the men stepping instantly forward barred his way. "Why, MacLeod," he cried, crushing down a terrible suspicion, "what have we here? Methinks this too attentive hospitality were fitter for a prisoner than a guest."

MacLeod's cruel, crafty eyes dropped. "Your lordship's bed has been made ready down below," he responded sullenly.

"Manifestly my coming is untimely," said Montrose, like one who would apologise for an intrusion. "More than once it has been my misfortune to cause my friends an inconvenience I would fain spare them. Luckily in this instance the remedy is at hand. Finding myself marvellously refreshed by the refection your goodness has furnished I will even now pursue my way."

"No," returned MacLeod, his face lurid and devilish, "you cannot do that!"

"Cannot?" repeated Montrose, with a note of amazement.