

started away, I heard the same mad voice snarl sentence upon the hapless Spaniards.

As I went through the outskirts of the throng a heavy hand fell on my shoulder. I looked up and into the face of my father, Angus Maclean. By the sullen glow of the red-hot ship, I fancied a troubled look in his eyes.

"Go home, lad," he said, sternly, but not unkindly. "This is no place for bairns."

The terror of the night's doings gripped at my young imagination. I ran toward our house as fast as I could go. The road followed the half-moon shore from the clachan to the farmhouse. It seemed to me every tree was a thing of evil, as the guttering flames of the Spanish ship flickered across my path.

I must have gone about half the distance to the house when I came to a stop with my heart throbbing in my throat. Not ten yards ahead of me was something, tall and lightly swaying. I thought I knew every tree and paling-stab on that road, and it was the instinct of the uncommon that bade me halt. There should have been no tree or stab there—in the middle of the road!

Still the thing remained. The thought came to me that if it was a man, he was watching me. My first impulse was to run back and tell my father. But the fear of ridicule was ever too much for a Campbell.

There was a ditch by the roadside. Into this I slipped, my heart floundering as helplessly as my