

(Copyright, 1900, by F. A. Cummines) Introduction.

Many years ago, long before the breakng out of the civil war, the writer of this book was a civil engineer and land veyor in what was then, and is now, alled the Attakapas country of Louisana, I had been sent to Louisana by my epfather to learn the business, it being his in tention that after study and exerience, I should return to my home in the settlement near the mouth of the Gila liver on the west coast of Africa, where

I left there in the year 1844, being searly 20 years of age, and having n nowledge or acquaintance with the orld, except that gained from books world, except that games and crews of the racious vessels that traded at our bar

My stepfather was ambitious and had plenty of money, and it was his darling scheme to lay off the country into farms colonize them, and establish independ-nt government upon the West Coast. Portugal held nominal possession of the district he wished to locate, and he had obtained a grant of an enormous tract of land for that purpose. This was hat the growing pressure of the Englis and American war vessels crippled him Brancially, and his barrasoon being even-

ally destroyed, he left Africa and set-ed in Mississsippi in 1854. These changes interfered with his plans for my education and future prospects and I was obliged to depend upon myself. The deck of a slaver was a wild school which to learn the alphabet of life, and then George Wesner approached me with when George Wesner approached he was his extraordinary scheme, he little knew the past history of his apt pupil. He often wondered at my easy adaptation to negro character and my knowledge of

I commenced this narrative 13 years ago, before my stepfather's death. Since he died, I have obtained possession of his papers, and shall soon publish them They tell a story of the life of an Af-rican slaver that rivals the wildest romance in interest and adventure, while dealing in literal facts. Many of the actors are yet living—more are dead and at the bottom of the sea. C. J. BRADLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Ten years previous to the outbreak of the late Civil War, and until the fall of Fort Sumter, I was a resident of the State of Louisiana

During the last five years before the war I was an accredited agent of the then notorious underground railroad, a corporation whose history, written and unwritten, contains enough romantic adentures, hairbreadth escapes, example of patient endurance and pathetic scene to furnish the annals of a nation.

The legends of this road are so inter woven with romance that it is difficult to extract the true from the false. In this story, however, I shall endeavor to present a true narrative of events in which I was personally interested, as they occurred in the Dark Belt of Louisar.a in the "days before the war."

Five years of my life were passed in

the service of this underground railroad. and I was a direct participant in many of the events here chronicled. I had a sartner, George L. Wesner, a young man about 25 years of age-a born leader of heart and open hand to the call of the friendless—but as an enemy a man to be feared, for he was a crack shot and reckes as a river pirate, and to his coo courage and resistless energy our success was largely due. He was my ideal then, d although 40 years lie between then and now, I thrill with admiration as I hink of him now.

He was the son of a sugar planter, and born a few miles from the Bayou Teche, parish of St. Mary's, Louisiana, in the Attakapas country. His father was dead, but his mother owned and worked about 70 negroes, and until the year before forming my acquaintance George managed the plantation. He was well educated, spoke English.

rman and French and was an accomplished musician, but he was so thor-bughly imbued with the love of adventure and danger that it simost unfitted him business, and interfered with his pop plarity among the conservative planters who constituted the bulk of the Attakapas opulation. But they evinced a whole some respect for him, founded, I suspect physical as well as his inte tual qualities; for he stood six feet his stockings, was well proportioned and an adept in all athletic exercises.

Contrary to the usual habits of So

ern gentlemen, he was an abstainer from ette smoker-much to my disgust. hair was black, clustering in short curis around his sunburned face, and his big blue eyes had a habit of looking straight person with whom he was conven This is a description of my parts e appeared in September, 1855. He led on a plantation in the same vicinity where he and myself operated for four years under the auspices of the Anti-Slavery Society, and as during that time detectives without number were search-ing for their agents, credit must be given some boldness and shrewdness in the enterprise. We were well aware that it was death to be discovered, and we made no confidants.

