

came to Luncarty House. There he saw Elsie and the two daughters of the laird, who welcomed his happy face as a gleam of sunshine from home.

He told his tale as briefly as possible, and having received many loving messages to the absent ones, returned to the city, and was soon fast asleep in bed.

Next morning saw him up betimes, and once again on the road. He had made up his mind to convey his stock of provisions to Darvel's troop, wherever they might be, but he had to use the greatest care in asking for information as to the route taken by the army, lest his intentions might be discovered and frustrated. However, his "mother-wit," as he called it, stood him in good stead. At the close of a long day's journey he found himself at the Bridge of Stirling, after crossing which he made a considerable detour, to avoid inquisitive strangers. His equipage was so entirely that of an ordinary rural carrier, and he himself so thoroughly conversant with the ways of these men, that no one seemed to have any suspicions regarding him. At the quaint, old-world hamlet of St. Ninian's he found a quiet wayside inn, with good accommodation for man and beast, and here he rested for a night and a part of the next day. Mine host was evidently not without sympathy for the Prince, and gave his guest a glowing account of the hasty retreat of Colonel Gardiner and his men, who had been seen hurrying eastward but a very short time before the advent of the Jacobites. Charles showed no particular leaning to either side, but at the same time listened with intense interest to his tale. The two men discussed their ale and oatencakes as though they had been old friends; neither spoke of his hopes, but each understood the other. In the forenoon of the following day, when Charles resumed his journey, Boniface gave him a hearty good-day, and bade him be sure and call on his way home, with the