

him with his iron arm. 'You that hef robbed me of the lass I love, the lass I hef promised to marry. You that hef stolen her heart from me, for your own sinful pleasure, and now hef been doing her some injury.'

As he spoke, he struck a blow which sent his antagonist reeling down the steps, at the foot of which he fell senseless to the ground.

Then he rushed into the tower. The door of the den was open, but Sybil was gone. He saw the confusion of the room, the broken furniture and yawning gap through the ceiling, but was too intent on finding Sybil to consider what it all meant. He called her by name, and hurried through the building; she was, however, nowhere to be found. Evidently she had fled from the place by another door.

He retraced his steps. Nial Mor was sitting up barely conscious, and Lachlan M'Cuaig was bending over him.

'Where iss Sybil Grant?' demanded Ronald.

'She hass gone home,' replied the keeper with a grin, 'and you had better go away quickly, whatever. You can do no good here, none at all.'

Leaving the wood, it may now be well to peep into Mrs. Grant's kitchen, where she and her husband are engaged in animated conversation.

Since Lachlan M'Cuaig's visit the day before she had been passing through a variety of moods. She had professed to treat his hints about his master and Miss M'Iver with ridicule, but in reality they had troubled her. What if the young laird was only playing with her daughter after all? Sybil looked somewhat scared when she heard of the keeper's gossip, and then broke into hysterical laughter; and to convince her mother and herself that it was all nonsense, opened her drawers and displayed the presents he had received. Mrs. Grant was reassured. And when she watched the girl depart the next day, escaping by the side door so as to avoid her father's observation, she was convinced that no young lady in the land was better fitted, or had greater right, to become mistress of Sruthan Castle than her own daughter.

Still many times that afternoon she glanced up at the clock, and wished that the hands would move more quicker, and an hour before Sybil usually returned she had worked herself up into a pitch of nervous excitement which was bound to find vent in words. She had never spoken to Colin about the hopes which she and Sybil had begun to cherish; but now an irresistible desire to find out what he would think of them took possession of her. Nothing would so re-establish her confidence as to get him to share it.

The girdle was on the fire, and Mrs. Grant was baking scones. Colin after a hard day's work was resting by the fireside, his hands clasped before him, his head thrown back, while from his open mouth there came audible signs that he was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Mrs. Grant moved between the table and the fireplace, more than once treading on his toes, but when that did not awaken him, she contrived to drop a scone, just lifted from the girdle, upon his knees.

'Hoot, woman!' cried Colin, awakened by something burning him; 'hef ye no respect for your old man? Ye must no' play tricks on him, whatever.'

'Och, man!' answered Mrs. Grant in a softer tone than usual, for she did not want to make him angry. 'Accidents will happen; but noo ye're waukened ye might gang an' ring a pickle o' peats frae the stack.'

Colin went off grumbling about some women folk who could 'neffer rest, no, not for a single minute.'

'Noo that's richt,' said his wife graciously when he returned. She dabbed her nose with the flour as she spoke. 'You can be a nice, ceevil man, Colin, when ye like. An' dae ye ken, I'm thinkin', it's noo muckle langer ye'll hae to carry peats intil this auld hoose.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Colin, turning towards her with a look of surprise and inquiry.

'Tut, man! ye needna look that daft. Dae ye no understand? I'm thinkin' we'll no 'bide here muckle langer.'

'And where will we be going?'

'Och, man, I dinna ken. Maybe we'll gae to Bunessan, or to Tobermory, or gin I hae ma way we'll gae to Glasca.'

'And why will we be flittin?' asked Colin, looking yet more bewildered. This was something new.

'Losh, Colin, ye're a tryin' man, an' it's noo many women wad pit up wi' ye, an' dae wi' ye as I hae dune mair nor twenty years. Ye're sair behint wi' takin' up things; an' as for seein' onything! Weel, yer een are aye shut wi' sleep.'

'And what hass that to do wi' flittin?'

