CHAPTER XIII. The New Dominie.

But there was a sweeter, winsomer side

little Anna Mark than this. Where she

xpect. Nor, though I have known her all

Anna could not be called a very pretty

got it from I know not-from her Maker, t

will as long as that hand wags at the end | father's death, he had no control over



## 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.

COPYRIGHT, 1898. UNDER THE NAME OF "LITTLE ANNA MARK." BY R. S. CROCKETT.

Sir James Stansfeld of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an inn house his son, Philip, and his son's paramour. Janet Mark. They quartel-Sir James goes home, taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it upon an ice-floe, in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shouldors. But the boy, Philip, has witnesed the crime—be tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Sparway, and Sparway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to Justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplies to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield eccapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, in can heat at that!" ways girls are worth quite

(Copyright, 1829, by S. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER XII.

## The Great English Droving.

But of Philip Stansfield, the murderer of his father, the almost assassin of his wife, not hilt nor hair was seen in all the countryside. Bands of men went, twenty together, scouring the wild places, beating the woods, quartering the muirs with bloodhounds and scent dogs. All was in vain. Not a footprint, not a shred of clothing on a thorn. a blinking cue-owl searching for field mice in the early twilight.

Only those who have known what it is to have a red-hand murderer at large in their very neighborhood can conceive the agony of fear that selzed on the whole countryside. Umphray Spurway was the one man who kept his head, and even he shrank

It was curious that, though the cause of all the panic was the man who gave me being. I felt no interest in the affair save from Edinburgh to selze the murderer.

Every morning a new tale ran from lip Women shricked and fainted, Several children appeared untimecusly in the world. A carrier was found clubbed, his cart and pockets rifled on the Edinburgh high road, on his pistol hilt, chose out and paid for family in the country put up fresh bolts and bars. Poor folk barricaded their door with heavy furniture, and filled up their windows at nightfall with slabs of whinstone from the nearest rock face.

At last they took my mother away in litter, borne on the shoulders of men all the fifteen miles of the plain road to the town of Abercairn, where there was an hos pital equipped with physicians of great skill, I was not permitted to go with the party which, in the first instance consisted of Umphray Spurway's weavers, with himself walking on one side of the litter, and Caleb refused to be separated from his "little gained his point.

So I was left at the mill house with little Anna Mark, under the governance of William Bowman, which was just as good as none

I wonder if I can convey any idea of what little Anna Mark was then, when I first knew her in the mill house of Moreham. "The witch-child," the ill-affected called

her, and, indeed, there was something not quite of this world about her. She had a far-off look of her gypsy father, Saul Mark, nothing whatever of her mother except her dazzling teeth. All else was her own-no child in the village or among the weaver lasses at the miln cottages in the least to be compared to her. She was slender and tall for her age, quick and lithe in every movement as a wild thing of the woods Her eyes would follow any one with whom she was not well acquainted with the lightning suspicion of a caged squirrel. This shy wildwood look afterward left her, the bright glancing of her eyes never.

Her hair, as I have said, rain in a ripple of brown crisps and curls over her shoulders and down her back, but even as a child she had a fashion of her own of packing it stance. on top of her head out of the way, when any childish scheme requiring agility was

Now, I. Philip Stansfield, the younger thought well of myself then as now. Whatever I did I tried hard to do better than urged by those behind, surging forward any one else. And yet, I admit that there was nothing, running, climbing, jumping, standing on one's head, on one's hands, making faces, fighting with fists, shooting at a angry sea that has broken bars and doors. mark with the bow and arrow, playing at tops, marbles, tic-tac-toe, jacks, knuckle-bones-it was all the same. I might man or boy to see. be good at them, but-Anna Mark was bet-

For a while I had the better in learning. day by day she overhauled me, spurred on to use as a goad. With this and her native with the ambition of beating me. The books agility she completely overan me. But little of the old and new testaments were a stronghold for a long while, because one did not see the necessity for getting them by heart, serve that Anna had a bag of pebbles But one morning she puzzled me with Ec- fastened to her waist even as I had myself. clesiastes, and then when she went on to She kept close to Saunders MacMillan, a offer the books of the Apocrypha, either big herder from the rough mountains whom forth or back, just as I liked, I rose in wrath Umphray employed to watch the sheep he and called her a Papist, which was the direct pastured on the easterly hills, according to of repreach known to me.

can beat you at the books of the bible." I did not care, of course, even if the allegation had been true. For a boy, being companions and he turns and twists, doubles manifestly superior in all points to a girl, and trebles, with feints and stratagems as does not need to make good his superiority well as straight charges, tail up and horns in particular instances.

