

"Uncle's suspicions were well-founded, Charlie. Alan Kilgour is in that company, and, while I tried not to allow him to think I had recognized him, I could see the sinister sneer upon his face, as if he were saying: 'Now I know where to lay hands on the young cock that craws see cronseely!' Charlie, my lad, you'll need to be unceasing in your watch. If Kilgour were a true man, and a loyal follower of the government, I would have no fear; but he is only there for the most selfish purposes, and he will resort to any plan, however dastardly, if it will only enable him to gain his end."

For some time Alistair rode along, deep in thought; then starting, as if an idea had suddenly taken possession of him, he said:

"Are you too tired to take sentry duty with Jamie Ramsay to-night, Charlie? After what you have told me, I should not be at all astonished if Kilgour returns to try and discover why you are here; and there are some of the Highland soldiers who might be induced to betray us."

Charles gave an easy laugh as he replied:

"Tired, Alistair, why—I am fresher than any man here. My journey has been as yet but a pleasant jaunt. Of course I can, and will, keep watch."

On their arrival at Darvel's quarters the two brothers sought the old man, and reported all they had seen. The chief at once gave his sanction to their proposal, and Charles, armed with a brace of good flint-lock pistols, set out to patrol the camp. By midnight all was still inside the Jacobite lines. A few tents had been set up for the use of the older officers, but the great body of the army bivouacked in the fields. A dark cloud had come up and obscured the face of the moon, which rendered it difficult to identify the men on guard at the various outposts. Charles was pacing along quietly by the side