

furnished, and with windows so small that it was quite impossible for a grown man to effect his escape in that way.

"Here is your bedroom, Mr. Alan Kilgour; not luxurious, 'tis true, but good enough for one of your despicable character. I am sorry that the exigencies of the case will necessitate our locking the door. In the morning we will determine what to do. Take off your shackles, Mr. Leslie."

Having seen him securely confined, the laird and his visitor returned to the ladies, who were anxiously waiting to hear all that Charles had to relate. The various letters were carefully perused and the whole affair was eagerly discussed. The midnight hour had struck on the old clock in the hall when the household retired to rest.

In the morning Mr. Murray, in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace, committed Kilgour to the common jail in Perth to await his trial. A meeting of the magistrates was held, and it was decided to retain him in custody pending further inquiry. On the morning of the second trial the jailor who went to escort the prisoner to the Justice Hall found that the bird had flown, and the warder who had him in charge had also disappeared.

There was no reason for Charles remaining any longer in Perth, and so he made his way home as speedily as possible.

Kilgour, in the meantime, had succeeded in returning to his regiment, which was now lying at Prestonpans.

The story of the short but decisive battle fought there between the Jacobites, under the Prince, and the Hanoverians, under Sir John Cope, has often been told, but there is an element of romance as well as of humor about it that makes it ever welcome to those who favored the old line. All night the two armies lay around their