ALL AROUND THE WORLD

SCOTLAND'S greatest charm is in its lakes. Ancient cities and moldering ruins, gray old castles and deserted cloisters hold the attention of the student, or of the traveler with a leaning toward historical reminiscence; but the lakes appeal to all, with their fresh and never-fading beauty. Set like jewels in the rough girdle of the Highlands, their clear depths reflect the heights of rough and rocky cliffs and peaks, while their shores are bowered in the rich vegetation of hundreds of rocky nooks and glens.

Presenting as they do both wild and gentle scenes, the lakes of Scotland have a character not found in other lakes of other countries. Unlike the remote lakes of America, their shores have been for centuries the abiding places of men whose descendants, proud in their lineage, still possess the soil. Their shores are peopled with the shades of great characters of history and noble creations of fiction; the poet has woven for each of them a golden legend, and his creatures of this world of romance have come down to us in all the reality of historic verity.

The traveler setting out for Scotland thinks invariably of the lays and legends of the land he has conned on the pages of this or that magician of the pen. Very often the cold reality of to-day chills his romantic ardor as he draws near the object of his quest; but in the case of the Scotch lakes he more often than not receives a more pleasant impression than he had anticipated.

Few tourists to Scotland, whether entering the land by way of Glasgow or of Edinburgh, fail to make what is known as the "circular tour" between the two cities, embracing a visit to the most charming spot in the Highlands, Lake Katrine, and the glen of the Trossachs.

Lake Katrine is about forty miles from Glasgow across country, but somewhat farther by rail to Loch Lomond, steamer up that lake twenty miles, and on by coach five miles, to its western end.

In the heart of the region made famous by Scott in "The Lady of the Lake," Lake Katrine abounds in scenes described by the poet's magic pen.

Its finest scenery is at the east end, eight miles by steamer from the terminus of the stage route from Loch Lomond. Here the lake, scarce more than a mile wide at its greatest breadth, diminishes to

A narrow inlet still and deep
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As serves the wild duck's brood to swim.

From this point the traveler, in "The Lady of the Lake," observed

High on the south huge Bes Venue,
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben A'an heaved high his forehead bare.

Standing on the brow of Ben Venue the traveler in the poet's tale looked out to

Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And island, that, impurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

It was here the clan Macgregor fought its enemies from without and within the Highlands, and here also, on an isle in the lake, just beyond the wooded point shown in the middle distance of the accompanying picture, they kept in safety their women and valuable property during their severest engagements.

This island, invested with imperishable legend by Scott, is known as Ellen's Isle. During the invasion of Cromwell's men "a bold spearsman" from the invading host swam to the isle, to secure a boat anchored on its shore, in order that his companions might reach it. As his head rose from the water to the edge of the boat a dirk in the hand of Helen Douglas ended his life. Scott, by a pardonable anachronism, uses the story, and names the fair heroine Ellen.

