



CHAPTER VI THE CURATE OF DALRY. When I returned to Earlstoun I found the house in sad disorder. Maisie Lennox I found not, for she had ridden to the Duchrae to meet her father and to keep the house, which had had some unwonted immunity lately because of the friendship of the Mc Ghies of Balmaghie. For old Roger McGhie was a King's man and in good favor, though

he never went from home, but only patrolled his properties, lundering such whigs as come his way with a great staff, but tenderly and mostly for show. His daughter Kate, going the way of most women folk, was the bitterest whig and most determined hearer of the field preachers in the parish. Concerning doctrine an flee to the bills and hags-nexty, which her father full well knew, but could uncanny, cauldrife places that the very muir neither alter nor mend, even as Duke Rothes could not change his lady's liking. Yet for easier in all the head-end of Balmag-hie. And during this lown blink old Anton came home from the hills to take his comforts of the bien and comfortable house of the Duchrae, for it promised to be a bitter and unkindly season. So the Earlstoun looked a little bare without Maisie Lennox. and I was glad that I was to be but a short time in it. For another thing, the soldiers had been before me, and by order of the council had turned the whole gear and plenishing over to find my brother Alexander-which, indeed, seeing what he had done at Bothwell. we can hardly wonder at. Even the tion of our well-affected cousin of Lochinvar could not prevent this. The horses were driven away, the cattle lifted to be provender

for the king's forces in the parish of Carsp-hairn and elsewhere. And it would go hard with us-if, indeed, we were even permitted to keep the place that had been ours for generations.

mother was strongly advised that, as I had not been mixed with the outbreaks, it was scant possible that I might make something of an appeal to the privy council for the continuing of the properties and the substituting of a fine. I was therefore to ride to Edinburgh with what attendance I could mus ter, and with Wat Gordon of Lochinvar to

lead men as a bairn by the hand. But it was with a sad heart and without much pleasure, save in having my father's silver-mounted pistols (for I counted myself no mean marksman), that Hughie and I rode off from the arched door of the Earlstoun. My mother stood on the step and waved me off with no tear in her eye; and even poor Jean Hamilton, from the window, my brother, her husband, was in hiding, caused a kerchief to show white against the gray wall of Earlstoun. I think the poor gray wall of Earlstoun. I think the poor the ither day," he went on. "I gied it oot feckless bit thing had a sort of kindness for plain frae the pulpit that gin they didna me. But when there was hardly the thickof an eggshell between her man and death, it was perhaps small wonder that she had some jealousy of me, riding whither I listed over the wide, pleasant moors, where wild birds cried all the livelong day.

At St. John's Clachan of Dalry we were meet with Wildcat Wat, who was walting

the weather. It had never been brushed since he put it on his back, and there seemed good evidence upon it that he had slept in it

for a month at least. "Whaur gang ye screeving to, young sirs, brave?" he cried. "Be canny on the puir so brave?" Whiggles. Draw your stick across their hurdles when ye come on them, an' tell them to come to the Clachan o' Dairy, where they will hear a better sermon than ever they will get on the mnirs, or my name's no Peter McCaskill."

"How now, curate," began my cousin, reining in his black and sitting at ease, "are you going to take to the hill and put Peden's e out of toint?"

"Faith, an' it's my mither's ain son that could fettle that," said the curate. "I'm was for the puir Whiggles that winna hear honest fowl winna clock on. Ken ye what I was tellin' them the other day? Na, ye'll no hae muckle to come and hear Mess John pray as the blackest whig o' them a'!"

