## THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS

BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER I.

The frowsy chamber maid of the "Red Lion" had just finished washing the front door steps. She rose from the front door steps. her stooping posture, and, being of slovenly habit, flung the water from ageous Peter, walking backwards with carry other people's goods at rates that her pail, straight out, without moving from where she stood. The smooth ging at the reins of a horse the feet round arch of the falling water glisten-Gourlay, standing in front of his new hear the sash of it when it fell. The morning was of perfect stillness.

another, and another, till twelves of them had passed. Gourlay stood aside to noathing the moment another man morning was of perfect stillness.

Square" were pointing to the hour of the neighbors would have told you. As eight. They were yellow in the sun. Blowsalinda, of the Red Lion, pick-

within the porch and, carrying it clumsily against her breast, moved off steady! round the corner of the public house, her petticoat gaping behind. Half way she met the ostler with whom she stopped in amorous dalliance. He said it disappears. Anything is welcome something to her, and she laughed that breaks the long monotony of the him's not to be endured." loudly and vacantly. The silly tee-hee hours, and suggests a topic for echoed up the street.

ing round the corner, and floating er will answer with equal gravity, "I white in the still air, shewed that she saw Kennedy's gig going past in the was pounding the bass against the end forenoon." "Aye, man, where would But it was true that he had made of the house. All over the little town he be off till? He's owre often in his large sums of money during recent the women of Barbie were equally busy gig, I'm thinking-" and then Kennedy years. From his father (who had risen with their steps and door mats. There and his affairs will last them till bed- in the world) he inherited a fine trade was scarce a man to be seen either in time. the Square, at the top of which Gourcending from its near corner. The lethargy. The smith came out in his not yet appeared; the women were gazed, the grimy cap from his whitebusy with their household cares.

ing. At this hour there was an un- Gourlay's carts were setting off upon familiar delicacy in the familiar scene, their morning rounds, a brave proa freshness and purity of aspect-al- cession for a single town! Gourlay, most an unearthliness—as though you standing great-shouldered in the midviewed it through a crystal dream. But | dle of the road, took in every detail, it was not the beauty of the hour that devoured it grimly as a homage to his Gourlay musing at his gate. He pride. "Ha! ha! ye dogs," said was dead to the fairness of the scene, soul within. Past the pillar of the Red even while the fact of its presence Lion door he could see a white peep before him wove most subtly of the landlard's waistcoat-though with his mood. He smoked in silent the rest of the mountainous man was enjoyment because on a morning such hidden deep within his porch. (On a consciousness of importance. His going past. It was fat Simpsonsense of prosperity was soothing and might the universe blast his adiposewith his big merchandise.

at the same hour, and in the same direction. To-day, however, because of Simpson, the swine! He had made use; and that is why they were present the delay, all his carts would go short work o' him! streaming through the town together, Ere the last of the carts had issued following. and that brave pomp would be a slap from the yard at the House with the It was their feeling that Gourlay's

the carelessness of perfect scorn. the bricks!" came a voice. Then there tuous of Barbie, most unchivalrous feud kept increasing between them. was the smart slap of an open hand on scorners of its old maids. a sleek neck, a quick start, and the rattle of chains as the horse quivered snubbing Sandy Toddle's sister. When Gourlay's "quarriers"—as the quarry

"Run a white tarpaulin across the cheese, Jock, to keep them frae melting in the heat," came another voice. patience; loudish in anxiety, yet throaty from fear of being heard. "Hurry up, man-hurry up, or he'll be teams went slowly down the steep side weren't such a demmned ess!" late in getting off!"

Gourlay smiled, grimly, and a black gleam shot from his eye as he glanced round to the gate and caught the words. His men did not know he

The clock across the Square struck the hour, eight soft slow strokes, that passing greatness. When it disappearmelted away in the beauty of the morning. Five minutes passed. Gourlay turned his head to listen, but no further sound came from the yard. He walked to the green gate, his slippers

"Are ye sleeping, my pretty men?" he said, softly. . ."Eih? The "Eih" leapt like a sword, with a slicing sharpness in its tone, that made it a sinister contrast to the first sweet question to his "pretty men.

"Eih?" he said again, and stared with open mouth and fierce dark eyes. 'Hurry up, Peter," whispered the gaffer, "hurry up, for Godsake. He has the black glower in his e'en.

