

### THE PIPE-MAJOR'S DAUGHTER

It was 8 o'clock precisely by the dial on the tower in the Crown Square of Edinburgh castle. Eight o'clock, and a raw, miserable morning; one of those November horrors on which the strains of "Johnnie Cope" arouse wrath in the breasts of those they compel to leave bed. The sentry pacing before the hospital noted the hour with evident satisfaction, and nodded a cheery "Good morning" to the orderly bugler, as the latter came leisurely through the covered way leading from the Sergeants' mess.

The bugler looked up at the clock, then, raising the bugle to his lips, blew a blast that made the square re-echo, and sent the "orderly men," as the soldiers are termed who have to act as general servants for the day, full tilt for the several cook-houses. A minute later and the breakfast pipers were heard skirling "coffice up" in the distance, and with the sound the men dismissed from morning parade rushed into the square, en route for the various barrack rooms.

The bugler was still standing at the mouth of the archway, when he heard a step behind him.

"Hello, Mac," he said, turning, "what are you on?"

"Prisoners' rations," replied Mac, who was laden with some dozen haversacks and as many canteens. "I think the hale o' B Company'll sune be in the guard room if hey gang on at this rate."

"Yist'ryday was pay-day, ye see," returned the bugler, grinning. "They're a drunk, I expect."

"A' but ane, an' he's the last man I ever thocht to see in the guard room wi' sic a crime against him."

"Who is it?"

"Bob McLaren."

The bugler whistled.

"What's his crime?" he asked.

"Stolen a watch, frae the pipe-major; a gold ane, too, at that."

"Get out!"

"It's true. The pipe-major an' his wife were oot last night, an' Bob was seen comin' oot o' their quarters just afore they cam' hame. He deens deny bein' there, but says he kens naething about the watch. It looks ugly for him."

"Ugly or no," burst out the bugler, angrily, "there's nae power o' man that can mak' me believe that Bob McLaren could steal. Man, it's no in him."

"Well, that may be. Ye ken him better than I dae. There's ae queer a thing about it, though."

"What's that?"

"The dochter. Elsie was in the house at the time, an' she neither saw nor heard any thing o' Bob."

"She's been sleepin', maist like."

"Her father says so: an' though she's a grey haughty madam, I dinna think he wad tell a lie about her."

"But what on earth could Bob have been wantin' there?" asked the bugler, in the tone of one utterly puzzled. "He deens drink, an' he canna hae gone wrong in the min' at all."

"I don't know; but I think I'm wrang in the min' to stan' ble therein till the coffee gets cauld. There'll be a file o' the guard up for me afore I can slap canteens, an' he set off at his best speed across the square."

"Tell Bob I'll come doon an' see him after guard-mountain," shouted the bugler after him.

"A' richt," and the ration-carrier vanished in the direction of the stair below Mons Mag.

Relieved from duty on the mounting of the new guard, Bugler Scott took his way to the guard room, intent upon seeing McLaren, and if possible eliciting some explanation of the latter's behavior. In this he was frustrated by no feeling of idle curiosity. The two men were close comrades and friends, and Scott felt that if an explanation were forthcoming at all he was the likeliest man in the regiment to obtain it.

He found the prisoners—such of them, that is, as had not been confined on the previous night for drunkenness—absent, they having been sent to pass the doctor prior to appearing before the Colonel in the orderly room.

"Man, Scott," said one of the guards as the bugler seated himself on a bench to await the return of the prisoners, "but this is an ugly scrape your chum has got himself intil. It'll be a district court-martial for him."

"Maybe," replied Scott, dryly, "an' maybe na. A regiment aye might dae—or nae at a'."

"Ye don't think he did it, then?"

"No, I don't."

"What was he daein' in the pipe-major's quarters ava?" asked another of the guard. "If it werna that the dochter's sic a darty lass I wad thocht he'd gane to see her. He has a notion o' her, I ken, but she wadna look at a non-com, far less a private."

This was news to Scott, and something like a light shone on his face as he repeated:

"A notion o' wha? Elsie Bain?"

