

The ISLE of the WINDS By S.R. CROCKETT ...

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The Blue Room.

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I can yet remember the feelings of awa with which I looked about me when my grandfather had left me alone in the blue room of the great house of New Milns. He took the candles with him, lest I

should set the place on fire. But he pointed to a pannier of fagots set by the side of the great andirons on the hearthstone. "If you need light, put a stick on the fire, one and no more," he said.

Then for the first time in his life he stopped and kiesed me. The Lord our God be a sun and shield to you, little man!" he said softly, as if

to himself, and so went out.

it was with a strange quivering of the flesh and a creeping of the bones that I laid me down. There was no reason for it in the world, but certain it is that at the first glimnee I had conceived the strongest distante of that quiet room caparisoned with blue, and with the same puff-cheeked hunter hunting the same wooden-antiered stag all about the walls.

I started to take off my clothes, but before I had gone far I stopped, listened, and then, hearing nothing, ran to the bed in a fright, climbing up the broad flight of steps. prayed that they might not find me, wide as at the front of a mansion, all in a creeping tremor and making a dive for it, I hid me, head and all, deep in the clothes and coverlets.

Here I was almost smothered before dared cautiously to put out my head. The great bed in which I lay was like a tent. either side, but much further off than I could reach with my hands, was a straight fall of blue hanging, lined with silk of a lighter hue, depending from the bar above, which was solid as a rafter. I looked as it were down a blue tunnel out upon the flicker of the fire and the reflections of the dancing flames on the dull oak of the doorway.

And as I lay there I can mind a strange feeling come upon me. Perhaps it grew out | bold. of the terrible things I had seen that night; perhaps out of the forlorn state of my another and the fact that never before had I slept away from her side. But as I lay there in the blue uncertain leme of the firenoises in the wainscot, I seemed to grow conscious of something that had happened ter's Saints' Rest." in that same chamber. The whole story house of New Milns.

lay on her side with her face turned, like open and stared steadfastly upward." noises I was conscious that with a long, flannel night cleading. steady push the windowsill rose, rose, rose, head to certify myself.

rise till I could discern a man's leg clothed was a sister or crony of the first. baggy trunk-hose, thrown over the sill into Philip Stansfield to help her with the body; the room. Then I saw, or rather knew, that but he only swore at her and would not

this was a foreigner, an Italian, whem the ners, young lady had married, but secretly, for fear of her father. And now this man de- faction. sired to be revenged on her, because, fcl- "Now," he said, "we will carry this car and stood behind the arras toward the head; mails due upon his mills." then I could hear his hand twitching at the I suppose with my own trembling. My

The hangings moved again. The man's a sack of corn. cruel face looked in, his bold black eyes sparkling like those of a demon. In his meant to stab the young lady to the heart. I saw him raise his hand till the point of the blade glittered beside his ear.

And with a cry I awoke, as it seemed to me, in time to see in the blue flicker of the dying flame a dark figure flit behind the tapestry to the left of the fireplace.

My heart was beating so loudly and at the same time so thinkly that its motion seemed to suffocate me. The bedelothes pressed like so much lead upon me and throat!"

Yet I knew that I must have been dreamand the flames flicking each other with a a heap.

doorstep all that drear night of December.

I must have dozed, yet it was a troubled, unstable sleep with many startings and only lay and shut my eyes. much uncasiness. But over in the wastes of the deep silence of the night.

It was a cry so wild, so strange, and so loud that for a time my reasonable soul tickled it, so that perforce I had to raise my

next mine, or even from immediately beheard the crying in my dreams. For the gleam of candlelight lingering at the end by echoes of it lingered quivering in my ears | the coor. I heard the panel click back, and | pretty high up in the woods upon the carpet as I sat up in bed, trembling, affrighted, and I was again alone. with all my night gear damp and chill about me as the frost and the outer blackness took

There was no repetition of the terrible shrick which had awakened me. But instead I grew conscious of a baffled snarling, in- beavy footsteps come and go down the hall me that one shaped like a man beat one tation and clambered again up the frost-hithuman, cruel as the grave; it seemed like and then the clang of a shut door. the complaint of a demon from whom a that terror, doubled and trebled, of that and kicked while yet a third held her by the morning fires found me stiff and cold, lying

stronger hath snatched a coveted prey. afraid of being alone than of anything else.

ingly stilled itself. Then came a whispering, a trampling, and the scuffling of linen sheets unfolded fresh from the napery cub-

At first I thought the noise was the work of spirits, and my heart was dead within my breast with fear. But presently I heard one cough. And by that I knew those who were without for humans. I grew bold on the instant and feared them no more.