"Ready, sir; ready now!" cried Peter Riney, running out to open the other half of the gate. Peter was a wizened little man, with a sandy fringe of beard beneath his chin, a wart on the end of his long, slanting-out nose, light blue eyes, and bushy eyebrows of a

always ran about his work with eage

"Hup horse; hup then!" cried cour- own business, that he could afford to curved body through the gate, and tug- must cripple his rivals. of which struck sparks from the paved a visitor once, who thought of entered for a moment in mid-air. John ground as they stressed painfully on ing into competition. "It's cutting of edge to get weight on the great wagon his nose to spite his face! Why is he house at the head of the brae, could behind. The cart rolled through, then so anxious to be the only carrier to watch them. All the horses were tries to work the roads? It's a daft-The hands of the clock across "the brown; "he makes a point of that," like thing to do!" each horse passed the gate the driver left its head, and took his place by the ed up the big bass that usually lay wheel, cracking his whip, with many a noathing from the carrying; but then, "hup horse; yean horse; woa lad; ye see, it gies him a fine chance to steady!"

In a dull little country town the ye ocht, 'Oh,' he growls, 'I'll see if it passing of a single cart is an event, and a gig is followed with the eye till have to be content. He has made choed up the street.

evening's talk. "Any news?" a body wealth, however, that made Gourlay will gravely enquire; "Ou aye," anoth-haughty to his neighbors; it was a re-

in cheese: also the carrying to Skeigh-Thus the appearance of Gourlay's an on the one side and Fleckie on the lay stood, or in the long street des- carts woke Barbie from its morning other. When he married Miss Richmen were at work; the children had leather apron, shoving back, as he a corn broker with the snug dowry mond of Tenshillingland, he started as that she brought him. Then, sweating brow; bowed old men stood in to his own benefit, he succeeded in The freshness of the air, the smoke front of their doorways, leaning with establishing a valuable connectio rising thin and far above the red one hand on short trembling staffs, with Templandmuir. chimneys, the sunshine glistering on while the slaver slid unheeded along It was partly by sheer impact of the roofs and gables, the rosy the cutties which the left hand held to character that Gourlay obtained his clearness of everything beneath their toothless mouths; white-mutched the dawn, above all the quiet- grannies were keeking past the jambs; ness and peace, made Barbie, usually an early urchin, standing wide-legged so poor to see, a very pleasant place to stare, waved his cap and shouted, to look down at on a summer morn-"Hooray!"—and all because John

horses were unable to go fast-being

the heavy propulsion of the carts be-

hind; and thus the procession endured

ed round the Bend o' the Brae the

event of the day had passed and va-

cancy resumed her reign. The street

ing sun. Gourlay alone stood idly at

his gate, lapped in his own satisfac-

It had been a big morning, he felt,

carriers, carters of cheese and carters

of grain, had led their teams down the

brae together in the full view of his

slow up and down motion of the head,

like a man nodding grimly to his

beaten enemy. It was as if he said,

CHAPTER II.

"See what I have done to ye!"

that all his men, quarry-men

and the Square lay empty to the morn-

ascendancy over hearty and careless Templandmuir, and partly by a bluff joviality which he-so little cunning in other things-knew to affect among the petty lairds. The man you saw trying to be jocose with Templandmuir, was a very different being from the autocrat who "downed" his fellows in the town. It was all "How are ye the day, Templandmuir?" and "How d'ye doo-oo, Mr. Gourlay?" and the immediate production of the big decan-

twice a week to the nearest town. In

the days when Gourlay was the great

man of Barbie, railways were only be-

ginning to thrust themselves amon

we remember that it had been a de-

meagre volume. Even so, it was as tonishing that he should be the only

carrier. If you asked the natives how

"But that's very stupid, surely," said

"To be sure is't, to be sure is't! Jus

suits my own convenience.' And ye

It was not the insolence of sudden

More than ten years ago now, Templandmuir gave this fine dour upstanding friend of his a twelve-year tack of the Red Quarry-and that was the as this, everything he saw was a deli- summer mornings the vast totality of making of Gourlay. The quarry yieldcate flattery to his pride. At the be- the landlord was always inferential to ed the best building stone in a circuit ginning of a new day to look down on the town from the tiny white peep of of thirty miles, easy to work and hard the petty burgh in which he was the him revealed.) Even fat Simpson had against wind and weather. When the greatest man, filled all his being with waddled to the door to see the carts main line went north through Skeighan and Poltandie, there was a great pervasive; he felt it all round him who had once tried to infringe Gour- Gourlay simply coined the money. He cropped fair hairs on it showing whitlike the pleasant air, as real as that lay's monopoly as the sole carrier in could not have exhausted the quarry had as subtle; bathing him, caressing. Barble. There had been a rush to him It was the most secret and intimate at first, but Gourlay set his teeth and howk down a hill-but he took thoujoy of his life to go out and smoke on summer mornings by his big gate, musing over Barbie ere he possessed it to carry, so that the local wit suggest- laird on each was ridiculously small. with his big merchandise.

