

The Summer Girl.

She's coming with the flowers that will bloom for us once more. She's coming with the breezes that will blow along the shore. The sun will kiss her ringlets and will tinge her cheeks with brown. While he who loves her madly grapples fate and toils in town. And Cupid, with the arrows that he's given her to twirl, Will guard anew the footsteps of the sprightly summer girl.

UNCLE PAT.

As Harry walked at a steady pace towards Schiehallion, Hugh crept and crawled after him like a snake. When he took shelter behind a rock from the shower that came sweeping up the Tummel Valley, Hugh watched him from the wa-er-course. While Harry noticed how gradually the storm struck and spent its fury on Oragava, till it was blown out from his sight, Hugh kept his eyes fixed on him till his whole being was filled with hatred of the man who he thought had brought such dire misery upon him, and such a lasting shame to the village.

When the old Orag peeped out again smiling and sparkling from its recent shower-bath, Harry rose and strode on up the mountain side, singing aloud in the very joy of his heart at this happy omen. He bore a knife to the left to reach the crest of the ridge, that Hugh easily gained on him unseen up one of the numerous little ravines that run down the west face of those grim ridges of boulders and shingle—the Soridane.

When Harry stopped again near the top, Hugh crouched low among the heather, never losing sight of his quarry.

Here, if Harry could have but seen it, was the realization of that wild portent—half an actual vision, half a weird picture in the painter's brain—which he had seen in the blood-red sunset on Schiehallion. Stalker and stalked, they moved up the mountain as though they had been puppets in the hands of destiny. While the one sat and looked at the glorious prospect of lake and mountain stretched out before him, calmly thinking how one of these days he would come and paint it with Fanny by his side, the other, maddened with the sense of his utter loneliness, was thinking how surely he would kill him that very day.

When Harry took out his sketch-book to jot down the curves of the hills, Hugh opened the formidable blade of his stalking knife. He grasped the weapon, and crept stealthily up the gully. It was a mere ditch at the top, but that was enough for the stalker, so when Harry stepped on to the crest of the ridge, Hugh confronted him knife in hand. It was as if he had sprung from the bowels of the earth. There he was, though—pale, yellowed, grimed with dirt; his dank, haggard hair hanging across his face like ropes, and the "wild cat" gleaming in his eyes.

Harry saw at once he had to do with a madman.

"Ay, Hugh!" "And for a moment Hugh put his hands behind him, and leisurely scanned his victim from top to toe. Harry recognized his predicament. He was unarmed. He had not even a stick. Desperate odds, there on that wild mountain side; but he was cool, while Hugh was simply mad with suppressed passion.

"Put your knife up." Hugh laughed. "Mr. Wynter, sir," said he, with mock civility, "you was always very cool, very cool to me. See you die cool."

"Put up your knife, Hugh, and talk sensibly." Hugh laughed louder. "Oh, ay; you was always very good at that, Mr. Wynter. You was master at that. Now it will be a Cameron that will be master."

"You're mad or drunk! What harm have I done you?" "Hear him!" Hugh shouted, wildly. "He will be asking what harm he has done. Cool to the very last. Harm? Look you—where is Maggie?"

"With her father, for all I know." "Liar!" Harry never took his eyes from him. He knew if the attack came it would be sudden and swift. So it was. Hugh sprang and struck at him with his last word. Had the blow reached home there would have been an end to Mr. Wynter. As it was he was quick enough to catch the blade on his left forearm, and in a second had grasped Hugh's wrist with his right hand. He did not even feel how badly he was wounded. Instinct told him that his only chance of life against this madman was to hold on and disarm him, and hold on he did like a grim death.

The instant Hugh stopped back to disengage himself, he put forth his strength and tried all he knew to throw him. Very few men could throw Hugh, but Harry never lost hold. So they struggled on to the edge of the rock, where Hugh clinched his teeth, and by a desperate effort managed to loosen his right hand. One half-step back to gain strength and give effect to the finishing blow when suddenly his hands were thrown up in a frantic effort to save himself, as he toppled head over heels clean over the edge of the rock. Harry sank on the ground half blinded with blood. There it was, pouring in a stream out of his sleeve. To pull this back, tear of his necktie and bind it tightly round the wound was short work. Then he crept to the brink and looked down.

