

"The one that's got the best wind for a third race."

"The one that has the most dust behind it."

"What kind of dust?"

"Gold dust, of course."

"You have it. But I want Miss Marie."

And swinging round she caught sight of the open door of the Eyrie, and ambled off with the words of another refrain:

Like a golden wren from a Highland glen
To her island home came she;
And the flowers where they stood,
And the birds in the wood,
In their homage made her free.

Till a dark unrest swept over the west,
Chilling the flowers in their birth;
Then the birds ceased to sing,
For the cypress did fling
Its mantle to ravish the earth.

But truth is the Lord's. His are the swords,
And liberty's echo is stirred;
And the day yet shall come
When the wren shall fly home,
For the prayer of her loved one is heard.

A lusty woman was sweeping the entrance of the MacAlpine castle when Madge presented herself.

"Goodness sakes! where did ye cam frae?" she asked in a high pitched tone, while she held her broom in a threatening attitude.

"From the de'il's own caldron at the bottom of the lake," replied Madge, stoutly.