

the sound, one of the servants ran into the hall, and lifted up her hands in astonishment.

'Lieutenant Waldegrave!' she cried; 'iss it really you, sir? Oh, but I wass hoping it wass Miss M'Iver.'

'Is she not at home?' asked Geoffrey in a voice that frightened the girl.

She explained the supposed cause of Fiona's absence.

'And she has not been heard of since?'

Waldegrave felt his heart sink.

'The storm will hef kept her, sir. We hef not been anxious till this afternoon. Hector MacInnes hass gone over the hills to Elspeth Fraser's, and he will come back to night, though it will be fery late. But come into this room, sir; I will bring a light. And oh, sir, I am glad ye hef come, and I wish Miss M'Iver wass at home.'

The poor girl was in tears.

An undefined dread that it would be needed before the morning, impelled Ronald to go and look at the 'Fionnaghal,' and put it in readiness for any call. Then he went to his mother and among the fisherfolk to gather up any hints as to the probable fate of Fiona. The news of Waldegrave's return, together with all the other rumours, spread like wildfire through the glen; and the people gathered in little groups to discuss the situation, while the return of Hector MacInnes was awaited with wide-spread anxiety. When once the suspicion that Fiona had been kidnapped by Nial Mor was started, it grew rapidly, many little circumstances, unnoticed before, tending to confirm it. One man remembered now that he had seen Lachlan M'Cuaig going home through the pass; so Nial and Fiona must have gone away alone. Another recalled that the boat did not take a direct course for Elspeth Fraser's. These things had not awakened any suspicion at the time, but were significant now.

As they were reported to Waldegrave his face grew ghastly with agonising fears. He paced up and down the room overwhelmed with horror.

'My God, oh, my God!' he cried, can I have come back too late?'

An hour before he was expected Hector MacInnes returned covered with sweat and dirt, bearing the worst news. Elspeth was in her usual health. She had sent no message; Miss M'Iver had not been there.

Waldegrave endeavoured to suppress his distress. What was to be done? Ronald had already assembled the strongest and most experienced men in the glen. They were ready to do anything, and go anywhere for the sake of Miss M'Iver. Waldegrave asked them what they thought had become of her. One man gave it as his opinion that she had been conveyed by Nial Duff on to a large steam yacht that had been seen hovering about the coast for several days, and disappeared the night she was carried off. Another that there had been a desperate struggle for possession of the boat when Fiona discovered that she had been deceived, during which it had been swamped, and both had perished. But when Ronald related what Nancy Bell had told him about Nial's proposed shooting expedition to Eilean Dubh, the feeling was pretty unanimous that they should proceed there at once; all the more so when one man remarked that he had seen a strange glow in the sky the previous night in the direction of that island.

Waldegrave rose up quickly.

'It may have been a signal for help,' he cried. 'Is the boat ready, Ronald?'

'Ay, sir, and the men to. We shall hef to row.'

Not a moment was lost. Waldegrave insisted on taking an oar. He must do something to counteract the violence of his inward

suffering. All Fas Ghlac gathered to see them start.

The moon had risen, and the 'Fionnaghal' sprang forward beneath the mighty strokes of the rowers. Not a word was spoken. A grim, stern silence settled down on the men, and nothing was heard except the click of the oars in the rowlocks. But a terrible fear was gnawing at their hearts; the fear that they would never see Miss M'Iver alive again.

Every man did his work well—Waldegrave best of all. So they went on and on through the night until they were off Gometra. Then a thin, white mist swept down, and they were compelled to move more cautiously. Waldegrave and Ronald gave up their oars to two other men, and while the young crofter took charge of the tiller, Waldegrave sat by his side full of thought.

He said nothing, but his furrowed brow, blanched cheeks, the strained look about his eyes, and, above all, the sudden aspect of age, gave indications of his inward anguish. He could not shake off the fearful dread that he had arrived too late. Some dreadful calamity had befallen Fiona; an ineffaceable sorrow was about to confront himself.

