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2 Column, one year, \$16; six months, \$10; three months, \$6; one month, \$3.
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All calls promptly attended to.

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Miscellaneous.

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U. S. PAGE!

Hason had at his lumber yard in
HYDE PARK
A large stock of thoroughly seasoned
PLANK & LOGS
SPRUCE
HEMLOCK
POPLAR
PINE, BASS,
& ASH

LUMBER!

BINGES O'APPOARDS, LATI
AND
CEDAR POSTS!
CASH PAID FOR LUMBER!

Poetry.

LABOR AND FRUIT.

In the world there's trial and cares
Intermingled with blessings and grace;
Midst the wheat, there's chaff and tare;
E'en through glory, foul sin shows a face
While clouds hide the sunshine yet sunshine
No fair,
Up above the dark clouds, blessed sunshine
Is there.

Should I mourn if God deems it just,

Mourn and murmur that He comes with
frowns;
That my roses and blossoms are dust,
That my diadem's thorns, more than crown's?
No, in hope rather trust and in faith rise to God
Where are roses and crown's, but never a rod.
Oh my Soul—let murmuring cease,
Of a soul loosed from sin and made free;
So the clouds, tears and pains and labors are
given—
These are artizan's tools to fit me for Heaven.

As the clouds weep over the earth

So weepeth Thy spirit for me;
Through travail and pain come the birth
Of a soul loosed from sin and made free;
So the clouds, tears and pains and labors are
given—
These are artizan's tools to fit me for Heaven.

Does thy music seem harsh and untuned?

Has thy heart found no rest on life's road?
Are thy lips pleasure all unperfumed?
Does its harmony lose the accord?
Look up, Oh! my soul, turn thine eyes toward
His word,
Class thine arms round His cross and trust thee
is God.

Miscellany.

The Maid of Killeena.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,
Author of "The Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heh," etc.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

"Duncan Lewis," she cried, what are you doing?"
"What am I doing?" said he, with a loud and harsh laugh; and she dimly saw that he was groping about the bottom of the boat. "It is the two oars that he has gone into the sea. But this is what I am doing—that some one has taken the cork out of the bottom of the boat—yes, when it was on the bank—and, by Kott, the water is coming in fast, and you will be to swim ashore, Ailasa Macdonald!"

For a second or two she was too stupefied to utter even a scream. She knew, in her speechless horror, that what he had said was true, for she heard the gurgling of the water, and at the same moment she saw his dark figure rise in the boat and then disappear. He had jumped into the sea.

Some little time thereafter a man all dripping and wet was running across the marshy land lying between the sea and Hector Lewis's farm. He encountered three men about half a mile from the shore.

"Alister Lewis! Alister Lewis!" he cried, "it is a bad night for you this night!"
"In the name of God, Duncan Lewis, where is Ailasa?" said the youngest of the three men.

"I was taking her over in the boat—we was not far from the shore—and the water came into the boat. It was some one has made the cork loose when the boat was on the bank—"
"But where is Ailasa?" cried the young man, scarcely comprehending the story.

"Where is she? Ay, where is she?" said Duncan Lewis, clasping his hands over his head, apparently in an agony of grief. "The boat was sinking—I had to swim ashore—"
With a shrill sharp cry, as if of a wild animal shot through the heart, the young man rushed off in the direction of the sea. He could not pick his way on such a dark night; but he cared not whether he kept or missed the rough foot-path leading down to the shore.

"Ailasa! Ailasa!" he shouted.
The silence of the night was his only answer.

He reached the water—there was a mournful splash of waves all along the beach—out there nothing but blackness. "Ailasa! Ailasa!" he called; and the men who had run after him they too called, "Ailasa! Ailasa!"

Was it fancy or a wild reality that he heard a faint and distant voice call, "Alister!"—not over there in the channel which he had been anxiously scanning, but far away out in the west, toward the open sea?

Again he set out, rushing wildly over the patches of rough heather and broken rock close by the beach. Every second or two he would stand and call, "Ailasa!" and then, with the strange fancy that he still could hear a voice faintly replying, he would rush on again. At length he reached the extreme corner of the island.

All round him were the dark and moving waters of the sea. He called aloud, "I can hear her! I can hear her!" he cried, as if his heart were breaking. "And there is no boat to go for her! Ailasa! Ailasa! why do you not pull in to the shore?"

