Gneiph Evening Mercury FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 12. 1873

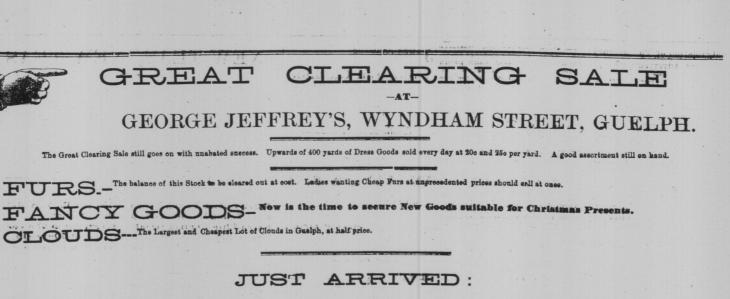
The Rival Clansmen A Scottish Vendetta.

CHAPTER XI.

dame." "No, no; Ned, save me !" exclaimed Flora, recoiling from him. And almost as soon as she had spoken, Ned Gordon's form interposed between them, and, gazing sternly at Cameron, he said

said— "' Juist dinna ye repeat that trick, my man. Ye'll no get leave tae shove about the auld wife that wye as lang as am as-ide her; an 'as for the young miss, she may be whan sic fikes; but she'll gang the deevil a stap wi' you afore ye kou better what wye tao use her when ye hae her."

International of Gordon was so decided, and Cameron was in eirannisances so peculiar, this he knew not how to act; and while he stood, and hesitated the old woman again advanced towards him, and, raising her staff, exclaimed, in her elser, abilitation of the staff, exclaimed, in her elser.



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