

(Copyright, 1901, by S. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER VII-CONTINUED.

Rupert glanced quizzingly at John, as if a little uncertain of the mood in which the knuckles upon his knee, observed in a mysterious undertone; provingly at the clear, boylsh countenance which met him.

"It will do that boy no harm to make him fag out a bit!" he said to himself, and of church and state and his eyes to the Glendonwyn's right pocket. swift, lightsomely, alert movements of Kate Glendenning as she sped from bakeboard to fireplace and back again to the flour barrel. self prematurely.

She raised one arm above her head to stand the wooden rollingpin on its end, that an arm or a pose of such vivid and unconscious grace.

David Glendenning, among whose shortcomings inordinate respect of the great was called more than mediocre. certainly not included, took scant notice of John's entrance, though he had not set did 'co?" The question was put without

"As I was sayin', Rupert Glendonwyn, I haud little by birth and bluid-though, mark you, a man is nane the waur o' either, for my ain are as good as ony man's!"

At this point Rupert bowed, momentarily removing his eyes from the cakes toasting on the ingle nook for the purpose.

"Na," continued David Glendenning, "a man is a man only when he stands up barebuff in that which the guld God hath given him. Why do we not go about naked and "The police!" suggested Rupert under his

breath, in a tone intended solely for Kate divert the thoughts of the young blackand his brother. But the old man's ears | mailer from his fell intent. were gleg. "What's that ye say, sir? The police?

But, hark ye, the police are juist pairt o' the cleadin' o' the body politic. They need gested John. to be strippit aff, too." The burglars of all nations would agree

to the staircase and the shrill voice of lit- ear and whispered: tle Johany Colstoun pierced the silence. "Did 'oo bwing me any mo' bwandy-ball -eated all re west-didn't losted them!"

And casting himself loose from Fairlie's ceremony upon John, who had quietly seated himself in a chair vacated by Harry. David removed his eye to gaze upon Johnny Colstoun, to whom, as his father's son, his rough heart had curiosly softened from the very first time that Fairlie had brought him home with her.

That evening at the Flowercot lives long in the memory of one at least of those who listened to the alternately humorous and sardonic soliloquies of David Glendenningthe "rapt oration flowing free," and, above all, the quick-glancing beauty of Kate, who never for a moment ceased her work, but as soon as the baking was finished drew our her epinning wheel and laid on a sheet a huge pile of the long white woolen worms light as gossamer, from which, in those days, yarn was to be spun.

CHAPTER VIII.

That night John Glendonwyn saw his brother in a new light. The hectoring sot of the inn at Drumfern market had wholly fisappeared. The heir of Castle Gower, a little reckless in talk, languidly arrogant in manner, carelessly haughty, intolerant of the capatile, had also vanished. And, lo! in his place, a handsome youth, eager and ready with offer of service the meanest and quiet amusement with which his brothe slightest, content to sit by with only admirstion, quiet (but perfectly obvious to the person concerned) showing in his eyes. John, with a sudden sinking of the heart. scknowledged as he looked at Rupert that Gaul was never divided into three parts to he never saw any man so fitted to win a girl's admiration.

was but little said, save, of course, by the cheek to rose red. Infinitives were never autocrat in the armchair, and indeed the more perfect than those which John exharangues from that quarter were endless. He addressed most of his conversation to Rupert, though he had never seen him The bitterness of his late home-coming,

since his boyhood. But with traveled readiness the elder of the brothers, accustomed solitary tramp with dismal thoughts along to meet all manner of men, took his cue and responded with an eager willingness to be instructed, which at once won upon the old dialectician.

John, being seated at too great a diswith her, occupied himself in watching the girl as she bent over her copy- syllable which cracked in the frosty air

More than once, however, he had seen Rupert and his handsomely arched black lifting down the family bible and laying it brows in the direction of Pairlie, and once open on the table before him, sat in waithe caught the girl intently studying the strange young man with his handsome head and foreign manners.

