BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.)

The place of departure for the brake was the Black Bull, at the Cross, nearly opposite to Wilson's. There were winks and stares and elbow-nudgings when the folk hanging round saw Gourlay coming forward; but he paid no heed. Gourlay, in spite of his mad violence when roused, was a man at all other times of a grave and orderly demeanor. He never splurged. Even his bluster was not bluster, for he never threatened the thing which he had not it in him to do. He walked quietly into the empty brake, and took his seat in the right-hand corner, at the top close below the driver.

bodies had mustered in strength for Skeighan. In a country brake it is the privilege of the important men to int beside the driver, in order to take the air and show themselves off to an admiring world. On the dickey and a petty rage. were ex-Provost Connal and Sandy Toddle, and between them the Deacon, tightly wedged. The Deacon was so thin (the bodie) that though he was wedged closely, he could turn and address himself to Tam Brodie, who was seated next the door.

The fun began when the horses were crawling up the first brae. The Deacon turned with a wink to Brodie, and dropping a glance on the rown of Gourlay's hat, "Tummuth" ith!" pointing to a hovel by the way-

Brodie took the cue at once. His big face flushed with a malicious grin. "Aye," he bellowed, "the owner o' that maun be married to a dirty wife, I'm thinking!"

"It must be terrible," said the Deacon, "to be married to a dirty trollop." "Terrible," laughed Brodie; "it's enough to give ainy man a gurly tem-

They had Gourlay on the hip at last. More than arrogance had kept him off from the bodies of the town; a consciousness also, that he was not their han. But the evil was done. Enough rect attack he could meet superbly, the most disastrous resoution of his downing his opponent with a coarse life. birr of the tongue; to the veiled gibe he was a quivering hulk, to be prod- in October," he ordered his son that ded at your ease. And now the ma- evening. lignants were around him (while he could not get away); talking to each other, indeed, but at him, while he must keep quiet in their midst.

At every brae they came to (and there were many braes) the bodies played their malicious game, shouting remarks along the brake, to each other's ears, to his comprehension.

The new house of Templandmuir was seen above the trees.

"What a splendid house Templandlaird like the Templar has a right to tion!" a fine mansion such as that! He's no' like some merchants we ken o' who throw away money on a house for no other end but vanity. Many a man builds a grand house for a show-off, when he has verra little to support it. But the Templar's different. He has made a mint of money since he took the quarry in his own hand."

"He's verra thick wi' Wilson, I noenemy. The Deacon's face was alive game, his face flushed with an eager grin, his eyes glittering. Decent folk in the brake behind, felt compunctious visitings when they saw him turn with the flushed grin, and the gleaming squint on the head of his enduring vic-"Now for enother stab!" they thought.

Brodie. "Wilson has procured the whole of the Templar's carterage. Oh. Wilson has become a power! You new houses of his must be bringing in a braw penny.-I'm thinking. Mr. Connel, that Wilson ought to be the Pro-

"Strange!" cried the former Head of everything terrified his mind? the Town, "that you should have been thinking that! I've just been in the two or three years!'

"He has that!" shouted Brodie "He man like his father? goes up the brae as fast as some other me he got a verra poor welcome from some of us the first morning he appeared in Barbie!"

Gourlay gave no sign. Others would have shown by the moist glisten of self-pity in the eye, or the scowl of wrath, how much they were moved; the propelling influence in Gourlay's but Gourlay stared calmly before him, mind, other reasons whispered that the his chin resting on the head of his course suggested by hate was a good staff, resolute, immobile, like a stone one on its merits. His judgment, such head at gaze in the desert. Only the as it was, supported the impulse of larger fulness of his fine nostril be- his blood. It told him that the old in him. And when they lighted in his son and that it would be well to

han, and Gourlay had much to thole.

"D'ye tell me that?" said the Pro-

"Ale," yelled Brodie, "the money terrible thing when a man has a discussed the matter at the Cross. splurging ass for his son, that never

The Provost began to get nervous Bridie was going too far. It was all wheen bluff to blind folk!" very well for Brodie who was at the

"Oh, a minister.

or seven years at the University."

cost an enormous siller!' "Oh," yelled Brodie, "but Wilson can afford it! It's not everybody can! It's all verra well to end your son to Skeighan High school, but when it comes come and go on."

canna afford to College his son he had better put him in hith business—if he Old Bl hath ainy business left to thpeak o', that ith!"

The brake swung on through merry cornfields where reapers were at work, through the solemn hush of anicent As he had expected, the Barbie and mysterious woods, beneath the he shook his head. great white-moving clouds and blue spaces of the sky. And amid the suave enveloping greatness of the world, the human pismires stung each other and were cruel, and full of hate and malice

> "Oh, damn it, enough of this" said the baker at last.