I had, however, one stronghold that could straight at me. not be assailed. Anna Mark could not throw "Out of the way, boy!" crted Umphray a stone as well as 1-this not for want of Spurway, whose eyes were everywhere. But trying. I remember that once I came on I wanted to distinguish myself and stood her weeping at a dyke-back, and upon my straight in the beast's way as he dodged asking what the matter was she sobbed out, to get back to the herd. The bull came I have tried to throw stones like you till head down, and just as I was firing a round

Synopsis of Previous Installments. race to the end of the mill-lade, and you alone grazing the calf of my leg, and as it day. The herds on the hills would walt my grandmother and Mr. Bell also, it

Yet there came a time when I had a and the herd, and the Highland kerns had in the villages, hammering at their horse surprise sprung upon me. It was on the already set up a triumphant yell at our "cackars" would drop rasp and pinchers and run to the door at the words: "Here standard of height, and as he stand at the

presently turning them out on the moors and took the "mari" on the hip. Another well born lassle in Moreham and New Milns But in the meanwhile he did well enough winter consumption. Umphray Spurway bought many of these

for, being an Englishman, he loved flesh meat, and believed that his weaver folk worked better on it than on porridge three times a day.

So this buying of the "mart" cattle was great event with us, and as my mother, though recovered of her wound and now lodging in her own hired house in Abercairn. was still weak, I remained (to my lov) at the Miln house. I had looked forward to

the English droving as one great opportunity of proving my superiority to little Anna Mark. And to this day I can Only some few of the searchers would come remember the shame, merging into a kind back whispering under their breath of a of reluctant admiration, mingled with hopemocking laugh which they had heard (or lessness, with which I viewed her perthought they heard). It seemed to hang formances. For some months, indeed, sho shout the skirts of the party as the night had made frequent absences from home durcame on, and they turned wearily home-ward. But it might have been no more than any explanation of where she had been, though I pleaded hard to know. Upon the great day we went out as soon

as it was light to choose and bring home our bunch of wild, rebellious highland cattle. It was to the "Tinklers Slap" that we went, a wild place among the hills to the west, through which the drove road picked a perilous passage, and Umphray took with into himself, his fine robust body waxing the carried money, and the cattle dealers thin and his rosy cheeks falling slack and were quite as wild as the cattle they brought him a score of his weavers, armed. For with them. At least, it was as well to err on the safe side. We marched merrily and fast, yet not

so fast but that Anna and I played about I hoped they would soon catch and hang the company, running round and round like But I enjoyed the nounting of the the collie dogs themselves, gripping, grapguards, the passwords, the glancing musket pling and rolling over each other, just as barrels of the braye weavers, the red coats they did, while Umphray watched us inof the soldiers whom the government sent dulgently and yet carefully, lest I should hurt the girl.

So little did he know! He ought rather to lip. Every evening a fresh alarm circu- to have been careful that she did me lated from gable window to gable window. no harm, for a greater little tiger cat never

And now I come to my surprise.

For as Umphray Spurway, with his hand within a mile of the city lights. Every each wild steer or fleck-mouthed buil it was the duty of his party to meet the beas as it was scourged from the drove by th half-naked kerns of the hills who swarmed all around. Then, having put a distance between the chosen and his companions, the aim of us all was to head him away to the castward, so that he might not double and rejoin the herd by speed of foot. This was usually accomplished by stones and goads, the men using goads and the light infantry

It was wild work at times-indeed at

most times. For the Tinklers' Slap is a deep defile which leads into the heart of the hills Clinkaberry on the other. The old Quaker High above the heather bends its black brows to look over. Bell heather and bent maid." even for a moment, and so fierce diversifies delicately the middle slopes. All were his denunciations of woe and desola- the bottom is smooth and green, save where, tion upon all who withstood him that he in a tunnel of bracken and queen-of-themeadow, a certain trickle of a streamlet gurgles and lisps in an emerant gloom.

