

Henry's arm, the ex-chancellor down in front of the company pany n was very much bent. The par entered the palace. or William, who was standing potom of the steps leading to the mmern," so called, wore as a mark of honor the uniform of the

cuirassiers. majesty to-day nominated the as chief of that famous regi-His reception of the old states as of the warmest and most corture. As Prince Bismarck ap d him he extended his hand, and ce, bowing, kissed it, The emmmediately lifted both his arms nbraced the prince heartily. H ressed a kiss on the - old man and the reconciliation between and the greatest of his subjects saled. The ex-chancellor's eyes oist and he looked very serious. welcoming the prince, the em-shook hands with Count Herbert, whole party retired to a room the king of Saxony and a num German princes were awaiting ming. All saluted Prince Bi as he entered the room. Lunch as served in the emperor's priooms at 1:45 o'clock. Covers aid for only three persons, the emthe empress and Bismarck. After he prince retired to the room sel for his use in order to rest for a me. Before he retired, however. aperor's sons were presented

ont of the rooms occupied by the there was placed a double row of is from the Cuirassiers. After nce had rested for a time he arose. meantime an immense crowd thered in front of the palace. forth volley after volley of or singing the patriotic hymns. er Im Siegerkranz," "Die Wacht n," and "Deutschland ueber Al-This was kept up until the emeir cards for Prince Bismarok. at a window and slightly bowed crowd, which at once went almost their demonstrations of delight. eather was fine and nothing ocduring the day to mar the joyof the occasion. All the minis ncluding Chancellor von Caprivi, eir acrds for Prince Bismarck. n Boetticher, secretary of the imhome office, was the first of the ers to pay this courtesy. The reg of Cuirassiers, of which Prince rck was to-day appointed the head, linner in the evening in honor of

menting upon the reconciliation n the emperor and the prince, the German Gazette (semi-official) 'It is nearly four years since the r has been face to face with Bismarck. To-day the prince his majesty's guest, and the exellor will realize that the gratitude court and the people for his inrable advices remains unaltered. thanks the emperor for patriot ing so joyful a day for Germany. this feast of reconciliatoin bear er fruit for our whole political

dreds of telegrams congratulating ince upon the reconciliation be the emperor and himself are ar daily from all countries. The Ital mbassador remarked to-day to andiplomat that to-day's meeting bethe emperor and the prince was orical event of the first magui-At 3 o'clock Chancellor von Cawas announced. He had an invitao an interview with the prince lastee-quarters of an hour. At 4 LADY MAC TAVITT'S WIG. "Tales of Ten Travellers" Series.

# BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Away in the north of Scotland, along tion of his head toward turreted Guesa-ragged northern edge of the shire of chan at the edge of Glen Cannach-"Lonerness, lies the romantic and majestic don and all the world go to the de'il together!" Mey of Strathglass.

was the Strathglass, or "gray val-He was about to follow his impetu was the Stradigiass, or status speech with as impetatous an embrace, of the ancient Gaels; nearly always but Joan gently kept him at a distance, the skies above it; gray in its the skies above it; gray in the bit way of answering quietly with eres and speech: gars the gimpled-faced havereel wi' h's bed, where stubble fields, banks of answering quietly with eres and speech: gars the gimpled-faced havereel wi' h's bed, where stubble fields, banks of answering quietly with eres and speech: gars the gimpled-faced havereel wi' h's bed, where stubble fields, banks of answering quietly with eres and speech: gars the gimpled-faced havereel wi' h's and dreamful winding river blend; despite its splatches of crimson laid din, ye'll me'er coom back."

the witching pencils of the early frost; He read there in her eyes and words its masses of birch, in its myriad such dear truths of and such keen ined crags; and almost gray in the sight into men's natures that it startled mists of its boundless mournful wa- him. He recalled her simple life and mysterious history, as they had come to him little by little from the crofters and At the edge of a great crag overhang-

ig the northern valley highway, where strath breaks away into the sunny a tiny wailing babe, twenty years before, en Cannach to the southwest, and the she had been left one night at Davy Saumders' door; how the crofter and his igher, gloomier, grander Glen Affrick o the northwest, two persons were standing in the warm sunlight of an early Sepown bonnie lassie, who had a year or two before been spirited away by some

