them. At which Mistress Malapert turned up her nose, and, handing me the piece,

she cried: "Sir Wiseacre, see if Um-phray himself could have charged it any

better!"

It was true. All was perfect when I cramined it, and with very good intent. I could find no fault.

"There," she said. "You might have had this at the first if you had asked properly. I made it ready for you. So

do not forget that airs and graces neither become nor advantage you, Master Philip

To this I had no time to answer, nor indeed any answer ready to hand. So I

betook me down the stairs, having se-

cured Umphray's powder flack and 27

I found Will Bowman a very important

of fire and from stray shots.

and myself, was all his force.

THE PERSON

Stansfield.'

charges of ball.



## The ISLE of the WINDS

Bir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in com-pany with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's peramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel; St. James goes bome, taking along his grandeon. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it upon an ice fice, in the effort to faston the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells bla grandfather's chief tenant, Humphry Spurway, and Spurway succeeds in having the peal murderer brought to justice. He is cen-tenced to be imaged file woman accomplice to be transported. Myserionsly, Philip Starsfield escapes the gallows, neeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway, and tries to marder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for ours, leaving her son, young Philip, in carge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the outile drawing, when Master Sparway bought his winter beasts in the mart. Anna beats Philip in helping to cut them out. Still they are excellent friends, even though she beats him at her studies in the school to ch they go together. John Stansfield, Phil-liswyer uncle, brings, in a new teacher, nine Ringrose, a sman man, with wonder-cyes. Shortly after his coming the countryfp's lawyer uncle, brings, in a new teacher, Dominie Ringrose, a sman man, with wonder-ful eyes. Shortly after his coming the countryaide is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious nurders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Busisees calls Humphrey Spunsory from home. In his absence a big package case, purporting to be full of fire Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Humphrey's cork. He puts it in the weaving thed. That night Philip, playing about it, sees shiring through the gause of the packing once

Will Bowman Counts Three. (Copyright, 1899, by S. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER XV.

That I did not scream out, as Anna Mark had done when she crouched behind the case, I have always put down to a last wisp of Dutch courage given me by the Umphray's small ele. At any rate, I only dropped my glass and stared at the fire hard, trying to think what I should

Clearly I must tell Will at once, and yet if I moved away with any haste the thing inside would naturally suspect, and apring out upon me. So I continued idly throwing wood on the fire for some time, as it had been to while away the heavyhanging hours, breaking pieces off dry boughs and torsing them like one careful of his aim.

Presently I heard a noise in the parlor, and the voice of William Bowman loud in some argument.

"Coming, Will?" I cried aloud, starting quickly from my seat, as if I had heard

And, with my heart in my mouth, I went to the door which led within the house, my own dark shadow staking lengthly before me, uncertain and blurred in the leaping flames of the burning wood. I did not dare even to giance in the direction of the mysterious packing-case, But I shut and boiled the door behind me so soon as I had passed through.

Will Bowman was going up the stairs

an hour I was back with a dozen men, all more or less untouched by liquor.

Will Bowman stood where I had left him, with a set look of grim determination on his face. But little Anna was nowhere to be seen. He had ordered her to bed as soon as he began to realize what might appear when the box was opened. Perhaps also he remembered her words, "I thought I heard my father whisper!"

The men elowy turned the packing

eyes which had looked at me through the eyes which had looked at me through the law remains coarse velling, he came back down the stairs and began to consider, scratching this hend and thinking hard without drophis hend and thinking hard without drophis hend and thinking hard without drophis hand.

Then I thought, as I went upstairs and the law of the stair surely and the stair surely the stair surely the stair surely and the stair surely the s

master or over to the changehouses by this time," he meditated. "There will not be one sober man in New Milns by this hour of the night. Philip, are you stand? Can you stand behind me in this? I will go

or whatever it is!"

I answered that I would certainly do us all.
that which in me lay, though I knew not is well!"

of small swords and a dagger.
"Come on," he said; "we will try cold

steel on our lurker. A pass or two will do Umphray Spurway!"

Bowman took a candle in one hand and his own small sword in the other. We his own small sword in the other. We his own small sword in the other wearing shed, where he set the candlestick down on a loom. But, indeed, with all my throwing to cut a way out of his wrappings and (secondly) to elit every throat in the house for that was the pattern

As we went softly down the floor we throughout Scotland.

