

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

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sun-Bonnet," "Cleg Kelly," "The Red Axe," Etc.

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at Lucky Barton's hotel in the Grassmarket, them.

My Two Curators.

Johnston, were sentenced to be carried away over seas and there to be sold for slaves ! in the Virginian or Carclinian plantations,

of Edinburgh waiting their several dooms, and meanwhile many things happened to us who shode at New Milns in the vale of Mercham. For three or four days after the taking away of my father I felt all the sensations of terror as strongly as before, bu after a while the feeling was blunted and in a surprising degree I plucked up heart Especially as eoon as I heard that Phili Stansfield was condemned to death, and would never come back to trouble us again which, I take it, is a strange thing for son to feel about his own father.

I was still abiding with my mother, no more in the pleasant, humming Miln house by the Weir, but instead at the lonely little cottage of the lodge Yett, sunk in the gleomy pines of Moreham wood. I had hated it from the first, and now took ever opportunity of alipping off to Humphra; Spurway's mill in the valley, where I could be happy with the weavers and dyers and with all the hum and bustle of the mill going blithesomely on about me.

But after a while Umphray Spurway would not permit me to come so often. "Is your mother left all alone in that gloomy house?" he would ask, and when I told him "aye" he would frown and shake his head and fold the webs of cloth all

So that even William Bowman would smile covertly, and taking the piece out of his master's hands would do it him "Fie on you; go your ways home, laddie,

he would say. 'It is not meet that you mother, a young and fair lady, should be thus left alone! Pshaw!" And he would knock a drying rack with his foot and then kick it again for falling. Whereat, very gravely. William Bowman would pick it up and set the harmless thing in its place again knowing his master's ways and custom when troubled.

Then why did you send my mother away from your house, Umphray Spurway?" "Why did you not ask her to would say. stay altogether with you when she was here -if you think so much of her being lone some in the lodge Yett. I did not wan to go, and I am sure that she did not."

'What's that-what's that?'' he would blatter out, looking as if he would knock my head off. "God's help-ask your mother to stay! What does the loon say? Out o' my mill with you! Ask his mother to stay! Ah, would I not? The varlet, to speak so. see, take this basket of trout with you, sirrah, and do not dare to show your face at the Miln house for a month of Sundays!" 'Not to tell you how my mother liked

the trout?" I would adventure, for I was boginning to know Umphray Spurway as I brother. lount upon the knowledge.

"Well, at any rate, let me not see your face before tomorrow," he would grumble "I will not have boys like you setting my and wasting my men's time, for which I have to pay so dear. Get away!"

Yet for all that I went just when I was ready.

the Tolmooth, under sentence of death, I. think I have not hitherto mentioned my Uncle John, save by inference, as it were, when Sir James, my poor grandfather, comwhom he had looked to be some comfort to his old age, was fast following in the footsteps of his brother Now Mr. John Stansfield was a youth of

and wire-drawn, with a pale face, almost pared down till it was like a bird's, with a checkbones and a nose a little booked.

He was a lawyer to his business; but not of the busy sort of them, like the gray-eyed king's advocate, Sir James Dalrymple of Stair. He had never had any work to do in his life at his own proper business, but with others like him he spent most of his time in telling stories to the detriment of other people, notably of the more successful members of his own profession. So I found out afterward, for at this time he weared but little of his leisure on a lad like me.

For years the brothers had hated each other cordially, my father with the prodigal's contempt of the loss open sinner, whom he called the 'lawyer's clerk' or Blue Bags,' with other gross and insulting names that I will not write here. While John said nothing to his brother, having a great dislike to

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blows and open warfare, remembering too marked bones and the merry clink of the

The next part of the tale I will tell briefly as I may. Philip Stansfield, my father, was tried and condemned to death according to the word of the king's advocate. The two the word of the king's advocate. The two the word of the king's advocate. The two could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words with him Japan Mark and Robins. So This was the man whom my Uncle John own throat of the roopy weather at the ship. Spurster that the could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words with him Japan Mark and Robins. So This was the man whom my Uncle John own throat of the roopy weather at the ship. Spurster the words of the inventor of the roopy weather at the ship. Spurster the word of the king's advocate. The two could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words are takin' about the will be said nothing, only bode his time and sup-had chosen to assist him in his purpose.

