

arrived in the country. The grey horse below was alive with gaiety, but Coll Dhu no longer found an interest in observing it from his eyrie. When he watched the sun rise or set, he chose to ascend some crag that looked on no human habitation. When he sallied forth on his excursions, gun in hand, he set his face towards the most isolated valleys, dipping into the lone-liest valleys, and scaling the naked ridges. When no came by chance within call of other excursionists gun in hand he plunged into the shade of some hollow, and avoided an encounter. Yet it was fated, for all that, that he and Colonel Blake should meet.

Towards the evening of one bright September day, the wind changed, and in half an hour the mountains were wrapped in a thick blinding mist. Coll Dhu was far from his den, but he would had he searched those mountain tops, and inured himself to their climate, that neither storm, rain, nor fog had power to disturb him. But while he stalked on his way, a faint and agonised cry from a human voice reached him through the smothering mists. He quickly tracked the sound, and gained the side of a man who was stumbling along in danger of death at every step.

"Follow me!" said Coll Dhu to this man, and in an hour's time brought him safely to the lowlands, and up to the walls of the osseget-eve mansion. "I am Colonel Blake," said the frank soldier, when, having left the fog behind him, they stood in the twilight under the lighted windows. "Pray tell me quickly to whom I owe my life."

As he spoke, he glanced up at his benefactor, a large man with a sombre sunburned face.

"Colonel Blake," said Coll Dhu, after a strange pause, "your father suggested to my father to stake his states at the gaming table. They were staked, and the tempter won. Both are dead; but you and I live, and I have sworn to injure you."

The colonel laughed good humouredly at the uneasy face above him. "And you began to keep your word to night by saving my life?" said he.

"Come! I am a soldier," and know how to meet an enemy; but I had far rather meet a friend, and I shall not be happy till you have eaten my salt. We have merry-making to-night in honour of my daughter's birthday. Come in and join us."

Coll Dhu looked at the earth doggedly.

"I have told you," he said, "who and what I am, and I will not cross your threshold."

But at this moment (so runs my story) a French window opened among the flower beds by which they were standing, and a vision appeared which stayed the words on Coll's tongue. A stately girl, clad in white satin, stood framed in the ivied window, with the warm light from within streaming around her richly moulded figure into the night. Her face was as pale as her gown, her eyes were swimming in tears, but a firm smile sat on her lips as she held out both her hands to her father. The light behind her shone on the gleaming folds of her dress—the lustrous pearls round her throat—the coronet of blood red roses which encircled the knotted braid at the back of her head. Satin, pearls, and roses—had Coll Dhu, of the Devil's Inn, never set eyes upon such things before?

Eveleen Blake was no nervous tearful miss. A few quick words—"Thank God you're safe, the rest have been home an hour"—and a tight pressure of her father's fingers between her own jewelled hands, were all that betrayed the uneasiness she had suffered.

"Faith, my love, I owe my life to this brave gentleman!" said the blithe colonel. "Press him to come in and be our guest, Eveleen. He wants to retreat to his mountains, and lose himself again in the fog where I found him; or, rather, where he found me. Come, sir, (to Coll), "you must surrender to this fair besieger."

An introduction followed. "Coll Dhu," murmured Eveleen Blake, for she had heard the common tale of him; but with a frank welcome she invited her father's preserver to taste the hospitality of that father's house.

"I beg you to come in, sir," she said; "but for you our gaiety must have been turned into mourning. A shadow will be upon our mirth if the benefactor declines to join in it."

With a sweet grace mingled with a certain haughtiness from which she was never free, she extended her white hand to the tall looming figure outside the window; to have it grasped and wrung in a way that made the proud girl's eyes flash their amazement, and the same little hand clenched itself in displeasure, when it had hid itself like an outraged thing among the shining folds of her gown. Was this Coll Dhu's rude?

Coll Dhu no longer refused to follow the white figure to a little study where a lamp burned; and the gloomy stranger, the bluff colonel, and the young mistress of the house were fully discovered to each other's eyes. Eveleen glanced at the newcomer's dark face, and shuddered with a feeling of indescribable dread and dislike; then, to her father, she recounted the shudder after a popular fashion, saying lightly: "There is some one walking over my grave."

So Coll Dhu was present at Eveleen Blake's birthday ball. Here he was,

under a roof which ought to have been his own, a stranger, known only by a nickname, shunned and solitary. Here he was, who had lived among the eagles and foxes, lying in wait for a fall purpose, to be revenged on the son of his father's foe for poverty and disgrace, for the broken heart of a dead mother, for the loss of a self-slaughtered father, for the dreary scattering of brothers and sisters. Here he stood, Sampson strong of his strength; and all because a laughing girl had melting eyes, a winning mouth, and looked radiant in satin and roses.

