

AUTUMN.

"The spicy woods" are ripe again. In glorious garb they're seen. And Autumn, with her golden tints, Adds beauty to each scene.

her for the shore. He had reckoned, however, without Flora, who was sitting behind him in the stern. With a movement as sudden and as dexterous as his own she plucked the fellow from his seat, down came his head against the gunwale, and there he lay, stunned and senseless.



Curly seized the remaining oar and tried to scull out to sea.

or three miles wide, if w' and I discovered it was a mere nothing; but unfortunately the tide was going out and the wind dead in his teeth. At first his skill and strength stood him in good stead. The prospect of the reward nerved his arm and gave him added power.

Griggs' Glycerine Salve.

The best on earth can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve, which is a sure cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores.

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

Related by JOHN COLEMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE TRACK.

After a night of horrors, Curly arose with the sun and rushed to the window. The sea was still raging furiously. The ferry boat was a mere corkie shell; it would be sheer madness to try the passage till the storm abated.

At length they were opposite a small fishing village. The fishermen, who were mending their nets in front of their cottages, sprang to their feet, and stood horror-stricken at the sight of the frail skiff and the two helpless creatures drifting out to destruction.

A low, moaning sound came over the water, the boat trembled beneath them. Curly knew that that signified; so did the fisherman's sordid Dempster.

"What does it mean?" MacAllister inquired. "It means," replied Dempster, "that if they are not ashore in ten minutes no power on earth can save them. She's game to go down—I can see it in her eyes; but that white-livered bound hasn't the pluck to go through with it. They'll be ashore in five minutes!"

The fellow was right. Poor Curly "had not the pluck" to see the woman he loved deeper than his own life go down to death before his eyes while he had the power to save her. He therefore gradually suffered the boat to drift ashore.

The moment before they landed she said, "Remember, I'm your wife, darling—your wife. Tell them that, and they dare not part us!"

Now, of course Curly knew well enough that the statement he had made to the innkeeper, combined with certain corroborating circumstances, would convince them, according to Scotch law, really man and wife. But he loved her too well to suffer the shadow of shame to fall upon her.

At last the bill came and was paid—at last Flora had completed her hasty toilet. The sounds were getting nearer. The farmer was really waiting. A moment more, and—

Leaving the house rapidly, and hurrying down toward the ferry, some three hundred yards distant, they stepped on board the boat. At that moment a carriage and four horses in a "father of sweat," galloped like mad round the corner of the hill immediately overlooking the beach.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

Time wore on. The carriage and pair drove up the postillon alighted to take their orders from Strathmines. He gave them in a low tone of voice—Curly could not distinguish a word—he saw the men, however, yoke MacAllister's horse in front of the other two, and he noted that they had saddled and bridled Dempster's horse.

Curly clenched his fist and gnashed his teeth at his own impotence. "If I only had a weapon! If I only had a weapon!" he muttered, while he paced to and fro, and Dempster mounted guard at the gates of his paradises.

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for hers!" And so he entered the room. To his astonishment she was not there. The door closed after him with a bang, and he found himself entrapped. He was confronted on the one hand by MacAllister, on the other by Dempster, both desperate men, with loaded pistols in their hands. He was a prisoner, alone, unarmed, defenseless!

There was a moment's pause—then MacAllister handed to Dempster a sheet of paper, on which a few lines were hastily scribbled.

"Will it do?" he inquired. "Yes," responded the other. "Now, you see," said MacAllister, "listen to what I am about to say, and don't interrupt me. Fifty years ago, if a fellow like you—"

"Follow me no fellows, sir," replied Curly, "I am a Campbell!" "Campbell be d—! They were a set of thieving enterprisers, the best of them, but they were men, not spangle-jacks, and I tell you that fifty years ago, had I lost your blood done to a MacAllister that you have done to me and mine this day, my father would have given him a Joliffing lay—"

"You are Flora's father, sir, and for her sake I would not touch a hair of your head!" "You'll endure more before I've done! Now listen, if you've any regard for your life, answer me clearly and quickly, and above all truthfully. You demand to know how I came to be here; that I know to be a lie! But she has been in your charge two days and nights. Have you wronged her?"

"If any other man had asked me the question, I think I should know how to answer him. You are her father, and I forgive you; but, as God is my judge, she is as pure as when she left your two nights ago!" "And she is not your wife?" "Would to heaven she were!" "Good. Now read this paper."

Curly took up the paper and read these cruel words: "These presents are to attest that Flora MacAllister is not my wife, and I call God to witness that neither now nor hereafter will I seek to become her husband."

"Dudhope Ferry, May 12th, 18—." "You have read?" said MacAllister. Curly assented in silence. "Now, your answer," "My answer is this," said the young man, tearing the paper in pieces, and casting the fragments to his feet.

