A Riley Echo.

When the crop is on the market and the cash is when the crop is on the market and the Cash is in your sock,
And you hear the click and jingle of the key turned in the lock,
And Ethe clinking of the "pennies" and the clanking of the "tens"
And the groceryman is paid up and no more his bill he sen's;
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his heat.

best,
When he rises from his supper, then downward
pulls his vest;
As he smokes his pipe in comfort, and then goes
and winds the clock,

and winds the clock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is
in his sock.

There's something kind o' cheerfu!-like about the farmer's eyes
When he knows the summer's over and he doeen't have to rise
About the time the daylight's a-peepin' thro' the gloom. And work until the moon's up 'mid the grain that's all in bloom; that's all in bloom;
But, instead, he sorter calculates he'll hook old
"Buck" and "Jess"
To his cutter in the evenin' and put on his Sunday dress;
Then go a-courtin' Lizer, with her apron and new frook,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

Oh, the huskin' and the spellin' bees—the win-ter's harmless fun;
The raspin' of the fiddle when the dancing is begun;
The jingle of the sleigh-bells, your best gal in the

The lingle of the sieign-bens, your best gain the sled;
The kissin' and the huggin' when the old folks are in bed;
The roastin' of the chestnuts, the neighbors droppin' in;
The leatin' of the apples, drinkin' cider from a

tin; Oh, it sets my heart a-prancin' like a struttin turkey-cock. When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock. -Horscheads Bazoo.

UNCLE PAT

It was Hugh Cameron; come to put himself at Mr. Wynter's service, to take him fishing, or do whatever was desired. What Mr. Wynter particularly desired just then was to sketch Maggie. Would Hugh persuade her? This at once landed poor Hugh on the horns of a dilemma. He wished to be polite to the stranger, yet, with the touchiness of a lover, and, perhaps, with a little of the savage "bouderie" that had come down to him from his rough ancestors, he resented the idea of his lass posing by the hour before a handsome young stranger.

young stranger.

"All women would not be liking their portraits taken," said he; "some would whatever; but, as Maggie would be objecting—Hoots! they would say nothing about it."

"Speak for yourself!" ories Miss Weathercock; "if the gentleman was wishing to paint a picture, why for no?"
"You was not for the picture being done, Maggie; you was saying that this very minute of time!"
"Maybell'm feeble prints was read in the control of the

Maybe I'm for changing my mind!" "Mayof I'm for changing my mind."
"Aye! you was always good at that!"
"Without asking you, anyway!"
"Aye! I'm for believing that too!"

"Aye! I'm for believing that too!"
"There are some men so masserful,"
Maggie went on, addressing the shavings,
"that they will be making laws for every
one. Nobody was to be doing this or that
but at their will and pleasure. That's no
for Maggie Robson!"
"You can be doing what pleases you,
Maggie."

Maggie.
"Thank you kindly, Mr. Cameron! I
wass much beholden to you!"
"Look here!" said Harry, good-natur-

edly, "I'll paint you both."
"Beauty and the Beast!" says she;
upon which Mr. Hugh flouts out into the

yard.

"You are hard on him," said Harry.

"He is so masterful!" she answered, taking up the plane again. "Not but what he is clever! Oh, Hugh is clever! He will be knowing more of Fortingal parish than anyone. The gentlefolk think a great deal of Hugh."

'And I am to take that sketch after all, Maggie?"
By way of answer she sent the plane up
the board again with a grand swish.
"Go on Maggie, that will do!"

"You was saying just now Mr. Wynter, you would be painting Hugh," said she, pausing in her work. "I'd like fine to have a picture of Hugh, but I would no like him to be knowing."

"You shall have a picture of Hugh, I

promise you that. Let me make a picture of you, and you shall have one of Hugh. He is worth painting. I'll color it too, and he shall never be one bit the wiser. You can make a frame for it, you know, Maggie and hang it when I'll. gie, and hang it where you like. That's

"Would the gentleman like to see the neets, Maggie?" It was Polleken, the cobbler, who spoke.

