

FIRE AND SWORD:

A Tale of the Massacre of Glencoe

The afternoon being fine, and the roads dry, a proposal made by Malcolm that they should walk the length of Balachulish was gladly acceded to by Helen, and wrapped in happy thoughts the fond pair sauntered leisurely along the winding avenue of the Glen indulging towards each other the compliments common to loving hearts.

The appearance of the Glen in those distant days was very much the same as it now is. Only a huge convulsion of nature could effectually alter its sublime physical features. The bolder and more striking aspects of nature as revealed to the eye of man in the sea, the rock-bound shore, and the everlasting hills, change not with the passage of centuries. The northern mountain ramparts which barred the conquering progress of the Roman legions still defiantly uplift their "sacred magnificence" to heaven, unchanged as of old. The sea which invaded the royal feet of Canute heedless of his kingly rebuke—still washes the island shores of Britain. The stars of heaven which shone down on the nativity of Christ still shine and shape their silent courses in the lustrous Judean skies.

Man, the so-called lord of creation, comes and goes as the passing winds. Only within the great cities of the earth does he succeed in rearing temples which outlive himself. In the earlier and ruder agricultural life of communities, the mud-shanty, or the turf-hellin, alone constituted the simple villages, or dotted, like cattle the sides of the green hills, and what the great pass of Glencoe externally looked two hundred years ago it very much appears to-day—a long, narrow gorge of gloom, wrapped within the impending shadows of precipitous and almost impassible mountain ranges, with black-faced shee and cattle scattered amongst the rocky cliffs, and with turf-thatched chauchans nesting at wide intervals of space at their sheltering base.

It was a Sabbath afternoon, as we have said, and as the lovers passed by the foot of the neat little village of Invercoe—where Malan himself resided—many and happy were the kind greetings they received from the groups of clansmen seated along the road or lolling on the warm grass.

The stalwart men of Invercoe all knew Malcolm well, and loved him much. Apart from his personal charm, which was great, he was the favorite of their beloved Chief, and whom he loved they most willingly worshipped.

Passing on they by-and-by crossed a small wooden bridge of the most primitive rustic architecture which over-arched in one span the murmurous and rapid-running stream of the Coe, or Cona, which is to-day as fresh and bright and musical in its flow as when the white-haired Ossian blended the sublime strains of his lofty harp with its strong voice as it rushed down the Glen to mingle its waters with the tidal flood of Loch Leven.

Beyond that lay the "Ferry" at Balachulish, and reaching that point, they still wandered leisurely on along the beautiful and richly-wooded south shore of the sea Loch.

"The water looks so bright, and fresh, and pure," remarked Helen, as a bend of the road directed their aimless steps towards a beautiful miniature sea bay, crisp with tinted shells and snow-white pebbles, amongst which the enamored tiny wavelets were toying with fond dalliance of a seeming love.

The western sunlight lay sweet and warm in the bosom of the bay, which seemed to mirror in its clear depths all bright and beautiful imaginings; but Malcolm, turning his gaze on a fair one's face, saw in its pure and passionless rapture a still finer and lovelier beauty. But he ventured not a reply. It was sweeter experience to thus let the beautiful feeling be unsullied in the most sacred archive of his heart.

"Next to the sweet, fresh waters of Lochiel, near to my own native Fassfern," continued the maiden, "I think I should like to live here, on the shores of Loch Leven—(thence is so dark and eerie some in the night-time when the clouds have come down on the hills.)"

"I once felt its loneliness too, Helen," added Malcolm; "a loneliness which till lately only the rude sport of the chase could dispel; but with you by my side, Helen, or even your influence in my soul, the purple precipices and shivering cliffs of the Glen seem the very stairway of Paradise. With you, darling, there is for me no gloom," and the impassioned lover laid the warm tribute of his affection on the maiden's glowing cheeks.

Bright and unforgettable moments in the morning of existence, when the skies of life are rainbowed with the roscate hues and warmth of a first love! The promptings of Ambition in after life stir the soul; the rich voice of Fame rouseth the soul to daring deeds; Manhood's dreams of success come true; but never, never more, will the skies seem so blue, the flowers bloom so fair, the sunbeams

shine so snowy pure, nor the summer hours seem so full of luscious charm as in those bewidderingly fair and beautiful hours when Love and Youth first met, and walked, and talked, and dreamed in bliss together.

"Darling," said Malcolm, after a lengthened pause, straining his eyes across the western belt of ocean, "see, the clouds are driving down on the hills of Morven. It looks lowering. Shall we return?"

