

"But I do, though!" was all I could say.

For indeed the matter was a mystery to me, as well it might be. Wat Gordon of

Lochinvar some time favorite of her grace

a latitudinarian and cavalier Galloway laird

that had been a wonder on a day of mira

"Well, I will tell you," he said. But for

a while did not, but only walked on smil

At last he pursed his mouth and began

to whistle. It was a bar or two of the air, "Kate Cairnie is My Darling."

Now I was not bright in the uptake about such things, for I had not till lately con

And we looked at one another and nodded.

"Kate of the black eyebrows!" I said, mus-igly. "They are joined over her brow,"

vent on, "and her ear comes straight down

to her neck, without any rounded lobe. They are two well considered signs!"

Wat Gordon stopped and cried out at me: "See here, William Gordon, what mean you by that? What if her eyebrows meet under

Speak plain, Will, he cried, or, by the Lord, I will immediately run you through!" "With a spade," said I, mocking, "Mind Wat, you are a laird's gardener now." But when I perceived that he was really

"Joined eyebrows and lobeless ear have been held by learned folk to prefigure some

His brow cleared in an instant.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "I like the lass with a sparkle. No mim missie for Wat Gor-

don, but a lass that keeps you in doubt till the last moment whether your wooing will

speed you to a kiss or a bodkin-that's the

maid for me."
"For me, I would e'en take the kiss,"

said—"take it plain."
"Tush, slow coach," he said; "your Earlstoun blood always did run like so much moss

Now, I have borne the burden of the day

"I have been where other than women's

on the moss of Ayr, and felt that I need no

"I have been where other than women's bodkins flashed; aye, ten against a hundred, and this was the only brand that wan through," I said, putting my hand on my side. "There are small time for kisses then. Ye may kiss your lass gin ye like about the woods of Balmaghie. As for me, I prefer to ride at Cameron's flank, on a day when the expressive are relied in blood."

day when the garments are rolled in blood.'
This I said, for my gall was working ho

within me. So far from our first friendship

had the clack of foolish tongues brought us

Deed, we were but stily boys that needed

"And so perhaps would I have preferred

it," answered he gently.
"Aye? he would have preferred it?" was

me that but for my oath sworn to the king.

old worn countryman's bonnet as nobly and

loyally as though it had been the plumed hat, whose feather had so proudly swept the

ground that night when he defied heaven

and earth to keep him from his tryst beyond

At the word I stretched out my hand to

While thus we snarled and fought between

an awkward bow.
"Tell me the story, rascal," said the tall

standing there on the road. It was very far from being his wont.

my answer, not over kindly said, I fear,

angry I hastened to appease him.

temper, Wat!" I said.

take his scornful word.

skelping, but far the worst.

"Ah!" said Wat.

it came across me in an instant.

Wat continued to smile and smile.

CHAPTER XXIII-CONCLUDED. My pleasant time in the cottage by the Garpel came all too soon to an end. It is, Indeed, a rare and heartsome place to bide on a summer's day. There was the sound of the birds singing, the dash of the water into the duchess of Wellwood, now gardener to the pool beneath the Holy Linn, where the ministers had held the great baptising of bairns when the bonny burn water dropped of its own accord on their brows as their fathers held them up. There were the leaves rubbing against one another with a pleasant noise. These kept my heart stirring and content as long as I abode in the glen of the Garnel.

There is in particular one little hill with a flat top, off which one may spy both up and cerned me much with love and women's fadown the gien, yet be hidden under the leaves. Here I often frequented, though Sandy warned me that it would be my death. Yet I liked it best of all places in the daytime, and lay there prone on my belly for many hours together, chewing sorrel, clacking my beels together, and letting on that I was meditating. But, indeed, I never could look at water slipping away beneath me without letting it bear my thoughts with it and set me to dreaming. And the Garpel is an especially pleasant burn to watch running from you. I have had the same feelings in church when the sermon ran rippleless and dull over my head.

by that: What it her eyebrows meet under her chin and her ear hang down like band strings? What is that to you?"

"Happily nothing!" said I, for I was pa-tiently paying him out, as it is ever easy to do with a spitfire like young Lochinvar.

"Speak plain, Will." he cried, "or, by the The only thing that annoyed me was that on the Sabbath days the Garpel was a great place for lovers to convene, and, above all, at one angle behind Jean Gordon's cot there is a bower planted with wild flowers, pleas-ant and retired, doubtless for them that are equipped with a lass. But as for me, I pleased myself by thinking that one day I should shape to bring Maisie Lennox there to see my hiding place, for she ever loved woods that rustle and waters that flow softly. Yet chiefly on that day I kept close to my covert with a book, but whether from motives of safety or envy it misliketh me to I was awakened one morning by Jean at the side of my bed. She was fully dressed, as if to receive company, and her tail and straight

figure was imposing enough.
"Rise!" she said. "Rise! There's a chief

"Rise! she said. "Rise! There's a chief here that wants ye to gang wi' him." "A chief, Jean Gordon?" said I, in a sleepy kind of surprise. "What ken ye about him?" "O, I ken he's a honest lad," she said, "an' O, I ken he's a honest lad, 'she said, 'an' he brings ye a message frae a gardener o' Balmaghie that ye are to accompany him there for greater safety."