It was Polleken, the cobbler, who spoke. He had glided noiselessly in across the soft shavings, and stood grinning behind them. He was a bald-headed, wizen-faced man, with protuberant chin and forehead. He spoke fawningly, and had a trick of poping his hands under his leather apron immediately the words left his mouth, and rolling his eyes in their sockets as if impatient for an answer.

impatient for an answer.

Maggie turned pale the moment she heard the voice; then, with a sigh, turned down her sleeves and followed her evil spirit across the yard into her father's

oottage.

Robson was busy pinning out a moth, and notwithstanding the unmistakable sottish look, Harry could not but notice an air of refinement about the man that betokened better days. The well-thumbed better too and the rough entemplogical

betokened better days. The well-thumbed books, too, and the rough entomological cases, told their little story, and his shaky hands did their duty as deftly as a machine. "Just in time, sir," said he with a passing frown at Polleken—"just in time to see something peculiar to this district. I don't know whether you are a Sepidopterist. don't know whether you are a Sepidopter-ist, but it may interest you to know that the moth I am setting up is a true Rannoch sprawler; a small specimen, but so rare that it is worth three or four guineas."

he!—that some have been painted and sold for solid money in Edinburgh. Just a spot or two here and there does it. But oh, Mr. Wynter, the wickedness of it!" And here he shock his head and rolled his eyes in a property of the state of the s

ne shook his head and folied his eyes in a surprising manner.

"Nobody but a daft idiot with sour blood in him could think that a moth could be painted! Look at this Black Mountain moth, Mr. Wynter—produs trepidari. Could any man paint that? Look at this yellow Ronnoch looper. Could you tint the yellow cff into brown like that? Paint, indeed! Look at the cocyx and gelechia! the sprawler! Who could imitate that square solotch on the wing with paint?

the sprawler! Who could imitate that square splotch on the wing with paint? Pawkie, you're a fool!"
"I never tried myself," said Polleken meekly, "but I've heard of it having been tried by some clever ones not many miles from Rannoch. Ah! cleverness and booklearning often lead us astray. As to insects, what I say is, you need fayith—strong fayith to buy them."

fayith to buy them."

"Faith!" oried Robson, in drunken imitation. "Ay, that's what you said to Hugh after you got drunk at the laird's, and took off your clothes to walk on the ninny pool. 'Have ye fayith, Hugh, lad,' you said to walk on the water?' Hugh should have let you try it."

"What I like about Hugh," Mr. Polle-ken observed. "is his almighty rowned."

ken observed, "is his almighty power of memory! Why, he minds of things that never happened and of folks that never

lived. It is just wonderful!"
"Hugh can tell no lie!" Maggie retorted, flushing angrily. "He can look you in the

"Ay, he's proud of his prow, is Hugh! He's proud of his hair, too—a fine crop! I wunner, now, does he ever think of Absa-lom? Maggie, lass, what I like about you is your pluck in sticking up for him. You do that fine! You've no secrets from him —not you! You never wag your tongue in his ear—not you! A righteous thing, too, Maggie, because a glakit lass oft drives a man to drink."

"So does a meddling fool!" cried Robson. "I tell you what, Pawkie—Hugh is none the worse for the drink he takes."

"And you are none the worse for the drink you take, are you, Robbie? You are drink you take, are you, Robbie? You are the boy to practice what you preach—you are! You've the gift of the gab—nobody denies that; but you've no' the gift of drinking like a Christian. If you had you would not be swearin' and blasphemin' at large on the brig!"

"Any way, Pawkie, uo one ever heard of my wanting to walk on the water!"

