

of a thick blackthorn hedge which separated two of the fields when his quick ear caught the sound of a voice which sounded familiar to him. He knew at once that his brother's forebodings had proved true, and that Kilgour had already begun to get things in train for the carrying out of his black purpose. Creeping along quietly in the direction whence the voice proceeded, he soon found himself very close to them, but on the opposite side of the hedge. Evidently, Kilgour was posing as a Jacobite, and was talking to his companion, as if he, too, were one of the guard. Taking his flask from his pocket, he handed it to the other, saying:

"It is good usquebae, and will help to keep out the cold. Take a good dram. There is more where that came from."

A low gurgling sound indicated that the bait was taking. Now was the time to get news.

"Who was the stout young man I saw riding with Darvel's men this evening? He did not seem to be one of the troop."

The good cheer loosened the tongue of the sentry, who seemed entirely off his guard.

"Oh, you will mean the man with the cart. Yiss, yiss, he is a brother of Darvel's cornet, young Leslie, and he came into camp today with a supply of provisions for their troop. I was talking to Archie Ramsay, and he says that Charles Leslie, that iss, the young man with the cart, gave papers to Darvel, and Archie heard the chief say that he has more papers to give him, to take with him when he goes away tomorrow. Ach, these people from the Lowlands, they are only Sassenachs, but they keep near the Prince, and he treats them as if they were of the chief's own tail."

"Yes, I know of them," said Kilgour in a sympathetic tone. "Here—man—take another dram of the good stuff. You'll need it before morning."