I desired to see them, to speak with them Then I took it in my head that a gleam came from behind the arras. The wall hanging indeed waved as if some one were shaking it, holding the edge in their hand, or parhaps more exactly as if a wind were blowing !! about.

Yet even then I dared not move, for the terrible cry, the sound of which had awakened me, rang still in my ears. And I seemed to hear as it had been several persons struggling together confusedly, as if one strove to be through into my room to be at me, and another, stronger and kindlier, restrained him.

Whereas, with the childish instinct of hiding, I slipped behind the arras and

Scarcely had I been a moment behind the hanging when I saw a strange thing before men. At the very place where I had seen the dark figure vanish was an opening in the wainscot. A little wicket door, long and narrow, stood half agar, and a strong glow of light streamed in from the room adjacent.

I could now hear the voices plainly, and the human sound of them gave me courage. I stole forward and peeped round the swinging edge of the secret panel.

I looked into my grandfather's room, and there I, a little trembling lad, little more than a bairn, saw that which might have blasted the reason of a grown man to be

For I saw the young man Philip Stansfield stand by the beside of his father, coolly wiping the blade of a knife with a sheet of paper out of the book which my grandfather had ever used to keep on a light and listened to the thousand ticking little stand by his bed-head wherever he slept. It was called, as well as I knew, "Bax-

And at the back, with their feet upon a became clear to me, yet I can swear that I torn-down hanging, were two women, one had never heard it from any nurse or sery- of them busy handling my grandfather's ant-nor indeed, so much as known that body, while the other with a crisp, hissing that there was a blue room in the great sound unfolded fresh sheets for the hed out of a press in the wall. Sir James was I thought I saw a young lady lying asleep dead-that I was sure of-though I had in that same bed in which I couched. She never before seen one dead. His eyes were and away from the head wambled from side to side on his window. For awhile that was all I knew, breast as the woman shifted him from arm Then through the multitude of the night to the other, busily enduing him with his

This last was the white-faced woman till from the darkness without a man's head whom I had seen earlier in the evening in looked in. Well did I know that this was James Bryson's change house; Janet Mark, Cantasy. Yet I dared not look or turn my the wife of Saul Mark, was her name. The other I knew not by head mark, but divined Still (in my imagination) I saw the window from a certain similarity of look that she

in a tight stocking of silk, and above that | More than once Janet Mark called to the man had ducked his head under and was going on unconcernedly tearing fresh leaves from the "Saint's Rest," and polishing his Also I was aware-how I know not-that knife, breathing on it and rubbing in cor-

At last he finished the blade to his satis

lowing her father's will, she had east him | rion out and throw it in the river. If it b off. I could see the dreadful smile with found we will cast the blame upon Umphray which he advanced upon the bed. He did Spurway, and be ready to swear that he did not come to the foot of the bed, but went it, because he could not pay the rent and

So saying, Philip Stansfield took the body hangings and the bed itself moved a little upon his back, and with the women going tengue clave to my mouth's roof. I desired out of the room and down the stairs, taking those that heard, yet none ventured abroad the rush of Esk water. Then-there came the twitching again heavily like a man who carries on his back means of his followers.

folk within doors.

landing, and I heard him say: "Janet, take and the river down in the valley I began to the knife and go see if that dell's brat is lose fear. For action and the resolve of the asleep in the blue room. And if not cut his | heart to do something (it matters not what)

my flesh. Then with a sharp access of ter- within sight of Esk Water slipping along teror I turned and fled back into the blue tween its dark banks, an edging of foot lee . fire; the faggots were all burned through in room, shutting the panel after me and drag- clinging to the banks gray-white, and the the middle and fallen down upon a little ging the arras into place. I crept under black water between dotted with little glowing heap, the ends still on the andirons the bedelothes and drew them about me in islands and tables of floating fee. For there

fumbling at the door. Then, finding it in floating shreds and patches. locked, she went into the spartment where bed, the sweat pouring off me, yet cold in I had seen them, and after many attempts ish laughter till it seemed to come from my hones, as if I had been couching on a found the spring of the panel, which she the farther side of a little plantation which opened. I heard her feet sleaf toward me hid the bridge from my view. behind the hanging. I could not pray; I bridge of New Milns was a one-arched.