"A' ye're bonnie enough, is she no?"

Scott did not answer. But what he had heard set him thinking—a process that lasted till the prisoners, to the number of six or seven, were marched into the guard room.

Among them was McLaren, a tall and strikingly handsome young man of about 25. With his erect bearing and frank, fearless face, he looked of all there the very last to stoop to such an act as theft.

Scott followed him into the prisoners' room, and placing his hands on the other's shoulders turned him full to the light. The two men were nearly equal in height, so that the keen blue eyes of the bugler were able to search the brown eyes of the prisoner.

The latter met the scrutiny unflinchingly. But though Scott found no sign of guilt in that answering look, there was pain enough in it to awaken his keener sympathy for the other's trouble, whatever it might be. He noticed, too, that his comrade's face was very pale, and the lines of his mouth were drawn and hard.

"What's a' this about, Bob?" asked the bugler at last.

A faint smile crossed Bob's face.

"It's about a watch, Dick," he said.

"Bother the watch," was the impatient answer: "ye had naething to dae wi' it."

The prisoner's pale face flushed, as with a quick movement he grasped the speaker's hand.

"But what I want to ken," went on Scott, "is what ye gane up there for. You were there, ye no?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"I can't tell you, Dick."

Scott stared at him in incredulous surprise.

"D'ye mean to tell me that you'll let this gang on without tryin' to clear yourself?"

"There is no other way."

He spoke with a calmness that approached resignation, but the twitching of his lip told how deeply he felt the shame and ignominy of his position.

"Look here, Bob McLaren," said Scott, speaking slowly and earnestly, "we twa have been chums for three years now, an' never had a quarrel. Ye refused promotion time after time, though ye're fitter for't than any non-com. in the regiment. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Ay, weel, a' at a change, since we cam' to Edinburgh ye hae changed your min', an' for some reason or tither hae gane in for promotion heart and soul. What was that reason?"

Bob was silent.

"Ye needna speak," went on the bugler, quietly; "I think I ken already."

The other started, and flashed at the speaker a glance of keen inquiry.

"The pipe-major cam' frae the depot to join us when we arrived here three months syne, and," he added dropping the words as if they had been stones, "his wife and dochter cam' wi' him."

"Now," continued Scott, "it strikes me that the reason why ye gied in for promotion an' the cause o' this silly silence are no' far frae lik' tither. The question comes to be is aye or baith o' them worth losin' your character, no' to speak o' stannin a court-martial? Come on, comrade, speak out, and gie me a chance to clear ye. There's nae gotten an' if ye can explain what took ye there ye'll get air."

"I can't."

Before anything further could be said the voice of the sergeant of the guard was heard ordering the prisoners to fall in. Scott hurriedly wrung his companion's hand.

"I'll get at the bottom o' this yet Bob, in spite o' ye," he said.

Bob's eyes glistened, but he smiled and shook his head without speaking.

The orderly room reached, the prisoners were told off, one by one, till it came to Bob's turn. Mechanically obeying the word of command, he entered with his escort, and behind which sat the colonel, attended by a group of officers.

"Eh! What? stealing a watch?" ejaculated the colonel, when the adjutant had read over the charge. "Call the witnesses."

Pipe Major Bain entered and told all he knew, which was very little—simply that the watch had disappeared, and that the whole house had been searched without success in the effort to find it.

"Was there any one in your quarters during your absence—any of your family, I mean?"

"Yes, sir; my daughter."

"And she heard naething, knows naething of the prisoner's presence there?"

"Naething, sir."

"Is she here?"

"No. She left the house to pass the night with a friend in town, and has not come back yet."

"At what time did your wife and yourself return home?"

"About 7 o'clock."

"And when did your daughter leave?"

"Some twenty minutes afterwards."

"Um. You are sure she did not know that the prisoner was there?"

"Quite, sir. She would have raised an alarm at once, and would have told us on our return."

"That will do."

The next witness was a private. He had seen Private McLaren, with whom he was more than well acquainted, coming out of the pipe-major's quarters on the previous evening.

"At what time?"