It was not long after this, however, that Johnny came softly up to John Glendonwyn and, putting a complete set of sticky

"Thay--I'se dot somefing to tell 'co!" "Well," said John, "what is it? Tell

Johnny peered over the knee on which proceeded to give his ears to the Rectifier his hand rested in the direction of John "Dot any mo' bwandy-balls?" he inquired

tentatively, as if afraid of committing him-In spite of its characteristic delicacy

John perceived the implied suggestion, and she might cleanse it from its adherent bestowed the entire pound upon him, hopdough. And Rupert Glendonwyn thought ing that at least they might make him exthat never in his life had he beheld so fine | ceedingly sick, and so disable him for a while. He did not yet know Johnny. The infant Shylock accepted the brandy-

balls with a gratitude which could not be "Oo didn't fink to bwing no minth pies

eyes on him since the autumn. Heenodded any particular hopefulness. Johnny did briefly, however, and went on with his not expect so much sense from a grown-up. It was worth trying, though. You never could tell

"No, I didn't," said John, who was growing tired. "It strikes me, young man, that you've had quite enough." The boy drew off and eyed his mentor

sternly. Then he began in a high, level one one of his dreadful proclamations: " 'OO NEEDN'T TALK-I SEED 'OO-" "Johnny," whispered John, aghast, "remember. You promised-"

"Didn't pwomise ever-ever-help-meunashamed, as did our forefathers? It is die!" retorted Shylock. "Only pwomised just because we hae laid aside oor man- till pies dotted done-an' pies IS all done?" "Well, Johnny, what did you come to tell me?" asked John, placably, hoping thus to

> "S'an't tell 'oo," said Johnny, sulkily. "Not if I give you another sixpence to get some more mince ples tomorrow?" sug-"Thillin'!" said Johnny in a stage whis-

with you, sir," said Rupert, turning a cake. The business being settled on these At that moment the door opened which led terms, Johnny bent himself close to John's The business being settled on these

"Teatzer's want 'oo John rose and went over to where Fairlie

was knitting her brows over her grammar band the youth launched himself without and dictionary. She had a small reading lamp before her on a table. As John approached Fairlie leoked up

with a pout of the lips and a slight blush "It is this borrid Latin," she explaimed "I am trying to learn it by myself-I do so want to help the boys. And, besides, I am dreadfully ignorant-and-and I don't want

John, in his heart of hearts, thought the ignorance quite as adorable as the desire for knowledge, and much more bewitching than the possession of it. But he could no fail to perceive his own advantage in Fairlie's admission.

"If you would let me come over some times when you have a spare hour I think I could help you," he said, modestly.

"I do not care to trouble Mr. Colstoun continued Fairlie. "I am occupied at the hours when he is teaching his Latin classes, or I should ask him to let me be a

scholar. John drew a chair and sat down by Fairlie. An atmosphere of a sweet, warm, glowing girlhood instantly enveloped him and he could scarcely unriddle the simple difficulties which lie in the path of the self-taught for the fluttering of his heart. He was alike unconscious of the swiftfalling glances of Kate Glendenning, the sly. regarded him and the more dangerous inspection of the temporarily bribed Johnny. A breath was on his cheek. The timbre of an excellent low voice in his ear, All such an accompaniment of meeting hands and fluttering hearts. He raised his eyes, As John remembers the evening, there and, lo! the shell-pink deepened on her plained. This hour was to John the crown of the day-nay, of all the barren year. Veronica's acrid tonics of the morning, the

the lochside, the disappointment of the walk home-all were forgotten. It was with a start that he became conscious of a sudden hush stealing over the kitchen. Without a word Fairlie pushed tance from Fairlie to carry on any conver- away her books. Old David stepped to the door and in a loud voice sent forth a monotonight-and I do believe-'

"That no man ever did as much before!" he said, lamely enough.