the winter morning, perhaps about 3 of the dark like an illumination lying yellow upon indeed one of the first bridges in that part clock, I was startled broad awake by such a the lids of my eyes. She crept to the bedcrying as I had never heard before, breaking side, and I could hear her stoop and listen. I smelt the smell of raw spirits. A lock of her lossened hair fell across my face and hand and rub my face. At this I thought | I could have sworn it came from the room | was done for. But it proved my salvation. Either she considered me to be asleep or hind the array where I had seen the dark was averse to more bloodshed. However that figure vanish. But yet nothing more suc- may be, she retreated step by step to the ceeded, and it seemed as if I might have arras and disappeared behind it, a white

> CHAPTER V. The Body on the Ice Floe.

I lay on my bed and chattered as with Yet, being but a boy, I was more father the murderer. I minded how he had by these veritable flends of the pit. called me the heir for whose sake he had

rose, slipped on my shoes and jacket, and about me, my fingers scarce able to grasp they regarded me not, nor indeed knew they avenue and through the gates toward the listened crouchingly by the door. I heard the buttons, being numb and without power were watched by mortal eye. meaning without which briefly and sob- The window opened upward, and setting it Then from my hiding place I heard the house by the riverside. to its limit I looked out, and lo, on the thin | leader rate the others who were in the shape | lownward toward the river.

former age when the laws took cognizance of appeared unreal, till, looking out, I saw be- and the "Devil's Tailor" fell backthe rich of the earth. from the wind and a little more at my east,

So, keeping in the dark of the shadow, I had received when stumbling in the dark young man. slipped into one of these and there, sheltered | from tree to tree. I watched what the murderous wretches did panel through which I had looked into my and take him to the great house. There we fiell halted beneath it, and we could see on the further side.

At last, between beating and chiding, the 'tinuous, and the arras hung quiet and unlaughter of the woman shape turned to most stirred in the gray light of morning. Alpiteous walling, as of a soul lost to the most I believed that Sir James, whom, mercy of God. The weeping was that of a in my dream I had seen so foully murdered, woman in deadly, gripping pain and it had was asleep in the next room, and would so great an effect on one that out of sym- presently come knocking at my chamber friends with the son now that the father was put an end to his partner, the Englishman pathy, as it were, I whimpered like a dog. door and bidding me rise for family wer- no more, Help it I could not. Yet I kept the sound whiplow for fear that they should hear me,

in his hand he gripped and drew inward to- upon the boots of carcless folk. ward him a cake of floating ice greater than the others. At first I feared that this was | front of the house, with its chill stone balussome cantrip by which they hoped to ever- trades and the brown autumn leaves scatpass the running water and come at me in tored about upon the thin snow. It was my hiding place. But presently I saw that with a shudder that I passed down the

sprinkling of snow. I could see as it had of women, saying that now the job was ning at full speed toward the house, crying been dark shapes dragging a heavy burden done it behooved to finish it quickly and be that they had found Sir James lying frozen gone. So at his word the two aided him to in Esk water, his head down and all the And again at this moment the faintness lift the dark heap from the ground and carry breath quite gone out of his body. ame over me, and I lay all abroad on the it painfully to the cake of ice which he had After this I had not proceeded far when cold floor beneath the windowsill. When I anchored with his shepherd's crook in a I saw two stand in the highway, at sight of

running water between us. At the further the custom. side of the bridge were certain dark arches

which had been half walled across when the I thought my supper must have disagreed his brown face like the mane of a lion.

grandfather's room. The wainscot was con-

I went down the stairs, and till I reached Then, leaving the woman, the man shape the front door found nothing amiss, save came to the edge of the water and with a certain wet patches upon the polished floor dark wand chaped like a shepherd's crook where snow had melted, being brought in

Desolate looked the wide promenade in

And even as I did so a man came run-

came to myself I was almost frozen to death, little cheltered bay at the lower side of the whom I stopped. It was Philip Stansfield



I SAW THAT WHICH MIGHT HAVE BLASTED THE REASON OF A GROWN MAN TO BEHOLD.

ishly and without wit. And all over that axie. one before and one behind, he staggered house of New Milns there must have been upon it, pass swiftly out of my sight down of late gone quite distract in his mind. no care to walk lightly, but stumbling rather to see the things which Satan wrought by Then the company of demons (as in my

It was found afterward that he and his side and sending (as I suppose) the blood to stranger cargo depart for another world. hand was a stiletto with which I knew he the house within their sleeping chambers, see what they did with my grandfather. I being as it were fey and desperate, run- laid hold of the thick by branches without ning needlessly great risks, trusting to the the window and scrambled down. It was darkness of the night and the fear of the a matter of eight or nine feet and easy climbing.

