

CHAPTER XVIII. THE SANQUH'S DECLARATION.

I think it was during the week I lay thus In the barn at the Duchrae, often with Richard Cameron or his young brother Michael at my back in the quiet of the corn | and I heard the wives cry: mcw, that first I got within me the true spirit of the covenant. I heard all the sins and the sins of Scotland redd* up and made plain; for in the night watches Cameron and his brother had great communings to gether. . Richard was all for being done with the authority of the king, and making but one cast of it. Michael thought that the

Now these two youths were they who chiefly set Scotland in a lowe at this time, It was strange to think that he who should

plt from which we were dragged!" Then one night in the barn we gave in very sciemnly our adhesions to the disowning of Charles Stuart and his brother James-all

I had rather kiss Argyll's maiden. And with that, early in the morning he left us, which was a grief to me, for he and I had been brothers in peril during many months. Whither he went I knew not then, but it shall be related in its proper place and all that befell him in his lonely wanderings after he parted from me.

"We must not do this thing lightly or gladly," said Richard Cameron to us that abode with him in the barn. "We have laid our accounts with the worst that the govern-ment may do to us. We count not our lives muzzle thereafter to make us forever dumb dogs that will not bark. Who shall hinder or blame if we choose to lay down our lives in the high piaces of the field that the old faith be not forgotten, neither the old covenant engagements to our Lord Christ forever

was not heart-sorry to break with the House of Stuart, for, after all, we were in Scotland, and had stood for the Scots bouse and the Scots king against Cromwell and the sup-planters. At any rate, let it not be said of us that we did this thing lightly, but rather heavy hearts that the king had been ar left to himself as to forswear and abandon the solemn engagements which he

So it came to pass in the middays of the them walting for us at some loaning foot or at the mouth of some glen. Little we said when a friend joined us; for our work was sad and solemn, and to be done once and for all. We rode as it were under the shadow of the scaffold. Yet I think we thought not so much of ourselves as of the women folk that abode at home. I know that I feared for my mother, who was now like to lose her two sons as she had afore-time lost her husband, and sometimes I thought of the lass Maisle Lennox, and what she would do wanting her father. But this I put from me, for, after all,

Richard Cameron said: "They that are trysted to the Master's work must taigle themselves with no other

marriage engagements!" At the Menick foot, where that long pass begins, there met us ten men of the upper begins, there met us ten men of the upper ward, all douce and stalwart men, armed and horsed as well as any of our men out of Galloway. I was the youngest of them all there, and indeed the only one that was not a mighty man of his arms. There was ne talk of leaving me at Duchrae to keep laird's son and a strong man, cried out: "Let the lad come, for his brother Sandy's

A saying which nettled me, and I replied instantly: "Let any man stand out against show him cause why I should come for mine own!" with the pistol and small sword and I will

At this Cameron rebuked me:
"Ah, William, I see well that thou hast
the old Adam in thee yet. Was there ever
a Gordon that would not go ram-stam at

the boar, whatever his religion?"

And I who knew that I had speken as man was somewhat shamed. Yet

was I glad also that no man took my chal-



A HEAD AT EVERY WINDOW

aword, and with the shearing sword, espe-cially, my blows were as rat-tail licks to the dead strikes of Richard Cameron, or even my brother Saudy. But neverthelesa only to say the thing did me good like

So into the town of Sanguhar we rode two and two, very slow and quiet, for Cameron had forbade us to ride with a tight rein and the horses champing, as indeed I longed to do for pride.

For thus do the king's troopers when they enter a town to take the eyes of the unthinking. But contrariwise we are to come to do a deed in Scotland that shall not be forgotten while Nith water runs, and to tie a band which shall not be broken through. We ourselves shall fall and that speedily—that know we well—but that which we do this day shall one day bring the tyrant's downfall!"

And so, indeed, it proved to be.

Sanguhar is ever a still place, as though

here were no other day there but the Sab-

deep into the bog, and so darned ourselves among the "quakking quas," the dangerous and impassable flowes, so that no dragoons in the world could have come at us. But this we did not, for the word and doom were written. It was our enemies day. As Cameron said that morning as we passed the house of William Mitchell in Meadow-head, and when they brought him out a basin and water to wash his hands, also a towel wherewith to dry them;

plaintlys notes.