"Twenty-minutes to seven, sir."

"Why are you so sure of the precise hour?"

"Because the defaulter's bugle sounded at the time, and I asked the drummer."

"Are you a defaulter?"

"No, sir."

"Um. That will do."

The evidence of the witnesses who followed went simply to confirm what had already been told, and as the last of them went out, the colonel leaned back in his chair and looked keenly at the prisoner.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Naething, sir."

The colonel was puzzled. There was that in the man's look and bearing that almost cried out for innocence, and yet what was he made of his presence in the pipe-major's quarters and obstinate refusal to explain facts regarding which the adjutant now enlarged the colonel's knowledge.

"You were there, you admit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Won't, you mean?"

"No, sir; not won't—I can't."

Again the colonel's piercing gray eyes rested on the pale face of the prisoner; a slow, scrutinizing gaze that would have tried severely anything at all approaching conscious guilt. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he turned to the adjutant.

"What character does this man bear?"

"One of the best in the regiment, sir."

"So. Well, my lad," turning to the prisoner, "there is something crooked in this business, and I may tell you that I'll have it put straight or know the reason why, and that as surely as my name is Macgregor. You are put back for twenty-four hours. When you come before me again see that you are prepared to speak out. If you do not it will be all the worse for yourself. I'll have no insubordination, either open or veiled, here. Take him away."

"Escort an' prisoner—left turn! Quick—march!" from the Sergeant Major, and Bob found himself without the orderly-room door.

Passing the Argyle Battery, the party met Scott, the bugler. He appeared about to follow them to the guard room, when his eyes fell upon the form of a girl advancing up the roadway, and who was no other than Elsie Bain.

The newcomer, a tall, lady-like young woman of about 19, whose face would have been inexpressibly winning had it not been for the disdainful expression it wore, looked up as she heard the measured tramp approach.

At first her glance was wholly one of careless indifference, but as it fell on the set, white face of Bob it changed to one of utter surprise, and even alarm. She stopped as though involuntarily, while her great blue eyes sought those of the prisoner questioningly.

He returned the look steadily, a sudden contraction of the forehead showing strong, brief, emotion. Then he smiled, and it seemed to her that the smile conveyed a promise of some sort.

She was still staring after the party when she heard her name spoken, and turning hastily, confronted Scott.

The bugler had observed the little scene and drawn his own conclusions. Ordinarily, he would not have ventured to address her, the orders against molesting any of the females resident in the castle being very strict. But just then he had a purpose to serve, and in its pursuit resolved on risk being reported.

"I see ye are surprised, Miss Bain," he said. "So am I, for that matter."

"Surprised by what?" she asked, coldly, her beautiful face regaining its old haughty air, under such a charge, "was the reply."

The tone was one of studied carelessness, but it was decidedly overdone, as Scott plainly saw.

"She kens something, or she's hidin' something," he thought. Then fixing his eyes full on her face he said aloud:

"Stealing a gold watch frae your father's quarters last night."

For an instant she appeared to be stupefied, then flushing angrily, exclaimed:

"He was not there last night."

"He was seen comin' out at twenty minutes to seven," was the steady reply.

A sudden light seemed to break on the girl. She started violently and her face whitened.

"How could it—could it have been him?" she whispered, as if to herself.

"The watch was missed after you left the castle," went on Scott, "an' this morning when Bob was up before the colonel, he wad tell naething but that he was there, and that he didna steal it. What he had gane there for he winna tell, court-martial or no court-martial. I dinna think he did it."

"And I know he did not," she cried, with so much sudden passion in her voice that her hearer was startled.

He had reason to be so. The girl's face had become suddenly transformed by some strong feeling into all that was sweet and womanly. The scornful look was gone, and the lustrous eyes shone with admiration and new tenderness.

Then before her surprised companion could speak, she had turned from him and was walking swiftly away. He looked after her thoughtfully and when he, too, left the spot it was with more liking for Elsie Bain in his heart than he had ever expected to feel.

Whatever Elsie's faults were, indecision was not one of them, for she at once sought her father.