One was a young artist, Hugh Ritchie, One was a young artist, Hugh Ritchie, huntsman nobleman, mever to be heard guest among a score of titled folk at from again, had given the waif their own a guest among a score of that this at from again, had given the wait their own bairn's name and place in heart and chan, at the edge of Glen Cannach. He home: how she had grown from babe to bairn, from bairn to lassie, from lassie landscape of Stratinglass, which to lass, and on to womanhood, beloved hangs in the National Gallery at in all the valley crofts, the pride of the Mac Tavitt is never discovered; as." and meat minister and his wife, who taught her ondon. The other was a Highland fassie, Joan unders, who, to the scorn and envy of by the ancient church and bride of Fas-

of the great folk at Guesachan, nakyle, the peasant pet and favorite at ad been his inseparable companion in Guesachan, until she had become his als summer sketchings which had been most inseparable companion; but ever the from this overhanging cliff above true and strong, and free of heart until own roadside cottage home below. Ant had come with Love to grand Strath-The artist had just handed the girl a glass.

of sketches and was standing with arm around the trunk of a dwarfed his own half formed conviction that, could leaning forward with shaded eyes the truth be known, somewhere behind astingly impress the scene with its mi- this wild-flower crofter life was a strain astingly impress the scene what is and this wall-hower crotter fre was a strain of blood which, as these things are count-ed in the heredity of beast and human, Joan was waiting behind him, calmly would make her the equal of any; for

nizing as if from simple habit wherever intellect, pride and true nobility were in artist might gaze, but with some every movement of her graceful form, ing like a look of settled, hopeless pa-ing like a look of settled, hopeless pa-ence upon her face; a fine, frank, hon-life, in every tone and thought she uttered, and shone forth almost majestic est face, perhaps more beautiful from a certain way she poised her head outward, in the luminous calm of her splendid tokening expectancy; upward, as if eyes of gry.

"Come here, Joan," he said at last, lead r nature was strong from Storms that ing her to the mossy rock from which the hundreds of valley sketches had been ad been, to brave all storms to come. What glorious scenes were those they ked upon! For a score of miles the made in all the pleasant summer days, ntire southern horizon of the strath was "I have something curious to tell you serrated edge of fir-crowned mountain about myself." eights, above escarpments of steel-gray "Well, you see, I am orphan too, just of lichened masses of rock and like yourself, Joan."

of dead trees uprooted by howling tem-pests; of alder, oak and birch, like hang-ng banks of moss in the distance; of in all my life." "Guid!" said Joan, complacently. "Guid, guid" was the quiet response. "I just 'growed up' like Topsy. You never heard of darky Topsy, Joan?" so darkly green that they took on a guise of upright beds of purple heathhere and there furrowed by foaming waterfalls; all these giving place in the east to mountain masses in gigantic swaths, or like emeraid headlands in ndless succession above some peaceful

shore, advancing, retreating, and with nterstices of opaline hue, where the glens | Prince Charlie. He went to London and and mighty chasms were; as if color in starved and died. Then the mother's nature throbbed and ebbed until it faded life light was soon dimmed, and she folin languorous death in blue, and purple lowed him. Then the parish beadle tossand ghostly mist. To the west were strath and mountain

ews more glorious still. From the north

ach through a gorge so deep and vast

wild torrenit poured out of Glen Cant joyously.

fettle her weel!"

"I fell into her favor entirely by accident. She had learned that some London artist had painted a miniature of the lass Lord Barlsfold married. With this as a possible clue, she runmaged every studio in London, becoming quite an oure to the artists, and occasionally having egular set tos with a few, because they reated her slightingly and failed to aulress her as 'the Mac Tavitt.'

