

"Hoot, man, ye're quite wrong!" retorted Donalblane hotly. "I'm no' the villain. I ran to help this man. 'Twas the robbers that killed him."

But they refused to believe him, and others coming up, the poor boy was like to have been roughly handled, when a grey-haired man, who spoke with authority, commanded that he be brought to his house for examination. When this had been done, and the men realised what a mere lad he was, and what a frank, honest countenance he possessed, the tide of feeling at once began to turn.

"I am greatly disposed to believe the boy," said the elderly man after he had heard Donalblane's story. "But we must keep him in ward until we can find this Mr. Paterson of whom he speaks."

So Donalblane was securely locked up until the morning, when he not only had the joy of being vouched for by Mr. Paterson, and honourably released, but the relief of learning that the highwaymen's victim had been only stunned, not killed, and would soon recover from his injuries.

He proved to be a prosperous merchant, who felt profoundly grateful for the timely service, and,