

man stop this! Are ye all come together to make fun of me—oh! Have a care—have a care!"

He looked round threateningly, and his eye lighted with a darker warning on Mary Avon.

"That lass, too," said he; "and I thought her a friend of mine; and she has come to make a fool of me like the rest! And so ye want to make me the Homesh o' this boat! Well, I may be a foolish old man, but my eyes are open. I know what is going on. Come here, my lass, until I tell ye something."

Mary Avon went and took the seat next him, and he put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Young people will have their laugh and their joke," said he.

"It was no joke at all!" said she, warmly.

"Whisht, now. I say young people will have their laugh and their joke at a foolish old man; and who is to prevent them? Not me. But I'll tell you what; ye may have your sport of me, on one condition."

He patted her once or twice on the shoulder, just as if she was a child.

"And the condition is this, my lass—that ye have the wedding at Denny-mains."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE EQUINOCTIALS AT LAST.

There was no dreaming of weddings at Denny-mains or elsewhere for some of us that night. It had been blowing pretty hard when we turned in; but toward two or three o'clock the wind increased to half a gale, while heavy showers kept rattling along the decks. Then there were other sounds. One of the men was heard to clamber up the iron ladder of the fore-castle, and as soon as he had put his head out, his contented expression was, "Oh, ferry well; go on!" Then he came below and roused his companions; presently there was a loud commotion on deck. This was enough for our doctor. One could hear him rapidly dressing in his little state-room, then staggering through the saloon, for the wind was knocking about the *White Dove* considerably, then groping his way up the dark companion. For some time there was a fine turmoil going on above. Another anchor was thrown out. The gig and dingy were brought in on deck. All the sky-lights were fastened down, and the tarpaulins put over. Then a woman's voice,

"Angus! Angus!"

The doctor came tumbling down the companion; by this time we had got a candle lit in the saloon.

"What is it?" was heard from the partly opened door of the ladies' cabin.

"Nothing at all. A bit of a breeze has sprung up."

"Mary says you must stay below. Never mind what it is. You are not to go on deck again."

"Very well."

He came into the saloon, all wet and dripping, but exceedingly pleased to have been thus thought of, and then he said, in a tragic whisper:

"We are in for it at last."

"The equinoctials!"

"Yes."

So we turned in again, leaving the *White Dove* to haul and strain at her cables all through the night—swaying, pitching, groaning, creaking, as if she would throw herself free of her anchors altogether, and sweep away over to Glenelg.

Then, in the early morning, the gale had apparently increased. While the women-folk remained in their cabin, the others of us adventured up the companion way, and had a look out. It was not a cheerful sight. All around the green sea was being torn along by the heavy wind; the white crests of the waves being whirled up in smoke; the surge springing high on the rocks over by Glenelg; the sky almost black overhead; the mountains that ought to have been quite near us invisible behind the flying mists of the rain. Then how the wind howled! Ordinarily the sound was a low, moaning bass—even lower than the sound of the waves; but then again it would increase and rise into a shrill whistle, mostly heard, one would have said, from about the standing rigging and the cross-trees. But our observation of these phenomena was brief, intermittent, and somewhat ignominious. We had to huddle in the companionway like jacks-in-the-box; for the incautiously protruded head was liable to be hit by a blast of rain that came along like a charge of No. 6 shot. Then we tumbled below for breakfast; and the scared women-folk made their appearance.

"The equinoctials, Angus!" said Queen Titania, with some solemnity of face.

"Oh, I suppose so," said he, cheerfully.

"Well, I have been through them two or three times before," said she, "but never in an exposed place like this."

"We shall fight through it first-rate," said he—and you should have seen Mary Avon's eyes; she was clearly convinced that fifteen equinoctial gales could not do us the slightest harm so long as this young doctor was on board. "It is a fine stroke of luck that the gale is from the south-west. If it had come on from the east, we should have been in a bad way. As it is, there is not a rock between here and the opposite shore at Glenelg, and even if we drag our anchors we shall catch up somewhere at the other side."

"I hope we shall not have to trust to that,"

says Queen Titania, who in her time has seen something of the results of dragging their anchors.

