

ragged, unkempt regiments at his back, glowering like half-starved wolves. In an open space hard by Blair Castle he halted them.

"Now," says he, "for meat and drink if they are to be found within the bounds of Athole."

When a conference to consider plans and conditions was proposed to him by Struan, he excused himself on the plea of having to look to hungry, dead-weary men.

"A few fat beasts," he intimated, "would be a token of goodwill they are in a mighty humour to enjoy. Certes, we have had more pike points, barred doors and black looks since entering this land of Scotland than has entirely agreed with our health. And now when we reach this pleasant land of Beulah you would give us the old fare over again. Fie, fie ; since they looked on Colonsay or the glens of Antrim my eyes have not fallen on a fairer resting-place than this same Castle of Blair, which methinks a little skill might easily convert into a most excellent leaguer."

He turned to his followers, a new expression in his face. "What is it to be ?" he asked, as though their will were his law.

"To the Castle !" was the instant and thunderous response. "To the Castle !"

"In the king's name," said Colkitto.

"For King Charles," roared a thousand throats. Whereupon the whole body began to move.

"You see," said Colkitto, turning to Struan, "the poor lads are not to be held back. Ach, they are hungry. For friendship's sake do me the honour