"Indeed, we do not trouble you much, cu rate," laughed my cousin; "but here is my cousin Will of Earistoun," he said, waving his hand to me, "and he is nearly as good a parson himself, and can pray by screeds." Which was hardly a thing to say, for though I could pray, and read my bible, too, when I listed. I did not trouble him or any other with the matter. Cain, indeed, had something to say for himself-for it is a hard thing to be made one's brother's keeper. There are many ways that may take me to the devil, but, I thank God, officiousness in other men's matters shall not be one of them

"He prays, does he?" quoth McCaskill turning his shaggy eyebrows on me. weel, I'll pray him ony day for a glass (John's best. Peter McCaskill needs neither read sermon nor service book. He leaves sic like at hame, and the service ye get at his kirk is as guid and godly as gin auld Sandy himsel' were up in the preaching tent au' thretty auld plaided wives makkin' whine in the heather ancath!"

"How do you and the other Peter up the way draw together ?" asked my cousin.

The curate anapped his fingers. "Peter Pearson o' Carsphairn-puir craitur ho's juist fair daft wi' his ridin' an' his schemin'. He will hear a pluff o' posther gang blaff at his oxter some fine day, that he'll be the waur o'! An' sae I has telled him mony's the time. But Margate Mc Caskill's son is neither a Whig hunter, nor she could see the great oak where yet as this Peter Pearson. He bides at hame an' minds his glebe. But for a' that I canna control the silly fowk. I was fearin' then come as far as the kirkyaird at ony rate, I wad tak' no more lees on my conscience fo their sakes. I has plenty o' my ain to gar me fry. 'But,' says I, 'I'll report yo as attendin' the kirk, gin ye walk frae yae door the bumble bees droned and the stooping wild birds cried all the livelong day.

"An' what said ye next, curate?" asked

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1895.

"James Johnstone," yet again replied the

Westerhall flung an oath over his shoulder

teach you to laugh at the Johnstone in his

"You will not answer, young rebels."

cried. "Ken you what they get that will not answer when the king bids them?"

"Are you the king?" asked the lad of 10 who had called himself James Johnstone.

At this Westerhall waxed perfectly furi-ous, and with a pale and shaking fury that

I liked not to see. But, indeed, the whole

was so distasteful to me that sometimes l

could but turn my head away. "Now, ill bairns," said Westerha', "and you, my young rebel namesake, hearken ye.

The king's command is not to be made light of. And I tell you plainly that as you will

not answer I am resolved that you shall all be shot dead on the spot!"

kerchiefs over their eyes.

With that he sent men to set them out in

and make them kneel down with

"It was Jeems Johnstone who laughed

replied the calm voice of a

"Who was the man who laughed? I shall

Back in the ranks some one laughed.

abashed.

your honor,"

of.

troop sergeant

Claverhouse sent his horse scouring up on the tops of the bills and along the higher grounds, while his foot quartered the lower districts, bringing all such as were in any way sus-picious to the kirkyards to be examined. Old and young, men and women, were taken, and often-chiefly, it is true, behind Claver-house's back-the soldiers were most cruel at the business, making my blood boil till I thought that I must fly out and strike some I wondered not any longer that my

father had taken to the bill, sick to death of the black terror that Charles' men caused daily to fall upon all around them, wherever Scotland mon cared enough about their rein Scotland m How my cousin Lochinvar stood it I can-

not tell. Indeed, I think that but for the treaching of his mother, and the presence of John Scarlet, who was at this time a great king's man, and of much influence with Wat Gordon, he had been as much incensed One morning in special I mind well. It

was a Tuesday, and our company was under the command of this Johnstone of Westerha', who of all the clan, being a turncoat, was the cruelest and the worst. For the man was in his own country, and among his own kenned faces, his holders and cot-tiers, so that the slaughter of them was as easy as killing chickens reared by hand. And even Claverhouse rather suffered it than took part in it.

"Draw your reins here," the Johnstone rould say, as we came to the loaning foot of some little white lime-washed house with a recking lum. "There are some bible folk here that wad be none the worse o' a bit So he rode up to the poor muirland housie sitting by itself all alone among the heather.

