

done when she had sat at her wheel during the long nights of the past stirring winter, and Legs-my-lea had gone a-courting to Water-gates), wooed by the caressing touch, and uniting, as amber draws straws, with Mause's dark curls, not yet taking the sit of the curl, still clustering in rich rings to the light tie of the snood. At this point Legs-my-lea started up against his own flesh and blood, and Mause's, like a tyrant of the first water, and swore nobody should "conter" (*Amplie*, contradict) Mause but him, and Mause was to do what she liked, and Mause's pleasure was his pleasure, and he would like to hear who would flyte on Mause after he said that; but "let them flyte;" and "Mause, my joe, never mind the fules flyt-in."

Legs-my-lea fell back exhausted; the family storm died away in scared silence, till Mause, who had listened to her own condemnation with dry eyes, and an erect little head, fairly sobbed at his defence. He had burst the bandage on his wound, and it was bleeding afresh, and that was what the cruel people had made by their work.

At that very moment a friendly scout rushed in with an awful complication of evil tidings. The English were lying billeted in the town. The English captain had word Legs-my-lea had come to be cured of his hurt by the hands of his young wife under his own roof-tree, and the roystering blade of a captain having swallowed his dinner and swilled a bottle of claret under his belt, was tramping along the streets, breathing fire and smoke, and bringing a magistrate's warrant and a dozen of his men at his heels to apprehend the defenceless man, squatted like a hare by his own hearthstone.

The report raised a frenzied rout, and above all sounded the shrill accents of Magnus's mother. "You see what you have done, Mause; you have slain your ain gude man and my dear bairn by your glaikit pride and fule's passion."

And Mause's despairing protest—"Mother, I would dee for him; I will dee for him."

And Magnus's tender reassurance—"Never heed my mother, Mause; never heed man or woman of them; and you, mother, be silent, I command you. I tell you, my sweet-heart, you have not harmed a hair of my head."

No time was to be lost. After a short consultation, Magnus was hurried, against the grain, through the glass door to try for an escape by the garden; while young Mause, as his wife and representative, stayed behind, stiff with horror, yet straining all her powers of body and mind to meet the dreaded visitor.

Mause was one of those girls ever put forward by nature and fortune. The youngest of her family, she was courted and wedded the first. She was the head of Legs-my-lea's household—over mother and maids and all. She was the woman who was challenged by, and who answered the challenge of Cumberland's wild officer. She was the wife left to keep the house, vindicate the honour, and cover the escape of her husband. When the quaking old mothers and wailing sisters shrank in their love into corners out of sight, this girl of seventeen came forward. She had not yet attained her full growth; her endurance was only for a time; her constancy failed after a struggle; but of her temper, tried and matured, heroines are made.

Mause stood in her brave attire in the middle of the low-roofed, white-walled room, with its secrets, her eyes wandering in agony to the glass door as Captain Bernard's firm step sounded on the threshold.

The soldier came in with his cocked hat under his arm, bowed so low that he shook the powder from his hair, fixed on Mause his falcon blue eyes, as if he had never beheld her before, and said with covered irony, "Your worshipful servant madam."

Mause responded with a throbbing heart, as if she had never in her life set eyes on Cumberland's officer in his high-collar, his stiff cravat, with his keen eyes and curling lips. "What is your pleasure, sir?" she asked, curtseying, not to be beat in polite hypocrisy—so deep a cursey that she concealed for three whole seconds the buckles in her high-heeled shoon, keeping her

untrained eyes on the floorcloth, that she might not be tempted to look again at that dreadful glass door, before which the boughs of the clematis stirred, though there was not a breath of wind in the sultry summer afternoon.

"Will you do me the favour to tell me, madam, when you last saw the Laird of Legs-my-lea?" inquired the Englishman, nunciatingly patting his cocked hat.

"Legs-my-lea left the town on the 3rd of July," said the girl, with whitening lips, checking off the number with her third finger on her rosy palm, and falling into that double language in which an honest tongue invariably takes its first stumbling step in deceit.

"Madam, the substance of your communication is false," observed Captain Bernard, rather pleasantly than otherwise, dropping his hat, drawing out his jewelled snuff-box, and refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff in the most elegant manner imaginable.

"Sir," cried the rustic Mause, starting violently, "how dare you say so?"

"I judge by the colour of your sleeve, madam. No honest woman wears such a sign on her arm," he replied, with a sneer; and he snatched up one of poor Mause's cambric ruffles on which was a foul stain of blood, not yet dry, from Legs-my-lea's sword-cut.

Mause gave a loud dismal shriek, and fell at the Hanoverian's feet praying "Mercy! mercy!" clinging to his knees, almost dragging him round with his back to the glass door, where, as he touched her, she had seen Legs-my-lea's inflamed face glaring through the panes.

But in another instant the glass was broken with a crash, the door flung open, and Legs-my-lea staggered in.

"I am your prisoner, captain. Get up, Mause, you quean, and do not beg grace of any loon. Hands of my wife, sir! I surrender."