'Enough of what?" blustered Brodie. "Of you and your gibes," said the baker with a wry mouth of disgust. "Damn it, man, leave folk alane!" Gourlay turned to him quietly "Thank you, baker," he said slowly. 'But don't interfere on my behalf! John Gourla"-he dwelt on his name in ringing pride-"John Gourla can fight for his own hand-if so, there stand he lisped, "what a dirty place that need, to be. And pay no heed to the thing before ye. The mair ye tramp on a dirt it spreads the wider!'

"Who was referring to you?" bellowed Brodie.

Gourlay looked over at him in the far corner of the brake, with the wide open glower that made people blink. Brodie blinked rapidly, trying to stare fiercely the while.

"Maybe ye werna referring to me," said Gourlay slowly. "But if I had been in your end o' the brake ye would have been in hell or this!' He had said enough. There was silence in the brake til it reached Skeig-

"Get yourself ready for the College

"The College!" cried John, aghast. "Yes! Is there ainything in that to gape at?" snapped his father, in sudden irritation at the boy's amaze. "But I don't want to gang!" John whimpered as before.

'Want! What does it matter what life o't. MacCandlish tells me vou're muir has built!" cried the ex-Provost. a stupid ass, but have some little gift "Splendid!" echoed Brodie. "But a of words. You have every qualifica-

> "It's against my will," John bawled angrily.

"Your will!" sneered his father.

"No more o't!" roared Gourlay, folk are going don't. And yet they tell flinging out his hand. "Not another word! You go to College in October!" "Aye man, Johnny," said his mother, think o' the future that's before ve!" "It's the best future you can have!" growled his father

For while rivalry, born of hate, was befall him.

Mrs. Gourlay, for her part, though been! He's a credit to moar than at the thought of sending him to Col- a business to gang intill!" Wilson, he's a credit to the whole lege, and making him a minister, that But though he longed to go here and the men!" He had a vision of the wo- He'll be the kind that borrows money she ran on in foolish maternal gabble there for a day, that he might be able man stirring in the meal, and of the very fast—one of those harum-scarum work's a mistake; it's a monster that wasna wasted on him! It must be a Webster informed the gossips and they felt that leaving Barbie for good would light. He wondered who the folk

"Dod," said Sandy Toddle, . "Gourlay's better off than I supposed!"

"It would fit him better," said the nature has an individuality so separ- ple he had never seen before. The far end of the waggonette, and out of Doctor, "if he spent some money on ate and so strong, that if you live with train seemed arrested by a spell that revelry. He had a genius for mathedanger; but if he provoked an out- his daughter. She ought to pass the it a little it becomes your friend, and he might get his vivid impression. break, Gourlay would think nothing of winter in a warmer locality that Bar- a memory so dear that you kiss the When ensconced in his room that music, in the most unexpected corners tearing Provost and Deacon from their bie. The lassie has a poor chest! I thought of it in absence. The fields evening, he had a brighter outlook on perch, and tossing them across the told Gourlay, but he only gave a grunt. are not similar as pancakes; they have the world. With the curtains drawn, become an actuary in Auld Reekie. you think?" And 'oh,' said Mrs. Gourlay, 'it would their difference; each leaps to the eye and the lights burning, its shabbiness Wilson had no need to be afraid, the "What does Wilson mean to make of be a daft-like thing to send her away, with a remembered and peculiar was unrevealed. After the whirling meagre fool, for his host could have ject," sniffed Tozer. his son?" he enquired—a civil enough when John maun be weel-provided for charm. That is why the heart of the strangeness of the day he was glad to bought him and sold him. the College.' D'ye know, I'm begin- Scot dies in flat southern lands; he be in a place that was his own; here "That'll mean six ning to think there's something seri- lives in a vacancy; at dawn there is no at least was a corner of earth of which Gourlay's mother when she

about her lassie."

to be browdened upon her."

like well enough to pet them when to sending him to College, it's time to they never look the road they're on! warm sure feelings of superiority. If But feeling of uneasiness presently think twice of what you're doing-es. They're a' very fine when they're pets, a poor workman slouched past him on disappears. The first shivering dip is pecially if you've little money left to but they're no sae fine when they're the road he set him down in his heart soon forgotten by the hearty breaster "Yeth," lisped the Deacon, "if a man Janet Gourlay's ainything but Weaver's Vennel or the Tinker's Wynd. | waves you must swim; and to swim

ed to be at the Cross that evening. A past happy brooks flashing to the sun, brooding and taciturn man, he said blue many yards behind him, jovial fortable haze which surrounds the

"They're making a great mistake," he said gravely, "they're making a great mistake! Yon boy's the last youngster on earth who should go to College."