On the 10th day of September, 1853, 1 was sitting in my doorway, quietly smoking my cigarette and enjoying the beauty of a September afternoon. The clear air of the prairie was cool and fragrant, and I was enjoying its freshness, leaning back in my chair. I imagined myself the hap-plest of men. I was young, not 30 years of age, free from debt, and owned the pretty place I lived on. My business of land surveying brought me a good income in addition to the profit of my little plantation. This I worked, with the assistance of one or two hands hired from the

neighboring plantation.
As my gaze wandered aimlessly around cern a speck, just a fleck of moving brown und upon the sea of green o the edge of the horizon. eyes, practiced to such scenes, assured me that it was a mounted man, and, with the aid of my field glass, I saw that he was moving down the trail that led to my e with his horse at a breakneck gal-It was George Wesner, and as he nearer I could see that he was ex straight toward the hitching post, as was went, slipped the bridle through the biting savagely at the end of his he then threw himself down shade of a large live oak that grew a few yards from the house, beck-

oning me to come out under the tree. I did so, and sat down beside him. "Charlie," said he, after we had smoked ewhile "I want your assistance in an af-fair that it is more than likely you will not meddle with. Because if you assist, neck will be in equal danger with my

I was a little curious to know what

view that menaced the anatomy of a per son's neck, and laughingly inquired. "What is it, George, steal a mule or rob

"Stop your chaffing, Charlle! It is-

steal a nigger—and that in our criminal calendar is the greatest crime."
"So it is, so it is," I replied. "You had better buy one if you are in want."
"Can't do it, Charlie. I've tried, and
Coverly won't sell her."

won't sell her! Ah, I under-"Then the nigger is a woman and be-longs to Coverly? I've got the whole

"No, you haven't, but you shall if you have patience to listen. What I have to tell you happened before you came to Attakapas; and when you have the story, you shall be the judge whether I am right and shall have your support. "In September, 1850, I came home from New Orleans sick; there was no physi-cian to be had this side of the city. The cian to be had this side of the city. The disease developed, and my own medical knowledge told me it was small-pox. That was enough; every living soul fied in ter-ror, and I was alone—no, not alone—al-though whites and negroes fied in terror.

One bit of a chattel, one child remained-One bit of a chattel, one child remained— Coverly's Lucy. You have seen her?"

I nodded assent.

"Masea George had been very good to her, and she refused to leave him.

"This girl remained true, forgetting self in her anxiety for me. Her master sent for her, knowing how fatal the disease was among negroes, and he feared for his property. She still refused to leave.

"Dreading the contagion he doe. "Dreading the contagion, he dared not send his other negroes for her. Negroes

have been a white lady, and that the lady did not talk English to her, she was sure She says she knows she thought that lady was her mother. Now here is a queer thing, Charlie. When I was getting well Lucy was taking a nap one day (she hat enough sleep to make up, I can tell you), lying on a pallet in my room. She had had a bad dream, and cried out in her sleep and what she said was, 'O. non, non, allez!' Now, she can't speak French when she is awake, and almost no Acadian. In her sleep she uses the purest accent. I've been teaching her Acadian, by the way, because a language other peo-ple don't know might come in handy, but her tendency to make good French of it, the way French comes back to her, shows it was her first tongue; that's as sure as we are alive here and now. Well, to go back: She remembers a scene of lights moving in the darkness and water stretching around her, and a house moving on it. Now that must have been a journey on the river. Then came a great sickness, she was sick, other people were sick; she never saw the lady again, and all she knows is that, but for this dim dream, that is not a dream, she has always been a nigger slave. Charlie, she would have been about 3 years old the year the yellow fever swept New Orleans out with the worst plague she has ever seen. I tell you, I have divined what happened. This child's family were strangers, they were all down with the fever. Lucy was left among the negroes to be taken care of. She got sick, the negroes sickened and died, probably, and this dark-haired baby was sold with the remains of the family property by some one who did not guess or did not want to consider the chances

ran out of that country negroes to the value of upward of \$20,000.

This was accomplished by two men living in the district they robbed, and one of them owning several slaves and working a plantation at the same time. During this time we were never betrayed nor discovered, and only once suspected by our neighbors (I mean to our injury). This will be explained hereafter.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II. My motive for undertaking this dangerous business was love of adventure. to assist my friend, and some small hope of gain. Wesner's heart was in the work,

of gain. Wesner's heart was in the work, as it progressed. He became an enthusiast, and I, much the same.

Before starting we agreed never to write one word upon the subject, never to trust a negro with the secret of our identity or a white man with our business—save in one instance we never did. Negro testimony, we well knew, would not be taken in court; but if we were suspected even, we would never live to see the inside of a courtroom, so strong would be the feeling against us.