"And no one ever heard of my breaking out into dog Latin, Robbie. It's a curious fact, sir, that a man should break out like a heathen because he can't drink like a

heathen because he can't drink like a Christian! It's a fact, but it's a pity, Oh,

All it's a last, but it's a pity, Oh, ay! it's a keen pity!"
"I tell you what is a pity, Pawkie," cried Robson, jumping up, "it's a pity you don't attend to your own business instead of poking your ugly nose into mine like a mangey ferret!"
"Business!" speered Mr. Polleken, back-

"Business!" sneered Mr. Polleken, backing towards the door as Robson made
towards him. "It's a puir puir beeziness
you'd make of it, Robbie, if it wasn't for
Maggie; and there's plenty to mind Maggie
Plenty!" And with this parting shot and a
horrible roll of his goggle eyes, he shuffled
out across the road. out across the road.

out across the road.
"Thora he goes, Mr. Wynter!" cried
Robson, raging and fuming about the room.
"Look at him; there he goes! A mandre!!
A backbiter. This is not the first time he
has forgotten his manners before gentlemen

in my room. He pesters us—_''
"Tush! Tush! What does it matter, father?" said Maggie, flicking the dust of the books to hide her uneasiness. "I would no' be caring a fash o' my thumb for the likes of him. Mr. Wynter wants a job

"Wait a bit, Maggie! Wait a bit!" he said, waving his hand grandly. "I must ex-plain. He insulted us before the gentle-man. Don't forget that! And what is man. Don'i forget that! And what is more, he makes a practice of it. Mr. Wynter, sir, I have been unfortunate! I may have come down a peg, but I hope I have not forgotten my manners. No! 'In mores fortuna, jus non habet,' and here he slapped his chest and slammed the door as if to shut out Paw e

"Insects!' he went on. "What does he know about insects? Why, he wan-dered about the Black Wood till he was dered about the Black Wood till he was taken for Judas Iscariot, and never caught one. 'Falsespecimens,' indeed. Here is a specimen. Ha! he! **Asopus lugubris—the doleful bug.** That is what he is. Put the bug on its back and it will give you a bad smell. Tackle Pawkie, corner him as I did, and he'll say something nasty. A poor creatur—a doleful bug. Pah! He sickens me! My hat, Maggie."

"You can't go out, father! Captain Carstairs is coming to see you—and Mr. Wynter herewants a job done. The pattern is in the shop."

tern is in the shop."
"Run across like a good lass and bring it

here."
"Excuse ne, Mr. Wynter," he said clapping on his cap the moment she disappared, "but I must have a mouthful of fresh air. Pawkie has sickened me!" And he was out of the house and inside the tappared of the "Macdonald Arms" before his daughter returned.

"You should not have let him go!" oried she, dropping the stretcher and running out again. "Why, here is Captain Carstairs at the door."

Hullo, Mr. Wynter," said he, coming in while Maggiewent to fetch her father. "You were not longin finding out the belle of the village!"

"I came on purpose," said Harry,

bluntly.

"Ah! and you have seen the old game going on! I know it as surely as if you had told me. Pawkie tormenting—Robbie gone to the tap and Maggie after him! Presently she will convoy him here and Pawkie will be leering at his door. There is a touch of mystery about that beast Polleken. You've not heard it? Well, he anneared in the village about a year ago. sprawler; a small specimen, but so rare that it is worth three or four guineas."

"And you cannot tell it from a Norroway specimen," Mr. Polleken observed, with an unpleasant infexion in his voice; "and the Norroway specimen can be bought for a couple of shillings."

"You can tell an honest man from a rogue, though," Robson replied angrily, "and the rogue can be bought for less than a couple of shillings."

"No one would accuse you, Robbie, of selling Norroway specimens for Black Wood ones. No likely! But you know, Robby, it has been said that Norroway specimens have been sold here for Black Wood ones. I've heard folks say, too—he!"

"Awkie will be leering at his door. There is a touch of mystery about that beast beough that beast about this own pet mountain of theirs that her blue eyes opened wider and wider in pure wonder and wider in pure wonder and into Rannoch like the Pied Piper into Hamelin. The people bought his boot-laces out of pure curiosity. All but Miss face. Upon which Mr. Pedlar pops his face will be grown ceevil.' Maggie tumbled all of a heap into a chair and has not been where from the willage about that beast pops and wider in pure wonder and w

moody and morose, and the whole place turned topsy-turvy. The village is demoralized, and it is high time it was put in order. Old Monsell makes a fuss about it, but he's no use! He's done.