"Aye man, dominine, he's an infernal ass, is he noat?" they cried, and pressed for his judgment. At last, partly in real pedantry partly, with humorous intent to puzzle

he, "is a sensory perceptiveness in gross strolled on the platform; a youth well- and as everything he observed in Edinexcess of his intellectuality." They blinked and tried to under-

them, he delivered his astounding

"Aye man, domine!" said Sandy Toddle. "That means he's an infernal cuddy, dominie! Does it na, dominie?" But Bleach-the-boys had said his heart was in his boots. enough. "Aye," he said drily, "there's a wheen gey cuddies in Barbie!"-and he went back to his stuffy little room

to study The Wealth of Nations. CHAPTER XVI.

The scion of the house of Gourlay

ity. Of the world beyond Skeighan he had no idea. Repression of his chil- of his rush through the air; the con- by. A thousands such impressions dren's wishes to see something of the stant rattle, the quick-repeated noise, came boring in upon his mind, and match in malicious innuendo. The di-had been said to influence Gourlay to anny, less for the sake of the money world was a feature of Gourlay's tyr- getting at his nerves, as they get at which a trip might cost (though that ounted for something in his refusal) than for the sake of asserting his authority. ster had to bide. This had been the more irksome to John since most of the large more of what Mysic Monk said when they four walls wherein he had to live. He conceived a rankling hatred of the batch as they came up to College were stink!' said Bauldy." more irksome to John since most of his companions in the town were beginning to peer out, with their mammies and daddies to encourage them. To give their cubs a "cast o' the large of sixty (for the first time in her life) to the top of MII. "Eh," said Mysie, looking round him—partly because him and partly because he loved anything whatever their head to live took her at the age of sixty (for the first time in her life) to the top of MII. "Eh," said Mysie, looking against a dark ground. Every time Gourlay raised his no harm in Allan—though when his of Hoochan-doe. Hoochan-doe's a large round him—partly because their head to live took her at the age of sixty (for the first time in her life) to the top of MII. "Eh," said Mysie, looking against a dark ground. Every time Gourlay raised his no harm in Allan—though when his of Hoochan-doe. Hoochan-doe's a large round him—partly because him around him—partly because their homage pleased him and partly because he loved anything whatever their head to live took her at the age of sixty (for the first time in her life) to the top of MII. "Said Mysie, looking head heave with their homage pleased him and partly because he loved anything whatever their came out of Barbie. There was no harm in Allan—though when his of Hoochan-doe's a sixty (for the first time in her life) to the top of MII. "Said Mysie, looking head her heave with their homage pleased him and partly because he loved anything whatever their heave were here. The large round him—partly because here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here were here. The large round him—partly because here here were here. The large round here have been here. The large you want? You should be damned glad of the chance! I mean to make ye a minister—they have plenty of money and little to do—a grand easy and little to do—a g money and little to do—a grand easy sire to Fechars or Poltandie, or oh, he was cowering at the bigness of the a habit of sitting till three in rare joy!-to the city on the Clyde. To world. Folded nooks in the hills swept morning, staring at the dead fire in go farther, and get the length of Edin-burgh, was dangerous, because you then the open straths where autumnal the was sittin came back with a halo of glory round waters gave a pale gleam to the sky. your head which banded your fellows Sodden moors stretched away in vast of escape from the wretched life he had together in a common attack on your pretensions. It was his lack of preof rain blotted the world, penning him