"Father," she began hurriedly, "do you know if the colonel has left the castle yet?"

"No," he answered in some surprise, "he's in the orderly room with the Adjutant."

"Will you take me to him now?"

"What for?" Then noticing for the first time her growing agitation, he asked quickly, "Has it anything to do with that affair of McLaren's?"

"Yes, I can clear him."

"You can! Do you know who did it? Was anybody here last night to your knowledge?"

"Yes, Tom was," she replied, faintly.

Her father's brow grew black, and he seemed on the point of breaking out in rage. Then checking himself he said, with an odd touch of grim humor:

"You see what comes of disobeying orders—had up before the colonel like any other defaulter."

"Well, go to him now. Come."

Reaching the orderly room they found, to Elsie's great relief, that the colonel was alone, the adjutant having retired some minutes before.

"Well, Bain," he said, looking up as they entered, "what is it?"

"My daughter wants to speak to you, sir," replied the other, saluting.

Col. Macgregor glanced at the white face of the girl as she stood before him, and then said, kindly:

"Give her a chair. Now Miss Bain don't be afraid to speak out."

Elsie took the offered seat and began her story. Even her lips grew white as she went on with it, but not once did the clear eyes lose their steady light.

"I came to tell you," she said, "that Private McLaren did not commit the crime with which he is charged. He could not have done so, for at the very time he is said to have been in the house—"

"Did you see him?" interrupted the colonel, quickly.

"I did not."

"He was there, nevertheless; but go on."

"And for some time after he left it," continued Elsie, "I was in the room from which the watch must have been taken. It was lying on a table only five minutes before he left the house, and that was just before father came home."

"He! Of whom are you speaking?" again interrupted the colonel.

"Of her cousin, Tom Steel, my dead sister's son, and as thorough a rascal as ever lived," put in the pipe-major, hotly. "They were sweethearts until I found out what he was, and forbade him to speak to her or for her if she, at least, had followed my wishes."

"I don't think I ever really cared for him," said Elsie, falteringly. "I was only sorry for him, and I never thought he could be a thief."

"But," said the colonel, "that does not account for McLaren's presence. Can you explain that?"

Her face grew whiter at the question, but her answer was not withheld for a moment.

"Yes, sir. He liked me, and—and I let him come to see me once or twice when I was alone."

The colonel looked grave and her father's brow darkened. She cast a frightened glance at their faces and went on, hurriedly:

"It was wrong; but—but he was so gentle and kind that—"

Her voice broke. The strain was growing too great. They were silent, and with the strength of one urged on by desperation, she resumed:

"He must have come while Tom was there, and, seeing him, gone away without speaking."

"Ah, I see—jealousy," said the colonel.

"Now, Miss Bain, one more question. Do you like him—McLaren?"

Her face flushed hotly as she answered:

"I did not know till this morning; but when I heard that he was going to sacrifice

everything—I be branded as a thief and put in prison rather than say one word to as he is, and that cost me as it might, he should not stier innocently for my sake, he is better than I am."

"It was not spoken, and as they heard it before the sun, her father caught her to him and kissed her, while the colonel broke out warmly:

"You are a brave girl; the bravest I ever knew. Not ye woman in ten could have done what ye have just done. McLaren shall be liberated at once. His innocence shall be published in regimental orders, and I will be a friend to you both. Now, run home, child, ad calm yourself, while I talk to your father."

With a grateful glance at the face of the kind-hearted soldier, the now tearful girl went from her room. As the door closed behind her, the colonel spoke:

"You ought to be proud of that girl, Bain."

"I am proud of her, sir. She is a soldier's daughter."

"And what of your precious nephew?"

"I can recover the watch without public exposure, sir, I will do so for my sister's sake; if not, must go."

"Yes, that will be best. And, Bain—"

"Yes, sir."

"Not one rough word to that girl. I will have McLaren Color Sergeant as soon as they can, and then they can settle things for themselves."

They did. Color Sergeant McLaren has a wife, and no one knows exactly how he got Bugler Scott.

The pipe-major recovered his watch and has not seen his nephew's face since. He does not fret over it.