"Look, now! There's Maggie leading her father back, and there is Pawkie on the watch. I'll bet you what you like, too, that Hugh is hidden somewhere on the hill scowling like a hyena at you and me. I This is the usual end of the village comedy. If you are going back to Dalchosnie I'll give you a lift."

As there was no hone of the village.

As there was no hope of getting a hint from "The Coffin Maker" that day, Harry "By the way, I have a letter for you. I overtook Hanover's boy and brought on his post-bag. From Miss Joanna, I

Harry opened is and read : "I am always alone before lunch time." CHAPTER VII. ON THE LOCK.

In the whole of Scotland there is no lovelier spot than the Rannooh valley. From the fairy land of Dunalister, due west as far as Mr. Hanover's shooting lodge, "The Barracks," the landscape painter might pick and choose dozens of the choicest tit-bits. It has the additional charm, too, of being out of the beaten track, for when you come to your journey's end at the head of the loch, your soul rejoicing in the quiet beauty of booky glen and rippling burn, you find nothing but the awful moor of Rannoch, twenty broad miles of danger and desolation, between you and the Pass of Glencoe.

the Pass of Glencoe.

Climb the hill, and you get a fine grasp

Climb the hill, and you get a fine grasp of the whole panorama.

You see the crystal cup of the loch stretching away to the Tummel hills and the wonderful blending of dark pine, silver birch, green ash, grey rook and golden fern rising from the very water's edge. To the north, the purple masses of Ben Alder and Badenoch; to the south, Schiehallion and the ridges of Glen Lyon, and straight away in the misty distance Ben Vraickie and his companions tower up like grim sentinels companions tower up like grim sentinels round the loch.

The sun shone gloriously on all this the day after Mr. Wynter's visit to the village. A capital day for the proposed visit to the barracks, but bad as bad could be for the fishing. Nevertheless, to Harry's surprise, Hugh was there before they had break-fasted—silent, mysterioue, gloomy—but quite bent on going a-fishing.

"There would be a storm to be coming

from the south," said he confidently, "who would be knowing but what they got a ferox?"

A ferox! Harry pricked up his ears at this, for, to tell the truth, he had been puzzling his brains all the morning how to get out of this visit to the Han-overs. He had not thought so very much of Miss Joanna's softly whis-pered "Come and see me soon"; but when later on the confidential note brought by Mr. Caratairs informed him that she was always alone before lunch, why, he began to think a good deal, and was considerably perturbed thereby. What better excuse could be devised than the chance of a ferox, and without a blush he declared to Fanny, who stood in the arch with the Fanny, who stood in the porch with them, that the capture of one of these monsters had been a lifelong ambition of his.
"The Hanovers' lunch!" oried she, "and Mr. Carstairs and Mr. Boothby coming here

"I shall be back at tea-time, and the

Hanovers won't miss me."

"If you go fishing, I go, too!" said Fanny decisively. " My dear Fanny, you can't possibly stop

"My cear ranny, you only your away."

"I daresay I could be rude like other people if I chose, but I don't choose. Mr Carstairs and Mr. Boothby will be there, si perhaps we shall exist without you."

"Of course you will! You'll be a merry as grige!"

"Don't you think, Harry," she sai "Don't you think, Harry," she said again, after a pause, "don't you think you ought to go with me this first visit?"

"Upon my word I don't," he replied.
"Upon my word I don't," he replied.
"Oh, very well. Hugb, I shall go with you. Mind you get me a good rod. You will have to teach me to throw a fly." Miss Fanny had reckoned without he

Not a ripple disturbed the loch. Every stick and stone, promontory and hill, even to the far-a-way Sisters of Glenoce and their faithful attendants, the Shepherds of Glen Etive, were reflected in the clear

"Now, Hugh!" Fanny sang out as soon as they were fairly launched. "Cheer up Never mind Mr. Wynter. Tell me about

everything."
And Hugh the surly (terribly surly that And High the surly (terribly surly that day) could not resist the pleading blue eyes and the calm beauty of the morning. So after a bit he tossed back his unkempt looks, and as they glided lazily along pointd out the hills and spun off story after story to show what doughty men the chieftains of old were, and how their names and deeds live again in the straths and mountains. live again in the straths and mountains.