ed "a wee parcel in a big cart" as a He built wooden stables out on Tempnew sign for his hotel. The twelve landmuir's estate—the Templar had ers for being late in setting out this browns prancing past would be a pill seven hundred acres of hill land—and to Simpson! There was no smile about it was there the quarry horses genere was sternly methodical), but Gourlay's mouth—a fiercer glower was ally stood. It was only rarely—once in in his heart he was secretly pleased. The needs of his business were so the only sign of his pride—but it put ally stood. It was only rarely—once in two years, perhaps—that they came into the House with the Green Shutters.

various that his men could rarely start the suggestive round of Simpson's Last Saturday they had brought sevat the great procession on the Monday

in the face to his enemies. "I'll show Green Shutters the foremost was al- success was out of all proportion to them," he thought, proudly. "Them" ready near the Red Lion. Gourlay his merits that made other great-menwas the town-folk, and what he would swore beneath his breath when Miss in-a-small-way so bitter against him. show them was what a big man he Toddle-described in the local records They were an able lot, and scarce one was. For, like most scorners of the as "a spinster of independent means" but possessed fifty times his weight of world's opinion, Gourlay was its slave, -came fluttering out with a silly little brain. Yet he had the big way of and showed his subjection to the parcel to accost one of the carriers. doing, though most of them were well popular estimate by his anxiety to Did the auld fool mean to stop Andy enough to pass. Had they not been flout it. He was not great enough for Gow about her petty affairs—and thus aware of his stupidity they would break the line of carts on the only never have minded his triumphs in the Through the big green gate behind morning they had ever been able to go countryside, but they felt it with a him came the sound of carts being down the brae together? But no. Andy sense of personal defeat that he—the loaded for the day. A horse, weary of tossed her parcel carelessly up among donkey, as they thought him-should standing idle between the shafts, his other packages, and left her bawl- scoop every chance that was going, kicked ceaselessly and steadily against ing instructions from the gutter, with and leave them, the long-headed ones, the ground with one impatient hinder a portentous shaking of her corkscrew still muddling in their old concerns. foot, clink, clink, clink upon the paved curls. Gourlay's men took their cue They consoled themselves with sneers, "Easy, damn ye; ye'll smash from their master, and were contemp- he retorted with brutal scorn, and the

They were standing at the Cross, to Gourlay was pleased with Andy for enjoy their Saturday at e'en, when he and Elshie Hogg reached the Cross horses had been named—came through they would have to break off from the the town last week-end. There were rest to complete their loads, but they groups of bodies in the streets, washhad been down Main street over night | ed from toil to enjoy the quiet air; And canny on the top there wi that as usual picking up their commissions, dandering slowly or gossiping at ease; big feet o' yours; d'ye think a cheese and until they reached the Bend o' the and they all turned to watch the quarwas made for you to dance on wi' your Brae it was unlikely that any business riers stepping bravely up, their heads mighty brogues?" Then the voice sank should arrest them now. Gourlay hop- tossing to the hill. The big-men-in-ato the hoarse warning whisper of im- ed that it might be so, and he had his small-way glowered and said nothing. desire, for, with the exception of Miss "I wouldn't mind," said Sandy Tod-

Toddle, no customer appeared. The dle at last, "I wouldn't mind if he down on us like bleezes for being so of the Square in an unbroken line, and "Ess?" said the Deacon unpleasantslowly down the street leading from ly. He puckered his brow and blinked, its near corner. On the slope the pretending not to understand.