"Pshaw, man!" said his brother, "that was simply nothing. Why, it is the commonest salutation between people of quality where I have come from. The girl is proud as Lucifer and a raging and tearing beauty, with the air of a Brahmin twice born when she is offended."

"Kate Glendenning is as well born as you or I, Rupert, as you know very well," said John, "and as to kissing her hand, it is not the custom here, whatever it may be in Italy or Spain. It is plain lovemaking-that is what it is, if you ask me!" "Dear innocent," said Rupert, "do you suppose I did not spot your game with that entrancing little blue-stocking. Hands that touch over learned dictionaries of coure are exempt. Love pats on arms go duty free. They do not count. It is custom here. But we must not kiss-Oh, no-never. Shock ing! We would not think of such a thing -not even hands-Oh, white and thrice blessed innocence!"

And Ruperi merrily whistled a stave: Gin a body meet a body Coming through the rye; Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry?

With a strong resolution John took his perform a sacred obligation. All David brother's arm affectionately. "Rupert, give this up," he said earnestly Glendenning's follies and peculiarities seemed to fall off him at the approach of you cannot marry either of them. Do not ome here again. Think of your father and Rupert had risen to his feet, with intent Miss Carslaw!"

Suddenly Rupert shook off his brother's with a large gesture of the hand, not un- hand.

you, I pray you, Rupert, to let these girls scone or two in his pecket, the cool spring can only bring sorrow on a water his drink, out on the gray-green happy home. I saw you kiss Kate's hand scalp of Pentland, among the red grouse and the early returning whaups and lap-'What do you believe?" cried Rupert, wings, or in telving among the dingles still laughing, but with less assurance than which clustered about the southerly flanks of that bold ridge.

A book in his pocket-Milton or Grey-or perchance some younger poet not yet so famous. So his life passed away, not without a certain peace of contentment and forthlooking.

One afternoon John was returning from a walk to Craigmillar castle, where, scated on a stone beuch in the great hall, he had spent hours in watching the rooks busy about their stick-carrying and cares domestic in the tall trees of the pleasaunce. Tired and a little dusty, John was thankfully pulling out his latch key to enter his rooms when the outer door of the cottage opened of itself and his landlady's daughter appeared with her finger on her lip.

"There's a man in there that wants fer to see ye, Malster John," she said, with the sitting room three stairs at a time. He universal commiseration of landlady's daughters for young men in trouble (when their rent books are settled to date). "He wadna gie his name, but he said twice ower that he wad wait till sic time as ye should think fit to come in. He wanted to see the ither rooms i' the hoose, but as I kenned naething about the man or his business, and he had a wild, tavert look, I juist said that the ither rooms were a' occupied, an' that he couldna see them."

John nodded and went up to his first floor knew of no man whom he had any reason to be afraid of facing.

He opened the door sharply, and there, standing by the mantelpiece, with a foolish little picture of Fairlie in his hand, upon

## **MOTHERS MUST GUIDE**

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"My father said that?" greaned John, sitting down. "Let me think. I do not see my way! I do not understand."

"Let me see my daughters, I tell you Give me back my Fairlie, my Kate!" cried the angry father, "or, by the God whom I have served these sixty years, I will slay you with my hand and He will hold me both scaithless and guiltless!"

John looked up quickly at David Glenden

ning's appeal. "See," he said, "I would have stricken off hat right hand had it written such words.

But they are none of mine. Look at these, and these!" He trust a half-finished college essay, half a dozen notebooks and innumer able scattered papers which happened to be on the table across to the old msn. He opened a desk in which were all Fairlie's little, simple notes and the first three pages of a letter which he had begun to her. "These are in my handwriting," he cried.