In the dotting passion of his honeymoon, Legs-my-lea was half furious that Mause should abjectly crave even his life and liberty from another man. He would prefer to have the English officer's hand clapped on his shoulder, though that gripe should lead him to the Tol-booth and the dark Tower of London with its purpled black in the distance, than that the white-ringed fingers should ruffle the plumage and brush the broom from his darling. Captain Bernard looked from one to the other with his rapid glance. He arranged the 'top' of his hair foppishly; but as he did so he exposed to view above the jeering lip and the thin nostril that quivered excitedly, a frank, open brow. "You are my prisoner, Legs-my-lea," he said plainly, "but it may be better for you than if you had fallen into our hands later in the day, as you assuredly would unless you had fled forth of Scotland, when I might have had less power to protect you. Now, all that I insist on is, that you lie still in your own house in the town until your wounds be healed, and afterwards that you hold yourself bound not to bear arms against King George for a year and a day, when, as I think, there will be no other prince or standard left in Scotland for you to fight for. As for you, madam,"—and the soldier smiled on Mause with the sweetness of a brave man's smile,— "on some sunny day to come, either here in your own house, or in my house of Bernard's Court, in England, I trust you will take back your hard words, and grant that there are honest men and pitiful men, as well as knaves, bullies, and cut-throats, who wear my uniform."

Not on one sunny day alone, but on days of rain and frost, at home and abroad, Mause admitted humbly, and thanked God on her bended knees for the husband of her youth and the father of her bairns, that in the ranks she had condemned, the wheat grew strong-stemmed and full-eared along with the tares. In proof of the statement, Scotchmen still tell how James Wolfe raised his sickly, stern head and defied Bluff Bill to the face, when he received the order to stab the prisoners and the wounded men, lying thick as herds of cattle and fallen leaves on the black spring heather of Drummossie Moor. 'I am a soldier,' answered the hero of Quebec, 'not an executioner.'

PASTIMES.

FLORAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. A bird and what a horse is afraid of.
2. A conveyance and a whole country.
3. An animal and to regret.
4. A man's name and part of a goose.
5. An animal and a hollow body.
6. A ruler and a weapon.

BERICUS.

VERBAL PUZZLE.

Four s's, four i's, two p's, and an m
Please tell me what you can make of them?

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I'm a musician; curtailed, I'm his instrument; transposed, I'm a manor; curtailed, I'm a word of blame; curtailed and transposed, I'm a conjunction; and curtailed, I'm a vowel.
2. Whole, I'm an assembly; curtailed, I'm a scamp, again curtailed, I'm a prefix signifying negation; again curtailed, I'm a number; restored and transposed, I'm a season, again, I'm fastened; curtailed, I'm worn by man; curtailed and transposed, I'm a pronoun, and again curtailed, I'm a vowel.

PHIZ.

CHARADES.

1. My first is equality, my second inferiority, and my whole superiority.
2. My first is my all, so is my second, and also my whole.
3. I am a word of ten letters; my 1, 2, 4, is the young of a beast; my 3, 8, 3, 5, is that which nothing is perfect without; my 8, 7, 5, is a nice beverage, my 3, 2, 10, no man likes on his coat; my 1, 2, 5, is used at billiards; my 3, 8, 9, 5, is part of a horse; my 7, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, is an accumulation of useless things; my 7, 8, 3, 4, is very nice when in season, my 7, 8, 9, 10, is valuable, my 4, 8, 10, is never good; my 4, 8, 9, 10, is composed of musicians; and my whole is a county in England.

O. G. W.

4. To the whole of the words forming one part of speech,

Add your mother:

You will find this a curse; keep out of its reach
By observing the precepts the Bible doth teach,
And none other.

5. My first you will meet with in palace and cot,
It contentedly casts in both places its lot;
My second's the first thing to children you teach,
It is found on the land, in the sea, in the beach;
Oh, our tresses, what would of them e'er have become
Had my third not been made by some sensible one;
For my whole go and search in a burial ground,
For there, I assure you, 'tis frequently found.

CONUNDRUM.

Who was the son of nobody? J. G. P.

LONDON MAGAZINES.

1. A vile garb, 2. Pert Mabel; 3. No yon Scot lied;
4. Adorn no elder.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

What was the amount of the account from which after I had allowed exactly $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., I received exactly £25? N. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 98.

Arithmorem.—*Macbeth, Othello*.—1. Magnifico; 2. Adroit; 3. Calash; 4. Barnadine; 5. Earl; 6. Teal; 7. Hindoo.

Square Words.—1. PLUMB 2. SCREW

LEVER CAUSE
UVULA RURAL
MELON EASEL
BRAND WELLS

Enigma.—Eggs.

Double Acrostic.—*Macroady, King Lear*.—1. Kingdom; 2. India; 3. Narcotic; 4. Guadalquivir; 5. Lolre; 6. Elba; 7. Amed; 8. Remedy.

Charade.—Faint heart never won fair lady.

Decapitation.—Rhono-ono.

Arithmetical Questions.—1. The ages were 12, 8 and 4 years respectively. 2. 20 boys and 30 girls.

Arithmorem.—Bericus, Geo. B., Cloud, H. H. V., Palmer, Violet, B. N. C.

Square Words.—B. N. C., Violet, X. Y., Cloud, A. B. Y., Geo. B.

Enigma.—Bericus, B. N. C., Violet, X. Y., H. H. V., Geo. B., A. R. Y.

Double Acrostic.—Cloud, H. H. V., Palmer, Geo. B., Arthur W., Violet.

Charade.—Bericus, Palmer, Geo. B., Violet, Arthur W., Cloud.

Decapitations.—B. N. C., Bericus, X. Y., A. R. Y., Cloud.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Bericus, Cloud, X. Y., H. H. V.

DYE FOR MOSS AND GRASS.—For pink, get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water, for red, logwood and alum; and for blue, indigo blue; and all other colours that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye which will answer the same purpose.