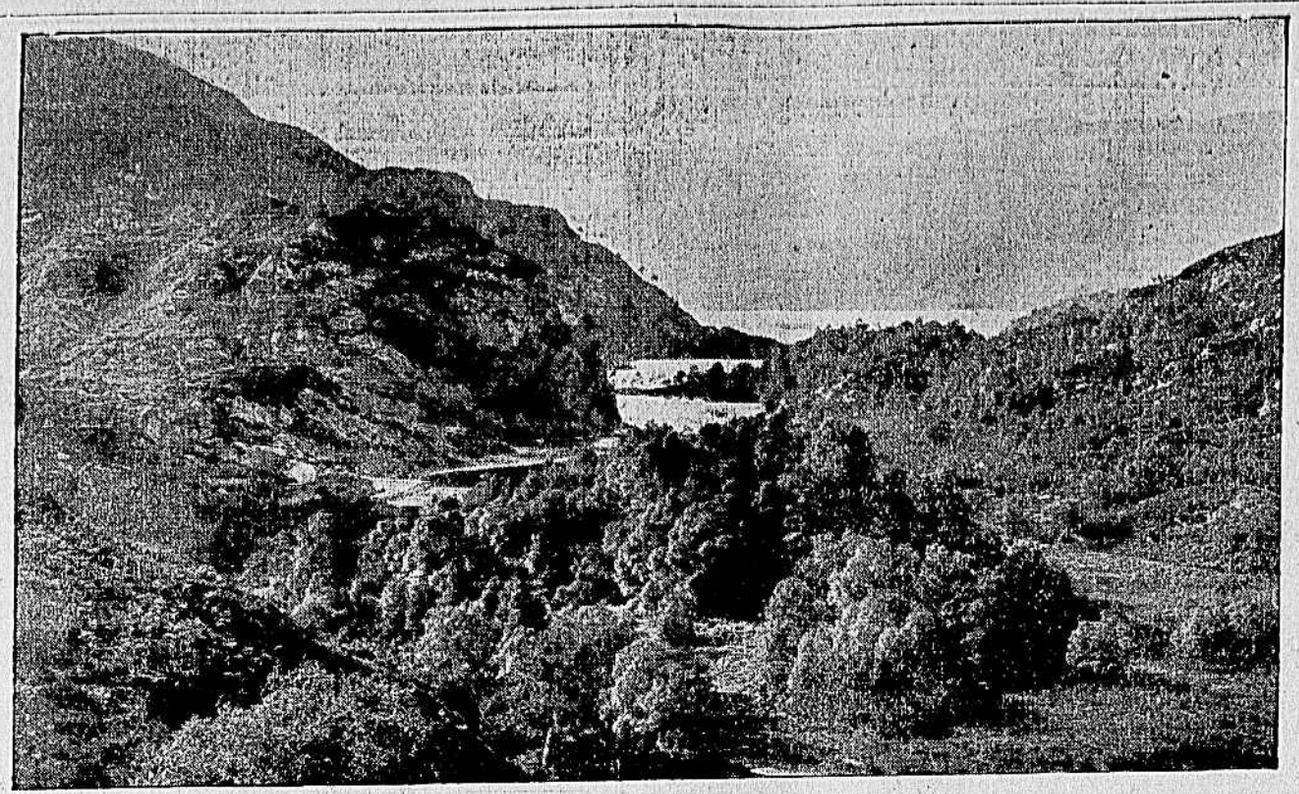
Ellen's isle is but a wooded bit of rock, rising from the lake like the tip of a submerged hill. The tourist views it with deep interest, as if the legends of the poet, of Rhoderick Dhu, and the fighting Macgregors, and all the other romantic tales of this romantic spot, were true as holy writ, and the "dying moan and dirge's wail" of the bonneted and tartaned clansmen could still be heard in the glen.

Looking on Ben Venue, 2993 feet high, and the other mountains near, on the bluff headlands rising from the waters of the lake, the bare and rugged rocks, with which they are covered, the deep ravines traversed by many streams, the heath-covered moors of the upper valleys, and the contrasted stillness and purity of the transparent lake, its surface reflecting "the summer heaven's delicious blue," and then looking off to the farther highlands, purple and sombre in the north, we may well accept Lake Katrine as representative Highland scenery.

The vegetation here consists chiefly of birches, alders and ash. The mountains were formerly rich in these woods to a considerable height, but they have been deforested on their higher slopes.

To the practical traveler there is interest in the fact that Lake Katrine affords the city of Glasgow, with its 700,000 inhabitants, an abundant supply of pure and soft water. The water works beginning at the lake have cost Glasgow more than $10,000,000.

At the end of Lake Katrine, by the foot of Ben Venue, the vale of the Trossachs begins, a region of wild and beautiful scenery, through which a good road passes on to little Lake Achary, and thence toward Sterling and Edinburgh.



LOCH KATRINE FROM TE BROW OF BEN VENUE.

THE MARRIAGE OF STITCH O'SULLIVAN

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

THE bed-room was occupied by a set of pine furniture, about a thousand cubic feet of illuminating gas, and a commercial traveler in baby-blue underclothes. Prokasky, the hotel clerk, wrenched at the knob in the corridor. "Look out for the splash, Lily," he shouted excitedly.

The red-headed chambermaid enveloped her freckled nose in calico when the lock snapped. But Prokasky was of those born for stern emergency. With one sweeping movement he hurled a chair into the window and turned the key of the gas fixture.

"You stay here," was his wheezing command to the girl. "I'll get Doc Henshaw. If that guy croaks, the old man'll be hot. Why, it's the best room in the Palace."

A vigorous breeze ran through the apartment, loosening the bits of glass, which tinkled to the floor in musical detachments, and the blue man on the bed opened his eyes. When one depends upon beholding the Great Secret it is shocking to see a chambermaid mechanically adjusting her hair.

"Oh, blame the luck!" groaned the commercial traveler. His name was written Gus Flinch on the register.

"Good morning. Can I clean up," faltered Lily.

A servant's formula when he should have heard—what? He rolled over, sick to the backbone of his soul. Lily swept the glass into a newspaper.

"Whew! this certainly does permeate," she observed, tilting her nostrils to the breeze. "A fellow could—could do it here in Dakota City easier than by cramming himself full of this smelly stuff. Now I've often thought that if I got good and crazy, same's you must have been ——"

"Oh!" groaned the man again. "Oh, my gracious!"