"Oh, a cuddy, ye know," said Todforced to stell themselves back against | dle, coloring. the Deacon. "We all know that. But ness. His father on the step beneath for a length of time worthy its surthere'th one thing to be said on hith had a different pleasure in the sight. behalf. He's not such a 'demned ess' The fresh indolence of morning was as totry and thpake fancy English!" watching bodies disappeared too; the

It was the first time for many a year large-mouthed and fat of utterance). gumption he has noan. Noan what- (physical, indeed, rather than mental), "I hope they liked it!" he edge than as prophet of the thing de- fort and built them large and signifi- come till his breakfast!" "Likely enough," said Sandy Toddle; in the thought of it. "he wouldn't be quick enough to jump

at the new way of doing." will the brownness of his face. Peter riers at the least, journeying once or the full extent of his stupedity."

the quiet hills, and the bulk of inland commerce was still being drawn by orses along the country roads. Yet Gourlay was the only carrier in the town. The wonder is diminished when caying burgh for thirty years, and that its trade, at the best of times, was of he did it, "Ou," they said, "he makes SOOTHING Powders Relieve FEVERISH HEAT.

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"Oh, he's a 'demned ess,' " said the Deacon, rubbing it into Toddle and Gourlay at the same time.

much money of late that the pride of "A-ah, but then, ye see, he has the beelity that comes from character. said Johnny Coe, who was a sage philosopher. "For there are two kinds of don't ye understa-and? pressiveness natural to the man and a There's a scattered abeelity that's of no use! Auld Randie Donaldson was good at fifty different things, and he died in the poorhouse! There's a dour gind of abeelity, though, that has no cleverness, but just gangs tramping on; and that's-"

"The easiest beaten by a flank attack," said the Deacon, snubbing him.

CHAPTER III

coused from a day dream Gourlay turned from the green gate and entered the was washing down the legs of a horse beside the trough. It was Gourlay's had such accommodation! own cob, which he used for driving round the countryside. It was a black. The brown for sturdiness, the black It was a by-word in the place that if maxim of his whim to give it the sanction of a higher law.

Gilmour was in a wild temper be-5 o'clock in order to turn several hundred cheese, to prevent them bulging o becoming cracked and spoiled. He did not raise his head at his master's approach. And his head being bent, the eye was attracted to a patent leather collar which he wore, glazed a little natural terrace that projected reading silly fiction. with black and red stripes. It is a a considerable distance into the Square. collar much affected by ploughmen, At the foot of the steep little bank because a dip in the horse-trough once a month suffices for its washing. Between the striped collar and his hair (as he stooped) the sunburned redness deal of building on the far side, and of his neck struck the eye vividly—the ish on the red skin.

The horse quivered as the cold water swashed about its legs, and turned playfully to bite its groom. Gilmour, still stooping, dug his elbow up beneath its ribs. The animal wheeled in anger, but Gilmour ran to its head with eye of a stranger the moment he enmost manful blasphemy and led it to tered the Square-"Whose place is the stable door. The off hind leg was still unwashed. "Has the horse but three legs?" said

Gourlay suavely. Gilmour brought the horse back to the trough, muttering sullenly. Were ye saying anything?" said

Gilmour sulked out and said nothing

Gourlay. "Eih?"

and his master smiled grimly at the sudden redness that swelled his neck and ears to the verge of bursting. A boy, standing in his shirt and trousers at an open window of the house above, had looked down at the scene with craning interest-big-eyed. He had been alive to every turn and phase of it-the horse's quiver of delight and fear, his skittishness, the groom's ill-temper, and Gourlay's stant remark, to men because of the increased the discomfort of the kitchen, grinding will. Eh, but his father was tyrant who owned it, and to women "Oh, that's it!" said Gourlay. "I see! caution! How easy he had downed his father himself, but he liked to see him send other folk to the right about. For he was John Gourlay, too-Hokey,

but his father could down them! Mr. Gourlay passed on to the inner yard, which was close to the scullery man clean beats me! I never could clean house than." door. The paved little court, within its make head nor tail o't!" As for the Mrs. Gourlay leaned, with the out- face and a pimply brow, over wh high wooden walls, was curiously fresh and clean. A cock-pigeon strutted Gourlay and his domicile into fresh her right hand, on the sloppy table, almost to her staring eyes, the round, puffing his gleaming breast and matter of assailment. "What's the and gazed away through the back winrooketty-cooing in the sun. Large clear drops fell slowly from the spout of a long absence—to whom the smith, af- ful vacancy. Always when her first wooden pump, and splashed upon a flat | ter smoking in silence for five minutes, | complaining defence had failed to turn | he never petted her, had a silent stone. The place seemed to enfold the said, "Gourlay has got new rones!" stillness. There was a sense of inclu- "Ha-aye, man, Gourlay has got new became a blank beneath his heavy sar-