\*\*Come thy ways, Measter Phil; thy words are takin' about the could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words are takin' about the could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words are takin' about the could hear or invent to the discredit of his my father on account of his wife did he words. doubtless the beatings and bullyings hesilver coin."

But after Philip Stansfield came home the join with my uncle. last time from the low countries and began. For Saul Mark, upon his return, bad acto he a shame over all the country side there cepted the circumstances as he found them, Now all those three lay in the Tolbooth | came a day when the brothers met. It was sugely resolving to make the most out of

and wander till I laid my hand on a pailing, with the audden impetuousness of a tiger's. stop, cautiously uplift the corner of the leap. in either side of me, there still unseen, bearth, In all this there was no apparent advantage to myself, nor, indeed, hope of any. But chair, sir?" said my mother, as a floreer the experiment may be accepted as typical gust than before shook the window, rattled of the many trials I made of my memory the door, broted in the chimney and then no jot for all the split-pine fences in the

Well, as I say, I want akthoine home to the latter half of the walk, however, both fose and moved toward the cupbeard. question and answer were mostly blown "It is almost time to take our four hours." ng my mother so desirable a visitor.

Eh. Measter Spurway; an' she will be glad o see thysen.

And so hobbing forward with eager politeess, mixed with an under grumble of complaint concerning his standing for that

front, all the green mould on the split side, got the time and place and all else. Menny halred maiden, Anna Mark. It was work the priming and rushed through the front and below. I could hind my own eyes fary upon the small panes of the window, for the best part of the afternoon,

handkerchief, take my marks, and then run Suddenly the night dropped like a curtain.

"Will you be pleased to draw in your I saw my mother shiver and glance out

my mother by Umphray Spurway's side, heard in the pauses of the furious guste, from the holiffacts of the fron rods, and his An III chance—an cell star, a heathenish repounding innumerable questions, and not. Their stiff arms stood out like fall, gaunt old throat of the roopy weather at the same country—and the devil for an husband. Ah istening to one answer in twenty. During gallow trees outside the windows. She time.

othing. For I was in high glee at bring- and to be more welcome than usual. It see thysen," darkens apace. Will you be pleased to stay Yett I knocked, and heard old Caleb Clinka. Voyage. He got it for having rendered ancient "loombagus in the back," our old of the dreadful fact itself, nor yet of the

must needs wait for that great pleasure."

the bluish rotted places where the wet had while the wind grew wilder and wilder with- that William Bowman liked well enough; succeed in the clear yellow blobs of the out, as it were rushing up the open alley for not only was he a good scholar, but night in pursuit of the double murderer.

resin rushing like tears down the bark. of the pines, collecting itself in the little he was glad to be quit of the thankless task And know them I did, back and front, above open court yard and then flinging itself in of superintending the workers in the mill Then when It began to grow dark Um-

tably and answered all my questions, of with a pair of little scissors cut open my which, as is the wont of boys, I asked very mother's bedice, so that in a little he found many and of a very foolish sort. But as the wound in her right shoulder. Then I at that time. A year or two afterwards, fled, laughing flendishly, down the darkening waxed silent and when he replied at all his (for all the world like a mother over a we neared the cottage of the Yest Umphray can recall hearing him murmur to himself words were mostly spoken at random,

of the window. The creaking and straining Yetl I knocked, and heard old Caleb Clink- Eubule did give you into my care at Theobecomes and pines could be both seen and aberry withdraw the bolts, clearing the rust bald's inn it was, the hour before he died!

"Come thy ways, Maester Phil; thy mother should live to see thy blood flow."

And so, hobbling forward with eager pofrom the holdfasts of the iron rods, and his some service in his homecoming to a China English servant led the way to where my face of her husband at the window, mother was sitting, looking younger and "I thank you, madam," said Umphray prettier than ever I had seen her, in the Spurway, making my mother a courteous room that looks to the west through a kind little bow. "I ought to be stirring, but I of long alley cut out among the pines. The Then my mother sent me upstairs for the her cheek as she jumped up at sight of her West Indian sugar, which (just in case of guest, and letting all her embroidery stuff hogany chest of drawers in her dressing Spurway her hand, never looking at him and shaking his head. or saying a word, save to scold me for being such a trouble in bringing the gentleman

all the way hither on so cold a night. "Will you be pleased to draw in your chair, sir?" said my mother, as a flercer gust than before shook the window, rattling the door, hooted in the chimney and then fled, laughing fiendishly down the darkening nisics of the wood,

I saw my mother shiver and glance out of the window. The creaking and straining beeches and pines could be both seen and heard in the pauses of the furious gusts. Their stiff arms stood out like tall, gaunt gallows trees outside of the windows. She rose and moved to the cupboard.