After a long time I awoke, dreaming that Malsie Lennox stood by my bedside and took my hand, saying. 'The kye are in the corn!' I sat up, and, lo! there within half a mile, and beating the moor in search pass him a little, that he might get arm play of us, were two great companies of dragoons for his famous' back atrokes, wherewith he of the number of about 120, as near as at was renouned to have cut off a man's head a grance I could reckon. My heart gave a at a blow; but Cameron measured his guard stound, and I said to myself, "This is surely and the blow whistled harmless past his thy death-day, William Gordon!" And the ear. Then came the return. The preacher's word sounded strangely in my heart, for I sword streaked out straight and level, and these latter days, and was none so keen upon the dying as were some other of our company.

But I awakened Cameron and his brother Michael and also David Hackstoun of Rath Ilet, that was a soldier most stern, but a just man according to his lights. And they sat up and saw the soldiers awceping the But, as I say, we were all fey, For even then it was within our power to have escaped the violence of the men of Very easily could we have left our war. horses and betaken us into the deepest parts of the bottomless, shaking bogs, where no man could have followed us. But the thought came not to us at the time, for God had so ordered it that Scotland was best

There were in our company twenty-three that had horses and forty that had none. But we were all armed in some sort of

Now, this Richard Cameron had in him both the heart of a fighter and the fear-lessness of a man assured of his interest. softly in heaven along with us. After that lessness of a man assured of his interest. Cameron stood up very stright, and on his face, which was as the face of a lion, there firmly set in our minds to fight, and with one voice we answered "Ave!" We were of ort.

The townsfolk stood about, but not too and converse had been sweet in the darkness, and now we were set to die together in the noorday as men that have made them ready. So in that sullen morning, with the birds crying and the mist drawing down into thunder clouds, we rose to make our last stand. I had given up all thought of escape and was putting in hard steeks at the pray-ing, for the sins that were on my soul were many, and I had, too, recently taken to that way of thinking to have the assurance of my elders

Now, the soldiers that came against u were the finest companies of Airly's and Strachan's dragoons—gallant lads all—newly rought to that countryside and not inured to the cruel riding and shotting as other ompanies were. I have not a word to say against the way they fought, though as heir duty was they came against us with naste and fury. Our quarrel was not with hem, but with their master.

They rode gallantly this way and that through the morasses, and came on bravely, Bruce of Earshall was over them, but John Crichton was their best fighter. A stark and cruel man he was, that would have hunted us all down if he could. He fought that day with his blade swinging, damning and cursing between every blow. But, for all, he was sick and sorry ere he left this field. For if ever man did, he met his match when he crossed swords with the Lion of the Covenant. It was Rathillet who chose the place of strength for us to make our stand, and as it seemed and mostly proved, take our deaths upon. There was little time for the word and prayer. But, psalm, and lifted up our bonnets while Cam ron prayed.

"Lord, spare the green, and take ripe!" That was the whole matter of this supplication. "We may never be in better axe to die. I see the gates of heaven cast wide open to receive us.

And I noted that all the time of our sing ing David Hackstoun of Rathillet was look-ing to the priming of his pistols, and drawing to the priming of his pictors, and draw-ing the edge of his sword blade along the back of his hand, as one who tries a razor ere he sets it to his chin. Then the com-panies of the enemy halted on the edge of the moss where the ground was yet firm. They seemed not disinclined for a parley.
"Do you own the king's authority?" cried "Do you own the king's authority?" one among them. It was Bruce of Earlshall, a buirdly* chiel and not one greatly

cruel; but rather like Monmouth, anxious to let the poor remnant have its due.
"Aye!" cried Cameron. "We own the king's authority."

