BY GEORGE DOUGLAS.

CHAPTER XXIV .- (Continued.) was the aim of innumerable eyes. He tables. They might sneer at his trol- the white face of the coward—and a would turn his head to find himself lop of a wife, they might sneer at his coward had no right to such a beard. the object of a queer considering look want of mere cleverness; still he held A grim and cru el smile went after him flutter abashed, as though detected might suspect his poverty; but so far, Gourlay, in lord by and pursuing scorn, spying the forbidden. The most inno- for anything they knew, he might have and the fellow leapt where he walkent look at him was poison. "Do they know?" was his constant thought: "Have they heard the news? What's Green Shutters were as brave as ever. him which he will never recover while Loranogie looking at me like that for?" The selling of his horses, the dismissal he lives, send him slinking away animo about John-he had cowed them too tion of a fortune, not its loss. Hither- -is a sinister outrage of the world. It wish to try. A pretended sympathy, from behind the veil of which you probe a man's anguish at your ease, is a favorite weapon of human beasts use against him. That was why it was to work upon his son. He would work ed to try it on Gourlay. But his couranxious to wound. The Deacon longage failed him. It was the only time ever lived. It had enabled his foes to ened, furtive animal. Then, perhaps, he was ever worsted in malignity. Set their knife into him at last—and he would give a loose to his other rage, never a man went forth, bowed down they were turning the dagger in the unbuckle his belt, and thrash the wincing from the public gaze, but that he had staked such hopes of keeping the floor. with false smoothness: "Thirce me, with John was lengthening steadily. neebour, I'm thorry for ye! Thith ith a tongue. But ye have my thympathy, neebour-ye have tha-at. My warmthe shifty eyes above the lying mouth would peer and probe, to see if the soul within the other was writhing at his ed his knock at the door. words.

Now, though everybody was spying sure to come o' this-here would be an word she spoke. ittock on his thin shanks, stopped half-roads, took snuff, trumpeted into his big red handkerchief, and then, feebly waving, "I'll thee ye again, Dyohn!" clean turned tail and toddled

back to his cronies. A roar went up at his expense. "God!" said Tam Wylie, "did ye see yon? Gourlay stopped him wi' a

But the laugh was maddening to Gourlay. Its readiness, its volume, showed him that scores of folk had him in their minds, were watching him, considering his position, cognizant of where he stood. "They ken," he thought. "They were a' waiting to see what would happen. They wanted to watch how Gourlay tholed the mention o' his son's disgrace. I'm a kind o'

Johnny Coe idle and well-to-pass though he had no business of his own where business men assembled. It was a gra-and way of getting news. Today, however, Gourlay could not find eighty pounds. him. He went into the cattle mart to Johnny stammered a refusal. "Hauf on the first Tuesday of the month. The auctioneer, a jovial dog, was in the middle of his roaring game. A big, red bullock, the coat of which made a rich color in the ring, came bounding

in, scared at its surroundings-staring one moment and the next careering. "There's meat for you," said he of the hammer; "see how it runs! How much am I offered for this fine bullock?" He sing-songed, always saying "this fine bullock" in exactly the
same tone of voice. "Thirteen pounds

"Risk!" said Gourlay, and stared at
hands. Through the open door Janet
the darkness. By hook or by crook he
same tone of voice. "Thirteen pounds

"Risk!" said Gourlay, and stared at
hands. Through the open door Janet
the darkness. By hook or by crook he
same tone of voice. "Thirteen pounds

"Another!" he gasped, like a man
frightened them, too, and that was
and left a hysterical madman, all the
darkness. By hook or by crook he
same tone of voice. "Thirteen pounds

"Another!" he gasped, like a man
dying of thirst, whom his first sip moddens for more. "Another!" weak. Let his father try it on now! He
weak. Let his father try it on now! He thirteen-ten; thirteen-ten for this fine was no use trying the bank; he had a "Just that, now!". . bullock; thirteen-ten; any further bids on thirteen-ten?-why, it's worth that for the color o't; thank ye, sirfourteen pounds: fourteen pounds for this fine bullock; see how the stot stots about the ring: that joke should raise him another half sovereign; ah, I knew it would-fourteen-five; fourteen-five for this fine bullock; fourteen-ten; no more than fourteen-ten for this fine bullock; going at fourteen-ten; gone-Irrendavie."

Now that he was in the circle, how- spected me." ever, the mad, big, handsome beast refused to go out again. When the cathe snorted and galloped round, till he the street for another half hour. had to be driven from the ring with blows. When at last he bounded through the door, he flung up his heels "God's curse on whoever that is!" "No. with a bellow, and sent the sand of his arena showering on the people round, to our talk."