Peerless whom many were lovely, she moved among her guests trying to be unconscious of the gloomy fice of those strange eyes which followed her unweariedly wherever she went. And when her father begged her to be gracious to the unusual guest whom he would fain console, she courteously conducted him to see the new picture gallery adjoining the drawing rooms; explaining under what odd circumstances the colonel had picked up this little painting or that, using every delicate art her pride would allow to achieve her father's purpose, whilst maintaining at the same time her own personal reserve; trying to divert the guest's oppressive attention from herself to the objects for which she claimed his notice. Coll Dhu followed his conductress and listened to her voice, but what she said mattered nothing; nor did she wring any words of comment or reply from his lips, until they paused in a retired corner where the light was dim, before a window from which the curtain was withdrawn. The shades were open, and nothing was visible but water; the bright Atlantic, with the full moon riding high above a bank of clouds making silvery tracks outward towards the distance of infinite mystery dividing two worlds. Here the following little scene is said to have been enacted.

"This window is of my father's own planning; it is not creditable to his taste?" said the young hostess, as she stood, herself glittering like a dream of beauty, looking on the moon light.

Coll Dhu made no answer; but suddenly, it is said, asked her for a rose from a cluster of flowers that nestled in the lace on her bosom.

For the second time that night Eveleen Blake's eyes flashed with no gentle light. But this man was the saviour of her father. She broke off a blossom, and with such good grace, and also with such queen-like dignity as she might assume, presented it to him. Whereupon not only was the rose seized but also the hand that gave it, which was hastily covered with kisses.

Then her anger burst upon him. "Sir," she cried, "if you are a gentleman you must be mad! If you are mad, then you are not a gentleman!"

"Be merciful," said Coll Dhu. "I love you. My God, I never loved a woman before! Ah!" he cried as a look of disgust crept over her face, "you hate me. You shuddered the first time your eyes met mine. I love you and you hate me!"

"I do," cried Eveleen, vehemently, by forgetting everything but her indignation. "Your presence is like something evil to me. Pray, sir, talk no more to me in this strain."

"I will trouble you no longer," said Coll Dhu. And, stalking to the window, he placed one powerful hand upon the sash, and vaulted from out of her sight.

Bare-headed as he was Coll Dhu strode off to the mountains, but not towards his own home. All the remaining dark night he is believed to have walked the labyrinths of the hills, until dawn began to scatter the clouds with a high wind. Feasting, and on foot from sunrise the morning before, he was then glad enough to see a cabin right in his way. Walking in, he asked for water to drink, and a corner where he might throw himself to rest.

There was a wake in the house, and the kitchen was full of people, all wearied out with the night's watch; old men were dozing over their pipes in the chimney-corner, and here and there a woman was fast asleep with her head on her neighbour's knee. All who were awake crossed themselves when Coll Dhu's figure darkened the door, because of his evil name; but an old man of the house invited him in, and offering him milk, and promising him a roasted potato by-and-by, conducted him to a small room off the kitchen, one end of which was strewn with leather and where there were only two women sitting gossiping over a fire.

"A traveller," said the old man nodding his head at the women, who nodded back, as if to say "he has the traveller's right." And Coll Dhu flung himself on the leather, in the furthest corner of the narrow room.

The women suspended their talk for a while; but presently, guessing the intruder to be asleep, resumed it in voices above a whisper. There was but a patch of window with the grey dawn behind it, but Coll could see the figures by the firelight over which they bent; an old woman sitting forward with her withered hands extended to the embers, and a girl reclining against the hearth wall, with her healthy face, bright eyes, and crimson draperies, glowing by turns in the flickering blaze.

"I do know," said the girl, "but it's the queerest marriage I ever heard of. Sure it's not three weeks since he told right an' left that he hated her like poison!"

"What, aithereen!" said the old hag, bonding forward confidently. "troth an' we all know that o' him. But what could he do, the creature! When she put the burra-bos on him!"

"The what?" asked the girl.

"Then the burroughs was machree oh? That's the spanish o' death, avourneon, an' well she has him thothered to her now, bad luck to her!"

The old woman cracked herself and stifled the Irish cry breaking from her wrinkled lips by burying her face in her cloak.

"But what is it?" asked the girl eagerly. "What's the burroughs anyhow, an' where did she get it?"