"A likely story!" said I, for I was none well pleased to be awakened up out of my sleep at that time in the morning for a regiment of Balmaghie gardeners. "There is

ment of Balmaghie gardeners. "There great safety in the neighborhood of the eagle's nest!" "There is so," said Jean Gordon, dryly

"for sparrows. "Tis the safest place in the world for them to build, for the eagle will not touch them, an' lesser gleds dare not do I think that this saying pleased

me over well, for I thought this a Gordon of Earlstoun of whatever rank was a city set glen, bade me an adieu, giving me none such an old-fashioned satutation as well, which looked not like having from the control of the control

an old-fashioned satutation as well, which to have to prove his courage to his cousin looked not like having forgotten all that she William of Earlstoun. So then take it from had lightlied to me. tent to yoursel'," she said. "Ye are a good lad and none so feckless as ye look. There's fushion in ye, and ye micht even tak'

the e'e o' woman gin ye wad pad your legs.

And with this she went in, leaving me in quandary whether to throw a stone at her or un back and take her around the neck.

I found the gardener of the great house of

Balmaghle standing with his back toward me. He walked on a little before me without speaking. He was to the back view dressed but ordinarily, yet with some of the neatness

of a gentleman's servant.

And this was a great deal in a country where, ordinarily, the men wear little that is handsome, save and except the Sabbath cloak, which, if it do not, like charity, cover



She took his chin in her hands and kissed him

At the foot of the burn, where it runs over some black and rugged rocks, the gardener stopped and turned round. I declare I never got a greater or more pleasant surprise in my life, save as it may be once. "Wat, dear Wat!" I cried, and ran to him.

We clasped each other's hands, and stood a little off, gazing at one another. I had not known that I was so fond of him. But nothing known that I was so fond of him. But nothing draws the heart like coming through trial together. At least, so it is with men. Twixt women and men so many things draw the heart that it is well nigh impossible to separate one thing from the other.

"How now, Heather Jock; thou art a great fellow. Where didst thou get all the stories of the city? The whaups do not tell them about the Glenkins."

"Why, an' it please your Honor, I was half a year in the town with the Lady Gordon." answered Wat, readily enough, making him an awkward bow.

"Tell me the story rascal," said the trees passing great branches over the roof.

"He will come," said Wat, "with a proud, set face, stern and dark as Lucifer's, in the set face, stern and dark as Lucifer's, in the stories and in the morning ride away with so fresh a countenance and so pleasing an expression that one might think him an unfallen spirit. For, as he says, Roger Mc-Ghie does his heart good like medicine."

"Why, an' it please your Honor, I was half a year in the town with the Lady Gordon." answered Wat, readily enough, making him an awkward bow.

"Tell me the story rascal," said the trees passing great branches over the roof.

him.
"Why, because I am the gardener at Balmaghie second gardener!" answered Wat, smiling in a sly way that he had when he meant to provoke and mystify me. Yet a way that I liked not ill, for he never used it but when he had within him a light and

merry heart. But I knew by this time how to counter his stroke, which was to hold one's peace, as if one cared nothing about the matter. For A Kate of the Black Eyebrows makes many Wat was just like a woman, or a fencer. whom it provokes more to measure his thrust and avoid it than a hundred times to heard tell of when I was in town with my parry his attack.

But for all I could not keep the interest But for all I could not keep the interest out of my eyes as we walked along.

"You do not want to hear," said he, protoking me; for because of Maisie Lennox "Well, then, laird, there was in the hos-

opinions as to the succession of the Duke of York. And, indeed, they had some ground for their suspicion, for the mastiff growled one day at the king's high commissioner when he passed that way, and bit a piece out of the calf of one of the Duke of York's servitors that wore his highness's livery, at the lims when his passed to the livery in the lims when his passed to the livery. the time when his grace was an indweller in Holyrood house."
The eye of the tall, grave man changed.

