

"That is well, and of our people?"

"Some are deed. They came back to bury 'em to-day. Some they tuk prisoners; and some, as yerself advised, Miss, went awa' for guid and all."

"I'm glad they did. But you've something else to tell me, Andrew?"

"Yes, and I don't know whether it's guid news or bad," he said reflectively. "But it's somethin' that happened this afternoon."

"Go on, please. We have so little time."

"I'm gettin' on as fast as I can, ye ken. I think it was about four o'clock, it might ha' been four fifteen, but I'm sure it wasna four twenty—"

"What does the exact time matter?" said Marie, impatiently.

"It matters enough, lass. There's nothin' like being pertickler in little things—then the big yuns'll take care of themselves."

"A very true saying, Andrew. Go on."

"That's what I'm doin'. If ye didna interrupt the auld man he'd gang along brawly. Mind, I'm not complainin', Miss."

"I know you are not. I won't interrupt you again, Andrew."

"Well, as I was saying, a big barge with eight sojers in it rowed up to the little back wharf this afternoon. They all did nothin' but stay right wi' the boat except one; an' he came straight up to the cottage—an' who do ye think it was?"

He could not see the expression on Marie's face; but her answer was in an even tone.

"How could I tell, Andrew? Who was it?"