We arranged a cipher by which we could write or telegraph in case necessity required; this we committed to memory, and then destroyed. I afterward learned that it was known to "Coveriy's Lucy."

that it was known to "Coverly's Lucy," so it must have been old to George.

As my business called me frequently from home, no notice would be taken of my absence. I, therefore, started immediately for New York, where we expected to make arrangements with the leading abolitionists to furnish the sinews of war, taking passage on the steamer. Family taking passage on the steamer Fannie Builit from New Orleans, leaving her at a landing a few miles below the little town of Oreola, where I owned a wood-

I had nothing to do here except to

I had nothing to do here except to sound More (my head man) and learn his views. He was not well, and consequently a little cross, so I gave up this interview for a time, and, halling a passing steamer, kept on to Cincinnati.

The transit by rall to Albany, N. Y., consumed little time. From there I took the steamer, and about 7 o'clock P. M. October 8, 1855, found myself ascending the steps of the Astor House, then the leading hotel in New York, and the one most frequented by Southerners, and, much to my chagrin, also found there a young fellow, Pet Claiborn, who lived but a short distance from me, near the Teche. a short distance from me, near the Teche. Pet's people were rich and of good fam-ily. He was a fierce fire-eater, and an in-veterate gambler. I knew him well enough, and understood that it would not be advisable on my part to endeavor to shake him off.

send his other negroes for her. Negroes or did not want to consider the chances being cash in Attakapas, he naturally for a horrible blunder. I know the marks claimed, and the next moment his arm



not contribute to the market value of a

"I had studied medicine, and had very good idea of the disease and its methods of treatment. I expected that, if very sick, I should lose my reason, and prepared for it, being determined to pull hrough unscarred if possible.
"I prepared hishings for my arms and

cloths to wet and put over my face. This done, I called Lucy to me and ex-plained, as fully as I could, the course to take

"I told her I might lose my senses, but to follow my instructions and not be afraid, for I should be too weak to injure her. 'I am not afraid, Massa George. God will take care of us,' was her quiet

"At this time I was engaged to Mise Elsie Coverly, as you have probably heard before. She sent me a polite note of con-dolence, in which it was evident fear predominated over her love for me. However, she was my mother's choice (not nine). I was too sick to care and, my preparations being made, staggered the bed and lay down, to live or die, as Providence should determine.

"This was the last I realized for two stupor, but when aroused, as I after-ward learned, was wild and pretty ugly through some of those long Autumnal

"I was weak and helpless, but, thanks to Lucy's unceasing care and forethought, was unscarred by the dread disease. One midnight I awoke. The October were sweeping over the prairie and drove the cold rain in sheets against the window pance. The candle burned dim, but by its faint light I could easily distinguish the shadow of my faithful nurse.
"I spoke; she started from her chair and came to my bedside. At one glance

she saw that my reason had returned, and falling on her knees, she prayed as I never heard man or woman pray be-fore, and thanked God that her prayers had been answered. Think, Charlle, she was not then 13 years of age! I tried to give her my hand, but was too weak to raise it; then I asked for the mirror; she held a small hand-mirror before my

she held a small hand-mirror before my face. One eager glance—I turned away with a sigh of satisfaction; the ordeal was passed: I was unscathed.

"'Are you alone?' I inquired. She an-swered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Have any of Mr. Cov-erly's family been here?' 'No, sir. Miss Eisle sent their man Bill over, but she told him not to cover told him not to come near enough to catch the disease. I could not make him hear, scream as loudly as I could, and so he only came twice; and the second tim

ease wouldn't hit him."
"I lay there six weeks. It was nearly four more before I was able to venture out. Meanwhile, my mother returned: however, I was weak in body and perhaps mind, and would have no other help but Lucy's. Then, determined to repay her, if I could, I taught her to read (she already knew her letters), and in a few weeks she could read understandingly any

