

to

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

a howling wilderness—a country of Hyperboreans and bears.

Captain Percival continued to chew the cud of disquieting meditation till John Wardle returned to his horse's heads, and his fellow-passengers prepared to resume their seats. The "Yankee," however, who had been partaking of Barney Finnigan's hospitalities, including the "wiskey," removed from under his seat his small bundle, tied up in a blue bandanna, and saying he "calculated he'd be nearer his journey's end if he walked on from here," disappeared by the same cross-path which the Indian couple had followed. Captain Percival, as he sprang last into his seat beside the driver, found the others exchanging suspicious surmises respecting their late fellow-traveller.

"I don't like the cut of his figure head much," remarked John, shaking his grizzled head; "we've had more than one such customer of late, and it's all I can do to keep from collarin' them, with their brag about 'beatin' the Britishers,' and their eternal questions."

"Ay! ay! that chap'll no lose his way for want o' askin' it," interposed the saturnine Scotchman—Davie Watson by name,—“an' his business is no all aboveboard, I'll be boun'! What do ye say, Maister Thurstane? ye'll hae seen lads like yon before?"

The keen eyes of the old farmer had taken steady measure of the stranger. His reply was quiet, half-careless:—