Compare them with fact which you have shown me. I leave the verdict to yourself." The old man dropped into a chair, searched long and earnestly in his pockets for the spectacles which he had already on his nose when John came in. Then, when the young man gently pointed them out, he thrust aside his hand pettishly and spread the papers on the table. There was, indeed, no similarity. The essays and papers were written in a small, neat, collegiate script. The crumpled paper which David Glendenning had brought, on the other hand, was unformed and clumsy in hand-

writing. But in spite of this the old man was but half convinced. "But ye may have forged the band o

write," he said, doubtfully. "Ye' are a college-bred man and may be able for sic things. I hae heard o' the like. But what matters the paper. I tell ye my son heard them speak-spakin' about you the nicht afore, and yin o' them was greetin', sair," "Which one?" said John, quickly. His head was buried between his palms and he was thinking deeply.

"It was Kate that spak' your name maist Will said, but it was wee Fairlie that grat!" replied the old man, after a pause. John Glendonwyn put a neatly folded bundle of papers into the joiner's chipped and roughened hand. His old Sunday hat

lay on the table, and his ludicrous "blacks"

runkled and crinkled, worlds too big for his

shrunk shanks, hung about him like a winding sheet and flapped as he moved. "There," said John Glendonwyn, "is every scrap of paper that has passed between Fairlie and myself. I had one note from Kate the week Fairlie was laid up with cold. It is there with the others. She sent

me a college book Fairlie had borrowed. And here are my answers, every one, from He lifted a copying book out of a little press of japanned iron. "I loved her, sir,

with all my heart, though I never told her more than you will find written here. And I would not have spoken till I had the right. But in writing I gave her of my best. And I have copied every line and syllable here. They are clear for you to read, and as for plotting muchief against my beloved or her sister-I think you, who have watched me from a child, might have known me better."

"Nane kens the heart when the blood of youth rins red," said the old man, sententiously, "but 'deed I thouht name ill o ye, Johnny, lad. And yet-and yet-"What is it-speak out. Perhaps I can clear ail!" cried John.

"Little fear but I will speak," said the old man. "David Glendenning has not traveled frae the Boatcraft o' the Gower water to this place of noises and cryings without resolvin' to speak his mind. To be brief wi' ye, then, your ain father as good as told me that he had proof that you were the deceiver o' my bairns."

"My own father takes away my good name," groaned John. "God help me-what "Do!" cried the old man. "Confess an' mak' reparation. As by the Lord ye shall!"

The memory of his wrongs came again upon him more mightily than before. "Yea, by the great Lord that rides in

seaven by his name JAH, an' ye were the king's ain son, ye shall answer and mak' amends. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. But, oh, grant it to me, I. David Glendenning, to prepare the way. I will do my part on the earth as He will do His on the throne o' judgment high and lifted up in the day o' His wrath!" "I swear again before God and you, the

father of the one dearest to me on earth." said John, solemnly, "that other communication that I have put before you I have not held by speech or writing with either of your daughters." "Then I bid you tell me," cried Glenden-

ning, "being, as your father informs me, contracted in marriage with the dochter o' Dr. Augustus Caesar, what right ye had to hold any communication whatsoever with the dochters o' David Glendenning?" (To be Continued.)

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BUT YE MAY HAVE FORGED THE HAND O WRITE," HE SAID, DOUBTFULLY.

impressive in its dignity of simplicity.

ing, erect and stately as a pricat about to

to take his leave, but David stopped him

the hour of prayer.

wi' us likewise." John did not fall into the same mistake

low his brother's example. brother during what followed. Rupert sat your approval or disapproval!" little daged, like a man who, turning the handle of a door to enter a theater, finds

himself unexpectedly in a crowded church. It was the time of departure. The three lads had filed up the stairs to bed immediately after the close of the "Taking of the

David came to the door to bid his visitors goodnight, and stood talking to John about Fairlie's work at the academy, in which, in spite of his contempt for literature, he was genuinely interested.