"And now, Charlie, comes the strangest part of this story. I believe that girl is part of this story. I believe that girl is a white girl. You know, such things have happened in Louisiana. It was a long time before she told me what she remembers about herself, and she did not say then that she thought she was white. Poor child, I don't suppose she did think so, it was too incredible to a girl that she says that the says the says that the says that the says that the says the says that the says the says that the says that the says that the says that the says the she said there was something very strange in her first recollections. That she used to be petted and loved by a lady who must

wanted to keep his property. Lucy was of negro blood pretty well; I've recognized valued at \$1000 then, and gave promise it in blue-cyed, blonde-haired niggers in of future beauty. Smallpox scars would a minute, but I will tell you, finger nails, palms of her bands, wherever you look, there is not a sign of it in Lucy. I can do nothing for her here. Perhaps her case never could be proven before the law, and if I made a move to investigate, old Coverly would sell her or do something

hat I'm going to do. "But I have not told you the end of the

"While lying sick and helpless and following with my eyes her patient, untiring form, as she glided in and out of my chamber, reminiscences of my past kept a con-tinual porcession through my weak and clouded mind. As I grew stronger, determination came, and my old self returned I do not know that I loved Lucy then but I could see nothing but misery in my approaching marriage with Elsie Coverly. "The shadow of the plantation, the slave from the cotton field, stood between us; I wrote a note asking that the engagem broken. For an answer I received challenge from her brother Dick

"I accepted, and shot him in the leg.
"There was a cousin, Bob Bretton, who felt a call to break a lance for his fair cousin's sake. I accepted his challenge also. He was a cool shot, and I knew it At the word my bullet started first and stopped in his shoulder, while his came mfortably near my face. Bob was satisfied

"Then I wrote a polite little note to the old gentleman, in which I explained to him that I was playing with them, and the next one who thought he had a call to stand before me I would shoot through the heart. That ended it, as they began

to see that I was in earnest. 'Dick Coverly is in Europe, but before he left he extorted a promise from his father not to sell Lucy. Perhaps he thought I would want to buy her and give her free papers. I have already offered the old man, through an agent, \$3000 for but he says he is keeping her for Richard; that her weight in diamonds will not buy her.
"Now, Charile, Richard Coverly never

shall call Lucy his property," and as he repeated this his eyes shone with a fierce her, I will shoot him. I should be a mon-

of ingratitude to allow this girl, to om I owe my life, to be kept in hopeless Coverly, to say nothing of the awful fact that she is, I believe a white woman, and that I love her. I cannot bear even to think of it." bondage by such a scoundrel as Richard

Of course, I could not be as sure as that Coverly's Lucy was a pure white, but still even with no romantic ents to warp my judgment, I at it possible enough that his sursentim was correct. As he said, such things had happened in the South, and his own theory in this case was plausible enough. As he talked, a wild notion had come into my head; it attracted me by its daredevil quality, and I knew that, rightly put through, it could be made profitable. When he stopped speaking, without entering on the question of Lucy's race,

You know that it is you, and not I who have fallen in love with Coverly's Lucy, but I honor you and will enter into an agreement with you to devote our time to running negroes from this country into free states, Lucy included. I will assist

you to abduct her at all hazards."
"It is agreed," he replied.
We sat down together, and in an hour concocted the plan that kept the planters of the southwestern part of Louisiana in a turmoil of excitement for five years, and

was linked in mine, and we were drink ing brandy cocktall at Pet's expense. "When did you leave? How far are yo

going? When are you going home?" asked, all in one breath. I answered him as frankly as pos and was relieved to find that he must

start for home the next morning.

When morning came I accompanied hi to the train. I also wrote Wesner a friendletter to let him know that I had seen exploration in search of that abomination all Southerners, the office of the New

This place I preferred to find without asking questions, as New York was filled with Southerners returning from the va-

ious Summer resorts.
I was well known on the Mississippi and Red Rivers, and did not care to be reported as hunting for the Tribune office, so avoided, or, at least, tried to avoid, meeting any Southerners, especially Attakapas

I found the building, sent up my card as Mr. Smith, and requerted an interview with Mr. Greeley. Horace Greeley was at this time in his prime, and the most no-torious abolitionist in the whole Union. I confess I was a trifle nervous as I

entered the building; in a very few mo-ments I was ushered into the room and presence of the redoubtable Horace, the man of all the world Southerners most de-spised, and whose pen they most feared. There were two or three people in the room writing, Mr. Greeley was sitting tilted back in his chair, chewing the end of a pine stick, and evidently in no very pleasant mood. His spectacles were pushed above his eyes, and he scanned

me closely. "Mr. Smith, your business; I can afford you but a few moments."
"Mr. Greeley, I must see you alone." I replied; "my business will take hours instead of minutes. Two minutes will do me today, however."

"These men are sworn to secrecy in all business matters," he replied.
"No, sir; not to me," I answered.

He opened the door leading to his pri-vate office, and nodded. I followed him. "Now your business, quickly."