There was a sheer descent of some twenty feet, then a shelving ledge of grass interspersed with loose boulders, and among these lay Hugh. To get at him he staggered along the crest of the ridge, till he found an easy descent, then slowly picked his way to the spot. Hugh was

alive—unconscious though—and an ugly wound on the head told the reason why.

By dint of shoving and dragging he managed to shift the poor fellow into a safe position. All he could do. Then he sat down and wondered if he should ever reach Dalchoonie. He was sick and faint—bleeding horribly too. He slid the wounded arm into the breast of the coat, and staggered back to the crest of the ridge, where he tumbled all of a heap into a clump of heather. It was as much as he could do to make a pad with his pocket-handkerchief and bind it on the wound.

He lay still for a bit, then cautiously began the descent. Should he ever reach Dalchoonie, smoking there amongst the nearest fir trees? It was not far, but how blurred and indistinct the landscape began to look. How horribly weak he was getting. He tottered as he went, tottered so much that presently he flopped down again to prevent himself falling, and once down he thought he would never get up.

Now, Harry was plucky. He had a clean record and could face death with a prayer; but, how hard to die like this! Ah, if he could only see Fanny once more; have her sweet face close to his, look once more into her honest eyes, feel her breath on his cheek, and hear her speak; and, oh, if he could only have Uncle Pat's strong help in his need!

One more spurt—the landscape more blurred and his brain more dizzy. He began to mix himself up with Hugh's weird stories of Schiehallion. He had just come out of Tam O'Mhorair; he was helping to carry the dead body down the hill. Then he conjured up the very figures he was praying for—how real they looked! They were coming toward him. He cast his eyes on the ground to shut out the mirage and staggered doggedly on. When he looked up again, lo! there they were, more distinct than before. Is it could only be true. Yes, there they were. They were waving, they were hurrying, they were running! Oh, God was this death?

Then a blank— Meanwhile, Fanny had gone straight up to the smoking-room and had it out with Uncle Pat. She had nothing to hide. She had loved Harry—why should she not own it? But the Hanovers should never say she had married him with any stain or disgrace on her name.

At this up jumps Monnell as if he was shot. "Stain! Disgrace!" he thunders, banging his great fist on the table. "There is no more disgrace tacked to your name than there is to mine!"

"What!" gasps Fanny half beside herself, with joy. "Can you really say this?" "Say it? I can about it from the house top!"

Then when, mistaking her silence of joy for one of doubt, he begins to digress into one of his rigmorale excuses, she promptly stops him by clapping her tiny hand on his mouth and declaring she does not want to hear any more.

"You have made me very happy," she said simply; now you must go with me after lunch and meet Harry."

"Of course," said he, glad to be lifted off the ticklish ground. "And—Fanny! we will get away to the south to-morrow or next day and take him with us. He will be wanting to go up about that little business I was telling you of."

"As if that mattered now!" she cried, with supreme indifference. "Oh! so you are sure—quite sure—in your heart of hearts, that he is worthy of you?"

"Oh, Uncle Pat!" "Because if you are quite sure, dear, you may go into Blue Beard's room and see what he has been doing for you. Ha! ha! You are pricking up your ears at that. Just climb up to the cook-loft before lunch!"

"He never would let me go there!" "Of course not! We will go now, and you will see what you will see!"

And Fanny, glad of something to pass the time, tripped up to the studio attic two steps at a time, Uncle Pat following leisurely behind.

"Now!" said he, unveling "The Coffin Maker," "what can you make out of this?" Fanny could make it out fast enough, for love is a mighty sharpener of wits; and as she stood there, rapt in mild wonderment at the astonishing beauty and finish of the picture, her face flushed rosily with the consciousness that it had all been done for her sake.

