

"I shall joy to take
, and claim you,—

Maker—who hath
ame, Alec, and not

repute in her tone.
another question,

ne."

ward broke from its
sion, which startled
the projected mar-

two passed. Words
"said; our hands,
each in other, and
he found it hard to
ed him on, for they
aguely I turned my
on the scaffold, and

a few minutes we
and!"—*uncumbered*
then a shrill whistle

The front of the
rest of a wave and
ards and overwhelm
hed, and cudgels
f "A Rescue! A
pon me; I felt my
re cut.

my ear; and close
n, "Ha'e! Tak'

The Bride of a Moment.

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this!" And a sword was thrust into my hand, which I could hardly grip because of my maimed thumb.

But at the feel of the hilt a desperate desire for life seized me. I turned to see where Lady Katherine was. She also was free, and in the hands of our deliverers. But her hood was tossed from her head, showing plainly her own sweet bewildered face.

"Mercy!" said Nat Gordon by my side. "But who is this?"

"No questions now!" I panted. "Let us out!" And I flung myself forward upon the throng which was ready to give way with great good-nature.

But at the moment when all promised thus well for us, there came forth of the crowd a huge man in black, with a roar as of a bull, "It's her! It's her! My bonny Kate!" I knew the fish-face of him for Sir John Colquhoun's. Filled with fury at the interruption I made at him with my sword, as his arm was laid upon Lady Katherine's arm.

Then I received a stunning blow on the head—whence I knew not—and I fell, and knowledge went out like the light of a candle.

* * * * *

I came to with the jolt of a galloping horse, feeling mighty sick. I found I was lying across the knees of a rider; I saw the night sky above me, and the gleam of water beside. I must again have fainted, for the next I knew was that I lay upon a grassy bank with the babble of a brook in my ear, and with the face of Nat Gordon stooping over me. Anon, sitting up while my head dripped with the water of the brook, I looked around and saw by the dim growing light that we were in a wood—(we were in that little wood where the Gordons and I had hid before our adventure with Argyll)—with horses grazing around, and men leaning against trees or lying down—some score in all—while two women sat aloof together. An air of