Mostly the folk had marked us come, and often there was no one to be seen but a bairn or two playing about the green. Then he would have these poor bits of things gathered up and begin to fear them, or offer them fair things if only they would tell where their parents were, and who were

Now when the soldiers came near to the huddled cluster of little bairns, that little the result is a place, Shieldhill by name, that heartbroken bleating , which I have heard the lambs make, broke again from them. It - The a -3 aller / 1.S.D "CANNA PRAY BUT WE CAN SING."

lad who stood up so straightly and held his thole this langer. I'll war nae mair head back. "You, young cock-of-the-heather, what might be your black Whig's name?" "Juist the same as your honor's-James bairns for the carldom o' the north.'

And even Westerha' turned his bridle rel and rods away from off the holms of Shield-Johnstone," replied the boy, in no way hill, for the victory was to the bairns. wonder what his thoughts were, for he, to Methought there ran a titter of laughter had learned that psalm at the knees of his mother. And as the troopers rode loosely up hill and down bras, broken and ashamed, the sound of these bairns' singing followed after them, and soughing bonnily across the fells reme, the words. among the soldiers, for Westerha' was nowways so well liked among the soldiers as Claverhouse, or even roaring Grier of Lag. "And what is your father's name?" continued Westerha', bending just one black look upon the lad fells came the words:

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill; For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me comfort still. Then Westerha' swore a great oath and

put the spurs to his horse to get clear of it (To be Continued.)

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Then Westerha' set himself without an-other word to the work of examination, which suited him well. Illustrated Modern Art and Literature, No. 5. contains an elegant extra art supplement in shape of a colored plate by Geiger, en-titled "Spring Blossoms." A double page plate, "An Interrupted Duel," by Garnelo; colored plates "Truthett" by Users colored plates, "Twilight," by Fischer; "Any More Going On?" and "On the Thames," by Marcus; full page plates, "Ready for the Ball," by Vinea; "In Days of Old," by Gam-penrieder; "Politics," by Claus Mayer; penrieder; "Politics," by Claus Mayer; "Summer Clouds," by Pradilla; "Naughty Boy," by Jakobides, and "The Spanish Senorita," by Kiesel, besides a number of illustrated articles, complete its splendid galaxy of artistic productions. Modern Art Publishing company, Limited, 68 Fleet street London.

"Before and After Taken" is the title of a topical song by Charles Horwitz. Published by Charles K. Harris, Milwaukee, Wis. The description of "A Puzzling Subject" in the April Babyland will be of great in-terest to mothers who have to deal with untruthfulness in their children, and an article on "The Preparation of the Sick Room for Contagious Diseases" furnishes some much needed practical hints for trying emergen-cies. The "Nursery Problems" contain the usual careful advice of the medical editor on the many subjects which perplex young mothers. Babyhood Publishing company, I Beekman street, New York.

The contents of the Easter number of the New York Ledger are in keeping with its beautiful special cover. It has a charming story, entitled, "An Easter Lily," by Eliza-beth Olmis; an Easter poem by Adelaide Protor; an East.r ike'ch entit ed "The Commander's Easter," by Rhodes Campbell; a breezy blcycle story, entitled "On Wheels," by Virginia Niles Leeds, author of "The Plate of Buckwheat Cakes," by William R. The first chapters of a new serial, en Barber. itled "Little Kit," by Effle Adelaide Rowlands, and the continuation of "Jack Rob-bins of America," by Seward W. Hopkins. In addition to these it is replete with delightful editorial matter, appropriate miscellany, poetry, children's stories, correspondence, correspondence. science, and the always interesting department for wives and mothers, entitled "The Woman's World." The number contains twenty-eight pages, beautifully illustrated. Robert Bonner's Sons, corner William and Spruce streets, New York.