"Oh, oh! It's a o' the skin o' a corpse; an' that, rowled up, and put on a string round the neck o' the wan that's cowed by the wan that was to be loved. An' sure enough it puts the fire into their hearts, but an' a strong, afore twenty four hours is gone."

"The girl had started from her lazy attitude, and gazed at her companion with eyes dilated with horror.

"Merciful Saviour!" she cried. "Not a soul on earth would bring the cure out o' heaven by such a black doin'!"

"Aisy, Diddon, alavne! I and there's wan that does it an' isn't the devil. Arrah, aithereen, did ye niver hear tell o' Pexie na Pishrogie, that lives betwix two hills o' Maam Turk?"

"I heard o' her," said the girl, breathlessly.

"Well, sorry a bit, but it's herself that does it. She'll do 'er for money any day. Sure they hunted her from the grave yard o' Sarruck, where she had the dead raised; an' an' glory be to God! they would not bury her, only they chased her tracks, and couldn't bring it home to her aithereen."

"Whist, a-waher!" (my mother), said the girl; "here's the traveller gettin' up to set off on his road again! Oh, then, it's the short rest he tuk, the soul!"

It was enough for Coll, however. He had got up, and now went back to the kitchen, where the old man had caused a dish of potatoes to be roasted and earnestly pressed his visitor to sit down and eat them. This Coll did readily; having recruited his strength by a meal, he took himself to the mountains again, just as the rising sun was flashing among the waterfalls, and sending the night mists drifting down the glens. By sundown the same evening he was striding over the hills of Maam Turk, asking of herds his way to the cabin of one Pexie na Pishrogie.

In a hovel on a brown desolate heath, with scarred-looking hills flying off into the distance on every side, he found Pexie; a yellow-faced hag, dressed in a dark blanket, with cliffocks of coarse black hair protruding from under an orange handkerchief swathed round her wrinkled jaws. She was bending over a pot upon her fire, where herbs were simmering, and she looked up with an evil glance when Coll Dhu darkened her door.

"The burroughs is it yer honour wants?" she asked, when he had made known his errand. "Ay, ay; but the arighd, the arighd (money) for Pexie. 'The burroughs is it to get.'"

"I will pay!" said Coll Dhu, laying a sovereign on the bench before her.

The witch sprang upon it, and unobtrusively, bestowed on her visitor a glance which made even Coll Dhu shudder.

"Her honour is a fine king," she said, "an' her is fit to get the burroughs. Ha! Ha! her sell get the burroughs but from Pexie. But the arighd is not enough. More, more!"

She stretched out her claw-like hand, and Coll dropped another sovereign into it. Whereupon she fell into more horrible convulsions of delight.

"Hark ye!" cried Coll, "I have paid you well, but if your infernal charm does not work I will have you hunted for a witch!"

"Work!" cried Pexie, rolling up her eyes. "If Pexie's charm not work, then her honour come back here an' carry these bits o' mountain away on her back. Ay, her will work. If the colleen nate her honour like the old diabol here!" still an' withal her will low here! her honour like her own white now afore the sun sets. That (with a fugitive lead, or the colleen chaw go wild mad afore wan hour."

"Hag!" returned Coll Dhu; "the last part is a hellish invention of her own. I heard nothing of madness. If you want more money, speak out, but play none of your hideous tricks on me."

The witch fixed her cunning eyes on him, and took her cue at once from his passion.

"Her honour gives three," she sniggered; "it is only the little bit more arighd poor Pexie want."

Again the skinny hand was extended. Coll Dhu shrank from touching it, and threw his gold upon the table.

"King, king!" chuckled Pexie. "Her honour is a grand king. Her honour is fit to get the burroughs. The colleen chaw sell love her like her own white soul. Ha, ha!"

"Her honour will come back to Pexie in so many days, do-dee (twelve), so many days, for the burroughs is hard to get. The lonely

graveyard is far away, an' the dead man is hard to raise—"

"Silence! cried Coll Dhu, "not a word more. I will have your hideous charm, but what it is, or where you got it I will not know."

Then, promising to comeback in twelve days, he took his departure. Turning to look back when a little way across the heath, he saw Pexie gazing after him, standing on her black hill in relief against the lurid flames of the dawn, seeming to his dark imagination like a fury with all hell at her back.

At the appointed time Coll Dhu got to the promised charm. He sewed it with porcupine into a cover of cloth of gold, and stung it to a fine wrought chain. Lying in a basket which had once contained the jewels of Coll's broken-hearted mother, it looked a glittering bauble enough. Meantime the people of the mountains were cursing over their cabin fires, because there had been another unboly raid upon the graveyard, and were banding themselves to hunt the criminal down.