"Wherefore, then, stand ye there in arms against his forces?' came the answer back.
'Yield, and ye shall have quarter and fair erduct in Edinburg!" The man spake none so evily for a per-

scutor, and in my heart I liked him. "I thank you, Captain Bruce, for your fair speech," cried Cameron, "but I wot well you mean fair passage to the Grassmarket. The king we own is not King Charles Stuart, and it liketh us to go to our king's court through the crash of battle rather than through the hank of the hangman's rope."
"This preacher's no man of straw—fight he

will," I heard them say one to the other, for they were near to us, even at the foot of the opposite hill. closed in order without further word, and

our foot drew out over the moss in readiness

David Hackstoun was with us on our left. and Captain Fowler on the right. But Richard Cameron was always a little ahead of us all, with his brother Michael with him on one side, and I, riding my Galloway nag, close upon his right flank-which was an honorable post for one so young as I, and served withal to keep my spirits up.

Just before he gave the word to charge he cried out to us, pointing with his sword:

"Yonder is the way to the good soldier's The day had been clouding over, the heat

growing almost intolerable. It was now about 2 in the afternoon. It was easy to see, had we had the eyes to observe it, that thunder storm was brewing, and even as Richard Cameron stretched out his sword charge in the name of the Lord, the first levin-bolt shot down glittering into the moor like a forked silver arrow, and over our head the whole firmament raired and

The captain of our salvation calls for us!" cried Cameron. "Who follows after when the Son of God rides forth to war?" So with that we lowered our sword points and drave at them. I think I must have ploughed a lane through their company, send-ridden with my eyes shut down that little green knowe with the short grass under foot. I know that even as we rode the But our desperate riders were now wearing

moss. We had lain sleepless and auxious ail night, with watchers posted among the mosshags. Richard Cameron spoke often to us, and told us that the matter had come to the narrow and bitter pass.

"It is the day of the Lord's anger," he said, "and it is expedient that some men die for the people."

We told him that we were ready and that the matter had come into the narrow and bitter pass.

"It is the day of the Lord's anger," he said, "and it is expedient that some men die for the people."

We told him that we were ready and that said, "and it is expedient that some men die for the people."

We told him that we were ready and that from the beginning we had counted on nothing gles. But I felt within me desperately ill-prepared; yet, for the anke of the banner I carried, I said nothing.

It was about 10 of the day, and because we heard not from our folk who had been posted to give warning, we sent out other two to find them. Then, having taken a must of mest for the better sustaining of state of the first stride on the control on his men. It was a wild, fierce time, all such face of the sunce of the sunce

more of life for ms. "Richard!" I cried, and the shout must have gone to our leader's ear, though I myself could not hear it, so

more he cleared his point, pierced "This is their last washing. My near and hands are now cleaned for the offering!"

So we laid us down among a great swirling of whaups and crying of peesweeps, for their nesting was hardly over. The first clash of the swords were mighty.

These two lowering black men met and knew those in each other as they; looked one another in the eyes.

had begun to think my life worth living in | for a moment seemed to stand full mid-blade

fight between David Hackstoun of Rathillet and one of his own acquaintances, by name David Ramsay, a gentleman of his country. As they fought I could hear Hackstoun,

man that dives for swimming; and, un-wounded, unhurt, defenceless, Richard Cameron sprang upon a hundred sword points. Thus died the bravest man in broad Scotland, whom men called, and called well, the Lion of the Covenant.

And, even as he passed, the heavens opened, and the whole firmanent seemed but one great lightning flash, so that all stood aghast at the marvellous brightness, which occasioned the saying that God sent a chariot of fire with horses of whiteness to brin home to Him the soul of Richard Cameror Whereof some men bear testimony that they saw; but indeed I saw nothing but a wondrous lightning flash over the whole heaven ent after, the thunder crashed, like the breaking up of the world, and there

CHAPTER XX.