John wondered whither she had gone but in an instant the sound of horses' hoofs was heard and Fairlie came forward a little hastily, taking her father's arm and leading him out upon the road beyond the sparred pailings of the little cottage. Looking back over his shoulder John saw

forward as it had been from some outbuilding where "Bravo" had been tethered. On pretext of altering the girths or ar ranging the stirrup Rupert stopped, and after saying something in a low voice, he took Kate's hand and raised it, foreign

his brother and Kate Glendenning coming

fashion, to his lips. The girl drew back with a proud look her face, and the next instant David Glendenning had turned toward them and the

little scene was over. The two brothers left the little group of three standing by the gate-their figures dark against the thin sprinkle of frozen snow on the ground. Turning round, once more John noticed that it was Kate who had gone in first. Fairlie stood by her father and watched them out of sight But John was far too young and simple

to read the riddle of that. It was Rupert who spoke first. "I suppose it will be 'ride-and-tie,' " aid, with a glance at Bravo, who strode alongside, lifting his feet straight up with a dancing movement and tossing his head

continually. "We will go by the long avenue and tie first at the end of Polton mill. You take next turn of Bravo. You can leave him for me at the Bogle Thorn. Then will stable him with Alec Steel at Parkhill and you can ride him home." "Rupert," said John heavily, "first I must know that you do not intend any mischiel

am doing before there can be any further cenverse betwee us!" "Holty, tolty!" cried the elder brother aughing, "what have we here? Mon Disu, my good Master Sly Boots, did you expect to keep such a couple of country beauties all to yourself? What a grand Turk it isand a parson to boot!

to those girls-I want to be sure of what

"No. Rupert," said John, "It is different with me. I have known them all my life. am a simple fellow, and they both know me, root and branch. You come down on them from far countries and grand courts. You appear to them like a fairy prince. See how all the servants at the castle bow down to you. You can only do harm here. You know that after what has happened and the sacrifices our father has made for you, you simply must marry Miss cared not whether he lost or won.

Carelaw. It is your only chance. I ask All his pleasure was in wandering.

"Stay-" he said, "then that company sport, think of your father and Miss Ver-wi', us in this my hoose, bide to worship ronica Caesar! I have every bit as much right. More than that, let me tell you once for all-it is monstrously dull at the best being stopped by the slightest touch of soft of times in this hole. You are only down fingers on his arm as he was about to fol- for a fortnight, and I, who have to stay here all the year round, do not propose to Once or twice John's eye fell on his submit the list of my acquaintances for

So saying Rupert Glendonwyn, with no further words about arrangements for Rideand-Tie, mounted his horse Bravo and gal loped furiously home, leaving his younger brother to trudge the weary miles to Castle Gower through the winter midnight with thoughts of bitterest self-accusation and gloomy foreboding gnawing at his heart.

> CHAPTER IX. The Gray Wolf at Bay.

John Glendonwyn was spending the latte part of his last session in Edinburgh in attendance on some science classes which he wi' me had long desired to take, while awaiting the necessary preliminaries of his presentation to the parish of Gower. He had al ready received his "license to preach" at the hands of the Presbytery of Kligower, fretfully. Rev. Dr. Augustus Caesar presiding thereat like Jove over the councils of the im

mortals Some time before Mr. Gilbert Aiblins had of Gower on the ground of ill health and retired to Drumfern with a private document looked in his desk, by which Gregory of the parish of Gower bound themselves ing either of Fairlie or Kate. Till this conjunctly and severally to pay to Rev. benefice worth that said sum per annum, my life to serve either of them." when the aforesaid allowance of £250 was

to cease and determine. So, as far as the outside of the cup and platter was concerned, all was in train. The thoughts which had haunted John Glendonwyn as to his fitness for the office of the ministry gradually yielded to new in- deny it if you dare." terests, the chief of which was, of course, his vowing love for little Fairle Glendenning. Yet, to his credit or discredit, ac

book to Fairlie and her sister. After his departure John had heard from Fairlie once or twice during the last dreary months of the college year. She was working hard-her examination near at hand. She wanted the beat certificate she could There was a passage in that

