



Copyright, 1895, by S. R. Crockett. CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

It was about the third hour of the afternoon and we had not begun to wax weary, when away on the hillside we heard the sound of cheering. We looked about us to see what might be the cause. There came one riding slowly down upon a much tired horse between the ranks of the companies—a great man in a foreign coat and hat, whom at the first glint my mother knew for my brother Sandy.

As he came the roar of greeting swelled and lifted. I declared I was proud of him. Robert Hamilton had no such greeting. I had not thought that our Sandy was so great a man. And I forgave him for flouting me.

"Mother," I said, "that is our Sandy they are cheering!" "Think ye I kenneed not that? What has he come frae?" she said. "I wonder if Jean Hamilton kenneed it?"

"It was like my mother to think first of others; but in a little she said: 'I trust I am not overproud that my bairn is honored.'"

And indeed it made up all proud that Sandy was so greatly thought of. So he took his place on the line of the army, and made another young head among the gray-beards. Soon he was called upon to speak, and in his great voice he began to tell of his message from the kirk of Holland, and to commend patience and faithfulness. They say that every man that stood to arms among the Seven Thousand heard him that day, and that even the watchers upon the tops heard many blessed words and expressions that the light winds blew them in wafts.

Saying Richard Cameron's name there was no such feeling as Sandy's heard in Scotland during his time. Then Robert Hamilton rose and spoke, counseling that since there were so many present they should once more and immediately fall to arms.

But one of the most venerable men there present rose and said: "Robin, ye are but one of the Council of Twelve, and ye know that our decision is to wait the man and the hour. It behooves you, then, either to speak within the order of the society or to be silent."

the center of our array as if it had been his own. Sandy went up to meet him. "Why, he has been an army down your arms!" cried Clavers as he came near. Since then I never denied the creature courage, for all his cruelty.

"There can be no laughter from the nearer companies of our array when they heard his words. But Sandy checked the noise with his hand. "Surrender," he said. "It is you, John Graham, that may talk of surrender this day. We have no rebels. We but stand to our arms in defense of our covenant rights."

"Keep that Whiggish garbage for the prayer-meeting, Ericsson!" said Claverhouse. "I know you too well, Sandy Gordon, do you mind the long word of Dairnie by the Wren Water?"

"But he meant I cannot tell, but I think his words daunted Sandy for a moment. For in his old unsoftened days they had been comrades, being of an age and student lads together at St. Andrew's, and both equally keen of the play upon the green. Though ever since Sandy married Jean Hamilton he had turned him to new courses.

"So having obtained no satisfaction, Claverhouse rode slowly back to the dragons. Then without a word, save the shout of command, he led them forward over the moor toward us. "Keep that Whiggish garbage for the prayer-meeting, Ericsson!" said Claverhouse. "I know you too well, Sandy Gordon, do you mind the long word of Dairnie by the Wren Water?"

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over they see a whig tyke skartin' for deas? I'll tan Gib's hide for him and yours, too, my man, when we come to the post. 'E shall ride the timber horse with me, and I shall have his heels to learn ye to sit your beast."

"Whereat he cried to wheel about, and we went down the Caltons road. The farm sits four square compact with office houses and mailings. There are little three-cornered wickets in the walls. As we came to the foot of the rear we found Gib Macaterick steepled up against the dyke, with his hands bound and a paper in his teeth—a printed copy of the covenant. He was quite safe and sound, and his heart ticked away like a clock, but when he looked down he could do nothing but curse and splutter.

"These foul-mouthed whigs!" cried Douglas, "has't thou been taking the covenant? Have him out and shoot him!" "But Gib rose and made an end of the covenant by setting his foot upon it and crushing it into the mire. Then he moved forward, carefully thinking that the enemy would never stand against a troop, but would at once scatter to the hills, which were steep and black at the gravel end of the house.

"But when we came within sight of the house half a dozen muskets cracked, and more than one of our company cried out with the pain of being hit. Indeed, the second volley tumbled more than one from his saddle, and let their horses break ranks and run back in wild confusion.

"So Colonel Douglas dismounted half his men, and sent the better part of a troop, under the Cornet of the same name, round to the high side of the farm to take the Conventicles in flank, which with all success they did, and came down at the charge upon the stealing, capturing a dozen musketeers, that were there with muskets in their hands. But there was one that threw himself into the lake and swam under water for it, and though our soldiers shot off a powder of powder after him we could get no satisfaction that he had been hit. We heard that he was a Carpathian man, and that the name of him was Roger Dunn.