Seard a light patter of feet behind us, and There were at that time in Scotland. As we went softly down the moor was little Anna Mark many thousands of broken and outlaw men. Indeed, the wisest head in the men. Indeed, the wisest head in the

ever, looking blank and inanimate enough government, the troubles with the High-to have contained gravestones. I heard Will suck in a long breath as he threw back his sword that was in his hand to be ready for the thrust. Then

he spoke in a loud voice. "Now," he cried, "we know that there is a man inside this packing-case. We are here fully armed, and are res ever you may be, I bid you in my master's name and the name of the law to Dutad been carried overses surrender yourself. I will count three. So it came to pass that and thereafter thrust the case through

Then he counted slowly, "One!" There was no sign or sound from the packing case, though we listened intently, and I own that I quaked to my very

Still there was no answer, not a sigh quiver, not the stirring of a rat in the

"For the last time I warn you, whoever you are!" said Will Bowman, very grave and slow. "After I count three I will

knew where he had gotten that. He had seen it in the Old Bailey trials, a collection of which was in the house.

have been five seconds or five hours, I mill.

His sword arm darted out, the clean thrust appeared to pass right to the back of the case early and sliently.

Will withdraw the state of the state of the case early and sliently.

As soon as Will Become

set you at rest? Or are you glad that who had hurriedly rallied to him with or-your tursed imagination should put us all ders to call in all the women and children in this fret for nothing? You, Philip, deserve a raw-hidnig, or, better, a good cobbing with a barrel stave over a beam when Umphray comes home. And, by

"But see," he cried, "I will take it on myself to make certain!"

And with a quick hand and in a sudden, characteristic burst of anger he tore away the rough sacking and yellow gauzy stuff from the blowhole in front. A square of wool, fine and white and clean was revealed—nothing else. "Th-there!" he cried, actually stammer-

ing in his anger, "get to bed, both of you, for wretched little croaking beastles! And let me fasten up this case again as best I may." He was bending down to pick up

torn sheeting, when, in a clear, childish treble, little Anna Mark uttered the words, "Will what is that on the point of your sword?" William Bowman held his sword up, lo!

ing look of his North Riding forefathers. His under jaw shot forward, his forehead seemed to flatten. His eye fell on the case, and in the midst of the white square of wool a red spot had appeared at the place from which Will had withdrawn

"Ah! I have you this time, cowardly murderer," he cried, in a voice like a

"Hold!! Hold, Will! Do not kill him!" I shouted. But I was too late. Will felt with his rapier point for the row of small airholes which went about the case above the middle and through these he sent thrust after thrust, swift as

the succession of pulsing lightnings.

Then followed the most appalling cry that it has ever been my lot to listen to. No words came from the recesses of the box, only scream on scream of direst human agony. There were signs of ve-hement upheaval within. And after rocking violently to and fro with a mighty crash the packing case fell face downward upon the floor.

I ran to the door in terror and horror, But William Bowman stood his ground with little Anna Mark beside him. Her face was white, but she passed him the loaded pistol without a word.

Then with the pistol cocked in his hand and leveled at the box, he called to me over his shoulder to run to the change house and warn all that were there. Then I was to return, beating the weavers' cottages for recruits. I ran my best, snatching the alarm horn and blowing it as I went. So that in half

soon as I had passed through.

Will Bowman was going up the stairs to bed, with his boots in his hand.

"Will," I whispered, "Will, we are all dead men. What Anna said is true. There dead men. What Arms same is true.

Is a murderer in that case."

Will baused on the second step.

"What do you mean? Have you gone
"What do you mean? Have you gone
iy and fearfully, the arm of a man holding and fearfully, the arm of a man holding step.

"It and the state of the

and outface him now, thief or murderer not that this was only one broken thread in the net of evil which was closing upon

"Go to bed, little Anna!" I said "all

He was back in a moment with a couple | They laid the dominie back again in his beautifully-fitted case, among the wool and stained scraps of netted fabric, Will Bowman's first thrust had gone through his shoulder a little beneath the my master's Spanish wool no great harm, through his shoulder a little beneath the while shooting blazing wads into it at spring of the neck. Yet so fierce was that range would set the stuff on fire. And that would be the end of me with no murmur had escaped him even when Imphray Spurway!"

