

(Copyright, 1891, by S. R. Grockett.) CHAPTER XII.

As may well be supposed, John had much on his mind during these days of suspense. He rode his horse everywhere, questioned, cross-questioned, followed fajse clues till they tailed off into nothing or ended in absolute culs-de-sac. But nothing came of The girls had, so far as their friends' knowledge was concerned, absolutely disappeared. Yet old David Glendenning would have no communication made to the authorities. Neither was their father's heart bitter against them. He took no account of anything. He would stick at nothing. He was their father and he would love

them to the end "If only I could tell them sae-I wad be happy." he said, "but I'm thinkin' they ken

it-especially Fairlie." He stood on the top of the watch tower with the fatted calf bleating in the woodyard beneath, and he looked across that great and terrible widerness, on the other side of which are sins of orimson and scarlet and pleasures like to the purple of Tyre, and great famines and swine troughs and prodigals returning and unreturning.

All the same, it was a weary time for all concerned. Meantime Rupert's foot grew quickly better, and he plunged more and more deeply into such dissipations as the country and the neighboring towns afforded

Oceasionally Rupert would be a couple of days from home, and once it was the aftermoon of the third day before he returned On this occasion Gregory Glendonwyn had grown fretfully anxious. He could not stay indoors, but with a gun over his shoulder though it was the middle of July, haunted the edges on the plantations and rugged points from which he could obtain a view of the various roads leading west and north

from Castle Gower. To John, however, his manner was com pletely altered. He was unwearledly kind to his younger son and his influence, together with Dr. Augustus Caesar's good offices, soon smoothed all difficulties out of the way of John's settlement. The day of the ordination was fixed and John engaged with what zeal he could muster in the preparation of his trial discourses.

The night before the ordination Gregory Glendonwyn sept for his younger son to his study and upon his entrance invited him to take a chair.

"I have a hard thing to open to you John," he said. "It is difficult at any time for a father to humble himself to his sonpeculiarly hard in my case, in that I am conscious that many times and for long periods I have been far from doing you

John, "I have forgotten it." head and then relapsed into so prolonged came forward. The first named held a a silence that John watched him with some paper in his hand which he asked permis-

"The matter is this," he said at length. "You said when we spoke together that intrusion," murmured Gregory Glendonwyn, when you entered upon the living which I who knew the man. But Dr. Caesar, on his have taken some pains to secure and keep own ground of the church courts, feared no for you, you would expect me, through lawyer, to make count and reckoning the two delegates to ascend to the little with you for your mother's fortune, prin- | fenced square of the elders' seat, round cipal and interest. Now, I do not conceal from you that this, though not, of course, impossible, would at the present momen exceedingly embarrassing to me. You will remember that the care and handling of it was left entirely to me, I had full power to employ it as I thought best. Now. a few months ago there came a sudden and overwhelming call upon me-a call which required to be met at once if the Christian people, they wished to add that honor of our house was to be preserved. At the moment there was only one fund young man who had this day been settled upon which I could draw.

"I admit that I sunk a portion of that fortune which should have been yours to avert the threatened disgrace-your disgrace as well as mine. Now, what I ask of and though the presbytery of Gower was, by you is that you should allow the money which I have expended to remain as a first charge upon the estate. I am advised that who would not either be intimidated or such a course is perfectly legal. You will receive your income as certainly and at as high an interest as on any other security. and you will have the satisfaction of having lifted a great load of sorrow from your custom, introduced his young friend, John father's heart."

John Glendonwyn, without a moment's hesitation, took his father's hand. "Agreed!" he said. "I will do all you wish in the matter. I have neither wish nor need to take the capital of my mother's fortune out of your hands.

"And as to the interest-that shall be

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mindful of the motto who advises striking before the cooling of the iron. "Mr. M. Crosty has drawn them up. The matter has his approval and sanction. I as- his heritors. sure you there is nothing unfair or unthe bell for Grierson and Faithful to witness the papers for us. There are duplicate your possession and the other in mine."