"I seh!" roared Brodle in his coarsest voice, from the side of the ring oppo site to Gourlay. "I seh, owtioner! That himself." maun be a College-bred stot, from the masters and had to be expelled."

There was a laugh at Brodie, true; big red faces turned to look. He did shame and anger and forboding. not look at them, though. He sent his eyes across the ring at Brodie.

"Lord!" said Irrendavie, "it's weel ed in his coat by the great fender. for Brodie that the ring's acqueesh them! Gourlay'll murder somebody yet. Red hell lap out o' his e'en when

Gourlay's suspicion that his son's glowered from the threshold. He seem- have lashed itself to rage. But the it?" disgrace was a matter of common ed of monstrous bulk and significance, knowledge, had now become a cer- filling the doorway in his silence. tainty. Brodle's taunt showed that The quiver that went through him approach of so monstrous a wrath. everybody knew it. He walked out of was a sign of his contending angers, "Eh?" asked Gourlay softly, wh the building very quietly, pale but reso- his will struggling with the tumult of John made no reply, "I'm saying you're lute; no meanness in his carrige, no wrath that threatened to spoil his re-cowering. He was an arresting figure venge. To fell that huddled oaf with not? Eh?" of a man as he stood for a moment in the door, and looked round for the man he had endured because of him. He was insinuating, pursuing; it had to be

advantage now." But though he could thole, his anger once, and glut his rage, a madness "That's right!" cried his father with his tong great heartiness. "There's my brave tit-bit. was because they had been under his tril. He quivered with the effort to fellow! Noathing like studying! feet for many a day that John's con- keep it in. duct was the more heinous. It was To bring a beaten and degraded look —"and no doubt ye've brought a wheen

then the eyes of the starer would his head high amongst them. They as he slunk : way. "Ha!" barked thousands behind him. He owed not a ed, as the cry went through him. To man in Barbie. The appointments of break a man's sp. rit so, take that from Not a man ventured to address him of his men, might mean the comple- castrato-for that is what it comes to One man, however, showed a to, then, he was invulnerable—so he is as bad as the rape of a woman, and der foot ine first weapon they could was this outrage that Gourlay meant recent shame, wounded and wound. All owing to the boy on whom grown man like a wrigighing urchin on

terrible affair! It'th on everybody'th Gourlay made up his mind to go out eye on her, and she sank into her chair, and make enquiries at his house, out staring up at him in terror. The the Fleckie road. It was a quiet big strings of the tawdry cap she wore eht thympathy"-and, all the while, house, standing by itself, and Gourlay seemed too hoke her, and she unfasten-

on the way to Skeighan; then he had always working, with a sucking motion she whispered with ghastly intensity, some control, now three years' calam- of the lips; and her round little knob "God have mercy!" ities had fretted his temper to a raw of a sticking out chin munched up and wound. To flick it was perilous. Great down when she spoke, a long stiff was the surprise of the starers, there- whitish hair slanting out its middle. fore, when the idle old Deacon was However much you wished to avoid seen to detach himself, and hail the doing so, you could not keep your eyes hand. John shrank down in his great grain merchant. Gourlay wheeled, and from staring at that solitary hair while waited with a levelled eye. All were she was addressing you. It worked up agog at the sight-something would be and down so, keeping time to every

counter with the speaking o'. But "Is your brother in?" said Gourlay. the Deacon, having toddled forward a He was too near reality in this sad pass of his to think of "mistering." "Is breastfuls of air between the words, as your brother in?" said he.

"No-a!" she shrilled-for Miss Coe answered questions with an old-maid- weakened by his own rage. ish scream, as if the news she was giving must be a great surprise, both to you and her. "No-a!" she skirled; Dee-ee-ar me! . . . . Im-phm!" "he's no-a in-a! Was it ainything particular?

wanted to see him," and he trudged

away. Miss Coe looked after him for a moment ere she closed the door. "He's kenna why. Because he's siccan a silly to get away as far as he could. body himsell, I suppose!"

It was dark when Gourlay met Coe on the street. He drew him aside in the shadows, and asked for a loan of

now, Barbie had a market for cattle, skirled, "and I daur ye to do ony siccan the ear. thing, John Coe!" "It's only for a time,' pleaded Gour-

man." "No, no, Mr. Gourlay," said Johnny,

looked up to ye, and I'm not unwilling

House with the Green Shutters. It sneering at intervals, "Aye man!". letter from the banker in his desk, to And again, "Aye, aye! tell him that his account was over- Dee-ee-ar me!" in grim, falsetto irony. drawn. And yet if the interest were not paid at once, the lawyers in Glas- he turned to Janet, and left his son in gow would foreclose, and the Gour- a suspended agony. lays would be flung upon the street His proud soul must eat dirt, if need said, and nipped her ear as he passed so suddenly. be, for the sake of eighty pounds.