But upon this noble morning of late Sep tember the Tinklers' Slap looked not thus still and lovely, with only an eagle soaring above it, lost in the sky. Down it surged a vast horn-tossing herd of cattle, with their noses in the air. All red and black they were, like the ragged tartans of many of the drivers (for they were of the broker clans, and mostly MacGregors, though some of them called themselves Campbell, who were the worst of all.

This parti-colored tide flowed down the bottom of the glen like a river in full flood. had gone secretly to that great lout Saun-Only in the little eddy of Hunter's Tryst, waited, was there a sort of backwater. Into this the drovers swept a score or two of cattle at a time, some of which Umphray Spurway approved. At other times he would have none of them, but pointed out a beast the throng as it surged thundering past. Whereat one of the men on little shaggy conies would plunge, at danger of life and limb, into the tumult of the tide-race and guide the animal out, and so bring it, bellowing with rage and fear, to the appointed

It was strange to observe at the summi of the Slap, directly above us, the cattle appearing like a forest of branching horns. standing a moment to overlook the valley, with heads up and eyes dilated, and then again, while the noise of their mighty roaring came to us in the little vale of the Hunter's Tryst like the triumphing of an It was the first time I had seen the great English droving, and a fine sight it was for

Anna Mark and I ran forward to be ready favor with his employer, to receive first "mart." Anna had been given a stout pointed "kent," or oaken staff, cared for that, for was not the stone- the elbow joint! throwing at hand. As I ran I did not obhis agreement with Sir James, my grand-

"Papist or no," she answered back, "I father, when he came first to the country. The first beast is always the worst to put on the home road. For he has as yet no down. As ill-luck would have it, he came

I felt hot breath blow upon me, and "Never mind," I said, as kindly as I could, looked to be trampled to death. But though it to Bowie's nostrils.

They went south mostly about the end He turned. Anna dropped the kent, and Umphray Spurway. of harvest, whether the year were early or late. The lowland farmers bought them, from the wallet at her walst, and with a fattened them on the aftermath of the sharp "clip" jerked it from her hip after they should be coglamored with the fascinations of the winter, they smiled with hay and on the stubbles of the corn—the manner of shepherds. It flew straight tion of the witch-bairn's spell, Every donce significance, and said, "God help him."

with Anna behind it, and Saunders Mac- after her to keep her mindful of her condi- of the old dominie without opposition or

THEN HE COUNTED, SLOWLY, "ONE!"

Millan and half a dozen weavers in chase tion. Usually, however, they only tried cope of the Tryst for the vale of More-

Then indeed, there was a noise to speak bout and I, sitting up dazed and stupified, heard the Highlandmen shouting to Umphray Spurway, "Who is the lassie?" "The lassie," shouted another contemptu-

usly, as he dressed the herd on the left flank, 'Yon's nac lassie! Yon's a kiltle lad -a son o' Donald Olg's, I'm thinkin' by his ang legs!"

For little Anna Mark's high-kilted petticats had misled him, and indeed, not without some reason. For her hair was tied n a red kerchief after a manner that she had doubtless learned from her father, and for the rest she was dressed much like one of their limber ha-slips who scampered and climbed and yelled alongside the drove. This was a great blow to me, and it was

an hour or two before I could make any headway to get over it. It was not jealousy so much as that she had not told me what she was doing, but

ders MacMillan, as coarse and clampersome near the bottom, where Umphrey Spurway a lump as any of that name. And in Gallo way that is saying no little. "I wanted to surprise you-that is why I did not tell you," she said afterward, as she ran alongside when once the homeward

> berd. I said nothing. I was not ready to

column was in good going order and out of

the disturbance caused by the routing of the

make up. "Of course," she said softly (for she ould speak very gently when it liked her, which was not often.) "I cannot throw as well as you, nor flourish my arm ab ut over my head. It is not the same thing. 'You hit the heast and turned it, after it had knocked me over!" I replied, gloomily. "But see," she cried, "I can miss as well!