At the conclusion, as Grierson went out and John Glendonwyn was putting the docubetween him and his father-a lift of the eyebrows, an inclination of the head-question asked and answered, with a simplehearted third party busily signing papers and none the wiser.

hitch. All went smoothly. There was, however, one jarring note in the proceedings of the day. At the close of the salemn ordination service, when the assembled presbytery was shaking hands

ing against the right of any man to present

Then he put the paper in John's hande

On the Sabbath which followed the day

of ordination Dr. Augustus Caesar preached

in the parish of Gower and, according to

Glendonwyn, to the people. His daughter

chanced that during the service of intro-

duction John and Veronica sat side by side

in the manse seat-an event which was unl-

That night John slept in his own manse.

father, though most kindly affected to him

Moreover, he could hope to receive no sti-

pend for a considerable time. So a kitchen

with its necessary utensils, a little bed-

(who had insisted on coming to the manse

to "attend to her bairn, noo he had grown

into a braw minister o' the gospel"), a

bedroom for himself furnished with wash-

stand and camp bed, and a study, in which

Will Glendenning had put up some book-

shelves, and a plain kitchen table of deal

to write ou, formed all the furnished rooms

which Gower manse was destined to con-

tain for many a day. The packing boxes

in which John's books arrived from Edin-

burgh were pressed for additional scats,

one of which the young minister helped

His father had indeed offered him a com-

plete 'plenishing' from the wide chambers

of Castle Gower, but John was firm in the

faith of "doing for himself," and felt him-

self happier as he lay down that night in

in through the blindless windows than he had been since the strange disappearance

John Glendonwyn did not begin his minis-

try with any remarkable manifestation of

power, but he gradually gave proof of a

conscientious readiness to do the best that

was excellent and profitable from the first.

Frankly acknowledging his inexperience

to his congregation, he began to restudy

series of discourses which was long memor-

able in Gower. These might be called

direct scarchings for the word of truth, and

to a congregation sated with half-held

platitudes and specious commonplaces

their new minister's carnest, strenuous

In this fashion John Glendonwyn won

a folk for himself in the parish of Gower.

Nor was it only on Sabbaths that he did

his work. Soon there was not one hearth

pathy took them by the heart in one so

His simple kindiliness and sym-

from north to south where he was not wel-

reaching out after higher things came al

nost with the force of a revelation.

of little Pairlie and her sister Kate.

himself to whenever he had a visitor.

room for Babby Lockhart, his old nurse

among them.

allenced.

notably prophetic.

as is most convenient for you!" | Ity, tender and pensive, was the note of "The deeds are here," said the father, John Glendonwyn's early ministry in Gower and the days when he exercised it are still unforgotten upon Solway side. "No, an easy man in turn,"

"I wud like to see him mair blythesome," derhand in the arrangement. Shall I ring said an elder; "to my mind he is ower

sober for so young a man." But when these praiseful commentings ity was but the burden of care which he blood. carried since the disappearance of Kare ment in his pocket. Rupert entered, and and Fairlie Glendenning, together with the the slightest glance of intelligence passed knowledge that his brother was in some way privy to the matter.

John went little to Castle Gower, but his father came over often and sat in the preached to us this day frae the pulpit, his lasses. They had a letter or twa of single armchair, staring in the long gaps But I couldna bide to see things gaun on yours that they had gotten I ken na how, of silence at the carpetless floor of the as they are doin' without speakin'. And But they had them or made them, and sae The ordination passed over without any his offer of furnishing the manre, nor had gin I has dune wrang. he paid any of the interest due to John on his mother's property.

with the newly ordained minister of the in itself, and so far-reaching in its con- fer for the guilty."

his errand at his leisure. But Duncan only ben to the parlor whaur nupert was lyin' shook his head silently and appeared to meditate on something that he could scarce bring himself to utter. At last he took his the week afore. courage in his hand and began.