"It is almost time to take our four hours," she said. "It seems to come early tonight

"I thank you, madam," said Umphray When I awoke the new day had come and nust needs wait for that great pleasure." room. I went gladly, for such a chance came busied with matters that I could not see. not often and certainly was not to be missed. And as I stood by the curtain of the bed- in the corner of the black oaken settle. room cleansing the stickiness from my But at a slight groan from the bed I sprang fingers and wiping my mouth with the up and cried: "Let my mother alone! I silken lining, I saw a dark figure pass from will kill you if you lay hand on my side to side of the wide, west-looking alley mother." in which a certain reddish light yet lin- The man who was stooping over the hed gered, reluctantly to depart altogether. But half turned and saw me ready to fly like I thought nothing of this. For a servitor, a bantam cock at him. He did not remove going to the great house or one of Mr. his hands or disengage himself from what Spurway's weavers in search of a hare to be was doing. But instead he lifted his boil the pot was no unusual sight at the voice over his shoulder and said in a quick,

I went down, and as I came near the door boy away and keep him away!" of the little parlor in which I had left. Then I knew that he was the surgeon

I could not hear what was said in reply head. He opened the door, crying: "See, on my collar, as if I were intent to run back. madam, what I caught this fine young gen- again, of which I had no intention.

tleman at! dropped her embroidery work and stood is well," holding up at the same time a litgo her hand, which he had been holding, But that was not the surprise and terror and cried: "Take it away, man. God's sake,

My eyes were drawn irresistibly to the window. It was one of the narrow and and strong, whom I had seen adventure high French sort opening in the middle, for upon such a desperate chance that very mouth, which I could neither swallow nor of iron and the clatter and clink of falling ally moistcaed my poor mother's lips. The

Framed in the blank blackness of the opening appeared a head, wild, dishevelled. hardly human, the throat bare and the But that which we saw turned us to stone ragged collar of a coat far too wide appear- striding out of the house with his brows in the very doorway. My mother had dropped ling beneath. It was my father, the man we had thought already hanged by the neck in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh! Philip nance Stansfield, the parricide. His eyes glanced along the level tube of a pistol barrel.

"Traitor and traitress, I have you both! And now I will send you to hell together!" he cried, and so without another word, with | coming of suffering. shattering distinctness, fired.

softly sunk back into Umphray Spurway's arms. Then quick as thought the facvanished from the window. The leaves "You have that child in the house with you?" said my mother. And I knew by her voice that she was less pleased than usual. The name seemed somehow to grate usual. The name seemed somehow to grate Framed in the blank blackness of the pulled a pistol from the window. The leaves cipal and most valuable decreations are the claster and the claster and elink of falling mother into the arms of Caleb Clinkaberry and the latter and the glass and breaking crockery.

Framed in the blank blackness of the pulled a pistol from the window. The leaves cipal and most valuable decreations are the claster and the mother into the arms of Caleb Clinkaberry and the latter and the glass and breaking crockery.

Framed in the blank blackness of the pulled a pistol from the window. The leaves cipal and most valuable decreations are the class of the process. nulled a pistol from his pocket, looked at insignia.

door of my mother's house into the black

CHAPTER XI.