"You can not hear her!" said Duncan Lewis, savagely. "It is a madman that you are, Alister Lewis! The boat was sinking when I swam in to the shore. Ay, ay, the poor lass was in the water. I could not bring her to the shore, for the tide it is very strong in the channel—"

He ceased abruptly; for the young man, who had been gazing into the unknown darkness with a fixed and strange stare, suddenly heaved a short, quick sigh, and then fell heavily back on the beach as one dead.

CHAPTER VI.

"FAREWELL, MACKRIMMON!"
That was a wild night in Darroch. A great sound of lamentation arose when the news reached the wedding guests; the women came rushing out to fill the darkness with their cries of grief; the men, suddenly sobered, would search all along the shores—vainly groping about in the dark. There was no starlight to guide their search, the skies were black overhead; the wind came moaning over the bleak moorland, and the waves plashed mournfully and distantly on the beach.

"Ay, ay," said one of the men, "it is no use whatever. The good lass is trooned; ay, ay, it is a bad night, and horse! jist married mivver!"
"Duncan Lewis," said another, "is not the man to leave a lass to be trooned if there was a chance to save her; but he couldna soon ashore w' her, w' the tide going down the channel. Ay, ay, it was many a time I hef told Mrs. Macdonald she should hef a bigger boat."

"She was a bad boat, tann' her," said another, fiercely. "And there was stones in her, too, for old Tomald Maclean he would try a sail w' her—tann' her, that telfe of a boat! The poor lass—the poor lass! And where iss Alister Lewis?"

"Ay, ay," said one of his companions, "he iss out at the point. He iss fair and mad about it, and he says that he will hef her cry to him, and that she iss gone out to the sea. But it iss not possible—for the boat would go down—ay, ay, the poor lass! the poor lass! And it was a bad thing to hef the other boats away at the other side of the island—and the Lewises' fishing boat, she iss up on the sand, and they hef been working at her for three or two days or more, and she canna be put in the water—and if she could be put in the water, what was the use of that?"

Then it began to rain; and when at last most of the people had wandered down to the point, they tried to persuade Alister Lewis to go back to the farm, but he would not go. Duncan Lewis had gone to get dry clothes on and two or three of the young fellows had started off to walk to the other side of Darroch, to bring round the boats as soon as the daylight began to lighten the sky. Meanwhile this melancholy company stood out at the edge of the sea, in the slow and soaking rain, and a great silence had fallen over all.

Then they began to see each other somewhat more clearly. A strange blue light became visible all round, and they could make out something of the coast and of the dark island lying out there in the sea. Slowly a pale gray rose up in the east—slow and mournful—and they could see the pale gray sea and the pale gray rocks and the low-lying white mists that hung about the shores. So different was this morning to the morning that had ushered in Alister Lewis's wedding-day!

By-and-by, and far away in the distance, they heard the measured sound of oars; and here were some of the best oarsmen about the island bringing round two of the boats. What news did they bring? On their way they had found one of the cars belonging to Mrs. Macdonald's boat, which had been caught in a long and trailing mass of sea-weed and got drifted out to a small island of rock.

There was another burst of wailing when this news was told; for now it was clear that the boat had gone down with the hapless girl who had so lately been made a bride. What was the use of putting out to sea? Nevertheless, in a helpless fashion, Alister Lewis would get into one of the boats, and the young fellows pulled him out to the open waters.

A cold gray mist lay low over the sea, beated down by its constant rain, and hung about the islands, too, so that their shores were scarcely visible. In all this wide picture of desolation there was no sign of life; as far as they could see, with eyes well trained to pick out the smallest

objects on the waves, there was nothing floating there.

"No, no, Alister Lewis," said one of the young men, "the poor lass couldna hef drifted out to the sea, even if the boat was afloat. For the tide would hef driven her on the Skeirmore rocks, and there was nothing there when we passed."

He did not ask them to go further; and indeed they had hard work to pull back against the wind, though the tide was on the turn. When they got back to Darroch again the people had dispersed along the shores, seeking for some trace of the sunken boat, but nothing belonging to it except the oar had been recovered. Then they all went back to the farm, and sat down in silence, until Mrs. Macdonald suddenly threw up her hands again, and called aloud, "My good lass! my good lass!" whereupon all the people joined in her grief, the women rocking themselves to and fro, and saying with many sobs that there was no lass in all the islands so good as Ailasa Macdonald. And this was noticed—that while the men, old men and young men, asked questions of Duncan Lewis about what had happened, he answered them with his eyes on the ground, and never once lifted them to any one's face; and of all the people there, Alister Lewis was the only one who would not ask any questions, but sometimes he stared in silence at his brother and at his downcast face.