HIDING WITH THE HEATHER-CAT

As for me, when I had seen this, thinking it loway, and we were soon at speed over the mess-hags. My beast was well acquainted with moss running, for it had not carried me set my horse's head over the As they fought I could hear Hackstoun, ful to the cause, nor did I regret what I whom nothing could daunt or disturb, ask- had done. But I judged that, for some time

But by holding on to the heather of the very long and tough—I managed to get Donald out of his peril. He was a biddable enough beast, and, being a little deaf, he knew not fear. For reesting and terror ig horses is mostly but over-sharpness in hearing, and an imagination that they were better without. But Denaid had no good hearing and no bad forebodings. So when I pulled him smong the long heather and put his head down, he lay like a scent grown longish. All this time they crased not for a moment

to cry, "Come out, dog, and be shot!" They were ill-mannered, ramping lowns with few They were ill-mannered, ramping lowns with few ideas, and I desired no comings and goings with them. So in no long time I tired of this, and also of lying still to be shot at. I bethought me that I might show them a better of it and afford some sport. So very carefully I charged both my pistols, and the next time they came near ridge the bear earefully I charged both my pistols, and the next time they came near, riding the bog edge to fire at ms. I took careful aim and shot at the first of them. The ball went through the calf of his leg, which caused him to light off the far side of his horse with a special root.

"You have killed me!" he cried over to ne complainingly, as if he had been a good friend come to pay me a visit, to whom I had done a treachery. He then cursed me very resentfully, because, forsooth, as he said, he was about to be made a sergeant in the company, and, what with lying up with his wounded leg, some other (whom he mentioned) would get the post by favor of the captain. "See what you have done," said he, hold-

ent a ball singing over his head, very close, "Trip it, my benny lad," I cried, "or there read, which will be as good as a cornet's commission to you in the place to t will send you!"

Then I charged my pistols again and or dered them away. The trooper's companion made bold to leave his horse and comattempt.

work of fastening my accourrements and tigatening Donald's girths. "So good day to you!" I cried to them, "and give my compliments to your captain, and tell him from me that he hath a couple

Now this was said with the word of a silly boy, and I was sorry for taunting the mer before ever I rode away. But I set it down as it happened, that all may come in its due place, nothing in this history being either aftered or extenuated.

also, till I came into my own country of the Glenkins, where, near Carsphairn, I left Donald with a decent man that would keep him safe for my mother's sake. For the little beast was tired, having come so far and ridden so hard, Yet, when I left him out in the grass park, there was not so much as the mark of a spur upon him, so willingly had he come over all the leagues of heather lands.

after riding him home from Rullion Green "Thou hast done thy day's work, Pentiand

days I made it my care that Donald was not forgotten; and all his labor in the future till death laid him low, was no more than a gentle exercise to keep him from overcating himself on the meaday lands of Afton

After the great day of dule, when Cameron was put down at Ayrsmoss, and I escaped in the manner I have told of I made my way by the little ferry port of Cree, which is a sweet and still little town, to Mayport, on the other side of the Solway, and thence is

another ship for the Low Countries. we found that it was dismally gray, wearisome looking, and flat. The shipmen called it the Hook of Holland. But this was not thought right for the port of our destination stomach. Indeed, every one on board ship felt the inconvenience, and two exceed ingly pious women informed me that it interfered with their religious duties. upon a Thursday night, at 6 o'clock, that we less a Scots merchant, accustomed to custom of ill treating strangers who arrive bark and began to ill treat us even with blows and taking from us what of money we had. But mercifully they were restrained

Then also it grieved us very sore that we had five soldiers who had come from Scotland with us—the very scum of the land. They called themselves Captain Somerville's band; but if, indeed, they were any soldiers of his majesty's, then God help him in his command, for such a pack of unwashed ruf flans it never was my hap to see.

Specially did these men disquiet us upon the Sabbath day. So fearful were their oaths and curses that we feared that the boat would sink because of their iniquities They carried themselves so exceedingly wickedly—but more, as I think, that we who desired not their company, might take note of them. For at least three of them were sullen, loutish boys, but the others led them on, and praised them when they imitated their blasphemies and sculduddery. At last, about 8 o'clock in the evening we came to Rotterdam, where we quartered with a good merchant, Mr. Donaldson, and in the morning we went to a Mr. Hay's where from that good man (whom may Go preserve), we met with inexpressible kind-

Thence we went to Groningen, where Sandy already was. To be brief-that part of my life for the present not coming into the his-tory—I spent four years there, the most part of it with a young man name! James Renwick, a good student, and one very full of great ideas, which were to make Scotland strong against the house of Stuart. He came from Minnyhive, a village on the borders of Galloway and Dumfries, and was a very decent lad-though apt, before he learned modesty on the moors, to take too much upon him. We were finally summoned home by a letter from the United Societies, for the had made me a covenanted member of stand-ing because of Ayramoss and the carrying

an's work, and ought to be her pleasure so long as the world last.