"So Douglas ordered a dismounted file to lead the young lads into the dell a quarter of a mile from the house, where the noise of the shootings would not annoy him at his refreshment. So the Cornet took them out, well pleased, for it was a job that suited him better than fighting, and there in a little green hollow he speedily laid the six in a row.

"So perish all his majesty's rebels!" said Colonel Douglas as he rode past, bung full of brandy and good mutton ham. "That's as bonny a kill o' Whigs as we have gotten for many a day. Rouses will be pleased with this day's work," said the Cornet.

"It was growing dark by the time that we drew up from the loch, and it was ill getting a guide. No one of us had ever seen the country, and it is no wider in all the south, as I have cause to know. But we had not got to any conclusion when one came running with the news that he saw a light. So they spurred on as briskly as they could, not knowing but that we might again hear the whistle of musket balls about our ears.

"It was the little farm of Esconquhan, and only old Sandy Gillespie and his wife were at home, the lads, no doubt, being at the conventicle, or it may be among those who had fought with us in the yard of the Caltons, and now lay quivering down in the copewood at the loch foot.

Davis Leslie, and then cried in mockery three times 'Good night!' "So the night being past, and the hill under the timber horse with me, and I shall have his heels to learn ye to sit your beast."

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offerings of half a dozen troops, and chance riders that Cannon of Mardrochat has gathered. The ill loon himself is not with them, he is lying watching about some dyke back. Ah, would that I could get my musket on him!"

So we hastened along the way, keeping to the hills in order to reach the Clachan of St. John's town before them. We went cautiously, Black MacMichael leading, often running with his head as low as a dog, and taking advantage of every cover as he went. Nor had we gone far when we had proof, if we wanted such, of the desperate character of the man whose company we were. We were passing through a little cleft on the Hoim of Ken and making down to the water-side. Already we could see the stream glancing like silver for darkness beneath us. All of an instant we saw Black MacMichael fall prostrate and motionless among the rocks at the side of the cleft. He lay motionless for a moment or two. Then, without making a sound, he let his piece off with a great bang that waked all the birds in that allent place, and went to our hearts also with a sound like pain. For though Wat and I had both done men to death, it had been in battle, or face to face when blade crosses blade and the eye meets the eye, whose heads are as smooth as door knobs could be accurately learned the results would undoubtedly be startling.

Between the ages of 30 and 40 the percentage of bald heads rises to 47. The critical period, however, is between 40 and 50, and of 100 chance subjects but twenty-five had a fair good growth of hair, while the other seventy-five were almost entirely destitute of capillary covering. When the 60th year is reached, this French doctor asserts, it is rare to find a man who has hair enough on the top of his head to make a parting possible.

It is consoling to know, says the New York World, that this affliction is an almost certain sign of intellectual activity, for brain workers are most liable to it. On the other hand, people of the laboring classes, who gain their bread with their hands, are generally exempt from baldness until they have passed beyond the 60-year mark. Why the average workman, who takes no particular care of his head, should be able to preserve it longer than the man who spends much time in having it brushed and shampooed is a mystery not yet explained.

Among horses it has been remarked that the mane of the thoroughbred is thicker than that which ornaments the neck of his humbler brother who drags a dray or a horsecar.

Another curious thing is that a strong growth of hair is generally indicative of longevity. Most centenarians have extraordinary heads of hair. There is no rule without its exception, however. Bismarck is an octogenarian of wonderful vitality, but almost bald. For some years Bismarck's hair has been thinning, and he has been spending much time in having it brushed and shampooed is a mystery not yet explained.

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way, and the next to Monywhive, on the road by the Enterkin to Edinburgh."

"This is the end of the Toakrie Tam's story as he told it to me in the garden house of Haston."

CHAPTER XXVI. When Wat and I found the cave empty we lost no time in searching the hill for traces of the entrance to the cave the whole was made plain to us. Here we found the bent and heather-trampled, and abundant stain of the blood, as though one horse had been there and his body carried away. Also I found a silken snood and the color of it was blue. It was not the hue, for that is worn by the Ananidae ladies of the Johnstone, but for hers, I could not tell him. But it is true that all the same, know I did.

So we followed down the trail, finding now a shred of clothing, here the broken bit of a tobacco pipe such as soldiers use, small and black, till we had rounded the hill that looks into the valley of the Cooran. Here at the crossing of the burn, where it was small, we found Anton Lennox's broad blue bonnet.

It was enough. Soon we were scouring the hillside for any leading to the broken bit of a tobacco pipe such as soldiers use, small and black, till we had rounded the hill that looks into the valley of the Cooran. Here at the crossing of the burn, where it was small, we found Anton Lennox's broad blue bonnet.

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