"If I get the baker, or Tam Wylie, to stand security," he asked, "would ye not oblige me? I think they would

"Well," said Johnny slowly, fearing his sister's anger, "if ye get the baker tlemen would drive him to the yard, and Tam Wylie for security? I'll be on A figure, muffled in a great coat, was

> snarled Gourlay, "creeping up to listen "I don't think so," said Johnny, "it

Gourlay failed to get his securities way be behaves. He flung dirt at his The baker, though a poor man, would there's noathing strange in tha-at; you loudly to the world, serr! Verra apmoment he might spring. have stood for him, if Tam Wylie would

as hard. but it was at Gourlay that a hundred darkness, beaten at last, mad with the kitchen was his son-sitting muffl-

CHAPTER XXV.

Janet and her mother saw a quiver

whom he was seeking. "Weel, weel," meant to sweat punishment out of him drop by drop, with slow and vicious enjoyment. But the sudden sight of "Well, well, many a day, and they're taking their that living disgrace to the Gourlays o't! Have ye been studying hard?" woke a wild desire to leap on him at

of him in fear, is a sight that makes decent men wince in pain; for it is an outrage on the decency of life, an ofhim "ckown" a man at the Cross once, a big r van with a viking beard, dark and "dow. wed" him, til he crept away with a fac e like chalk, and a hunted, furtive eye. Cur iously it was his manenemies their first opportunity against ly beard thett made the look such a more damnable in Gourlay's eyes than him down and down, this son of his,

old rogue hirpled up to him, and lisped up the Gourlay name! His account As he stood glowering from the door with John was lengthening steadily.

Coe was nowhere to be seen. At last cry of "John!"—but Gourlay put his was glad there was nobody to see him. ed them with nervous firigers, fumb-It was Miss Coe herself who answer- ling long beneath her lifted chin to get them loose. She did not remove the She was a withered old shrew, with cap, but let the strings dangle by her fifty times the spunk of Johnny. On jaw. The silly bits of cloth waggling at Gourlay in the market, all were giv- her thin wrists and long hands there and quivering, as she turned her head ing him a wide birth; for they knew was always a pair of bright red mit- repeatedly from son to husband and that he was dangerous. He was no tens, only her finger-tips showing. Her from husband to son, added to her air longer the man whom they had baited far-sunken and toothless mouth was of helplessness and inefficiency. Once

> For a length of time there was a loaded silence. Gourlay went up to the hearth, and

ooked down on his son from near at

coat. A reek of alcohol rose from around him. Janet whimpered. But when Gourlay spoke, it was with deadly quietude. The moan was in his voice. So great was his controlled wrath that he drew in great shivering if for strength to utter them; and they

quavered forth on it again. He seemed

"Aye man!" he berathed. "Ye's won hame, I observe!

The contrast between the lowness of his voice and his steady breathing "No," said Gourlay heavily: "I—I just anger that possesed the air (they felt it coming as on waves) was demoniac appalling.

John could not speak; he was paralysed by fear. To have this vast hoswancing to barrow money," she cried; tile force touch him, yet be still, 'I'm nearly sure o't! I maun caution struck him dumb. Why did his father Johnny when he comes back frae not berak out on him at once? What Fleckie, afore he gangs east the toon. did he mean? What was he going to Gourlay could get him to do ocht! He do? The jamb of the fireplace cut his always admired the brute-I'm sure I right shoulder as he cowered into it,

"I'm saying. . . .ye've won hame! quivered Gourlay in a deadly slowness. And still the son made no reply. In

the silence, the ticking of the big clock seemed to fill their world. They were see if he was there. For two years the bawbees is mine," his sister had conscious of nothing else. It smote huz twa! To hel wi' bottles! The jar, quivering fingers and was smashed to his trouser pockets, and his hat on the heard his father use the same

throat that felt closing. The answer night of it, this gentleman and me. "Just so-a!" breathed his father, and

his eyes opened in wide flame. He "it's quite impossible. I've always heaved with the great breath he drew "Im-phm!" he drawled. He went through to the scullery at the back of the kitchen to wash his

. "Im-phm!"

"Aye woman, Jenny; ye're there!" he

over to his chair. "Were ye in Skeighan the day?" "And what did the Skeighan doctor

She raised her large pale eyes to his take it. with a strange look. Then her head sank low on her breast. "Nothing!" she said at last.