So, giving me one of the raplers, Will ifil the point encountered the wooden bowman took a candle in one hand and back of the case against which his shoul-

of fuel on the dogs of the grate, the place was like day, and even the dark corner where the packing-case stood was filled made at other mansions and lonely places a light step without.

she was beginning, "did I not realm (that of one Fletcher of Saltoun) But Will stopped her with a wave of his hand. We stood before the canvasthis hand. We stood before the canvasthis hand. We stood before the canvasthis hand. We stood before the canvasthe troubles with the Highland border, the incursions of the caterans, the encouragement of piracy and worse upon the seas, men lived in a kind of terror, and all who could provided, as Umphray Spurway hoped he had done

for their own safety. The king's army, save a regiment or so about the capital, was either scattered athwart the face of the Jacobite districts or had been carried overseas to help the

So it came to pass that in the most settled and loyal of all the provinces of Scotland the worst and wildest deeds began to be wrought-at first under the cloud of night; but in a little while in

open daylight also. And thus it happens that in every dis-trict of lowland Scotland there is one unvarying story of the deeds of these des peradoes who at various times called themselves "The Night Rakers," "The Bold Lads," "The Devil's Dragoons," and were famed over all the south as

"The Wild Riders." In at least three cases their attempts had been successful, and on every occasion a large package had upon some pre-text, been delivered the night before at the doomed house. But this was the first time they had tried so great and Having so spoken, he paused it might defensed a place as Umphray Spurway's

And right well had they chosen their the maids. "Three!" he counted, in a loud, sudden time. Umphray away with the most part of his men, the rost taking advantage of

ders to call in all the women and children out of their houses. For believing that women and children he had put in the the defenses of the mill would be tried low-vaulted chamber over the river, where before morning, he would permit no man to return to his house. Nor, indeed, was there any who, looking at the set face gad, you shall have it, too!"

He looked angrily about at us as we stood a little way behind him.

there any who, looking at the set face of the dominie and the lip he had bitten through in the vain attempt to keep ten through in the vain attempt to keep his secret, desired to set a foot outside the defenses of the Miln house that night.
As I have said, the figure of the mill was four square, with a large courtyard down the river. For there, he judged, in the center. On the river side little was our greatest danger.

Was our greatest danger.

He himself, with a man who had skill ting fiercely against the sheer walls, both darksome and deep, and effectually preventing any surprise. The easterly or upplaced on the top of the main gatehouse

prom)

THEN HE COUNTED SLOWLY, "ONE!"

by a gorge across which straddled on its trellis work of wood the "lade" which carried the water to the great wheel. There sharpshooter or two could enfillade a regiment. But it was on the side averse from the river and on the contiguous northerly front that the burden of any

attack must fall. For the buildings that ran around the quare courtyard were of wood set in a foundation of stone, and if any evil designing person got to within lighting distance of these, the whole mill, upon which Umphray Spurway had expended his life ould mount up in a sheet of flame to the skies. There were many also who hated him, not only because of his success and supposed riches, but because he was an Englishman, using mostly his own countrymen to weave for him and (as it eemed to the ignorant and even to those who should have known better) taking the bread out of the mouths of honest scots. For those who wove in their own homes at small, narrow looms, which could only produce a web one-third the width of Umphray's cloth and at a far greater expense of time, labor and ma-

I did not bide long upstairs, you may be sure. The heart flutter and tremulous excitement of the night would not let me go to sleep. Indeed, I never so much as tried, but sat on my bed listening to the hum about the mill as this one ran this way and the other that. I could distinguish

you please, with her bandeller over her shoulder, her powder flask, pistol and skean dhu (or Highland dirk) was little Anna Mark, pretending to mount guard on the side which looks to the south over the mill lade and the birchen linn to the

Kirkeennel water singing below in the At sight of her array I was greatly stung. I, a boy, and the first discoverer of treachery was behindhand in the defense of the place which gave me shelter

Well, after all, it was little Anna Mark. And that was a very different thing, I

As soon as she saw me she called out, "Oh, Philip, you are there-I thought you and gone to bed!" And continued her promenade in a military manner.

