



## Glimpses of Mac and Beth---Con't.

With trembling hands the poor frightened fellow slipped out of kilts, cap and scarf. Gaily the Senior put them on, throwing his cast-off sweater and pants to the other fellow.

"What's that crowd gathered for? I've got to see it all."

With a perfectly self-confident air the Senior walked into the middle of the group. The faces all seemed strangely familiar. A big fellow with one arm hanging useless and gesticulating wildly with the other seemed to be the center of attraction.

"By Jove, but he looks like Iver! What's he doing, anyway?"

"For brave Macbeth, well he deserves that name, disdaining fortune with his brandished steel which smoked of bloody execution, like valour's minion carved out his passage till he faced the slave."

Here the crowd gave such a cheer that the Senior shut his eyes and tried to collect his thoughts. "What's he saying, anyway? Somebody has been fighting. It must have been Macbeth. I got that much of it, anyway. Now what?"

"O, valiant cousin! Worthy gentleman!" cried a familiar voice, and the Senior looked around to behold a man, evidently the king, sitting on an upholstered chair with a heavy crown on his head and a rich robe lying half across his lap.

"Oh, for the love of Mike! Do my eyes deceive me, or is that Archie Lee? Ha! Ha! Ha! Archie in an overstuffed chair! Wearing a crown! Can you beat it? No, it can't be Archie. He wasn't in that brawl last night. What's Iver saying now? Macbeth won. Good! Wonder when he comes."

While the Senior was contemplating, a shout went up from the multitude. He could hardly hear the words they were saying, but down the road he could see approaching a group of horsemen. Who rode ahead? There certainly was something familiar about the heavy set shoulders and position of that head. Quickly he shouldered his way through the crowd. No one seemed to notice him. He was dressed like a common Scotchman, and he hadn't spoken a word aloud yet. Just as he reached the inner circle a man whom the people were hailing as "Long live Macbeth, Thane of Cawder," turned his head and doffed his cap. The Senior's eyes popped and his mouth fell open.

"Earl Anderson! To think that I should live to see such honors bestowed on him. Well, he always was a leader in a fight—a yell leader. What's Earl saying? He's inviting the king to his home on a visit. I'm going along to see the fun. I'll manage to keep out of sight because I don't want to be recognized. Well, we're off."

Over the heath on a rough road away toward the distant mountains the cavalcade wound, the Senior keeping up as well as any of them on his borrowed horse. They rode all day and just as the sun set, they turned into the court yard of one of Scotland's grand old castles.

While the King and his men made themselves comfortable around the pleasant porch the Senior waited anxiously for the appearance of Lady Macbeth. Suddenly a high pitched penetrating voice broke upon his ear. Where had he heard that voice before? Then a woman sailed gracefully through the door. The Senior stared. That voice, her hair combed smoothly back, even the dark blue dress with the flowing panels carried him back to the campus. The King had risen to his feet and stood with outstretched hand.

"All our service in every point twice done and then double were poor and single business to contend against those honors deep and broad where your majesty loads our house," said Lady Macbeth, graciously.

"Say, I'd like to know which of those two swallowed the dictionary and which slept with the blarney stone under his pillow last night," muttered the Senior. "I know her now. It's Miss Glise! I'm going to speak to her. She always had a soft spot in her heart for me. Sooth, what shall I say? Fair Lady, Mrs. Macbeth, Oh, I say, how are you, anyway? Didn't expect to see Donald McCrum wandering around here, did you?"