sion and peace. There is a distinct pleasure to the eye in a quiet brick court where everything is fresh and prim; in sunny weather you can lounge in a room and watch it through an open door, in a kind of lazy dream. The body, standing at the window above to let the if possible. fresh air blow round his neck, was alive to that pleasure; he was intensely conscious of the pigeon swelling in its bravery, of the clean yard, "Gourlay'th stupid enough," lisped the dripping nump, and the great stillround him too, but it was more than When the Deacon was not afraid of that that kept him gazing in idle hapa man he stabbed him straight. When piness. He was delighting in the sense he was afraid of him he stabbed him of his own property around him, the on the sly. He was annoyed by the most substantial pleasure possible to passing of Gourlay's carts, and he took man. His feeling, deep though it was, it out of Sandy Toddle. was quite vague and inarticulate. If "It's extr'ornar!" blurted the Provost (who was a man of brosey speech, thinking of he could not have told you, even if he had been willing to answer "It's extr'ornar. Yass; it's extr'ornar! you civilly—which it most unlikely. Yet mean the luck of that man-for his whole being, physical and mental sired. "I wager he'd go down, sirs." | cant before the world. He was lapped

All men are suffused with that quiet spite sharpening his insight, "moar endeavors—in looking at the houses he consents to rise." Only a man of Gourlay's brute force than that! He'd be owre dour to more than at the lands, for the house reddish gray. The bearded red brows, close above the pale blueness of his eyes, made them more vivid by contrast: they were like pools of blue light trast: they were like pools of blue light. trast; they were like pools of blue light nearly every parish has a pair of car- him on the town's affairs that know cess. It is more personal than cold schooling's owre sore on him." lacres, stamped with an individuality. "Poor lamb, atweel," said Gourlay. smouldering fire-he was so dour of wit

All men know that soothing pride in "It was a muckle sheep that dropped that he could never hope to distinguish contemplation of their own property. But in Gourlay's sense of property there was another element, an eleerty there was another element, an element peculiar to itself, which endowed others, since her sluttishness was a it with its warmest glow. Conscious constant offence to the order in which always that he was at a disadvantage among his cleverer neighbors, who could achieve a civic eminence denied to him, he felt nevertheless that there was one means, a material means, by close together near the big clock; his which he could hold his own and re- gun always lay across a pair of woodassert himself; by the bravery of his business, namely, and all the appointents thereof-among which his dwell- bigotry in trifles expressed his characing was the chief. That was why he ter. Strong men of a mean under don't understand that; it's had such keen delight in surveying it. standing often deliberately assume, Every time he looked at the place he and passionately defend, peculiarities had a sense of triumph over what he of no importance, because they had of Shakespeare or Napoleon knew in his bones to be an adverse nothing else to get a repute for. "No, have made no difference to John public opinion. There was anger in his no," said Gourlay; "you'll never see a lay. It would have been damned to the control of the control o pleasure, and the pleasure that is mix- brown cob in my gig-I wouldn't take sense just the same. And he ed with anger often gives the keenest one in a present!" He was full of such that the thirll. It is the delight of triumph in fads, and nothing should persuade him the man had made dogged s spite of opposition. Gourlay's house to alter the crotchets, which, for want principle of life to maintain was a material expression of that de- of something better, he made the at the height which his courage light, stood for it in stone and lime.

It was not that he reasoned deliberately when he built the house. But every improvement that he made-and he was always spending money on improvements-had for its secret motive more or less vague desire to score off his rivals. "That'll be a slap in the face to the Provost!" he smiled, when he planted his great mound of shrubs. "There's noathing like that about the Provost's! Ha, ha!" Encased as he was in his hard and

sensitive nature he was not the man who in new surroundings would be quick to every whisper of opinion. But he had been born and bred in Barbie, and he knew his townsmen-oh, yes, he knew them. He knew they laughed because he had no gift of the gab, and could never be Provost, or Bailie, or Elder-or even Chairman of the Gasworks! Oh, verra well, verra well: let Connal and Brodie and Allardyce have the talk, and manage the town's affairs (he was damned if they should manage his!)-he, for his part, preferred the substantial reality. He could never aspire to the Provostship, but a man with a house like that, he was fain to think, could afford to do with-With the sudden start of a man out it. Oh, yes: he was of opinion he could do without it! It had run him short of cash to build the place so big yard. Jock Gilmour, the "orra" man, and braw, but, Lord! it was worth it. There wasn't a man in the town who

