

CHAPTER V.

THE FLAGEOLET.

HE woke from a dream of pressing danger and impotent flight to marvel where he was in darkness; fancied himself at first in some wayside inn midway over Scotland, and sat up suddenly with an exclamation of assurance that he was awake to the supposititious landlord who had called, for the sense of some sound but stilled on the second of his waking was strong within him. He fastened upon the vague starlit space of the little window to give him a clue to his situation. Then he remembered Doom, and, with the window for his key, built up the puzzle of his room, and wondered at the cause of his alarm.

The wind had risen and sent a loud murmur through the trees along the coast; the sea, in breakers again, beat on the rock till Doom throbbed. But there was nothing in that to waken a man who had ridden two days on coarse roads and encountered and fought with banditti. Decidedly there was some menace in the night; danger on hard fields had given him blood alert and unsleeping; the alarum was drumming at his breast. Stealthily he put out his hand, and it fell as by a fiddler's instinct upon the spot desired—the hilt of his sword. There he kept it with his breath subdued, and the alarum severely quelled.

An owl's call sounded on the shore, extremely