WEDNESDAY EV'G, JAN. 18TH, 1869. Jeannie Sinclair. THE LILY OF THE STRATH. JOHN GG'S HO CHAPTER IV. AND A DEATH IN THE KEEP HEPBURN WONDERFUL

A BIRTH AND A OBATH IN THE KEFFER'S HOUSE. Doctor Mapp ast alone in the dark waina-sotted dining-room of Baigley Castle. Though alone in that great room he was sung, comfortable, and seemed to be enjoy-ing himself. A huge fire burned brightly in the huge old-fashioned grate, and its blaze did more to light up the dingy room than did the rays of the three candles which were stuck in the richly-chased silver can-dicher awhog any table. A large high-backed leather-covered easy chair was drawn close to the table, and herein sat the house the table, but these the did not apply to. Indeed, he drants but sparingly of the injury the had brewed for himself, being rendered longstith there of the sath-ject of his cogitations, which appeared fully coccupy he. The floctor was a little slim man, with a sharp face and restless eyes, which torved to

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to compy him.
The doctor was a little slim man, with a sharp face and restless eyes, which rored to and the over the portraits in oil which covered the wall above the freplace. Not that he was examining these portraits either generally or particularly, for his gaze was abstracted and pre-occupied. The expression of his sharp face, too, was at the moment of a doubtful and disastified character, plainly infimiting that the course of his reflections produced missivings in his mid.
By-and-bye he quitted the chair, and walked to and fro ither com with his hands behind his back—this being his custom when mediating any matter; and, as was at he custom due to get the result of his thought in the sign of the si

one occasion he had been indebiet to her sbrewdheess and clear apprehension for valu-able aid. Therefore, we say, the doctor and the mid wile were very good friends. Ten minutes' orisk walking brought him to the door of the keeper's hut, from the one window of which the light came. Lift-ing the latch softly, heas softly entered, and, in the interior apartment, came papen a sight which to any but a professional man would have been unteresting in the extreme. On the low pallet bed, and beneath its din-gy coverlet, lay the poor unknown grid-deathly pale. She raised her eyes languid-ly as the doctor entered, gozed at him a mo-ment, then closed them again—closed them in utter weakness and exhaustion. Mirs Garrick sato a low stool, by the fire which she had kindled, and an infant on her the bay-lothes she had brought with her from the Castle, and when a the doctor fail sized, had a dark complexion. It was failed sized, had a dark complexion, and locks of silky which covered its little bead. The doctor regarded it with marked ad-mintion, and Mrs Carrick's face reflected ad-mintion is soft and the carrick's face reflected ad-mintion is an end face reflected ad-mintion is an end face reflected ad-mintion is an end and the carrick's face reflected ad-mintion is an end face reflected ad-mintion is a soft addition is addition in ter-reflected is soft addition is addition in ter-reflected is soft addition is addition is ad

⁴ A boy or a girl? said the doctor, inter-rogatively. ⁵ A laddie,² was the answer. ⁴ Thought so, returned the doctor, and the words were accompanied by a sigh. He wished at the moment that a child of the same sax would make its appearance that same night at Baigley Castle, and the sigh rose at the thought of the unlikelihood of such a happy event. ⁴ Fine child,² he remarked. ⁴ An uncom-monly fine healthy child.²

Special Notices.

TO BE CONTINUED