"Yes, I think so, Malcolm," automatically responded the maiden, and casting her gaze across the widely stretch of sea which lay west of them, she saw what Malcolm's words had indicated—that a storm of wind and rain was fast settling over the darkening waters.

"We have still time to reach the 'Well,' darling, before the rain comes down. Let us hasten back in the direction of Glenacholais. In half an hour the wind and the rain will be on us; but we have yet time. Come?"

They both rose to go, when a rustling noise amongst the thick whin brushwood behind them attracted their attention, and they were both very much surprised to see the figure of a man stealing away from their presence with the speed of a hill deer towards the covering gloom of an adjacent ravine.

Malcolm, suspecting espionage, made a quick start in the direction of the retreating figure, but was restrained from pursuit by the action of the startled maiden, who clung to him and delayed his steps.

"No, no, Malcolm," she breathlessly exclaimed, "stay by me; with you I am safe."

There was a tone of unnecessary alarm in her words which just perceptibly surprised Malcolm. The claim on his protection, however, was artlessly put, and unconsciously commanded him. For himself he had no fear. But for her safety, if there was a lurking danger in the incident, he must curb his high spirit and refrain pursuit.

"A spy," he said, angrily; "and I should have felt happy in thrashing the wretched kern—for certainly he's no true man of the Glen. Some dark skinned gipsy man, I dare say, or possible some wandering garberlunzie."

"I hope so," tremblingly responded Helen.

"You hope so?" rejoined Malcolm, a slight tone of surprise shown in his voice. "It could be none else than a garberlunzie man, or a gipsy tinker."

"Yes," quickly assented the maiden, anxious to dismiss the subject; "let us push on." Could she be thinking of the insidious workings of a rival's wiles?

Dismissing further thought of the incident, the lovers at once diverged from the main road, and turned their steps southward in the direction of the "Well," which lay very much in the line of retreat chosen by the figure whose presence had thus momentarily disconcerted them.

In a very short time they had entered the seclusion of Glenacholais, and were suddenly standing within the impending shadow of rocks, alder trees, and thick green brushwood with which the charmed "Well" was so fantastically over-arched and enveloped.

Gleaming was already beginning to shade the secluded spot, and several stars were faintly discovered in the sky, which was fast changing from a soft saffron hue to an angry fire reflected-looking color. A low murmur ran through the Glen, and the forest trees in the near vicinity seemed stirred with some unexplainable feeling of fear.

"The storm is approaching us," remarked Malcolm. "Let us pledge our mutual betrothal, and hurry back home." A slight shade of trouble embarrassed the maiden's manner as she extended her hand in the act of plight. The incident of the interruption, trifling as it was, had visibly disturbed her, and plight under a clouded sky only strengthened her foreboding doubts.

The simple ceremony of joining hands across the pellucid bosom of the "Well" was necessarily brief and unpretentious. Short as it was, however, the act had hardly been completed when Helen Cameron, while still clasping her lover's outstretched hands, in the act of lifting her gaze to heaven in attestation of her pledged truth, witnessed two grey eyes, of cat-like intensity of expression, staring at her through the thick matting of copse leaves overhead.

An involuntarily cry of alarm escaped her lips, and the next moment the face withdrew itself, and the sudden crashing of boughs overhead told plainly that the owner of the face was making good his escape from the spot.

Instinctively Malcolm guessed the cause of Helen's alarm. His high spirit was aflame in a moment. Quick as thought, he dashed away from her side, ascending the overhanging crags with the celerity of a hill stag, was off in her and determined pursuit.

The action of pursuit was so sudden that the maiden was unable to stay him. "Malcolm!" she cried after him; but the impetuous young Highlander heard not her restraining voice, as he dashed fleetly forward through brake and briar intent only on overtaking and calling to account the flying spy.

St. VALENTINE'S DEVOTEES.

Costly Mistakes of Love—Increase in Violence of the So-Called Comic Sheets.

Statistics do not support the assertion that the festival of St. Valentine is degenerating. New York has for a long period enjoyed a monopoly in the valentine trade, a firm there having the proud distinction of taking the initiative step in their manufacture. Philadelphia also comes in for a share of recognition in the production of the much used and often abused valentine.

At the present time three New York firms issue nine-tenths of these little tokens which find their way to all parts of the globe. They can be made very expensive, but this mainly depends upon the size and contents of the purchaser's wallet, and the value placed upon the object of adoration.