"Let me see then!" said I. A bullock at this moment turned and

"Turn him-turn him, witch Wean! cried Bowie Fleemister, the only Moreham man in the company, and a man who having assie bairns of his own, hated Anna Mark's

Then the girl, with her eyes full on the which indeed missed the anemat, but by strange chance took Bowie Fleemister on "Ye hae broke my funny-bane, ye

flightersome wisp o' brimstane," he cried. dancing to and fro, and nursing his elbow n the palm of his other hand. "Fil has discerned for a manifest witch as your mither was afore yet? 'You see, now!" said Anna, calmly, with

her eyes cast down. "I can miss. I missed the bullock by as much as twenty yards!" Yet somehow the instance was to me not Bowle Fleemister made his complaint to Umphray Spurway before the pain had

wholly died out of his tingling finger tips. "You ill-set randy has broken my shuttlairm wi' a stone," he said, trucu-"I'll never work mair! I want mither. There will never be peace in the sit in the kirk. mill till she be gane." "O. yes, there will," retorted Umphray

to Bowle, who shrank away from him, school at Abercairu. my arm is near broke with trying-and I pebble at his forehead down I tripped over a Then, bending a little from his horse and clenching his bare fist, the miln-master held it to Bowie's nostrils. "Yes." he added, sorely to heart that his precious instrument and quickest of the three. for I hated to see her cry, "we will try a at the gallop he almost missed me, one cloot "there will be peace in Umphray Spurway's being only of effect when in case of my But Umphray Spurway delayed his com-

took a straight line through the little green this once. Then on the following day their mphray Spurway, praying him to send the misnomer, I will write singrene. ittle wildcat nway.

But the Englishman, caring no more for

sel together to rid him of this spell and in the Latin congue. hemselves of a pest and possible rival of

down to my mother's house in the town of ne back half way to the place called Hill o' the Cock, where William Bowman met s and relieved him of his charge.

When Umphray Spurway took me to my to drink a cup of tea, and make his compli- of him. ments on how well she was looking, his eyes mostly upon the floor the while, updering the tea bowls with her back to us many. or spooning the black Chica herb into the bottom of each.

I remember once saying to my mother: Her cheek paled and then flushed again.

knew I was hurting her and yet I kept on. "I do not know whether he is angry with was first lost in the woods. she replied, "I am not angry with

And immediately she sent me forth to play on the quay with the town lads of my own age. For she had a notion that I might grow maidenish by associating with little Spurway, as was his wont, had given per-Anna Mark! How far this was from the mission to most of his folk to go visit truth I have already indicated in this his- their friends where they would, and he ory. I fought a good fight behind the himself had gone with a sufficient number atcher sheds with Allan Kemp, Mr. Small- to carry to the scaport of Abercairn all the rash's 'prentice, and beat him by dodging tweeds and webs of breadcloth he had blows as Anna Mark did mine, and then, in | manufactured during the past six months. the nick of time, planting my left on his He departed on Monday with the first gray chin, after a feint at his breast, a thing I light. On Friday night he was to return had learned the trick of from her.

ot let me wander far on the Sabbath days except to visit at the minister's, Mr. Nicol man, little Anna Mark and myself. There case. Aitkin-with whose son Jock I have fought was no weaving done all that day, and in We two were going about to find her, for beams and the dusky roof. as many as seven rounds during service in the great sheds with the huge bolica doors I had already captured Will Bowman, when the windowless corner by the side of the and barricaded windows we three played all of a sudden she gave a wild scream and kind of exultation that I bethought me of vestry while his father was developing at "tig" and "hi spy" and other games to came running to us, crying that the caze Will, in the lighted parlor, talking to Anna overhead his seventhly in the application of while away the time. For when his master was alive. the "Gospel of Peace to the Christian was absent Will Bownian was every whit

So, unlike many Scottish bairns, I ever The twilight fell early, bringing a light, enough when it comes here-both her banished out o' the country like her leges-and specially where it was my lot to whitened the roads. It was bitter cold not- is the finest Spanish wool, white as milk.