"I was ready for the old lady when she came to my studio. As she entered I bowed nearly to the floor. 'Fat gars the' gimpled-faced havereel wi' bis to her man behind her in purest Aberdonian. I bowed again. She gave a start and a bound backward, and myself an-other scoring. 'Your ladyship,' I megan with the greatest humility, 'how can an humble artist like myself serve the Mac Tavitt?

gamekeepers round about; how, when but " "She burst into tears and fairly s pothered me with embraces; said I was the only true nobleman in all England who knew enough to know that the could culy be used to designate the Lord, the

of hatred, often inexplicable in origin. out endless and fierce in intensity, and lacking only reckless daring to give it tragic end.

"Na, na; bit gang on wi' th' tale." "I was a 'mimder' put out to be cared for in London, Joan. My father, a Ross-shire barrister, had been driven out of Infernal diablerie, beritage still of these superstitious children of the mist, and ever fortified by ignorant application of the stern and awful texts gleaned by hate-lit eyes from the "ain Guid Book" the north here for his lingering love of is their sole remaining means of wreaking curse or avenging real or fancied wrongs.

And so for twenty years old Sandy Nichols, the stone mason of Fasnakyle, ed Hugh Ritchie into an orphan asylum had glared from his cottage windows across at old Davy Saunders, the rud-side seller of ancient sweets and meal, "Guid, guid, guid!" interrupted Joan, "And why so very good when all so who in turn had glated back and taunted from his. . No one knew the nature of

"Puir, puir dottled auld body! I han ye ettle her weel!" "Oh, yes, Joan; I always comfort her back with her hands before her eyes. "What were those Gaelic words," he asked sharply, noticing the girl's action. "What were those Gaelic words," he asked sharply, noticing the girl's action. "What were those Gaelic words," he asked sharply, noticing the girl's action.

to her in Hugh's eyes at even her inno-cent possession of such baleful knowl-edge.

corp creadh was at least not new to tim; of much more of the greatest concern to and he knew that one of black and cowand he knew that one of black and cow-ardly heart seeking his enemy's life by stealth, secretly wrought a corn croadd drama set in action by the loss of Lady stealth, secretly wrought a corp creadh, or body of clay, placed it in the ned of Discouraged but a of the curse would pine and die.

above

the burn.'

"Joan, you take one side and I will

search the other. The coachman tells

me Lady Mac Tavitt left the carriage at

the bridge a moment and wandered up

hollow and quivering shallow of

of the curse would pine and die. "Speak to me fairly like a Scotch-woman, Joan!" he demanded. 'I do not know Gaelic words like you. Which made this threat? Or which has already done this miserable thing? Or Joan, have they each made the corp creadh against the other?"

"Na, na, na!" she answered half laughing through her tears. "Na, Hugh, Auld Sandy skyled th' 'body' agane puir Davy lang, lang, syne." "Did the corp creadh harm him?"

then, "She is a great lover of fine scenery. She has ordered her carriage driven up there a moment to Eas-na-conn (the Falls of the Dogs) for a better view of the valley. She will re-

turn, change her bonnet for her wonderful wig in Sandy's cottage, and then she will proceed in state to our friends at Guesachan." His words were all but true. In a

few moments more the carriage was again at Sandy's door, Sandy himself wretch's eyes. For a moment, they mmbly backing into the cottage, ful seemed sarting from their sockets, as he the old footman with divers hastly seemed saring from their sockets, as he part his shrivelled hauds fintteringly be-fore them to shut the unearthly chal-lenger from rise. Then he slid limp down the cuphored frame, as its door the rear.