The complete novel in the April issue of Lippincott's is "Alain of Halfdene," by Anna Robeson Brown. It is a striking tale of the sea, pirates, rescuers, and Mount Desert in he days when Washington was president, 'At the Hop-Pole Inn," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, tells how curiously a near-sighted Englishman and his young wife were recon-clied after a first quarrel. Mmc. Melba, one of the chief living attractions of the lyric stage, writes pleasantly of "Grand Opera." "Woman's Lot in Persia" is described at length by Wolf von Schierbrand. Lee J. Vance writes of the "Evolution of Table Manares," and J. W. Abernethy of "The Woman-liness of Literary Women." The poetry of the number is by M. S. Paden, Champion Bissell, Charles G. D. Roberts and Robert Beverly Hale, J. B. Lippinest Company. Philadelraia.

LITERARY NOTES.

Five French dramatists are at present engaged on plays dealing with "Louis XVII"-Sardou, Pierre Decourcelle, Henri Ceard, Henri de Weindel and Charles Buet.

The Tennyson Memorial committee has is sued a public acknowledgment of the generous subscriptions received from Americans The memorial will be inscribed "Erected by

friends in England and in America." Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novelette, "The Story of Bessie Castrell," will be begun in Scribner's Magazine for May. Its scene is depicted in Pansy's well known and graphic

BOOKS RECEIVED. GO FORTH AND FIND-Thomas H. Brain-erd. Cloth, 239 pages. The Cassell Pub-

HAIR REGENERATOR. erd. Cloth, 239 pages. The Carbon Strength of the State o Pendered. Cloth, 330 pages. The Cassell Publishing company, New York. ZAPHRA-By John P. Stockton, jr. Cloth,

\$1, paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publish-ing company, Boston. From Clement Chase, Omaha

THE EQUALITIES OF PARA-PARA-By Paul Haedicke, Paper, 149 pages. The Schuldt-Gathmann company, Chicago. THE DIVORCE MILL-By Harry Hazel and S License, Date Date S License, S Lic A sample both of "Venus Tint," a coloring for the checks, will be sent on receipt of a 2-cent

S. L. Lewis, Paper, 25 cents. The Mas-cot Publishing company. New York. "HE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES-THE

Hit women of the UNITED STATES By C. De Varigny. Translated by Ara-bella Ward. Cloth. 277 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. BOOKS AND PERIODICALS. TAXATION OF PERSONAL PROPERTIES

SHERMAN & McCONNELL, -By Thomas G. Shearman, Paper, 30 cents. Sterling Publishing company, 106 1513 Dodge Street. cents. Sterling Publishi Fulton street, New York.

Mr. Shearman is thoroughly conversant with the subject treated and has gathered an imposing array of figures with which he demonstrates the inequity of taxation on personal property and the impracticable na jure of such taxation as evidenced in past experiences. His conclusions favor a single tax-on land alone.

AMERICAN LITERATURE-By Mildred Caboli Watkins, Cloth, 224 pages, Amer-ican Book company, New York, This little book gives in well arranged LITERATURE-By Mildred

graphic presentation of the characteristic features of almost every American writer of note, including the principal living authors. It is particularly addressed to young people

A GIRL'S LIFE IN VIRGINIA BEFORE THE WAR-By Letitia M. Burwell. Illus-trated. Cloth; 209 pages, Frederick A. Stokes company, New York, From Me-

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ploys. We dismounted at the inn where

John Barbour, honest man, had put out the thatched change house, sitting with its end off to the hills thegither. Hardly a tyke or to the road in the upper part of the village, with good offices and accommodation for the matter of Rullion Green took its beginning. Wat came down the street with his swinging at his side, his feathered cavalier hat on his head, and he walked with a grace that became him well. I liked the lad, and sometimes it seemed to me that I might be his father, though, indeed, our years were pretty equal. For being lame

and not a fighter, neither craving ladies' I was an old man, for the years of them that suffer score the lines deeper on a man's brow-and on his heart also.

