

UNCLE PAT.

Monsell divined his thoughts. "Pah!" he cried, cheerily, slapping him on the back; "but that nonsense out of your head, Robson. It is all right. Dye hear me? All right, I say. Dye know why I say it? Because Maggie herself told me two or three days ago that it would be better if she went away. That brute Pawkie over the way there worries her. Hugh worries her with his mad jealousy. She is worried all round. Someone must have advised her to go, and she has gone to let things right themselves."

"Whatever happens it is my fault," Robson whimpered.

"Aye, your fault. Speak that out, man. Speak out your thoughts, for they are honest ones, I swear. I know what you would say. You would say—'My girl loved me; my girl lived for me and worked for me. She was given to me to lead me, but I turned my back on her. Drink shut my heart against her, and made a brute of me.' Aye! your fault, Robson, but please God you and I are going to mend it. Too late, did you say? Not a bit of it. Just in the very nick of time. Always is. It is a curious thing, but just as we whimperers think the black cloud is going to choke us, out pops the silver lining and half blinds us. Man, it happened to me this very day."

"I'm about done, Mr. Monsell!"

"The old man is done, my good fellow, but the new one is coming! Pull yourself together! You are not alone. I am going to take this in hand at once—this very moment! So now! Quick march! We will walk back and tackle this business together. This is how it stands—" he went on when they reached the cottage.

"Every man starts in life with a plan chalked out for him. This is what he works from. What! yours has got robbed off somehow. That's all! We will chalk it out again and you will be able to understand the girl when she comes back. Hugh will come to his senses, and as for that fellow over the way—"

"Ah!" cries Robson, clutching his arm "Get rid of that beast first of all, Mr. Monsell! Get rid of him! He glowers at me everywhere. He grins at me from the walls, and I can't sweep him away! Get rid of him or there'll be mischief done! See! the boys are at him again!"

Rannoch folk express themselves frankly, and the small home-going band of school children, by way of keeping up this wholesome custom, were pelting Mr. Polleken's door with stones. Many a sly slap had they to score off against the cobbler, so the missiles, great and small, came readily to their young fingers and rattled merrily against the rickety door. One or two better aimed than the rest had already smashed through the small window, when Mr. Monsell's appearance stopped the fusillade and scattered the youngsters to their homes.

Ever since Mr. Polleken had so mysteriously set foot in Rannoch, he had consistently bullied poor Robson. For many a day it had been fine sport for the company in the tap room of the Macdonald Arms to pit the cobbler against the joiner and to hear how the cobbler's vituperative powers mastered the joiner's Latin. When real trouble came, though, Robson had the little world at his back, and when the little world shook its head and whispered foul play, why it forthwith boycotted Pawkie—so closely, too, that he scarcely dared peep through his window to see what was going on outside. He was in such sore straits when Monsell came to the rescue that it was only after considerable parleying that he was persuaded to unbar the door, and when it was at last unbarred Mr. Polleken, shrivelled up with fear, was not a pretty object.

"An awful business, Mr. Monsell!" he said, sitting down on the bench and wiping his brow with his apron.

"Likely to be for you!" replied Monsell, curtly.

"What have you heard, sir? What have you heard?"

"I have heard the stones rattling against your door, Polleken! That should be enough for you, I think!"

"But about her, Mr. Monsell? About her?" he went on in a hoarse whisper, shuffling the stool nearer. "Dye know it's a fact, when Sandy McCann, the piper, fell over the brig Halloween night—(he was fou, mind you, dead fou!), his bobby was found next day, in the niny pool. They were grappling for it all along there under Orag Var, but he was in the pool all the time. You'll know better than me, Mr. Monsell, being learned, how a bobby floats, but—Oh! Dye hear that? It's my belief those boys will have the house down."

"Listen to me, Polleken. I came in to give you a bit of advice, but I have no time to spare. Clear out of this as fast as you can. I have seen Robson, and I have heard what the village is saying. Away with you while you are safe."