Caleb Clinkaberry, the Quaker. My mother lay on the bed to which Caleb phray Spurway took me by the band and we had carried her, with her eyes closed, and I over to myself on the next two or three. But the fire only blazed brighter on the house among the pines where my mother in my hands, gasping and swallowing in bent gladsomely together over to the little stood beside with white rags and liniments At first the Englishman talked my throat at the sight of blood, while Caleb, bairn), "Mary Digby, my little Mary that I When we came to the door of the lodge brought up by the hand ever since Sir my little Mary, that I who wert thy nurse

hath been in a rare takin' about thee. Eb. But nevertheless, he staunched the wound, tway by the wind, which disconcerted me she said. "It seems to come early tonight Macster Spurway; an' she will be glad to and having done that which he could, he found my mother with her senses restored When we came to the door of the lodge and drink a cup of tea. My brother, the liteness, mixed with an under grumble of God's name what was the matter. And a When we came to the door of the louge Guineaman, brought me some after his last complaint concerning his standing for that great mercy it was that she minded nothing

And in this fashion we sat all night. I quaking with fear lest the curtains that hid the barred lattice should again be parted sunshine (or something else) was red on and the murderer rush upon us with a horrid ery. But Caleb had all safely barred accidents) she kept locked in the great ma- fall in a fluttering cloud, she gave Umphray looked often as he went about, muttering

"For this will I yet stay his career. The bloody and evil man shall not live half his days.

I must not forget to say that Caleb was a follower of George Fox, being one of the folk called Quakers-only he said but little about it. For they were a people of little esteem in Scotland. Yet now when Caleb's 'darling maid," as he called my mother, was touched, lo! he who had preached peace so long turned out as great a man of war as the best of them.

So we sat, and for my part I quaked every time a rat ran rumbling from garret to cellar, which they did all night, or even a mouse scratched in the wainscot,

The very last memory I have of this terriand to be more welcome than usual. It ble night of February 29 (being leap year) darkens apace. Will you be pleased to stay is that of waking to see Caleb Clinkaberry, and drink a cup of tea? My brother, the the palms of his hands pressed together guineaman, brought me some after his last and his eyes lifted up, saying softly, "Desvoyage. He got it for having rendered some olation and destruction and famine and service on his homecoming to a China sword! The fury of the Lord is upon us, the rebuke of our God!"

Spurway, making my mother a courteous I was conscious of a ghastly feeling of dislittle bow. "I ought to be stirring, but I comfort and a horror of myself almost like that which comes with fever. I did not Then my mother sent me upstairs for the know that this arrives to all who sleep West indian sugar, which (just in case of in their clothes for the first time. It was accidents) she kept locked in the great ma- light and I saw a man by my mother's bedhogany chest of drawers in her dressing side. A woman was on the other, both

They had not observed me shrunk up

rasping tone: "Umphray Spurway, take this

Umphray Spurway and my mother, I paused from Abercairn who had come to the Miln -for no reason at all connected with them, house when the plague broke out among nor (God wot) with any idea of spying the weavers-a skillful but an arrogant upon their converse; for espionage at least man. Then came Umphray Spurway in. (whatever my other faults) was never any looking bleached and gray, the light falled

But though I was glad to see him he fore all I have my duty to the boy, and this pulled me roughly out and railed upon me of all days is not the time to speak of such for crying out at such a moment, being things. Think of him that was my husband jangled in his speech and ever with an ear on the door of the room where my mother was.

by Umphray Spurway, though I am sure my Then in a little, being come to myself mother was weeping. For at that moment and the feeling that my clothes were made I felt a hand close on the lobe of my right of hay having a little died away, I would ear, and old Caleb Clinkaberry bore me tri- have asked him concerning his night advenumphantly to the door of the parlor, with tures, but he, having, as it were, his whole a great piece of West India sugar in my reasonable soul in the further room, bade mouth, which I could neither swallow nor me hush and presently gave me a cuff, yet rid myself of, so high did he hold my whereat I sulked. Also he kept tight hold

Then, after a great while, the surgeon But that which we saw turned us to stone came out with a changed and smiling n the very doorway. My mother had countenance, and said: "It is out and all Umphray Spurway was just letting the round builet, at sight of which the great red Englishman turned very white and faint take it away!"

This I thought strange in a man so brave

It was the best part of an hour before they would let the go in to see my mother. woman, stood at the bed's head with some surgeon was gone, of which I was glad. Then I took Umphray Spurway's hand and would have made him come with me, but he would not, shaking me off harshly and bent and such a look of sadness as I had never till then seen on any man's counte-

My dear mother smiled up at me with so sweet and peaceful a countenance that I fell to weeping, not knowing that that is the face which in women denotes the over-(To be Continued.)

