

The Rival Clansmen

A Scottish Vendetta.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE END OF TWO VILLAINS—THE WITCH OF BEN-LAIR REVEALS HER TRUE NAME AND CHARACTER—A STRANGE STORY.

The sight which met the gaze of young M'Leod as he entered the hut of the Witch of Ben-Lair was such as might have frozen the blood of ordinary men; but Hector was made of sterner stuff than most men, and this, together with the peculiar circumstances of the case, had rather a tendency to nerve him to immediate and stern action.

The old woman, whom he at once recognised, was struggling in the rough grasp of two ruffians, who sought to drag her to the ground that they might then the more easily accomplish their villainous work. Her scarlet cloak was already torn from her shoulders, and was trampled amongst their feet; her long white hair was streaming in clusters down her back; and as she struggled and cried for help, she look imploringly into the faces of the assassins as if searching for a glimpse of hope where hope there was none.

A single glance was sufficient to show that her assailants were ruffians of the lowest type—dirty, scowling wretches, without a spark of ordinary humanity about them. Their wild ferocious eyes and their murderous aspect told plainly that murder was their business, and if they were the strongest, to them it mattered little who their intended victim might be.

It required but one look from M'Leod to comprehend all this, then dashing forward, he shouted—

“Back, dastard villains; leave the old woman and measure your weapons with mine.”

For a moment the two ruffians were straddled and surprised; but they were not unused to such an apparition as an armed man coming unexpectedly upon them, and quickly recovered their self-possession. At once releasing the old woman, who staggered backwards and fell in a corner of the hut, they assumed an attitude of defence, and one gazing keenly and searchingly at Hector, exclaimed to his companion—

“Rory, it is M'Leod himself. Down with him; our Chief will give hundreds for his head, and so will M'Kenzie.”

The one who spoke was he who had boasted of scuttling the boats of the M'Leods, and Hector at once recognised him as one of those who had, under the direction of Ian and Cameron, attacked him in the inn at Kinloch-Ewe. He heeded not his words. “Well, too well, did he know they were true; but he advanced towards them cautiously and warily, for he knew they were masters of their weapons and doubtless accustomed to fight against odds, while here the odds were in their own favor. Nevertheless, he was determined that the Caterans of Ben-a-Chruil—for he doubted not they were of them—should number two less before the fight should end. And a fresh hope thrilled through him as the old woman (who had also recognised him), rising from where she had fallen, cried aloud—

“M'Leod—ay, it is M'Leod! When M'Leod comes to the rescue his enemies may flee, and M'Leod has come to-night. Donald Cameron's race is nearly run now when he sends his cut-throats to do violence to an old woman. A black villain she, and as black are they that serve him. Eh, it's an awesome sight!”

The latter words were muttered in a low accent, and were in reference to what was now passing before her. For M'Leod had even while she spoke dashed at the two villains, and was showering his blows upon them with irresistible force. Every noble feeling and impulse nerved the young man to his work. He was prompted by a chivalrous and generous desire to save the old woman from the dastardly attack of the Caterans; he was moved also with bitter indignation against this who had been the instigator of the terrible calamity on the loch, and his eagerness to retaliate steeled his heart and nerved his arm.

We need not detail the fierce struggle. We need not picture how our hero pressed those whom he assailed, and drove them back, his weapon ever and anon drawing the life-blood from their bodies, while they savagely fought on, unable to reach him, deep curses falling from their lips as they began to dread that their chances of overcoming him were slender indeed. We need not repeat the thrilling words of encouragement which, above the noise of the conflict, the Witch of Ben-Lair could be heard addressing to him, nor the wild vehement denunciations she hurled against those who struggled so desperately with him.

“What did he say, Lydia?”

Mrs. Call was very hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter Lydia was a bouncing lass, who liked a good frolic, and knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a party, and the young men and maids were all on hand. In the middle of the fun, in popped old Deacon Jones, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket to the merriment, and the Deacon held on till Lydia was out of patience. She wished he would go; and by-and-by he got up to depart.

“Oh, Deacon!” said Mrs. Call, “don't think of going before tea. Oh, do stop to tea.”

The good Deacon, so strongly urged, replied—

“Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home before dark.”

“What did he say, Lydia?” asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.

“He says he will not to-day mamma, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you are, mamma.”

“Oh, well! some other day, Deacon—won't you?” said widow Call, as she showed the Deacon out.

“Smart girl, that,” said the old Deacon, as he trudged along home. “She'll make her way in the world, I warrant.”

The Acclamation Society of Cincinnati have procured \$3,000 worth of birds from Germany, among them many varieties entirely new to this continent, which they intend to let loose in the spring.