"Mr. Greeley, my name is not Smith. I am Charles J. Bradley, from Parish St. Mary's, Louisiana. I am here to try to make arrangements with the leading Free Soil ment Soil men to run negroes from that and ad-joining parishes into the free states.

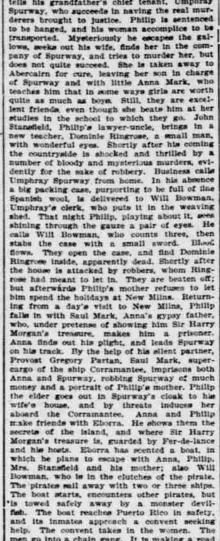
"I am a soldier of fortune, and not a philanthropist. I will make the venture and risk my life; others must bear the expense. If you can give me encourage-ment, say so. Name your time and place, Bring your company. I will unfold the plans. Bring whom you can trust, for if this conspiracy is made public, I am an exile from home or my angry townsme will suspend me from the nearest tree, and as I am worth a fine little property in Louisiana, I do not wish to be exiled; liking life pretty well, I do not care to be hanged."

"What is your object. Nothing but

"Yes," said I. "love of adventure and desire to destroy the whole slave system."
"What is your address?" he asked. This I gave him, and, promising to write me a note specifying when and where he would meet me, he bowed me out, and thus ended my first interview with Horace

I took a long walk after the interview and half determined to retreat, content with assisting Wesner to abduct Lucy; but, in either case, I was risking my neck, and I concluded I should prefer to be hanged as a great rascal rather than a petty one, and continued by preparations.

(To be continued.)



Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

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Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's paramour. Janet Mark. They quarrel. Sir James goes home, taking his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They lay his body outside on an ice floe, in the effort to lay the crime to others. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Suurway, who succeeds in naving the real mur-

men go into a chain gang. It is making a road for the pleasure of the governor's wife. She chances to pass along, and Will Bowman and Philip discover her to be Janet Mark, little Anna's mother. Janet Mark, now the Lady Juanita Silveda, stands friend to her country-men, but they soon find it is a perilous favor. Notwithstanding Janet grows violently fealous Notwithstanding Janet grows violently jealous when little Anna somewhat takes the Gover-nor's eye. She is about to kill the girl, when Philip tells her the truth-that Anna is her own daughter. Another boat comes ashore at Puerto Rico. It holds Saul Mark and Philip Puerto Rico. It holds Saul Mark and Philip Stansfield, who have been beaten in the en-counter with hostile pirates. Saul recognizes his wife. He and Stansfield persuade the Gov-ernor to fit out a ship, promising to return to the less and bring back the Morgan's treasure. He plans to make Philip bring it from the burning lake. The vessel sails with Philip and burning lake. The vessel salls with Philip and Will Bowman aboard, and Anna, who is dis-guised. The expedition reaches the islands, and they find the volcano active, and Morgan's treasure forever lost. To fulfill his long-cherished vengeance, Saul Mark orders Philip, Will

fames, but the elder Stansfield suddenly clasps Saul and leaps with him into the volcano isheartened, the party returns to the village, find the pirates put to death by Spurway's expedition; they are captured by the English and taken to Puerto Rico, where Spurman re

(Copyright, 1898, under the name of "Little Anna Mark," by S. R. Crockett.)

CHAPTER LI .- (Continued.) "I trow no," said I, answering them in a proverb, "he who has faced the lion fears na the tod!"

But all the same my heart was beating rarely when I left them at the angle of the green plantation nearest to the front door. I marched straight up the stens and lifted the knocker, wondering to find myself so near it. It used to be so high above my head. About and within brooded a silence which could be felt, and the noise of my knocking rever berated down the passages like thunder. Yet for all of my courage I put my hand in my coat tail where a pistol was hidden when at last I heard steps come slowly and a little totteringly down the hall. The door swung cautiously back, and lo! before me, clad in his ancient bottle-green coat, I saw-Caleb Clinka-

