

CHAPTER XXL THE WATERS OF THE WELL OF BETH-LEHEM THAT IS BESIDE THE GATE. With that a kind of madness came over

me and took possession of my body. I cannot account for it or excuse it, save that the sun had stricken me unawares and moldered my head.

I remember saying over and over to myself these words that I had often heard my father read as he took the Book: "O, that one would give me to drink of the well of Bethelehem that is beside the gate." So I rose out of the lair where I was, took off my shoes and stockings, and went down to the water side. Ken Water is very low at that season, and looking over I could see the fish lying in the black pools with their noses up stream, waiting for a spate to run into the shallows of the burns. I declare that had not my mind been set on the well house I should have stripped there and then for a plunge after them. So I waded the river, wading to my middle in the clear warm pool. I think it was surely the only time that man ever waded Ken to get a drink

When I reached the further side-the nearer to my mother-I lay for a long time on the bank overcome with the water and the sun. I was plainly to be seen from the house, and, had the sentinel so much as looked my way, I could not have escaped his notice. But no one came near me of stirred me in any way. Then I aroused my self and betook me through the thick woods that He on the side toward the Clachan of St. John. The wood here is composed of great oaks, the finest, as all allow, in Galloway, of which that in which my brother Sandy was afterward often concealed, is but one. Underneath was a thick growth of hazel and birch. The whole makes cover of the densest, through which no troops could ride and no eye pierce.

So I was here up on well-kenned ground.

Every tree stem I knew by touch of hand,
and I had creeped into every hidle hole that
would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seel in these woods. And there, at the back of one of the great trees, was where we had fought because that he had called me "puny crowl." Whereat I bit him in the thumb till it bled grievously to teach him not to names, and also more generally for the good of his soul.

Now all this came back to me, and i seemed that Sandy and I were again playing at hiding. Nearly had I cried out the seekat hiding. Nearly and I creed out the seeming signal; sye, and would have done it, too, but for the little rattle of arms when the sentry turned sharp at the corner of the house, with a click of his heels and a jingle of his spurs. The house of Earlstoun stands very near the water edge, with nothing all soldiers are great trenchermen and can about it save the green hawthorn studded right nobly "claw a bleker" and "toon a groft on the one hand and the thick wood on stoup" with any man.

I lay a long while watching the house, to iscover any one ab but not even a lounging soldier could dows, but not even a founding soldier could use anywhere, except the clinking loon who kept the guard. But once Jean Hamilton, Sandy's wife, came to the window, and once her little daughter. Alison, shook a tablecloth over the sash—a sight which cheered me greatly, for by it I knew that there were still folk that ate a meal of meat

within the towers of Earlstoun. sweet well water of the gateway tower came to me as I lay, parched with thirst and the

Aye, and I declare I had grappled with the sentry for it, but that I had the remnants of some sense left about me, which told me that so I should only bring destruction upon myand on others that were even more

Presently I heard the voice of a serving lass calling from within the court yard, and at the sound the sentry listened and waited. He looked this way and that round the corners. He stood in the shade of the archways and wiped his brow. Then he leaned his musket against the wall and went within. I thought to myself, "It is now or never, for he has gone to the kitchen for a bite and sup, and will be out again in a moment, lest his captain should return and find that he has left his post."

So with that I made a rush swiftly round the corter and entered the well house. For

the corner and entered the well house. For a moment only, as I ran, was I bathed in the about the place this thirty years?" hot sunshine, then drenched again in the cool darkness of the tower. There is a icket and chain which are used to wrap the great dipper over the windlass. There is



some folks tak' a man as they tak'

also a little dipper which one may let down by a rope when only a drink or a little household water is needed, and there is no servitor at hand to turn the handle. This list I let down, and in a moment after I was draining nectar from the cup, for which I had risked so much. And all I could do when I got it was only to sip a little and let the rest run back again into the well, while. like the refrain of a weary song, over and over the words ran in my mind. "O that one would give me of the water of the well of

cerned him lifting his musket, shifting it dread of the well, having been told a story from one side to the other, and so resuming about a little boy who tumbled into it in from one side to the other, and so resuming about a little boy who tumbled into it in his tramp. I heard everything, indeed, the act of disobedience, and so was drowned.

boot heel every time had he but peeped round the corner. But he had been so often within the well house during his time on guard that he never once glanced my way. Also, he was evidently elevated by what he had gotten within the house from the serving maid, whatever that might

It was strange to hear his step waxing and waning as he came and went. He paced from the well house to the great gate, and from thence to the corner of the tower. Back again he came to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock. Once he took the butt of his musket and gave the door, within which I lay, a sharp fling to. Luckly it ding so that I was none so evilly bestowed, opened from without, so that the hasp This man whom she had perforce to trust aught as it came, and I was shut within. So there I lay, without power to move, al that day, and no one came near me till late in the gloaming. For it was the custom of the Earlstoun to draw the water for day in the early morning, and that for the night uses after the horses were suppered at bedtime. My head seemed to swell to so great a size that it filled the well house, and was pressed against the roof. Anon it grew wizened and small, waxing and waning as I sickened and the shoots of pain ran around my brows.