And Bowle Flormister, the color of tow, | managed in some sort to retain as well as shrank will further between his own the power at the great house by a welldevised system of subservience to the will of my grandmother, the old Lady Stans-

This, as he was not a man to squander, my uncle was permitted to retain by Umphray Spurway and John Bell, though they Informed him that he must in no case consider himself as my curator bonts.

the years that have come and gone since It happened that about this time when those days in Cymphray Spurway's mill was shooting up into a great lump of a lad house, have I ever troubled my head on the and Anna Mark growing ever lighter. straighter, winsomer, that the old dominiof Moreham died one bitter March day. He child, perhaps. Her face was always browned by the sun and till she was well was observed to lean long against the wall of his little school, but as that was his ordinary in the act of prayer, none took any into her teens an even tint of freekles was potice till be had been more than an hour spread over her brow and cheeks, reaching well up on her brow and down behind her in that posture. Then one John Dallas, smith, went and clapped him kindly on the But no man could pass her on the road shoulder to tell him that the bairns were without turning to look. Most women also, waiting for their scripture. But he found f only to may: "There is something not the old man dead on his feet, with his fore anny about that lassie-bairn?" But when head against the cold whitstone of the gable anna looked directly at you, it seemed that | end.

you saw a spark of fire kindled far down in her eyes. And when she smiled, why, it was suddenly summer outside, and a blue in matters of the kirk, and so great with happened turning it many colors in a day hours to have her company up to the lone. chanced that the choosing of who should or two. "I don't care for running. I wanted to or two. some glens and out on the great flowes of beat you at stone-throwing!" she sobbed. There was now no one between the brute beather. The grimy smiths in the "smiddy" And late one night he brought one from

day when Umphray Spurway brought home stundidy.

and run to the door at the words: "Here standard of height, and as he stand at the bis "winter beasts." These were rough and But in the critical moment, there in front comes Anna!" And long after she was master's desk, a small, lean, switchy man. shaggy highland cattle from the great flickered little Anna Mark, a "kent" shortpast they could be seen looking out after his eyes very close together, and his hands
lives that with an army of retainers ened in her hand. One blow across the
passed every year southward into England, nose. He swerved. A poke in the shoulder! palms, as she tripped up the street with quite unable to cope with the urchins of the ordinary classes, and when the folk remem

till the snow came, and then killing, salt-ing and setting them apart as "marts" for ceeded. The beart turned no more, but Mark, and also encouraged to call names entered on all the offices and emoluments comment. He had store of Latin that was above cavil, and to a "humanity man," as he was called, the folk of a Scottish parish would forgive almost anything. Mr. Beh had examined the new dominie, it was said; and found him wondrously well emuipped. Now this is what happened, as I had long after from Mr. John Bell himself, when he had risen to be regent of the college, and a

The minister had a physician's prescription, writ by a learned man whom he had known at the college of Edinburgh. It was made out in the English tongue, so that the unlearned could understand it, but of late Mr. Bell had found no benefit from using it. Samuel Paterson, in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, who was the main poticary and herb doctor in the city. With this paper in his hand the minister one day entered the school of Mr. Ringrose, in a kind of maze.

"Dominie Ringrose, I have a sore trouble on me," he said. "I am even like St. Paul. The thorn in the flesh doth sore wound me. What think you of this prescription, which the learned Dr. Conradius of Upsala gave

The new dominie took the paper in the shaking hand which made many think him weak-whenever the weather was moist and warm with a south or west wind his hands were wont to shake so that he could not hold a book to read it aright. At first this was set down to drink, but after, when it was seen what a temperate man was Mr. Bernard Ringrose, it was discovered to be an intermitting or tertian ague, gotten from his life in strange lands. So now his hand shook as he took the paper from Mr. Bell, very careless like, and glanced at it.

"No," said Mr. Bell, "seemingly the virtue is gone out of it. I am worse troubled than

nes commoner growths are foisted on the unwary. Permit me to write the prescripsigns and quantities, and you will find that write." the virtue will quickly return."

So he took a pen in hand and wrote rapidly, muttering to himself:

"Instead of tutsane I will write agnus mothers would come in deputations to castus; instead of house leek, a common And so in a thrice, with a quick dash of

learned signs scattered athwart the paper, comen than for the idle clashes of the vil- he handed the prescription back to the minagers, drove them out of his presence with- ister, who was so greatly impressed that ut more ceremony than if his own mill, if the dominie had told him to eat the paper gates had been invaded by a tail-wagging, it would have benefited him as greatly. oud-clacking flock of geese from the com- At least, when the medicine was brought back from the apothecary in Edinburgh That Mr. Bell went everywhere telling of the as evident. And the gossips took coun- great skill and prowess of the new dominic