Jock Allan, asking him to come and To John the command was not only tension to travel, however, that banded in with his dejection. He seemed to dine. tyrannical, but treacherous. There them against young Gourlay. "Gunk" be rushing through unseen space, with had been nothing to warn him of a and "chaw" are the Scots for a bitter coming change, for Gourlay was too and envious disappointment which contemptuous of his wife and children shows itself in face and eyes. Young to inform them how his business stood, Gourlay could never conceal that enpeated the question all the way to Ed-Industry wison, it is too, piped the Deacon, turning with a grin, and a gleaming droop of the grin, and a gleaming droop of the street wison. John had been brought up to go into the business, and now, at the last moeye on the head of his tormented ment he was undeceived, and ordered sters noted his weakness with the unoff to a new life, from which every in- erring precision of the urchin to mark Ha, ha, Mr. Gourlay, where are you and quick with the excitement of the stinct of his being shrank afraid. He simple difference of character. Now going to?" was cursed with an imagination in ex- the boy presses fiendishly on an inticess of his brains, and in the haze of mate discovery in the nature of his physical impression which won him to here presented in the place of pride. It the future he saw two pictures with friends, both because it gives him a Barbie that repelled him from the uncanny vividness—himself in bleak new and delightful feeling of power outer world. The scenes round Barbie, lodgings raising his head from Virgil, over them, and also because he has not so vividly impressed, were his friends to wonder what they were doing at learned charity from a sense of his de- because he had known them from his home to-night, and, contrasted with ficiencies, the brave ruffian having birth; he was a somebody in their that loneliness, the others, his cronies, none. He is always coming back to midst and had mastered their familiarlaughing along the country roads be- probe the raw place, and Barbie boys ity; they were the ministers of his neath the glimmer of the stars. They were always coming back to "do a mind. Those other scenes were his would be having the fine ploys while gunk" and "play a chaw" on young foes because, realizing them morbidly he was mewed up in Edinburgh. Must Gourlay by boasting their knowledge in relation to himself, he was cowed he leave loved Barbie and the House of the world, winking at each other the by their big indifference to him, and with the Green Shutters, must be still while to observe his grinning anger. felt puny, a nobody before them. And drudge at books which he loathed, They were large on the wonders they he could not pass them like more mannust he venture on a new life where had seen and the places they had been ly and more callous minds; they came to, while he grew small (and they saw burdening in on him whether he would "It's a shame!" he cried. "And I it) in envy of their superiority. Even or no. Neither could he get above refuse to go. I don't want to leave Swipey Broon had a crow at him. For them. Except when lording it at Barsame mind o't. Wilson's by far and Barbie! I'm feared of Edinburgh"— Swipey had journeyed in the company bie he had never a quick reaction of knowing us Barbie boys would be away the most progressive man we and there he stopped in conscious im- of his father to far-off Fechars, yea the mind on what he saw; it possesshave. What a business he has built in potence of speech. How could he ex- even to the groset-fair; and came back ed him, not he it. plain his forebodings to a rock of a with an epic tale of his adventures. He About twilight, when the rain had half tumbler of whiskey, and how of our carriers who died of lockjaw had been in fifteen taverns, and one ceased, his train was brought up with many more he had I really should not had such a circumbendibus in his body, fusing to supply him gin); one Pepper's ed not unnatural to young Gourlay on him whatever. And then he smokthe Earth; also in the precincts of one past like a panorama in a dream. But 'damn it' says he-he's an awful man mere recollection of that home of the and gazing at it closely through a win- Best Quality, and when I was in last glories of the earth. And then he would dow! Two plaughmen from the farm- Saturday night getting an ounce of trayed the hell of wrath seething with- business would be a poor heritage for young Gourlay-for Swipey, though his the end of the croft; he could hear the corner, I asked the price of 'these Skeighan an observant boy said to his look for another opening. The boy had a Celtic contempt for brute facts of it) made by the big hoofs on the the bodie. Just imagine Jock Allan Skeighan an observant boy said to his look for another opening. The boy mother, "I saw the marks of his chirt-gave no sign of aggressive smartness that cripple the imperial mind. So squashy head-rig. "Bauldy" was the smoking eighteenpence—and not being well did he expatiate that young Gourname of the shorter ploughman, so satisfield! He's up in the world since But they were still far from Skeig- pull the thing together. Better make lay would slink home to his mother yelled to by his mate, and two of the he used a shaw turnips at Loranogie him a minister. Surely there was and say, "Yah, even Swipey Broon has horses were "Prince and Rab" just like for sixpence a day! But he'll come "Did ye hear?" shouted Brodie, "that enough money left about the House been to Fechars, though my father 'ull a pair in Loranogie's stable. In the down as quick if he keeps on at you no allow me!" "Never mind, dear," curtainless window of the farmhouse rate. He made a great phrase with she would soothe him, "when once shone a leaping flame, not the steady me, but though it keeps down one's ask a man when his book will be out, you're in the business, you'll gang glow of a lamp, but the tossing bright- weekly bill to get a meal like yon-I as to ask a woman when she'll be de-"What a successful lad that has sorry to lose her son, was so pleased a'where. And nut wan o' them has sic ness of a fire, and thought he to him- declare I wasn't hungry for two days—

