



The Banner of Blue by S. R. Crockett

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Oh, I shall dook my poor tub in the old port, I suppose," said John, heartily glad to have got off the unfortunate subject...

"It is a good religion to be born of, even now," said Mr. Colston, with an air of philosophic consideration...

"Well in this case there is the family living for him!" suggested John.

"Ah," said his friend, shaking his head, "if only I could see you thinking for yourself, and—well, taking things a little more seriously."

"That is just what Veronica Caesar says, sir," cried John before he thought, and at the words the rector's wife looked up with a quality of surprise on her face.

"But the long-standing engagement?" suggested the rector's wife, who had her own reasons for being curious in the matter.

"Our several parents made that. It is an affair for them," said John. "Vera and I, for our part, are unanimously of the contrary opinion."

"Ah! I wonder!" murmured Mrs. Henry Colston, meditatively. As the close of the simple feast John and the rector sat awhile talking.

From the outer dark of the passage a tear-stained face peeped for a moment within the dining room. John recognized his tormentor. It was Johnny—a pestilent, Johnny—a hungry Johnny.

"I saw you," said Johnny, "vewwy! I saw 'ee sneez 'leaved away!"

"I am afraid so," said John smiling. Then he added, "See here, you little rascal, why did you tell such a story about—about your teacher?"

"'Twasn't stowwy, neither—there!" said Johnny, stoutly. "Look here, sir, 'teaster wouldn't like it if you ever said a thing like that again. You won't, will you? Because I ask you!"

Johnny pretended not to understand, falling back instead on actualities, upon which he felt himself more competent to converse.

"See vewwy, vewwy hundry," he said, patting his blouse to show how slack it was at the part chiefly affected by hunger or reptation.

"Then you won't say it again, will you, Johnny? And I'll ask father to forgive you!"

Johnny looked out at the window with an air of great detachment and disinterestedness, polishing the toe of one boot with the sole of the other in a circular manner.

"Frank co," said Johnny. "Never will tell no more zat you."

"Get out, you young ruffian!" cried John, hearing the returning footsteps of his hostess on the passage.

And John Glendonwyn, looking out of the window, saw the broadest part of a pair of checked knickerbockers and a very much bent back "scoot" along the playground.

CHAPTER VI. Conspirators. In order to pass away the afternoon till such as little Mistress Fairlie should be released from school, John Glendonwyn betook himself to solitary meditation upon the wooded shores of the Witch loch.

John had no anxiety about his father and he knew that his father would have none about him. So long, indeed, as he kept decently out of Mr. Glendonwyn's reach and the old man could learn from Grierson that his younger son was in no superstitious mis-

chief, no questions were asked at Castle Gower as to his outings or incomings. Besides which John had always stood well with the servants, who were generally indignant at the neglect and partiality of his father.

As to his brother, John did not know by what method he had rehabilitated himself with his father, but to all appearance the reconciliation had been effected and was complete.

For during every forenoon and often during the evenings, also, Rupert Glendonwyn and his father could be seen pacing the terrace together deep in confidential converse. If John happened to pass them Rupert nodded pleasantly. His father,

he yet expected the course of true love to run smooth, even as the prospects of his life were set down on legal parchment and assured to him by the statute book of the realm.

The reversion of the parish of Gower as soon as he should qualify for the ministry of the Kirk of Scotland, his mother's little fortune to add to the large stipend from the day of his ordination. All was ready to his hand.

His father had set his hand to the necessary instrument while he was yet a child. He could not indeed grudge his parent by marrying Vera Caesar for the most excellent of all reasons. Vera Caesar would not

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far as the young woman's ongoings with Master Johnny Colston were concerned. The two ran races far ahead, Johnny receiving ten yards' law, being caught up shrieking and swung high in the air. And as for holding hands—a matter upon which the young gentleman had shown himself so ruthlessly observant—he invariably clutched at "Teaster's" hand as soon as each race was over.

John Glendonwyn walked quietly behind, carrying the books of the elder romp with as much Christian charity and submission as the occasion permitted. When the rystereis stopped, panting and breathless, to wait for the laggard, John took credit for his perspicacity in placing himself on the side further from his tormentor. But if this were his object he was singularly unsuccessful. For so soon as Johnny Colston observed the maneuver he promptly cast loose the hand to which he had attached himself and, running round, insinuated himself between John Glendonwyn and "Teaster" with the gentle courtesy of a locomotive clearing the track.

"I wish you would go to the other side," suggested John Glendonwyn presently, with some acidity. "I do not like the smell of brandy-balls."

"Well, Teaster does. She's sucking one now!" replied the youth truthfully. And instead of blushing the shameless Fairlie admitted the fact.

"I don't think I shall ever grow up really," she owned. "I am just as fond of sweets as ever I was and, do you know, my little sweetheart here has been giving me quite a lot. I'm afraid he has been spending all his money."

A horseman rode up rapidly out of the darkness of the wood, at the further end of which Boatcraft was situated. John had not been thinking of or observing anything out of the immediate circle which (as far as his eyes were concerned) was lighted by the golden braids and the pale blue ribbons.

