

"Give our love to father. Tell him that Ina and I are here in safety, and that we shall remember him and you all in our prayers every day. God bring you all back again to us, whether triumphant or vanquished. Good-bye, Alistair; God be with you."

Elsie and her lover passed quietly out into the calm summer night. For a moment or two they stood by the faithful Sheila, whom they had brought into the shadow of the mansion. Elsie was striving hard for Alistair's sake to keep back her tears; he, poor fellow, manly and brave as he was, could hardly restrain his emotion. He put his strong arms around her and pressed her to his bosom, calling her by all the fond names that are so rife in the good old Scottish Doric. Then, with one long kiss pressed upon her trembling lips, and a low "God keep you, my darling," he mounted his horse and rode quietly down the avenue.

A ride of less than an hour brought him into the city, and, having seen Sheila duly attended to for the night, he proceeded at once to the laird's quarters.

There was a canny smile on the old man's face as he received his daughter's letter and listened to the good news Alistair brought him.

"I can never thank you enough, sir, for your great goodness to me to-night. The only cloud that there was over my leaving home was that I had not been able to see Elsie and say good-bye to her. Now, thanks to you, that cloud has been removed."

Darvel took his young cornet's hand, and pressed it warmly.

"They say there's nae fules like auld anes, Alistair. I was once young, too. Miss Forbes had heard of Kilgour's attentions and knew how objectionable they were to Elsie; and so, out of our love for both of you, we planned this little scheme. I am only afraid that Kilgour may be