But though I went to the university I could not bring myself to think that I had any call to the ministry. I went, therefore, for the name of it, to study the law, but to me, and was the only one of our countries of for the name of it, to study the that had ever been on the bonny heims of for the name of it, to study the characteristic for the name of it, to study the study and diverse books. For the study of the law is in itself so dreary that the beast, and kept him to his work the study of the law is in itself so dreary that the beast, and kept him to his work the study of the law is in itself so dreary that comparison. So that one hook being easy to substitute for another, I got through a vast deal of excellent literature while I studied

wide about me, crying, "Come out, dog, and line from Maisie Lennox, which said that Which, being but poor encouragement, I sometimes altogether dispossessed, and again yas in no wise eager to obey their summons. mother's sake she asked me to think of re-turning, for she thought that for me the shower was surely slacked and the onling over past. So I took my way to shipboard with some desire to set my foot again on the heather and see the hills of Kells rua blue against the lift of heaven, from the links of the Ken to the head end of Carap

It was the high time of the killing when I came again to Scotland, and landed at Newcastle. I made on foot for Galloway by the tops of the Cheviots and the Border morass began to shoot at me, for the distance was within the reach of a pistol ball. The first ballet that came clipped so close to my left ear that it took away a lock of my hair, which, contrary to my custom, had now grown longish. on. So at least it appeared now returning from abroad, where one can make the high est hill with a spade. Aye, for I knew that it looked on Earlstonn, where my mother was—whom I greatly desired to see, as

lessly go near Earlstoun to bring trouble on my mother without knowing how the land lay. So I came down the west side of window in the quiet hour of the maids were out milking the kve

Even as I looked I could see the glint of scarlet cloth, and the sun sparkling on shin ing arms, as the sentry paced from the wall gate to the corner of the wall and back again. Once I saw him go within the well house for a drink, and a great access of desire took me within. I remembered the coolness that was there. For the day was exceedingly hot, and I weary and weak

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"The hill folk have risen and come riding into Sanguhar!"
And this pleased me in the heart, though know well I should have had my mind set At the cross we formed up, setting our horses ten on either side and Richard Cam-eron in the midst, dismounted and standing on the steps of the cross. We sat still and quiet, all being bareheaded. For show I had plucked my brand out of its scabbard. But Cameron sternly bade me put it back again, and gave me his horse to hold instead. Which grieved and shamed me at the time lime was not ripe nor the men ready. the red cinders of the fire of the Presbytery. and glad of it. but a Prelatist, and that from the wicked shire of Fife. When one cast it up to him.

Richard Cameron said: "The time for drawn steel is yet to come, ing, and the hills gave it back to us, though the angels were echoing the singing of it Aye, it humbles us all to remember the was a great tenderness, albeit of the sterner save my cousin Wat, who said:
"I canna bide to cast off the blood of Bruce.

near, being careful and cautious lest they should be called in question for compliance with the deed, and the strange work done by us that day; for the king's scoopnet gath-ered wide. Also the innocent were often called to judgment, especially if they had something to lose in goods or gear, as was the case with many of the well-doing burgh-

and grave and so remain to this day—buy-ing and selling, eating and drinking, as

though they were alone on God's universe.