#### Woman's Inconsiderateness.

"That in public the average woman shows an inconsiderateness, a disregard for the ordinary courtesies of existence to a degree which is not anywhere nearly approached by the average man" is a statement which few will be bold enough to hazard. Such, however, is the cold-blooded assertion of Oscar Fay Adams, a contributor to the September *North American Review*. Mr. Adams protests against the popular opinion that "woman supplies the restraining, softening and refining influences at work in human society" and declares that "the code of manners followed in public by the average woman is disgracefully inconsiderate, superlatively selfish, and exasperatingly insolent, such a code, in fact, as would not remain in force among men in their intercourse with one another for one half hour." Four forms of rudeness are specified as characterizing woman in her intercourse with the world at large. "First, the indifference with which a woman will contemplate the fact that the convenience of others has been sacrificed to her caprice. Very observable in young women. Second, the needless delay a woman often causes in making her appearance when visitors have called upon her. Most conspicuously noticed among women who are no longer classed as girls. Third, the unwillingness of a woman to wait for another to finish speaking before beginning to speak herself. Characteristic of nearly all women. Fourth, woman's failure to recognize the importance of an engagement. Most noticeable among women who have the fewest social duties." Coming to public places Mr. Adams sees in woman the incarnation of selfishness and bad manners. She thrusts herself in before her turn at the ticket window of railway stations, stops heavily loaded porters to ask some trifling question which might as well be asked of another, says little spiteful things to annoy her associates, compels the shopkeeper to pull down an endless pile of goods when she has no intention of buying, insults the shop girls, needlessly blocks up those near her by the manner in which she carries her closed umbrella, in short, she acts as though others had no feelings or rights which she was bound to respect. Now it may be conceded that Mr. Adams has observed exceptional cases such as he has described, but, unfortunately, all women are not as refined and unselfish as could be desired, but that such instances of selfishness are sufficiently numerous to warrant the offensive epithet, used by Mr. Adams, "the mannerless sex," no one but perhaps the author of the article will be disposed to contend. One wonders where Mr. Adams has spent his life and upon what unfavorable lines he has fallen that he should be moved to traduce his sisters in the way he has done; what is the character of his own domestic relations, and whether he grew up under the helpful influences of a kind and good mother. The article throughout breathes the spirit of one embittered against the sex whose unique portrait he paints in colors so dark and prosaic.

#### The Kohinoor Diamond.

The pardon said to have been granted by Her Majesty to the Hindoo Prince Dhuleep Singh, ex-Maharajah of Lahore, who for many years has been wandering about among the courts of Europe, and cherishing meanwhile the most hostile feelings towards England, recalls the story of the Kohinoor diamond, once the property of the fallen prince, but now the chief among the crown jewels of England. According to Hindoo legend, this precious gem was found in a Golconda mine, and its possessors have with few exceptions been the rulers of Hindustan. After belonging successively to the Bahmani, Khilji, Lodi, and Mogul Kings, it came in 1839 into the hands of Nadir Shah, who gave it its present designation. From him it went to the Afghani monarchs of Afghanistan, the last of whom gave it to Runjeet-Singh the ruler of the Panjab. On the abdication of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and the annexation of the Panjab in 1849, it was surrendered to the Sovereign of Great Britain. It is said to have weighed originally 900 carats, but after being cut was reduced to 279 carats. It was reduced by re-cutting to 186 carats and in this state was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851; since which time it was again recut in 1852 and now weighs about 125 carats, and has been valued at £120,004. The Kohinoor is rose-cut.