“I've helped to bury every man that ever sold me a glass of liquor, except one and I am after him,” was the good-natured remark of a temperance man the other day.

Some young men in Green Bay presented a preacher with a horse and received his heartfelt thanks. Two days after the presentation the horse was taken away by the farmer from whom it had been stolen.

Among the humors of the ladies' temperance movement in Ohio is this fragment of a popular ballad—

“Rouse thee! O dependent brother, Cheer with hope these days of pain; When this whiskey was in over, You bet we'll all get drunk again.”

NEW SPRING DRESS GOODS

GEORGE JEFFREY, WYNDHAM STREET, GUELPH.

Has just received the first of his Spring Importations per steamship Corinthian, consisting of

- 3 Cases plain Dress Goods ; 1 case Plain Silks, all new colors ;
2 “ Striped Dress Goods, something new ; 1 case Striped Silks, cheapest-goods in town.

ALSO, A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF

Real Thread Laces and French Kid Gloves from the best makers in the World

To be sold at reasonable prices.

GEORGE JEFFREY, GUELPH

Direct Importer, Guelph.

THE LION



THE LION

LARGE ARRIVALS OF SPRING GOODS FROM BRITAIN!

1000 pieces of Prints at 12 1/2 cents,

Worth 16c,

AT THE GOLDEN LION:

Golden Lion, Wyndham Street, Guelph.

J. D. WILLIAMSON.

ALTERATION OF PREMISES

GOODS SELLING

REGARDLESS OF COST.

RICHD CLAYTON

IN ORDER TO CLEAR OUT THE BALANCE OF HIS IMMENSE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS

“HAS RESOLVED”

On and after Saturday, the 3rd of January, 1874,

TO OFFER FOR ONE MONTH HIS ENTIRE STOCK

REGARDLESS OF COST

THE GOODS HAVE ALL BEEN BOUGHT AT THE LOWEST CASH

PRICES, AND IT WILL WELL REPAY ANY ONE TO

SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE PURCHASING.

NOTE THE FOLLOWING LINES

- Good Factory Cotton for 9 cents ;
Good Bleached Cotton for 8 cents ;
Horrockses Cotton for 10 cents. See them
Scarlet Flannel for 23 cents.
White Flannel for 25 cents.
Shirting Flannels, good patterns, for 26 cents
a yard, well worth 45 cents.
Winceys for 9c, rare value.

Dress Goods in Endless Variety at any price.

MANTLES AND SHAWLS WILL BE SOLD TO SUIT EVERY ONE.

BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, QUILTS, LACE CURTAINS, WINDOW HOLLANDS, CLOUDS, BREAKFAST SHAWLS, CROSSOVERS, &c. &c. &c.

Ladies, the above Goods can all be seen by calling at

THE CASH STORE,

Upper Wyndham Street.

No goods advertised but can be seen. Give us a call.

RICHARD CLAYTON,

UPPER WYNDHAM STREET

Guelph, Jan. 3, 1874

Wyndham Street, Guelph.

G. B. FRASER,

G. B. W.

JARDINE'S WOOD-WORKING MACHINERY

Sash and Moulding Machines; Tenoning Machines, single and double cuts; Hand Mitre Machines; Moulding Knives to any pattern; Screw Stamping Machines.

Mill, Agricultural and other

Repairs.

ANDREW JARDINE, Hoppler, Ont. Hoppler, Feb. 18, 1874.

Leaving Town—Bound for the West, the Great Northwest. \$45,000 worth of Dry Goods and Groceries to be disposed of in six weeks. Sale to commence on Monday, the 6th inst. MR. G. B. FRASER

Co-Operative Store.

ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

OUR NEW TWEEDS

Were selected from six different houses, therefore we have a choice lot to choose from. We employ a Tailor.

NEW COTTONS

Horrockses Bleached Cottons, soft finish; also, Linen finished Cottons, all prices. Dundas and Lybster Cottons in stock.

NEW PRINTS

Hoyles & Ashton's Fancy Prints will be offered at 12 1/2 cents per yard.

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For style, finish and durability will be found superior to former years. Ladies Prunella Boots 75c per pair.

J. C. MACKLIN & CO.

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12lbs. of Good Bright Sugar for \$1.

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New Crop Teas 50c. per lb

J. E. McELDERRY,

2 DAY'S BLOCK,

THE NOTED TEA HOUSE

FRESH FISH

RECEIVED DAILY PER EXPRESS.

Fresh Cod, Fresh Haddock, Fresh Flounders,

“ Lobsters, “ Herrings, “ Salmon Trout,

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HUGH WALKER,

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Guelph Feb. 19, 1874.