A look of humorous severity came into it.
"Be cautious how you speak of dignities!" he said to Wat. "at any rate this evil"Well," said Wat, "at any rate this evil-

"Well," said Wat, "at any rate this evil-minded tyke held an office of trust within the meaning of the act, and these loon lads of Heriot's ordained him duly to take the test or be turned out of his place of dignity and "So they formed a summary court, and the

tyke was called and interrogated in order. The silly cur answered all their questions with silence, which was held as a sign of a guilty conscience, and would have been registered as a direct refusal, but that one of the loons, taking it upon him to be the tyke's advo-cate, argued that silence gave consent, and that the test had not been presented to his client in the form most plausible and agreeable to his tender stomach.
"The debate lasted long, but at last it was

agreed that a printed copy of the test should be made into as little bulk as possible, smooted with butter, tallow, or whatever should be most tempting to his doggish ap-petite. This being done, tyke readily took it and made a shift by rowing it up and down his mouth to separate what was pleasant to his mouth to separate what was pleasant to his palate. When all seemed over, and the dog appearingly well tested, the loons saw somewhat, as it were, one piece after an-other drop out of the side of his mouth. Whereupon it was argued, as in the case of my Lord Argyle, that this was much worse than a refusal, because it was a separating of that which was pleasant from that which was integer.

was irksome, and that his, rightly inter-preted, was no less than high treason. "But the tyke's advocate urged that his nemies had had the rowing up of the paper, and very likely they had put some crooked pin or other foreign object unpleasant to an honest tyke's palate within. So he asked for fair trial before his peers for his client.
Then the court being constitute and the assize set, there fell out a great debate con-

erning this tyke dog. Some said that this

pital of George Heriot, tate jeweler to the literative she said, and so came forward and king, a wheen loon lada who had an ill will at a mastiff tyke that lived in a barrel in "You are welcomes belimaghte, William the yard and keeped the outermost gate. Gordan," ahe said. "I would you come as They suspected this dog of treason against the person of his majesty, and of treasonable outpillons as to the succession of the Duke of the Completion as to the succession of the Duke of the Completion as to the succession of the Duke of

She glanced around with a questioning air. Wat was standing half turned away, very haughty in his look: 1 Kate McGhie turned toward him. She was in truth a comely maid for one black of

He seemed as if he would refuse and turn away, but she looked fixedly at him, defying him with her eyes to do it, and after a

noment's battle of regards, he came slowly "Come nearer!" she commanded imperi

He came up with his eyes kindling. think that no less than kissing was in his mind, and that for a moment he thought

that she might permit it.

But she drew herself away, and her look was disdainful and no doubt hard to be borne. "Are these manners from a servant? They that eat the meat and sit below the

salt must keep the distance." Wat's countenance fell in a momen never saw one with so many ups and downs in such short space. The allures and whim-sies of this young she slip made him alternately brighten and sulk, like an April day, he began to say, in the uncertain Kate.

tone of a petitioner. "Mistress McGhie, if you please," said e, dropping him a courtly courtesy. "Have you forgotten quite?" Wat said.

she said, "it is you who have for-You were not the gardener then. gotten. I do not allow gardeners to kiss me—unless my hand. Would you like to have that, Heather Jock?"

And she held out the back of her hand. The silly fellow colored to his brow, and turning away with his head very much in the air. But she ran after him and took him by th

shoulders. "No," she cried. "Heather Jocks must not kiss ladies, but there is no law against ladies kissing Heather Jocks, an' it likes them." And she took his chin in her hand and kissed him fairly.

Which went far to make me envious. Then

he would have caught her with his arms but she escaped out of them lightly as a bird "Na, na, Lochinvar," she cried, merrily

"Thero's a lass by yon burnside that will do as muckle for you; but dinna bide to speer

her leave," she cried to me over her shoulder

I asked Wat, who stood staring after he

in a kind of adoration, what she might mean.

thing was making the noise like talking.

im sure that for the time he knew me no

"Mean!" said he, "mean!" speaking vaguely one in a swither. "You are heedy and moldered with getting

nothing but a ki/s from a lass," said I.
"Did she kiss you?" crief he, looking

"Nay!" said I bluntly, for the thing was not

in my thought.
"Then you ken nothing about it. You had

He stood so long thinking, and sometimes give his thigh a little slap like one that has remembered something pleasant which he had

forgotten, that I was near coming away in disgust and leaving the fool, when I remem-

bered that I knew not where to go.

In a while he came to himself somewhat, and I told him what Kate McGhie had said

me over her shoulder.
"Did Kate say that?" he said. "She could

"Out, you feel," I said, for so I spoke to

'You

surely not have said that and I not hear her.'

had other matter to think of. Say it she

He repeated the words that I told him and

the sound of them seemed to be in danger

But at last he said, suddenly, "O, I ken what she means —" he drew a long breath.

"I suppose we had better go down to the waterside; she will not come out again if we

wait all night." And he went some way along the avenue and looked at one heavy-browed

window of the old house which seemed to be

presence of a forward lass with black eye

of Wildeat Wat of Lochinvar.

surely in a great sweat tonight.

was ended.

brows could have made a moonstruck fool

He stood still and looked till my patience

"Come on, man," I cried, "I declare you are not Heather Jock, as she called you, but

'Well, come on, then," he said, "you are

And we took our way down toward the waterside, having wasted more than an hour.

We had not advanced far down the pillared

avenue of beech trees, when suddenly in a moment we came in sight of Maisis Lennox.

of throwing him into another rhapsody.

him, being my cousin and playmate.

word which it was hard to understand.

