



CHAPTER XXI.

THE WATERS OF THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM THAT IS BEHIND 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 struck me unawares and maddered 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 Bethlehem that is beside the gate."

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 when I awoke I knew I was in the house, and had the sentinel so much as looked my way, I could not have escaped his notice.

But more and more the desire for the sweet well water of the gateway tower came to me as I lay, parched with thirst and the yearning for home things. It seemed that no wine of sunny France, no golden juice of Zeres, could ever be one-half so sweet as the water of that Earlston well.

Presently I heard the voice of a serving maid calling from within the court yard, and from the sound I listened and waited. He looked this way and that round the corner, as if he were looking for me, and then he wiped his brow. Then he leaned his musket against the wall and went on his way.

Then like the far-away voice that calls one out of a dream, I heard the sentry returning to his post. Quite clearly I discerned him lifting his musket, shifting it from one side to the other, and so resounding over the words that I had heard.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

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 house, and I saw the sentry looking at me.

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

But Maisie thought otherwise of it, and without more ado she set her little feet in the necks of the stones, which were rough and like a chimney.

"The very place! Well done, young lass!" said my mother, much pleased, though she had not found it herself. "Give me your hand," she said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BULL OF EARLSTOWN'S HOME-COMING.

It was about the gloaming that Sandy came home. It may seem from this history that we agreed not over well together. But after all it was as brothers may disagree among themselves.

As I grew whole we had much merriment when she told me of the great bull that often in to get away without betraying the object of her solicitude.

The two eldest of my brother Sandy's bairns were a boy and a girl of 5 and 8, and a house which was the merest of Bogle, and the best there was sometimes but scant fare for the younger folk.

Now, none of the serving folk, or even of the family, knew that I was in the neighborhood, saying only my mother, Maisie and the Duchrae and Patrick Linn. To tell more was to risk a discovery, which meant not less than a row for my neck, and that speedily.

Of all Sandy's bairns little Jock was the worst, and of him Maisie had many stories to tell me, making merry when she brought me my piece in the twilight.

"It was getting a terrible name for a great bull," she said, "that I saw that day at dinner that Jock cried out: 'Whatta funny chuckle heen!' I'd gotten two wings, but only see he'd hid the other end of my lap over my nose."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"



"SOFTLY THE DOOR OF THE WELL HOUSE OPENED."

that had but recently come into the country and taken service with me. He had been a soldier, and had even served in her majesty's guards, but, being a Covenantar at heart, had left the service at the peril of his life and come north.

"Lainie, little Jock looked up, O, nither mither," he cried, "will ye please to look at Auntie Maisie, she has eaten the hale kane of troostes, while we were suppin' our broth!"

"At that there was great wonderment, and all the children came about, expecting to see me come to some hurt by so mighty a meal."

"Tell me," cried Jock, being ever the foremost in the question, and who has gotten Are ye sure it is not sticking somewhere by the road?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WELL HOUSE OF EARLSTOWN.

So I was up on every ledge and hole, and I had crept into every hole and crack that would hold a squirrel. Times without number had Sandy and I played at hide-and-seek on the back of the one of the great trees, where we had found because that he had called me "puny creature."

So she rose to go out, with her pall full of water, for which she had come. She had her hair done up in a bun, and her head, upon my brow, and murmured very low, lest the sentry should hear:

"My poor lad! Only that 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 room, and he had called the sentry what to drink. They had had the garrison long enough with them to teach them that all soldiers are great traitors, and he could nobby 'claw a bicker' and 'toon a stoup' with any man."

Then our next idea was that I should go down to the well, and the one who was sentry resorted, but I had fallen into a violent horror of shaking and hot flushes alternated with the cold, so that I might and night in the covert of a tree looked like my death.

At last Maisie Lennox, who had a fine eye for the well, having been told of my case 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.

"Give me an ease up," she said quietly to 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 about the place for thirty years?"

CIRCULARS AND TESTIMONIALS FREE. HUYDAN'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. WASTING DISEASES WEAKEN WOMEN.

HUYDAN'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. WASTING DISEASES WEAKEN WOMEN. HUYDAN'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

HUYDAN'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. WASTING DISEASES WEAKEN WOMEN. HUYDAN'S GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.