There was not the slightest occasion to blow Harry's trumpet into her ears, but Uncle Pat did it vigorously until it was drowned by the clasp of the lunch gong. They sat down, but Fanny could neither eat nor talk. Her heart was too full of the new joy. She was impatient to start—impatient to be with Harry, and tell him how much she had misunderstood him. Uncle Pat seemed endowed with an abnormal appetite; never had she seen him eat so slowly. At last they started.

It is but a short distance from the Dalchoonie gates to the moorland, and almost as soon as they left the high road they made out Harry's figure coming down the slope. In two minutes they were something was wrong. A little nearer and they knew the something was something terrible. With bare head, and literally covered with blood and dirt from top to toe, poor Harry was certainly an appalling object. Monnell strode on without a word, and Fanny, clenching her little hands, kept up with him. Harry stepped suddenly to steady himself as they ran up—swayed to and fro, and fell just as they reached him. He was in loving hands. Fanny did not lose her head, and Monnell was the right man in the right place. To cut a bit off his elastic brace, to roll it into a tourniquet pad and bind it securely on the wounded vessel was the work of a moment. Then bandaging the arm across the chest with Fanny's scarf, he started for the near cottages for help.

So it happened when Mr. Wynter came to himself, there was the sweet face he had prayed for bending close over him. Presently, too, seeing him conscious, her lips were pressing his, all bloodstained though they were.

"My love!" she whispered. "And by this sign, he knew it was 'all right'!"

"You are not to speak; you are not to move! Uncle Pat has gone for help. The bleeding has stopped."

Quite content was he not to speak or move. He felt ineffably happy lying there amongst the heather, and gazing up at her while she dipped her pocket-handkerchief

into the little burn and wiped the stains from his face.

"Fanny!" "Yes, dear." "Hugh is hurt on the hill. Some one must go at once."

"Hush! Here comes Uncle Pat. You are not to move." "How can I kiss you if I don't move?" "And this was a problem any young lady could solve. Fanny solved it accordingly. There was a delay in getting back to Dalchoonie, for not an inch would Harry budge till he had seen the post-cart with three sturdy fellows start for Hugh's succour.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. MONSELL EXPLAINS.

Mr. Monnell took this terrible business very much to heart. He could not brush aside the question, how much was he to blame for Hugh's mad folly and Harry Wynter's danger; and hard on the heels of these misgivings came the dread lest after all by merely preserving silence he had perpetrated a cruel wrong on Mr. Hanover. What's right had he to keep father and child apart? and if he was guilty, was not silence quite as criminal as force would have been? Nor could he now plead that Mr. Hanover was the callous, cowardly egotist he had long believed him to be.

So while Harry rapidly picked up his strength and Hugh lay wandering in delirium at Robson's house, with poor Maggie watching, soared and remorseful, by his bedside, Mr. Monnell's doubts and despondency grew darker about him. Even the manifest happiness of the young people could not cheer him. And how peacefully, soberly happy they were! One glance at the change that had taken place sufficed to convince Joanna that her last hope had vanished. Hugh's knife had cut deep, but it had shorn away all the subtle and perilous webs of her spinning.

Poor Carstairs suffered, perhaps, as badly as any one. He had been so complacent, so snugly self-sufficient in assuming the role of a village Providence—and what a horrible fiasco it had proved!

"I'm glad I've caught you, Mr. Monnell," he said to the old gentleman. "I have never yet been able to face Dalchoonie, I have sent—but you must know how upset I have been about this awful business. Who could have seen such a catastrophe?"

"Don't distress yourself, Carstairs! All's well that ends well. You might have been in a worse hobble."

"Hardly!" "Why, my dear fellow, Wynter might have been killed; Hugh might have lost his life; you might have done something deliberately bad. You rights have been hiding something you had no right to hide. You might have been doing something to be ashamed of."