Then presently, when they had left the village, with its blue curling smoke, far behind them, and the graceful outline of Schiehallion evoked an involuntary exclamation of delight from Captain Fanny, he warmed to his work, and unfolded such startling particulars and such weird blood-curdlers about this own pet mountain of theirs that her blue eyes opened wider and wider in pure wonder and

her Maker on the top of Schiehallion; how, old as she wis, she actually climbed to the very top, and was there found stark dead by her three sons, who had been fetched from the hils.

"Fine subject," murmured Harry, as he

lay back in the stern of the boat, with his cap tilted over his half-closed eyes; "a lot cap tilted over his half-could be made of that."

"It would be no verra respectful to be making a picure of that," said Hugh.
"You are quite right, Hugh," said Fanny. "It would be very bad taste."
"I am telling you, Miss Fanny, that you mountain is ro canny."
"Why?"

"Well, it vill be kind o' hollow. When you will be ging in at Tam O'Mhorair yon on the southside, the rock will be closing behind you or effer and effer. Oh, they will be telling you strange, strange tales about Schiesaltion if you wass so minded. They will b saying that one belated body daundered brough a hundred character. daundered hrough a hundred chambers, while a doorwould be banging behind him after each like thunder, till he came out

yon on the foriadans clean daft!"
"That wa Pawkie," said Harry.

"That we Pawkie," said Harry.
"Hold you tongue," said Fanny peremptorily. "Geon Hugh."
"They wil be telling you," Hugh proceeded, "that the lady will be coming out in the stoom, and will be ploughing the hillsides into those big ridges. They will be the Scrisians, and it will be the big deer she will be using. The Demon Team—"

Team—"
You belive that, of course, Hugh?"
'I am n' saying what I believe, Mr.
Wynter. fam O'Mhorair will be plain Wynter. fam O'Mhorair will be plain enough whitever, so will the Scridans for those vill be speering for them. See, Miss Fany! What was I telling you? We shall hive a breeze directly. Maybe a

thunder pimp."
They loked back as he spoke. A grey bank of cluds had already gathered behind the mountin, and the few fantastically shaped clouds that had detached themselves, shaped dicustinas had detached themselves, and were teeping across the Soriadans, might well have passed for the Demon Team. A ark belt of ripple was racing up the Loci, so Hugh at once let the boat drift, and commenced to show Miss Fanny look to these designs.

low to thror a fly.

Very bewiohing the young lady looked in her light lue serge and straw hat, and if Mr. Harry Wenter's mind had not been disturbed and werried by the abominable listle billet doux which seemed to burn in his pocket, he ne doubt would have been privately transstring the two picturesque figures, so chrmingly silhousted against the blue distance, into his sketch-book. This the blue distace, into his sketch-book. This scrap of a noe did bother him, though; and the morthe puzzled over it, the more did "always alone before lunch time" din itself intchis ear. The words buzzed about him so persistently, and jumbled themselves u so tormentingly with Hugh's loud injuncties to his pupil about 'aking tent, and leting the wind drop the fly lightly on the water, that at last he pulled the tornentor out of his pocket, and felt somewha relieved by tearing it up and watchingthe white specks float away behind him lik a fleet of fairy's boots.

Meanwhile the breeze freshened. Hugh

Meanwhile the breeze freshened. Hugh had to take the oars to keep the boat steady, but Fany stuck to the r.d, and with Harry's adactually managed to kill two or three broth before they reached the Black Wood.

By the time they landed the whole sky was overcast. There was a muttering of distant thunder, and the last bright gleam disappeared as Miss Sunbeam herself drove off with the rest of the Dalchosnie party to off with the rest of the Dalchosnie party to the Hanovers. She was not over pleased with Harry though, that was plain. In fact, he nad never seer her so put out; never before seen her ace wear such a reckless look as when she drove off. The rest bid him good bye, and wished him good sport. She was durb.