A fortnight passed. How or where could Coll Dhu find an opportunity to put the charm round the neck of the colonel's proud daughter? More gold was dropped into Pexie's greedy claw, and then she promised to assist him in his dilemma.

Next morning the witch dressed herself in decent garb, smoothed her old locks under a snowy cap, smoothed the evil wrinkles out of her face, and with a basket on her arm locked the door of the hovel and took her way to the lowlands. Pexie seemed to have given up her disreputable calling for that of a simple mushroom-gatherer. The housekeeper at the grey house bought poor Muiread's mushrooms of her every morning. Every morning she left unsafely a nosegay of wild flowers for Miss Evelyn Blake, "God bless her! She had never seen the darling young lady with her eyes so longling eyes, but sure hadn't she heard tell of her sweet purty face, miles away!" And at last, one morning, whom should she meet but Miss Eveleen herself returning alone from a ramble. Whereupon poor Muiread "made bold" to present her with flowers in person.

"Ah," said Eveleen, "it is you who leave me the flowers every morning? They are very sweet."

Muiread had sought her only for a look at her beautiful face. And now that she had seen it, as bright as the sun, and as fair as the lily, she would take up her basket and go away contented. Yet she lingered a little longer.

"My lady never walks up big mountain?" said Pexie.

"No," Eveleen said, laughing; she feared she could not walk up a mountain.

"Ah, yes; my lady ought to go, with more grand ladies an' gentlemen, wid' more party little donkeys, up the big mountain for my lady to go."

Thus she set to work, and kept her listener enchanted for a hour, while she related wonderful stories of those upper regions. And as Eveleen looked up to the burly crown of the hills, perhaps she thought there might be sense in this wild old woman's suggestion. It ought to be a grand world up yonder.

Be that as it may, it was not long after this when Coll Dhu got notice that a party from the grey house would explore the mountains next day; that Eveleen Blake would be of the number; and that he, Coll, must prepare to house and refresh a crowd of weary people, who in the evening should be brought, hungry and faint, to his door.

The simple mushroom gatherer should be discovered laying in her humble stock among the green places between the hills, should volunteer to act as guide to the party, should lead them far out of the way through the most toilsome ascents and across dangerous places; to escape safely from which, the servants should be told to throw away the baskets of provisions which they carried.

Coll Dhu was not idle. Such a feast was set forth as had never been spread so near the clouds before. We are told of wonderful dishes furnished by unwholesome agency, and from a place much hotter than it is necessary for purposes of economy. We are told also how Coll Dhu's barren chambers were suddenly hung with curtains of velvet, and with fringes of gold; how the blank white walls glowed with delicate colors and gilding; how gems of pictures sprang into sight between the panels; how the tables blazed with plate and gold, and glittered with the rarest glass; how such wines flowed as the guests had never tasted; how servants in the richest livery, amongst whom the wizen faced old man was a mere nonentity, appeared and stood ready to carry in the wonderful dishes, at whose extraordinary fragrance the eagles came pecking to the windows, and the foxes drew near the walls sniffing. Sure enough in all good time, the weary party came within sight of the Devil's Inn, and Coll Dhu sallied forth to invite them to cross his lonely threshold.

Colonel Blake (to whom Eveleen, in her delirious, said no word of the solitary's strange behavior to herself) sallied out dressed with dignity and the whole party sat down to Coll's banquet in high good humor. Also, it is said, in such amazement at the magnificence of the mountain release.

All went into Coll's feast, save Eveleen Blake, who remained standing

The Best Rest Test. There are two kinds of Sarsaparilla. The best—an the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best, who's to tell them apart? Well, the rest is known by its fruit. That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root—the record of the Sarsaparilla? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit, that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many noble and arduous—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—set its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, and to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the Best Sarsaparilla—Ayer's—don't buy an imitable one. Ask for the best and you'll get it. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

on the threshold of the outer door. Heary, but unwilling to rest there hungry but unwilling to eat there. Her white cambric dress was gathered on her arms, crushed and sullied with the coils of the day; her bright cheek was a little sun-burned; her small dark head, with its braids a little tossed, was bared to the mountain air and the glory of the sinking sun; her hands were loosely tangled in the springs of her hat, and her foot sometimes tapped the threshold stone. So she was seen.

The peasants tell that Coll Dhu and her father came praying for her to enter, and that the magnificent servants brought vials to the threshold; but no step would she move inward, no morsel would she taste.

"Poison, poison!" she murmured, and threw the food in handfuls to the foxes, who were sniffing on the heath.