"Well, upon my word, after what has passed, I am almost ashamed to meet Mr. Wynter and Miss Penland."

"Nonsense!" cried the old man boisterously. "Come, now! I want to look in at the post-office, and then we will go on once. I was preaching to you the other day about selfishness, but I can tell you we need all look at home. Wait a bit while I get the letters."

He came out staring at a telegram. He had not opened it, but was so buried in his troublesome doubts that it was perhaps natural he should feel a presentiment that the buff envelopes contained something unpleasant. So it did. It was short and to the purpose:

"From Hanover Registrar's Office, Beckenham. To Monnell, Dalchoonie, Rannoch."

"Do not leave till I return." This was all; and what need for more? It told him everything, and there was an end to everything long.

He read it once more; then thrusting it into his pocket, linked his arm in Carstairs' and started off to Dalchoonie. He walked rapidly to relieve his thoughts. He saw now, and it came to him like a blow what he could not resent, because he deserved it, what an abject appearance he would have to make before Hanover. And—ah! What would Fanny say?

This was the last screw of the torture, and it took all the old man's pluck to face it. He was grateful to Hanover for sending the telegram instead of springing a mine on him. Reparation had to be made and he would make it. The bitterest part of the whole business was the chance of his losing one tiny bit of Fanny's reverence for him.

Arrived at Dalchoonie he left Carstairs in the drawing-room and bounced into one room after the other, till he unearthed the young couple in the attic, building Spanish castles over the grand picture which was just about to be despatched to London for exhibition. Then while Harry was sent down to shake hands with Carstairs the young lady was led off to hear a strange confession.

"Fanny, my dear," he said to her after he had got inside the room and shut the door close, "I am going to tell you about your father and mother."

Then he stopped suddenly and looked at her so distressfully, his face quivering and his eyes blinking, that she flew at him at once.

"I don't care what you tell me, Uncle Pat!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck and nestling close up to him, but no one can be so much like a father to me as you. I can love no one like you!"

"Ah, my child! There it is! I am wondering whether this blessing is right. I stole your love when I stole you."

"And I love the thief!" she rejoined, naively, "though he does speak in riddles."

"Read that!" said he, giving her the telegram.

She did, and though the words "Hanover" and "Beckenham" put her a little on the alert, she found it incomprehensible. "The biggest riddle of all!" she said, returning it to him.

"Fanny, my dear," said he, folding it up deliberately and pocketing it, "you were born at Beckenham, and Mr. Hanover is your father."

mother, and not one word would he say against her father, not a syllable, not a hint!

Twenty years ago he had branded him as a son who had winked at embezzlement and deserted his wife; now, to the man's daughter he exoused, he even pitied him. He himself, and he alone was to blame, but when he began to expatiate on the injury he had done to her father, she simply stopped him with a kiss, which was meant to convey, "You protected me, now I'll protect you."

Harry received the news with his usual equanimity. What cared he whose daughter she was, so long as she belonged to him? So, to tell the truth, Mr. Monnell was a trifle disconcerted that the two lovers should have been so little disturbed by the astounding revelation. His wisdom had not yet gauged the engrossing quality of first love. He fully believed they must be feeling more than they showed. They said little because they wished to spare him, so with a sigh he accepted the position and dropped the subject until Mr. Hanover appeared two days later.

He was coaxed with him for a couple of hours, and in that time the two men learned to know each other thoroughly. Not an angry word was spoken. Monnell recapitulated the whole Burford story from beginning to end, and Hanover in answer declared that he had met with no more than his deserts.

"Perhaps, though, my punishment has been greater than you think, Monnell," said he. "The late years have not lessened it, and my wealth has intensified it. Greed and cowardice were at the bottom of the mischief. It is extraordinary that, often as I have been at Beckenham, I should never have thought of going to the Registrar's office. My father's account that she had died of typhoid fever seemed correct. I had no reason to doubt the truth. I advertised for the Burford's without avail, as you perhaps know. I don't think my father had any wish to deceive me at last. His heart and soul were in the building up of the firm. He could not overlook any breach of trust. He could take my measure exactly. He knew what value I set upon London life and money, and did what he thought best for the house. This is the excuse, but even now, after a lapse of years, it is hard to forgive him for keeping back my letters to her. Fanny can never love me as she loves you. What I want to know is, can she ever forgive me?"