What satisfaction could be gained from any questions or answers? They had awakened the lad out of his bed who had last pulled across the small boat, and had examined him about the cork in the bottom of the frail craft. He admitted that during the day, finding the boat had been leaking, he and two others had pulled her up on the beach, and taken out the cork as the handiest method of halting her; but that the cork was properly put in again was proved by his having subsequently pulled the boat over to Killeena and back.

"Ay, ay," said Duncan Lewis eagerly, when he heard this, "the cork was loose—ay, the cork was maybe loose, and I may hef kicked it out with my foot."
"And it is a liar you are, Duncan Lewis," said the tall young lad, fiercely. "For I hammered the cork in with a stone; and how could you hef kicked it out when it was between the spars?"

At this Duncan Lewis flew into a great rage, and would have laid hands on the boy but that the people held him back. There were one or two who looked at each other when, in the height of his passion, he said he would not be accused for nothing.

All the following day they searched the shores, and then they found the second oar, washed up by the tide on the Skeirmore rocks, where it had got hidden among the sea-weed. They went round to the other islands, and sent messages to the fishing stations and harbors; all to no purpose. They found out, indeed, that a small schooner from Vatersay, in Barra, laden with herrings, and bound for Stettin, must have passed round the outside of these islands just about daybreak on that fatal morning; and on the mere chance of this vessel having seen or heard any thing of a castaway, they gave due notice to the ports at which she might call. In course of time the message came back. The *White Helen* had passed outside the islands in question about seven in the morning, but had seen nothing.

Day after day passed in hope, but not in expectation, for there seemed to be no doubt about the fate that had overtaken Ailasa on the very night of her wedding. Alister Lewis was a changed man. In these few days he had grown haggard and silent. He would speak to no one. He only walked around the shores, or pulled out in a boat by himself, as if he still expected to hear his name called; and when if by chance he came into the house, he saw Duncan he immediately went out again. The two brothers had not exchanged a word.

One day Alister sought out his brother Nicol, and said to him,
"I am going away from Darroch, Nicol."
"And Kott's will be done, and a ferry good thing too," Nicol said, looking at the young man. "If you will stay in Darroch, Alister Lewis, it is a mad man you will be. The poor lass—ay, ay—what is the use of watching for her any more?—and you are thinking you hef heard her speak—it is like to mek you mad—yes, it is a good thing you will go away and look after your school."

"I am not going to look after any school," said the young man, with a big lump rising in his throat; "that was for Ailasa that I wanted to have the school. You would not have me stay in Maol-beg

now, Nicol Lewis? There is no man could do that."
"And where will you be for going, then?" said Nicol.
"America."
The elder brother uttered a cry.
"Then it is no more we will see you in the world!"
"I will go to Glasgow, and tell the gentlemen that they will get some one else for the school; then I can get a boat at Glasgow for New York. There are some here who will be glad to see me no more."
Nicol looked at the young man half afraid; and suddenly the whole manner and look of Alister Lewis changed. A ghastly pallor shot into his face, he clinched his hands, and then he almost cried, aloud,
"Yes! Do you know why it is that I am going to America? It is this, Nicol Lewis, that if I live in this island another week there will be a murder here—yes, as sure as I am alive!"
"Alister!" the elder brother said, staring at him.
"A murder—yes!" the younger man said, with a vehemence that seemed to border on madness. "And maybe not the first within this month."
An indescribable horror was visible in Nicol Lewis's face; for this wild accusation was but the expression of many a strange and terrible fancy that had wandered before his mind, and that he striven to banish as the work of devil.

"Alister Lewis, what is it you say?" he replied, almost in a whisper. "What is it you think? For the sake of Kott, Alister Lewis, you will not say that as ain't your own brother!"
The younger man had grown more calm, at least he had sunk into a sort of gloomy taciturnity.

"I have said what I have said, Nicol; let it be between you and me. But I must go away from this country, for there is one in it whose life is not safe while I am in it. That is sure."
No one but Nicol knew why Alister Lewis was leaving for America; most considered that he could no longer bear these scenes with which he had been familiar in happier days. The old mother wept over him; she knew she could see him no more. All his brothers went with him as far as Stornoway to catch the Glasgow steamer there—all his brothers except Duncan, with whom he refused to shake hands on leaving Darroch.