He gazed at me as if he did not see

What did she mean?" I asked him.

ruculently at me.

better hold your wheesht!"



chaming at I chirking of the paper was very "That is as muckle as is good for you"-she looked at him with the light of attraction in her eyes—"afore folk," she added, with a ill done of him, and that he was over malapert, and took too much upon him, for his office, being a lowly one, it was no business being a lowly one, it was no business glance at him that I could not fathom, to do other than bolt the test at once. Whereat I saw for the first time all that of his to do other than bolt the test at once.

"But his advocate urged that he do his best, and that if one part of the oath fell to hindering the other and fighting in his hass house, which we could see, gray and massive, it had given more pleasure to me to ride with you in the charge at Airsmoss than to be bridegroom to any maid in the world!" And at the name of the king he lifted his hindering the other and fighting in his hass it was not his fault, but the fault of them at the end of the avenue of beeches. that framed it. Also, that if it had hindered itself in going down, he would have taken it gladly and willingly, as he had taken down many other untoothsome morsels before to the knowledge of the court—as dead cats, old hosen and shoes, and a bit of the leg of one of the masters in the hospital, who was known to be exceedingly unsavory in his person.

"But all this did not save the poor tyke, "Forgive me, Wat," I said, and would have taken his arm, but he moved it away for a for his action in mawling and beslavering his majesty's printing and paper was held to be, "Pray remember," he said grandly, "that at least, interpretive treason, and so he was ordered to close prison until such a time as the court shall call him forth to be hanged like a dog. Which was pronounced for

Roger McGhie laughed with a gentle, inward laughter, and tapped Wat with his cane.

"Thou art, indeed, a merry wag, speak over well for a gardener," he said; "but I know not if John Graham would not put a charge into thee gin he heard thy way of talking. But go on. Tell me what befell the poor tyke."

"None so evil was his fate," said Wat, "for in the midst of the great debate that the surprising verdict raised the tyke drew on a fox's skin, laid hold of the tail of another tyke, and so passed unobserved out of the prison. At which many were glad, for, said they, he was a good tyke that would not sup kail with the pope nor the deil, and so no need of his long spoon. And others said that it was a pity to hang so logical a tyke, for that he was no Aberdeen man that was ready to cant and recant again."

Roger McGhie laughed aloud and knocked his hands behind his back, stooping a little from the shoulders down. He wore a rich dress of dark stuff a good deal worn, and that of a fashion one or two removes from the present. But rather as it seemed from habit and preference than need—like one that delays not to go too fine. his cane on the ground, for he understood the meaning of all these things, being versed in parties and politics, which I never was. "It is mighty merry wit," he said, "and these colleginers are merry blades. I wonder what John Graham will say to this; but go to the bothies of the bachelor foresters and get that which may comfort the inward parts of your cousin from the hills, who, from the your cousin from the hills, who, from the will be. I could not have believed that the will be. I could not have believed that the Whom have we here?" he asked, so soon hang of his head, seems not so ready of tongue as thou." For, indeed, I had been most discreetly silent.

So the tall, gray-bearded gentleman went the gardener.

"Hoot, hoot—enother! This will never do.
Has he taken the Test?"

"He cannot read it, even." said Wat, stand—
Then Wat told me that, because of his ing sheepishly before him.
"That is all the better," said the tall, gray man, shaking his head gently and a little reproachfully. "It is easier gotten over that way."

"Have you not read it?" asked West size.

"That is all the better," said the tall, gray man, shaking his head gently and a little reproachfully. "It is easier gotten over that way."

"Have you not read it?" asked West size.

"That is all the better," said the tall, gray of Balmaghic was in high favor with the ruling party, and that none on his estates were my head off, but now it affected him no more than a sermon. And this I took to be the quented the house greatly, often riding from "Well come on their" he said "you are "Well come on their" he said "you are "Have you not read it ?" asked Wat, glanc-Dumfries for a single night to have the pleasure of his society. He never quartered his men there, but rode over alone, or with but one attendant, in the forenights, to get ing up at him curiously as he stood and ing his cane.

Faith, no," he answered quickly; "if I wish! never have "Faith, no," he answered quickly; "if I but one attendant, in the foreignts, to get had read it, Heather Jock, I might never have taken it; I could not take the risks."

The property of the late of the Isle, away from roystering Lidderdale of the Isle, red, roaring Baldoon, drinking Windram and red, roaring Windram and red, r

taken it: I could not take the risks."

"He will e'en take it the way that the Heriot's hospital dog took it," said Wat, again
"He will come," said Wat, "wit iot's hospital dog took it," said Wat, again "He will come," said Wat, "with a proud, smiling, "with a little butter and liberty to set face, stern and dark as Lucifer's, in the She was coming slowly toward us along one

e we washed ourselves, and Wat set to me and cut my hair close, in order

However, he began obediently to tell the tented expression, but secretly he was a great favorer of the hill folks. Also he was very upright and well doing in the matters of mighty difference to a man's stomach.