At last I heard a foot come slowly down

the turrent stair and out at the door. Through the courtyard I heard it come toward me, and something sang in my heart though I could have given no great reason therefor.

Softly the door of the wellhouse opened ind one came in, giving a little cry at so nearly stumbling over me. But no power had I to move nor speak, even though it had been Clavers himself who came. My visitor gently and lightly shut the door and knelt at my head. "William!" said a voice, and I seemed in

flowers as a child again.

I opened my eyes, and lo! it was Maisie of the Duchrae—she that had been so kind to me, and the wonder of seeing her in my own house of Earlstoun, where the garrison was abiding, was a better incitement than brandy of France.

my phantasy to be running about among the

But there was no time for speech, so, pullng me further within, she bent and whis-

randy of France.

William, I will go and bring your mother. The soldiers may not be long away!"
So she rose to go out, with her pail full f water, for which she had come. Yet, ere she went, she laid her hand upon

my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear: "My poor lad!" Only that, but it was a thing which was mightily sweet to me. Nor was she long gone before she returned with my mother. They had called the sentry in to his meal and supplied him with somewhat to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that

CHAPTER XXII. THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOUN

So as soon as he was snugly housed with the servant lass the two women came to me where I sat at the back of the door of the well house. Chiefly I wanted to hear wha it might be that brought Maisie of the Du Chiefly I wanted to hear what chrae so far from home at the house of the here were still folk that ate a meal of meat within the towers of Earlstoun.

But more and more the desire for the state and more the desire for the state of the put her arms about me. She would have taken me up to the west garret under the no wine of sunny France, no golden juice of Zeres, could ever be one-half so sweet as the water of that Earlstoun well, "that is beside the gate."

want me out again.

Then our next idea was that I should go to the wattled platform on the oak, to which Sandy resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with deadly cold, so that to bide night and day in the covert of a tree looked like my

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for places of concealment in the old days when we two used to play at "Bogle-about-the-stacks" at the Duchrae, cast an eye up at the roof of the well house. "I declare, I think there is a chamber up there," she said, and stood a moment con-

sidering. my mother. She did everything quietly.
"How can there be such a place and I not know it?" said my mother. "Have I not been

But Maisle thought otherwise of it, and wthout more ado she set her little feet in the nicks of the stones, which were rough

set, like a chimney.

Then putting her palm flat above her she pushed an iron-ringed trap door open, lifted herself level with it, and so disappeared from our view. We could hear her grouping above us, and sometimes little stones fell tinkling into the well. So we remained be-

neath, waiting for her report, and I hoped that it must not be long, for I feel that soon must lie down and die, so terrible was the tightness about my head.
"There is a chamber here," she cried at last. "It is low in the rigging and part of the roof is broken toward the trees, but the

in a house where the soldiers took the most themselves, though they are banded stoutly and the best there was sometimes but scant enough sainst all the world beside. It made lvy hides it, and the hole cannot be seen om the house." "The very place! Well done, young lass!"

said my mother, much pleased, though she had not found it herself.

Maisle looked over the edge.
"Give me your hand," she said.
Now there is this curious thing about this lass ever since she was in short coats, that she not only knew her own mind in every circumstance, but also compelled the minds of everyone else. At that moment it seemed as natural that I should obey her, nd also for my mother to assist her, as she had been a queen commanding obdience. Yet she hardly ever spoke above breath, and always rather as if she were venturing a suggestion. This is not what any one can ever learn. It is a nat-ural gift. Now there is my brother Sandy. He has a commanding way with him cer-tainly. He gets himself obeyed. But at what an expenditure of breath. You can hear him at Parskeech telling the lass to put on the perridge pot, and he cannot get his feet wet and need a change of stockings without the Ardock folk over the hill hear-

ing all about it. But I am telling of the well house Such tales as these Maisle Lennox told me in the quiet of the gloaming when I was still in the well house chamber, and only the drip, drip of the water at the bottom came to us. It was strange for me to lie there and hear here kind voice tolling me humorrouse out upon the right brought the sentry from "Give me your hand," said the lass Maisie down from the trap door. It is a strange thing that I nover dreamed of disobeying. I put out my hand, and in a trice I was up

eatide her.

My mother followed us and we looked had long about. It was a little room and had long been given over to the birds. I marveiled Bothlehem that is beside the gate."