with an easy spring and his hors bent back its head and curvetted, biting at his foot, I retoiced to see the brave lad sitting like dart, holding his reins as I hold my pen, and resting easily his other hand on his thigh Scarlet, his man-at-arms, mounted and rode behind him; and when I saw them up match them in Scotland. Yet with pistolets, at paces one or twenty, I was master of both; and perhaps it was this little scrap c consolution that made me feel so entirely



glad to see my cousin look so bright and bonny. Indeed, had I been his lass-or one of them, for, if all tales be true, he had routh of them-I could not have loved better to ace him shine in the company of men like the young god Apollo,

out again to seed swiftly over the hips of the hills. I had been trained to be pleasant and prudent in my conversation, and there was little to take me out of myself in the com-pany I had perforce to keep. Yet I dared not withdraw myself from their train lest the balance of our band which was latent account At the far end of the village a man came out of a white house and saluted us. I know him well, though I had never before seen him so near. It was Peter McCaskill, the curate of the parish; and, as we of the strict Covenant did not hear even the indulged ministers, it was not likely that we see much of the curate. But I had belied my heart. heard many tales of his sayings and his aumors, for our curate was not as most others-dull and truculent knaves many of them, according to my thinking-the scourings of the north. Peter was, on the other hand, a most humorous variet and excellent company on a wet day. Sandy and he used take a bottle together when they often to foregathered at John's in the Clachan, but even the buil of Earlstoun could not keep steeks or count mutchkins with Peter Mc-Caskill, the curate of Dalry.

On this occasion he stopped and greated us. his w to had on a black coat of formal anough stoun. He had on a black coat of formal enough stoun. cut, turned green with age and exposure to Now this was the manner of our march. Westerna' indicated one with his finger, the

my cousin, for his talk amused us much, and to ride forth with us to Edinburgh upon his there were few merry things in these sad days. "Ow," said Peter McCaskill, "I juist e'en

messan but's awa' to Peden to get her whaulples named. But I declare to ye a' horse about it-the same, indeed, in which what will happen in this parish. Sorra gin I dinna inform on ye, an' then ye'll be cyther shot or hangit before Yule!' That's what I said to them!" Wat Gordon laughed, and I was fain to

follow suit, for it was a common complaint that the curate of Dalry was half a Whig himself; and, indeed, had he not been ever ready to drink a dozen of Clavara' officers whole with a ring of his men, and came upon them, as he thought, unawares, for he said the place was like a conventicle, and under the table, and clout the head of the starkest carle in his troop, it might have man when he found the men and women all gone ill with him more than once.

an's brow-and on his heart also. "But I has a bit small request to make of When Wat Gordon mounted into the saddle When eavy uprime and his heart bent bent best for a saddle and a saddle bent and a saddle bent and a saddle and a saddle bent a saddle and a saddle saddle saddle a saddle sadd stour," said the curate byre. "Haste ye," said Wat, "for ye has taigled

us overly long. it's this," said the curate, "I hae "An'

to ride to Edinburgh toon, there to tell mair less than I am likely to be sained o' till I Johnstone am a bishop an' can lee wi' a leecence. methought there was not a pair that could it's the privy council's wull, sn' sae I maun e'en lee. That tearin' blackguard, Bob Grier, has written to them that I am better affected to the Whigs than to the troopers at Garryborn, and I am behoved to gang and so bright as the sun we mostly have. answer for it."

"Haste, ye, then, and ride with us," cried Walter, whose horse had stood long enough. "We ride toward the Nith with Colonel Gra-

a look that chilled their marrow

Now this Eskdale was the Johnstones" wn country, and one in which I was no ways t home-a country of wide green holms and

deep blind "hopes," where the cloud shad-ows bide and linger, and whence they come

Indeed, had it not been for the good lik-

CHAPTER

VII.-THROUGH DEATH'S DARK VALE.