"The Mac Tavitt is now donning her

when she will let me. But that's not of ten. Why, she's not yet 80 years of age. She's far too spirited for much of another word; as if shame would come dy, standing with his back against a miece, the Duchess of Fyfe and Yath-

Lady Mac Tavitt gave a little dge. But Hugh Ritchie had gathered more of but the conviction came powerfully up-net, her casket and her plaid, scramthe dread secrets of the north than Joan had thought. The infernal curse of the compared was at least not curse of the out this single command to the astonished couple: little

"Hugh Ritchie, gie her yoursel' an' ha' din !

or body of ciay, placed it in the her tr some near running stream, and then, as he superstitiously believed and murdar-ously prayed, while the corp creadh wast-ously prayed, while the protor the victim these the stone highway bridge crosses the tumbling waters which descend melodiously from the shadowy burn Tavitt's wig.

#### VERNON AND VICINITY.

The Week's News from the Great Okanagan Country.

1 12-20

7

(Vernon News.) They searched along the lovely banks, Quite a number of settlers have taken contracts for cutting poles for the Aberdeen ranche hop fields, also for Mr. Price Ellison. peered into leafy coverts, broke down the ender ferns, and sharply scanned every From appearances we would judge that hop raising will soon become general in the

### American News.

"Sandy," he began sternly, "I wish Lady Mac Tavitt's casket immediately. Lady Mao Tavitt's casket immediately. The auldwife moaned and rocked in greater emotion than before; but Sandy merely glared and doggedly answered back, "I ha na ain kist here!" "Sandy, this old friend of yours who has come with me says he knows you have!" With this the imperturbable artist held the image squarely before the old wretch's eyes. For a moment they seemed sarting from their sockets, as he in the movement and most dangerous men away from the hall. No threats were made but it is thought that the precautions taken saved bis life.

fore them to shut the unearthly chal-lenger from tiew. Then he slid limp down the cupboard frame, as its door flew open, and fell in a pitiable heap upon the floor, while the poor anldwife. upon the floor, while the poor and wife, screaming, "Guid Laird! Guid Laird—if ye'd hadden mair Screptur in your heart, Sandy, and less on your tongue, thees awsome curse, would niver hai coom!" tottered across the room, stum-bled over her horror stricken husband, and brought to Hugh Ritchie; not one, but two caskets of curious oriental de-sign. "Quick, quick, Joan!" She was at the door in an instant. "Send Davy to the heart door in an instant. "Send Davy to the heart door in an instant." Send Davy to the heart door in an instant. from exposure. Chicago, Jan. 26.-Painter's death to day on the gallows had a remarkably depressing influence on the men confined in "murder-ers' row" in the county jail. Patrick Eugene Prendergast, condemned to die for the murder of Carter Hartison, took "no pains to conceal his grief over the execu-tion. He occupies the cell No. 23 with mur-derer Oraig, and when he had satisfied him-self that Painter had marched to the scaf-fold he climbed into the upper bunk and began to pray. "O God have meacy upon an innocent man?" he repeatedly cried, wringing His hands with anguish. He is being murdered, even as they would murder me". Reendergast climbed down from his bunk, pushed his cell mat away from the door and tried to catch a sound from the of the failing drop reached his ears. Then he burked his face in his hands, mumbled something and climbed back into his bunk. rom exposure.

# THE VICTORIA WEEKLY TIMES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2. 1894.

the prince was driven to the palthe Empress Frederick, the mothe emperor, and paid her a She pressed him to stay in Berlin, but Prince Bismarck to be permitted to follow his cian's advice and return to his home evening. After leaving the Em-Frederick's palace the people, who densely massed in the vicinity, through the police lines and tried hitch the horses harnessed to the 's carriage. They wanted to draw back to the castle themselves. The e, however, prevailed upon them ego their intention. The crowd so thick that it was impossible for prses to go faster than a slow walk, as the carriage moved along the surged forward with it, and body joined in singing patriotic At 6:15 o'clock dinner was servthe rooms set apart for Prince arck's use. . The emperor took diawith the prince.