The orders of decoration wern by the Jerman emperor, according to a Berlin newspaper, are worth about 1,98,880 marks, or a little over \$230,000. The kalser's pringer a little over \$230,000 the constitution are the

"TRAITOR AND TRAITORESS, I HAVE YOU BOTH! AND NOW I WILL SEND YOU TO HELL TOGETHER!" HE CRIED,

where the north coaches stop.

from brother to brother.

in your worthless, peevish life!" That was Philip Stansfield's salutation, mained in Edinburgh. He had Philip Stans- Edinburgh.

whom we saw first at the change house by pecially by speaking ever praisefully of Mr. the cross roads of New Milns.

. shortish and thickish, his skin browned like and secret, were in a moment blown upon of him, but to go on with her embroidery for luck, and when he was in no company them in the Yett house of New Milns. plained to his friend that his second son, to and away from a town he often wore a red a decent blue kilmarnock bonnet. And that last feared people more than anything as being of a spice piratical and murderous.

on the green at Moreham, to which all the we hoped for news in the morning. bloodless as it seemed, with his face all young sparks and bold, swearing blades within twenty miles resorted. From this time Umphray Spurway, where, finding he could sallow skin drawn tightly over prominent forth the silent man with the rings twickling palely in his ears had played many a day on Moreham green with varying luck. One evening there came an elderly laborer elbowing among the laird's sons, who put down a groat or two, which he saw swept off in a few moments in the quick give and take of a larger game. The amount of his loss was not much, but it was the elderly countryman's all. There seemed to him dishonesty in the mill for the best part of an afterneon. sudden disappearance of his long-cherished pocket keeping pieces.

> With a spasm of sudden anger he set his grinning face of death with a readiness ant before he knew them himself, and, while were mostly spoken at random. going on with the game, had kept his hand

ocked in a drawer at his right hand from behind.

"Do not kill my father-spare my father!" Janet Mark.

Janet Mark was back with her with a fear lest I should forget or, as it as like as not, he would have cuffed me well dice and painted tables.

So it came about that my father, being in ancient "locm-bagus in the back," our old room. I went gladly, for such a chance Their greeting must have sounded strange from brother to brother.

They, Dell's rattlebag, lang-nebbit Jock

They of the bedroom cleansing the stickiness of the bedroom cleans of the bedroom Get home to your mother at a dog's trot the supplanter, where away? Come and the younger, being heir to all the prop- room that looks to the west through a kind from my fingers and wiping my mouth with or I will set the bloodhounds on you. And take a drink with an honest man for once erties and estates of his grandfather, his of long alley cut out among the pines. The the silken lining, I saw a dark figure pass father, Philip Stansfield the elder, being sunshine (or something else) was red on her from side to side of the wide, west-looking under sentence of death, had appointed his cheek as she jumped up at sight of her alley in which a certain reddish light yet eried from the farther side of the wide brother and Saul Mark joint curators of all guest, and letting all her embroidery stuff lingered, reluctantly to depart altogether, and is no more!" square. And so, leaving his legal com- the aforesaid infant's goods till he should fall in a fluttering cloud, she gave Umphray But I thought nothing of this. For a servipanions, John had gone to speak to his be of age. This to take effect only in case Spurway her hand, never looking at him nor tor going to the great house or one of Mr. From that time he had of the death of the said Philip Stansfield saying a word save to scold me for being well as William Bowman knew him, and to scarcely left my father so long as he re- the elder, presently in the Tolbooth of such a trouble in bringing the gentleman boil the pot was no unusual sight at the

field in his rooms. He plied him with drink. My mother was much troubled at this and He kept knives and pistols away from him grieved sore at it, as at first did my grand- was as auxious to come as a cat is to see when he waxed desperate in his cups. In mother also, down by the Great House. But her kittens," carding and spinning lasses by the ears all this he was assisted by one Saul Mark, John soon reconciled her to it by accomthe husband of the buxom besom Janet, panying her regularly to the kirk and es- | self for some time.

> John Bell and his sermons Saul Mark was a strange man, rather | But all these projects and purposes, overt in turn he asked her not to make a stranger part of my nature.