"It is more than my life is worth to look outside, sir! Dye hear those stones?"

"Better face the stones than Hugh," he said tersely.

"Ah!" cried Polleken, wildly. "There it is! There's the awfulness of it! I daren't stop and I daren't go! But Hugh's at Dunan!"

"Don't you know he'll pounce down here like a tiger the moment he hears about this?"

"For God's sake keep that man off here, sir! He is not responsible. It is a fact, he is not responsible. Ah, Mr. Monsell, sir, it was Providence that sent you here! You came to see me out of this! Say you came to see me out of this!"

"How soon can you go?" Mr. Monsell asked, looking at his watch and contracting his eyebrows as if reckoning to the very moment how long it would be before Hugh appeared.

"Five minutes, sir! Three minutes!"

"All right! See that you are ready." It took a little longer than this, but in an inconceivably short space of time Mr. Monsell had requisitioned the grocer and his light spring cart and returned to the cobbler's shop. Then he helped to tumble in Mr. Polleken's small stock of boots and shoes, and finally Mr. Polleken himself, half paralyzed with fear, clutching his old Bible tightly under his arm by way of protection. Monsell covered his retreat, staff in hand he marched stolidly by the side of the cart to the end of the village, and the cobbler feeling safe under his protection began presently to perk up and assume a virtue he did not possess. Every step gave him courage. In a little he sat

up and glared defiantly at every suspicious corner which might conceal his tormentors. He even managed to phrase some high-flown thanks to his escort when they parted, without those quiverings and quakings he had shown in his shop.

Little thought he that Nemesis was waiting him behind the sawyer's post stack! Here, though, his young enemies lay in ambush, every one with a peat in his hand, to wipe out some private grudge. His unprotected appearance was signal for a terrific onslaught. They came very straight, those peats!—there was no dodging them. Twist and turn how he would he caught one somewhere, and at last one fell in the face at close quarters knocked him clean off his seat, and sent him sprawling amongst his own boots and shoes at the bottom of the cart. The driver lashed the pony into a gallop, and thus Mr. Polleken disappeared from Rannoch as mysteriously as he entered it.

But Maggie must be got back at once. If needs be Monsell would go and fetch her himself, but come back she must; so, after sending a woman from the inn to tidy up Robson's place, and to look after him till he returned, he hurried the coachman back as far as Tallybeathie, to interview Mr. Carstairs. If this gentleman spoke out, well and good; if not, there would be a bad five minutes for him. Mr. Carstairs had quite recovered himself; in fact, before he reached home he had satisfied himself that he had got rather the better of it with Mr. Monsell. At all events, he had kept his temper, and had elicited all he wanted to know. He should not take the initiative again—so when Mr. Monsell appeared he got up and gave him a friendly bow, as if nothing had happened, calmly prepared to receive the old gentleman's overtures with becoming reticence.

The first point-blank shot, however— "Do you know where Maggie Robson is?"—rather staggered him.

He answered promptly, though—"Certainly I do. She is with my sister, in Edinburgh. Ah! I thought you would find a surprise, Mr. Monsell!"

"Yes," Monsell replied, grimly; "the village is certainly surprised; he went on, with his self-satisfied air, "it was high time that something was done for the place. I took the responsibility of sending the girl away, and, by so doing, I verily believe I have saved the village from a drunken tragedy."

"It was a responsibility you had no right whatever to assume, Carstairs," said the old man, quietly.

"Pardon me if I say you must allow me to be the best judge about that."

"No! the act proves you to have been a bad judge. It was an unwarrantable liberty."

"Really, Mr. Monsell, I don't see by what authority you do that."

"I am an old man and you are a young one. You will recognize that authority; you must submit to be told that a gentleman's first duty is to show consideration for other people, whether they are rich or poor. Had I been in Robson's place you would never have dared do this. You could not have made a greater mess of it. Did you think for one moment, Carstairs, what motives might be ascribed to you? Did you think for one moment what the world might say of the girl? Did you think how those who wanted to throw a stone could do it now?"