"I have left Duncan Lewis alive; but see that he does not kill himself." These were the last words spoken apart to Nicol by Alister as they stood on the deck of the *Clansman*, just before the great steamer steamed out of Stornoway harbor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "PRIEZ POUR MOI, S. V. P."

When Duncan Lewis jumped out of the small boat into the sea, the sudden danger of which Ailasa became conscious did not deprive her of her senses. It was, indeed, with some sort of wild instinct of self-preservation that she immediately dashed down her hand toward the spot at which the water was rushing in; and that she found in a moment, for she was as well acquainted with the boat as Duncan Lewis had been ignorant of it. She tore off the woolen shawl that she wore; she stuffed one corner of it as tightly as she could into the small hole; then she reached up her arm and took out one of the wooden thole-pins from the side of the boat. This thole-pin had been extemporized that very day; the rough bit of wood had been left much thicker at top than at bottom; some portion of it was sure to fit. She hastily wrapped around it a portion of the other end of the shawl, withdrew that already in, and in another minute the hole was safely plugged.

Then she looked around.
A great terror seized her, and yet she did not scream. Where were the people? she could hear no voices, only the sound of the waves along the unseen beach.

Then she remembered the oars had gone. How should she make some despairing effort to get into land again? She threw out the stones that were in the bottom of the boat; she took the small tin can out of the locker in the stern seat, and baled out a portion of the water, which was about a foot deep; then she unfixed the rudder, and went to the bow of the boat, and tried to use it as a paddle, now on one side, now on the other. But the work was hopeless. She had to stoop so far that her back began to ache; then her arms grew so tired with the unaccustomed labor that she could barely move this heavy piece of wood; and at length, wearied out and yet not quite aware of the peril that awaited her, she sat down

on the middle thwart and began to cry silently.

A new sound startled her. The boat scraped against a rock. With a sudden joy in her heart she sprang to the side and reached out her arm—there was nothing there. She searched all round in the darkness—nothing but water. She knew now how rapidly the wind and tide combined were carrying her away; and as the wild fancy struck her that was the last point of the island that the boat had grazed, and that she was drifting out to sea, she rose and called aloud in her agony to her friends, and most of all to her young husband. Alas! there was not even an echo to these wild cries.

She might, however, drift on to the Skeirmore rocks; and as the sea, with the wind off the land, was here comparatively smooth, she would be able to scurgle over the sea-weed to some higher place of safety. But she could not make them out in the darkness of the night. She sat waiting in silence now, with a great dread stealing over her heart, listening for the sound of the waves on the rocks. At length she heard it. It made her tremble, but it was welcome. She kept watching the water by the side of the boat that she might be able to make out the first mass of stone or sea-weed, and she knew now that the point of the long and narrow island was near at hand. Still she kept her head down. The water was lapping all around the boat; it confused her as she listened to the breaking of the waves close by. Then she rose again. Was not the sound more distant? She had gone by the Skeirmore rocks, and was drifting out to the open sea.

"Ailasa! Ailasa!"
She started to her feet again. Was not that the voice of her lover, far away and faint?
"Alister!" she cried, "Alister! Are you coming for me?"
She listened again. There was another sound of "Ailasa! Ailasa!" but it seemed more faint; and how could she send back an answer against the wind? Nevertheless despair made her try again. She called aloud from time to time, and listened; then when she could hear no reply she gave herself up for lost, and sat down in the boat, and could only cry bitterly that she should see Darroch and Killeena and her young husband no more.

So she sat through the weary hours, sleepless with her utter wretchedness, and yet sinking into a numb state with the cold and the wet. She had sacrificed her shawl; it was now lying soaked in the bottom of the boat, one corner of it plugged in with the thole-pin. She heard no more the sound of the waves along the coast; the waves were growing bigger; she knew that she was out at sea.

Day broke, cold and gray and misty. The islands that she could dimly see in the distance lay like huge black shadows in the white fog; but the more she gazed at them the more she was convinced that these were not the Skeirmore rocks, with Darroch and Killeena behind. Whether had she come? A sort of stupor was beginning to crawl over her; the pain in her heart alone prevented her sinking into the bottom of the boat, and letting the rain and the wind and the cold sea have their will of her.

She could not have closed her eyes; yet it was with a start that she saw, far down in the southwest, a small vessel apparently coming northward. Faint as the chances were that they would deary so small an object as this boat in the midst of the fog and rain, the sight gave her new courage. She began to think of the ships she had watched go by this remote and lonely coast. Might not one of them then pick her up, and carry her to some port from which she could make her way back to her own home? And if this help was long delayed, she knew they would find only a corpse in the drifting boat.