"Maister John," he said, "things are sore wrong at Castle Gower." "How, then, Duncan?" I said. "Is my

betwixt him and Rupert?" For, indeed, at that time I was never done thinking of my brother. He had been heard them at it-ding-dingin' till every growing wilder and ever wilder. Many a minute I expectlt to hear the sound of night had I heard the galloping of his horse the candlesticks fleein' at Maister Rupert's Bravo as he passed the manse, riding home held. For your faither was ever a quick from Drumfern or other of his haunts. He | man in his tempers and ill to withstand. would send a view balloe up to my window for three several Sabbath days.

abased and ashamed, knowing that his grav- ave, even if it were to the shedding of the cream o' a jest to him.

you mean," I bade him. study. He did not, however, again repeat the Lord, wha sees the heart, pardon me they sent auld Davvid aff to Edinburgh to

conspiracy between my maister, Gregory that nane wad ken whaur the lasses had (The narrative as given by the first nar- Glendonwyn, and his son! And, suid as I game unto this day, rator, which the editor has hitherto founded am, and great sinner as I has been, I "The laird, too, upon, now appreaches an event so strange canna stand still and see the innocent suf- days. And when he cam' hame a weary

wi' the doctor attendin' him-and indeed this muckle is true, he hadna moved frac

"A' this time Maister Rupert had said but little, but whiles lauched and whiles written what letters the maister bade him -malst of them that I saw to a Miss Carsfather worse in health or is there a quarrel | law up about Greenoch, a rich leddy, that Gregory Glendonwyn was awfu' pressn' on Maister Rupert to mairry. Indeed, I often

"But after yae nicht when Tammas if he saw a light, calling on me for a hypo- Faithfull and me waited cotside the door critical dog to come down and give him a ready to gang in, thinkin' every minute stirrup cup. Once or twice I did go down that there wad be bluidshed atween them; to speak with him, but to so little pur- there was nac mair word o' Miss Carelaw pose that on one eccasion he lashed me for a while. Maister Rupert gat his ankleacross the face with his riding whip, so that bane broken, and after that the man carried the mark with me to the pulpit Warner was never not o' the hoose-noo closeted wi' the laird and noo colloquin' wi "Maister Rupert," oried Duncan Grierson, Maister Rupert in the parlor. The young growing instantly violently agitated, "ra, man lay on his sofa and lauched maistly. there is nas quarrel betwint Maister Rupert as if a' the ill he had brocht on innocent agreements which shall remain, the one in came to his ears the young minister was and the laird. I would to God there were lasses and on his ain hoose had been but as

"Weel, Maister John, it wasna lang afore "Sit down, Griersen, and tell me what the laird and Malster Rupert and the doctor atween them had persuaded the auld "I cannot sit, sir," said the old man, man, Davvid Glendenning, dozoned and standing before me, all trembling, "and stupid wi' grief as he was, that it could be that's God's truth, as muckle as what ye no liber than you that had rinned aft wi find ye, and by the time that he came back "To be plain, then. I think there is a they had time to cover a' their tracks, sae

> "The laird, too, gaed awa' for three man he was-aged and lookin' maist ready



"THE FERRY HOUSE RESTED CURIOUSLY LONESOME, AVOIDED BY DECENT TRAVELERS, BEETLE-BROWED, AND

FORBIDDING IN EXTERNAL ASPECT man alive, and courteously made way for sequences, that he has evidently taken more i than ordinary pains to obtain facts corwhich the presbytery were grouped. rectly and in an exact form. More than "We will gladly hear you on any matter one original narrative is appended to the touching the justice and legality of the achistory connected with the events of this tion upon which we are engaged," he said. period, and in particular John Glendonwyn Then Adam Gilchrist, in the name of himself has been induced to tell the story of those who had signed the paper and adhered to him, declared that, while protest-

his own words).

another to the charge of a congregation of CHAPTER XIII The Cloud-Brenking they had no objection of any sort to the (Being John Glendonwyn's first narra-

am asked in the interests of those who shall come after me to put on record all This was one of the all too numerous that I know of the grievous and terrible signs that it was blowing up for the storm, events of that evening ever memorable to me, and I trust not to be forgotten by my a very large majority, moderate, there were descendants, the day of November 18, of men in certain of its constituent parishes the year 1842.

It was well nigh six months since that ther day, when, in the city of Edinburgh, I had been informed of the complete disappearance of my dear Fairlie Glendenning. tegether with that of her sister, Kate, whose fate seemed to be mixed with here in a common mystery.

accompanied him, his wife being, of course, During those months I judge that no young man had grown older more quickly too delicate to bear the fatigue. So It than I.