"Fanny has nothing to forgive, Hanover. Always remember this; she knows nothing whatever about Burford's default and your father's anger. What she knows is that an unforeseen misfortune happened when you were detained abroad on business for the firm. I and I alone am to blame for the rest. She has to forgive me. She must never hear a word against you. A father must be spotless to his child."

"You are a very noble fellow, Monnell!" and Mr. Hanover held out his hand impulsively.

"Fool, fool!" replied the old man, giving it a grip.

Noble or not, he had made it plain sailing for Mr. Hanover, and the dreaded interview between father and daughter passed off as placidly as possible. Fanny was so full of her own happiness that she wanted everybody to be happy. She told him so in her naive way.

When she said, "I shall love you, and try to be a good daughter to you, father, and you must love Harry for my sake," the passing doubt struck him that perhaps she would not have accepted the position so readily had she not been fortified by the calm and happy assurance of already belonging to another. But he was wholly and heartily thankful for small mercies.

It was a struggle for him to tell her about her mother without baring his wound to her. He winced considerably too when she unsuspectingly interceded for Uncle Pat.

"You must forgive him," she said, "you must never say a word to him! Of course he was wrong; but he is so good. There is no one like him, not one in the wide world. None half so brave and unselfish."

"I believe him to be a noble fellow, Fanny," he faltered; "but—"

"Ah! you must not be half-hearted about it, father. It is only because you don't know him! You must forgive him."

"Of course I forgive him."

"Then let me hear you," she persisted, running to the door, and calling Uncle Pat. "Let me see you shake hands, for I do love him so!"

And there she stood, with her hands behind her back and her dainty head probed a little on one side, while the two men clasped hands again before her.

So, Mr. Monnell's out jumped out of the bag at last, and did not make so very much stir after all. Joanna accepted the situation charmingly. Her uncle's mysterious journey, his unusual vivacity and excitement, had prepared her for something astounding, but it did not disappoint her. Had he been offered a peerage? or, was she to be deposed and a new queen reign in Brook street? One heard of this sort of climax in a rich invalid's life every day. She was disquieted, but did not show it. When the story was told, though—when the truth was divulged, and when her uncle signified his intention of purchasing Camphouran and presenting it to his new-found daughter—when she knew she was not to be disturbed, but would slide back to her old position as if nothing had happened, she felt relieved enough to declare heartily that Fanny came as a crowning piece of luck to the house of Hanover.

When the news reached the Rectory Mrs. Baldew could have danced with vexation of spirit.

"It is no use making a fuss over it, Jane," said Parson Jack's wife; "it will just be a nine days' wonder."

"I don't see how anything Patrick Monnell does could be called a wonder. It is all of a piece with the rest of his life. What about the money?—you lose your four hundred a year!"

"No! We are to have it as long as he lives!"

Mrs. Baldew snorted wrathfully. She was not to be pleased one way or another. She softened considerably towards Fanny when her three stately daughters were asked to be bridesmaids, for Fanny insisted on being married from the Rectory, and Uncle John was to sing, and the famous choir was to sing, and there was to be a great do in Peckham.

All this was not till the spring, though. Before that Hugh was at Dunn with his

wife Maggie, and the famous "Coffin Maker" had been exhibited and condemned. There was weeping and lamentation over this picture. The advanced critics even went the length of declaring that Mr. Wynter had deliberately killed the rare promise of his early work by embracing Realism, and that if he continued in this unfortunate groove, he would probably end by being branded an A. R. A.

Old Robson went to Dunnan with Hugh and his daughter. He is far from the temptation of the tap at the Macdonald Arms, but he suffers from rheumatism, and at times his "drops" small strangely of whiskey.