"I am going into Umphray Spurway's om," said I, "to get his new musket that has the bayonet devised by the general who ran away at Killiecrankie. "I dare you to take it," she said, for she did not want me to be better armed

"And pray, miss, what have you to do with it?" I asked her. She nodded her head in an aggravating way she had, as one who would say,

'I wager you a pound I will take !! and use it and never be faulted for I made answer. For I thought of mother and of my standing with Um-phray Spurway on her account. "Done!" she cried, with her thumb caught rakishly in the strap of her ban-

doller like a frolick blade standing guard in a place where he can be stared at by to get the new musket, which I had always coveted an occesion to try. But when I got to the upper door I heard a mocking laugh behind me, which quick-

tower. The battlements stood a little out and were constructed to sweep the whole long eastern side. One man was placed on the roof of the

mill to watch the water front, while Anna

Mark had installed berself, as I have told,

in the corridor which overlooks the little inn of Kirkconnel. Presently I stood on the tower with Will and the man he had chosen as his com-panion, one Stephen Sawkins, Umphray Spurway's carpenter. He was a bronzed nan, with large silver rings in his ears

like those worn by Saul Mark, and a Kentish man by birth. "Ah, Master Bowman," he was saying when I reached the top, "this is the first time I have shotted a gun since I sailed with my brother, Captain Sawkins, to the South seas and the Isle of Plate. Turned over a new leaf I have since the day we

took Hilo and got a pint of molasses apiece for our pains!" "If you were in that business, you ought have all been hanged for bloody pirates, every dog of you!" said William Bowman, drawing the tarred sailcloth off the carronade and kneeling before it while Ste-phen Sawkins stood by with a lantern in

"Nay, Master Will," objected the latter "We never robbed our fellow countrymen, but only Spaniard and papistical settlers, not one of them properly married or with any respect for living religion like as Eng

'Quit arguing and see you if this charge be all right," said Will, "We will fight

Stephen Sawkins laughed. "Right-aye, right enow," he said. "This will sting them whether horse or foot!" He sighed as a thought came over him "Pray God they come at all!" he added. Nor was it long till we had tidings of Mr. Ringnose's associates. Will had purposely knots in window glass, with an inward allowed no lights, save and except the green light. Scraps of wool stuck to his dark lantern which he had himself taken dress here and there, with an effect into the top of the gate tower in order that comparably bizarre. Yet such was the might see to cast loose and load the carronade. Now, whether the dominie was doing that at the first sight of me he to make some signal to his mates with a swerved, and steadying himself, with an is that one was found, with the tinder, a mean, he raised the knife which was flint and steel, all ready to be lighted, at in his right hand, and came toward me his feet. And it may be that Will or Ste- with the stealthy tread of a wild beast phen Sawkins, turning the glim this way and that at the charging of their plece. something like it. So much was never

At all events, it was not long before, in dim light, we could make out a row of dark figures running from the willow copses and scrubby onkwoods on the north and east, toward the Miln house.

We three crouched behind the batilements of the little tower and strained our eyes into the darkness. CHAPTER XVII.

Resurrection of Dominic Ringnose. The enemy came in three divisions to the number of, apparently, some 30 or 40, but our fears and the night may very like have doubled their numbers.

The largest part ran straight for our gate tower. Another band made for the north side and scrambled down into the ditch with intent to reach the line of windows. Little did they suspect that behind each second one of those crouched a stout weavloaded musket at his shoulder. A third and smaller number, not more than three or four, descended into the gully of Kirk-connel lieu in the direction of the "mil

At the gate immediately beneath us, the of the case, early and ellently.