God was busy, indeed, with me in these days, and I went about my business with versally held to have in it something an unseen hand heavy on my spirit. But on the Sabbath day, being the 17th of November, my spirit seemed at last to There was little furniture in it, for his have broken its way out into a peace to which it had long been a stranger. Walk-

and full of promises, had as yet paid him ing, as my custom was, in the kirkyard no portion of the arroars of his fortune, in the early morning, I watched the sun rise out of a black bank of clouds, which, however, presently dispersed and vanished, leaving the blonde stubble fields white with early rime, the turnips paled a little from their deep sea-green, and such an indescribable crisp luxury of breathing in the air that I gave thanks to God, and took courage. I had chosen for my text that day the

words of the psalmist, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." And for the first time in the parish of Gower I spoke with-

out note. It was strange to me, ignorant as yel that in the smallest degree I possessed that gift of speech which moves folks' hearts, to note the hush which fell on the congregation, to mark how, slowly and unknown to themselves, they bent forward in their seats, and how as often as the speaker paused they leaned back with a universal sigh which was to me as unexpected as it was memorable and impressive.

I had gone down into the vestry and was his bare apartment with the stars looking there setting my papers in order before going up to the manse (where, as I knew, old man who, at my request and that of others Babby Lockhart would be laying out a of my family, has spent so much time in frugal meal), when I heard a knock come to putting together the materials which mythe door-no infrequent thing in a Scots parish in which is generally some passing Samaritan urgent to pour off into the wounds made by a man's own conscious in him lay for his people. His pulpit work failures

But when I called, "Come in," it was to my great astonishment that Duncan Grierwith them the plain gospel teachings in a | with his well-accustomed gesture of salutation, a movement full at once of dignity and respect. I held out my hand to him and he took it

cordially, then for a moment he did not

speak in answer to my greeting, but stood

helding my hand with a kind of wonder on "Whence came ye?" he said; "surely never out o' the mirk pit o' the auld Glendonwyns. Or else with a great deliverance have these things been made plain to you

from on high. Yince on a day has I been feared that the auld black malignant blood was in ye. I has served the Glendonwyns five-and-fifty years and seen ill day and

"The innocent suffering?" I cried. "A for the grave. But Majster Rupert he conspiracy to do them wrong? What do never cared a jot. Lord-I declare it gies you mean. Grierson? Surely you do not me the cauld graveyaird creeps juist to hear speak of your master?" "Deed am I that, sir-even of Gregory eyed doctor but mair aften by himsel'-Glendonwyn, whom I have served for fifty- lauchin, lauchin'-and ill-done deeds, or I had many mingled thoughs of bitter and had crossed his legs and was sitting very five year and never kenned to do the thing maybes the green grass ower them by this eweet, of my father and brother, who had much at his ease.

the night of the 18th of November, 1842, in that was dishonorable. Hard he has sye time for ocht I ken. been, hard with men, hard with the mither that brought ye into the world, and -an ye will ta' the word o' an auld servant specially hard wi' you, his son, that might against your ain kith and kin. have been to him for a pride and a glori-"Ah, Grierson," said I, clapping him on

the shoulder, "you were ever over-partial canny for the change-hoose at the Ferry o' to me. Do not be afraid. In the long run the Slake. Rupert, your brither, gaed awa' my father will not do me an injustice."

stop me. money in the world were at stake it would will be on the watch for you, sir. And I lasses. Kate and Fairlie Glendenning, that track o' the lasses. have come to you."

I do not disguise that I had to lay my heard Gregory Glendonwyn say. hand on the window sill to steady myself before I could take in his words. "Well-what of them?" I said, at last

Speak out, man, make haste!" "Maister John," said Duncan Grierson, bending down his white head like a man ashamed and overcome, "I can bear it no longer. That's the fact. The night that they were lost it was my hand that yoked the horses. It was me that gled the letter intil the lassie's hand at the schule. It was me, Duncan Grierson, that trysted wi' Kata Glendenning ahint her faither's wood-

"And where are the girls?" I cried eagorly.