"The story was only a bairn's ploy that I in favor with his master, Mr. Roger Gordon. So we set out refreshed, and were going by a path through the woods when, suddenly,

"Then let no greeting come before your mother's," she said, looking very ill pleased "Tell me the story, rascal," said the tall man, whom I now knew for Roger McGhie shave me and cut my hair close, in order that, if necessary, I might wear a wig. Then not too often told."

Now I wondered to hear Wat Gordon of Lochinvar take the word "rascal" so meekly, and was a grave man with a very long that it was very far same was Samuel Irving.

Here we wasned ourselves, and take order in order that, if necessary, I might wear a wig. Then at me when I ran forward to take her hand. So with a flea in my ear I turned me about and went off, somewhat shamed, to find my mother. When I got back to the path on which I had seen her, I left Wat was a grave man with a very long for helpful, and ran after her, calling loudly far behind, and ran after her, calling loudly At the sound of my voice she turned and held up her hands.
"Willie, boy," she cried. And in a moment she had me in her arms, brooning over me and making much of me.

She told me, also, when she had time to look at me, that I was much better than when I had lain in the well house at Earls "And you came first to see your old

ashamed. So I had no answer to make, though, neverless, I took the credit of the action as well by silence as by speech.

Then Maisie Lennox came through the wood, and, demeaning herself, right soberly she held out her hand.

"Did you not see William before?" asked my mother, looking from one to the other of us. "Only at a distance, on his way to you,

said Maisie, speaking in her demure way.

It was in the little holding of Boatcroft,
by the side of the water of Dee, and heside the water meadows that gird the broad stream, that we found my mother, Maisie Lennox and little Margaret Wilson settled. Their position was not one to be despised They were safe for the time being upon the property of Roger McGhie. Every day the old man passed their loaning end, and tough he knew that by rights only a herd should live there, yet he made no complaint nor asked any question for conscience sake when he saw my mother and Maiste Lennox or little Margaret of Glenvernock moving

that now muckle Davie Dunbar of Baldoon In the evening it fell to me to make my first endeavors at waiting at table, for though women were safe enough in anywhere on the estate, it was not judged to be secure for me except within the house itself.

So my mother gave me a great many cau-ions about how I was to demean myself, and how to be silent and mannerly when I handed the dishes.

As Wat and I went toward the great house in the early gloaming we became aware of a single horseman riding toward us and gaining on us from behind. At the sound of the trampling of his horse Wat dived at

once over the truf dyke and vanished.

"Bide you!" he said. "He'll no ken you!"

A slender-like figure in a great gray cloak and a plain hat came slowly riding along-side of me in an attitude of the deepest

thought. I knew at a glance that it was John Gra-Claverhouse, whom all the land knew as the persecutor. you one of Balmaghie's servants?"

I took off my bonnet, showing as I did so my shaven poll, and answered him that I

No other word he uttered, though he eyes ne pretty closely and uncomfortably, as if he had a thought that he had seen me behe had a thought that he had seen me be-fore somewhere, but the shaven head and the absence of hair on my face was a com-plete disguise. For, indeed, though Maise Lennox makes little of it, the fact is that I had at the time quite a strong crop of hair both on my chin and upper lip. Claverhouse waved me behind him with

his graceful and haughty gesture, which they say he constantly used, even to the secretary n council when he was hot with him in th matter of the house and lands of Dudhope.

Meekly I trudged behind the great con mander of horse, and looked with much curl osity and some awe upon both him and o famous horse Sathanas, which was supposed by the more ignorant of the peasantry to be the foul flend in proper person.

So we came to the house, and the lights were just beginning to shine, for Alisoun Begble, the maid of the table, was just about to light the candles. At the doorway the master of the house met his guest, having been drawn from his library by the clatteries for to the charger on the payement. of the charger on the pavement

of the yard.
"Ah, John," he said, "this is right gra clous of you, in the midst of your fighting and riding, to come over to see an old hulk

he reached him a hand to the saddle which Claverhouse took without a word, but I saw a look of liking in his eyes as I passed round by the further door into the kitchen. Here I was roughly handled by the coo who, of course, had not been informed of my personality, because of the length of her tongue and the considerable agility thereof. But Alisoun Begbie, that was waiting maid, rescued me, and in pity took me under her protection, though with no suspicion of quality, but only from a maidish and my quality, but a natural liking for a young and unmarried man. She offered kindly to show me all my duties, and, indeed, I had been in a sorry pass that night without her debt.
So that when it came to the hour of su

per it was with some grace that I me enabled to wait at table, and take my part in the management of dishes therefore. Allsoun kept me mostly in the back part of her serving pantry and gave me only the dishes which were easy to be served, looking kindly me with her eyes all the while, and touch ing of my hand when occasion served, which I thought it was not polite to refuse. For all this I was greatly thankful, for I had very might come a memory of the side of green Garryhorn and the interrupted fight which Wat of Lochinvar, my cousin, had fought The two great gentlemen sat and supped

their kail, in which a pullet had been boiled, with remarkable relish, and it was not till the wine had been uncorked and set at their elbows that they began to have much converse.