But that day as we came riding on up the

street there was a head at every window

ers of Sangubar.
"This day," cried Cameron, solemnly, after he had prayed, "do we come to this town of Sanquhar to cast off our allegiance to ment may do to us. We count not our lives Charles Stuart and his brother James. Not dear to us. We see plainly that naught is hastily, neither to make ourselves to be to be gained save by defiance any more. The spoken about, but with solemnity as men indulgence is but a dish of sowens with a that enter well knowing into the antechamspoken about, but with solemnity as men ber of death. And we desired our own lives, we should receive tests and indulgences thankfully, and go sit in our kennels like douce tykes that are ready to run at

the whistle. "But for all that we are loval men and no rebels, though today we cast off Charles Stuart-aye, and will do our best to make an end of his rule, so that he shall no more reign over this realm. This we shall do, not by private assassination, which we ab-hor and abominate, but by levying open war. Yet we are loyal to any covenanted king-aye, and had Charles Stuart kept his engagements, plighted and sworn, there is no man here that would not right gladly have laid down his life for him.

"All ye that stand by, hear the word of year that one afternoon we rode away through the lonely hills by Minnyhive, and turned north up the fair valley of the water the king sware at Perth, when before the of Nith. Here and there we gathered one solemn convocation he spake these words: to whom the word had been passed, fluding 'I, Charles, King of Great Britain and Ire-I. Charles, King of Great Britain and Ireland, do assure and declare by my solemn oath in the presence of Almighty God, the Searcher of the hearts, my allowance and approbation of the national covenant and of the solemn league and covenant above written, and faithfully oblige myself to proscute the ends thereof in my station and

calling." "The king," cried Cameron, "who sware these caths hath cast us off. We have not cast off the King! There is one waiting in the low countries whence I came and looking toward the hills of Scotland, to see if there be any faithful. Shall the fortress be utterly broken down, with none to build her up? Are there no watchmen to tell the towers thereof-none to cry from rampart to rampart, 'What of the night?' Ay, there be at the least twenty men here that have not bowed the knee to Baal. This day we come to lay down our lives, as happily as children that have spent their play day in the fields, and, being tired, lay them down to sleep. But ere we go, because the time cannot be long, we come to give the banner of the Lord once more to the winds—the

But one James Gray of Chryston, a that is Christ's. Behold!" And with that he lifted up the banner staff which he held in his hand, and there floated out upon the equal blowing wind the blue banner of Christ's covenant. And as the golden scroll of it took the air there which filled them to the overflow. The tears ran down and fell upon our horses' necks. "For Christ's crown and covenant." ran the legend. Then we gathered ourselves closer about the battle flag, for which we had come out to die. As one man we drew our swords, nor did Cameron now gainsay usand lifting them high up, till the sun glinted bonnily upon them, we sang our solemn banding song. I never felt my heart so

high or heaven so near, not even at the great field preaching by the water of Dee, when I sat by the side of Maisie Lennox.

Even thus we sang:
God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid,
Then we rode out, for once gallantly
enough, having solemnly set ourselves to face the king in open field—that were but twenty men against three kingdoms. Well we knew that we should be put down, but we knew also that so long as there were men in Scot-land to do as we had done that day, the

cause and the flag would never be whofly put So the douce burghers of Sanguhar watched us ride away, our awords gleaming naked be-cause we had appealed to the sword, and prepared to perish by the sword, as the is. Also, our blue banner of the Covenant waved bravely over our heads in token

of our dependence on Jehovah, the God of And as we rode it was I, William Gordon of Earlstoun, who carried the banner staff, for Richard Cameron had given it into my hands. So I had not lived in vain, and Sandy would never again bid me sew bairn clouts and bide at home among the women. I wished my father had been alive to see me.

CHAPTER XIX. solemnly clear. It promised to be a day of heat, for the baze lay long in the hollows, hesitating to disappear, and there was the brooding of thunder in the air. We the brooding of thunder in the air. We had lain sleepless and anxious in the place where we sojourned was Ayrs moss. We had lain sleepless and anxious and left and selections and the place where we sojourned was Ayrs moss. We had lain sleepless and anxious and left and the brooding of thunder in the side of the sand we found ourselves threshing headlong and we found ourselves threshing headlong fight; but, just as I thought myself clear, there came a blow on my steel cap that the habit was to throw them away. I had my sword dangling by a lingel or tag at my right wrist, for I had learned from Wat Gordon how to fight upon horseback when it came against was a great dragoon on a gray the shouted an oath of contempt. We had lain sleepless and auxious

our bodies, we lay down to sleep for an hour on a pleasant green place which is all surrounded by morasses, for we had gotten no rest the night before.