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she would muster up courage to prevent him coming to Boatcraft, lest he should meet her father. For though from long association and a certain liking for the lonely boy, David Glendonwyn had grown accustomed to seeing John about the place, the proud old gray wolf had a deep-seated antipathy to the whole race of the Glendonwyns. And Fairlie, in whose thoughts gentleness and peace kissed each other mutually and continuously, did not at all know how he might take the sudden introduction to his house of the heir of Castle Gower.

It was at this moment that Master Johnny Colston, at first infinitely impressed by the dashing cavalier, created a diversion. Johnny resented it bitterly when anybody monopolized his beloved "Teaster's" attention. So he set up a howl of despair which made Rupert's spirited horse dance a little, till his master quitted him with a pat or two on the glossy arch of his neck.

"Ooo-ooo-oh!" he cried. "I've drooped all of my brandy balls. 'As, ewwy one! Johnny shan't do on—no, he shan't! Somebody else find 'em!"

And promptly snuffing the deed to the word, he squatted down on the snow and proceeded to howl most lustily.

"What does he want? Whoa, there! Bravo! Steady boy—oo-o-o!"

"He says he has dropped his sweets on the road," translated Fairlie, out of the vernacular.

"Who is the little grubby beast, anyway?" growled Rupert to his brother, as Fairlie bent down and tried by kisses and promises to comfort her charge.

"The son of the rector of the academy," said John, briefly.

"Me will do back mine!—wants to do back now!" howled Johnny the Obstinate, "shan't do it if you oo' won't find me my brandy balls!"

"Oh for Heaven's sake go get the little wretch his sweets," said Rupert, whose horse was not used to such infantile displays of vigor—"they can't be far back. He'll arrive Bravo wild in a minute with his yallies. It's worse than a road engine!"

Fairlie looked up quickly, but it was too dark to see the expression in her eyes. Whereat, John, nervously sensitive, took her silence for acquiescence in Rupert's request, lifted his hat, turned silently on his heel, and strode savagely back toward Kilgour bridge with his eyes on the ground, anatomizing (in their order) dirty little boys as a class, Little Johnny in particular, his brother and his French manners, and lastly his own awkward, clumsy unready self.

It would not have added to the cheerfulness of his meditations had he known that a few minutes after he had completely passed out of earshot, the first mentioned young gentleman burst out afresh:

"Oo, I say, teaster—I've faded so brandy balls in so pocket of mine dinkets—dust! Look, a patted seat at first! How funny!"

"Oo, you had little boy," cried Fairlie, shaking him; "you must ride back quickly and call John—I mean Mr. Glendonwyn."

And at this point the girl stammered and stopped.

"My horse is tired and I fear a little lame," said Rupert. "John will be back in a moment, Miss Fairlie. It is only a step to the town. I dare say he is buying a few more—what did he call the things—'brandy balls,' for the young gentleman there. Beside I really could not leave you alone on such a night. You will permit me the honor of escorting you home!"

"Can Little Deonny ride on your horse?" "Little Deonny can," said Rupert promptly, adding under his breath, "Little Deonny are of use sometimes. They break his neck, though, before we get him to the door—that's all!"

So a very happy Johnny with the recovered brandy balls in his pocket, one sticky ball of his well mixed with string, bread crumbs, stumpy slate pencils, and the remains of certain long-deceased sticklebacks, sat on Bravo's back, while Fairlie, Glendonwyn walked demurely onward toward the flowerpot by the side of the handsome Rupert Glendonwyn.

CHAPTER VII. The Cot of Flowers.

As was somewhat clearly foreshadowed by the discovery of Master Johnny Colston, before mentioned, John Glendonwyn failed to discover on the road to the Brigand of Kilgour any trace of the lost "brandy balls." He proved, however, that his brother had not misinterpreted his character by striding directly to the shop of Miss Emily Parton and ordering a pound of "brandy balls" in tones suitable (as the lady declared) to the purchase of a corresponding quantity of prussic acid.

On the way back, however, he found it difficult to preserve this attitude of gloomy grandeur. He lost his ruffian-of-empire look. The humor of the situation began to strike him. He was hoist with his own petard. For it was with his own bride that the original brandy balls had been bought. Nay, more, it seemed exceedingly probable that "Lil Deonny" had gone straight to his lady love and remorselessly "sold" his benefactor. Also that that young lady, appreciating the assistance of a watchdog so faithful and effective as Master Johnny Colston, had requested his mother to permit her to take him home with her for the night.

It was therefore in a frame of mind more obviously cheerful that John found himself for the second time rounding that corner of her majesty's highway, at which he had been accustomed to catch the first glimpses of the house of Boatcraft.

Light shone in the lower windows—only in the upper—and the door stood open with an air of good-fellowship, as if to wel-

HEALTH IN EVERY DROP SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" NATURE'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD AND NERVES RHEUMATISM Those who are suffering the horrible tortures and agonies caused by Rheumatism will find quick relief by the use of "5-DROPS." Apply "5-DROPS" externally. Rub thoroughly on the afflicted aching parts and it will stop the pain in a very short time. It is the greatest pain killer in the world. Take "5-DROPS" internally. This will cleanse the blood of uric acid and all other poisonous matter and put the system in a perfectly healthy condition. When this has been done, you will be free from all rheumatic pains.

