

it meant. Still there was nothing more that she could do for the present. The gun was only to be used in the last and direst necessity, else she might have gone forth boldly, and dared him to follow her. So she must wait for darkness. For though Nial had drunk heavily, it had only increased his fierce restlessness. He prowled round and round the hut like an angry tiger. Now and then he ascended an eminence and looked towards Mull. The sea was going down, and he had begun to fear the approach of some rescue party before he had accomplished his purpose; but he hardly ever took his eyes of the shieling.

During one of those excursions, Nancy opened up a hurried communication with the captive, and passed some food into the shed.

'Eat a' ye can,' she whispered, 'an' tak' the lave wi' ye. An' try an' get a bit o' sleep; ye need it.'

'She gave a sigh as she looked into the girl's pale, beautiful face

Fiona shook her head sadly.

'But hoo will ye win oot here, Miss M'Iver?'

Fiona glanced up at the skylight with a faint smile.

'Och, ye canna get through there; it's no big enough.'

'Yes, it is. I shall climb through as soon as it's quite dark.'

As the night closed in Nancy moved about restlessly, and Fiona's nerves were strung to their utmost tension. Her heart beat wildly. A supreme moment was at hand. If she should be successful in eluding Nial Mor the immediate danger would be past. But what after that? She put the question aside, resolved to deal only with the near present. But if she failed; if he heard her getting through the skylight, and came upon her, what then? She would be compelled to shoot him. That sinister, cruel, devilish look in his eyes when he tried to grasp her on the shore had haunted her ever since. She knew what it meant, and shuddered.

An hour before it was quite dark he drank some more brandy, and his recklessness and violence increased. The fire leaped into his eyes, and his face was flushed. Nancy began to feel afraid, and question whether she had not better try to hide from him with Fiona.

He rushed into the kitchen and struck the door of the shed.

'Fiona!'

'Yes.'

'I want you; you must come with me.'

She made no reply.

'Oh, you'll not answer me,' he exclaimed with a maniacal laugh, as he rushed back again. 'You despise me; you put shame on me; you say you've given your heart to another. We'll see. You'll be ready to fly to my arms when I call again.'

He tore the mattress off the bed, and heaped the furniture together, talking meanwhile incoherently and madly to himself.

Nancy glanced in upon him. He stood with his back to her, lifting the bottle to his lips—a heap of bed clothing and furniture before him. In sudden terror she drew back, and tapped softly for Fiona.

'Rin, rin,' she whispered, 'get awa. He's settin' the place o' fire.'

'But you, Nancy?'

'Ah, I maun gang wi' ye noo; I canna help him any mair.'

'Keep him talking in his own room a minute or two, and then slip away and hide among the cliffs, where you found me this morning.'

At the door Nancy met him dragging out

a box of provisions and wine.

'Oh, Mr. Nial, ye canna be sae mad,' she cried. 'Whaur will ye find a roof to pit owre ye gin ye dae this?'

'We'll have the sky, Nancy, the sky with the bright stars and the moon to look down on us. Will not that be a good roof?'

'Oh, but ye haena thoct o' the consequences, sir. Whaur can ye find a shelter for Miss M'Iver?'

'In my arms, Nancy, and where better could she be?'

He rushed back again and flung a bottle of spirits over the heap, and then a blazing peat into the midst of it. In a moment the long tongues of flame leaped up.

He laughed wildly.

'Blaze away,' he cried, 'burn! burn! There's nothing like fire to melt a proud woman's heart. Love is fire, and hate is fire, and God is fire. Ah, we'll have a glorious blaze to-night! Heaven and hell, love and hate, all on fire together. We shall be saved by fire, or destroyed with fire. What matters which, so long as I have Fiona in my arms? Chariots of fire and horses of fire to carry us to heaven, or flaming devils to bear us down to hell. I care not which, so that we die together.'

Then he sprang into the kitchen.

'Fiona! he cried, 'Fiona! I'm waiting for you. Come! Come quickly! The house is in flames and my brain is on fire, and my heart is on fire for you.'

There was no response.

He called again, and still there was no reply.

'What, Fiona! Would you rather perish in the flames than come to me? Then, my God, we'll die together.'

He flung himself with all his weight against the door. It gave way with a crash, and stood wide open. But Fiona was gone. There was a stool in the middle of the floor. The little skylight—through which he had never thought she could escape—was open. For a moment he stood transfixed. Then he broke into a wilder frenzy of passion and fled from the burning house.

(To be Continued)

#### PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,  
Writing letters, when I heard  
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me  
Mamma musn't be 'sturbed.

"But I se tired of the kitty,  
Want some ozzer fing to do.  
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?  
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling; mamma's busy;  
Run and play with kitty now."  
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter—  
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait  
As his sweet eyes searched my face—  
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,  
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,  
As I slowly shook my head,  
Till I said, "I'll make a letter  
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses,  
From his forehead aigh and white,  
And a stamp in sport I pasted  
Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,  
Go away, and bear good news."  
And I smiled as down the staircase  
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried  
Down to Mary in his glee,  
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;  
I se a letter, Mary—see!"

#### THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any drug-gist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No one heard the little prattler,  
As once more he climbed the stair,  
Reached his little cap and tippet,  
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,  
No one saw the golden hair,  
As it flatted o'er his shoulders  
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,  
Till he reached the office door,  
"I se a letter, Mr. Postman;  
Is there room for any more?"

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;  
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,  
Mamma sent me for a letter,  
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,  
"Not to-day, my little man."  
Den I'll find anozzer office,  
"Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him  
But the pleading face was gone,  
And the little feet were hastening—  
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,  
People fled to left and right,  
As a pair of maddened horses  
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—  
No one saw the golden hair,  
Till a voice of frightened sweetness  
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only  
Stood the beautiful vision there,  
Then the little face lay lifeless,  
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,  
Brushed away the curls of gold,  
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,  
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,  
Showing where the hoof had trod;  
But the little life was ended—  
"Papa's letter" was with God.  
—Selected.

The voice of Christ, like the sound of church-bells, rings through all the valleys of our sorrow, saying: "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

The storm may come without Christ, and Christ may come without the storm; but when storm and Saviour come together then is revealed both power and loving kindness.