previously arranged Prince Bi k's stay in the city was short. At inutes after seven o'clock this evenwent from the palace on his re-Throughout the o Friedrichsruhe. time of his visit he was treated the most distinguished consideraand nothing was left undone that add to the pleasure of the visit. tly after 7 o'clock a coach drove up main entrance of the palace. Ac panying was the whole squadron of larde du Corps, for the Emperor ined to show every honor to the Prince had announced that he would acany him to the station. At exactly the Prince appeared, leaning on the of the Emperor, and together they red the carriage. Then amid the of trumpets the drive to the stommenced. The crowds still una along the streets, and cheer after was given as the Emperor and the ce and the military cavalcade swap

train for Friedrichsruhe left the on at 7:25 o'clock. When the Emr and the Prince entered the royal ng room His Majesty threw his arms it the Prince and embraced him reedly. Count Herbert Bismarck and Schweninger followed the Emperor's iage in a closed coach. At about 4 ck in the afternoon Emperar Wil accompanied by his suite, rode ngh Unter den Linden, which was with people for its entire length. Majesty celebrates the anniversary his birth to-morrow and will receive mmense ovation. To-night nost of illaminations prepared in honor of Emperor's birthday were displaced nce Bismarck did not seem fatigt in he left the city. As the train pulled he was seen at the window salnting Imperor. The Prince arrived He jooked richsruhe at 11 o'clock. erful and hearty. The road from the way station to the castle was illumin-

shington, Jan. 26,—Mrs. Cleveland a reception this afternoon from four to ock for the members of the diplomatic and their wives and daughters is those who attended was Mr. Lorin the Hawalian minister, with the Secretary of the Hawalian Frank P. Hastings.

hat even the roaring of the waters was very sad, Joan?" "Ablins, ilka guid mon that rises oot o' filed and still. Thousands of feet bove loomed grand Knockfin, its sumsair hecklin' an' flotter, maun dow an' thrive!' hit girdled with castle-like wakls, of stone. Beyond, uplands rose and rolled "Well," continued the artist, smiling at the happy prophecy, "there I learned to draw a little, and by and by the cumatchless valley ascents to lone Glen frick's wilds. rate of the parish took me into his own Far in the north Ben Wyvis, giant onarch of the region, thrust its grizzled scanty home and helped me along very one above stately mountain piles. Mam kindly. Some one saw my poor little skotches and sent me to Rugby: and wil, "hill of the eye," stood guard in he west; while the whole far horizon there I got on so well with the lads that one fine lazy fellow took me to London; evond, pierced by grim old peaks wreathput me into a little studio in High Hold in endless bands and wings of mist, mmed like some vast archipelago of born, with three years' rent paid; clapped massive crags endlessly beaten by the me on the shoulder, bravely, with 'Now winy or starve!' and went away." spume of thundering seas. Glittering peak, blanched cliff and "An' ye did na starve!" Joan insisted, rapturously. breatening precipice, burst through the eather and sea green conse. Away "Well, not exactly. But I am afraid bove the heights the eagle wheeled would have starved, Joan, only for the mong the gorges, calling to the echoing queerest old lady you ever saw in all

eaks for companionship in its solitudes. your life-Lady MacTavitt, whom we exumbling burns quivered and flashed, or pect at the lodge this very day. howed cascades like flecks of lace from "The dear old lady is an odd picture, within the shadows. And over all songs Joan. She is taller than your fosterf rivulet, of burn and river, over covert, | father, Davy Saunders; uglier than Sanopse and glen, over islet, bog and tarn dy Nichols, your fighting, stone-mason ooded the September sunshine, painting neighbor, across the way: scraggier than this fir; and her nose is as big as a turfor the artist and the lassie there the whole transcendent scene in unfound nip and crimson as that dogwood copse. Her little eyes snap and glitter in their The artist turned from the wondrous

The artist turned from the wondrous anorama as if almost despairing from Her furrowed face, mottled with rich ver transferring its ever-changing seemsteakings of snuff, is a perfect lichen ngs and hues to canvas, and shaking his nest of moles and warts, each with its ad sadly, said gravely to the girl: own tuft of bristles, like a clump of alder "Joan, I am afraid we neever can do branches in winter, while her polished head is as hare of locks as are Lord