One of the largest manufacturers says that the yearly sales of the (alleged) "comic" valentines exceed by far the combined orders for all other varieties. "Why," he said, "I don't expect you to believe it, though—the three firms in New York dispose of over 200,000 gross in America alone in a single season. They are afterward sent all over the world, but of course it is impossible to say where they all go to; but we sell them, and that's enough for us."

Valentines retelling for over \$20 are not kept in stock, since they are seldom called for, but orders for more expensive varieties are by no means uncommon. A Toronto stationer has now on hand several ranging from \$25 to \$85. These when completed will bear but little resemblance to the "every-day valentine" to be seen in store windows. They are works of art, casket-shaped, with an elegant cover, lined with satin puffings and velvet trimmings, besides profuse ornamentation in gold, silver and artificial flowers, while the valentine, gaudy in gilt lace paperf reproduces inside.

A hundred-dollar valentine, although a variety, is not unknown, and a leading politician, is said to have paid this sum a few years since for a beautiful specimen, which was sent to his niece. Other purchasers of these costly tributes of affection are known, among the names two prominent railway magnates conspicuously figure. The more valuable valentines often display great ingenuity of workmanship, and changeable scenes are vividly portrayed by means of curious mechanism. A favorite life-like picture is the voyage from the "cradle to the grave," which, in its effect, approaches realism.

As a matter of fact, however, the valentines meeting the largest sale among the gilt-lace and lace-paper variety are those which effect the pocket the least—from five to twenty-five cents being about the limit of human credulity.

The most extensive manufactory in America is located in Brooklyn, where about fifty hands, chiefly composed of young ladies, are always employed the year round. They evince undoubted expertness in fashioning sundry bits of paper into a perfect and beautiful picture, and are well paid in return. The more laborious operation of "stamping" is done by men. The order now received show a large increase over many previous seasons.

Among the new designs in comic valentines, the cigarette smokers' come in for a liberal share of ridicule, while "The extravagant woman," "An ovesdropper," and a "female billiardist" are roundly execrated in shockingly bad rhyme. Others of the male variety are most gross in caricaturing the whiskey drinker, billiard player, the masquerader, and the gipsy man.

The Preventer's Reward.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The occupant of an office on Congress-street, west fixed matters one day this week in such a shape that any caller had to run the gauntlet of a boy in the ante-room, and as he retired into his den he said to the youth:

"Now, young man, look me in the eye."

"Yes, sir."

"And remember what I say."

"Yes, sir."

"If any person calls and asks if I am in you must say you don't know."

"Yes, sir."

"You will then ask their business."

"If they say it is a financial matter you must come in here a step a minute, and return and say that I am out of town to take baths for my rheumatism."

"Yes, sir."

It was hardly an hour before a stranger came up, and when asked his business he replied:

"Well, I called on a little errand involving some money."

That was the end for the boy. He retreated to the back room, winked to his employer, and returned to the ante-room and reported:

"He has just left the country on a vacation."

"Then I'll leave a note," said the man, and he sat down and took his departure. When he had been gone ten minutes the employer came out to read it. It read:

"Called to pay you that \$20, but you were out. An offer for Tennessee. See you when I return in January. True."

It was the work of only ten seconds to fling on his hat and reach the street; but it was too late. An hour's hard work, including a walk to one of the depots, failed to turn up the man who had money to leave instead of a bill to collect. The boy over there was looking much cast down yesterday.

Plumb Uses a Two Edged Sword.

The Peel Banner shows up Mr. J. Burr Plumb's logic thus:—

"Mr. J. Burr Plumb was one of the speakers at the Conservative Convention held here on Monday last. In the course of his speech he illustrated what the consequence would be if the stipulation made by Mr. Mowat to the Ottawa Government—that the territory should be placed in his hands while the question of the boundary line was under consideration by the Privy Council—were agreed to. He compared it to a heap of coal about which there is a dispute between two men, who agree to refer the question of ownership to another, but in the meantime one stipulates that the coal shall be held by him. Mr. Plumb said, you will understand where the coal has gone to when the question is settled. Mr. Plumb probably did not see that his illustration was equally as pointed and more truthful when put in another way. Supposing it were thus said: Two men disputed about a heap of coal; it has been referred to arbitrators and decided that it belongs to A; but B, seeing how it is, refuses to abide by the decision, and all the while he is using the coal. The question may be asked, where will the coal be after the second decision is obtained? This latter is the correct illustration, and it is an extraordinary thing that an assembly of men belonging to Ontario, to whom this disputed territory rightfully belongs, and for whom Mr. Mowat, is striving to obtain it, should not only be willing to listen to a speaker, endeavoring to argue the property as not being theirs, but that they should receive his words not only with assent but with approbation. Is it possible that such a like case could happen out of Ontario; and this can be done through an idiotic support of party? It is pitiable and humiliating; pitiable that those whom we respect as good business men should of their own free will be deprived of their property and humiliated that this assent should be given merely to assist a man to keep himself in power; and that this man for whom they sacrifice their rights is a man entirely destitute of nobility of mind, who, rather than lose power and position, will betray the people of his native province and give their inheritance to another."