#### Female Physicians.

In its review of the question of female physicians in the New England States, the *New England Monthly* presents a few facts that ought to be carefully weighed by every Canadian young woman who is looking forward to the medical profession as a means of earning a livelihood. The *Monthly* states that, though at one time the female doctors throughout New England could be counted by the hundreds, scarcely a town however small being unrepresented, there are not a score of medical women to-day in all New England who are making a decent living, and these, one half at least, are either non-graduates or are from irregular schools. It accounts for this failure on the part of the female doctors, mainly by the fact that their sisters, other women, persistently decline to employ their services; that these knowing their own physical inferiority, as well as the vast demand for physical strength that the medical profession enforces, prefer a doctor in whose reserve force they can rely in case of need. Whether this is the correct explanation or not is really of little consequence, the fact that so many have failed being the principal thing. And this is the fact for the prudent young woman to consider, not the question whether she has a right to enter the medical profession which is no longer debatable, but the more practical question whether her chances of success are sufficiently numerous to warrant her entering this field as a candidate for public patronage. It is a question of dollars and cents; in many instances, of bread and butter.

#### A Good Law.

The reforms within the State of New York have set themselves to put down smoking among the boys of that State. On the 1st inst. there came into force a law providing that no person under sixteen years of age shall be allowed to smoke in any street or other public place. That this prohibition is founded on reason and the best interests of society will be admitted by all who have any confidence in the findings of modern medical science. No reputable physician can be found to-day who will contend that smoking is good for a growing boy. On the contrary the opinion is universal among medical men that not until the body is mature can smoking be indulged in without harm; while in no case can it be said that at no time it is absolutely harmless. Besides the testimony of physicians experience has demonstrated its injurious effects. In Germany the habit which had become well-nigh universal among the boys was found to be exercising an influence so prejudicial on the rising race as to render restrictive legislation on the subject necessary. Though only a few years in operation the beneficial results of the law are already manifesting themselves. With the sights so frequently seen upon our streets of young boys, often those who have not yet reached their teens, puffing away at cigarette or pipe one could hardly wish that other legislators than those of Germany and New York might be induced to pass an Anti-Juvenile Smoking Law. The penalty of the New York law is a fine of two dollars or twenty-four hours in jail. Concerning this the *Mail* thinks that a better method of punishing a boy for smoking would be to make him smoke—under medical direction—a number of specially prepared cigars, to which it adds, "Some of the cigars commonly current at our tobacconists' counters would scarcely need any preparation for the purpose."

#### Is Cancer Increasing?

The disturbing announcement is made that cancer is increasing in all civilized countries. According to the opinion of a surgeon in an English cancer hospital this increase is due to the greater nervous pressure of the last twenty-five years. The struggle for life and position has become more intense than ever, and attended by higher nervous excitement. Now in many cases cancer is caused by mental distress, indeed this authority claims that where there is no mechanical exciting cause the disease is always of nervous origin, hence with increased nervous pressure cancer must increase; and he adds, "until society engages into some calmer sea,—or until the conditions under which men and women now commence their voyage are materially improved—a progressive increase in the prevalence of cancer duly proportionate to the growing severity of the struggle for existence, may be predicted as a matter of course." In the light of the wisdom of Matt. vi. 34, is it apparently manifest: "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

#### The first Parliament of Japan under the new constitution.

The first Parliament of Japan under the new constitution is announced to meet in November. Politically, it will be a motley crowd consisting of the Progressive Party, the Radical, the Patriotic, the Conservative, and the old-fashioned Liberal, or less definite. Every member elected is expected at least to be present. If he does not attend the session within a week of its opening, he is to be expelled. No member may absent himself from the sittings without the president's leave, and that leave cannot be for more than a week. The House may by vote extend the leave, but not for an indefinite period. Any violation of this rule will render the member liable to expulsion. Evidently, the citizens of the flower Kingdom do not propose that their representatives shall enjoy the honor without the labor of a place among the nation's Solons.

#### A rather unique request was received.

the other day by Montreal's acting mayor from a company of miners in Arizona who desired that official to send out a consignment of wives to them. The letter calls for young women between fourteen and twenty, and says that numbers of offers await them, estimated by \$3,000 in cash, and that an advance will be made to cover transportation charges. The question of compatibility does not appear to have entered into their calculations unless indeed the stipulation that they should be under twenty is meant to signify that by securing young wives their wills would be the more easily bent. The acting mayor, however, has declined the honor and has instructed the city clerk to reply that he is not the head of a matrimonial agency, and does not feel like organizing a society for the furnishing of wives to miners.