"Nothing!" said he. "Nothing for

"No. faither." she aswered. "I hadna "When did ye get back?" he asked.

afraid of mentioning his name. "Oh, just after this gentleman! But were always after him! The first thing he saw on entering at the outset o' a great career; are ye

> His speech was as soft as the foot of a tiger, and sheathed as rending a cruelty. There was no escaping the vounger and weaker man was fascinated and helpless before the creeping "Eh?" asked Gourlay softly, when

Soft as his "Eh" was in utterance, it ject? Eh?"

"No," whimpered John "Well, we'l; you're maybe at the end "Yes," lied John.

And no doubt"—he leaned over suavely Burns, I hear. Eh?" his son's conduct that gave Gourlay's into a man's face, rend manhood out prizes home wi' ye as usual? Eh?"

There was no answer.

"No," gulped the cowerer.

brown, from which you would have looked for man iness. Gourlay, with looked for man iness. Gourlay, with stabbing eyes, theratened, and birred, stabbing eyes, the asks—"No," he pants; and "Are throat to get at it.

When his mother asks it he has been a version, that was strangely blended if the moment it touched his lips, desire leapt in his till he great away.

"Thank God!" rang past him on the sidering look and tone in his uplifted him it touched his lips, desire leapt in his throat to get at it.

His immediate reeling was of cool- he will a very conditional touched his lips, desire leapt in his throat to get at it. you sorry for being a bad boy?"—
"Yes," he sobs; and 'Will you be a good boy now, then?"—"Yes," he algood boy now, then?"—"Yes," he almost shricks, in his desire to be at have choked me. I must have a look him, for the last hour. He felt the be-As the market grew busy, Gourlay him, that enabled them to turn the pain, for its contrasting color showed one with his mother. Young Gourlay at that throat o' your. Stand up! was being equally beaten from his own . nature, equally battered under by another personality. Only he was not asked to be a good boy. He might gang wild debauch, had shattered him. He muttered, with shaking lips; and felt what he does.' to hell for anything auld Gourlay cared stood in a reeling world. And the fear how true it was. My God, what a re- for the Deacon. He had nothing

that a son of his should be such a cow- face. ard. "Damn him!" he thought, glowo' a pig! How can he stand talk like this, and have a look!" on, and that dying lassie for my dochter! Was it I that bred him?

He leapt to his feet in devilish merri-

celebrate the occession; ou aye," he brate the occesion!"

curbed them under, and refused them self was paralysed with fear. a natural expression. They sought an unnatural. Some vent they must have, and they found it in a score of wild devilries he began to practice on his son. Wrath fed and checked, in transformed. He had a fluency of speech, a power of banter, a readiness before. He was beyond himself. Have

ictim which he would not kill. "Set out the speerits, Jenny," he bir- man to be proud of!" red, when she wavered in fear. "What I are ye shaking for? Set out the speerits-just to shelebrate the joyful occeesion, yet know-aye, aye, just to shelebrate the joyful occession!'

led against each other, from her tremb-ling. Then she set a bottle on the bore sic a braw son to my name. He's off bravely in case the usual busybod-fancy began building a new so table

Gourlay sent it crashing to the floor. -a great consolation!" "A bottle!" he roared. "A bottle for Jenny, the jar; set out the jar, lass, set pieces on the floor. 'Aye," John gulped at last from a out the jar. For we mean to make a urning to his son.

"No," wheezed John. ye learned everything at College! Your his despair.

ve a lesson." Curb his temper as he might, his own like a mock-bacchanal. "We're the burning throat, when Deacon Allardyce And his father was ready for behaviour was lashing it to frenzy. hearty fellows! We'll make a red night came in. Through the moaning intensity pecu- now we're at it!" And with that he When he came back to the kitchen, liar to his vicious rage, there leapt at took the heel of a bottle on his toe and eyes on him, but, standing at the door, for the man she had sworn times a wild beast snarl. Every time sent it flying, among the dishes on the he arched his hand above his brow, as and obey, having drawn several listeners with a start of fear-it leapt | two.

"Ha'e, sir!" he cried.

father, "bide where ye are! I'll wait sir." on ye; I'll wait on ye. Man, I waited As he stood in a heaving silence the to thee you, thir; I am that. And the your poo-oor boy, too; and on ye the day that ye were bo-orn! sobbing of the two women was heard you're won hame, aye! Im-phm! And brute, Tam Brodie!—" even as s othing, then, I hope you didna pay The heavens were hammering the through the room. John was still how are ye tummin on?" world as John Gourla rode through swaying on the floor. the storm for a doctor to bring hame | Sometimes Gourlay would run the his helr. The world was feared, but full length of the kitchen, and stand wet?" The whiskey had begun to ence. She faltered beneath his he wasna feared," he roared in Titanic | there glowering on a stoop; then he | warm him. "Just after-just after-" her eyes pride, "he wasna feared; no, by God, would come crouching up to his son seemed a young chap trying to hide flickered over to John, as if she were for he never met what scaured him! . on a vicious little trot, pattering in ing in a puzzled fashion with his of her.