Then, like the far-away voice that calls that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I have the one out of a dream, I heard the sentry report of the birds. I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I have the property of the birds. I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I have the property of the property of the birds. I marvened that is our venturous youth Sandy and I have the birds and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that is our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that it is that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that it is that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that it is that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that it is that in our venturous youth Sandy and I marvened that it is We heard also what had become of him afterward, which discouraged us from the

but a sergeant's guard that were left to you suffer not with the saints, and yet come keep the castle. Today all these men, except the sentry, were down drinking in the change house in the clachan, and not till about

midnight would they come rearing home. She also told me what I much yearne know, that the duchrae had at-last yearned to turned out, and old Anton had betaken him-self to the hills, Maisie, his daughter, had come to the neighborhood with Margaret Wiizon of Glenvernock, the bright little lass from the Shireside that I had seen during my sojourn in Balmaghie. Maragaret Wilson had friends over at the farm of Bogue on the Very good to the hill folk they were, though in good enough repute with the government up till this present time. From there Maisle Lennox had come up to Earlstoun to tell my mother all that she knew of myself and my cousin Wat. Then, because the two women leved to talk the one to the other, at the Earlstoun she had abode ever since, and there I found her.
So in the well house I remained day by

day in safety. The chamber over the well was a fine place for prayer and mediation. At first I place for prayer and mediation. At first I thought that each turn of the sentry would surely bring him up to the trapdoor with sword and musket pointed at me, and I had little comfort in my lodging. But gradually by my falling to the praying and by the gradual action of time and use, I minded the coming and going of the soldiers no more than those of the doves that came in to see me at the broken part of the roof, and went out again with a wild finite of their wings.

out again with a wild flutter of their wings. I minded me that I had heard Mr. Peden say at the Conventicle that "the prayers o the saints are like to a fire which at first gives off only smoke and heat, but ere all be done breaketh out into a clear light and comfortable home."

These were times of great peacs, when the

coldiers and the young lairds that rode with hem for the horsemanship part of it went off on their excursions and came not back till late at eventide, with many of the Glenkens chukles swinging, head down, at their saddle bows.

The well house was a strait place, but my mother had gotten one of our retainers to place there a little truckle bedstead and bed-

to your end as a man of wrath! Now this I thought to be an ill-timed say-ing when I had ridden at Airamosa while

Sandy was braw and snug in the lowlands of Holland, disputing in Master Brackel's cham-ber with Rob Hamilton, her brother, concerning declarations and protests. "As for me," she went on, liking the sound of her own voice, "that is, for my corps, I care not gin it were cast up to the heaven

and keppit upon iron graips, so that my soul bad peace!" "I think that I would even be content to lie at the bottom of this well if I might have peace!" said I, for the spirit within me was jangled and easily set on with her cornerate, crying.

"William, William," she said, "I fear greatly you are yet in the bond of iniquity! greatly you are yet in the bond of iniquity:
I do but waste my time with you!"
Saying which, she let herself down on the
well edge, lifted her pails and was gone.
In a little came Mattle Lennox with other
two buckets. The sentinel, if he thought at all, must have set us down for wonfrous clean folk about Earlstonn during these days; but all passed off easily, and no notice was

Then, when Maisle came, it was a quiet joy to greet her, for she was a friend—yes as David to Jonathan—exceeding pleasant to me. As I have said, I am not a man to take the eyes of women, and never looked to be loved by a woman other than my mother But for all that I like 1 to think about love and to picture what manner of man he should be to whom Masie Lennox would let all her

Every night she came in briskly, laughing et having to pull herself up into the well chamber, and ever with some other story of cheer to tell me.

"Ken ye what little Jock said this day?" she asked ere she was well over.
I told her that I knew not, but was eager to hear, for that I ever counted Jock the best bairn in all the coupe.

"It was at dinner," she said, taking a great dish from under her apron, "and I minded that when you were with us at the Duchrae you kept a great crying for burntrout. These being served for a first course, I watched for a time when the servants were was not one of our ancients, but only a man taken up at the chamber end with their serv-

"SOFTLY THE DOOR OF THE WELL HOUSE OPENED."

that had but recently come into the country ing, and the bairns were busy with their

had left the service at the peril of his life underneath my apron and sat very still and and come north. His name was Patrick innocent, picking at my plate.

meal.

pairns were a boy and a girl of 7 and 8, and all it was as brothers may disagree among

was to risk a discovery, which meant not less than a tow rope for my neck, and that speedily.

Earlstoun. For among other things our mother mostly went to carry him his meals of meat, taking with her Jean Hamilton.

hear her kind voice telling me humorsome his corner, who listened, but could not under tales of what had befallen that day.

by the road?"

noses in their plates.