When the murdered had gone half way Then, being once among the black trunks down the steps he rested his burden at a of the fir trees that grew thick between me are fine solvents of terror. I went stum-I stood petrified for a moment, as if I bling and tripping, new headlong, now every hair on my scalp stood bristling up 1 stood petrined tot a mountain a couch crabwise, on hands and knees till I came had been a thaw up among the hills and, curtous pulsation like the green streamers in | The next-moment I could hear the youan | according to its went, the |ce came down

And as I went I came nearer to the flen !high-backed, narrow stone causeway thrown The light of her candle flashed out of the over the Esk a century or two before, b ing of the country. When I saw it from up through the trunks of the trees the thought came to me that if I could gain the center of the archway before those who were cir ying off my grandfather I should be sa'e from all the powers of evil. For it is will known that even the flends of hell cannot pass over running water. It is not pe mit ed to them.

So, running at full speed, I circumnayigated the noise and as I went, keeping of pine needles I could see, as it were, with disappear out of my sight. the tail of my eye the veritable forms of demons struggling beneath on the edge of I had been left to sleep I know not. I re- the throng and saying, "Now, then! Now, the dark water.

I had not the presence of mind to think back. Yet I must have found my way deadly cold. And even then I could hear what it meant at the time, but it seemed to through the pine trees out of the dark plan- down on his knees beside it, crying out, With in woman's form, who struggled and laughed ten ivy. For the poor slut who made the house of fear came over me. I knew not at arm. On the snow there lay a dark lump within my chamber, the window open, my though little given to show affection, this I dared not rise. I dared not lie still, My what moment the murderers might return which I knew to be the poor corps of my face all scratched and bleeding, and the cov My grandfather dead-my grandfather, thus harried and torsed about orders lying hither and thither as I had

I had reached the coping of the bridge thought) he will come back and make an gling beneath. I crossed to the further side, orange, while all the valley swam in a to lay hands on him.

y reason of the stark rigors of the night, | bridge. Upon this, with infinite care, they and the minister, Mr. John Bell. 1 went added to the fears natural to my tender age | laid the body. And then the black shape over into the field, as if I had lost some-All this while, even in the depths of my that had chidden the others set the shank what, and creeping cautiously along with inwound, the velces came to me, now high, of his crook to the edge of the cake of ice tent to pass them, I heard by accident the sharp and quarrelsome, anon more high and and "stelled" against it with all his snight. matter of their discourse. fearsome, again like women laughing fool- I saw it turn slowly like a wheel upon its Philip Stansfield was wailing and lament-Then, with the black burden still ing to the minister that his poor father had

phantasy I had come to think them) stood as be hath left his bed and is gone we know But my heart beginning to beat fast in my it had been watching their strange ship and accomplices had locked and barred all in my feet and head, I determined that I would Thereafter I heard them clamber, crying and



THE LORD, OUR GOD, BE A SUN AND SHIELD TO YOU, LITTLE MAN!" HE SAID SOFTLY.

nember nothing whatever of the journey then!" after the wont of Yorkshiremen.

"You yoursell must have observed it," he

"During the dark hours of last night not where. A highland dagger also is miss-

"You fear that Sir James hath done himself a mischief. Woe is me! It is too probable. Even yestereen he was bewailing his fate-and even blaming you, sir, as the source of all his miseries." "Alas, yes," said Philip Stansfield, "my

poor father was led to think so by that evilhearted Englishman, Umphray Spurway, who is behindhand with his rent. And if aught hath happened to my father, I am sure that he is at the bottom of it. And by God's grace I will make him hang for it! "A proper enough sentiment," said the ninister. "I like not Episcopalians myself." Then, making a little detour, I passed