And so, gradually, his dwelling had come to be a passion of Gourlay's life. haunting the House with the Green Shutters. Deacon Allardyce, trying to Gilmour was in a wild temper be-cause he had been forced to get up at the saying in his presence. "Likely said Gourlay. "It's only enough!" owner. It was a substantial two-story dwelling, planted firm and gawcey on thatic about a tail, cold, barn-like have the whole place gutted, out yes ugliness dumbly on your notice, a I'm a little tousy!" manifest blotch upon the world, a The old fashioned kitchen grate had place for the winds to whistle round. been removed and the jambs had been call "browdened" on her boy." I

> the brae," made it the theme of conmen, they twisted every item about their eyes, diminished in mirth, twinkwrinkles, as if wit had volleyed between them. In short, the House with the Green Shutters was on every tongue-and with a scoff in the voice

CHAPTER IV.

Gourlay went swiftly to the kitchen rom the inner yard. He had stood so long in silence on the step, and his coming was so noiseless, that he surprised a long thin trollop of a woman, with a long thin scraggy neck, seated by the slatternly table, and busy with a frowsy paper-covered volume, over which her head was gent in intent per-

"At your novelles?" said he. "Aye, woman; will it be a good story?" She rose in a nervous flutter when she saw him; yet needlessly shrill in her defence, because she was angry at

"Ah. well!" she cried, in weary petuever! But if the railway came here- was surcharged with the feeling that not to have a moment's rest after such away I wager Gourlay would go down," the fine buildings around him were his, a morning's darg! I just sat down wi' thought, and he nodded several times he added, less in certainty of knowl- that he had won them by his own ef- the book for a little, till John should "So?" said Gourlay.

"God aye!" he went on, "you're mak-

It was Gourlay's pride in his house marks of his dour character. He had ranted. His thickness of wit was worked them up as part of his per- a bar to the success of his iron sonality, and his pride of personality the irony of the ignorant Scot is was such that he would never consent the outcome of intellectual to change them. Hence the burly and It depends on a falsetto voice gurly man was prim as an old maid use of a recognized number with regard to his belongings. Yet his words. "Dee-ee-ar me, dee-ee wife was continually infringing the "Just so-a, just so-a"; "Im order on which he set his heart. If he "D'ye tell me that?" "Wonderfu went forward to the big clock to look wonderful"; "Ah, well, mayfor his hammer, it was sure to be gone may-ay-be,"—these be words of pot -the two bright nails staring at him frony when uttered with a certain h vacantly. "Oh," she would say in Long practice had made Gourlay weary complaint, "I just took it to adept in their use. He never spoke break a wheen coals";—and he would those he despised or disliked, with find it in the coal-hole, greasy and "the birr." Not that he was vo grimy finger-marks engrained on the of speech; he wasn't clever enough handle which he loved to keep so lengthy abuse. He said little and smooth and clean. Innumerable her voice was low, but every word offences of the kind. Independent of the hard, clean lips was a stab. these, the sight of her general incom- often his silence was more petence filled him with a seething rage, than any utterance. It struck life which found vent not in lengthy tirades a black frost. but the smooth venom of his tongue. Let him keep the outside of the House lay had less occasion for the use of never so spick and span, inside was crude but potent irony, since the s awry with her untidiness. She was of his material well-being warmed h unworthy of the House with the Green and made him less bitter to the wor Shutters-that was the gist of it. To the substantial farmers and per Every time he set eyes on the poor squires around he was civil, trollop, the fresh perception of her in- hearty, in his manner-unless they competence which the sudden sight of fended him. For they belonged to her flashed, as she trailed aimlessly close corporation of "bien men," about, seemed to fatten his rage and his familiarity with them was a progive a coarser birr to his tongue.

Mrs. Gourlay had only four people to again, were far too far beneath h look after, her husband, her two chil- already for him to "down" them. dren, and Jock Gilmour, the orra man. reserved his jibes for his imme And the wife of Dru'cken Wabster- foes, the assertive bodies his rivals who had to go charing because she the town-and for his wife, who wa for speed," he would say, making a ever his ghost was seen, it would be was the wife of Dru'cken Wabster— constant eyesore. As for her, he came in every day, and all day long, baited the poor woman so long that to help her with the work. Yet the had become a habit; he never spoke house was always in confusion, Mrs. her without a sneer. "Aye, where ha Gourlay had asked for another servant, you been stravaiging to?" he wou but Gourlay would not allow that; drawl, and if she answered meekly, dred cheese, to prevent them bulging reasonable I should prefer my own out of shape owing to the heat, and house to you rabble in the graveyard!" once laid down, he never went back bye," "The linn!" he would take h "one's enough," said he, and what he was taking a dander to the linn own Both in appearance and position the on. Mrs. Gourlay had to muddle along up; "ye had a heap to do to ga house was a worthy counterpart of its as best she could, and having no there; your Bible would fit you bet strength either of mind or body, she on a bonny Sabbath afternune!" let things drift and took refuge in might be: "What's that you're bu