As for Hugh, he is marvellously changed! He remembers nothing! whatever about that walk on Schiehallion. The whole affair is a blank and the long haired truant spouter of Oasian has been transformed into as mild a phillie as ever gralloched a deer. The doctor quotes it as an interesting physiological case, but Mr. Monnell declares that Maggie's womanly influence, and that alone, has caused the change.

No scientific opinion has yet been given as to the mysterious magnetism of the mountain. Now and then a pleasant reference is made to the curious manner in which the small group of cottors was drawn together under the shadow of the great glimmering cone to play out a comedy which so nearly developed into a tragedy, and some one or other laughs gaily at the fancy.

Still there is this strange compelling peak sparkling in the blue weather and dominating the wild Rannoch region, dominating too the lives of all these people, so that they yet return at intervals from all parts of the world.

To Harry and Fanny, of course, the attractive influence of the mountain (though they profess not to recognize it) is one of blissful contentment and mutual trust. Nowhere is Mr. Hanover or Uncle Pat more easy in mind than when living in the Shadow, with the Dalchoonie and the Barracks. Miss Joanna too feels the spell of the place—"The bracing quality of the mountain air," as she turns it—and sees things in a truer and clearer light. Ordinarily enough, Mr. Dawleigh—now Lord Forton—responds to the subtle attraction of the great lodestone. Is it, as some have secretly surmised, that the charm of Joanna is still irresistible, or is it that no mortal who has once been in it can escape the magic of the Shade of Schiehallion?

THE END.

Something New in Waistcoats.

The skeleton vest has a full vest front and an open back. The collar and a piece of the shoulder top run all the way round, thus affording sufficient body for a proper shoulder set. The vest is then fastened around the waist by a belt. These skeleton vests are made in two sizes. One size will fit a 32, 34, 36 or 38 bust, and the other will fit a 40 to 46. The garment sets beautifully, and fits the figure perfectly. The main features are that it does away with a great deal of weight and useless material, and makes a very cool garment.

Why He Liked It.

New York Times: Powertier—I want to tell you, Dr. Hornblower how much I liked your sermon on brotherly love yesterday morning. It was powerful and right to the point.

Dr. Hornblower—I am very glad if you enjoyed it.

Powertier—Enjoy it? Well, I should say I did! There are a lot of people in that church that I hate like poison, and you simply gave them fish.

In the Vernacular.

"Hello, Jack, where are you living now?" "I'm boarding with a widow lady on Madison avenue. Where are you living?" "O, I'm the guest of a widower gentleman with two daughter ladies and one son gentleman—same avenue."

Inappropriate.

Peddler—Madam, I have some very fine mottoes for the house. Woman—What have you got? Peddler—Here's a beautiful one: 'If you don't see what you want ask for it.' How's that for the dining room? Woman—It's no good for me, young man. This is a boarding house.

There Were no Objections.

"If any here present," said the officiating clergyman, "can show just cause why this man and this woman may not lawfully be joined together let him speak or forever hold his peace."

The groom, Mr. Lariat of Arizona, casually laid a pair of large revolvers on the railing in front of him and the ceremony proceeded.

In a Hurry.

New York Herald: Friend—May is an unlucky month to be married in. Why don't you wait for June? Miss Passe, a prospective bride who has waited a number of Junes—But May comes before June, dear.

A Good Combination.

Reporter—Here is my account of the wedding of that Boston man to the (Chicago) girl. Editor—Have you put a herd on it? Reporter—Certainly. "Pork and Beans."—Judge.

Agreeable.

"My creditors and I agree on one point only." "What is that?" "That they are in the soup."

The Reverses of Time.

"It's strange how time reverses things, isn't it?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Miss Kiddling, whom we just passed, was three or four years older than me when we went to school together. Now I find I am three or four years older than she is."

The waltz had its beginning in Germany, and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of the galopade or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise or polacca and the mazourka.