"Then, when none observed, I whipped th

"Soon little Jock looked up. O, mither

Auntie Maisie, she has eaten the hale kan

f trootses, while we were suppin' our broth

and all the children came about, expecting t

see me come to some hurt by so mighty

" 'Tell me,' cried Jock, being ever the fore

Are ye sure it is not sticking somewhere

"All the time I sat with the score of burn

With such tales she pleased me, winning

plets and the hoolets crying about me in the

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BULL OF EARLSTOUN'S HOME

COMING.

home. It may seem from this history that we agreed not over well together. But after

themselves, though they are banded stoutly

us love one another more that we were mostly

separate; and so when Sandy came hom

this time and took up his old lodging in the

tree, it was certainly much heartsomer at the

nox to bring me my portion to the well

But often in the gloaming Sandy himself

came climbing up by the ivy on the outside

of the well tower and let his great body

the tiles, and in that narrow chamber we

cheered one another with talk. This I liked

when he began to deafen me with his bick-erings about the United Societies—how there

among them that they had put off even so great a thing as a general meeting that he might have time to come from Edinburgh

down through the narrow broken lattice

well enough so long as he spoke

It was about this time that Sandy came

ancient woods of Earlstoun.

"At that there was great wonderment

he cried, 'wull ye please to look a

most part of your dainty platterful

and taken service with us. He had been a soldier, and had even served in her majesty's

Laing, and he came of decent folk over

about Nithsdale. He was in high favor with the garrison because of his feats of strength,

but he had to keep carefully out of the sight of Tom Dalzyell, Grier of Lag, and the old

officers who remembered him in the days

when he was a sergeant with the king's colors. Also he was the only man who could

keep steeks with John Scarlet at the sword

Often at night I had converse with him,

long with the low fever or ague that

when the soldiers were not returned and it was safe for him to come and see me. Here

had taken me after Airsmoss, but because

I was within my own country, and within cry of my mother and Maisie Lennox, I

closely watched, in her incomings and out-

goings, but every eventide Maisle Lennox

brought me what she could lay her hands

upon for my support.

As I grew whole we had much merriment

when she told me of the straits she was often in to get away without betraying

The two eldest of my brother Sandy's

Now, none of the serving folk, or even of

the family, knew that I was in the neighbor-

Of all Sandy's bairns little Jock was the

vorst, and of him Maisie had many stories

to tell me, making merry when she brought

"I was getting a terrible name for a great

eater," she said. "It was but this day at dinner that Jock cried out, "Whatna funny chuckle hen! It's gotten twa wings, but only

se leg!' for I had hidden the other on my lap for you. That caused much merriment, for

we all laughed to think of a chuckle hop-ping and standing upon but one leg. But be-cause Cornet Gilchrist was there we had all

to laugh somewhat carefully, and pass the matter off with a jest."
"On another occasion," said Maisie, "when

half a dozen egggs could not be found. little Jock cried out. The ac-legged chuckled wull

be clockin' them!' And this caused more mer-

Such tales as these Maisle Lennox told me

the object of her solicitude.

fare for the younger folk.

me my piece in the twilight.

inded not so much as one might think.

My mother came not often, for she

play, and I longed to see him try a bou with Wat of Lochinvar himself.

guards, but, being a Covenanter at

water-

Even as he spoke thus, and blattered with the broad of his great hand on his knee, the trap door in the floor slowly lifted up, and through the aperture came the head of a soldier, even that of the sentry of the night, with whose footfalls I had grown so familiar that I minded them no more than the ticking of the watch in your pocket or the heating of your heart in the daylime. The man seemed even more surprised than

we were, and for a long moment he abode And Sandy looked back at him with his jaw dropped and his mouth open. I could have laughed at another time, for they were both great red men with beards, and their faces were very near one another, like those of yokels that grin at each other emulously out of the horse collars on the turbulent day at the Clachan fair-which is on the eve of St. John, in the time of mid summer.

Then suddenly Sandy snatched an un lighted lantern and brought it down on the soldier's head, which went down through the trap door like Jack-out-of-the-box being

shut down again. "Tak the skylight for it, William," Sandy "I'll e'en gang doon an' see what

this loon wants!"

So, snatching a sword that lay upon the boards by his side, Sandy went head first down the trap after his man. I heard him fall mightily upon the two soldiers who had the keeping of the house that night, which was a great blessing for him and for me. In that narrow place he gripped them both In that narrow place he keeps arms, and with the first claucht of his great arms, and prayer.

Analysis their heads together, exhorting them The cottage sat on the brink of a glen, and the steep and all the time to repent and think on their evil ways.

"Wad ye, then, vermin," he cried as one and another tried to get at him with their weapons 'round the narrow edge of the well curb; and I heard one after another of their tools clatter down the masonry of The men were in their bottom. marching gear, being ready at all times for the coming of Clavers, who was a great man for discipline, and very particular that the soldiers should always be properly equipped whenever it should please him to And because he was a great man for night marches and sudden surprises, the men took great pains with their accourre

"Can I help you, Sandy?" I cried down through the hole "Bids ye whaur ye are, man. I can man-age the hullions fine! Wad ye, then? Stan up there back to back, or I'll gie ye anither daub on the kerb that may leave some o' your harns stickin' to it. Noo' I'll put the rope roon ye, an' ease ye doon to a braw

i looked down the trap and saw Sandy rov-ing the spare coil of well rope round and round his two prisoners. He had their hands close to their sides, and whenever one of them opened his mouth Sandy gave his head knock with his open hand that drove him clapping his teeth together

like castinets from Spain.