As Gourlay shoved his feet into his boots, and stamped to make them shelving to the terrace ran a stone easy, he glowered at the kitchen from wall, of no great height, and the iron under his heavy brows with a huge railings it uplifted were no higher than disgust. The table was littered with the sward within. Thus the whole unwashed dishes, and on the corner of house was bare to the view from the it next him was a great black sloppy ground up, nothing in front to screen ring, showing where a wet saucepan its admirable qualities. From each croner, behind, flanking walls went The sun streamed through the window out to the right and left, and hid the in yellow heat right on to a pat of yard and the granaries. In front of melting butter. There was a basin of these walls the dwelling seemed to dirty water beneath the table, with the thrust itself out for notice. It took the dishcloth slopping over on the ground. "It's a tidy house!" said he.

"Ach well," she cried, "you and your | couldna send him? Eh?" that?" was his natural question. A kitchen range! It was that that did house that challenges regard in that it! The masons could have redd out the milk, and she volunteered to gang. way should have a gallant bravery in the fireplace to make room for't in the Man, it seems I never do a thing t its look; if its aspect be mean, its as- afternoon before it comes hame. please ye! What harm will it do her sertive position but directs the eye to They could have done't brawly, but ye to run for a drop milk?" its infirmities. There is something pa- wouldna hear o't-oh, no-ye bude to house set high upon a brae; it cannot treen. I had to boil everything on the should still be a-bed—oh, it's right hide its naked shame; it thrusts its parlor fire this morning-no wonder he should get the privilege-s

But Gourlay's house was worthy its widened on each side of the fireplace; spite of her slack grasp on life-pe commanding station. A little dour and it yawned, empty and cold. A little haps, because of it—she clung with blunt in the outlines like Gourlay him- rubble of mortar, newly dried, lay tenacious fondness to him. He was self, it drew and satisfied your eye as about the bottom of the square recess. she had, for Janet was a thow The sight of the crude, unfamiliar thing, too like her mother for And its position, "cockit up there on scraps of dropped lime in the gaping place where warmth should have been, discovered that it was one way of "Oh, that's it!" said Gourlay. "I see! because of the poor woman who mis- It was want of the fireplace that kept and annoy her, he adopted a n Jock Gilmour! The boy was afraid of managed its affairs. "Deed, I don't ye from washing the dishes that we of hardness and repression to his onder that gurly Gourlay, as they ca' used yestreen. That was terrible! which became permanent. He was him, has an ill temper," said the gos- However, ye'll have plenty of boiling ways "down" on John. The m sips gathered at the pump, with their water when I put in the grand new big bare arms akimbo; "whatever led range for ye; there winna be its equal perhaps, again, because her him to marry that dishelout of a wo- in the parish! We'll maybe have a seemed to neglect her. Janet wa

> news?" asked one, returning from a dow of the kitchen in a kind of mourn- saucer-like, with a great margin of aside her husband's tongue, her mind faction in his daughter. He too rones!" buzzed the visitor, and then casms, and sought refuge by drifting afternoons, when he went to buy for away. She would fix her eyes on and grain at the outlying farm led at each other from out their ruddy the distance in dreary contemplation, he fed her rabbits when she had and her mind would follow her eyes, in fever. It was a curious sight a vacant and wistful regard. The pre- the dour silent man mixing oatm occupation of her mournful gaze en- wet tea-leaves in a saucer at the abled her to meet her husband's sneers kitchen table, and then marchi with a kind of numb unheeding ac- to the hutch, with the ridiculou quiescence. She scarcely heard them. Her head hung a little to one side as f too heavy for her wilting neck. Her hair, of a dry red brown, curved low on either side of her brow, in a thick untidy mass, to her almost transparent ears. As she gazed in weary and dreary absorption her lips had fallen heavy and relaxed, in unison with her mood; and through her open mouth her breathing was quick, and short, and noiseless. She wore no stays, and her slack cotton blouse showed the flatness of her bosom, and the faint outlines of her withered 'and pendulous breasts hanging low within

pose, as she stood, sad and abstracted, by the dirty table. She was scraggy helplessness, staring in sorrowful vac lance, "it's an unco thing if a body's ancy. But Gourlay eyed her with disgust—why, by heaven, even now her petticoat was gaping behind, worse than the sloven's at the Red Lion. She was a pr-r-rety wife for John Gourlay! The sight of her feebleness would have roused pity in some: Gouring a nice job of him. He'll be a credit lay it moved to a steady and seething t the new way of doing."