No! Mr. Carstairs had never given this a thought! but it struck him now so forcibly that he felt hot and cold, angry and humiliated.

"Ahem!" he faltered. "I must explain to you, Mr. Monsell, that my poor invalid sister is quite an exceptional person. She simply lives to do good. She—"

"Everybody knows your sister by name, Carstairs, and honors her for her good work; but, don't you see, you went the wrong way about it, here."

"Well; I do, in a measure. I candidly own I did not see it as you put it. I was hasty. What can I do?"

"I came about that. We must get the girl back at once. The village is up in arms; Robson is on the verge of D. T., and, like as not, Hugh will do something desperate."

"I'll see Robson and Hugh, if you like."

"Better not!—save it to me! You have made an awful blunder! You young fellows forget that you can't be too cautious whenever a woman is concerned."

Mr. Carstairs had not been so lectured since he left school. The worst of it was he felt the truth of it. In fact, Monsell had pricked the bladder of his self-conceit, and for the time he felt rather mean.

"What can I do?" he asked again.

"I'll tell you," Monsell replied promptly. "Drive me back to Rannoch and wire for the girl to come back by the first train tomorrow. Say her father is ill. That will be enough. To tell you the truth, I am afraid of Hugh."

Carstairs lost no time over this. They rattled back to Rannoch at a good pace, and having dispatched the telegram, Monsell turned his attention to poor Robson. His room had been tidied up. His fire was burning, but the man was in such an ominous state of restlessness, that Monsell walked off to the doctor's for some bromide, carefully weighing out the powders himself in the doctor's absence. Next he procured provisions, brewed some tea, and got Robson to bed. Then, sitting by his side, he alternately fed and dosed him—obeying him with brave words, and driving away the horrors till the blessed sleep came. It was past midnight when he fell asleep himself, with Robson's hand in his.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "WILD CAT" AGAIN.

When our disconsolate lovers stepped into Mr. Hanover's carriage on that showery morning to be driven back to Dalchoisie, no one in the world but Miss Hanover, whose powers of observation were preternaturally on the alert, would have noticed much change in them. No one would have guessed that yesterday, among the hills, Harry had struck himself up for a life's wrench, and that Fanny had gone through a life's torture during the few hours she had spent at the Barracks.

So it was, though. Miss Joanna had succeeded, by sundry indirect appeals to their mutual pride, in bringing matters to a crisis, and as

"Pride may part spirits though mated like hand and glove,"

Harry had come down that morning determined that Fanny should never think that he had coerced her, and Fanny came down equally determined that the Han-

overs should never say she had deceived so unsuspecting a lover as Harry.

"Slight slips make long slides," and if Mr. Monsell's profound wisdom had only shown him what troubles might spring from his silence, these two young people, instead of driving off in the depth of despair, would have been the happiest pair on earth. The old man's obstinacy would do one thing, though—it would show what stuff they were made of.

Harry had stilled it all in his own mind. He would take it all upon himself, and make it as easy for her as possible; but while he was making up his mind how to begin, she said quietly,

"I have behaved very badly to you, Harry."

"It is the other way, Fanny," said he, taking her hand, "I ought to have foreseen this."

"Nobody could have foreseen it."

"I took advantage of you in your trouble. I ought not to have done it. We won't say another word about it."

"No, Harry, it is not that. Let me tell you—for we can speak out now, can't we, dear? It is just this. I thought it was pity, not love, you had for me, and the more I thought, the more sure I was of it. You remember the time. Well, I worried and worried about it till I got angry and ashamed with myself. Then, of course, I behaved badly and stupidly to you. I did it to try you, and this is the whole story from beginning to end. You'll forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive—nothing." Then—as though speaking to himself rather than to her—"I never did quite believe in my own happiness; it was too great to be true. How could you love me?"

"I love you very dearly, Harry!"