Hugh, who had thaved hittle are active.

Hugh, who had thawed a little under the warmth of her benign presence, now froze back again into frigid sileme. While Harry ate his lunch under one big fir, he munche his under another in stern silence and then sat apart, with his chin in his hand, gazing abstractedly on what, year; gone by, had been the happy hunting grounds of the Camerons. Nothing movedhim. He took the whiskey and tobacco with mere thanks; then lik his nine and cat gazing hands. then lit his pipe and sat grinly brooding then his pipe and sat grinly brooding away over the shadow and silence of the Black Wood till the rain began to patter down on

for a ferox, Hugh?" asked Harry, with a

for a ferox, Hugh?" asked Harry, with a shiver.

"Ay, Mr. Wynter," Hugh replied, still staring into space: "it will be agoot day for the ferox, and for many other things beside. It will be a goot day for any one who would be painting pictures of the Black Wood and of Tigh.na. Dign, because the sun worth recent to he shiping there."

And without more ado Hugh swung off up the Camghouran burn as if the whole place belonged to him. The rain came down in torrents. The big firs tossed their crests, and groaned in the rising wind, but Hugh strode on through the straggling heather, and never slackened his pace till they reached the small level plateau on which stood the old stronghold of Tigh-na-Dign, and the four barn gray walls engles. Dign, and the four bare gray walls, enclos-ing the graveyard of St. Michaels, wherein the bones of his ancestors lay buried. Here he stopped, and with the rain pouring down on his bared head, chaunted out the tragedy that was enacted there, when the dark wood that surrounded them formed but a bit of the old Caledonian wood that stretched right across Soutland.

How one Ever Camparon and the shirt of

How one Ewen Cameron and the chief of the clan Mackintosh of Badenoch loved the the clan Mackintosh of Badenoch loved the same girl. How the girl preferred his stalwart ancestor, and how the Mackintosh, after nursing his jealousy for years, at last compassed his revenge by joining the Macgregors in a raid upon their, stronghold.

She was reckoned a brave woman, this wife of Ewen—able on a pinch to use the ground and disk so hy way of breaking.

sword and dirk—so, by way of breaking her proud spirit and testing her vaunted courage, this fiend, after gaining the strong-hold and killing the defenders, took up her children one by one by the heels, and then and there dashed out their brains before

eron, Wynter," Hugh went on with fierce significance, as he pushed the damp hair off his forehead, "without letting the wild cat loose! Within forty-eight hours there was not a Mackintosh—no, not one—left alive at Badenoch; and the Macgregors—where will they be? Not one in the whole of Fortingal parish—but—"here he shock the rain-drops off his head like a New-foundland dog—"There will aye be a Cameron yel!"

Hugh's words were meant as a warning, but they fell lightly on Harry's ears. The grotesque ferocity of the Highlander rather tickled his sense of humor. As for applying to himself the lesson Hugh was trying to convey in his savage narrative, that was the last thing that could have occurred to the artist. What was Maggie to him but the suggestion of a splendid picture? That Hugh would be madly jealous was a notion he would have laughed at had it by any strange chance orossed his mind.

The wild young fellow on his side, however, had made up his mind that there should be no doubt as to the significance of his words, and after a short pause he said, with a sullen distinctness: "You'll no' be

should be no doubt as to the significance of his words, and after a short pause he said, with a sullen distinctness: "You'll no' be troubling any more about your picture?"

Harry stared at him. "Do you mean Maggie?' he asked.
"Ay, it's just Maggie I mean. You'll be too much of a gentleman, to make snore.

be too much of a gentleman to make sport of her, Mr. Wynter."

" I hope so. "She was saying she was no' desiring

"Oh, we will get over that! I'll take your portrait too, Hugh, if you like. See; the sky is clearing. Let us have a try for

the sky is clearing. Let us have a style-this ferox."

They walked back to the boat, where Hugh put the larger rod together. He tied and knotted the tackle with great deliberation, but never spoke. Whoever, after such a clear warning, meddled with a Cameron,

a clear warning, meddled with a Cameron, must take the consequences.