The girl's bravado broke. She leaned against the bureau, and a tear zigzagged among the freckles towards her handsome mouth.

"Don't take on, Mr. Flinch," she murmured, choking. "I'm dreadful sorry. Maybe I might have done something—yes, sir, maybe ——"

"You done all you could, Lil. It was his faro-box put the hooks into me, like you said when I laughed at you. Six hundred of the firm's money!" piped the drummer shrilly. "Six hundred dollars on a brace game, and me raised in Saint Joe!"

Lily fingered a pyramid of ashes on the bureau. She was tall and well-formed in her gown of offensive pink. "Tough enough," she sighed.

"It's the end of my life," wailed the man. "Oh, why didn't you leave me be? Next time, you leave me take the count. It doesn't hurt."

"You hush up, Mr. Flinch."

"Flinch nothing!" he snapped, and pulled the sheet over his smooth-shaven face.

Half-smoked cigarettes littered the carpet near a telescope bag, beneath which protruded the torn end of an envelope. The man's coat hung over a chair near by: Lily noted that the maker's tag had been snipped out, leaving a triangular gap in the collar. She resumed her sweeping reflectively, and so reached the paper fragment beside the satchel.

"Better get on your clothes," drawled Lily, straightening herself with a triumphant air. "Doctor's coming. Mr. Sam-u-e-l Chaff-ee, representing Un-ger Broth-ers, New York."

The syllables revivified the stricken one with a promptness which was medically incredible. Even the bed-slats shrieked with surprise when he bounced into the seated attitude and blinked in terror at the girl.

"Why—how—what!" he mumbled wildly. "Gimme that letter, Lily. That letter'll identify—they'll find my name—wire the firm—disgrace—— Gimme that letter, I tell you.

But Dr Henshaw was already at the door.

"Promise you won't try to do yourself again," whispered the chambermaid to Samuel Chaffee. "Promise me, and I——"

"That goes," assented the man emphatically.

II.

Against the lurid social background of Dakota City a suicide makes faint color, and a vain suicidal attempt makes none. It merely stamps the performer a lunatic in a community where, although life is cheap, a run for one's money is expected by the sane.

Chaffee, friendless and melancholy, drifted about the saloons and billiard-rooms on a useless hunt for the sharpers who had fleeced him. He was ticketed "Gloomy Gus, the Gasman," by an epigrammatist who tended bar at the Senate, and after a week the town listlessly regarded him as an innocuous and disordered freak. Occasionally he would linger in his chair in the deserted dining-room of the Palace and talk to Lily while she cleared the long table.

"I'm through," he announced one evening. "Credit busted. I want to be let off that promise."

"No, sir-ee," said the girl, whisking a duster resolutely.

Chaffee knotted the crimson fringe of the cloth. "It's this way, Lily," he explained. "I've been a crook—a thief, understand. You can say a million 'never agains,' but there it is. By Moses! there's times I wish the firm would hurry along their tracer and wind up the whole business. I'm a coward not to do it myself—a low-lived coward." Lily rested her fingers on his twitching shoulders. "Oh, if it wasn't for you!" he added, and the fingers retreated.

"We all has our troubles, I reckon," said Lily.

"And here I am sort of putting mine on to you," went on Chaffee—"you, the only pal I got. Lil, my life is worth about as much to me as that shriveled prune. I could shuck it as easy. But the worst is, I want to pay my debt to you somehow—if I could only show you how much I—"

Lily's fingers again avoided the clasp of his. "You mustn't," she said under her breath. "I'm married."

Like a mesmerized crystal-gazer, Chaffee stared silently at the dull sheen of the pewter sugar-bowl.

"Yes, it's bad," she pursued, "and I don't know for why I should tell you. But maybe it's better to. We're so friendly—and you ought to have it right." She perched on the table-edge and sprinkled the sugar about idly. "Well, sir, he claims he ain't my husband, and that's the whole of it."

"Fake marriage," muttered Chaffee.

Lil nodded. "Over to Spearfish. I believed him, so help me—honest. I did! The person was a tramp piano-tuner, and—"

"But who is your husband?"

"Stitch O'Sullivan," she answered with an oddly pathetic pride. "You've heard of him, of course. Walking death, Stitch is, the playfulest boy with a gun in the Bad Lands. He killed up four of 'em in Minnesota before he took to car-cracking. And he threw me down!" Her exaltation subsided; she slapped the lid on the sugar-bowl.

"It was a blackleg's doings—he could square you so quick," commented Chaffee, thinking hard.

"I told him that," half-soliloquized the girl. "I told him that only this noon. Stitch, he laughed."