They sat and gossiped together very pleasantly, like men that are easing their hearts and loosening their belts over trencher and stoup after a hard day. It was John Graham who spoke first.

"Have you heard," he said, "the excellent Jest concerning Anne Keith, what she died with these vaguing blasties up at Methven, when the laird was absent in London?" "Nay," replied Roger Gordon, "that have

I am in the way at Balmaghie to hear no misdeeds but those of John Graham and his horse Sathanas, that is now filling his kyte in my stable, as his master is doing "Well," said Claverhouse, "we shall have

to give Anne the justicular power and send her lord to the spence and the store cham her. She shall have the tack and the riding cask. So it were better for his majesty's service."
"But I thought him a good loyal man,"

said Roger McGhie.
"On one that goes as easy as an old shoe like yourself, Roger. Not so, my lady. Heard ye what Annie did? The conventiclers came to set up a preaching in a tent on the laird's ground, and they told it to Anne. Where-upon she rose and donned her lord's buff coat and slung his gasket hilt at her pretty side and so to the woodside rode she. Ther were with her but Methven's young brother, a lad like a fathom of pump water, yet he drew sword and bent pistol like a brave one. I had not thought that there was so much in

sindry, marching her servants to and fro, all pique; "my enemies lay it against me to armed to the teeth between them, and threatening the tent in which was the preacher to the rabble. She cried to them that if they did not leave the parish of At this moment I felt a hand upon my Methyen speedily it would be a bloody day for them, but that if they did not come to the kirk decently and hear the curate, she would ware her life upon teaching them how to worship God properly, for that they were an ignorant, wicked pack! A perlicue which be and some rode off standing in the shadow. There was that they might not be known, and some of me to tell Kate what I had heard dourly remained, but were impotent for evil."

"I never knew that Anne Keith was a spirity lass. I would all spirity lasses were which there was added a great uncertainty which there was added a great uncertainty and been able to add to his is sound in the faith as she."

This was the word of Roger McGhie, uttered like a meditation. I felt sure he thought of his daughter Kate.

"Then." continued John Graham, "Anne so, there was no saying how soon that "Then." continued John Graham, "Anne so, there was no saying how soon that took her warlike folk to the kirk, and, lot the poor curate was so wandered and feared. As we stood conferring a moment together he poor curate was so wandered and feared

that he could give no discourse that day, but only stood and bleated like a calf, till the Lady Anne said, 'Sir, if you can neither the stables, carrying a lantern.

Then in a little, out of the stable door came clattering the great war horse of the commander of dragoons.

William McCutcheon, the serving man and chief groom of the stables. led him with a chief groom of the stables. Ied him with a right well knoweth." said Roger McGhie, in the dry and covert way in which he said

many things.
"Ah." said Claverhouse, and smiled a little as if he also had his own thoughts. But he went on.

"So on the very next day Anne had a court in the hall, and all the old canting wives of the parah were there. She set the

keep this one clean for you!"
"Hs, well said, Anne!" cried Roger Mc-Ghie, clapping the table. For brat is but the Scots word for apron, and that conceity say-ing was like that very spirited lady, Anne Keith.

"But with yourself how goes It?" asked the Laird of Balmaghie.
Claverhouse turned a silver spoon over, and

looked at the pollsh on it thoughtfully:

"Ill, ill, I fear. I ride night and day through all the country of Galloway, and it is like so much paddling in the mud. That which you clear out before you closes up behind. At headquarters there is the duke of Hamilton, who desires no better than to load me to the chancellor. I have many enemies. "But also many friends," said Balmaghi

"Not so true as thou art, Roger," said Claverhouse, stretching out a white hand which his friend took for a moment, "And I am plagued on the one hand by the buncil to make folk to keep in the kirk, and on the other with weary-minded preachers like Andrew Symson, who writes me to say

hath broken his neck, he has no congregation He threw a bit of paper across the table to Balmaghie.

"Read ye that," he said.

The laird looked at it all over, and then began to smile.
"This is indeed Andrew Symson, doddering fool body that he is-aye, scribing verses, and sie verse. Heaven forfend us!"

was no schismatick. He ne'er withdrew muself from the house of God. He with a And he began to read:

few,

Some two or three, came constantly to pray
For such as had withdrawn themselves
away.

Nor did he come by fits. Foul day or fair,
I being in the kirk was sure to see him
there.

Had he withdrawn, 'tis like these two or
three,

Being thus discouraged, had deserted me So that my muse 'gainst Priscian avers, He, he alone was my parishioners! "Aye," said Balmaghie, "I warrant the puir folk were na muckle the better o'

Baldoon's supplications."
Then Claverhouse, receiving back the paper, oked up with great alertness. "But I have chanced in that country to run on a nest of the fanatics."