John be kind enough to explain it to her,

From Rupert he had heard nothing at all. Nor had the brothers spoken during the remainder of John's stay in Gower. His you own your handiwork? If not, I will go father generally communicated with him to the judges of the land, as I have already in simple numerals through his banker in Drumfern. He had received no tidings of will right me." the parish, save such as Veronica sent him in severely practical epistles beginning, his coolness coming back to him quite sud-"Dear John," and ending "your friend, V. a title which Veronica felt she herself could assuredly claim, though by no means | begotten a monster, a breaker-up of homes-

should use it. All the spring John sat on benches with men who knew him not. He competed you and sent me on my way. He said that without enthusiasm for prizes which he he would not move so much as one of his

John advanced with his hand outstretched and a swift gladness of welcome on his face, which, however, was instantly dashed when the old man, with one of those tremendous gestures to which only common folk can

attain in moments of great mental distress, threw down the poor little picture and stamped on it. John stopped involuntarily with his hand outstretched, thinking that sudden madness must have overtaken Fairlie's father. "Where are my two daughters? Give them up to me, I charge you by God and

His Christ!" cried David Glendenning, advancing upon John with a threatening air. The young man stood aghast and speechless. "Your daughters," he repeated after him in the blankest astonishment. "Why, where are they? Surely no ill has come to-to either of them?" The cla man raised his elenched hand

high above his head as if to strike John to the ground, but instantly changing his intention, dropped it again and spoke in an altered voice, and in that bible English which the Scottish peasant uses so natur ally in times of strong excitement. "If you have hidden them away from me I beseech you by heaven and your hopes of

salvation to let me see them. Ye have broken my heart among you, but naebody kens yet, and I will tak' them hame again John Glendonwyn's face had been grow

ing paler and paler during these words, and he stood thinking. The old man advanced and caught his hand eagerly and "John," he cried hoursely, "I ave thoch!

mair o' ye than ony o' your kind, and never that ye desired ill to me and mine. Let the bairns come back to the old man, their resigned the pastoral charge of the parish father. And before God, name shall be the wiser-nane shall cast word or look upon them. A' shall be forgiven and forgotten! "Sir," said poor John, hanging his head, Giendonwyn of Castle Gower and his heirs "as God sees me I know nothing of what and John Glendonwyn, proximate presentee you say. I wish I did. I have heard nothmoment I was ignorant they had left home. Gilbert Aiblins the sum of £250 yearly at My thoughts and my prayers were with the Whitsunday and Michaelmas terms, them there—that is, with Fairlie-anduntil such time as he should be settled in a and with Kate, too. I would have given As he spoke the old man's face had been putting on its grimmest Gray Wolf expres-

> "Ah, ye deny, do ye?" he cried. "Then by the God you have invoked I will make you confess. Look on that writing and

He dashed a scrap of crumpled into John Glendonwyn's hand. There came a curlous prickling mist, dry and tense, cording to the point of view, he had re- into the young man's eyebalis as he tried frained from all overt lovemaking, though to read, and for a moment he could not doubtiess his heart was plain as a printed gather the sense. Concerning the handwriting, however, he was in no doubt. It was Rupert's. It read as follows: "The carriage will be waiting at 4 o'clock

ribband knot on his whip and the same about his hat. He will stop when you hold dreadful 14th chapter of Caesar-would up your left hand. It will be best not to wait for F.'s return from school. After that trust me to care for all." "Well," cried David Glendenning in a voice astonishingly loud and strident, "do

Walk out along the Drumfera road till you

The coachman will have a blue

been to your own father, and see if they "And what said my father?" said John,

"Say-what could he say, but that he had so certain that John deserved that she an evil beast that had brought him naught but trouble and vexation all the days of his life? Then he told me where I should find little fingers to shield you in what you had