Now, I think we were all fey at this time, for we laid us down on the edge of the moss in a place that is open to all. And this when we might have withdrawn ourselves when we might have withdrawn ourselves.

Too short, a happy turnfoil of blows wherein into the air casting it from him into the sky, till it seemed to enter into the dark cloud where the thunder brooded and the smoke of powder hung.

"God of battles, receive my sinful soul!" he cried.

Overhead all the universe roared as we fought, but I had no thought save of the need that the point has been the point on thrusting, parrying.

to keep the point up, thrusting, parrying, and striking as God gave me ability. Flight in the midst of the press there came great was clangor and the din. Cameron was smiting with the strength of

ten immediately in my front. In a moment

in the dragoon's side.

The next moment we found ourselves outside the first line. We had broken our way through, and the enemy were in confusion behind us. I saw many single combats going forward, and in especial a most noble

so often over the moor to Lochinvar for nothing. I heard tempestuous crying, as nothing. I heard tempestuous crying, as of men that pursued, and behind me the roar of battle sank into silence. Once I glanced behind and saw many footmen running and horsomen rising and falling in their sad-dles. But, all being lost, I left the field of Ayrsmoss behind me as fast as I might, and boggiest country, keeping toward Dalmellington, for the wilderness was now to be my home. For the time I had had enough of rebellion under arms. I was not unfaith-

THE UNIVERSE ROARED AS WE FOUGHT. ing Ramsay all the news of the country to come, it were better for me not to se side, and how such a one did, what wife company, for I had no pleasure in it.

Now, in further teling my tale I must put had gotten another child, and whether it were a lad or a lass. Which is a thing I together all the incidents of my fleeting to should never have believed if any man had told me; and when I set it down here I expect not to be believed of any, save by at last a word in Ceotland that "to take to those who have been in the thick of a civil be heaher was o be in he way of getting war themselves. But all that know David grace."

Hackstoun of Rathillet will believe that this thing is true of him.

So he fought, clashing swords and talking at his ease, without change of countenance, till he was stricken down with three coming on him at once from behind.

Now, when I sped away to the southeast from Ayrsmoss, the folk I loved were all killed and I had no hope or hold of any present resistance to the king. But my Galloway sheltie, being nimble on its feet, took me bravely over the moss-hags, carrying

Then, seeing our horsemen scattered, Cameron cried them to him, and we gailoped toward their second line that came riding unbroken toward us. Now, it was our misfortune that the dragoons were stark fellows and had seen service, so that they gave not back as others might have done, seeing us and only fired as they saw need, scattercome on so determinedly. Rather they remove their fire till we were almost at the about the borders wherever their horses could be about the borders wherever the borders wherever their horses could be about the borders wherever the borders where the borders wh sword's length. Then they fired, and I saw go, firing at them. Yet I think that not our men falling over in twos and threes. But Richard Cameron still rode steadily, with for the moss at that place was very boss and Michael and myself behind him. His horse had been once white, but now was mostly dripping red-a fearful sight to see. I heard afterward from old soldiers that had been in deed, bred in the breasts of the dragoons at the figures of the ancient days, that no such wholesome fear of the soft boggish places.

terrifying figure had they ever seen in the wars since Noll led on the Ironsides at Marston Moor. But Cameron's case was far more des- prise. perate than had ever been that of Oliver.

"Smite! Smite!" he cried; "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Over all the field there was whinnying of awords as they whistled through | two to follow me. the air and at the edges the dropping rattle of the muskelry. As we touched their second line we seemed to ride upon a breastsecond line we seemed to ride upon a breast-high wave of flame, which might have been Earlshall's flashing muskets or God's own level lightnings. I rode as I could behind Cameron, striking when I had opportunity and warding as I had need. But, though I was here in the forefront of the battle, I was in the safest place; for Richard Cameron ploughed a lane through their company, send-

ridden with my eyes shut down that little green knowe with the short grass under foot. I know that even as we rode the thunder began to roar about us, girding us in a continuous ring of lightning flashes.