her own account, but when I offered to gets north of Carlisle he shouts with pleasant and homely, and the enclosing ended when Gourlay came and whisk- "It often succeeds by the me sound her, she wouldn't heart of it— glee as each remembered object sweeps cosiness shut out the black roaring ed her away. But she remained the of it. It's the timid man that 'Na,' she cried, 'I'll keep it to mysell!' on the sight; yonder's the Nith with a world that threatened to engulf his romance of his life. Now in his gross bites. Run at him and he run -and put her arm across her breast as fisherman hip-deep figging at his rod, personality. His spirits rose, ever and jovial middle-age he idealized her in memory (a sentimentalist, of course than the table, admiring the ing some complaint! Only a woman on his brow. It is less the totality of whose mind was weak with disease the place than the individual feature of his lugubrious time. could have been so callous as you that pulls at the heart, and it was the If he had been an able man he might "Oh, her mind's weak enough," said Gourlay. With intellect little or none, Sandy Toddle. "It was always that! he had a vast sensational experience, But it's only because Gourlay has and each aspect of Barbie was working entering the portals of a University; that reason he had a curious kindness from piercing to his hollown tyraneezed her verra soul. I'm sur- in his blood and brain. Was there they feel themselves inadequate to prised, however, that he should be ever a Cross like Barbie Cross; was cope with the wisdom of the ages garncareless of the girl. He was aye said there ever a burn like the Lintie? It ered in the solid walls. They envy alike thought he was doing him a good ed to play the game of bluff, "Men-folk are often like that about ing to Skeighan in the train; it was charlatan (to whom professors are a lassie-weans," said Johnny Coe. "They grand to jouk round Barble on the set of fools), and the easy mastery of nichts at e'en! Even people whom he the man of brains. They have a cowthey're wee, but when once they're big did not know he could locate with ering sense of their own inefficiency. pretty misses.-And, to tell the truth, as one of that rotten crowd from the of the waves. But ere you breast the Barbie was in subjection to the mind inie (who rarely left the studies in po- dash about Barbie in a gig with a big complish. His mind, finding no solace litical economy which he found a so- dog walloping behind, his coat collar lace for his thwarted powers) happen- high about his ears, and the reek of a meerschaum pipe floating white and plete he might have loafed in the comnothing till others had their say. Then he shook his head. and sordid nonsense about home—that average intelligence, and cushions it had been his ideal. His father, he against the world. But in Gourlay ideal, and now he forbade it, like the ness to physical impression, which brute he was. From the earth in kept him fretting and stewing, and

he had forbidden him to know. His heart presaged disaster. Old Gourlay would have scorned the thrust themselves forward on his nontimentality of seeing him off from tice. We hear of poor genius cursed the station, and Mrs. Gourlay was too with perceptions which it can't exhad offered to convoy him, but when impressions which he couldn't intellecthe afternoon came she was down with tualize. With little power of thought. "The fault of young Gourlay," quoth a racking cold. He was alone as he he had a vast power of observation; groomed and well supplied, but for burgh was offensive and depressing, he once in his life not a swaggerer was constantly depressed—the more though the chance to swagger was because he could not understand. At unique. He was pointed out as Barbie his life, though equally void "Young Gourlay off to the College." But he had no pleasure in the role, for

He took the slow train to Skeighan, where he boarded the express. Few sensational experiences were unknown to his too-impressionable mind, and he knew the animation of railway travelling. Coming back from Skeighan in an empty compartment on was a most untravelled sprig when his nights of the past, he had sometimes handle carrots with her frozen fingers, father packed him off to the Univers- shouted and stamped and banged the the nerves of savages and Englishmen on Bank Holidays. But any anima- he could not see them in their due rewas soon expelled by the slow uneasi- like the able; they were always recur-"Wants to gang to Fechars, ness welling through his blood. He had ring and suggesting woe. If he fied who had been a peasant lad delighted bodies were keen to hear. 'What' indeed! Let him bide at home," he no eager delight in the unknown coun- to his room, he was followed by his try rushing past; it inspired him with morbid sense of an unpleasant world. no companion but his own foreboding. "Where are you going to?" asked his