"Nay, that I ken no more than youthough I has a guess," he answered, infinitely to my disappointment. "My work was dune when I gaed the reins up into the hands o' him that was to drive at the cross roads of Bennangower."

"And who drove? Was it my brother?" cried. "I never believed greatly in his

The old butler shook his head. "Into whose hands, then? Tell me quickly!" I almost shouted. "Into the hands of Gregory Glendonwyn your father!" groaned the old butler, and dropped into the chair which I had set for him at his first entering.

. It was thus I became aware of the strange domestic event which shapes all my history, which has caused me to write this for the information of the excellent self and others have intrusted to him.

But to return to Duncan Grierson. all his life long had been as an idol to ning.

"God forgie me!" he moaned. "I kenned son, our old butler at Castle Gower, entered no more than the dead that go down to silence what I was doing. Saunders Greg. (Being John Glendonwyn's Narrative Conthe coachman, had been sent to Drumfern tinued.) on some message for young Maister Rupert, and when the carriage was wanted in a to public advertisement, I conducted that hurry I bethocht me that it was some night in the Chryston barn, there remains matter o' doctors or medicine that was to me no more than a haze of faces, and doctor, is never oot o' the place. He is scarce knew, hand-fast wi Maister Rupert, and I hae I stood ready for the attempt when I

away Davvid Giendennin's lass, and her with me to the manse. called him. But those sparklings of humor, never yin that thocht his meditation cam' the auld man himself to Castle Gower face of the moorland, as Peden picked his ready to break door the suid man himself to Castle Gower.

him-whiles wi' that saft-spoken squint-

"But what Iwant ye to do is juist this

"Tak' your beast wi' ye, and when ye are off the ground o' Ephraim Grey, turn your horses' heed and ride straight and this mornin' early. Your faither rade all But the old man held up his hands to yestersen, and I heard the yin tell the 'tither that they were to meet 'to set things "No, no," he cried, "that I know, also, or finally to richts at the Change-hoose o' the at least something of it. But if all the Corse o' Slakes.' Dootless there's some not make this shame the less. It is in ken this-that your faither's main fear is the matter of the disappearance of the that you, Maister John, will get on the

"'We must keep an eye upon John!

"But Rupert cries, "Nonsense-Sir noccueio is all for his parish and good works now. We have nothing to fear from him!' than you credit him with!' says the laird, shaking his head.

pert; 'the cream of the thing is that his money will tide us over till-till-"Till I have put right what you put so far wrong, my poor foolish lad!' answers the laird. And he looks fondly at him, as beast already there, champing at his manhe never did a' his life at you."

" 'A fig for his wit! cries Master Ru-

be told by a servant how my own father gave to Peden. For I knew not what ever hated me and loved my brother, yet I minded it not long. For I had many things to do other than brooding upon the chilly affections of my kinsfolk, be they forehanded, I turned the key of the stable ever so coldrife.

"Well, Grierson," I made answer. "I will Do not be afraid. I can bring them to book spy within. without that."

So, somewhat comforted, Grieson took digest as best I might one of the strangest preached from the text. "My meditation of embers.

And I wondered if David, the psalmist ever sang these word after the matter of Uriah the Hittite. And if the aweetness of darkened its little foot-square of window, the meditation were not in a moment made bitter by the thought of the man whom he down was too narrow to reveal more of the Glendonwyn. had set in the forefront of the battle where occupant than one booted foot, which it was hottest upon Rabboth Ammon. So at least was it gall and wormwood to me to The old man sat and sobbed because of think that through me sorrow and shame the breaking of his faith in the man who had come to the house of David Gleaden

CHAPTER XIV On the Corse of Slakes.

wanted sae prompt. For ya maun ken the memory of a man speaking many words that Englishman Warner, the new Kilgour mechanically, the meaning of which he

heard some gye queer talks atween him rose to preach. For I had ridden my horse, Peden the Prophet, over, and stabled him in "Then, on the next day, began the dirgie the Chryston stables, where he was at the ower a' the paroch-'Maister John-him time luxuriating in his feed of corn and that was to be the minister-has wiled ruminating on jogging comfortably home

man sught to be a minister. A sweet grav- I hade the old man sit down and tell me my maister Gregory ordered me to ta' him beginning to stant up out of the east and

