

She withdrew from his touch. It seemed to burn through her flesh like a scaring iron.

"I'm not afraid," she replied wrapping herself round in that pride which had been her strength since she had made herself paramount in the clan. "I'm not afraid even of the worst."

"There'll be no 'worst,' if we can put some courage into these cravens," he answered.

He turned from her and a few minutes after led his band to the heart of the gully. Alaster and his men followed.

Old Alan was left with a reserve force. He was to watch the course of events, guard the cattle-track and be ready at a moment's notice to render assistance where it should be most required.

It seemed to those who remained in the gully, with every nerve stretched, an eternity before they heard the slogans of the two clans. Then they knew that the struggle had commenced. Helen joined Alan in his watch from a natural belvedere, which the hunters had used as a look-out. But the morning was not yet far enough advanced for them to see much.

The birds were waking up among the trees where they whistled to one another in dulcet, though half-hearted notes, unconscious of the conflict, the strain, the death with which the coming day was overshadowed.

"Ah! Young Mistress," said Morag, the ghostly hunters bent what would befall. Did I not tell you, Death was grappling us; that Death and Destiny were hand in hand?"

"Too vague, too vague just now," answered Helen. "We want less talk of death and less fear of it. Then come what might panic would not rob our men of their manhood."

The old woman gazed round watchfully.

The gloomy disorder of the gully was depressing.

The great, grey boulders, worn smooth by centuries of running water, the high, scarred cliffs; the distorted overhanging trees, the deep gulfs filled with shifting shadows made a scene dismal and unpleasant enough even in broad day-light. Now half in night and half in twilight with wisps of tattered mists scattered round, it seemed the very abode of melancholy.

"Look yonder," cried Morag suddenly, "that's Fergus Maclon."

She pointed to a fugitive moving stealthily among the crags that formed the gully.

"The dastard!" exclaimed Helen; "he fears to fight himself. Coward, baseborn coward!"

"He's seeking the cattle-track," replied Morag. "I'm sure of it. Baby-faced Lamont's at the bottom of this."

"I'd give something to have your eyes," replied Alan staring across. "Can you see him, Mistress Helen?"

"Ay."

He was poking about among the scrub and rocks.

They watched and waited, the figure on the other side of the gully disappeared after a while; and as the light broadened, they began to see more clearly the position of affairs at the lip of the glen. All among the crags and the bushes and the steep banks, men fought, and cursed and fled. Every bit of vantage-ground cracked and blazed. The smoke mingled with the mist and hung over all a yet darker curtain of obscurity. It was the stand of desperate men against desperate foes.

"Alaster and the Vors are being driven back," exclaimed Morag with a groan. "God amercy on us all!"

"Ay! they're routed, Alan, they're routed."

Helen sprang forward. "Alan, the reserve."

The old man turned to his men. "I feared this would happen," he said grimly, "but follow me up the cattle-track and we'll come on them in the rear. We'll catch them like rats in a trap. Forward!"

Not one of the reserve moved. Helen's eyes flashed.

"Clansmen," she cried, "remember the sack of Stron-Saul! remember the death of the hunters! remember your chief. The time has come to avenge. Follow me."

A few swayed over towards her. "Farewell!" she said to the others. "You'll never see us more. I know well that I and these faithful few can't hope to sway the odds of battle. But we'll avenge the clansmen. We'll spill our blood for the honor of the clan. We'll die as our fathers died in the days of old."

She sought the bridle of her horse and patting its arched neck led it up the steep cattle-track for which Fergus had sought in vain.

The men, fired by her vehemence, and stung by some inward shame, closed round her.

Alan sent a message to Rory assuring him that if he could hold the gully for half an hour longer, victory would be theirs.

"Stron-Saul!" shouted the men, "remember the sack of Stron-Saul! Remember the death of the hunters and avenge."

But breath was dear, and they had grim work to do: they gripped their swords and guns and setting their teeth, went forward.

Helen sprang into the saddle. Up the secret path they stole and then with a shout circled round on the mouth of the gully.

The Maclons turned like hunted animals. They found themselves between two fires and in the dim light amid the smoke and confusion knew not how great a number were upon them.

"Curse the Glen Lara wolves," they cried.

A panic seized them. They fled to the cliffs, to the trees, to the rocks, anywhere that offered the slightest protection from the steady firing of the Vors. They fought with one another for means of escape. Then confronted on every side, strove to tear themselves out of the trap.

Helen took the reins in her teeth and with a pistol in each hand charged in among the broken bands.

They scattered: they parted to right and left: they fell, man after man with a bullet in his back.

Only a few escaped the vengeance of the Vors, and they hid like frightened rabbits among the surrounding glens, all through the day till night-fall.

Minute vegetation which grows on the surface of the ocean is called "grass of the sea" by most unscientific persons, though fishermen call it "whale's food." The fact is that whales feed upon it as do many fishes, preferring it to animal food. In a fossilized form, it has a special value in the manufacture of dynamite. When asked to say how many fossil plants were in a block of it, Prof. Owen once replied: "Put down 1, then add a lot of naughts. In fact you can be as naughty as you like."

A good book is like a vision from a mountain top. From it you can see not only more of earth but more of heaven. It means a widened horizon whether you look out or up.

## INTERESTING LIVES.

"My life has been an interesting one to live." They were the first words in the autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe, which two friends were beginning together. The reader read the sentence once and then again.

"I wonder," she said suddenly, "how many people could say that."

Miss Cobbe had an exceptional life," the other argued. "It was full of work and travel and splendid friendship; anybody would find such a life interesting to live. If it had been spent in a farmhouse kitchen now, or behind a counter, she wouldn't have written that."

But the reader shook her head. "No," she said, "I believe that's putting it the wrong way about. It wasn't things that brought the interest; it was her deep, vital interest in life and humanity that called the things to her. I've tried to argue your way when I've been discontented and impatient, but it wouldn't go. I kept thinking of Agassiz finding a whole world of interest in his back yard, and of Stevenson, living so richly in exile—of Agassizes and Stevensons that the world will never know, who are living no less full and happy lives and, in spite of pain and imprisonment, finding life good. Do you know Miss Jones in the Home for Incurables? Do you know that she has fifty correspondents, prisoners, missionaries in out-of-the-way parts of the world? And don't you remember that dear old lady up among the hills who said she never was lonely because there were so many things in the world to love? I don't believe God ever meant any human being to have an uninteresting life."

"I believe you are right," the other answered slowly.—Forward.

## TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desires for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 2.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto.

## Piano Repairing !

We have eight skilful workmen in this branch of our business alone if necessary, we can build a piano completely.

Whether you wish the tone of your piano improved—new strings put on—action made easier or ANY trouble remedied, we have the men and material to do it with.

Prices are very moderate—the workmanship is guaranteed and written estimates are given free—no matter how small the job.

PHONE 1197 FOR INFORMATION.

**J.L. Orme & Son**  
189 Sparks St.

"Canada's Great Music House."  
Complete in every detail.