And now slowly a feeble light began to steal through the mist. They could not be very far from Eilean Dubh; the sea was sown with submerged rocks, and swept with treacherous currents. It was necessary to move with the utmost caution. A man was sent to the bows to look ahead, and the boat moved slowly. After a mile or two, the dark brows of the island appeared as the mist began to vanish.

There was now a clear open way for some distance.

'Now, lads, your best,' called Ronald in Gaelic. 'I know the rocks and currents, and ye hef nothin' to do but to pull with all your strength.'

As the mist shifted Ronald caught sight of the island again, and saw that the hut was burnt to the ground.

'Ochone!' he wailed in sudden dismay, 'the shieling hass been on fire, there iss not a stick left.'

This was bad news; pale fear set close to each heart.

'Softly, men, softly,' said Ronald, 'it iss an awful place about here.'

But as they swept into the broad sunshine again, he called on them to row with all with all their might. They were not far from the creek into which he intended to steer the boat.

Then a sound was heard that startled every man. It was the report of a gun. They looked round anxiously; but the mist rising like smoke off the hillsides prevented them from seeing exactly where it came from.

'He, at least, is here,' muttered Waldegrave, putting his hand on his revolver. 'He's out shooting early.'

'Row harder, men, if you can,' cried Ronald, still steering for the creek.

Not another word was spoken, but every man's heart thumped hard against his ribs.

(To be Continued.)

Preachers who Blundered.

Dr. Walsham How used to tell an amusing story of a clergyman who, when discoursing on the mixture of good and evil in the Church, said:—"Remember there was a Ham in the Ark." Then thinking that the remark might seem an odd one, corrected himself by adding—"I mean a human Ham."

An incident in the life of Dr. Thomas Sheridan supplies a typical example of the man who does the right thing at the wrong time. This divine, the grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, once preached a sermon

SATISFIED MOTHERS.

When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has real merit. Baby's Own Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom fail to duplicate the order—no other remedy for children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets Mr. C. W. Strader, (general dealer), North Williamsburg, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our baby and have found them all that is claimed for them."

Baby's Own Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make baby bright, active and happy and a joy to the home. Sold by druggists or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

on the King's birthday, and ruined his prospects of ecclesiastical preferment by selecting as his text:—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A Russian Wedding.

How would an English bride care to fast on her wedding day until after the sacred ceremony, and this after enduring the hardships of a "farewell party," given the day before? Yet, this is what a Russian girl is supposed to do. As the marriage, to be fashionable, should not occur until evening, it may easily be imagined in what an exhausted state she is to commence her new period of life.

Besides bridesmaids there are bridesmen, these latter being obliged to present the bridesmaids with sweetmeats. A personage follows the procession, bearing an elegantly-mounted picture of Christ, in gold and silver, which is stationed against the altar. The bridesmaids do not all dress alike, and their number is unlimited.

The bride's old nurse superintends the removal of the dowry from the bride's home to that of her future husband, and is a most important member on the day of the wedding. A witness—a connection of the family—pays the priest's fees, and the number of assistants—each with a separate duty allotted him is often considerably great.

Ancient Cash.

Lineal descendents of the bronze axe of remote Celestial ancestors are the little brass cash, the Chinese coins. Here is how this curious pedigree first worked itself out:—In the early time, before coin was invented, barter was usually conducted between producer and consumer with metal implements, as it still is in Central Africa at the present day. At first the Chinese in that unsophisticated age were content to use real hatchets for this commercial purpose, but after a time, with the profound mercantile instinct of their race, it occurred to some of them that when a man wanted half a hatchet's worth of goods he might as well pay for them with half a hatchet. As it would be a pity to spoil a good working implement by cutting it in two the worthy Ah Sin ingeniously compromised the matter by making thin hatchets of the usual size and shape, but far too slender for practical usage. By so doing he invented coin, and, what is more, he invented it far earlier than the claimants to that proud distinction, the Lydians, whose electrum staters were first struck in the seventeenth century, B.C.