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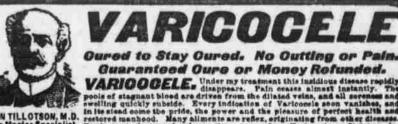
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set a snare for myself and done injustice

none other than a knight going forth with within. beloved out of captivity. It was, I think, somewhere about an hour after midnight that I discerned across the Corse of Slakes. waste over which I had been riding steadily a glimmering, uncertain light, which I took the stable, caused the varnished boot to to be none other than that from the lone-

some little ale house on the Corse of Slakes, whither I was bound. The Ferry house rested curtously lonesome, avoided by decent travelers, beetlebrowed and forbidding in external aspect and infelix in repute-like some evil woman, old, imbittered and no longer able to spread her nets in the sight of any bird, but ever brooding on the days when nets were full and green-goose catching was an easy trade. So the place apeared to me, as I urged Peden forward toward the light. 'Do not be so sure-John has more wit new highway indeed passed in front of the house, carrying straight forward between it and the sea, but I was approaching the

Ferry house from the moor behind, and in that direction the windows are but little raised above the moss. There was no soul moving anywhere, yet when I found the stable, lo! there was a Then, by dint of groping, I found a Now I own that it was hard for me to feed of oats in the corn chest, which I was before me, nor what strange ways I might need to traverse ere the morning. This business finished, to be yet more

and put it in my pocket. My cake being so uncommon and my de go-come what will of it. And I shall de- sire to find the lost maidens so overwhelmmand to be told where the girls are. But ing, I did not consider it beneath me to lie I will not reveal the source of my informa- down on my belly and take a look through tion, nor yet compromise you, old friend | the windows of the hut to see what I could

But the interior of the kitchen being lit only by the red fire, which glowed, rather gang till ye has telled me your errand?" his way through among the tombstones and than burned, on the hearth, I could on'y But I put her aside with as little force so out upon the white road, leaving me to dimly perceive a dark figure shrouded in as was possible, considering that she clung a great cloak, which now and then cast a to me rather like a cat with nine lives commentaries ever made upon a discourse faggot of peat upon the 'grelsoch' of red than a woman well past the three-score and

> Beside the kitchen there was another hamber or "ben-the-hoose" at the other I said, briefly. end of the Ferry house, but a newspaper and even the chimney which I squinted

the Pleiads wisped together in the zenith, swung back and forth, as if the owner

But the more I looked, acting the spy to Fairlie Glendenning. Yet when I thought | for Fairlie's sake, as I would not have done of her there came such a gush of sweet for any other cause, the more did I become into the bitter that it seemed that I was convinced that my brother, Rupert, was The swinging boot was a small sword and lance to bring back his well- and varnished one, and I could think of no other save Rupert who would be likely to carry such a cavalier accountrement to the

At that moment a horse neighing from disappear as if in the direction of the door. I recognized the sound also, being quick to distinguish the characteristic noises of animals. The neigh was obviously my brother's black Bravo making acquaintance with the dappled patriarch of Glenluce, my good Peden, the Prophet. After that there was no longer any doubt

about the matter. Grierson had not been Opening the outer door of the hut and bending my head I passed into the smoky interior. An old woman sprang to her feet with more agility than a mishapen back and features wrinkled and smoke-dried might have betokened.

"Bh, Maister Gregory," she cried, "what's brocht ye back already frae Hamish's and preserve us a'-what's come o' the-But before she had time to finish her sentence-upon which so much dependedshe had recognized from my height and appearance that I could not be Gregory Glendonwyn.

"A minister!" she cried, "and what, reverend sir, micht ye be seekin' at the change hoose o' the Corse o' Slakes this Sabbath nicht?"

I had, however, no wish to waste time upon her, so I did not answer, but pushed on in the direction of the 'ben room,' occupled by the wearer of the varnished riding boots.

The old woman, for all her infirmities, was at the door before me. "Na," she cried, "in there ye shaling

ten, as her appearance advertised her to be. "I am seeking my brother-stand aside!" So I opened the door, and there before me, playing a tune to himself upon a small and dainty flute, was my brother, Rupert

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