again, "aye, aye, ye were ushered grinding beneath his feet. At any You were propirate for a man who was destined "What do ye think I mean to do wi" you are in good health?" he sneered, priate! And you'll be ushered just as now?" So Gourlay trudged home through the turning to his son. "It would never do loudly out o't. Oh, young Gourlay's As he came grinning in rage his lips maybe I will take a little drope—theefor a man to break down at the outset death maun make a splurge, ye know ran out to their full width, and the ing you're tho ready wi' your offer." splurge to attract folk's attention!" tense slit showed his teeth to their John's shaking hand was wet with roots. The gums were white.

the spilled whiskey. "Take it off," sneered his father, bloodless. boring into him with a vicious eye; He went back to the dresser once more and bent low beside it, glancing summer in the bar. The four big crouching stealth of it. If he had leapt | Stop! Somebody wrote something about at his son across his left shoulder, with | whiskies he had swallowed in the last run through Gourlay, as he stood and with a roar, John's drunken fury might that—some poetry or other. Who was his head flung back sideways, his right half hour, were singing in him now,

> "I dinna kne," whimpered John. Come on now-who was it?" "It was Burns," said John,

proved.

"Yes," said John,

your dram! It'll show what a fine free | wi' ye now?

It was a big, old-fashioned Scotch leaping to her feet. With a hunted cry the last an emphatic whisper, with "No," guiped the cowerer.
"Nae prizes!" cried Gourlay, and his drinking glass, containing more than young Gourlay sprang to the door. So round eyes of awe at the offence that fence to natural religion, a violation of eyebrows went up in a pretended surthe had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?"

The had clone it once and again. I saw How's that, no?" been a deadly thing at first, coming rection, as he moved slowly on his shake of the head. "Watch Allardyce, Young Gourlay was being reduced to thus from his father's hand. He had prey, that he could not lean to pre- We'll see fun." the condition of a beaten child, who, taken it into his own, with a feeling of when his mother asks if he has been aversion, that was strangely blended when his mother asks if he has been aversion, that was strangely blended "Thank Cod!" range past him on the sidering look and to the cool, soft darkness, his mother's said John Toodle, with a very con-

. . Stand up when I tall'ee!"

felt a vast disgust swell within him a cold sweat oozing from his chalky him now.

"What's ado wi' the fellow?" cried father when empty both of food and contempt in the middle of the ering with by-eyed contempt at the Gourlay. "Oom? He's swinging like a drink. Every man was down-hearted huddled creature, "he hasna the pluck saugh-wand. I must wa-alk round

When I was a child on the brisket, if couraged his father to new devilries. out when he went in. "He wouldn't you stood up till him gey weel"-all a man had used me, as I'm using him, The ease with which he tortured him have downed me so easy, if I had had he winked openly to those around would have flung mysell at him. He's provoked him to more torture; he went anything in me," he muttered, and his Young Gourlay's maddened nati a pretty-looking object to carry the on more and more viciously, as if he anger grew, as he thought of all he broke at the insult. "Damn you," name o' John Gourla! My God, what were conducting an experiment, to see had been made to suffer. For he was a ke-o of my life I've made—that auld how much the creature would bear bestill the swaggerer. Now that the introllop for my wife, that sumph for fore he turned. Gourlay was enjoying cubus of his father's tyranny no longthe glutting of his own wrath.

insolent inspection, as you turn an was primed. "It's the only hame I even as he spoke John's glass shive urchin round to see him in his new have," he sobbed angrily to the dark- on his grinning teeth. Brodie leapt "Set out the spirits, Jenny!" he suit of colthes. Then he crouched be-cried; "set out the spirits! My son fore him, his face thrust close to the till! Yes, I'll go back and have it out "That's a game of your father's, y and must have a drink together-to other, and peered into his eyes, his with him when once I get something mouth distent with an infernal smile. in me, so I will." It was no disgrace mair than him can play the game! sneered, drawling out the word with sharp, unfamiliar sound, "just to cele-"my boy, Johnny," and patted him that encounter with his father, for nogently on the cheek. John raised dull body could stand up to black Gourlay; chance for his peculiar craft, The wild humor that seized him was eyes and looked into his father's. Far nobody. Young Gourlay was yielding spoiled by mere brutality of handl inevitable, born of a vicious effort to within him a great wrath was gather- to a peculiar fatalism of minds discontrol a rage that was constantly in- ing through his fear. Another voice, eased: all that affects them seems dif- never had the fine stroke. creasing, fed by the sight of the offender. Every time he glanced across dull iteration, "I'll kill him; I'll kill else; they are even proud of their sepat the thing sitting there, he was him; by God, I'll kill him-if he doesna arate and peculiar doom. Young Gour- his mouth, plunged headlong from swept with fresh surges of fury and disgust. But his vicious constraint me!" But his present and material different from everybody else. The came after him, stop—strangled by

> "wider, damn ye, wider!" "Im-pham!" said Gourlay, with critical drawl, pulling John's chin about to see into him the deeper. What's the Latin for throat?"

