

"You fear to trust me," exclaimed the young officer, evidently perturbed at this repulse; "and yet, the Farquharsons have shown more times than enough, that they are willing to shed their last drop of blood for your family. Chevalier de St. George, as you are called by your French friends, Prince of Wales and rightful heir to the crown of England, as you should be more truthfully termed, I cannot be mistaken in"—

"Well, well, so be it. I am that unfortunate James Stuart;" petulantly interrupted the disguised prince, in a species of bravado. "Go on; but take heed for yourself. I am not one to be made an easy prisoner."

Great beads of perspiration gathered upon the forehead of Glenbucket. With a ludicrous gesture of despair, he drew both pistols from his belt and handed one of them to the Chevalier.

"There seems no present need of these weapons, Your Highness," remarked Farquharson placidly. "The sound of their discharge would merely bring my boat's crew about your ears and make serious trouble where there need be none. My father followed your sire's ill fortunes and sacrificed both life and estate in the good cause. On his death he gave me a miniature, by which I recognized Your Highness almost at first sight. He bade me ever wear this portrait close to my heart. While I am in the service of your sister Anne, the present sover-