them and, going a little way farther down in the bed of the river, I saw a little cloud of folk assembled, all most earnestly look ing at something. I went down and mingled with them, but none took any notice of me. Nor was it likely, for there on its face, rozen in fimly on either side, and the tails of his thick, blue coat dabbing dankly in the smooth, black water, was the body of Then one Andrew Grieve, that had been

his baron bailie, went in and broke the ice, and with many hands to help, drew him to shore, a most dismal night to see. He would have chafed his master's fingers and drawn off his boots, but Philip Stansfield, coming up at the moment, bade him desist, urging that it was useless and wicked to strive against God. Then, the place being near to the cloth

commotion, pulling his coat about his shoulders and buttoning his points like one who has not alest half enough. At sight of him Philip Stansfield cried out, There is the murderer of my father. Seize

And all turned to look at Umphray Spur-How I reached the blue chamber where way, who came elbowing his way through

> As goon as he saw the body he clapped 'My friend-my poor friend and benefactor -who bath done this thing?" And the tears ran down his cheeks, for,

man loved my grandfather. "Seize the murderer! Hold him!" cried thrown them when I leaped up in my haste. Philip Stansfield. And at his word two of The morning had come richly up from his faction, Saut Mark and George Johnson thought that if I could only clasp a hand been thrust out of his heritage. Surely (I whilst these dark shapes were still strug- the east. The horizon was rimmed red and (called the 'Devil's Tailor'), came forward ing in the open air. In the midst was

then I felt more safe, for there was now | Sabbath day and folk were late astir, as is up like a lion among jackals and such like. The morning was so quiet that at first beard upon it, and his brown hair fell over had been so high in favor with my grand-

bridge was built and furnished with a fire- with me, and that I dreamed or doted. The "Have any of you a word to say to me?" place and a chimney for poor wandering marder I had seen done, and all the ad- he cried in a great voice. And from before "Have any of you a word to say to me?" folk to lodge in-a kindly provision of a venture of the bridge and the demons now the mere wind of his uprising Saul Mark bushes that waved and fluttered along the

the indigent and the helpless us well as of | neath me the trampled snow and felt the | "Have you a word to say to me, Philip stiffness in all my limbs, and the bruises 1 Stansfield" he said again, turning on the tree a little way up the croft, perhaps a

I proclaim this man my father's murconcerning this matter." And at his words there was a certain half strangled. movement among those retainers of Sir

"I think not," he said aloud, and, draw- am a magistrate, and I order you to do it! snatch most readily.

"The sheriff will take you soon enough,

ber. God will discover the truth!" "Aye, that he will!" cried Umphray Spur-

men, as the rising sun of winter touched his harassed me!" red beard. will belp him.

CHAPTER VI. Murder Cries from the Ground.

At the great house of New Milns and in the feudal hamlet about it there was mighty confusion. "Murder! Murder!"-that word of ugliest sound in all languages-was on every lip. Yet none knew of rights whom to blame for the deed, and many that were unfriendly glared at each other, fell suspicion leaping eagerly up into their eyes. Philip Stansfield and his party ran hither and thither crying "Death to Umphray Spurway!" Some blamed the minister, Mr John Bell. A few cried even "To the lodge

Yett," ready to assert that the burden of the deed fell on my poor mother. For that her son being the heir (my father, Philip Stansfield, being disinherited), my mother had the best reasons for wishing Sir James out of the way.

Indeed, for two or three hours the country was in such a taking that the most part hastily armed themselves, and every man looked askance at his neighbor.

Meantime the poor harried corpse lay on the very dining table where he had made swords, to the great confusion of the bold, Philip Stansfield had set one of his cronies attempt to go within.

It was Robin Green who brought this

word to Umphray Spurway at the Miln ready to accept the consequences of his acts. house, adding that my grandmother, the poor Lady Stansfield, had shut herself in followers swung to and fro over the branch her room and summoned to her the minister, of the fir tree. And presently, as Mr. Bell Mr. John Bell, to hold a service. At first I sank on his knees to give thanks for his was too much afraid of Philip Stansfield, deliverance from his persecutors, it slipped my father, and overpressed with the horror and fell to the ground with the sound of a of what I had seen in the blue room to re- whip cracking. veal anything. But as soon as Umphray Spurway had taken me from the waterside said Umphray Spurway, looking sternly at and brought me to his own house I came to the young man, whose face, usually bloated myself and told him all that I had seen, only begging him to keep it secret-for I was convinced that if I were called upon to witness publicly Philip Stansfield would cer-