But it was different when Muiread, the kindly old woman, the simple mushroom gatherer, with all the wick old wrinkles smoothed out of her face, came to the side of the hungry girl, and coaxingly presented savoury morsels of her own sweet mushrooms, served on a common earthen platter.

"An' darlin', my lady, poor Muiread here cook them herself, an' no thing o' this house touch them or look at poor Muiread's mushrooms."

Then Eveleen took the platter and ate a delicious meal. Scarcely was it finished when a heavy drowsiness fell upon her, and, unable to sustain herself on her feet, she presently sat down upon the door-stone. Leaning her head against the framework of the door, she was soon in a deep sleep, or trance. So she was found.

"Whimsical, obstinate little girl!" said the colonel, putting his hand on the beautiful slumbering head. And taking her in his arms, he carried her into a chamber which had been (say the story-tellers) nothing but a bare and sorry closet in the morning, but which was now fitted up with Oriental splendour. And here on a luxurious couch she was laid, with a crimson coverlet wrapping her feet. And here in the tempered light coming through jewelled glass where yesterday had been a coarse, rough hung window, her father looked his last upon her lovely face.

The colonel returned to his host and friends, and by and by the whole party sallied forth to see the after glare of a fierce sunset swathing the hills in flames. It was not until they had gone some distance that Coll Dhu remembered to go back and fetch his telescope. He was not long absent. But he was absent long enough to enter that glowing chamber with a stealthy step to throw a light chain around the neck of the sleeping girl, and to slip among the folds of her dress the hideous glittering burroughs.

After he had gone away again, Pexie came stealing to the door, and opening it a little, sat down on the mat outside, with her cloak wrapped round her. An hour passed, and Eveleen Blake still slept, her breathing scarcely stirring the deadly bauble on her breast. After that, she began to murmur and moan, and Pexie pricked up her ears. Presently a sound in the room told that the victim was awake and risen. Then Pexie put her face to the aperture of the door and looked in, and gave a howl of dismay, and fled from the house, to be seen in that country no more.

The light was fading among the hills, and the rambler were returning towards the Devil's Inn when a group of ladies who were considerably in advance of the rest met Eveleen Blake advancing towards them on the heath, with her hair disordered as by sleep, and no covering on her head. They noticed something bright, like gold, shifting and glancing with the motion of her figure. There had been some jesting among them about Eveleen's fancy for falling asleep on the door step instead of coming in to dinner, and they advanced laughing, to rally her on the subject. But she stared at them in a strange way, as if she did not know them, and passed on. Her friends were rather offended, and commented on her fantastic humor. Only one looked after her, and got laughed at by her companions for expressing uneasiness on the wilful young lady's account.

So they kept their way, and the solitary figure went fluttering on, her white robe blushing, and the fatal burroughs glittering in the reflection from the sky. A hare crossed her path, and she laughed out loudly, and clapping her hands sprang after it. Then she stopped and asked questions of the stones, striking them with her open palm because they would not answer. (An amusing little band sitting behind a rock witnessed these strange proceedings). By-and-by she began to call after the birds, in a wild shrill way, startling the echoes of the hills as she went along. A party of gentlemen returning by a dangerous path heard the unusual sound and stopped to listen.

"What is that?" asked one.

"A young eagle," said Coll Dhu, whose face had become livid; "they often give such cries."

"It was uncommonly like a woman's voice!" was the reply; and immediately another wild note rang towards them from the rocks above; a bare saw-like ridge, shelling away to some distance ahead, and projecting one hungry tooth over an abyss. A few more moments and they saw Eveleen Blake's light figure fluttering out towards this dizzy point.

"My Eveleen!" cried the colonel, recognizing his daughter, "she is mad to venture on such a spot."

"Mad!" cried Coll Dhu. And then dashed off to the rescue with all the might and swiftness of his powerful limbs.

When he drew near her, Eveleen had almost reached the verge of the terrible rock. Very cautiously he approached her, his object being to seize her in his strong arms before she was aware of his presence, and carry her many yards away from the spot of danger. But in a fatal moment Eveleen turned her head and saw him. One wild ringing cry of hate and horror, which startled the very eagles and scattered a flight of owls above her head, broke from her lips. A step backward brought her within a foot of death.

One desperate though wary stride, and she was struggling in Coll's embrace. One glance in her eyes, and he saw that she was striving with a mad woman. Back, back, she dragged him, and he had nothing to grasp by. The rock was slippery, and his shod feet would not cling to it. Back! back! A hoarse panting, a fierce swinging to and fro; and then the rock was standing naked against the sky, no one was there, and Coll Dhu and Eveleen Blake lay shattered far below.

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