"Not as I love you."

"How could I love you more than I do? Oh, Harry! don't, for pity's sake, tell me that you have not all along thought I loved you fully and truly; that would be the hardest of all. I never could tell you how much I loved you—never, never—still now when I am to lose you. That is what makes it so hard."

He was so dazed and confounded by this that for a few moments he could only stare at her pale face. What he saw there I don't know, but suddenly he had drawn her to him, and to Ginger's astonishment was kissing her passionately while she sobbed in his arms. She had been wishing ever so long to make him speak out, now she had done it with a vengeance. He was master now.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she cried through her tears, "have pity on me—have pity on me. I love you, dear! I love you, but we can never marry. Don't ask me why: promise me this. I love you, but we can never marry."

"You are mine!" said he, sturdily holding her closer.

"Ah! you don't understand," said she, feebly trying to free herself. "That makes it so hard, dear. You don't understand, and I can't tell you. You must not ask me."

"All right," said he, "never relaxing his hold."

"You must not ask me," she persisted vehemently, growing scarlet as she thought of the shame of it. "You must never ask me—never, never! You must promise me."

But in every fraction of a second the new hope took deeper root in his heart. It made him bold, it made him cunning.

"I shall find it out," said he, quietly. "I shall ask Uncle Pat."

"Oh, Harry! Uncle Pat has spared me, and you must spare him."

"I won't lose you for ten thousand Uncle Pats!"

And this quiet young man kept his arm round her as if he never intended to take it away. So they drove on without speaking. He could feel the gasp of a sob now and then as he held her, but never a word said they.

And this was the calm parting they had arranged so nicely! This was the dismal formality of a good-bye for ever! This was the outcome of Joanna's tutelage!

Harry did not object to the silence; it was soothing. The situation was rather pleasant than otherwise. And Fanny seemed to be in her natural place. When they reached Dalchoisie she said in a whisper, "Don't speak to Uncle Pat. I'll tell him all I have told you."

And Mr. Wynter, having grown very wise during that long pause, acquiesced very cheerfully. What was a little mystery so long as she loved him! Fanny loved him! That was enough. She had said it, and after that no mortal power should keep them apart.

"Go and have it out with Uncle Pat at once, dear, while I stretch my legs on the hill," he whispered back. "I can't rest. If it holds up after lunch, pull on your polleken and come and meet me. By this I shall know it is all right."

Yesterday he had trudged the Phalaris hills to drill himself into bearing his sorrow, to-day he would trudge Sohiehallion to drill himself into bearing his joy.

Little thought he what was in store for him during that walk. Little dreamed he that Hugh had followed him from the Barracks, and was swinging along at the back of the carriage during the whole time that those mutual avowals and tender interchanges took place between him and Fanny.

But Hugh was not playing the eaves-dropper: he was simply following Harry with the dire intent of taking summary vengeance on him for the supposed abduction of Maggie. Poor Hugh was in a bad way. They were accustomed to his dark moods at Dunan, but never had they seen him in so black a mood as this. It needed no evidence to convince him that Wynter was the cause of Maggie's disappearance. Whose? But he should never join her—never! If Mr. Dawlish could not avenge an injury, a Cameron could and would. It would be a righteous thing to kill this man. Nay! He was called upon to do it.

He had taken Jennie in his arms and kissed her before he left Dunan, and when the child stroked back his hair and returned the kiss, awe-stricken at the wild look in his eyes, he had dashed out of the house, lest her prattle should make him waver in his purpose.

It was easy to learn from the stable boys what time the carriage was ordered for Dalchoisie, easy enough to go on to the Black Wood and had done before still it hung on as he had done before still it reached the fir wood, and there leaving it, leaped the dyke and took up his old position.

So when Harry, tingling with the joy of

his new hope, ran buoyantly down the avenue and jumped the fence so as to get on the open moor as soon as possible, Hugh felt, with a thrill of exultation, that the man had been delivered into his hands, and that nothing could come between him and his vengeance. No one knew better than he how to take advantage of the ground, and to follow unsee. No ghillie in Perthshire could keep as close as Hugh.