The summer storm was passing off and losing itself on the big moor. The mist was packing and rising, and Harry's spirits rose with it. Then, presently, the friendly shelter of Craganour brought such warmth and comfort, and the air was filled with such delightful odors of bog myrtle and wild flowers, that, luiled by the rhythmic cadence of the cars, he lay back and gave himself up to painting a few fancy pictures.

Tawny haired Hugh, declaiming his wrongs in the Black Wood, would make a good subject; so would the dead woman being carried down Schieballion by her three stalwart sons, but, for motive, color, and originality, there was nothing like

and originality, there was nothing like "the Coffin Maker."

He was just thinking how he would manage that flood of golden light through the picture, when "whish! whirr!" went the reel and away went his day dream.

With the scullingiving around the picture, when "which! whirr!" went the reel and away went his day dream. With the scul-inspiring sound, too, away went Hugh's dumps. Luck! The storm had reused this monater of the deep to give them battle! First came a run so sharp and long that almost every inch of line spun out before the way was got off the boat and he was able to reel up. Then came a sulk at the bottom, with sundry angry snatches and tugs that threatened to break the tackle, strong as it was. Then another spurs that took the boat half across the loch. For a full half hour the heavy fish dragged them about in the middle of the loch. Gradually the steady pressure begins to tell. A black back shows itself once or twice on the top of the water, to begins to teil. A black back shows itself once or twice on the top of the water, to splash down again as soon as seen. Another short spurt and he is done. Spent and helpless, nearer and nearer he comes. Hugh leans over with the gaff. A jerk. The sleep is in bim!—but, at the same time, a sudden lurch of the boat upsets Mr. Wynter's equilibrium, and plump he goes head over heels into the deep water.

Now, whether Hugh in the excitement of the struggle had lost his head, or whether he was really murderously incensed at Mr.

be was really murderously incensed at Mr. he was really murderously incensed at Mr. Wynter's persistent intention to paint Maggie, will never be known; but the first thing that met Harry's eyes, when he bobbed up again and clung like a half-drowned rat to the gunwale, was Hugh's savage face and the gaff-stick flourishing in the air. The face had such a diabolical look in it that Harry instinctively sang out "Hugh!" at the top of his voice. All over in a moment. The schoes had scarce died away before Hugh had thrown down the over the shadow and silence of the Black Wood till the rain began to pater down on their heads.
"Perhaps you think this is a good day for a ferox. Hugh?" asked Harry, with a did not half like the look of it.

shiver.

"Ay, Mr. Wynter," Hugh replied, still staring into space: "it will be a goot day for the ferox, and for many other things beside. It will be a goot day for any one who would be painting pictures of the Black Wood and of Tigh-na-Dign, because the sun ought never to be shining there."

"So it seems, Hugh."

"Mr. Wynter, sir, I would like to be taking you to Tigh-na Dign, and be telling you what would be happening there to my folk—years and years ago. You would be understanding things better then. It will be but a step from here. The day will be clearing presently. You'll be coming, sir?"

"All right, Hugh."

And without more ado Hugh swung off up the Camghonran burn as if the whole place belonged to him. The rain came bowled along towards Dalchosnie stopping.

(To be Continued.) Chancery Spring Circuits, 1891.

St. Catharines Brantford Guelph	Monday 9th March Monday 23rd March Wednesday 1st April Friday 10th April Thursday 16th April Monday 20th April
	FERGUSON, J.
Lindsay Peterboro' Stratford	Wednesday8th April Wednesday15th April Monday4th May Friday8th May Thursday14th May Monday1st June
	ROBERTSON, J.
Toronto	Monday 16th March Thursday 15th April Wednesday 22nd April Monday 27th April Monday 11th May Monday 18th May Thursday 2st May Thursday 1st June
	MEREDITH, J.
Ottawa Brockville	Monday
Cornwall	Friday 94th Anvil

Tuesday.... 28th April The Prince Edward Island Legislature ned to meet on Thursday, March