Disallowance in Manitoba.

Any person would think, to hear the way the Mail is crowing over the result of the Manitoba elections, that it was a victory for Sir John Macdonald and disallowance. But it is nothing of the kind. Mr. Norquay, the leader of the government of the province, distinctly pledged himself to re-enact the disallowance charters every time the seal of disallowance was put upon them by the Dominion Government. Here is a straight issue between Mr. Norquay and Sir John and it was the only issue of importance in the Manitoba contest. But the Mail always possessed in a large degree the faculty of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

Some time ago my wife took a severe cough which, in spite of all we could do, grew worse and worse and. She soon began to raise blood every day. It was apparent to everybody that she was in a decline and her days were about among us. I obtained medical advice and tried one prescription after another, but they did no good. When all hope had gone we heard of some wonderful cures performed by Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, and a friend drove several miles to get several bottles for us. In two weeks she was entirely cured. This testimony given by Mr. G. M. Ramsay of East Bagot, is that of thousands of others in this country.

How Slate Pencils are Made.

Millions of slate pencils are used every year by the boys and girls in school in this country, and yet probably but very few of our young readers know how these useful articles are manufactured. Like many other things in every-day use they are made up of odds and ends. Broken slate from the quarries is put into a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. These are then ground in the hopper of a mill, which runs it into a bolting machine, such as is used in flouring mills, where it is bolted, the fine almost impalpable flour that results being taken into a mixing tub, where a small quantity of stearite (soapstone) flour manufactured in a similar manner, is added, and the whole is then made into a stiff dough. This dough is thoroughly kneaded by passing it several times between iron rollers. Thence it is carried to a table where it is made into charges—that is, short cylinders, four to five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or retort, with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord, and passes over a sloping table slit, at right angles with the cords, to give passage for a knife, which cuts them into lengths, they are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes; the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the articles exposed to its influence. From the kiln, articles go to the finishing and packing-room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and withdrawn, neatly and smoothly pointed, ready for use. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing 100 pencils; and these boxes in turn are packed for shipment in wooden boxes, containing 100 each, or 10,000 pencils in a shipping box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost, therefore, is light.

Free of Charge.

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Don'ts for the Girls.

Don't flirt. Don't talk slang. Don't put on airs. Don't learn to be cranky. Don't try to arrest attention. Don't think it's pretty to be pert. Don't make a drudge of your mother. Don't say "no" when you mean "yes." Don't meddle with other people's beaux. Don't devote too much time to novel reading. Don't make a fright of yourself to be in fashion. Don't pick up chance acquaintances on the street. Don't look on every young man as a good natured ice-cream freezer. Don't run down your girl friends in their absence; it is a mighty mean trait. Don't make up your mind to be sweet to everybody's brother but your own. Don't marry a man who has no evident way of supporting you. Love on starvation principles was played out long ago. Don't lose your heart on one of those Darwinian specimens who parts his hair in the middle. Plenty of men want wives, wait and you'll get one. Don't boast of your ignorance of household affairs. In the present state of society there is no surer stamp of vulgarity.

AN IMPORTANT OFFICE.—One of the most important functions of the animal Economy is the depurative action of the Kidneys, if they are obstructed in their work great suffering and dangerous diseases ensue, such as Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and many other painful affections. Do not suffer from Lamo Back and inactive Kidneys, when Burdock Blood Bitters act so promptly upon the Kidneys, Liver, Bowels and all the secretions, and speedily restore health to the afflicted.

In the preparation of these medicines no preparation of any kind is used, and the ingredients are of the highest quality, and the process of manufacture is so conducted that the medicines are perfectly pure and free from any deleterious or poisonous substances. The medicines are sold by J. Wilson Goderich, Sole Agent for the Province of Ontario, at 25 cent a bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Rymans, sole agent for Gold-rich.

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