As the day wore on the fury of the gale still increased; the wind moaning and whistling by turns, the yacht straining at her cables, and rolling and heaving about. Despite the tender entreaties of the women, Dr. Angus would go on deck again; for now Captain John had resolved on lowering the topmast, and also on getting the boom and mainsail from their crutch down on to the deck. Being above in this weather was far from pleasant. The showers occasionally took the form of hail; and so fiercely were the pellets driven by the wind that they stung where they hit the face. And the outlook around was dismal enough—the green sea and its whirling spindrift; the heavy waves breaking all along the Glenelg shores; the writhing of the gloomy sky. We had a companion, by-the-way, in this exposed place—a great black schooner that heavily rolled and pitched as she strained at her two anchors. The skipper of her did not leave her bows for a moment the whole day, watching for the first symptoms of dragging.

Then that night. As the darkness came over, the wind increased in shrillness until it seemed to tear with a scream through the rigging; and though we were fortunately under the lee of the Skye hills, we could hear the waters smashing on the bows of the yacht. As night fell that shrill whistling and those recurrent shocks grew in violence, until we began to wonder how long the cables would hold.

"And if our anchors give, I wonder where we shall go to?" said Queen Titania, in rather a low voice.

"I don't care," said Miss Avon, contentedly.

She was seated at dinner; and had undertaken to cut up and mix some salad that Master Fred had got at Loch Hourm. She seemed wholly engrossed in that occupation. She offered some to the Laird, very prettily; and he would have taken it if it had been hemlock. But when she said she did not care where the *White Dove* might drift to, we knew very well what she meant. And some of us may have thought that a time would perhaps arrive when the young lady would not be able to have everything she cared for in the world within the compass of the saloon of a yacht.

Now it is perhaps not quite fair to tell tales out of school; but still the truth is the truth. The two women were on the whole very brave throughout this business; but on that particular night the storm grew more and more violent, and it occurred to them that they would escape the risk of being rolled out of their berths if they came along into the saloon and got some rugs laid on the floor. This they did; and the noise of the wind and the sea was so great that none of the occupants of the adjoining state-rooms heard them. But then it appeared that no sooner had they lain down on the floor—it is unnecessary to say that they were dressed and ready for any emergency—than they were nightly alarmed by the swishing of water below them.

"Mary! Mary!" said the one, "the sea is rushing into the hold!"

The other, knowing less about yachts, said nothing; but no doubt, with the admirable unselfishness of lovers, thought it was not of much consequence, since Angus Sutherland and she would be drowned together.

But what was to be done? The only way to the fore-castle was through the doctor's state-room. There was no help for it; they first knocked at his door, and called to him that the sea was rushing into the hold; and then he bawled into the fore-castle until Master Fred, the first to awake, made his appearance, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes and saying, "Very well, sir, is it hot water or cold water ye want?" and then there was a general commotion of the men getting on deck to try the pumps. And all this brave uproar for nothing. There was scarcely a gallon of water in the hold; but the women, by putting their heads close to the floor of the saloon, had imagined that the sea was rushing in on them. Such is the story of this night's adventure as it was subsequently—and with some shamefacedness—related to the writer of these pages. There are some people who, when they go to sleep, sleep, and refuse to pay heed to twopenny-half-penny tumults.

Next morning the state of affairs was no better; but there was this point in our favour, that the *White Dove*, having held on so long, was not now likely to drag her anchors and precipitate us on the Glenelg shore. Again we had to pass the day below, with the running accompaniment of pitching and groaning on the part of the boat, and of the shrill clamour of the wind, and the rattling of heavy showers. But as we sat at luncheon a strange thing occurred. A burst of sunshine suddenly came through the sky-light and filled the saloon, moving backward and forward on the blue cushions as the yacht swayed, and delighting everybody with the unexpected glory of colour. You may suppose that there was little more thought of luncheon. There was an instant stampede for water-proofs and a clambering up the companion-way. Did not this brief burst of sunlight portend the passing over of the gale? Alas! alas! when we got on deck, we found the scene around us as wild and stormy as ever, with even a heavier sea now racing up the Sound and thundering along Glenelg. Hopelessly we went below again. The only cheerful feature of our imprisonment was the obvious content of those two young people. They seemed perfectly satisfied with being shut up in this saloon; and

were always quite surprised when Master Fred's summons interrupted their draughts or *bézique*.