> > The Last Night in February. The last night in February came upon us

a night ever memorable to all of us who had quite different appearance from my poor countryside one fair day about nine years Stausfield. It was the very day set for the been affected by the sad death of Sir James ago. He set up a dicing and gambling table execution of my father in Edinburgh, and

I had been over all day at the mills of of it. not prevent my coming about him, the Englishman had set William Bowman to tangled-haired maiden, Anna Mark. It was work that William Bowman liked well enough. For not only was he a good scholar, he was glad to be quit of the thankless task of superintending the workers in the

Then when it began to grow dark Umphray Spurway took me by the hand and we went gladsomely together over to the little hand to his hip to draw a dagger, and, grasp-ing the keeper of the gambling table by the collar, he found himself looking into the and answered all my questions, of which, as is the wont of boys, I asked very many and which seemed uncarny and unnatural to the of a very foolish sort. But as we neared onlookers. The brown man with the earrings had divined the intention of his assail- silent, and when he replied at all his words

It had already all the promise of a wild ipon the but of a pistol which lay ready hight. Overhead the scud was riding eastwark, flecked and sullen, yet going fast as The countryman gasped and gurgled in- spume on a raging tide race. Lower a thin, articulately. A gluey foam gathered about almost invisible, mist steamed along the He uttered no intelligible word, land and combed itself through the trees his mouth was too dry. He might have like long blown maiden's hair. The rock of died there and then by the hand of the the lum rose from the hearthstone through gamester had not a girl wailed suddenly the rafters up to the outer air, peeped once over the chimneys, and then with a side long dive sped castward also down the wind. The pistol was still steady at the man's Spite of all this it was not yet dark, and The gambler's hand did not quiver sometimes in the bright blinks the sun himas his dark, beady eyes wandered once to self looked alantwise through the forcat the beauteous, imploring face at his cibow, aixles and ruled the shadows of the tall terrupting them. "She can catch William Then, with a sudden jerk, he threw the trunks black on last year's leaves, blue on Bowman with 100 yards start, man back from him so that he measured the few half-melted wreaths of the winter man back from him so that he measured that he measured that shows. I did not notice all these things Umphray Spurway were together they gave was Andrew Johnston, cottier of the farm at the time, but they come back to me new much more earnest consideration to my foolof Bogle Thorn and the girl was his young- as all the natural surroundings of my boy- ish boyish speeches than either of them did startling clearness.

father and her husband on his way to the were, grow out of myself, and as the years for the interruption, seaport town of Aberleith, with cards and went past become some other person. Why "Can she outrun you?" he asked. And dice and painted tables. Then, not for I was so anxious to keep my personality I my mother also seemed to hang on my a night ever memorable to all of us who had three years was there heard in the land the know not. But the case stood so in my words. blithesome lift of his sea-songs or the refrain of his summons when he called customers to his table.

For instance, I remember well a "Only up hill," I said. "I can match her Stansheid, it was the very may be close fence of split pines which extended on the level fields and heat her hollow at execution of my father in Edinburgh, and from the back of the great house of New running down hill."

I had been over all day at the mills of spend, money to burn! Come one, come all Yet I made it my business to know every beat him at anything?

all the way hither on so cold a night. "O, he does not think that," I said: "he

And after that I had all the talk to my-

But I must hasten to tell what befell my- that of a man long in hot countries where by certain startling occurrences which in a work as before. And this, after a little Mr. Spurway. It is, indeed, most uselesskelf soon after this, while my father lay in fever and rum had salted him against all moment put a new face upon all our lives. blushing demur, she did. I can see her now, I will not listen-no. I can never listeninfection and other feebler diseases. He And these I will tell in order even as they Her rescheaf skin was bright as I had not Before all I have my duty to the boy, and wore large silver rings in his ears, a thick happened, that the reader may follow their seen it for long years. The flush of her this of all days is not the time to speak hoop of the same metal on his left thumb effect upon us, even as my mother and I felt youth seemed hardly yet lest. When she of such things. Think of him that was my threaded her needle she would lift her soft husband and is so no more!" ad eyes of blue a moment and not at something I was saying, or, as it might be, smile by Umphray Spurway, though I am sure my the house had been built in King Charles' night. at Umphray Spurway in a manner which be- mother was weeping. For at that moment time that it might be a summer pavilion sought him to forgive the youthful folly of I felt a hand close on the lobe of my right for a fermer lady of New Milns. Now the my speeches. For I mind on that occasion, ear, and old Caleb Clinkaberry bore me lattice stood open, and the wind rushed The nurse, one Margit Fergus, a wise as indeed mostly when Mr. Spurway came iriumphantly to the door of the parlor, with howling triumphantly through the house, woman, stood at the bed's head with some but this time, a great piece of West India sugar in my shutting every door with dreadful clanging liquid in a dish, with which she continuand conducted in person at least nine-tenths