Then began the grimmest stalk that ever was seen.

(To be Continued.)

How Social Queens Dress.

Mrs. William C. Whitney has a fondness for fawn color.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison prefers rich shades of rose and crimson.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who is called one of the best dressed women in Washington, prefers lilac and yellow.

Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, nee Louise Shepard, inclines to dark crimson when a question of color comes up.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland's dark beauty is well set off by certain shades of red, although she prefers blues and pinks.

Mme. de Barrios, who is the possessor of untold millions, many children and priceless gems, has a passion for all shades of yellow.

Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, who danced in the immortal centennial quadrille, dotes upon pansy velvet and all shades of mauve.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is a woman of great common sense, and she believes in dressing richly but quietly. All shades of mauve are favorites with her.

Mrs. William Astor has a fondness for pink where flowers and table decorations are concerned. In dress her taste inclines to various shades of dark red.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, a graceful woman, with a somewhat haughty though charming manner, prefers to all other shades of dark pink color, which now goes by the name of bengale.

Mrs. Henry Villard, wife of the ex-king of Wall street, is petite, with abundant gray hair and dark eyes. The color which she most affects and which most becomes her is a dark shade of heliotrope.

Mrs. William D. Sloane is a handsome woman, slender and graceful in figure, with fair and delicate complexion and a profusion of light golden hair. A certain shade of green called linden is much worn by Mrs. Sloane.

Mrs. Thomas B. Wanamaker, the Postmaster-General's daughter-in-law, is a thorough patrician. Her taste in color is for light rose pink, to which the name Lurrier is applied.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is slender, tall and graceful, and her taste in dress faultless. Her favorite colors are rose pink, lavender and a rich, rare shade of yellow. Her beautiful complexion is smooth and palely clear.

At the Stationer's.

Yellow seems to be the prevailing color for fancy goods decoration.

A miniature bust of Gladstone, carved of heavy polished oak, is a handsome paper-weight.

Toilet bottles with a delicate silver vine encircling them are both ornamental and useful.

A little bronze trunk, somewhat the worse for wear, apparently, serves as a receptacle for matches.

A realistic watering trough with an old snoc-rail laid across it is a new design for an ash receiver.

The most fashionable writing paper tints are on the blue sapphire, yachting blue, and a delicate turquoise tint.

A small pocket pencil that when the lead is shifted to the butt may be used as a watch key fills two wants handsily.

The most elegantly designed Easter souvenirs give prominence among hand-painted flowers to the pansy and violet.

A leviathan celluloid pen is a novel frame for a thermometer. The fluid in the bulb of the thermometer is at the pen point, and gives it the appearance of having just been dipped in colored ink.—The Stationer.

A Dog's Impressive Funeral.

There was a notable funeral at Bucyrus, Ohio, the other day. Frank, the pet dog of the men employed on the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, died last week. His body was placed in a handsome casket, and on the day of the funeral an engine and car were draped in black, the casket being placed in the car, and the train bore Frank's remains to the grave, while all the engine bells in the yard were tolled. "Frank was an ugly dog in appearance, but happy in disposition, and he had barked in a neighborly way and wagged his tail socially among the trainmen for years. He won their hearts. Some men came 50 miles to attend the funeral, and there were tears shed over Frank's grave."

A Tight Squeeze.

Chicago News: Bride elect—Let's see, dear, the wedding takes place at 9 and the train leaves at 12, and I've got to change my satin wedding dress for one to travel in. How can I do it?

Bridegroom-elect—Well, that will give you three hours, darling.

Bride-elect—True. But just think, I've got to be kissed by all of my old admirers.

What Makes Balls So Popular?

Buffalo News: First Guest (at grand ball)—Hark, isn't that the champagne popping in the supper room?

Second Guest—No; I guess it's the young couples in the conservatory.

