

of them smoothed his fretted comb and fell into his appointed place, as if he had no choice but to consent. As for the magician himself, he might have been attending a festive gathering of his friends, so gaily complaisant was his mien as he went to and fro giving this man and that just the word and the smile his pride needed. Few could guess how anxiously the keen brain worked and throbbed behind the unruffled brows over which the brown love-locks curled, or how unerringly the smiling grey eyes marked needs and resources.

He was still young among chiefs remarkable for youth. In truth he was in the very bloom of manhood, his years not yet quite two-and-thirty. An onlooker, knowing nothing of the man or his deeds, would never have guessed that here in this light, boyish figure was the dread of the Covenant faction and the particular terror of Argyle. In the great rejoicing he gave but one sign of disappointment.

"I note," he remarked to Struan, "that we have no word or aid from Huntly. That stubborn and perverse Loyalist stings my soul like an asp."

"It is not in Huntly's pride to forgive, my lord," said Struan, remembering past events.

"Forgive," repeated Montrose with an unconscious touch of bitterness. "If salvation depended on his forgiveness the number of the elect would indeed be small. He still broods over that ride to Edinburgh. Let him bear in mind it was not of my seeking or devising. Frendraught swore that Huntly must to the Castle of Edinburgh, and the