"Gutter," said John. "Gutter!" said the father. "A verra cess-pool! What have you been doing beast arrests the escaping prey which health, after a-all . . . Eh? . . has just let go in enjoying cruelty? Mrs. Gourla, Mrs. Gourla! He's in verra

tered to the pantry." he sang: "your skirt's on the gape; as his cheeks. He would have to face drench all his body, as the thought use-u-al," he drawled; "as use-u-al. It curious yees, he reflected. It was what had passed between them. Janet brought a tray, with glasses, was always like that; and it always from the Red Lion he and Aird had by heaven," he swore, as he rom the pantry. As she walked, the scunnered me, for I are liked things started so grandly in the autumn. It away his empty bottle, "he won't rims of the glasses shivered and tink- tidy-though I never got them. How- would never do to come slinking back me like that another time; I a great consolation! Imphm, he is that knees Gourlay advanced to the bar, with the same actors, the same c

"Hurrah!" yelled Gourlay. lay—"and, by God," he flashed, "it's seemed dragged out of him by the in-hell in my throat to ask from any sistent silence.

Aye," he payed with a vicious smile, own devilry. The wreck and ruin swagger he must have had a face like stamping the life out. He would hell in my throat to ask from any sistent silence. night that Barbie'll remember loang!" the ruin of his fortunes; let all go idlers. A man breathed, 'My God! memory of what had happened "Have ye skill o' drink?" he asked, smash—what was the use of caring? What's the matter?" With shaking fierily back, and made the pressing Now in his frenzy, he, ordinarily so ki.ees Gourlay advanced to the bar, darkness burn. His wrath was brin careful, seemed to delight in the smash- and, "For God's sake, Aggia," he ming on the edge, ready to burst, and "No!" cried his father. "I thought ings and the breakings; they suited whispered, "give me a Kinblymont!" he felt proudly that it would no longer

"To hell with everything," he yelled, they heard it, it cut the veins of his dresser. A great plate fell, split in you do in gazing at a dear unexpect- houses blank, ran him to earth a

to his son; "poo-oor fellow! I fear he are you to see him there. John raised his dull, white face and looked across at the bumper which his father poured him. But he felt the last John Gourlay had, the last he'll outstretched hand. "Man Dyohn!" he cried. "It ith but, oh the terrible thing the happened!" He so possessed he happened!" He so possessed his graphic tale that he was John raised his dull, white face and has lost his pheesic. For that was the

. Aye, aye," he birred softly rage, the broken glass crunching and bleary old eyes.

The

fist clenched low and ready from a and he blinked at her drunkenly. curve of the elbow. It swung heavy as There was a scarlet ribbon on her "Don't tell lies now. You do ken. I a mallet by his thigh. Janet got to dark curls, coquettish, vivid, and Gourheard you mention it to Loranogie. her knees and came shuffling across lay stared at it dreamily, partly in a "Oh, it was Burns, was it? And hands, and sobbing in appeal, "Faither, ing and self-forgetting look within his what had Mr. Burns to say on the sub- faither; oh, faither; for God's sake, eyes. All his life he used to stare at faither!" She clung to him. He un- things dreamily, and come to himse "'Freedom and whiskey gang the- clenched his fist and lifted her away. with a start when spoken to. He forgot gither, Tak aff your dram," stam- Then he came crouching and quivering himself now. across the floor, slowly, a gleaming "A verra wise remark," said Gourlay devilry in the eyes that devoured his gravely. "Freedom and whiskey gang son. His hands were like outstretched the counter; "Aggie, that ribbon's inthegither," he turned the quotation on claws, and shivered with each shiver fernal bonny on your dark hair!" "That's right!" cried his father with his tongue, as if he were savoring a great heartiness. "There's my brave tit-bit. "That's verra good," he aptects, "What do ye think I mean to from him on her little high heels. Him, Queen Alexandra, who was because of the voice that moaned, through set tit-bit. "That's verra good," he aptects of the voice that moaned, through set tit-bit. "That's verra good," he aptects of the voice that moaned, through set to see the total and perked away to birther to see the total and perked away to birther to see the total and perked away to birther to see the total and perked away to be appeared by the t "You're a great admirer of do wi' ye now? . . What do ye think indeed—the drunkard! She wanted is 4, was celebrated at Sandringh none of his compliments! to-day by an unusually large gather to-day by an unusually large gather damned sorrow and disgrace that ye "Do what he bids ye, then. Take off are—what do ye think I mean to do by this time, and they all stared with parts of the world arrived all day lon