As soon as he had this completed to his satisfaction he lifted the bucket from the ook and began to lower the men down the shaft, slinging them by the bellyband of his majesty's regimental breeches to the rope. The men cried out to ask him if he meant o drown them.
"Na, na, droon name," said Sandy.

"There's but three feet o' water in the well But ye'll be fine and caller doon there a'nicht an' gin ye as muckle as ory afore the mor row's sunrise—weel, ye hae heard o' Sandy Gordon o' the Earlstoun!" And this, indeed, feared the men greatly, for he was celebrated for his strength and

daring all athwart the country, and especially among the soldiers and common peode, who, as is well known, are talking of eats never done of strength. This being completed, he brought me down rom my loft and took me in the house to

bid the women folk farewell. They cried out with fear when he told them what he had done as a noble jest, and how he had bound the soldiers and put them in the well bottom. But my mother cried out, "It is the beginning of the erd, O. Sandy. Why could you not have been content with scarin' them?"
"It was our lives or theirs, mither," said "Had they gotten room to put steel nto me your first born son was hae been at

into me your first born son wad has been at the well bottom, wi'his heid doon an' his mouth open, and your second dangling in a hempen collar in the grass market. The eggs are all in one basket now, mither!" "Haste ye, away!" cried she, "lest they break lowse and come and find ye here!"
"They has somewhat better sense than to break lowse this night," said Sandy. gaun nane to tak the heather without my

So he sat him down on the settle like man at case and well content.
"Jean, fetch the plates," he said to his "it's graund to be hungry and ken o Malsie Lennox stood quietly by, but I could see that she liked not the turn of affairs

nor the way that Sandy had of driving all things before him. "Haste ye, young lass," he said to her, and the word she went quietly to help. Jean "Whither gang ye?" our mother said

us, as we made ready to flee. "Mind and be canna' wi that laddle. Sandy, for he has been ill and needs care and 'tendance to this day.'
And it pleased me to see that Maisle Len nox looked pale and auxious when she came icar me. But no word spoke she.
"Ns. mither, I'll na tell ye whaur we gang.

for ye micht be put to the question, and then ye can say ye dinna ken wi' a guid concience. I got a word with Maisie at the stair foot

as she went up to bring some plaid or ker-chief down that our mother insisted I should to with me.
'Maisie,'' I said, ''ye'll no forget me, will

rout on my lap, covered by my apron, and t was only by pretending that I had burned But she would give no great satisfaction. There are so many gay things in my life gar me forget a friend!" was all she said. but she looked down and pulled at her my heart all the while, and causing me to forget my weakness, and to think not long

"Nay, but tell me, my lassie, will ye think every day o' the lad ye nursed in the wellhoose chamber?" "Your mother is crying on me," she said;

"let me go, William" (though indeed, I was not touching her). I was turning away disappointed with no

word more, but she snatched my hand that had fallen to my side, pressed it a moment to her breast, and then fled upstairs like a young roe. So, laden with wrappings, Sandy and I

took our way over the moor, making through our own oak wood, which is the largest Galloway, and out by Blawquhairn and Gordonatoun upon the meor of Bogue-a wet and marshy place, save in the height of the dry season. Sandy was for making for a hold that he had near the lonely, wind swept loch of Knockman, which lies at a burn head near the top of a hill of heather and bent. But as we came to the breast of the Windy Brae I began to feel my weak-ness, and a cold sweat began to drip from fac. "Sandy," said I to my brother, taking him by the hand lest he should go too fast for me, "I fear I shall be a trouble to you. Leave me, I pray you, at Gordiestoun to tak" my chance, and hie you to the heather. It'l

may be no be a hanging matter wi' me, ony gen and the Low countries, but not so well gate. "Hear till him," said Sandy, "leave him! I'll leave the laddle nane. The man doesna breathe that Sanguhar and Airsmoss are no was one Patrick Laing, a man of fierce and determined nature, that could not company with other than himself; how Mr. Linning wrestled with the malcontents, and how he himself was of so great honor and consideration among them that they had put off eyes so ensuch to draw the thrapple o', were it the chancellor, himsel'!"
He bent and took me on his back, "There

na, is that comfortable?" he said, and away he strode with me as though he had been ribs," he cried, making light of the load. "Ye are no heavier than a lamb in the

poke-neuk o' a plaid." I think he was sorry for stirring me from the well chamber, and the thought made like him better than I had manned to do for

stales of what had befallen that day.