The word "we" sent the blood into her Glebemoth's polled Angus cattle of ce grandly. horns." "Gin yan misdoots theirsels-"Don't say 'gin,' Joan. / Say 'if' in-"bit its a grye-carling frowdie for a ' beat "Gif\_\_\_" leddy" "True, Joan: but hard as are her face

"There, there, Joan. Remember 'gif' s worse than 'gin.'" and heart to others, she has been very "I ken na bither way, when I speyk oot good to me. I would not have some my hert's thochts, Meester Ritchie," she replied, bridling up a little. "Ablins, eef is rich and a grand lady, besides, and yan misdoots theirsel" they're a'rendy alf whippit. Th' Laird ha' gie'n ye many London houses. ichty geefts, Hugh. Dinna flyte i' His ace wi' sic chirmins an' baelins. Pit a Duke of Fyvie, who died in India. His boot heart tae a sty brae, an' th' wark's only son, young Lord Barlsfold, a sad bit din!' True enough, Joan; true enough. Upn my honor, I believe you could paint Strathglass yourself. I could too, if I

and have you with me all the time." was born and spirited away." 'Ye can ha' me, an' ye wull!" the said it as impassively as she would thetically. we said it was about to rain, the river vas low, or that she heard her old father adoption singing a Gaelic song of war own there in his half cottage, half down there in the roadside bethem. ling with mirtiful recollections. "But what of my art, of London, of ame. Joan?" He said it fairly, like an honest man

nat he was, running his own strength ad weakness without stint. 'Ye canna ha' a', Hugh Ritchie. ull bide i' Strathglass." "Bless you for a noble girl, Joan. If

eath

can put this valley on canvas, and I dian workmanship. I will be free of poverty's clutches of her strange old life is to recover the Then," he continued, grasping hands heartily, "I'll be back here from the Duke to the young lord at the giffy, buy Davy Saunders' little same time the one was sent to her from

for you and I, and we'll let the India, and which disappeared fully 20" sreat folk"-this with an impatient mo- years ago from the family possessions."

scapegrace, married a woman far below

would not, disclose it to the "meenister," and Davy's most exquisite delight, when Joan was absent and time hung heavily upon his hands, was to sound the tocsin of battle across the way to Sandy, by piping loud and clear. In tones of unmis takeable disdain and challenge, the notes of some highland Gaelic song; manally the wild and impetuous "Coire Cheatha ich," or "Misty Dell."

Sandy, Bible in hand, was now as always hot for the fray. Davy, leaning calmly over his mossy garden wall, as if oblivious of the wrathful Sandy forty feet away, lifted his roaring voice with,

Se Coire-cheathaich, nan aigh ean sulblach, (My own misty Corrie by deer ever haunted,) 'Wi' oot are dogs!" sneered Sandy, referring to the book in his withered posd. hand.

# An Coire rumach is urar sonn (My beauteous valley, my own verdant dell,)

"Th' deceitfu' i' weights wi' get th' swift arrow!" returned Sandy with triumphant scorn. Gu lurach miad-theurach, min-gheal, sughar, (Soft, rich and grassy with sweets ever

"Let na mon think o' himsel' mair highly than he ought." was flung back savagely from the opposite garden wall. Gu lusan finar bu chubbraidh leam, (From every fair flow'r I love dear and well) "Pharo's heart was hardened by the Laird!" came from Sandy with a prophetic skirl of delight. Gu molach, dub-ghorm, torrach, luisreagach, (Thickly all growing, brightly all blowing,) "Th' Laird shall add the ye th' plagues ' this Buik, ye auld-mou'd!" yelled San-

dy, shaking the Bible at Davy menac; "Hech!" exclaimed Joan in amazement ingly. Corrach, pluranach, dlu-ghlan grinn, (Over its shaggy and green-darkened lawn;

"Badlyng that ye are, ye'll get run o fire and brimstane!"