"Good!" roared his father in mock ness and width and spaciousness, in knew the word in its ordinary sens. nignness of the darkened heavens. A speaking from the fulness of his own tag of some forgotten poem he had experience. John rose swaying to his feet. Months read came back to his mind, and, weakening his limbs changed his life to be free of his father's eyes! They that malicious finesse that made by the drunken stupor to a heart-heaving had held him till his mother's voice lardyce a gentus at flicking men state of unnatural cowardice. Gourlay sickness. He swayed to and fro, with broke the spell. They seemed to burn the raw. He went straight

What a fool he had been to face his

when he was empty. If his mother had had time to get the tea, it would have please.—Aye, man! God, you've this without showing he's a man? John's drunken submissiveness en- been different—but the fire had been making a name up in Edinbro. I the glutting of his own wrath.

He turned his son round with a rose within him for the tyrant. He sured contempt curling his lip. "Dor finger and thumb on his shoulder, in would go back and have it out when he greet owre't, my bairn," said he-a heavens had cursed nobody else with sharp swing-to of the door. But "Open your mouth!" came the snarl such a terrible sire. It was no cow- seemed to echo in his burning ears ardice to fill yourself with drink before he strode madly on through the da

A drunken will howl you an obscene drank it like water. His swollen chorus the moment after he has wept | smarted at first, but he drank til one, brings the nell on which man is "Im-pham! God, it's like a furnace! about his dead child. For a mind in built to the surface. Gourlay was What's the Latin for throat?" about his dead child. For a mind in the delirium of drink is no longer a and he could not feel the whiskey coherent whole, but a heap of shatter- the wound. ed bits, which it shows one after the His mind at first was a bu of tongue, which he had never shown appropriate name! Yours stinks like a other to the world. Hence the many whirl through drink and rage; transformations of that semi-madness, nothing determined and nothing def you heard the snarl with which a wild till't? I'm afraid ye arn't in very good and their quick variety. Young Gour- nite. But thought began to shape lay was showing them now. His had self. In a vast vague circle of always been a wandering mind, de- sciousness his mind seemed to sit Gourlay was that animal. For a mo- bad case, this son of yours, Mrs. ficient in application and control, and the centre and think with preternatu ment he would cease to torture his son, Gourla! Fine I ken what he needs, as he neared his final collapse, it be- clearness. Though all around feed his disgust with a glower; then though. Set out the brandy, Jenny, came more and more variable, the prey whirling and confused, drink had the sight of him huddled there would set out the brandy," he roared; "whis- of each momentary thought. In a dowed some inner eye of the brain wi wake a desire to stamp on him; but key's not worth a damn for him! Stop; short five minutes of time, he had unnatural swift vividness. Far with his will would not allow that, for it it was you gaed the last time; it's your been alive to the beauty of the dark- in the humming circle of his mind would spoil the sport he had set his turn now, auld wife, it's your turn ness, cowering before the memory of saw an instant and terrible revenge mind on; and so he played with the now! Gang for the brandy to your twa his father's eyes, sobbing in self-pity Brodie, acted it and lived it now. John Gourlas. We're a pair for a wo- and angry resolve, shaking in terror- desires were murderers, and he indeed he was shaking now. But his them slip, gloating in the cruelties t He gazed after his wife as she tot- vanity came uppermost. As he neared hot fancy wreaked upon his enthe Red Lion, he stopped suddenly, Then he suddenly remembered his f "Your skirt's on the gape, auld wife," and the darkness seemed on fire against ther. A rush of fiery blood seeme So with his coat flapping lordly on tions, as the other, but an issue g The brandy bottle slipped from the either side of him, his hands deep in ously diverse. With vicious delight back of his head, he drove at the swing the same gibes, the same doors with an outshot chest, and enter- then he turned suddenly and He seemed rapt and carried by his ed with a "breenge." But for all his under foot, kicking, bludge

It went at a gulp. He had tossed the other down his was ready for him!