Will withdrew the steel with a great he had done, he set about making his preparations. He dispatched by a back "There!" he cried, fiercely, "will that door one of the most trusty of the men, and the bird flown. The musket was empty with plates and bosses of wrought iron.

open, and when it loomed up before them voice in a great, pitcous cry of "Anna-solid and uncompromising, they stopped Anna Mark!" solid and uncompromising, they stopped astonished and dismayed.

gone, with all the other arms of the bet-ter sort which Umphray kept in his bed chamber for safe and dry keeping. I came out again, and there, with the Then one bolder than the rest, a tall fig. very musket dropped at the ready, the bayonet fixed, and the priming in the ure etched in blackness against the gray-green turf, went boldly up and tried both halves, throwing his whole weight upon the pan, stood Anna Mark, who stamped her little foot and called on me to stand in the king's name in the most approved them. They rested still silent and immov able. Then this apparent leader went I back to consult. Had they mistaken the Whereat I bade her to be careful, for that such things were not to be triffed with, save by those who understood

signal? Was it a trap? They were meditating when the voice of Will Bowman rang out:

"What do you here, under arms, at my master's gate? If you do not instantly betake yourselves off whence you came, I will blow you all to the devil!"
We could see their line reel at the unexpected salute and make a movement back ward. I know not what they would have done if they had been left to themselvesperhaps retreated. But at that moment from the deep gully of the linn there came first one shot and on the heels of that another. Then there was the cry of one in pain, the hourse cry of a man. It was little Anna Mark at work, first of all the defenders of the Miln house to smell

"Bravo!" cried Stephen Sawkins, "Shall let them have it, Master Will?"
"Hold!" said Will. "It is my duty to

save life if I can"Aye, but our own, not the lives of cutthroats!" muttered the ex-buccancer. "I will speak once more to them!"
"You will waste your words!" said Saw-

Will began in a loud voice.
"Your spy is dead. We are fully prepared for you. You cannot take our fort-He had at his disposal only seven men upon whom he could rely to see him through the night, and this, with Anna ress. With a movement of my hand I can sweep you all to perdition. But I give you Five of the seven he had set at varous copholes along the side which looks a chance to save your lives for the gai-

> the same." "Dog of the English," cried the voice, "we will not leave one alive in all your dirty kennel. We will burn you alive, to teach you to bide at home and not come here, taking the bread out of our

lows. Call off your men; leave us and our houses unmolested and we will serve you

Then another voice, deeper and flercer, cried, "Forward!" And with a loud shout a full score rushed at the door. It stood the strain and then two of the assailants brought forehammers and room was made for them to wield them,

"Clang!" went the first on the outer plate of the great lock. And we could hear the sound reverberate through the weaving hall, where lay the body of the dead spy in his comfortable packing of The door leaned on its hinges and the

man swung his hammer for a second "Once more I warn you-and for the last time!" cried Will, depressing the muzzle of the carronade over the battle-ment, while Stephen Sawkins cowered and sighted behind for the heads of the

throng. "Go back, all you who value your The only answer was the thunder of both hammers on the door at once, and the startling reverberation of the sound from within as from a drum. Then from along the north side came a straggling volley. The weavers had fired upon the foes who were escalading their defenses. A black worm with a glowing tip ap

coached the touch of the four-pounder. "Stand away!" said Will, as Stephen hovered behind, still anxious about his There was a leap of flame from the touchhole, a thundering crack which mo-mentarily deafened us, and then there ensued an awful turmoil beneath, shrieking and moaning, oaths of rage and cries of despair. I looked over the battlement, but being temporarily blinded by the tongue of flame which burst from the gun I could make out nothing save a writh ing confusion, a whirl of limbs and white faces, some gripping and biting their neighbors in their agony, like crabs in a basket, while the confused sound went

up to heaven in a many-voiced shrick of From the tower top there went forth no sound of triumph. Will Bowman and Stephen Sawkins were too busy making ready for the next line of assailants. But none were prepared to adventure further just then. They had not even be-gun to carry off their wounded. But from the other side we heard the

triumphant cries of the assailants, as they climbed up to the lower windows. muskets of the weavers spoke again and again, as it seemed, without much ef-

can command the whole northern front,

We shall need you here."
For, indeed, I confees that thus far had been of no use in the fray, so stunned port and terrible effect of the grapesho upon the assailants of the gateway.