The Englishman, who (as they all have) whistled softly while I was telling him all that I had seen. He narrowed his eyes till the pupil became no more than a darkly here. You two were last seen with Then, when he had asked a question or two, he went to a little desk whereon were many papers and samples of cloth, and sweeping all aside with a full half circle of his arm he sat down and squared his elbows to write letter. This being presently finished he folded up and scaled it carefully with his own scal. Then he called Robin Green to

"Take this letter immediately to Edinburgh," he said. "I will saddle you a horse out of my stable that will carry you easily and quickly thither. Go to the house of Mr. George Hume, cloth merchant, in the Grass market. He is great with my lord advo-

"Sir," said Robin Green. "I will gladly go. But I am an old man, and may not ride so expeditiously as one of the younger men in your employ-your 'prentice, William

Bowman, for example." "Nay," said Spurway, "it will be fitter that you should go. . Take what time you need. I will keep the castle here till my

lord send a commissary hither to make prequisition concerning the truth of this most oul murder." "Sir," said Robin, "say no more. For my per master's sake I would ride to London, let alone the little trail to Edinburgh. For thirty years he hath been a good master to

me, and now, when he is cruelly done to

death, he shall not go unavenged gin Robin Green's auld banes will haud together!" "I will accompany you some part of the way." answered Umphray Spurway. "I desire not that Master Philip, who is lording it for the nonce up at the great house, should take you with that letter in your possession. I will see you past the lodge Yett

in safety. So saying, he blew upon his little silver ipe, for in the Wauk mill everything was done by so many blasts of the Englishman's whistle, just as it is upon a king's ship at sea. And scarcely had the shrill sound died away when the weavers poured out of their weaving sheds and wooden barracks, where they were resting, into the quadrangle, and there stood waiting their master in proper enough ranks and companies. Umphray Spurway went out and said some

what to them, the purport of which I could not hear at that distance. But he chose some thirty, whom he bade arm them with muskets, pistolete and whingers out of an armory which he kept in the drying loft or the dry-house. For in the unsettled tate of the country, the Englishman had drilled his retniners like a military com mand. For sometimes the rumor had run that the dragoons were coming to search the mills for Hill Folk, and sometimes that the wild whigs were on the march to burn it down as an invention of the devil. Um phray Spurway reckoned to make himsel safe in either case. Now the heart of a boy is ever the same

mill. Umphray Spurway came out at the In spite of the dreadful nature of my position and the dismal and afrighting experience of the night, I was wholly consoled by the mere pleasure of walking in step with be strong and military-looking a company of men, all well armed and able of body-if a trifle round-shouldered, as is indeed th wont of all weavers of cloth.

Moreover, we were going to my mother's house, and it pleased me to think that she should see me in such company, walking healde Umphray Spurway almost like a kind of lieutenant and taking as long strides as any one man in the ranks.

We were going through the croft at the back of the mansion house, when we say little cloud of people come flocking out of the gateway of the great house. They were all weaving in and out in a sort of turmoil like children playing "tick" about a preachman in black, whom they were hatling down So in the red loom of the dying are, I end of me also. I rose and threw my clothes keeping in shelter of the little parapet. And subtle haze, blue-like turquoise. It was the But the great Englishman heaved bimaelf the green croft. He had a rope about his

theck, and when we came near we could see His chin stuck out squarely with the red, that it was Mr. John Bell, the minister who

Umphray Spurway ordered his man to hait behind some clumps of willow and gorse waterwide. Meantime the rout came clamoreusly toward us. There was a great fir stone's throw or thereby from the bushes where we were hidden. The hiving clause Vet for the life of me I could not find the | derer!" cried Philip Stansfield. "Seize him of men and women who surrounded Mr. will find means to make him speak the truth that the poor minister still had the rope drawn about his neck so tight that he was