His hair was brushed more carefully from one side to the other of his baid head in a kind of unequal and makeshift thatching. At sight of me he gasped and fell back a step. "Is it a spirit—a visitation—my poor

lad's ghost?" he cried.
"No." I said, holding out my hand heartily. "I am indeed your lad in the flesh. But what do you here, Caleb! Where is my uncle? Ken you that my Where is my uncle? Ken you mother is home safe and sound?"
"Soothly—soothly," cried the old man,
"Soothly—soothly," cried the old you mother, did you home? The

say, my little Mary come home? The Lord of the high mercies be thanked. have prayed Him for this. Your uncle why, your uncle has been there in his study at this moment. You will find him a changed man. And little Mary home againt Faith, I must pack my box and make me ready—for the little Mary is come home. She will not know where to find a petticoat in the Yet-house till old Caleb finds them for her

Yet is the place all in order. Would it please you to step down there?"
"Presently, presently, Caleb," said I.
"Now I must see my uncle—take me to "Your will and pleasure, sir-aye-aye

but he minds me of Sir James—the very moral of Sir James. Mary's child, grown Take you to your uncle said you? Yea and verily that will I, and bide at the door and to hear what shall befall between you!"

And with his grandest air the ancient

major domo preceded me to the room that had been my grandfather's, the same in which we had all sat at our wine that night when Sir James brought me He threw open the door wide to th

'Sir Philip Stansfield, an' it please you Master John," he announced like a heras asser John, he amounted have a head-ushering in a prince.

At that moment I was watching my uncle. He had been sitting at a desk reading a book. At the sound of the name he rose to his full height, gripping the tall back of the chair and staring at

the tail back of the chair and staring a me as I stood in the doorway. "I bid you good day, Uncle John," said, I fear too much like a challenge. "Good day to you, young gentleman!

The ISLE of the WINDS

By S.R. CROCKETT

Pictures by G.A. SHIPLEY

said he courteously, not taking his eyes from my face.
"I want mine own, Uncle John," I confrom my face.
"I want mine own, Uncle John." I continued, "this house and estate. They are had made him accept the eldership against

My uncle bowed with one hand on his

very well know.

"Gently, gently," said he, "the burden of proof lies on you. There has been some small breach of continuity. You will, I presume, allow so much. You are able, I presume, allow so much. You are able, then, I take it, to make good your claim by reputable witnesses, who have had knowledge of you during all the time of your absence from Scotland?"

"I can," I answered firmly.

"Meahing those gentlemen down there," he said, shrewdly, indicating with his thumb the spot in the edge of the plantation where I had left Will Bowman and

tion where I had left Will Bowman and

Umphray Spurway.
"Well, yes," I answered lamely enough, being, to tell the truth, a little taken aback and not knowing what to make of my uncle's attitude.

"I wish they would keep off the grass-your grass, that is—if the title be good!" "That the Fifteen shall decide," said I,

grandly. "Doubtless, doubtless," murmured my Uncle John, still looking out of the win-dow, "and pray what can good Umphray, the cloth weaver, prove?"
"That he found me a prisoner among the Spanish Papists!" I answered.

"A good claim to a Protestant estate anywhere in these islands!" he said, bowing ironically. "And the limber young gentleman who is kicking sods out of the sward with his heels—your sods, what is—what may have been his connection with you?"

"A chain," answered I, briskly enough, "a pair of steel chains attached to an iron beit about our several loins!" "Ah," he returned, meditatively, "that

is indeed what we term in our Scots' law

is indeed what we term in our Scots' law
"a bond of bottomry."
"Uncle John," said I, a little nettled,
"you carry it off very well, but all the
same you know that you meant to kidnap
me, to murder me."
"Nephew presumptive," returned he,
quite unmoved, "these words are actionable. Take notice Caleb Clinkaberry, you
with your ear" at the keyhole out there, I with your ear at the keyhole out there, I may need you for a witness."
"You set on Saul Mark, in whose com-

pany I last saw you, to carry me off with 30 other poor lads to sell for slaves in the Carolina plantations.

"And pray, sir, if it be a fair question, how much did you bring?" "Tut," said I impatiently; "you quib-

"Sir, you assert-" "Sir, you assert—"
"Do you or do you not, own me as heir to this estate? Deny me at your peril!"
"I deny you not (I wish to heaven these gentlemen wo..d either come in or go away.) But I will ask you a question—supposing you are the person whose name and style you assume, do you own me as your tutor nominate, as well as your tutor legitim or tutor at law?"

legitim or tutor at law?"
"I suppose you are both, though I understand not the law terms."

"It is not required. Well, sir, I am a lawyer, a successful²-I trust, a fairly competent one. If you wish, I will give you my advice, for which you will pay me at the usual rates. They shall be taxed by

I smiled. I began to find my Uncle John rastly entertaining.