It was the same sensitiveness to

hotel (a temperance hotel where old a jerk between the stations. While like to say! And he must be used to that we froze him and made him the Brown bashed the propiretor for re- the rattle and bang continued it seem- it, too, for it seemed to have no effect Ghost; one Wild Beasts' Show; one (though depressing) to be whirling ed and smoked-two great big cigars and iron was scarce." Exhibition on the Fattest Woman on through the darkening land; it went after we had finished eating, and then jail, where Mr. Patrick Brown was in the dead pause following the noise to swear-'damn it' he says, 'there's cruelly incarcerated for wiping the floor he thought it "queer" to be sitting here no satisfaction in cigars; I must have with the cold refuser of the gin. "Crif- in the intense quietude and looking at a pipe," and he actually smoked four fens! Fechars!" said Swipey for a a strange and unfamiliar scene-plant- pipes before I came away! I noticed graphical knowledge, would have talktwelvemonth after, stunned by the ed in its midst by a miracle of speed the cigars were called 'Estorellasbegin to expatiate for the benefit of house near the line were unyoking at shag at the wee shoppie round the name was the base Teutonic Brown, muddy noise ("splorroch" is the Scotch Estorellas.' 'Ninepence a piece!' said self, "They're getting the porridge for for all that I'll go very little about him. get away from the confounded thing. to the wife of Drucken Webster. Mrs. to boast of it at home, young Gourlay homely interior in the dancing fire-ones!" be a cutting of his heart strings. Each were, and would have like to know that comes back to hit the emitting everything I think. I never light on a feature of it, town and landward, was them. Yes, it was "queer," he thought, skull with a hint of its kindred wooda crony of old years. In a land like that he who left Barble only a few "Huts!" said Brodie, "it's just a Barbie of quick hill and dale, of hours ago should be in intimate mo- than the written of. Allan was a big- gaged on a big subject all your think-

"Indeed!" said the Provost. "That'll She seemed anxious to consult me on the mists. And that is why when he firelight dancing on the tea things was land, but his little romance was soon

conscious of a vast depression when ant and pathetic memory. was blithe and heartsome to go birl- the smiling sureness of the genial through the sea of learning was more

in work, was left to prey upon itself. If he had been the ass total and comthought angrily, had encouraged the was a rawness of nerve, a sensitivewhich he was rooted so deeply his fa- never allowed him to lapse on a slugther tore him, to fling him on a world sish indifference.

Though he could not understand things, he could not escape them; they

of mental interest, was solaced by surroundings which he loved. In Edinburgh his surroundings were appalling to his timid mind. There was a greengrocer's shop at the corner of the street in which he lodged, and he never passed it without being conscious of its trodden and decaying leaves. They were enough to make his morning foul. The middle-aged woman, who had to was less wretched than he who saw cushions till the dust flew, in mere joy her, and thought of her after he went made him squirm. He could not toss them aside like the callous and manly; tion of the kind which he felt to-day lation, and think them unimportant, He was sitting at 9 o'clock one even-

ing, wondering if there was no means

CHAPTER XVII.

That dinner was a turning point in young Gourlay's career. It is lucky into the hands of the patient chronicler. It was sent by young Jimmy Wil--which is slightly mistakn-of Jock Allan, and an idea-which is very unmistakable-of young Wilson, it is were a pity not to give a human document of this kind all the honor in one's

"Dear mother," said the wee sma

Scoatchman-so the hearty Allan dub-

bed him-"Dear mother, I just write to inform you that I've been out to a warmer! I never saw a man eat so much in all my born days-but I suppose he would be having more on his purshoo?" table than usual, to show off a bit.

Criticism like that is a boomerang enness. It reveals the writer more an idea for the book!' If you are en tumbled wood and fell, each facet of mentary touch with a place and peo- ger man than you would gather from Wilson's account of his Garantuan matics-a gift which crops up, like

Allan had been in love with young ously wrong with you woman's health! Ben Agray to nod recognition through he was master; it reassured him. The was a gay young fliskie at Tenshilling- the table. Allan was proud of him.

cosiness shut out the black roaring ed her away. But she remained the of it. It's the timid man that The morrow, however, was the first -he was Scotch); he never saw her in that had snubbed Tozer with her scraggy misery to be disillusioned; But his musing remark rang to him she was still the wee bit lair- young Gourlay. By Jove individual feature that pulled at young have found a place in his classes to die's dochter, a vision that had dawn- thought that himself, so he console him. Many youngsters are ed on his wretched boyhood, a pleas- was a hollow thing, he knew to her boy. That was why he intro- son of his courageous sire (w

turn.