Likewise the people of Moreham need not have troubled about his ability to cope with I well remember the day of the prize any offenders in his school. It came speedily giving at Dominie Nathan Tawse's school. | to a crisis. Allan Allison it was who re-I had begged so hard to be allowed to fused one day to leave his place, and, being tay with Umphray, and the Englishman a great fellow of well-nigh 20 years and a had used such arguments to my mother to known fighter, told the master to come and make her consent that I was allowed to take him out of the bench if he wished and olde through the week at the mill house. was able. Whereat, without a waste of a But on Saturdays Umphray himself took me word, the dominie made a spring, sudden Abercairn, where I stayed till Monday, on and fierce as that af a cat after a bird, which morning Caleb Clickaberry convoyed He used no entreaties. He made no apology. you bide safe by the fireside." He simply flew at Allan Allison's throat and the next moment Allan was lying on the floor with the dominic erect over him. his shod heel uplifted above the rebel's marks upon the case. In the meanwhile confined ourselves. Only Will and I treated other's he never stayed long, sitting only face and threatening to stamp the life out

Verily there was order in the school house of Moreham all the days of Bernard Ringlifted to my mother only when she was or- rose, which, however, were not to be

For about this time the noise of terrible breakings of houses and bloody murders done upon their owners (it was said by Why does Umphray never look at you? smugglers) ran with a mighty bruit through is he angry with you, or are you angry all Scotland south of the Tay. Strong pacwent in fear, women shricked at the cry of a bird and bairns swarfed if left alone just as in the days when Philip Stansfield

That which I am now going to tell happened at the November term, when Umphray with all his money and one or two riding hist a dodging shadow to our imaginations held between me and the fire. The pine But when I was in Abercairn my mother with him in company. The rest, with a seemed to run beside us, overleaping the hought that such plays made me manly, month's wage burning a hole in their looms and evading the eye, as it were, by a great shadowy place of beams and cross and took no notice when I came home pockets, abode in the town itself or tailed bare inch when we looked over our should threads, carders and spindles glinted light. marked on Saturday night, though she did off at various change houses along the way. dera. Once Anna, to deceive us, hid in the The flames danced on the floor and glittered

as boyish and bairnly as we.

appreciated and enjoyed my Sabbath privi- sifting snow with it, which, however, hardly 'high-jumpers' and 'slowbellie,' but (b) up the fires, and in the great weaving sheds. But Anna only clutched my arm and heart fluttered like a bird which has dreamed withstanding, and in the miln house we built fine as a wisp of silk and very expensive. And now I come to that which sent me also Will Bowman built up a pile of boughs panted; purway, significantly, riding a little nearer | finally and without reprieve to the grammar and roots on the dogs of the firegrate, chiefly within. I heard it! that we might see to play with pleasant My Uncle John, the falcon-beaked Edin- crackle and dance of the licking flames. So to support Forget it, Anna. You had been flames gleam red on a pair of eyes that

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We have two stores-1404 Douglas and 221 South 16th Street.

weight

"These are vulgar names, sir," said the of the mill, for here was a case of fine. We examined the thing minutely, back dominie, "and when such are used often- foreign yarns which Umphray Speway had and side and front. It was evidently of sent them from Abercairn to deliver "I open the doors at no man's bidding,"

tion in the Latin tongue, with the proper said Will, "till I see my master's hand of the contents made no noise. Will Bowman thrust a paper under his nose.

can't.

the word he ran to the back of the house signments. Now it chanced that some of the weavers bade us hold our breath and listen. We had slept all day and were only now arous- did so, but save for the stirrings within us ing themselves to wash and make ready to and the crackling of the logs on the hearth, go again to the changehouse. So a dozen or all was silent, inanimate, dead. more came drowsily enough at the sumand the huge package brought in.