He paused to catch my assent, as a minster does at a baptism, and then he un-

scked a little cupboard in the wall close

by his hand.

"Here," he said, "you will find dupli-cate copies of all accounts of my intro-missions since the death of Sir James Stansfield. The originals, of which these certified duplicates are, of course, in my office in Edinburgh. Now, sir, for my advice-supposing that these grass-kicking gentlemen (whose hamstrings God con-found), can establish your title, actions will lie betwirt us directa et contraria reckoning of time of tutelage. tolng to Edinburgh immediately. I have the pleasure of moving at the next sederunt?

"Uncle John." caid I. "I am utterly as-

tonished—little did I expect—"
"I dare say not," said he smiling, coldly but pleasantly; "neither, to tell the truth, did I. So long as you remained in foreign parts, I was your heir of destination. But there was always a possibility, now hap-plly fructified into some probability—I speak without prejudice—that you have returned. In that case I am your curator, and these are my accounts, which I trust you will find correct, with natural deductions for my expenses in your service. I you find, as I think you will, that th estates are in good heart, and that under my management nothing has been neglect-ed-why, sir, I have a good law business in Edinburgh, as any lawyer will tell you, and several notable gentlemen do me the honor to trust me as their agent and doer. What eay you? Shall I continue to act as

"Why. Uncle John." I stammered: "I have not considered—"
"I mean supposing that you are satisfled with my present intromissions?"
I held out my hand. For the time being I forgot all about Saul Mark. I only renombered that my uncle used to make me aper boats to sail on the pond. They and a sail amidships, and generally cap-

sized a yard from shore. He took my hand and shook it slightly, more, however, as a duty than a privilege,
"Ah, that is better," he said; "It is always bet to keep these perquisites within families if possible. And there may be a good many pickings which are as well in the hands of a Stansfield as in those of any Dalrymple that ever ate pig meat. He handed me a bunch of keys from a nail at his elbow

Caleb behind the door there (he raised his voice) is getting into his dotage—" We heard feet clattering indignantly

down the corridor.

"The liquor and wines are in the large gardevin behind the curtain in the corner. This is the key of the cellar. The brandy is fair, the claret excellent. Good day to you, sir!"

He took his het from a new and with

He took his hat from a peg and with only a slight wave of the hand, went toward the door, leaving me astonished and dumfounded. As he was going out he turned with his fingers on the handle.
"And, pardon me, if you wish to have any turf left, ask these gentlemen to come

on to the gravel."

And with that he was gone. I heard the pounding of a horse's hoofs beneath, and, going mechanically to the window, I saw my uncle riding down the avenue. And ne never so much as turned his head to ook at the Great house of New Milns, which had been his for so long a time. I went down to the front door, hardly able to speak for sheer astonishment. The I beckoned to Umphray and Will and told them what had happened from the very

first word, while all was still fresh in my

"Did he not take it well," I said

take it so?"
Umphray Spurway emiled and slowly nodded his head with a satisfied air.
"Blood-blood-" he said, "that is where blood tells. For me, I should simply have broken your head and kicked you down the stairs, young man."

Epilogue. "And I!" also agreed Will Bowman. And, now, as my uncle John would say, I must close the record. I write the last of these sheets on the afternoon of a Sabbath day in mine own house of New Milns. This day at the morning diet of worship, Mr. John Mell was more than ordinary dreich, and that young imp, James, fatigued me with his exceeding restless ness. He takes the quality from a near relative, though he cannot sling stones as well as she could.

I saw my mother and Umphray today.

his will.
"Though born and baptized an Episco-

pallan," she said, "and with some conne

"And pray who may you be, and what to you set up for being, young sir" said he, throwing his head backward and speaking as cool as the precentor reading out the lines two by two on sacrament Sabbath morning.

Yet for all that I could see very well that he knew me. I had my reply ready. "I am Philip Stansfield, son of Philip and grandson of Sir James, your nephew, and proprietor of the lands and beritages of New Milns and Moreham, as ipdeed you very well know."

pallan," she said, "and with some connections with papacy as well—(young Will Lucy)—I have always been a convinced Presbyterian at heart. And so must you be, Umphray!"