It was true that Allan made a phrase with a withered wisp of hu- with a shock of pleasure the manity like young Wilson. Not that youngster heard great Allan he failed to see through him, for he forth. He burned to let him k christened him "a dried washingclout." But Allan, like most greathearted Scots far from their native fluffy of its circling down, the t place, saw it through a veil of senti- a banquet of the gods. For t ment; harsher features that would time in their lives they heard have been ever-present to his mind if (such as they were) flung round Old Bleach-the-boys, the bitter dom- of the son of the important man. To than heavy-headed Gourlay could ac- he had never left it, disappeared from royally. They yearned to sho view, and left only the finer qualities they were thinkers, too. And G bright within his memory. And ideal- was fired with the rest. izing the place he idealized its sons. To him they had a value not their own, just because they knew the brig and Allan, opening his usual walled the burn and the brae, and had sat stories when the dinner was in upon the school benches. He would swing .- At a certain stage of the have welcomed a dog from Barbie. It ing "I heard a good one" was the was from a like generous emotion that he greeted the bodies so warmly on displayed no wish to hear the his visits home-he thought they were one" he was huffed.-"Bauldy wa as pleased to see him, as he was to in Edinburgh," he went on, "and I see them. But they imputed false mo- him near the Scott monument and

tives to his hearty greetings. Even as him to Lockhart's for a dram. they shook his hand the mean ones would think to themselves: "What of old Will Overton. I wasn't does he mean by this, now? What's by the bye, that Will was dead feckless to propose it for herself. Janet press; poor Gourlay was cursed with he up till? No doubt he'll be wanting Bauldy told me. 'He was a greated by the state of the stat something off me!" They could not low my friend Will, he rang understand the gusto with which the you deep voice of his. returned exile cried "Aye man, Jock mark of his Maker was wet in the Tamson, and how are ye?" They of him.' Man, it made a quiv thought such warmth must have a sinister intention .- A Scot revisiting his native place ought to walk very quiet- | phrase-maker for the last forty ly. For the parish is sizing him up.

There were two things to be said Scots peasant has the gift. against Allan, and two only-unless, of Englishmen talk, you would the tion. Wit with him was less the mowine. And it tickled his vanity to ing beans." have a crowd of admiring youngsters round him to whom he might retail his said Allan. Tarmillan had to anecdotes, and play the brilliant raconthem-yet he wanted another entourage. He was one of those middle-aged bachelors who like a train of young- spree. He kept his mouth shut sters behind him, whom they favor in return for homage. The wealthy man to act the jovial host to sons of petty magnates from his home. Batch after

the low of sense and brains would have found in this lover of books and a bottle not a bad comrade. But he was the worst of cronies for a weak swag- to God, sirs, a nervous man loo gerer like Gourlay. For Gourlay, admiring the older's man's jovial power, was led on to imitate his faults, to think them virtues and a credit-and he lacked the clear cool head that kept Allan's faults from flying away with him.

At dinner that night there were several braw braw lads of Barbie Water. that a letter describing it has fallen There was Tarmillan the doctor (a son of Irrendavie), Logan the cashier, Fozer the Englishman, old Parton—a son to his mother. As it gives an idea guileless and enquiring mind—and of the Scotch peasantry?" said Al half-adozen students raw from the more to keep the blades from bicke West. The students were of the kind than from any wish to know. that goes up to College with the hayseed sticking in its hair. Two are in a colonial cabinet now, two are in the a voice, timorous and wheezy, awa

poor house. So they go. Tarmillan was the last to arrive. He came in sucking his thumb into which he had driven a splinter while conducting an experiment.

"I've a morbid horror of lockjaw," grand dinner at Jock Allan's. He met he explained. "I never get a jag from me on Prince's street, and made a a pin but I see myself in the shape of great how-d'ye-do. 'Come out on a hoop, semicircular, with my head on Huh! What right has he to set up Thursday night, and dine with me, one end of a table my heels on the pipe? says he, in his big way. So here I went other, and a doctor standing on my out to see him. I can tell you he's a navel trying to reduce the curvature." "Gosh!" said Partan, who was a literal fool, "is that the treatment they

"That's the treatment!" said Tammillan, sizing up his man. "Oh. it's a writing home about it all. And drink! queer thing, lockjaw! I remember D'ye know?-he began with a whole when I was gold mining in Tibet, one hoop of a busket to carry our water in. You see he was a thin bit man, ceased to care a rap for the s "Aye man!" cried Parton, "you've been in Tibet?"

"Often," waved Tarmillan, "often! I used to go there every summer.' Partan, who liked to extend his geoed of Tibet for the rest of the evening -and Tarmie would have told him

news-but Allan broke in "How's the book, Tarmillan?" he enquired. Tarmillan was engaged on a treatise which those who are competent to judge consider the best thing of its kind ever written.

"Oh, don't ask me," he writhed. "Man, its' an irksome thing to write, and to be asked about it makes you squirm. It's almost as offensive to livered. I'm glad you invited me-to It's become a blasted tyrant. A big devours the brain. I neglect my other work for that fellow of mine; he bags new thing, but 'Hullo!' I cry, 'here's ing works into it or out of it.'