Caoin, ballach, dítheanach, canach, misleanach. (Moss, canach and daisies adoring its mazes.) "Ye shall be slain, a' th' sort o' ye!" fairly howled the old stone mason, twirling the blessed book above his head and, like all his great and humble kin for nearly two thousand years, throug it consigning the enemy, he himself had made to its awful terrors and dooms.

his station but as far above his deserts, Gleann a mhilitich's an lionmhor mang! (Through which lightly gambols the lithe, graceful fawn!) whom Lady Mac Tavitt always calls the 'brat,' and the two died, after one child

Hoot! Ye auld cake-fumler! Hoot! Like as wax melted at the fire, so shall ye perish!" shrieked Sandy, daneing "Puir lassie!" murmured Joan sympaabout his garden and shaking his fist and "The old lady is a little soft on three Bible at the until now placid Davy in subjects which are of endless importance to herself and of as endless torment a very delirium of imbecile hate and rage. to others," continued Hugh, as if kind-That last threat with its Scriptural hint of the most grewsome curse known to the superstitious highlanders, was too "The first is her mission to find 'the brat's much for Davy Saunders. His relort bairn,' which she is certain must be a was quick, heedless and thunderous. Old boy who is to restore the family line The second is her wonderful wig. This Sandy for his gibes and taunts gave back renewed and deadlier objurgations. Raisshe is continuously losing, often to the ing their embittered voices with their indistraction of whole communities, and creasing rage, they at last broke into I which, during her travels, while swathing furious Gaelic threats and imprecations, her head in shawls and plaids, she corries in a precocious casket of curious Inleaning far over their garden walls and fuming and clawing like beasts in leash The other frenzy panting for each other's lives, and sickmate of this Indian wig casket; a gift ing the very valley echoes with their dreadful maledictions.

The unusual turmoil below had brought Hugh Ritchie and his companion to the edge of the cliff. They had both listened

wig," remarked the artist dryly. been correct. Here they failed. There was a commotion in the cottage.

old footman scurried out and ransacked the carriage. Not finding the object of the air, as if completely distraught. a trice Lady Mac Tavitt appeared, bonnetless, her wraps and belongings her arms, her bald head glittering

strangely in the sunlight, and her shrill objurgations outrivalling the crofters' of a few moments before. She flung the parcels into the carriage and pounced in after them, screaming a dozen orders at once at her poor old servant, who ran helplessly up and down the to the lodge. Then she clapped her bonnet on

askew, drove the old foot-man upon the box with threats and sobs, and despairingly enveloped her head, gorgeous bonnet and all, in a mighty plaid, and set out at furious speed to Lord Glebemoth's "By all the Graces!" cried the artist

in unfeigned alarm, "Lady Mac Tavitt has lost her wig!" How ludicrously swift was the echo of Hugh' grewsome sentence, swept from valley end to end, and even tossed porentously among the misty heights: "Lady Mac Tavitt has lost her wig!" It flew on before the noble Aberdonian's hasty welcome at the lodge It preceded her in her own scrambling flight to her chamber. It sped from lip to hip with smothered peals of laughter ong lords and ladies fine. It scattered among valets and maids like a

mirthful pestilence: "Lady Mac Tavitt has lost her wig!" It circled the great house as in merry ddies and gusts. It woke the lazy eddies and gusts. It woke the keepers of the black herds upon th aills; swept into the dairies and set the maids and milk a-shaking there; whisked among the brown-faced binds raking the aftermath hay upon the Tomach fields;

whistled ogreishly about the far gamekeepers' huts, and hunted out the giggling gillies in the glens: "Lady Mac Tavitt has lost her wig!

It hastened swift couriers of discovery to Eas-na-conn, to Strury, to Erchless castle, to Beanly and to Inverness. It stirred all wide Strathglass like a mad and merry tussle of the elements. And it tumbled Hugh Ritchie's wits about in such grand activity as they had never known or borne before, as he heard his dire sentence through the keyhole of Lady Mac Tavitt's door, whither he had repaired to proffer sympathy and aid: "Hugh Ritchie, its nae cuddlins I'll hae noo. Bring th' weeg or ye an' me are din!"

