

'And then you will go to prison,' said Nial fiercely; 'and you will be transported over the seas. You will convict yourself and ruin your father and mother. Take care, Sybil, I shall be a dangerous man if you anger me any more.'

'I will not be caring; I will hef my revenge,' she replied. 'I hef another letter from Lieutenant Waldegrave. I came to bring it to you, as you asked me to bring them; but now I will take it to Miss M'Iver.'

She turned from him, and stooped to pick up her gloves.

A look of uncontrollable frenzy and hate passed into Nial's face.

'Give me the letter,' he cried, seizing her by the arm.

'I will not,' she answered, shaking herself free. 'I will take it to Fas Ghlac.'

'Give up that letter or I'll—'

'I hef said no, and I mean it,' she answered, crying bitterly. 'I hef done with you, sir; you hef deceived me.'

'But I'll have it, or I'll—'

He laid his hand on the mantelpiece and seized a loaded revolver. Whether he did it merely as a threat, or because for the moment his reason was gone, remains unknown. For Lachlan, who witnessed the act, gave a cry of alarm, and sprang to his feet. But the violence of the moment caused the trap-door to break away with a crash. Down came part of the ceiling, together with a thick, stifling cloud of dust and lime; and simultaneously down came planks of rotten wood, and among them a dark form in a velvet jacket, kicking, spluttering, choking, and swearing in Gaelic. A large vase was toppled off a book-shelf, and fell to the floor, shattered into a hundred pieces. The table on which the glasses and wine stood was overturned; Sybil gave a loud shriek and fell back on the sofa, and before Nial Mor could see through the cloud of dust, or take any proper aim, or think of what he was doing, he had fired into the midst of the heap of confusion, and wounded the keeper in the leg.

Lachlan McCuaig yelled out in terror.

'Step, sir, for Kott's sake, stop.'

The old fellow lay in the midst of the debris, a pitiable object, too terrified to move. His face and hands were streaming with blood, the only eye he had was half-blinded with lime, his rusty old jacket was ripped from head to collar, his feet were bare, and his red head was smothered with dust and dirt.

The sudden and unexpected eruption had, however, done good so far that it had for the moment turned Nial Mor's fit of mad fury upon another object.

'You! Lachlan McCuaig! you beggarly spy! you dirty scoundrel! you damned devil's son! get up or I'll put a shot through you.'

'Me a spy!' cried Lachlan, cutting his hands all the more as he slowly extricated himself. He was in fact afraid to get up. 'Me a spy! Oh, no, sir. I was watching for poachers.'

'You liar,' cried Nial, giving him a contemptuous kick; 'get up.'

'I will be getting up, sir; but see how this tanned glass hass cut my hands, and you hef shot me in the leg. And it iss the truth, Mr. Nial, Kott's truth, I was watchin' for a poacher all night, and then I came into the tower for a bit sleep, when crack goes yon tanned thing, and I cam' flying down like a shootin' star. And what the telfie will I do now?'

The old fellow looked at his torn garments, and began hopping on one leg.

'I don't believe a word of it,' cried Nial, seizing him by the neck, and thrusting him

towards the door.

'Oh, but you are choking me, sir; and I would fery much wish to explain, and if you will come with me I will show you the snares the poacher hef set.'

'Out with you, you confounded black-guard; and before you speak a word to any living soul meet me at the Castle.'

He hurried the keeper out of his den, and along the passage to the entrance door of the tower, and then, with a parting kick sent him flying down the stairs.

But hardly had he done so than a more formidable person rushed round the tower, and springing up the steps with a bound, endeavoured to pass.

It was Ronald Campbell.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

What brought Ronald Campbell to Nial Mor's den at that moment, a few sentences will explain.

The reader will remember that Torquil M'Iver had been summoned to Edinburgh in connection with the unfortunate affairs of his estate, and was expecting to return to Fas Ghlac about the middle of the following week. As there were certain purchases of Highland cattle he would be compelled to make if he would keep up his stock, he proposed to attend a sale at Oban on his wae home, and had asked Ronald to meet him there, so that he might take charge of the animals.

(To be Continued)

The Chivalry of Animals.

By far the most effective means of bringing little birds about you for the purpose of cultivating their acquaintance, after you have settled yourself, field glass in hand, with your back against a tree trunk, is to place your lips to the back of your hand in the kissing position, and suck in the air vigorously, while keeping them firmly pressed, this giving rise to a half squeaking, half whistling sound that closely resembles the cry of a young bird in distress. It is astonishing, writes Woods Hutchinson in the Contemporary Review, how quickly this will sometimes cause an apparently deserted thicket to become fairly alive with birds, all in a state of anxious excitement.

The attitude of dogs and other domestic animals toward the babies or children of the family to which they belong, and which they probably regard as adopted into their own family circle, is a familiar illustration of this same feeling. Nor is this simply a matter of affection for the particular individual; on the contrary, its purely personal and, if we might use the term, abstract character, is something most curiously shown.

One of my brethren, when a young man, owned a handsome Newfoundland, answering to the name of Skuklum, the same being Chinook Indian for "good," and amply deserved. When my brother married, Skuklum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice and extended a courteous but distinctly condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that perhaps, after all, three might be company, in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four, and when the first baby came his courtesy gave way. He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot, and be introduced to the new member of the family, but if it was brought into the room would instantly leave it or march off to the farthest corner and lie down with an air of offended dignity.

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

Strong words, but truthful, and the experience of a mother who has thoroughly tested the value of Baby's Own Tablets. Giving her experience with the use of this medicine, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, of Fourchu, N. S., writes, "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children, and I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." These Tablets cure all the minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. They are prompt and effective in their action, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Good-natured, healthy children are found in all homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. You can get these Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Our Baby.

The folks at our house all agree
He's just as cute as he can be,
Yet, strange to tell they also say
He's growing cuter every day.
You say this breaks the grammar's rule
They taught us when we went to school.
What's cute as can be "can't" be cuter;
So much the worse for rule and tutor;
Their grammar rules they must retract
Or bump their heads against a fact.
You don't believe it? Well, then, maybe
You don't know our wondrous baby;
For 'tis a fact which all may see
He's just as cute as he can be,
And 'tis a fact none dare gainsay
He's growing cuter every day.

—W. M. Newton.

The Helper.

She is a woman—one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

Great feelings bath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life has no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
For has she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.
James Russell Lowell.

When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. USE

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