pride in looking at the houses and to the House. Oh, it's right, no doubt, rage. As she stood helpless before him that!" cried the Provost, lands which they have won by their that you should neglect your work till he stung her with crude, brief irony. Yet he was not wilfully cruel: only hardly the word for a man of his

There was something tragic in he

himself by anything in the shape cleverness. Yet so resolute a man r make the strong personality of which he was proud, tell in some way. Ho then, should he assert his superiori and hold his own? Only by affecting brutal scorn of everything said ing made his affectation of con the easier. A man can never snee able to sneer at everything. "H onsense!'-that was his atitue life. If "that" had been an utte have made no difference to John

COMPONENT TO BETTE TO

In those early days, to be sure, Gou to the world of his greatness. Other ing your nose in now?" and if she fa tered, "It's the Bible," "Hi!" he wo laugh, "you're turning godly in auld age. Weel, I'm no saying but it'

time." "Where's Janet?" he demanded stamping his boots once more, now h had them laced.

"Eh?" said his wife vaguely, turning her eyes from the window. "Wha-a "Ye're not turning deaf, I hope was asking ye where Janet was." "I sent her down to Scott's for a ca o' milk." she answered him wearily

"No doubt ye had to send her." sa he. "What ails the lamb that

"Oh, she was about when I wanted "Noan," he said gravely, "noan. And

lit's right, no doubt, that her the eldest!" Mrs. Gourlay was what

mother to like her. And Gourla ting at his wife to be hard upo thing she loved. In his desire because Janet was his own fav very unlovely child, with a long ta spread thumb and red raw knuckles of stiff fringe of whitish hair came themselves being large, pale blue healthy white. But Gourlay, about with him in the gig, on Sat in his hand, to feed his daughter's (To be continued.)

REJECTED LOVER'S CRIM

New York. Oct. 28 .- Because she Believing he had killed her, he th himself dead. The young woma-only slightly wounded. The shootl curred in a Fourth avenue bird where both were employed.



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OUTPUT WILL BE LARGER T

> w Discovery on Bright Outloo Mining E

"The output of At season will be greate year," said C. Dubo Mcitor, who recently north. "I believe will come from the more than the outpu there are several not yet completed ations so any estima put is speculative.

camp. Individual m known creeks is alm past, big hydraulic ing placer claims f good figures. The of the Guggenheims to flow in and they for making money touch. One pleasing invasion of the camp which the workmen took several carpen Dawson and one w I left said they are g for. Everything mus scamped, and a fai Their workmen are every respect. "The Tar flats on

scene of their prese so successful has th that work will be con being brought outside Other companies are well. The Societie I known as the French a successful season, side the sluice box nuggets valued at \$2, Mines, Limited, of w is president, has bee floulties, and accord sell its property from workmen. On Spruce creeks work

"One important di this season on Wils tary of the O'Donnel miners are at prese and prospects look b turns. The creek southeast of Atlin. discoverer of the cre name, has also take on O'Donnell river well.'

the companies contr

**CUSTOMS RECEIP** 

Ottawa, Oct. 31.-7 ceipts of the Domin arge increase this venue from this so compared with \$3,986 \$670,373 over the sam The receipts for th the fiscal year show 176,445 over 1905.

WHITE SLAV Delegate to Women

perance Union Ap

to Suppres Hartford, Conn., Oc 10,000 young women i obliged to work at \$5 a are over a thousand sa said Mrs. Lorinda B. Women's Christian T in presenting the diffic the refuge workers of have to contend. Mr. spirited plea for the delegates from all par to put a stop to the The speaker cited in women held in capti auction in New York,

forty years after th

fought for the libera

slaves, the slavery

should be tolerated

She said that one of

signs of the times w

nations recently band the suppression of thi STENSLAND WI

Former President Taken From P Evider

Chicago, Oct. 30.-Pa the former president avenue state bank, an in the Joliette peniten Chicago to-day in the officer to testify in the Wheerin, the former bank, whose trial bega opening of court it w the greater part of t sumed in the effort It is not expected that take the stand for sev