He looked cautiously about, and I had no nore than time to step back into the little more than time to step back into the little pantry where Alisoun Begble already was washing the dishes. She put her arm about me to keep me within, and before she let me go she kissed me, which I suffered, for, being a lass from Borgue, she was not uncomely, though, like all shore lasses, a little forward John Graham assured himself that us servants were in the room, and then he

"I have informations from one Birsay Smith, a cobbler, by which I have my hand as good as upon the throats of that archfanatic, Anthony Lennox of the Duchrae, and also upon Sandy Gordon of Earlstoun, Ma-ciellan of Barscobe, and some others. It

will be a great taking, for there is a long price on every head of them." "Think you, John," said Balmaghie, "that ou will add Earlstoun and Barscobe to your ew lands of Freuch?" "Nay," said Clavers, "that is past hoping hey will give them to their English colonels hough, at my own request, I had the promise rom the council of the estates of any that I

hould find cause of forfeiture against, a hing which is only my due. But, as by this ime you may know, a plain soldier hath no chance among the wiles of the courtiers." "I question, John, if thou hadst all Galloway and Nidsdale to boot, thou wouldst be happy, even with the fairest maid therein, for one week. Thou wouldst be longing to have Sathanas out, saddled and bridled, and be off to the whig hunting with a 'Ho! tally-ho!' For that is thy way, John!"

Claverhouse laughed a little stern laugh Clayerhouse laughed a little stern laugh like a man that laughs at himself, yet is proud of what he hears.

"It is true," he said. "There is no hunting like this hunting of men which the king's service sees in these days. It is worth living to keep the crown of the moorland with one's company of dragoons, like a man betting lambs on a sheep form, and know

hefting lambs on a sheep farm, and know that no den, no knowe, no moss, no hill, has been left unsearched for the king's :ebols." "And how speeds the wooing, John?" I heard Balmaghie say after a little pause and the opening of another bottle.

I thought it no shame to listen, for the lives of all that were dear to me, as well as or all my own, were in this man's power; and also very I knew very well that Kate McGhie had put small desire to have upon me the cold blue me in this place that I might gain good eyes of John Graham, to whom, in spite of my crop head and servant man's attire, there explain of the man hunters.

I knew very well that Kate McGhie had put one week, and then Cerebrine, extract of the brain, in same dose for a week, alternating. Use cold baths at night and light captain of the man hunters.

Clavers sat a while silent. He looked at his fine white hand and fingered the lace ruffle upon his sleeve. was of that mainly that I came to speak to you, Roger. Truth to tell, it does not speed to my mind."
"Hath the fair Jean proved unkind?" said

toger McGhie, looking over at Claverhouse, ith a quiet smile in his eye.

John Graham leaned back in his chair with

in amused look, and threw back his clusterng love locks.

"No," he said; "there is, I think, little fear of that with any woman. "What, then is the difficulty—her mother?"
"Aye," said Claverhouse, 'that is more like
t. Yet, though the Lady Dundonaid drills me and flytes me and preaches to me, I care not so much. For, like the hardships of ife that will come to an end. Nevertheless.

at times I am tempted to take the lady at ny saddie bow and ride out from Paisley to eturn no more."
"You will not do that, John," said Bal-

n his eye. Claverhouse looked up quickly, "How so, Balmaghte?" and I saw through my little slant wicket the pride grow in his

"The 40,000 marks, John." "The 40,000 marks, John."
Claverhouse struck his hand on the table.
"Thank you—" he said, coldly, and then
for a moment was silent. "There is no man
that dare say that to me but yourse f, Reger

McGhie. "No," said the Laird of Balmaghie, ping at his canary, "and there is why yo rode over to see me tonight. John—a sill old man in a dull house, instead of guzzlin at Kirkeudbright with Winram and the bur-gesses and bailies thereof. You are a truth-telling man, and yet hear little of it, save at

the house of Balmaghie." Claverhouse still said nothing, but stared at the table from which the cloth had been

the other, as his habit was when he was amused, which, indeed, was often, for he was merry within him much more often than he told any.

"Who but Anne was the pretty fighter," Clavers went on lightly, "with a horseman's piece on her left arm, and a drawn tuck in her right hand? Also was she not the fine general, for she kept the enemy's forces armed to the

lest Birsay had been able to add to his

there was one ran hastly from the house to the stables, carrying a lantern.

as he came. Roger McGhie walked behind him with burning candles in a great sliver triple candlestick. He held it aloft in his court in the hall, and all the old canting wives of the parah were there. She set the Test to all their throats, and caused them to forswear conventicling at the peril of their lives—all but one old beldame that would in nowise give way, or be answerable for her children, who were known rebels.