Jean Hamilton, Sandy's wife, came but once to see me, and gave me much religious advice. She was ever a great woman for experiences, and was one of those who desired that all should be exactly of her pattern, which I saw no hope of—nor yet greatly desired.

Stand whence came the sounds. Presently the soldier called his comrade, and the pair of them stole to the door of the well house, where I had lain so long in safety. Sandy was in the heat of his discourse and I sitting against the chamber wall in my kneet breeches and with a plaid about me, listendarded. ome time.
And indeed my weight seemed no more to him than that of a motherless suckling to a shepherd on the hill when he steps homeof them stole to the door of the well house, where I had lain so long in safety. Sandy was in the heat of his discourse and I ritting against the chamber wall in my knee ward at the close of the day. It is a great thing to be strong. If only Sandy had had the knack of gentleness with it he had been a great man. As it was, he was only the bull

"My life is all sin," she would say, "if it made us both careless, "At Darmead, that well-kenned place, we of Earlstoun.

We went in our flight over the benty fell toward Milnmark, but holding more down to the right toward the Garpel burn, where there are many dens and fastnesses, and where the covenant folk had often companied

Ill-conditioned when he comes across the Garpel and stride across, the water dashing fairly goffered at the edges. about his 'egs as he waded through, taking, as was his wont, no thought of an easy way or of keeping of himself dry, but just going on ramatam illi he had won clear.

Then he brushed through a little wood of been a tod!"

salld, "yince bitten, twice sty. I have ensuch of man—nesty, saucy, ill-flavored characters, wi half a nose on ye, ye can tell as easy as gin yin o' them be in the house as gin he had been a tod!"

Then he brushed through a little wood of oak and hazel. I felt the rough twigs in my face. Climbing a steep brae, Sandy set me down at the end of a house with some bits of offices about it, and a pleasant, homely smell of cows. But, saying these, there were none of the other signs of a farm town about it, but rather a brisk cleanliness and well—

it been a too!

"And am I not a man, Aunty Jean?" I down a sked, for indeed she had been very kind to me.

"Hoot, a laddie is no a man; nae beard like briskles, nae luntin', stinkin' pipes and a skin like my lady's—that's no a man. By my it, but rather a brisk cleanliness and well—sik hose and shoe strings, gin I get as ordered neatness.

Sandy went to the door and knocked, and Bogue road, I steek baits the inner and the

in a little while one answered at the south-most of the windows. Then a whispered word was given and taken. The door was This made me laugh opened and we went into the dark house.

A sweet-faced old lady in the narrow passage, gowned even at this time of night with some precision, took me by the arm. She held a candle sloft in her hand.

She loved to talk, "he's a great, senseless, bill a candle sloft in her hand.

some precision, took me by the arm. She love a conding story in the process of the Linn yet come awa', laddle," she said. "Ye shanna try the unkindly dasses o' the Linn yet to aff the hill and takin' yin ablow his exter, awhile, nor yet 'Duncan's pantry,' that has small store of vitual in it. But ye shall bide this night wi' Jean Gordon o' the Shirmers.

The love to talk, "he's a great, senseless, sturdy o' a craitur. Yet he could get a' the wives he wants by just coming doon like a tod aff the hill and takin' yin ablow his exter. An' the puir bit bleatin' hizzle wad think she likit it. Lord, some folks tak' a man as they tak' a farm by the acre. But no me this night wi' Jean Gordon o' the Shirmers, that has still some spunk in her yet, though folks say that she died o' love thirty years the bonny ticht lad, is the lad for me, the syne. Hoot, silly folk, Jean Gordon could has gotten a man ony time had she been wantin' yin."

We were indeed at Jean Gordon's famous cot by the side of the bonny Garpel burn; and it was not long till she had me cosey in head, and Sandy to whom all weathers and she moved about the house ordering the por-

bed, and Sandy, to whom all weathers and she moved about the house, ordering the por-heedings were alike, away to his hiding in the ridge making and keeping an eye on the Cleuch beneath, where some of his society men were that night holding a meeting for

almost from my window began the steep and precipitous descent. So that if the alarm were suddenly given there was at least a chance of finging myself out of the window and dropping into the tangled sides of the Linn of Garpel. The thought of the comfort in Jean's cot made me the more willing to the well, and plump into the water at the take the risk, for I knew well that if I had to venture the damps and chills of the glen without any shelter after my illness it would fare but poorly with me. So all that night I listened to the murmur of the water beeath, dashing about the great rocks in the

But there was none other sound, and to this sweet, sequestered spot came none to

seek us. Here in the fastnesses of the Garpel Sandy and I abode many days, and though the gien was searched, and patrol parties more than once came our way, none of them approached near the fastness of thickets where in the daytime we were hidden. And at night, in all safety, I betook me to the cottage of learn Gordon. Jean Gordon.

Her story had been a sad one, but she made little of it now, though it was well known to all the country side.