He joined in the hunt the only distract ed one of all. The coachman and footman took oath they had seen the cas-ket under Lady Mac Tavitt's arm be tween Strury and Fasnakyle; and the old footman, now reduced under the clamor and haddering to complete imbecility, could only gasp that he had sure ly seen the casket safely on a little table beside Sandy's ingle-neuk.

The next morning Hugh questioned old Sandy and his wife mercilessly. They knew nothing of the casket; but he

Up to this point Hugh's predictions had ye'd hadden mair Screptur in your The his search he threw his arms wildly in and brought to Hugh Ritchie, not one, in In but two caskets of curious oriental de-

the back door. Let no one pass in or qut. Take these, Joan, and if you love Hugh Ritchie never let them out of your hands. By all the Graces! I believe Lady Mac Tavitt has got another wig?" And with this he ran like a greyhound

The terror of the couple pierced Joan's heart woefully; and her little vigil there was as an age in which her own and Hugh's fate seemed hid in what her honest hands loyally clenched. Her heart beat wildly as she heard a trap from the lodge come thundering across the bridge of Fasnakyle and up to the cottage door. "There she is, your ladyship. There

"There she is, your ladyship. There she is; the finest woman in the North! But for Joan, there, we never could have found it!" exclaimed the artist radiant-ly, as the head-plaided and bonneted Lady Mac Tavitt, reaching the ground at a bound, grabbed the first casket she sew in Joan's hands, snapped the spring viciously, tossed her plaid and bonnet from her, and, clutching the precious wig—as big as a lord chancellor's, with wig-as big as a lord chancellor's, with

curls that fell to her waist, and red as the most gorgeous sunset dyesclapped it upon her glistening pate This done she sank back in a chair with a groan of liberation and relief, and at

its theft by Sandy at night from the bas-

ket containing the mite of a babe left at Davy Saunders' cottage twenty years before; the fear of using the Bank of England notes which it still contained intact; Sandy's deadly hatred of those

he had wronged and his affrighted yesterday's theft of the casket's mate in sudden superstitious fear lest the first had been bewitched from his cupboard; but even Hugh Ritchie's hand trembled as he read the yellow little scrawl among the bank notes, with Lady Barisfold's crest upon it, which told of the pleasant lady-mother's misery, despair and unulterable longing that her babe might know the tender highland home-nest from which she had flown; which told him also that Joan beside him there had been a child of noble birth-the had been a whole while Lady Mac Tavitt calmly rocked in the auldwife's chair, pleasant ly nodding her head in the bland delirium of wig recovery and snuff. "Do you know, Lady Mac Tavitt." began the artist falteringly, "that the Mac Tavitt has been found?"

She opened her eyes with a snap, took another pinch of snuff, closed her

English Girls as Smokers

In England the women are certainly pro street tobacco merchant, who was asked if he had many lady customers.

a groan of liberation and relief, and at once vigorously set about taking snuff. At last with closed eyes she murmured: "Gle her a sheelin', Hugh. Gie her a sheelin'!" In amazement he took the other cas-ket from the flushed girl's hands. It re-required but a moment to learn its bis-tory from the doddering auddwife now. its theft by Sandy at night from the bas-

These aesthetic eigarettes are done up in brown boxes, edged with silver. And not only do the fair ladies of England smoke in the sanctity of their own apartments, but at the very best class of West End restaurants no objection is made to women smoking.

> Falsen In Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensible for ick headache or billousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Frontes. Send 25 "Sunlight" soap wrappers (wrap-per bearing the words "Why does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man?") to Lever Brothers, Limitod, 48 Scott street, Toronto, Ont., and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from adver-tising and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best, in the market, and will only cost to postage to send in the wrap-pers, if you leave the ends open Write-rour address carefully