On the way to the north corner I had

to pass through the great dim weaving m, now dusked and terrible to me with the thought of the dead lying in his bler, on which he had lain himself a living man. Yet the ladder by which I must mount was immediately at the back of the packing-case, and to gain my post I

nust needs pase it. As I went hastily by I had not meant to look at it. Indeed, I had been nerving myself all the way to keep my eyes straight in front of me. But a stealthy noise somewhere in the room, and a mo mentary unleaping of the flames of the dying fire drew my regard, in spite self, to the place where I had seen them lay the dead man. Then it was that I got the most horrid surprise that ever in all my life stilled

and dismayed my soul within me. The packing-case was empty! And beyond it, in the direction of the stirring noise which I had heard, my eyes fell upon a sight to affright and subvert my reason. He that had been dead was standing by the great doors, swaying, staggering on his feet, and en-deavoring to undo the great iron stan-

chions, so that, when pushed against from

without, the leaves might open inward. I cried aloud in fear. My hands trembled so that I dropped my musket on the ground. In a moment the terrifying apparition had turned toward me. I saw the countenance of a dead man come to life, streaked and blotched with blood. the eyes fixed and injected, staring like comparably bizarre. Yet such was the strength and fidelity of the man in cvil intern or no I cannot tell. Certain it inarticulate cry that was more than half

His mouth was wide open to draw in air enough to clear for the moment his clogunwittingly made the signal agreed upon | ging lungs. His breath came in laborer and gurgling pants, nevertheless he had the resolution to pursue me, in order that he might finish the work for which he had come, and open the great doors for

I could scarcely leap behind the empty case before he was upon me. I tried to escape either way about it, but from his swaying uncertainty of motion he was ready there with his knite. So I had to content myself with feinting first to the right, and then to the left. I was afraid right, and then to the left. I was afraid that he would see my musket lying at the foot of the stairs, but either his giazed eyes did not perceive it, or, as is probable, he did not judge it wise for the success of his project to fire a shot. At any rate, he began slowly and deliberately to move the empty packing-case

toward me to trap me in the corner.

It must have been the welrdest spectacle, and had I been able to watch it like an uninterested spectator, the between the terrified boy, dodging doubling like a cornered rat, and the dying man grimly resolved to finish his work, must have been worthy of the man arena. Gradually and methodically alternately on one angle and on the other. Then he would lean over to see if he could reach me with his knife. At last I was so penned in that I could move neither way, and as I realized this I lifted up my

The terrible streaked face, the gouted breast, and the fingers clutching the knife were very near to me ould see the ruddy foam break in bubbles between the gray of his lips. But at the cry of "Anna Mark" he seemed to pause. I pushed with all my weight against the case. It toppled and fell over against his breast, causing him to stagger back-

Then, ere he could recover and set it up again on edge, a sharp report came from the stairway, waking the echoes of the great weaving-room. My pursuer ut-tered a sobbing cry, his knife jingled on the floor from his twitching hand, and he fell backward with all the weight of the packing-case upon him. Little Anna Mark stood on the steps nea

the top with a smoking musket in her hand. Then she threw it down and began to

"O I have killed a man," she cried. 'I am a wicked girl."

I ran to her and told her that the man was as good as dead anyway, and that if she had not shot him down as she did, not only I but all in the mill would

have been ruthlessly slain. Which was all very true, but did not comfort her greatly.
"I will fight no more," she said. "I never thought before about guns killing

Having refixed the single stanchions and the bolts the dominie had drawn, I picked up my gun, and Anna and I ran up to the orner of the north side, from which we mill. The moon had risen late in her last quarter, and now began to throw a pale light across the woods of Moreham. The attack had completely failed. We

could see a few figures hurrying away, mostly in bunches of three or four, carrying their dead, whilst a neighing of horses and a clattering of hoofs told that the robbers had made all ready for re-

Presently Will Bowman came gushing

"A glorious victory," he said, "but I would have given a whole year's wages to have had another lick at them with the carronade full to the muszle of sings and rusty nails! I told him of my adventure, and w

went down to look at the fastenings of the great doors, one of which had been forced up. The marks of Ringrose's hands were wet and red upon it. Had his friends returned in force the doors yould have opened at a touch.

We went down and looked at the mar who had been so hard to slay, so faith ful unto death in the devil's Three of Will's strokes had pierced alm, but only one fatally. Anna's bullet had sunk itself into his brain.