"The Lord has taken away the sting of pain out of my life," she said. "I was but a lass when I came to the Garpel, thinking my heart broken. Once I toved a braw lad, bonny to look upon, and he loved me, or I was the more deceived. Lindsay was his name. Doubtless ye have heard the common tale. He slichted my love and left me with-out a word. Waes me, but the very lift turned black when I hear it, and I cried out on the liars. But belief came slowly to me. The loch is very near to the Shirmers where then I dwelled, and the tower window looks down into the black deeps from among the ivy bushes on the wall. My thoughts dwelt n the short and easy road to peace. But praise His marvelous name, I saw another way. So I built me this bit house here, on bonny birk-grown sides o' the Garpel,

and e'en came my ways here. Ye'll sune get a man, for ye're bonny! Never fash your thumb for Lindsay!" said my kin.

'I'll get nae man, I throught to them. What one schlichtet shall never be given to another.' So forty year have I bidden here, and heard little but the mayis sing and the cushle complain. Think weel o' yersel, Willie, lad, for ye are the first man body that has ever bidden the night within Jean's wa's.

So again I had fallen on my feet, as has lug. She cuitied Tam Lindsay an flairfed ever been my fortune with women; though him an spak' him fair, till the poor fathom

sert of them.

Here after a day or two there came to Jean Gordon, my hostess of the night geaon, a letter from Sandy's wife, Jean Hamilton, with sad news. It was intended for my brother, but according to the custom of these days, it was not so addressed, for the transmission of such letters was too danger-

ous at that time.
"Dear mistress," so it ran, "your letter did yield great satisfaction to me, and now I have good words to tell you. The Lord is doing great things for me. Colvin and Clavers (Cornel) have put us out of all we

iave, so that we know not where to go, "I am at present in a cot house. Oh blessed cottage! As oon as my enemie began to roar against me, so quickly came my kind Lord to me and did take my part. He made the enemies to favor me, and He gave me kindly welcome to this cottage.
"Well may I say that his yoke is easy

and His burden light.
"Dear Mistress Jean, praise God in my behalf, and cause all that love Him to praise Him on my behalf. I fear that I miscarry under His kind hand

'Colvin is reigning here like a prince, get ting 'his honor' at every word. But he hath not been rude to them. He gave me leave to take out all that I had. What matters suffering after all! But, oh! the sad failings away of some! I cannot give a full account

"I have nothing to write on but a stone by the waterside, and know not how soon the enemy may be upon me. I entreat you to send me your advice what to do. The enemy said to me that I should not get to stay in Galloway gin I went not to their kirk.

"They said I should not even stay in Scot-land, for they would pursue me to the far end of it, but I should be forced to go to their church. The persecution is great. There are many families that are going to leave their houses and go out of the land. Gin you have not sent my former letter, let it not now go, but send this as quickly as you can. I fear our friends will be much venture to come home. I entreat that you will write that to him and close mine within yours. I have not backed his. Send me all your news. Remember me to all friends

desire to be minded to them.
"I rest, in haste, your loving friend and ervant, JANET HAMILTON." servant, JANET HAMILTON."
Now, I declare that this letter made me
think better than ever before of Sandy's wife. for I am not gifted with appropriate revery greatly do I admire the accomplishment. She was in time of peace greatly closed up within herself, but in the time of extrusion and suffering, her narrow heart came out. Notwithstanding the writing desk of stone by the waterside, the letter was well written, but the great number of words which had been blurred and corrected as to their spelling revealed the turmoil and anxiety writer. I have kept it before me as I this history, so that I might give it ex-

Thus we learned that Sandy's side of the house was safe; but what of our mother and Maisie Lennox?

"Jean says nothing," said Sandy, when I told him. "Good news is no news!"

And truly this was an easy thing for hin to say, who had heard news about his own; but Jean Gordon sent to her sister's son at Barscobe for word, but could hear nothing save that the Earlstoun ladies had been pu out of their house without insult or injury, and had gone away, no man knew whither. So with this in the meantime we

were obliged to rest as content as we

"Heighty, teighty," said Jean Gordon of the Shirmers, coming in to me with a piece one morning as soon as she heard that I was awake. "The silly folks may that I cam' aw her to dee for love. Weel, I has leeved forty year in Jean's cot o' the Garpel and I'm no dead yet. I wat no! I cam' here to get oot o' the men's road. Noo, there's my sistes ower by at Barscobe. She has been muckle with a kind of scuteness beyond the natural, which discouraged us from the Yet all the while I was wholly without sense the would be to shout out suddenly when he came near, to see him jump; and but for the remembrance of my mother, I protest I had done it, foo.

But there I lay on the margin of the will.