The man who has a kind word for everybody does more good than a surly one could do with money.

An English judge has decided that a groom may wear a moustache if he chooses, notwithstanding that his mistress objects to such manly mouth covering. On the other hand an indoor footman can be compelled to use the razor if the mistress desires. The wise judge remarked that a man who is employed at outdoor work ought to be allowed to take all precautions against catching cold.

The fund of \$2,500,000 which Mr. Peabody left for the poor of London now amounts to over \$5,000,000.

MISS DELLA FOX.

What she Thinks of Waving the Stars and Stripes in Canada.

"How do I like waving the American flag in Canada?" repeated Miss Della Fox as she greeted a Herald representative at the conclusion of her performance of "The Lady or the Tiger" at the Lyceum last evening. "Well, not very much, after my recent experience in Toronto. That was the fault of the recent elections though. 'Fair Columbia' went splendidly until I showed the flag. The first verses were enthusiastically received, but when I waved the 'red, white and blue' things were decidedly different. The gallery was most emphatic in its disapproval. All the press took it up next day; but they didn't blame me for it. It was the general verdict of the papers that the management should have warned me not to show the flag."

"But it was not so in Montreal last season. When I waved the Stars and Stripes there they were enthusiastically received, the sight of the American flag provoking rounds of applause. Had it not been for the recent election agitation, however, I think there would have been no unpleasant demonstration in Toronto."

"Did you try it again?"

"No, I did not. The management thought it best not to repeat the experiment. But I tell you," and the eyes of the little singer sparkled, "I was glad to-night that I could display the 'red, white and blue' where it would be received with cheers and applause, as it was this evening, for I am a true American, and do not enjoy having our flag received in any other way."—Rochester Herald.

The Patronage of Parishes.

The following is the concluding portion of an article in the Evangelical Churchman by Judge Ritchie, of Halifax, N. S.: "The first distinct provision made by statute (of Nova Scotia) for the election of the rectors by the parishioners was in 1876. As early as 1757 the law provided for the induction of a minister licensed by the Bishop of London, into any parish that should make presentation of him. Before 1876 there was some question as to the parties in whom the right of presentation was vested. The parishioners of many parishes claimed and exercised it, notably those of St. Paul's parish, Halifax, who elected and presented all their rectors except one; he was nominated by the Crown on the ground that the rectory became vacant by the elevation of the previous rector to the office of bishop, and therefore the right of presentation was a common law right inherent in the Crown by virtue of the prerogative, and was not affected by the statute. This exercise of the prerogative, however, gave rise to a great deal of difficulty and created dissensions in that parish which were not healed for a great many years."

"The laity of the Church of England in Nova Scotia having almost invariably selected their own clergymen and managed their own parochial affairs, it is difficult for me to compare that system with any other, in the working of which I have had no experience whatever. The occasion I have referred to, when the crown exercised its prerogative of appointing a rector for St. Paul's, Halifax, is the only one, to my knowledge, where a rector was appointed to the charge of a parish in Nova Scotia in direct opposition to the expressed wishes of a majority of the parishioners, and the consequences were no doubt very injurious to the interests of the parish; while on the other hand the election of the rector by the people seems always to have proved satisfactory, although in some cases, where the minority was large and the feelings somewhat excited, the tranquility of the parish was for a short time disturbed. This, however, would in all probability happen in every case where a number of the parishioners did not approve of the appointment, no matter how it was made. So far as I am aware no difficulty has hitherto been experienced in the practical working of the Nova Scotia system, and I know of no important amendment or addition which it would be desirable to incorporate in the Act. Any movement to curtail the power of the laity in Nova Scotia to select their own rector and manage their own parochial affairs would be unaniomously and vigorously opposed, and from what I know of them, if the presentation to the rectories was not fully controlled by them they would never rest satisfied until the law was amended."

The largest dwelling-house in the world is in Vienna, and 2,112 people live in it.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I fached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.