He knew his man the moment he set inn. Mrs. Webster, on her nightly ed friend, whom you pretend not to be in the barroom of the Red Lio "Poor fellow!" he whined, turning quite sure of, so surprised and pleased yes, Kirsty," he cried, eager to

limbs too weak beneath him to go and ever buy. What am I to do wi' ye, take it.

| Said again, as if he could scarce believe to go chuckling back to his possible to go chuckling back to his possib "Bide where ye are!" sneered his something; it's coming to the bit, now, other's hand up and down, with both Shutters. his own clasped over it. "I'm proud "Eh, poo-oor Mrs. Gourlay:

Gourlay with a silly laugh. "Have a fore she was aware of Gourlay

"A wha-at?" said the Deacon, blink-

"A dram—a drink—a drop o' the Auld "to let Brodie hammer him!" Kirk," said Gourlay, with a stertorous laugh down through his nostrils. "Hi! Hi!" laughed the Deacon in his best falsetto. "Ith that what ye call it up in Embro? A wet, aye! Ah, well,

They drank together

"Aggie, fill me a mutchkin when stricture of the lips had squeezed them you're at it," said Gourlay to the pretty barmaid with the curly hair. He had

the floor on them, though her dress was drunken daze, and partly because a tripping her, clasping her outstretched striking color always brought a mus-

There were half a dozen in the place

greedy eyes. "That's young Gourlay-"Run, John!" screamed Mrs. Gourlay, him that was expelled." was heard,

"Flung oot," said Drucken Wabster

"Whisht!" said a third. "Here's Tann The entrance of Brodie spoiled spor work, stabbing like an awl.

"Hal-lo!" he

when he saw Gourlay. "Hal-lo! here!-Brig o' the Mains, Miss, i Brodie stared at him across his sus-"That's a game of your father's, damned dog," he roared. "But then "Canny, my freendth, canny!" p Allardyce, who was vexed at a

All this was most inartistic. Brod Gourlay picked himself bleeding fro ness. He uncorked his mutchkin

ebb in fear. Whiskey had killed fea

for he knew what had happened at her tongue, "I know I'm a bl

"Oh, I'm all right, Deacon," said was shrilling out the big tiding through the door the voluble

glower. "Go on!" he said, and ground it

vided, stood in equipoise, even 'Brodie-ward.' "I've an account settle wi' him!' he thought g "When I get my claw on his tach him better than to hit a I wonder," he mused, with a p which was neither doubt wonder will he fling the fat! he flung the son!" But that instinct of his blood, not enoug make him pardon John. On the trary here was a new offence of h spring. On the morrow Barbie be burning with another affroi he had put upon the name of G He would waste no time when back, be he drunk or be he so would strip the flesh off him "Jenny," he said, "bring me the

> (To be continued.) QUEEN ALEXANDRA

"Aggie," he said, and put his hand Birthday of Her Majesty Celebra By Gathering of Royal Family at

> to-day by an unusually large gathe of the royal family. Gretings

Lommissioner bers of Lo vestis

(From Wednesda "We want to know j Columbia needs, what date and by what pl emigrants in it to it best benefit." said mbs, of the Salva Times reporter this we know we cannot finite scheme for the vast territories in th are now lying under the settler. It is chie formation on these here. When we are su we will be able to ma ments for the influx tlers. When we have requirements of the the province we will with the C. P. R. for transportation. lies in the transporta grants across the con C. P. R. has not been dealing with the Sal cials in the past, I h

the company will do assist us." The commissioner the increasing of the l lation was the chief fa ng the C. P. R.'s busi view of this fact, an night be given to the ing out settlers would a business pro Columbia had an adva provinces as far as ap from the more seld ninion practically tain seasons which t pany would designate times. Laborers were province the whole ye heavy fare from the more often than not p beyond the reach of t ingman and, in conse traffic was often at a fact, the commission luence the compa and would perhaps be luence in inducing th tablish a schedule of

ing specified seasons.

The transportation

ands of emigrants wa

taking, which would e pense. It would call f

of special steamers ar tribution of the emig ng, and the care of had reached their desi tled down. There w men and women who, of their own, were fee he overcrowding and at present prevalent i They were of a good ndustrious, yet som poverty and want bee labor market was cha excessive supply and small demand. They willing to emigrate, t of the opportunities of colonies and in par They would make goo would come as a boon on, where the labor n general rule, the directive English one. The put it plainly, getting najority, even if the their belongings, could sufficient to pay their them a start in the large percentage could the fare. In the under plated by the Salvatio were questions of a gi funds, transportation. questions to be answe nethods, and the great the scheme became mo was analysed and rev same time the commis doubt of a successful is vation Army is rep where and, instead of ser grants to the Dominion ageous conditions, th ould send them under ions than any other re body on account of its in touch with and assis upon arrival at any poi

Of all the provinces Br ppealed to the emigran officials of the army as able one for the settlen migrants. From a socia presented a splendid abor market, equitable ions and a host of oth while from a climatic po night even be said to s ountry. There were rable land awaiting th fruit lands, lumber dist districts, and, after that, towns and cities. Vanco was a fine country, if the applied, and it offered man ties for the workingman,