But there I lay on the margin of the margin of the will was at the first I had fining myself down, without so much as troubling theroughly to shut to foot. I am sure that from where a full was access that the solders had been a week of the protest in the solders had been a week of the protest in the corner, among all that the birds and the same than of the same to war a good of the well-was a great want of same at any gate, gin ye could get better mean to at any assaying, his great limbs afterward, which discouraged us from the attended half way across the floor as he lay on the bound of the world show a great want of same at any gate, gin ye could get better mean to the world show a great want of same at any gate, gin ye could get better mean to the same to the form the remembrance of my mother; I protect the reliable had done it, foo.

But there I lay on the margin of the well.

We heard also what had become of him afterward, which discouraged us from the active desired was a great want of same at any gate, gin ye could get better mean to the same to the form the cover sure that she heard the term of the same to contesting. And again she said that was accounted in the cover sure that the form where the cover sure to death the sold she was a great day of glorious witnessing and for the was a great day of glorious witnessing and for the respict to the right toward the Garpe bear. I was afread to think what should come than we saw a great want of same at any gate, gin ye could get better mean to the right was a great day of glorious witnessing and for the was a great day of glorious witnessing and the terms of the cover in the place, we the find the was a great want of the troubleson. I was a great that the bl

coter doors to keep awa' the wall o' This male me laugh, indeed, but after all "Now, there's Sandy," she went on, for he loved to talk, "he's a great, senseless, turdy o' a craitur. Yet he could get a' the

hen's meat as well. It eased my heavy thought to hear the heartsome clip of her tongue, for all the world like a tailor's shears, brisker when it comes to the selvage. So when Jean Gordon got in sight of the end of her sentence, she snipped out her words with a glibness beyond any Gordon that ever I heard of. ple with their tongues, save as they say by two and two at the canny hour of e'er But not our aunt Jean of Jean's Wa's by

the Garnel burn. "It's a strange thing," she said, looking through the hall and door at me, "that you an' me can crack like twa wives that has gotten their men oot o' the hearin'. My lad, I fear ye are yin in the bin' that creep into women's hearts because they are vexes for ye. Ye has sic innocent ways. Oh, I doot na but it's the guile o' ye, but it was

ever sae.
"Mony a mewlin', penterin' body has had success wi' the weeman folk. They think it's a peety that he should be so innocent, an' they tak' baud o' the craitur, just to keer off the designin' weeman. Oh, I'm far frac denyin' that we are a pack o' sily craiturs. A'thing that wears willycoats; no yin muckle

"But, aboot yoursel', Aunty Jean," I ventured, in order to stir her to reckless speech, which was like fox hunting to me.

"Wha? Me? Certes! I got the stoor oot o' me e'en braw an' early. I got it by be times, as the lairds tak' their mornin' o French brandy. When Tam Lindsay gaed off wi' his fleein' flagarie o' a muckie-tochered Crawford lass, I vowed that I wad hae dune vi' men. An' so I had! "Whenever a loon cam' here in his best breeks, and a hingin' look in the e'e o' the craitur that meant courtin', faith, I juist set

ome tyke on purpose, wi' a jaw ontili him ike Jonah's whale. Aye, aye, mony's the braw lad that has gane doon that brae wi' Auld Null ruggin' an' reevin' at the hinder-lands o' him-bonny to see!" "Did ye think, as ye watched them gang, that it was Lindsay, Aunty Jean?" I asked, for, indeed, her well going talk easel my

the dowgs on the scullion. I keep it a fear-

heart in the midst of so many troubles. For I declare these thirty years in Scotland, and specially in Glenkens, folk had almost orgotten the way to laugh.
"Na, na, callant," so she would say to me in return, "I never blamed him sair ava", am Lindsay was never sair fashed wi' sense the days o' his life—at least no to burt him, one man nor yersel' as yin micht say. It was the Crawford woman and her weel feathered nest that led him awa' like a bit has ever bidden the mest. Sandy, great as he thinks himself', can take the Linn side for it. He is seasoned like the red tod o' the hills, but ye are shilpit and silly, boy William, so ye had best bide wi' auid Jean when ye can. There's few in Gallowa' daur meddle wi' puir Jean, for she is kin to John Graham of Claverhouse himits kin to John Graham of Claverhouse alas, that I should confess it, chiefly because of my weakness, and with the elder or pump water thocht himself the brawest later to be the cause of my weakness, and with the elder or braid Scotland. Faith, I wadna sae because of them. mean me to get the king oot o' Whitehallwha they tell me is no that ill to get, gin yin had the chance and in muckle the same way as Tam Lindsay. O, what a set o' blind,

brainless, handless, guld-for-naethings are men!"

"It was with that ye began, Aunty Jean," "Aye, an' I shall end wi' it noo," she answered. "I'm no theology learned, but it looks terribly like as if the rib story were gye near the truth, for the poorest o' weemen can mak' a great muckle oot o' a very little, an' the best o' men are sair troubled wi' a sair want. I misdoot that Aydam maun has missed mair nor the rib when he waukened."



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