Will stood musing upon him.
"I tell you what, Philip Stansfield," he said presently, "there lies a kind of man with whom it was a toss-up whether he became his grace of Mariborough orthis poor piece of carrion. This dominie was a man brave enough to win a score of battles. But he took the wrong turning Well Umphray Sourway will not Well, Umphray Spurway will not think the worse of him for his pluck."
"Nor for trying to kill me!" I cried,
for my charity did not reach quite so

"No," he answered coolly. "He held his tongue when I thrust him through and through, though he was held fas hand and foot in a dark box. And while dying by inches, he could yet rise to finish his work before he died. I tell you what, Philip, if you and I stick to our jobs as well as this Dominie Ring--why, we may sit down and take rest awhile when we are well out of i

far, nor the matter strike me go im-

CHAPTER XVIII.

Anna Sends a Challenge, William Bowman sent Anna Mark an me off to bed with many expressions o ommendation, saying that he would in form Umphray Spurway of our courage and resolution. And this presently he did, though, heaven knows, it was little enough I had done. But Anna Mark being as zealous of what others should think of me as zealous to beat me pri-vately at all manner of plays, gave such an account of my struggle with the dominie that I had all the credit for having stopped him from opening the

doors to his confederates. And not to be outdone in generosity by a girl, I told them that but for her never shot from the stairs, I had been a very dead boy indeed, and in all probability most of those as well to whom

arrived Umphray Spurway with his whole caravan, and a wild man he was when he found the wicked fact that had so nearly been perpetrated upon his

folk and property.

Without pausing even for food, he started to hunt down the outlaws. But they had dispersed over a great morass called Crichton moor, that iles to the north, a few going this way and a few that. The only clear trail led to a little sheltered bay called Byness bay, and here were many traces of horses and the trampling of gravel down to the shore plain to be seen. So it was thought that the dead had been taken out to be buried in the sea, each with a stone tied to his feet, and that the others who were not of the country and secretly allied with the desperadoes, had escaped in a ship. A fisherman on the shore told Umphray that as he was go-ing down to fish for lobsters a voice from an anchored lugger halled him and bade him keep away if he did not want leaden bullet in his gizzard.

And on his replying that he was wish ful to do no harm, but only to set his partan cages in Byness bay, a black-a vised man in a knitted cap set his head over the bulwarks and bade him do no harm somewhere else than in Byness bay

for a day or two.
"See you," he said, "if your wife is a good sort, don't go crosswise to make her a widdy. For that's no kindness to her unless she knows of a better man than you! So, take my advice, go south or go north-but keep wide of this cove till you see our topsalls low over the north water!"

"An ugly dell he was so I took my traps on my back and awa" across to the Black point. It's no chancy to argle-bargle wi' you kind o' foreigneer gentry."
And so strange it was that none hear-

of any dead in all the countryside, though some were never heard of again—young sparks, too, of no mean degree, who were said by their familie to have departed overseas, but who were shrewdly suspected to have had a hand in the "Brenning oot o' the Englishman," which was the name the ac-tion got, from the intent, not the deed of the assallants.

And after this I was no more permitted to spend all my holidays at, th of Umphray Spurway. And this was chiefly owing to an idea my poor mother had that those who attacked the Miln house intended chiefly to kill me, and no merely to plunder the mill, alleging in proof thereof that the spy. Bernard Ring-rose, had been a tool of my uncle John. and if he were not, why had he risen as it were from his very grave to attack me with his knife.

And from this she could not be beaten, hough even Umphray Spurway laughed at her. For curely it was not possible that man of law, and one so nearly related me, could wish me ill. And, moreover If he did, there were many ways juring me without assaulting the chiefest stronghold in the countryside.

His Chalk Gave Out.

Papa (at the breakfast table)-Willie my boy, why are you looking so thought-Are you not feeling well? Willie (very seriously)—Yes, papa; bu had a strange dream this morning.

Papa-Indeed! What was it? Willie-I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven, and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden streets, as I had by applying to Portland Tr expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there to the rest clerk in the building.

was a indder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each

ung some sin I had committed. Papa (laying down his newspaper)—And did you finally reach heaven, my son? Willie-No. papa; for just as I was try-ing to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up into the sky and saw you coming down.
Papa-And what was I coming down

Wille-That's just what I asked you, papa, and you told me you were going for more chalk.-Life.

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