"Up with him!" eried the voice of Philip. James who stood near, Perhaps they Stansfield, "He has as good as canfessed thought that it might be as well to be his guilt. We may not be able at once to but we will execute vengeance upon this So, led by Saul Mark and George John- paltering rogue, who (as it were) was taken on, a second time they drew near to seize redhanded. Up the tree with you, dell's tailor, and throw the rope over a branch. I

ing a whistle from his bosom, which he ever | The poor minister stood silent, his lips wore on a lanyard about his neck, he blew moving, but not a sensible word coming three shrill blasts upon it, as seamen are from them. He seemed turned to stone, wont to do. And out of the mills and little only his wild and glassy eyes turning this low houses there issued a swarm of weav- way and that. Then Philip Stansfield read ers, dyers, fullers and all the workmen from a paper a sort of warrandice for the whom Umphray Spurway had brought with "execution," of which I could only make out him from England. Every man had in his the words, "Art and part in the crime of hand such weapons as he had made shift to cruelly slaying Sir James Stansfield, depriving him of his life and even of his pocket-"Now, sir," said Umphray Spurway, "will book, with sundry papers and moneys

therein. And ever as he read he continually interand hang you high for this cruel murder!" | rupted to tug at the noose which was about cried Philip Stansfield, frowning deeply to the neck of the poor dumb victim, crying out find himself thus baffled. "Take up the body at each pull, "I will have his life, the blackof my father and bring it to his own cham- hearted regue!" Or, again, "How like you that, murderer of my father?" And anon. "So will I serve Umphray Spurway, the way, standing like a pillar of fire among his | Englishman, and all that have crossed and

And all the tail that followed the young And deep in my heart I thought, "and I man cried out fawningly, "Aye, serve him so, Sir Philip!

At this Uumphray Spurway smiled grimly. but did not offer to move hand or foot to save the minister till the man called the deil's tailor had descended to the ground

with the end of the rope in his hand "Make ready," cried Philip Stansfield to his company, who at his word set their hands to the rope like so many hinds playing pranks at a hiring fair, laughing and jesting with drunken jollity about the poor, trembling, white-gilled minister and with what a plump he would find himself in an-

other world. "Now pray your best, Mister Minister" said Philip Stansfield to Mr. Bell, "for by my faith as a gentleman in five minutes you will be in Abraham's bosom-and right sorry

I am for the patriarch!" Then he counted "one, two, th-" But Umphray Spurway was before him, stepping coolly into the midst of them. "Surround them, men!" he cried at the pitch of his great voice. And at his words the thirty weavers came forth from their

hiding places with cocked pistols and drawn

merry with his friends the night before, and drunken sots who had been so light-heartedly hauling the minister to his death. Only at the door with a drawn sword in his hand, Philip Stansfield himself stood his ground, ordering him to cut down any that should for with all his half-maniacal fury no one denied him a sort of brute courage. He was indeed even resolutely and even involently

> "And now, sir, what means this farce?" with drink and passion, was now of an unpleasantly mettled pallor, like freshly cooled

potted meat. "Nay," returned Philip Stansfield, braving it out with his hand on his hip and his feathered bonnet cocked on his head, "were had in him a fine instinct of law-abiding, it not for your weavers I had served you the same. And I will yet see you swing each beside the other in the Grassmarket if not twinkling triangle in his broad, rosy face. father. You were drinking with him both in the changehouses and in his own chamber. You were forth of your house all night and there is evidence to prove that you were seen casting his body into the river

at past 12 of the clock yestreen, nigh to the old bridge of Esk." The man's arrogant effrontery amazed and dazed me, and I think that I was about to cry out in denial, but Umphrey Spurway

curtly bade me be silent. "Well," he said, "for that which I have done I am ready and willing to answer. As you must also answer for your lawless deel

in putting this minister in fear of his life without trial or color of law." "I am not answerable to a pockpudding wabster!" said Sir Philip Stansfield, waving

"No?" replied Spurway, dryly. "Then it were better for you to go and prepare the replies you will make to those to whom you are answerable. For doubtless a question of two will be asked about this night's work of

more than one." The young man did not deign to make any rejoinder, but turned on his heel and strode away up the green croft toward the great house of New Milns, of which he had taken complete possession, ordering all things within it from the first moment of his father's death, as if he were its undisputed

Umphray Spurway watched him go with the same grim smile on his face which it had worn ever since I told him my tale And I somehow knew as well as if he had said it that he was thinking how far Robin Green had ridden on his way to the house of Mr. George Hume, merchant in the Edin burgh Grass market, and particular intimate of my lord advocate, Sir James Dalrymple of

(To Be Continued.)

BESTFURTHE BOWELS