"M' yes," said Logan, "but that's a swashing way of putting it." said Allan, "that it sates too much in -and from ploughboy and herd he had trying to be small. Tozer, what do "I never was engaged on a big sub-

"We're aware o' that!" said Tarmillan.

Tozer went under, and Tarmillan had "Courage is the great thing," said he.

And for buckram pretence prevented the duced him to his boon companions. He equally admired and feared) has front was half the battle. H worked out his little theory, and

he had thought that, too. To the youngsters, fat of fa

"I heard a very good one the day from old Bauldy Johnston, variable keynote of his talk. If remember what a friend he used down my spine."

"Oh, Bauldy has been a said Tarmillan. "But every course, you consider drink an objec- lyle was unique for the word that the picture home-they give th ment's glittering flash than the the credit of his race. But I've anecdotal bang; it was a fine old fifty times better than 'willowy crusted blend which he stored in the in the stable a-hame on a wat cellars of his mind to bring forth on hairst-fifty things better!-fro suitable occasions, as cob-webby as his just sitting on the cornkists and co "I know a better one than

story, you observe, but Allan teur. He had cronies of his own years accustomed to saying "I know and he was lordly and jovial amongst | ter one than that," that it escaped before he was aware. when Bauldy went off to Paris he came back, for he was ashamed o' the outburst. Bu incense like in Notre Dame? Johnny Coe with his e'en big. 'Bur

"I can cap that with a better 'Damn ye, would ye threaten cried Bauldy. 'I'll gar your jaup red to the heavens!' And, I to see if the clouds werena spa with the gore!"

Tozer cleared a sarcastic windr "Why do you clear your throat that?" said Tarmillan-"like a with the croup, on a bare against a grey sky in November! had a throat like yours, I'd cut it be done wit't.'

"I wonder what's the cause of "It comes from a power of see. things vividly inside your mind," sa

What cockerel was this crowing? They turned and beheld the blushi

Gourlay. But Tarmillan and Tozer again, and he was snubbed. Jin Wilson sniggered, and the youngsters enjoyed his disco His shirt stuck to his back. He

have liked the ground to ope swallow him. He gulped a huge swill of to cover his vexation-and, mighty difference! A sudden flooded his veins. He turned scowl on Wilson, and, "What

are you sniggering at?" he Logan, the only senior who the by-play, thought him young spunkie. The moment the whiskey ha ed the cockles of his heart

Drink deadened his nervou tion of the critics on his right and set him free to follow disturbed. It was an idea cherished-being one of ever occurred to him. He phrases himself-though enough, his father often knowing it-the harsh gri character producing a flash visualization-or of "seein the inside of his head," as h and vanity prompted the that this was the faculty that the metaphor. His theory clear and eloquent before was realizing for the first time life (with a sudden joy in the vovery) the effect of whiskey loose the brain; sentences ing through his brain with that thrilled. If he had the ea company, now he had the hearten him, he would show

blasted fool! In a room by hi would have spouted to the emp Some such point he had read the hurrying jumble of his th when Allan addressed him Allan did not mean his guest snubbed. He was a gent heart, not a cad like Tozer, a boy was the son of a girl whose he remembered in the gloaming

and the rest that he wasn't

Tenshillingland. "I beg your pardon, John," in heavy benevolence-he had that stage-"I beg your pardor afraid you was interrupted Gourlay felt his heart a lump thrat, but he rushed into speech.

(To be continued.)

No. 38.

Hotel at Niag

and Inju (Special to the Grand Forks, Nov. outrage ever perpetrate

ary district happened ast night at Niagara arties blew up the C hat town with dynan named Louise King, Italian, whose name injuring nine other pe Three boxes of dyna which was obtained

the store house of Co

Dr. W. H. Dickson

arly this morning a

vorst wounded victim

When the blast occu

WARDENS WILL PRI REPORT TO

Meeting Last Night D creases in Salaries are Need

(From Tuesday "Something must be the condition of the partment, both as equipment," said Ald. man of the fire warde "It may be necessary to do it, and if the dens are re-elected at tion they will press f extra fire protection. fire hall across the

equipment at the Yate

Positions. Chief Engineer Superintendent Fire Al Master Mechanic Captain Hydrant Man ruckman ssistant Chief Engineers

BELONG TO SCHOONE GEORGE,

Canadian Government In Behalf of Men Who Imprison

(From Tuesday Captain Matt Ryan this city, who three ye rested by the Urug charge of hunting seal limits, is having the South American i e remembered that o sion the captain was the Agnes Donohue, a vned by Capt. S. Bal The Donohue, it afterw was illegally seized wh torial water, was take and there held for sev captain and crew be while detained as priso