Whereupon Umphray promised. His face was by ordinary grave as I passed him this morning, yet methinks his farther eyelid quivered. Nowadays we see but little of Will Bowman-far less than I could wish. I mentioned this to my mother, and asked her if she could imagine a reason.

"Why, of course," she cried (we were

"Why, of course," she cried (we were alone together); "Did you not know? He was always in love with Anna!"

"That is nonsense, mother," I answered, for the thing greatly astonished me. "Why, I have been with him all these ears and noticed nothing. Neither, I am sure, did Anna!" Then it was that my mother laughed

eartily; but the inwardness of her mirth I could not perceive. "Trust a woman to know when a man loves her," she said, when she had fin-ished, "and for all that you think of her,

your Anna is just like the rest."

Afterward we went into the kirk, and the service was a solemn and appropriate one, though Mr. Bell was well-nigh an hour and a half at his discourse. He has been lecturing through "Canticles" for the past four years and a haif, and so naturally he could not find much that was new to say. But his text was exceedingly comfortable to me, and when he gave it out. Anna Mark put her hand into mine round our Jamle's back. It was: "Many waters connot quench love, neither can the

floods drown it! And it came into my head, sitting thus with my wife's hand in mine (but secretly and as if to curb the imp), that I should tell my mother of Philip Stans-field and his last word, which I had never done. I had spared her (as I thought) on board the Mary, finding her strange and upset with all her troubles. But now she was happily wedded and established at the Miln house. Nothing could fright her any more. She would go straight and tell Umphray, whatever secrecy she might

So sending on Anna with the Englishman I told my mother all as well as I could—of how Captain Stansfield had said

"Tell her that I did it for her sake! But at the first sound of my late father's name she cried out shuddering: "I do not are to hear. Do not speak to me of Philip Stansfield or Saul Mark. They were

ooth men of wrath!" And then, letting go my arm, she forsook me, calling loudly on her husband. "Umphray, do not go so fast. I want you. You are alway so headstrong and inconsiderate. You forget that at this present I am not strong!"

"Yes, Mary," said Umphray, gently, and turned back toward us.

My mother stooped to pull her kirtle a little up to show her pretty shoes. Then she took Umphray's arm with a little happy jerk of possession. To hide a smile as Anna's eyes met mine, I turned to lift the

Imp over the stile.

"James," I asked him sternly, "what was Mr. Bell's text this morning?" "I forget," he answered, prompt as echo from the wood, "but I killed six flies on

the bookboard!" And as I lifted him down I met Anna's and from what I saw in them I knew that she would never forget the text of Mr. John Bell's 25th consecutive lecture and addition upon the canticles, commonly

called the Song of So'omon:
"Many waters cannot quench love, nei-

ther can the floods drown it!" (THE END.) A Tale of "Whon!"

MORNING.

Good-bye, old horse, we'll turn you out
To roam o'er hill and plain; We've bought a horseless carriage and We'll never need you again; With naphtha, oil or gasoline We'll ride from morn till dark, And on a Sunday afternoon Go puffing through the park. You're hardly worth a piece of plot

Good-bye, old herse, good-bye! EVENING. Come here, old horse, we need your pull To get us home tonight:

This nesty, stinking, puffing thing, Is not perfected—quite. Ten miles from home it fussed and fumed And then refused to go; And minus both a push and pull It was a case of whoa!

If you'll return, so will our joy, Good boy, old horse, good boy: —Trotter and Pacer.

D&PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER, LUNGS.

origin in the derangement or disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. The stomach is the receptacle in which food is received and the laboratory in which it is prepared to nourish the different parts of the body. It prepares brain nourishment in one way, nerve nourishment in another, muscle nourishment in another. the stomach is "out of order" these various forms of nourishment are only partly or imperfectly prepared, and nerve, muscle, or brain, as the case may be, is only partly fed, and the result is pain, which is Nature's protest and warning. The pain may be in the head or in the heart, but you must reach it through the stomach or you can't cure it. That is the philosophy on which Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared. It has absolute control of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It cures diseases in head, heart, liver, lungs and other organs by curing the diseased condition of the stomach which prevents the proper nourishment of the various organs and corrupts them

Experience has shown to physicians that the majority of diseases have their

partial nourishment it provides. In like manner "Golden Medical Discovery" purifies the blood, by purifying the stomach and other blood-making organs. It contains no alcohol, or other intoxicant, and no narcotic.

by its own diseased condition, in the