"Then Anne took from her her apron, that was a fine braw one with pockets, and said to her: 'This I shall keep till you have paid your son's fines. If ye cannot keep your son's fines. If ye cannot keep your son's fines. If ye cannot keep your son's hall was a line braw one with pockets.

mother," she said, a word which made me other brats out of the dirt, at least I shall of love or any other folly to alter my loy "Pahaw," said the laird; "then, John, ye ken nothing about the matier."

But Claverhouse was already clattering across the cobblestones of the yard. We drew back into the deep shadow of the bushes and be passed us, a noble figure of a man sitting slenderly erect on his great black horse, Sathanas, and so riding out into the night like a prince of darkness going

That night, down in the little holding of Dee, we held a council. My mother was for going to look after her son Sandy.
But I gently dissuaded her, telling her that Sandy was far safer left to his own resources, than with her safety also to pro-

"I daresay," said she; "but have you thought how I am like to sleep when you are all away, and when in every foot that comes by the door I hear the messenger that comes to tell me of my sons in their wind-line sheats."

But, after all, we did persuade her to bide on at the Boatcroft, where little Mar-garet of Glenvernock was to stay with her. As for the rest of us, we had information as to the hiding places of Anton Lennox and the rest of the wanderers. The maids were set to go-Maisle Lennox to see her father, and Kate McGhie because

to see her father, and Kate McGhie because Malsie Lennox was going. But after a long controversy we prevailed on them to abide at home and wait for our return. Yet it came to me afterward that I saw a look pass between them which I had seen before, when it is in the heart of the women folk to play some trick upon the duller wits of men. It is as though they said, "What gulls these men be!"

these men be!"
So that night I slept with Wat in the gardener's hut, and early in the morning we went down to the great house to bid the maids goodby. But we found only Alisoun Begble. The nest was empty, and the birds flown. Roger McGhie was walking up these men be!' birds flown. Roger McGhie was walking up and down the beech avenue of the old house in deep thought. He had his hands behind his back, and sometimes the corners of his mouth seemed to smile through his gloom with all pleasantry. Wat and I kept out of his sight, and I could not help wondering how much, after all, he understood of our ongoings. More than any of us thought at that time, I warrant, for it was the man's humor to know much and say little.

humor to know much and say little.

Allsoun Begbie, who seemed not unwilling that we should stop and converse with her, told us that after Clavers had departed, Mistress Kate had gone in to her father to tell him that she was going away for a space of days.

'Ye are not to rise before your ordinary

"Ye are not to rise before your ordinary time in the morning, father," she said: "I shall be gone by the dawn."
"Very well, Kate," he replied, continuing to draw off his coat and prepare for bed:
"I shall sell the Boreland to pay the fine."
And this was all he said; and, having kissed his daughter good night, calmly and pleasantly, as was his wont, he set a silken skull cap on his close-cropped crown and fell

asieep. Truly a remarkable man was Roger Mc-Ghie of Balmaghie. (To Be Continued.)

THE DOCTOR'S COLUMN.

D. L. S., Minneapolis, Minn. I suffer very much from cramps in the feet and legs, es-pecially at night, should be very slad if you would suggest an appropriate remedy. Take Febricide Pills, one three times daily for a week; then begin with Medulline, ex-tract of the spinal cord, three drops on the tongue three times daily.

E., Philadelphia-From realing your letter it is very evident that you need Natrolithic Salt; take a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water morning and evening to overcome the constipation and digestive disorder, then re-turn to the use of Cerebrine, in three-drop doses, three times daily.

J. A. E., Philadelphia—I had a severe fall a few weeks ago down steps, since then I have been suffering from dixtiness and weakness and difficulty in walking; can you suggest treatment?

Take Meduline, extract of the spinal cord, in three-drop doses, three times a day. Use friction at night with a rough towel over the entire body.

A. P., Philadelphia-I am troubled with obes-ity; am getting very stout, being twenty-nine pounds above my healthy weight. Take Thyroidine, extract of the thyroid gland, in three-drop doses three times daily, and once a week take Natrolithic Sait, one teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water,

morning and evening. S., jr., St. Paul, Minn.-For the local condition you mention take Testine, extract of the testes, three drops three times daily for bed clothing, and arise early in the morning; avoid spicy food.

M. S., Minneapolls, Minn.-For the local trouble which you mention, falling of the womb, etc., take Ovarine, extract of the ovaries, in three-drop doses three times daily. Plenty of out of door exercise is daily. Plenty of out of doc indicated and nourishing food. W. T. PARKER, M. D.

P. S .- All letters of inquiry on medical subjects directed to the Columbia Chemical Company, Washington, D. C., will be answered free, either in these columns or by

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complexion and removes all pumpes sores and eruptions. PRICE \$2.00 FER BOTTLE. THREE BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

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He had not been at the door a minute when Claverhouse came out and went down the steps, drawing on his riding gauntlets to makes the old young. It beautifies the compilesion and removes the compiles

Ask your druggist for it.

Fig. 1. This is not be seen to be

It is medicine and food combined. It represents the stimulating fore s of na-