LIVER TROUBLES, For all Liver Troubles and Kidney Diseases use "5-DROPS." A small dose of this remedy is more effective and has more curative power than a barrel of other medicines where these diseases are concerned. It is the most successful medicine ever discovered for the Kidneys, Liver and Blood.

COUGHS, For Coughs and Colds, use "5-DROPS." By taking hot bedtime and in the morning before breakfast it will relieve and cure the most severe cough. It will break up a cold quicker than any other medicine, thereby preventing Bronchitis, Pneumonia, etc. It cures La Grippe by destroying the germs which cause the disease. No other remedy acts so effectively or gives such instant relief to the sufferer.

CATARRH, Catarrh and Asthma, those most distressing diseases, can be cured if you use "5-DROPS." Unlike almost any other remedy it is used internally and also inhaled, thus giving a thorough systemic treatment which affords early relief and effectual cures.

SWANSON'S "5-DROPS" cures Sleeplessness, quies and strengthens the nerves, purifies the blood, gives vigor and vitality to the nervous and over-worked. "5-DROPS" builds up a weak stomach and restores the entire system to a healthy, normal condition. It will stop that backache and make your kidney trouble disappear. It is the best remedy ever discovered for Heart Weakness and Nervous Prostration. You will have no Somatic if you take "5-DROPS." It cures all blood diseases, Eczema and Scrofula vanish as if by magic when "5-DROPS" is used. "5-DROPS" occasionally will prevent skin diseases by killing at once the germs which are the cause of disease. THERE IS HEALTH IN EVERY DROP.

REMEMBER, "5-DROPS" is a perfectly harmless and can be taken by a child as well as an adult. It contains no opiates in any form. No alcohol. No salicylates. If "5-DROPS" is not obtainable in your locality order direct from us and we will send it prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.

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come one more of the company out of the outer darkness. John, such was his case, wondered if it had been left thus by Fairlie on his account and for a moment became quite sentimental at the thought. Those things happen at 22 in the best regulated bosoms. But, alas for his romance. The door shut with a slam from within. Whereupon there ensued a scraping of iron above in some covert place and a voice: "Well, Kate, I can't see a shame—to send a fellow out for coals and then shut the door on him so that he breaks his shins over a wheelbarrow!"

It was the voice of Harry Glendonwyn, second son of David, and it was clear that no sense of pity for any wandering stranger with toffee-balls in his pocket had prompted him to leave the outer door of the flowerpot open, but, on the contrary, a very matter-of-fact desire to see his own wife whole-shinned to the coal heap.

On the other hand, just when John strode up to the shut door, and stood a moment, listening to the sound of voices within before lifting the brass knocker, a little French casement above, always white-curtained and daintily opened noiselessly, and a face like a flower looked kindly upon him as it were out of the dark winter sky.

But it was Kate Glendonwyn who opened the door to him, treading like a lioness practical-minded princess, and dusting the flour of scones-baking from her hands as she came.

Kate had no personal concern in John, but she liked him. Though she had known from the first moment of his first visit after his first return from college in the capacity of a man, that he came to see Fairlie and not her. So with the honor that he twice such thieves, she helped the lad civilly on his way, but took little further interest in him. Why, indeed, should she, Glendonwyn or no Glendonwyn? There was no dearth of gallant young men at the flowerpot by the great bend of the Gower Water.

"So, 'Come in, John," she cried, heartily, "no, I can't shake hands with you, or in-

deed with anybody but a meal miller. I am flour to the eyes. Sit down, lad. Your brother is here a good hour before you." And while John Glendonwyn, still after the darkness a little dazzled with the bright lights from lamps and fireplaces, stood a moment blinking on the porch, Kate hurried back into the kitchen, and disclosed a new and improved King Arthur attending to the cakes, which were ranged in rows, by a clear fire of peat with the bottom of coal, which Harry Glendonwyn had been sent out to replenish. (To Be Continued.)

A Convict Makes Silver Dollars. A convict employed in the boiler room succeeded in perfecting a die for making silver dollars without detection and was distributing them through outside accomplices. The officials were about as much surprised at this discovery as the person who received a substitute article in place of the genuine Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the only sure cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. Don't fall for it. Our Private Die Stamp is over the neck of the bottle.

Some Doubt About It. Chicago Post: "Do you think your father is pleased with your engagement to me?" he asked. "I'm just a little uncertain as to that," she replied. "Has he said anything about it?" "Not directly, but after your interview with him the other evening he looked at me a long time very solemnly and then said: 'And I always thought you were a girl of reasonably good judgment, too.'"

A Thoughtless Remark. Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Briscom." "Why is it that this German prince didn't bring his wife with him?" "Why, I suppose he came over for a good time—that is—I mean—why, I understand the Kaiser wouldn't let her come."

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