Yet at the time I seemed to ride through a world of empty silence, even when I world of empty silence, even when I could use the stoor that day out of his majesty's red clouts. I could see Chryston striking, THE LAST CHARGE AT AYRSMOSS. a world of empty gliences even when I ding the stoor that day out of his majesty's The morning of the 22d of July dawned struck the red broil of battle. I could see red clouts. I could see Chryston striking. Cameron crying out and waying his sword before us as our horses gathered way, but I remember no more till the shock came. So I found myself out at the side of the So I found myself out at the side of the fight; but, just as I thought myself clear,

and the moss as difficult beneath. But I kept to it, thinking that, after all, by comparison, I was in none such an evil case. For though my head ached with the steel cap upon it and my horse sweated, yet it must have been much more doleful for the heavy beasts and completely accoutred dragoons tollng in the rear. So over the broken places of the moor I went faster than they, though on the level turf they would doubtless soon have idden me down. But, after all, they were

> ference in the earnestness of our intents on that day of swithering heat. Many a time it came to me to cast myself from my beast and run to the side, trusting to finding a moss-hag where I might lie hidden up to my neck among the water with my head among the rushes. I saw many good and safe places indeed, but I rememered that my sheltle would be an advertisement to the pursuers, so I held on my way. Besides, Donald had been a good friend to me, and was the only one of our company the sun hot on my head.

but riding to kill one whig the more, while I to save my neck-which made a mighty dif-

me lightly and willingly as if I had been coursing on the green holms of the Ken.

As I fied I kept glancing behind me and seeing the soldiers in red clothes and flashing

full of bottomless bogs like that from which

Patric Laing drew that redoubtable persecutor, Captain Crichton. This incident, in-deed, bred in the breasts of the dragoons a

which made greatly in many instances for

the preservation of the wanderers, and in

especial favored me in my present enter-

spured their horses after him, leaving but

Yet after this I was harder put to it than

In a little after two of the four dragoons

Once I was nearly taken. For as I went not knowing the way. I came to a morans where in the midst there was a secure place, as it seemed to me. I put Donald at it, and when I reached the knoil—lo, it was

But I took aim with the other pistol and

toward me, crawling upon the moss. But I trained my pistels so straightly upon him that he was convinced that I must be a marksman by trade, and so desisted from the All this made me proud past reasoning and I mounted in their sight, and made a

of variets in his company very careful of their skins in this world—which is, maybe as well-seeing that in the next they are ure of getting them well paid."

So all that night I fled, and the next day

While life lasts shall I not forget Donald, My father used often to tell us what Maxwell of Monreith said when he lit off his gray horse at the stable deer and turned him out There is a park for thee to fill thy belly in for the rest of thy days. No leg shall ever cross thy back again!" So when I came to my own in the better

When we came within sight of the land so we put to sea again, where we were too much tossed about for the comfort of my arrived at an outlandish place called, as I think, Zurichsee, where we met with much inhumanity and uncourteousness. Indeed unturing to the Low Countries, had been of our company, it might have gone hardly with us, for the barbarious folk had some upon a day of carnival. They entered our

before I had put my sword into them, which, in their own country, and engaged in un godliness, it had been a folly to do.

that followed me, seeing a man running like to burst through the moss, turned aside and for the sun was excedingly hot above

> of the banner at Sanguhar. While at Groningen I got a great deal of civility because of Sandy, my brother, whose name took me everywhere. But I think that in time I also won some love and liking on my own account. While I was away I got many letters from Maisie Lennox, chiefly in name of my mother, who was not good at writing, for her father, though a lord of session, would not have his daughters taught overly much, lest it made them vain and neglectful of those things which are a wom-

law at the University of Groningen. So did also, even as I, all the students of law whom I knew in Holland and elsewhere, for that is

was most natural.

Yet it was not right that I would reck-

(To be continued.)

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