that were Jardines, Grahams and Charterises, for those are the common names of that country side. The children stood together, ham, and after that to Edinburgh." So in a little the curate was riding stoutly huddled in a cloud, too frightened to speak or even to cry aload. And one thing I noby our side. We were to travel by Dumfries and Lockerble into Eskdale, whither Claverticed, that the lassie bairns were stiller and house had preceded us, obeying an urgent grat not so much as the boys-all save one who was a laddle of about 10 years. He call from his acquaintance, Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, who was still more eager stood with his hands behind his back and his to do the king's will than he-though, to beface was very white, but he threw back his gin with, he had been a Covenant man, and that of some mark, too. But the fear of fines and the bad example of his neighbors head and looked the dragoons and Annandalo's riders fair in the face as one that has ever before his eyes had brought out the hidden cruelty of the man. So now he rode conquered fear.

Then Westerha' role forward almost to the midst of the clouds of bairns, "gollering" and roaring at the bit things to frighten them, as was his custom with such. They were mostly at Claverhouse's bridle rein, and the pair of them held black counsel on the state of the country. But the mood of Claverhouse from 6 to 10 years of age, and when I saw them thus with their feared white faces, I wished that I had been six foot of my inches was only that of military severity, without heart of ruth or bowels of mercy; that of Westerhall rather of roystering and jubilant and with twenty good men of the glea at my back. But I minded that I was but a boybrutality, both of action and intent.

So we rode and we better rode till we came to Eskdale, where we found Westerstay-at-home John, as Sandy called me-and worth nothing with my hands. So I could only fret and be silent. I looked for my ball in his own country. Now I could see by the behavior of the soldiers as we went that some of them had had small good will ousin Lochinvar, but he was riding at the Graham's bridle rein and that day I saw nothing of him. But I wondered how this to the kind of life they led, for many of them were of the country side, and, as it seemed. matter of the bairns liked him. were compelled to drive and harry their own kith and kin. This they covered with a mighty affectation of ease, crying oaths and

So Westerha' rode near to them, shouting like a shepherd crying down the wind tempestously, when his dogs are working sourly. "Hork, ye," he cried, "ill bairns that ye are, ye are all to dee, and that quickly, unless curses hither and thither impetuously behind their leaders-save only when John Graham rode near by, which more than anything made them hold their peace, lest for discipline's sake he should bid them be silent, ve answer me what I shall ask of you.' Then I saw something that I had never seen

but among the sheep, and it was a most pit-iful and heart-wringing thing to see, though in the telling it seems no great matter. There

is a time of the year when it is fitting that the lambs should be separated from the ewes, and it ever touches me nearly to see the flock of poor lammles when first the dogs come near to them to begin the work, and wear them in the direction in which they are to go. All their little lives the lambs had run o their mothers at the first hint of danger. Now they have no mothers to flee to, and you can see them huddle and pack in a frightened solid bunch, quivering with apprehen-sion, all their sweet little winsome faces

ealousy of our band, which was latent among them, should break out. So I rode most slient, but with a pleased countenance which turned one way. Then, as the dogs run nearer to start them, three comes from then little low broken-hearted bleating, as if error were driving it out of them against r wills. Thus it was with the lambs on hill, and so also it was with the bairss the

ing which everywhere pursued my cousin Lochinvar, I cannot tell what might have come of the dislike for us as "Glenkens Whitewar," which was their militast wood come of the dislike for us as "Glenkens Whiggies," which was their mildest word for us. Yet my man Hugh never said a word, for he was a prudent lad, and slow of speech; while I, being ne man of war, also locked to my words and let a wary tongue keep my head. As for John Meikelwood, honest man, he took suddenly one morning what he termed a "sair income in his warpe." and leave being asked, he hied him home to his wife and weans at the Mains of Earl-atous. that clung together in a cluster on the hill side A party of soldiers was drawn out before them, and the young things were bid look into the black muzzles of the muskets. They

were indeed loaded only with powder, bu the children were not to know that. "Now," cried Westerha', "tell me who comes to your houses at night and who gets away early in the morning?"