On the third day the wind came in intermittent squalls, which was something; and occasionally there was a glorious burst of sunshine that went flying across the grey-green driven sea. But for the most part it rained heavily; and the Ferdinand and Miranda business was continued with much content. The Laird had lost himself in "Municipal London." Our Admiral-in-Chief was writing voluminous letters to two youths at school in Surrey, which were to be posted if ever we reached land again.

That night about ten o'clock a cheering incident occurred. We heard the booming of a steam-whistle. Getting up on deck, we could make out the lights of a steamer creeping along by the Glenelg shore. That was the *Clydesdale* going north. Would she have faced Ardnamurchan if the equinoctials had not moderated somewhat? These were friendly lights.

Then on the fourth day it became quite certain that the gale was moderating. The bursts of sunshine became more frequent; patches of brilliant blue appeared in the sky; a rainbow from time to time appeared between us and the black clouds in the east. With what an intoxication of joy we got out at last from our long imprisonment, and felt the warm sunlight around us, and watched the men get ready to lower the gig so as to establish once more our communication with the land. Mary Avon would boldly have adventured into that tumbling and rocking thing—she implored to be allowed to go; if the doctor were going to pull stroke, why should she not be allowed to steer? But she was forcibly restrained. Then away went the shapely boat through the plunging waters—showers of spray sweeping her from stem to stern—until it disappeared into the little bight of Kyle Rhea.

The news brought back from the shore of the destruction wrought by this gale—the worst that had visited these coasts for three-and-twenty years—was terrible enough; and it was coupled with the most earnest warnings that we should not set out. But the sunlight had got into the brains of these long-imprisoned people, and sent them mad. They implored the doubting John of Skye to get ready to start. They promised that if only he would run up to Kyle Akin, they would not ask him to go further, unless the weather was quite fine. To move—to move—that was their only desire and cry.

John of Skye shook his head, but so far humoured them as to weigh one of the anchors. By-and-by, too, he had the top-mast hoisted again; all this looked more promising. Then, as the afternoon came on, and the tide would soon be turning, they renewed their entreaties. John, still doubting, at length yielded.

Then the joyful uproar! All hands were summoned to the bailyards, for the mainsail, soaked through with the rain, was about as stiff as a sheet of iron. And the weighing of the second anchor—that was a cheerful sound indeed. We paid scarcely any heed to this white squall that was coming tearing along from the south. It brought both rain and sunlight with it; for a second or two we were enveloped in a sort of glorified mist; then the next minute we found a rainbow shining between us and the black hull of the smack; presently we were in glowing sunshine again. And then at last the anchor was got up, and the sails filled to the wind, and the main-sheet slackened out. The *White Dove*, released once more, was flying away to the northern seas!

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

THE Tam O'Shanter hat is worn a great deal in Paris and on the Continent, and it is remarkable that England is leading the fashions in feminine dress generally.

THERE are rumours in England that the Duchess of Edinburgh will not again go to St. Petersburg except to visit her father's death-bed, and she will henceforth appear more in public and in society.

THOMAS CARLYLE has abandoned the idea of writing an autobiography on account of his continued ill-health. The first volume of a life of him written by Froude with his consent and assistance will appear in 1881.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES says of the Prince of Wales that he has "the finest tact, sincerest consideration, and truest gentlemanhood, and while possessing faults like others, they serve only as a fringe to a noble character."

THE Austrian Chambers of Commerce have ordered a glass service in Bohemia for the Crown Prince's marriage. It is to be the finest glass ever manufactured.

THE Princess Dolgorouki has rented the Villa des Lauriers at Antibes, where she intends to spend the winter. She has been ordered to the South of France by the Czar's medical adviser.