How slowly the small and shadowy ship came along! She gazed at it with such intensity that occasionally her head became giddy, and it seemed to disappear altogether; then with a quick anxiety she would rub her eyes and look again. It was a schooner. She stood up in the boat—and she had more difficulty now in balancing herself—and waved her handkerchief, looking anxiously all the while. Surely they must see her now. She watched the sails and the course of the vessel—her accustomed eye eager to perceive the slightest change in either. And there, sure enough, the schooner seemed to be drawing nearer to her. She waved the handkerchief again. She began to tremble violently. Then she sank into the stern of the boat, keenly conscious of all that was around her, and yet apparently incapable of movement.

It was a small schooner, but it seemed like the huge ghost of a dozen men-of-war as it bore down upon her through the gray mists of the rain. In a sort of dream she saw what the men were doing. She saw them shorten sail; then she heard voices; then the schooner hove to and the small boat was sent down. There were two men and a lad in it. They pulled toward her. They came nearer. And now the whole world seemed to be rocking and surging around her, and it appeared to her that she must struggle upward to save herself from drowning, and that she was powerless to act or to speak. They hailed her. She gave one loud cry and then she knew no more.

When she came to herself she was on the deck of the schooner, and two or three men, weather-worn of face, were gazing at her in a wondering way, and speaking to each other in unknown tongues. "I am Ailasa Macdonald," she said; "I live in Killeena. Will you put me ashore at any place that is near to my home?"
They shook their heads, and she saw they did not understand. But the skipper, a small red-faced man, who held a bottle and a glass in his hand, said to her, "Eogheesh?"
"Yes, yes," she said, eagerly.
"Vare—you—come?" he said, thinking of each word as he pronounced it.
She pointed over to the distant coast, now almost invisible in the fog.
"No wreck? No boat down?" he said, supplying with abundant gestures the missing words. "You come out—lost?"
"Yes, yes," she said. "Can you take me ashore?"
He shook his head.
"Take you—there? Non. Not possible. You rest here—a boat he come back—you take the boat, yes?"
They were all regarding the beautiful young girl as though she had dropped from the skies, and yet there was nothing rude or unkindly in their gaze. One of the crew came forward with some brandy in a cup. She shuddered, and refused it, but he pressed her to take it so urgently that she sipped some. Then the captain touched her dress.
"Ferr bad—ferr bad," said he, shaking his head, for her clothes were soaking wet.
He turned to the sailors, and some consultation with them in this unknown tongue. Then he motioned her to follow him; and although she guessed they were French, and knew that the French were not liked by the fishermen of her coast, still she had no fear of sea-faring folk, and she followed him bravely.

He took her to the door of his own cabin, and pointed inside. He showed her the bolt; and when she hesitated, he said, with vehement gesture,
"No? Why no? Foryou—it is foryou. Go there, and me come back—you shall give the dresses by this way—you go to dry by the fire, yés? Why no? You are afraid? Mon Dieu, see!"
He showed her the bolt again; and there was a proud and burly look in his face that gave her more courage than any voluble protestations could have done. She went inside the small cabin—it was not small in her eyes, accustomed as she was to the resources of much smaller craft than a French schooner—and made herself quite at home there. The sailors treated her with the greatest thoughtfulness and kindness. The boy whom she had seen in the small boat was sent to the door of the cabin to wait for her wet clothes. He brought her some coffee and biscuits, he brought her, too, abundant coverings for the hammock; and though he could not speak a word, his big black eyes and browned hands showed her what to do. Then, having partaken of this fragrant but comforting meal, she bolted the door of the cabin, she rolled herself up in the warm clothes, and, tired, cold, and heart-sick beyond measure, sank into a deep sleep.

When she awoke her clothes were thoroughly dried; and she knew the difficulty they must have experienced in drying a woman's clothes on board a boat. When she had dressed herself she went on deck, and it seemed to her that she had entered upon a new life. Surely she had passed through the agony of death, and left all her old friends and associates behind. For now it was clear mid-day, and the sun had rolled back the rain-clouds to the horizon, while far away across the blue sea a pale, tall, white object at the very extremity of the land caught the sunlight and shone over the dark coast.

"It is the Butt of Lewis!" she cried, in dismay.
"Lewies? Yes, yes, yes!" the small, red-faced captain said.

To be continued.