The children crept closer to one another.

site blithely on a braeface at the enter-ing in of Annandale. The country there-abouts is not very wild, and there are many Stuart making war? It was not his father's in my palms. And this was King Charles cotter houses set about the holms and dotted among the knowes. Westerha' enclosed the way.

But the soldiers, though some few were smilling a little, as at an excellent play, were mostly black ashamed. Nevertheless they took the bairns and made them kneel rife with psalm singers. But he was a wild for that was the order, and without mutiny they could not better it. "Sodger-man, wull ye let me tak' up my fied, and only the bairns, as before, mostly feared out of their lives, sitting cowering to-gether by the ingle, or hiding about the wee brither by the hand and dee that way I think be wad thole it better!" said a little

maid of 8, looking up. "T'll fear them waur," said Westerha', as And the soldier let go a great oath and he came to the third house and found only two-three weans, "or my name is no James looked at Westerha' as though he could have slain him. 'Bonny wark!" he cried; "de'il burn me

So what did this ill-set Johnstone do but gin I 'listed for this!' But the little lass had already taken he gather them all up into a knot by a great thorn tree that grows on the slope. This brother by the hand.

Tuesday morn was clear and sunny: not bright, but with a kind of diffused light, "Bend doon, bonny, Alec, my man, doon on your knees! warm and without shadows, as if the whole The boy glanced up at her. He had long arch of the lift were but one sun, yet no

sollow hair, like Jean Hamilton's little Alec "Wull it be sair?" he asked. "Think ye There were some thirty bairns by the tree, I houp it'll no be awfu' sair! Maggle?

"Na, Alec," his sister made answer, "it'll mostly of Westerha's own name, save those no be long or sair." But the boy of 10, whosa name was James

Johnstone, neither bent nor kneit, "I hae dune nae wrang. I'll juist dee this

way," he said, and he stood up like one that straightens himself at drill. Then Westerha' bid fire over the bairns' heads, which was cruel, cruel work, and only some few of the soldiers did it. But even the few pieces that went went off made a great noise in that lonely place. At the

sound of the muskets some of the bairns fell forward on their faces as if they had been really shot. Some leaped in the air, but the most knelt quietly and composedly. The little boy Alec, whose sister had his hand clasped close in hers, made as if he would rise.

"Bide ye doon, Alec," she said, very quietly, "it's no cor turn yet!"

At this the heart within me gave way, and roared out in my helpless pain a perfect 'gowl" of anger and grief. "Bonny Whigs ye are," cried Westerha',

'to die withoot even a prayer. Put up a prayer this minute, for ye shall all dee, every ne of you. And the boy James Johnstone made answer

to him: "Sir, we cannot pray, for we be too young

to pray.' "You are not too young to rebel, nor yet to die for it!" was the brute-beast's answer. Then with that the little girl held up hand as if she were answering a dominie in

"An' it please you, sir," she said, "me an' Alec canna pray, but we can sing "The Lord is My Shepherd,' gin that wull do! My mither learned it us afore she gaed awa'. And before any one could stop her she stood up like one that leads the singing in

a kirk. "Stan' up, Alec, my wee mannie, said she. Then all the bairns stood up. I declare it

minded me of Bethlehem and the night when Herod's troopers rode down to look for Mary's benny bairn.

Then from the lips of the babes and suck-Ings arore the quavering strains: The Lord's my shipherd, I'll not want. He makes me 24 in to its In pastures greent He leadeth me The quiet waters by. As they sang I gripped out my platols and

began to sort and prime them, hardly know-ing what I did, for I was resolved to make a break for it, and, at the least, blow a hole in Westerha' that would mar him for life before I would suffer any more of it.