"Just so," said MacAllister. "Dan'l, copy your paper once more!" Strathmines looked the other down, putting the key in his pocket, began to write. As he wrote, no sound could be heard save the scribbling of the pen on the paper.

While the old man looked the inner door Curly looked through the window. It was small—so small that there was no possibility of escape that way. No human being appeared within sight or sound. Then he looked toward the fireplace. There lay the poker, a primitive and uncomely weapon. It is true; but if he could only reach it! Quickly as he moved towards the hearthstone MacAllister was quicker still, with the pistol at hand!

"You, you—don't, my mannie," said he, grimly. "Is the paper done, Dan'l?" "It is," replied the other. "Read it aloud, then, that there may be no mistake about it!" Dempster read it aloud. "Now," said MacAllister, "there's my watch, and he placed it on the table. "It's now five-and-twenty minutes past four; if at half-past you've not signed this word and the next, and put the contents of this pistol into your head, the next minute!"

The young man darted towards the door, but was intercepted by Dempster, also pistol in hand. Poor Curly! he was anything but a hero, but a better or braver man might have felt daunted, placed between the pistols of these stalwart and desperate men. He loved Flora MacAllister better than anything in the world—better even than life. If by sacrificing his own life he could have saved hers, I think he would have found courage to do so. But he remembered that she was safe enough for the present, and that while there was life there was hope. These and a thousand other thoughts passed through his mind during these five minutes. Five minutes, did I say? I should have said five ages of agony!

"Time's up," said MacAllister, cocking his pistol. "One moment," said Curly. "I will sign the paper on two conditions." "Name them," said the old man sternly. "First, that you will promise me not to force me into marrying this girl (indicating the pistol in his hand); and secondly, that you will permit me to see her for five minutes."

"Next—that you'll let me see her to say good-bye—before you, if you desire it, but not before you for her." "You'll name your eyes flashed fire, and Curly held the click of his pistol, but the pulse in his heart gave him courage, and he faced his enemy to his teeth. MacAllister—was he thinking, I wonder, that he had been young once himself?—interposed with a low cry, "Confound it! we can't have it all our own way, and our own way of having it, too! The lad shall say 'good-bye' to her." "I promise. Now sign."

trace of the old music remained as she said, with scarce a tremor in her voice. "How bold it has grown! Please, father, take me home!" And she passed forth into the darkness.

"And he! Poor wretch! For a moment he seemed to lead a dull existence. His soul had left his body, and looked with loathing on the miserable thing it once inhabited. Mark! What's that? The clatter of horses' hoofs—the roll of carriage wheels!

The sound brought him back to life. Like a madman he rushed from the house screaming, "Flora! Flora! My darling—my love—my life! It was for your sake—only listen—only word—one word!"

He heard—at least, he always thought to his dying day that he heard—her voice calling to him for help.

He galloped upon them. As he reached the corner of the hill the moon burst forth from behind the clouds. A man on horseback intervened as the carriage passed out of sight. Dempster, for it was he, as he rose in the stirrups, exclaimed: "I've been waiting for this ever since the night of the ball! Blast you! Take this—and this!" And he struck Curly twice across the face with the thong end of his heavy whip, almost blinding him; then, reversing his grip, with the heavy whip end he struck the horse, and he fell on one tremendous blow on the head, which laid him on the ground.

For a moment the Laird of Strathmines smiled upon the fallen man, then he growled: "That's a quittance in full, my bold play actor!" With that he put spurs to his horse and rode away in triumph, leaving his rival stunned, bleeding, senseless—all but dead!

CHAPTER VI. AT BAY. During the journey homeward Flora remained silent. It was in vain that her father tried to draw her into conversation. She remained obtuse, cold and hard as the granite of her native hills. MacAllister got out and left her to herself and sorrow, while he mounted and rode the rest of the journey with Dempster, who by this time was savagely drunk. Decidedly, Dan'l was not a pleasant company. Black care sat behind him, and a fair bead, dabbled in blood, when it was not before him, was beside him always. So the two men rode on in silence till they reached Aberdeen.

Flora found Jennie MacPherson hovering 'twixt life and death. The name of the perpetrator of the outrage was darkly hinted among the servants, but no one dared to speak out. Of course, Flora had her own suspicions. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and it was well for the girl that her young mistress had returned, or MacAllister would have found that his brutality had betrayed him to murder. Poor Jennie's sufferings somewhat diverted Flora's mind from her own trouble. Her first duty now was to her faithful handmaiden, whom she nursed with assiduous tenderness.