"Philip used to be a silent child," said my mother once, when a lull gave her a tleman at!" chance. "I used to call him in lest the give me lessons, together with the little Graven Image," for he would sit smilling in his little cot all day without a sound or a cry. Indeed he never spoke a word till he was more than two years old. Then one he had been holding. But that was not the day all suddenly he began to speak, and, except when asleep, he has never rightly stopped since."

"He and little Anna Mark are a fine properly matched there. I can hear them ualf across the mill and I cannot tell which is talking the faster or which cares least what the other is saying." You have that child in the house with

upon her.

As, indeed, was small wonder. "Yes." said Umphray Spurway, bending forward a fittle eagerly and replying more my mother's tone than her words; "yes,

but she will prove a credit to me." My mother seemed to be deep in thought, pulling absent-mindedly at the thread and And now I will send you to hell together." biting it off repeatedly without answering, he cried, and so, without another word, with "It may be," she said at last, musing upon his words, "it may be! God grant you are

"She is a rare good runner." I said, in-

It was curious that when my mother and est daughter, the same whom we know as hood are wont to do, with vivid and even when apart. So now Umphray Spurway smiled with a grave attention he never They were married in a week and in a For about this time I used to be haunted vouchsafed me at the mill-where, indeed,

is land to exorcise!"

Ombre, tric-trac and lanterloo- perhaps, 400 or 500 feet in length, and the my legs being each half a foot longer. For Umphray Spurway, where, finding he could gleek and dice! Money to get, money to pales were set exceedingly close together, why should a boy confess that a girl can not prevent my coming about him, the Bug-

Spurway's weavers in search of a hare to Lodge Yett. I went down, and as I came near the door

of the little parlor in which I had left Umphray Spurway and my mother, I pausedfor no reason at all connected with them. or (God wot) with an idea of spying upon Umphray Spurway sat down on a chair their converse. For espionage at least by the fire at my snother's invitation, and (whatever my other faults) was never any I heard my mother say, "It is useless,

1 could not hear what was said in reply

yet rid myself of, so high did he hold my glass and breaking crockery. head. He opened the door, crying, "See, madam, what I caught this fine young genher broidery work and stood erect. Umphray Spurway was just letting go her hand, which

arrarise and terror for me. My eyes were drawn irresistibly to the cindow. It was one of the narrow and high French sort opening in the middle, for the pair," said Umphray Spurway, "He is house had been built in King Charles' time that it might be a summer pavillen for a tered, swayed, checked herself, and then former lady of New Milns. Now the lattice stood open, and the wind rushed howling triumphantly through the house, shotting every door with dreadful clanging clashed to. The Englishman gave my

pening appeared a head, wild, disheveled, hardly human, the throat bare and the ranged collar of a coat far too wide appearing beneath. It was my father, the man we had thought already hanged by the neck she is a pretty bairn and when she grows as in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh! Philip biddable as she is clever I mistake much Stansfield, the parricide. His eye glanced along the level tube of a pistol barrel. "Traitor and traitress. I have you both!

shattering distinctness, fired. not deceived in her! The evil in the blood tered, swayed, checked herself, and then With a little shrill ery my mother totsoftly sank back into Umphray Spurway's arms. Then, quick as thought, the face vanished from the window. The leaves clashed The Englishman gave my mother into the arms of Caleb Clinkaberry and, without from his packet, looked at the priming, and rushed through the front door of my mother's house into the black night in pursuit of the double murderer.

> The Last Night in February. The last night in February come upon us

to the painted paper, the rattle of the pock- several one of them by headmark, back and So we sat and talked, and as I think, for- me lessons, together with the little tangle-THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

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