It is stated that M. De Neuville has received and accepted a commission from the Queen to paint a picture for Her Majesty of "The capture of Cetewayo by Col. Buller." The painting is to be commenced towards the end of the year.

COUNT VON MOLTKE has just passed his eighty-first birthday, which was celebrated by visits from the Imperial family, the King of Bavaria and other German sovereigns. The old soldier is said to be still very active.

PARIS is to have an Eden established like that of Brussels, including a stage, winter-garden, ball-room, café, etc. M. Plunkett, formerly director of the Palais-Royal, and M. Eugène Bertrand, director of the Variétés, have entered into a joint agreement to carry out this new enterprise.

THE total winnings of Robert the Devil during his turf career amount in the aggregate to £2,926. Mr. Brewer gave 2,500 guineas for him at the close of his two-year-old career. As a three-year-old he has won £18,647, so that the owners of the horse made a good investment.

THE latest sensation in "fastness" being from Shanghai to London in thirty-one days, immediate preparations were made to do the distance in twenty-five days. This necessitates building two new boats with immensely powerful engines. One success will follow another, until two weeks will be the result.

POOR Mr. Spurgeon! All his sermons stolen and his gold-headed cane with them. Nothing is sacred to a burglar, or a Radical, or Beulah Hall would not have been cracked in this style. Mr. Spurgeon takes his losses philosophically, all excepting that gold-headed cane; but most persons would have preferred to lose their canes to their sermons.

THE Constanze Theatre, now building at Rome, will be one of the largest in the world. The auditorium is intended to hold 4,000 people, while the stage will contain an area of 300 square metres; the edifice, besides, being provided with a number of subsidiary salons for rehearsals, &c. The orchestra is to be lavable.

THE partnership of the French Rothschilds which expired on the 1st instant, has been renewed. It is to end in 1915. The capital of the house is fixed at two millions sterling. Barons Alphonse, Gustave, and Edmond Rothschild are each to furnish one third. The registration of the deed of partnership cost 62,000 francs.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There is nothing like presence of mind after all. The other day, during a tremendous shower, a gentleman entered a fashionable West End club, bearing a splendid ivory-handled silk umbrella, which he placed in the stand. Instantly another gentleman, who was mourning the attraction of just such an article, jumped up. "Will you allow me to look at that?" he said sternly. "Certainly," remarked the umbrella-carrier. "I was just taking it to the police-station. It was left in my house last night by a burglar whom we frightened off. I hope it will prove a first-rate clue." And, though the exasperated owner could plainly see where his name had been scratched off the handle, he sat down and changed the subject.

THE CUT DIRECT.—A Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins demanded a little brown mare, to which he had taken a particular fancy; and, this being positively refused, the match was broken off. After a couple of years the parties accidentally met at a county ball. Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement; but the lady appeared not to have the slightest recollection of him. "Surely you have not forgotten me?" said he. "What name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied promptly; "I had the honour of paying my addresses to you about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined freely; "but he paid his addresses to my father's brown mare!"

A PRETTY MAY CUSTOM.—A pretty May custom still obtains in the more primitive villages of Suabia, Bavaria, and Tyrol, distant from the great railway routes and comparatively untouched by the prosaic temper of contemporary German culture. On the first Sunday of the flowery month the unmarried girls of the hamlet, armed with leafy boughs, visit in procession the young wives who have been wed during the past year, and make formal inquiry, in certain set phrases hallowed by long custom, with respect to their health and happiness. Etiquette prescribes that each married woman thus distinguished should receive her maiden visitors at the outer door of her house, before which they take up their stand in double line. After thanking them for their kind inquiries, she passes slowly between their ranks, receiving from each in turn a light blow indicated with the green branches as a mark of maidenly disapproval of her faithlessness to their virginal sisterhood. Having endured this gentle discipline, she is expected, according to her husband's means, to make a pecuniary offering to the vestal band; and the total amount of this May-day collection is expended by the village girls in an evening festivity, to which they invite the marriageable bachelors of the village. At this merry-making all the outlay for musicians and refreshments is defrayed by the youthful hostesses, who however reserve to themselves the privilege of "engaging partners."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERMAN, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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