

TALES OF OUR COAST

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Tales of Our Coast by S. R. Crockett & Harold Frederic & Gilbert Parker

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S. R. CROCKETT & HAROLD FREDERIC & GILBERT PARKER

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By

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Q.



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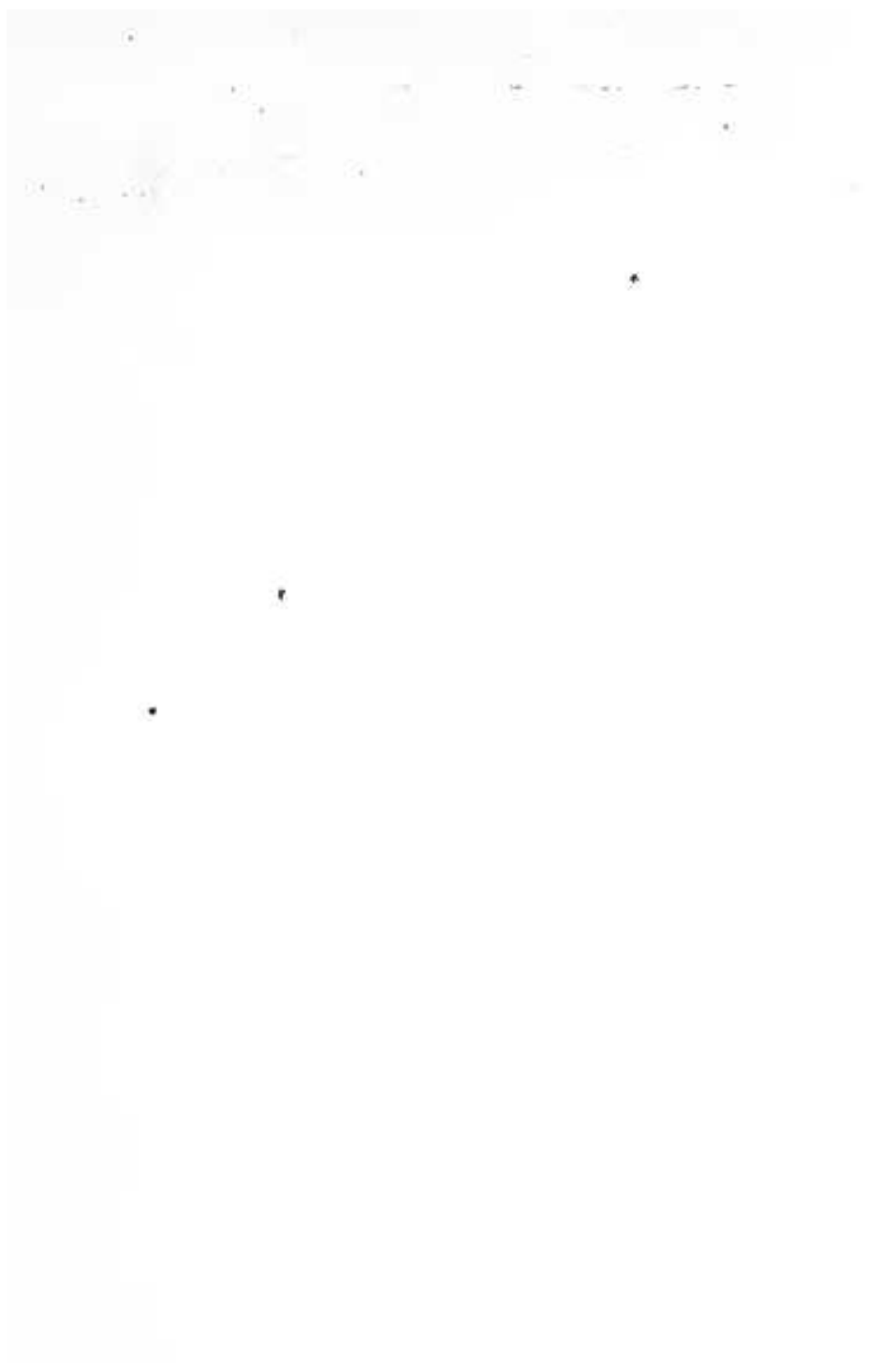
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THE SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE

BY

S. R. CROCKETT



THE
SMUGGLERS OF THE CLONE.

'RISE, Robin, rise! The partans are on the sands!'

The crying at our little window raised me out of a sound sleep, for I had been out seeing the Myreside lasses late the night before, and was far from being wake-rife at two by the clock on a February morning.

It was the first time the summons had come to me, for I was then but young. Hitherto it was my brother John who had answered the raising word of the free-traders spoken at the window. But now John had a farm-steading of his own, thanks to Sir William Maxwell and to my father's siller that had paid for the stock.

So with all speed I did my clothes upon me, with much eagerness and a beating