But as they sing I saw trooper after trooper turn away his head, for, being Scotch bairns, they had all learned that psaim. The

ranks shook. Man after man fell out, and I saw the tears happing down their cheeks. But it was Douglas of Morton, that stark persecutor, who first broke down. It did, and the light it brought to a dreary home, and the light it worked alike upon the sender,

laid among the laboring people of an English village and is a very intense and dramatic story.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway spent a fortnight in Paris at the end of February, working in the government archieves, where he discovered some further Paine documents. He is low in London again, preaching every Sunday at the South Place chapel.

Mr. I. ZangwRl, whose essays are well

known to the readers of the Critic, is one of the prominent figures in the English world of letters, and yet up to now his maserplece, "Children of the Ghetto," has been practically inaccessible to the general public Published semi-privately, it has been hard to obtain, even at a large price, and it is there fore good news that Macmillan & Co, will ssue a new edition of it, in one volume, HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON-By Daniel Defoe. Board covers. Ameri-can Book company, New York.

This is a republication of an English classirrating in terse and vivid style the terrible events and incidents that occurred during the great plague. The writer, though a the time a mere child, lived among people i whose minds the events were still fresh and in whose lips they were constantly told and retold. Both as a thrilling narrative of a ilstoric event and as a socialogic study, the ook may be read with profit.

THE RAIDERS-By S. R. Crockett. Cloth, 352 pages, \$1.50. Macmillan & Co., New York

The story is full of local color, being told In the peculiar vernacular belonging to the rough fisherman on the isles bordering the Irish coast. The raiders are a hardy set, who are prone to indulge in the practice of aiding smugglers and sometimes taking a hand in the deal themselves, putnuing this reckless course often as an only recourse whereby to procure subsistence in this wild and barren agion. The characters are well outlined, and the story is full of stirring incidents. MISS BAGG'S SECRETARY-By Cara Louise

Burnham. Paper, 50 cents. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The story is a West Point romance, and, al though a genuine love story with the lovemaking as abundant as interesting, there is no mere sentimentality about it. Miss Bagg no mere sentimentality about it. herself is admirably conceived and portrayed but not more successfully than several of the other people. The author has unusual skill in describing critical situations, especially when they involve the futures of two people. From first page to last the story is amusing nd suggestive, and one lays it aside at las with real regret.

TRILBY, THE FAIRY OF ARGYLE-By Charles Nodier. Translation by Nathan Haskell Dole. Board covers, 80 pages. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

The story has no connection with Du Maurier's famous Trilby, but is the translation of a French book, written under the above title about the year 1820, by Charles Ned er, a member of the French academy, who spent some time in the Highlands of Scotland. where surroundings and superstitions so imreased him that he incorporated them in this fairy tale.

LOUISIANA FOLK TALES-Collected and way?" And another thus: "If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done." Write to the EBHE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N.Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD." Refer to this naper, and the company promises to send edited by Alcee Fortier, D. Lt. Cloth. \$2. 122 pages. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Bos ton.

The tales of this book are given first in the Creole dialect, and then in a faithful, but as the author says, not a literal trans-lation. "The tales," he goes on to say, "have been carefully written in Louisiana this paper, and the company promises to send the book, to scaled envelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introdialect, in order that material may be of use to the philologist." A large proportion of the tales are grotesque fables in which asi-mals are personified. One can find considerable amusement in the book.

ONLY TEN CENTS-By Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy). Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50. Lothrop

Publishing company, Boston. A certain Pansy society is packing a Christmas barrel for a southern mission school. A little girl wishes greatly tribute, but her's is a poor home. With 10 cents given her she buys a pattern and works a bible motto. It was a cheap little motto card, and cost her "only 10 cents. but it read "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Some thoughtless people laughed at it and wondered how a cheap little motto would help the poor. But Some thoughtless it did; and the good that it accomplished.

"Curse" it, Westerha"," he cried, "I cannal the results it worked alike upon the sender,

B. A. Field, the leading druggist of Richmond, Ind., writes, under date of April 10th: "Pleas

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