'Weel, bide a wee, an' ye'll see. Oor Sybil's a fine lassie, an' wha kens but afore lang she'll marry a gentleman wi' lots o' siller an' a braw estate, an' she'll gang to live in a gran' hoose, or maybe a castle. An' then, ye ken, we'll be expected to live like gentle fowks oorsel's.'

'Why, woman, I am thinkin' it iss yoursel' that hass gone daft. Sybil will marry Ronald Campbell, and a fery good man she will be gettin'.'

'Na, na, no wi' my consent.'

'What do ye mean?' asked Colin angrily.

'The marriage iss fixed.'

'It's pit aff,' answered Mrs. Grant sentimentously.

'Pit off,' repeated Colin.

'Ay,' said his wife, beginning to wish that she had not roused him from his sleep, but feeling bound to go on with the conversation now. 'Dae ye no see wha's lookin' after her?'

'Why, Ronald Campbell, and sometimes I will be wondering if she iss worthy of him—though she iss my own dochter. I hef seen nobody else, except old Lachlan M'Cuaig. I hef seen him come sniffin' about her, and turning his one eye on her fery often. But he iss old enough to be her father, and ye do not mean him, whatever?'

'Ah, ah,' laughed Mrs. Grant, 'I see I maun open yer een far ye. An' is there naebody else ye can think on, Colin? Naebody wha invites her up to his braw castle, an' makes her presents o' gowd rings, an' gowd lockets wi' his hair inside?'

'Woman, ye do not mean the young laird?'

'An' why no the young laird? Wha's mair fit for him than oor Sybil?'

(To be Continued)

Jack and the Chickens.

Jack was a beautiful Irish setter that was devoted to his little mistress, Mary. He had one very bad habit: he would kill chickens, says the Chicago Times-Herald. The ranchmen all around threatened to shoot Jack if they caught him, and Mary was much distressed.

One rainy day in the early spring a farm-hand brought into the house a number of dear little chickens, just out of the shell, and placed them on the hearth before the fire.

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The best friend baby can have is a simple medicine that will relieve and cure the minor ailments that make his little life often very miserable. Such a friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They cure indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. All mothers who have used these Tablets praise them. Mrs. F. L. Bourgeois, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and look upon them as baby's best friend. I have found them an excellent remedy for colic, and they have done our baby much good in many ways." Little ones take these Tablets as readily as candy, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Once used always used where there are little ones in the home. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The tiny fluffy waifs were chilled through and through, and their little legs were icy cold. Mary, like the good little housewife she was, suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of filling a basket with raw cotton, so as to make the small strangers a nice comfortable bed, and, without thought of leaving them alone, started briskly upstairs to the garret, and soon returned with a hamper padded with warm, white cotton. Imagine her horror, however, when, upon entering the room, she discovered Jack lying lazily in front of the fire, and not a chicken in sight.

The little girl was sick with fright, for she knew they had been hatched from very expensive eggs of a particular breed, and that her father would scold her for her carelessness.

"Jack," she cried, severely, "what have you done with those chickens?"

Jack merely wagged his tail and looked at her with one ear cocked. Mary slowly approached the culprit, with a deep frown on her face, and continued:

"If you have eaten those chickens your master will have to shoot you."

At this terrible threat the dog only wagged his tail all the harder and cocked both ears. Just then came a faint "Peep, peep!" from somewhere near the fire, and the dog looked knowing.

And where do you suppose those baby chickens were hiding? Between the setter's two great fore paws, and all up under his soft, silky hair. When his mistress had left the room Jack evidently thought they needed care, and considered it his duty to play nurse during her absence, so he had stretched himself in front of the fire and gathered the wee fluffy balls together under his warm fur, and now and again a tiny yellow head was thrust forth for a minute, to be withdrawn and tucked out of sight. Mary concluded that the basket was not needed just then, and put it aside.—The Southern Presbyterian.

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