Next morning at daybreak, when the fishermen went out to cast their nets, they found Curly lying, bathed in blood, where he had fallen the night before. Save for some faint pulsation of the heart, he was to all appearance quite dead. MacAllister and three or four of the men carried him to Sandy's cottage, where the good wife applied her ointments, and for hours and hours dabbled the fragile limbs till they slowly revived to life, but consciousness and speech had wholly left him. At last they succeeded in forcing a spoonful or two of whisky and milk down his throat, and thus they kept body and soul together for some days.

At length David Donaldson had got the better of his ail, and was for returning to the ferry. He had a kind heart, had honest eyes, and when he saw poor Curly in this wretched plight, he forgave him his own cuckoo's nest, which was a singer, and not contented only that Curly had given him nine golden sovereigns. Then he volunteered to go to Dundee and "spring" a guinea for a surgeon.

Next day he returned with Dr. Dixon, the famous theatrical physician, who recognized Curly instantly, despite his battered condition. "Good God!" exclaimed the doctor, "this is an awful business. Concussion of the brain—compound fracture! Who did it? It's murder or manslaughter! Who did it? No accident here, but a foul blow. Who did it? 'I've heard'!"

MacAllister replied: "D'ye mean me, or any of these chaps," pointing to the group of fishermen. "We found the poor laddie lying at the foot of the great muckle hill, yestreen as a weak past."

That was all the information Dixon could obtain. Doubtless MacAllister and David had their suspicions as to how the outrage had occurred, but they kept their own counsel for the present. Dixon wasted no time in words. He decided that his patient must be taken to Dundee at once. Without delay the poor fellow was carried down to the coach, and MacAllister and Elsie accompanied David and the doctor, the good wife tenderly nursing Curly's head upon her lap all the way, and never quitting him till he was safely ensconced in the infirmary. The poor soul had a son of his age fighting the queen's battles far away in India—so she kissed his fevered brow and muttered: "Fair bairn! It's my heart that's sair for ye. Fair laddie pur laddie! It's wae for the mither that bare ye."

When MacAllister led her from the room she hissed in his ear, "Sandy, 'twas you muckle lang leon with the corbie's beak and the evil eye that did it. But he'll never prosper with the lassie, nor with aught else." Curly's case was one that almost baffled the faculty, but Dr. Dixon was not to be beaten; he had made up his mind to save his patient, and save him he did at last. Excellence it had been better for the poor fellow had he died then and there. The good Samaritans at the infirmary nursed him by day, watched over him by night with unceasing tenderness and care, until pating his every wish, his every look. When at length, after months of darkness and delirium, the light of reason began to dawn there was general rejoicing throughout

out the place, for they had grown to love the poor creature, even as though he were their own kith and kin. Every morning when Dr. Dixon came in his patient's face would light up into the shadow of a smile, and his eyes would follow his nurse with a kind of dumb, dog-like gratitude. Though speech was denied him he could distinguish all that was said to him, and it was quite touching to see him gently take the hand of nurse or doctor and kiss it with some of the old grace.

When at length Jennie MacPherson recovered she could scarcely recognize her beautiful young mistress in the stern, gray woman to whom she owed her life. As soon as she was able to speak coherently Flora insisted on the truth. When the girl told her all Flora's anger against MacAllister ripened into openly avowed indignation, and the estrangement between father and child was complete. As for Dempster, she had always disliked him, now she positively loathed the sight of the man. It was a constant visitor, but when ever he entered the room she left it—whenever he sat down to table she rose and quitted it without a word.

One day the two men had been drinking together, and MacAllister brought the other man down to the house. As soon as Flora saw him she rose and turned toward the door. "Bide a wee, Flora," said MacAllister. "It's time to put a stop to the nonsense. You may as well accustom yourself to Strathmines's company, because I've given my word that you are to be his wife."

"And Mr. Dempster?" she inquired, coldly. "Why, look here, Flora," replied Daniel. "At the very sound of his voice she drew herself up disdainfully. "Sir," she said, "I have already given my father an answer, but evidently he has not been frank with you. I shall never marry. If my marriage could save the world and all that is in it from destruction, you are the last man on earth that I could ever call husband. Gracious God!" she cried, bursting out, "can this creature not see how I hate him! I loathe the very sound of his voice. His sight is poison to me. For you, sir," she said, turning to her father, "if ever you suffer this man to obstruct himself on me again, I quit your roof the next moment."

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Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. NEW TIME TABLE. GOING EAST. No. 1. Pacific Express and Mail. 11:25 A.M. No. 2. Night Express and Mail. 11:55 P.M. No. 3. Kansas City Express. 2:30 P.M. No. 4. Chicago and Denver Express. 3:30 P.M. No. 5. Peruvian Accommodation. 5:00 P.M. No. 6. St. Paul Express. 11:45 A.M. No. 7. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 8. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 9. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 10. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 11. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 12. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 13. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 14. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 15. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 16. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 17. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 18. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 19. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. No. 20. Chicago and St. Paul Express. 11:55 P.M. 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