

out that it's somewhat easier letting the grip go than getting it again. Alastair Macdonald's compliments and duty to the gentlemen who sent you, and say that as he has never learned how to surrender, he humbly hopes they will not expect him to take lessons now."

"I will convey your refusal," said Murray, and bowing bonnet in hand, strode off.

Colkitto watched a moment, his eyes flashing, his lips clenched. "There goes an eaglet with sharp claws," he said, turning to his officers. "It seems we are to try the colour of Atholemen's blood. 'Twill be brave sport; for it were less honourable to fight three louts of clan Diarmid, with Argyle himself at their back, than one red-shanked Stewart or Robertson left to his own devices. To your defences, and let not a rogue of them pass the outer gate alive."