Her companion raised his eyes for the first time. "This noon? Hold on a minute. Where'd you see him?"

"He's laying low for something down in Gene Major's pool-parlor," vouchsafed the girl, compelled against her will by the curiously determined twist on Chaffee's jaw. "My, there ain't a license for me to give him away like this! But you won't—"

"I won't do anything, Lily," he assured her, "except ask you to let me off from the promise I gave you upstairs. You keep me to it? All right. Good evening, Mrs. O'Sullivan."

She clattered some forks into her apron and disappeared beyond the swinging door into the kitchen.

III.

Meanwhile a solitary giant sweltered in Mr. Major's hot, windowless billiard-room, swore amazingly, and mopped his wiry black mustache on his shirt-sleeve.

"This," the tall man panted to the whistling gas-jet—"this has sure got Arizona frizzled."

He banged his heels on the oil-cloth and moved stiffly to tee door. On a peg beside it dropped his coat, his gray sombrero, and his pistol belt. He hitched the belt over his elbow before he lifted the latch and emerged into the barroom.

"Gene," he called, keeping his voice down, though he saw nobody—"oh Gene!"

The fat proprietor became visible behind the counter. "Hey there, sport!" he responded.

"I'm nat'rally getting locoed yonder," grunted the other fratfully. "Come on into that cookshop and play pool or wrastle or—dog my cats! I can't stand it lonesome. Pass out a powder."

"Look-a-here, them sheriffs is due tonight," expostulated Major. "You've had plenty rum already."

Under his thick brows the tall man had pallish blue eyes, set extraordinarily close together. He fixed them upon Gene.

"Pass out a powder," he repeated coldly.

Mr. Major paraded a bottle with nervous animation. His friend poured a portentous drink, then resigned it untasted when the street-door rattled. He hitched his elbow on the bar without turning, but the pucker of alarm in the landlord's rosy face was soon swallowed by a grin.

"It's only Gus," said Major, leaning forward to the tall man's ear. "You know—that loony maverick up to the Palace. Say, roll him a frame of pool. It's safe as wheat. Mr. Flinch, shake hands with—Mr. Doeberry."

The latter bestowed a condescending nod, and the insignificant visitor sidled along the bar-rail timidly. They interchanged the prescribed etiquette.

"Just n-soon," growled Doeberry.

"Don't mind," said Flinch, and so the two began to click the pool balls behind the closed door of the rear room.

At first each took the other's measure after his own fashion. The drummer maintained an astonishing stream of empty talk. The gigantic Westerner, whose pistol now dangled from his hip, spoke guardedly in "Yeps" and "Naws."

Eventually, however, suspicion slept.

Perspiration streamed from the cheeks of the players. The table, of the old-fashioned and generous size, compelled much walking around it and many back-breaking reaches over its ragged surface. Engaged in one of these feats, the tall man was stretched on the green cloth, squinting studiously along his cue at a mottled ball. He did not make that particular stroke. When he followed the line of the cue an inch beyond its chalky butt-tip he found himself squinting studiously into the unemotional muzzle of a forty-five revolver.

"Stitch O'Sullivan," quavered Chaffee, "I'm looking for somebody to kill me, and I guess you'll do. Throw up your hands."

O'Sullivan ground his nose into the cloth and cursed. It is difficult to throw up your hands when you are face down on a billiard-table.

"Don't you whimper a sound nor move, Stitch O'Sullivan." Samuel was badly frightened; he gagged twice at the dry lump in his throat. "I'm some gun-shy, but, by nation! I do feel's though I could just about wing-tip you from here." The pistol trembled.

"Easy with that trigger," snorted Stitch.

Chaffee moistened his lips and deliberated. "I'm coming around to get your weapon, I suppose," he sighed.

O'Sullivan's countenance was flaming red when he was permitted finally to stand. He frowned at his captor, who cringed livesome beyond the end of the table, a cocked revolver in each hand.

"You say you want me to kill you," O'Sullivan blurted. "What in ——"

"Hush!"

"Well, you sure has got the nerve, old man," whispered Stitch admiringly. "Ain't many would have took your chances. Are you on that express-car job?"

"No. The Spearfish job."

"Spearfish?"

"The red-haired girl, Lily—your wife." Chaffee raised the murderous revolvers at the other's angry gesture. "All you got to do is right the girl, O'Sullivan. I've chased a parson up to the hotel—a regular parson this deal; no piano-tuner. Right the girl, and you're foot loose, for all o' me. Square, and I'll try one throw out of those hunky fourteen-footers. I mean what I say. I'm looking to get killed—that's straight—but dead ——"

"I'm married!" exclaimed Stitch O'Sullivan.

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