It had a foreign appearance, but nothing her shoulder, looking back at the thing much out of the common in Umphray Spur- which had frightened her. way's mill being done up in sacking with In the house place of the private dwell-

arried it in between them. "It can sit there till our master returns," little Anna's shrick out of my mind. aid Will Bowman, eager to get rid of the was so sudden and so unlike her. intruders, for the road carters had no good

"Content!" said the chief of the Abercairn voice. "So I cried out!" carriers, "then do you give us our discharge, glass of spirit apiece, and let us be go- saying stuck to me. We had supper, beef

had written a receipt specifying the when he was at home, and to that we now he ordered Anna to supply a glass of raw ourselves to a somewhat larger size in country spirit to each of the men, which tankards. they took with a muttered salutation. They were tall men, and so soon as the weavers appeared they utterly refused to come within the lighted weaving shed, urging that they could not leave their horses. So Anna carried the spirit out on the high-

In a little while Will Bowman heard the rattle of their houses' feet on the hard-

the steam of the horses. eneak away to the change house at the of Umphray Spurway. hamlets of New Milns and Moreham, some | 4 threw some logs on the fire and stirred

back again to sleep. So we three were left alone in the great Miln house with the newly-arrived packing case. It stood in the corner across the angle of the weaving shed with its plain broad side to the blinking fire. Will Hownun replenished the dogs with a new load of wood, and we went on with our game. But somehow the spirit seemed gone out of noon.

"Nonsense, little one," cried out Will greatly amused. "Some yarn is alive "Philip, I heard something move

"Tush!" said Will Bowman, "let us go "Nay, I heard that, too! I was not mis-

ing so that it was pretty dark, or rather well | taken," she made answer, earnestly. And You have not been able to have this made into the gray dusk when we heard the sound so, to convince her, Will got a lanthorn up to your mind, minister?" he said, very of wheels without, and, as it were, the and, walking hand in hand, with little Anna shuffling of feet, as of men moving a heavy in the midst, we approached the packing case, which, being set on end, towered Will Bowman ran out and a voice from above my head, though tall Will Bowman

> some light wood and well packed, for when tilted and let down violently on the floor Then the leader of the carriers tapped it all about with a hammer and found it all of wood on every side, with "There, then," he said, "if you can read! many bored air holes and in front a square of a common yellow gauze, wide-meshed "Well," said Will, after considering the and coarse, covered with a larger hole, paper, "wait till I get some of the weaver That was done Will said, for ventilation, lads to help in with the case!" And so at and was common in all their foreign con-

> door and blew three blasts upon the horn. After all was carefully gone over Will

"Well, are you content, little woman?" mons. Then the great doors were unclosed said Will, patting Anna on the head. But she went out with her face turned over

curious marks stamped upon it in tar or ing there was a sense of comfort and safety It was not which even I felt strongly. It was good particularly heavy, for four of the weavers to be rid of the case in the dusky corner of the weaving room, yet I could not get

"I thought I heard my father whisper," she explained more than once in an awed

And in spite of the foolishness of it, the ing, for we have far to travel tonight while cold, cut thin, on wooden platters, wheaten bread and plenty of home-brewed ale. That So Will bade the weavers wait till he is, Umphray only allowed us one mug apiece

So in a little the home brewed gave me courage and it came into my head that I was in good case to go alone into the weaving room, where the box stood-to show Anna that I cared nothing about the matter, and that I was as brave as any Will Bowman could be, though he had marched with Umphray Spurway's militia.

baten read, and tooking out we saw the carr | So I betook me alone into the great shed umbling away into the frost-bitten air of and my spirit revived when I thought what night through a kind of cloud which was Anna would think of me. The case stood in the corner, still and plain sheeted, like The weavers dispersed quickly, mostly to many another that had come to the mills

of the younger to court their joes in byres the others with my toe so that a bright and barn ends, one or two merely to go flame sprang up. More and more I threw on in sheer idleness till I could no longer bear the heat. Then I looked about for something to shield my face, but saw nothing on the mantel board save some tallow dips and a little cracked handglass, before which the mill lasses were wont to order their snoods and part their hair at the hour

of the hide-and-seek. For as we ran and | This, without thought, I took in hand and branches burnt clear and high and all the In the milu house abode only Will Bow- little dusky triangle behind the packing upon the walls, losing themselves among the evasive shadows between the cross-

I felt curiously at ease and it was with a Mark. I was no more than a boy, as Will often said, yet I was not afraid to sit there in the dusk, with that great ghostly came staring at my back out of the dusk.

reflection of it in the hand mirror. My the wires of a cage.

I saw in the strong firelight the leaping