

SYNOPSIS.

This story is narrated by Mary Cameron, who is visiting the family of her uncle, Archibald Campbell of Strathglas, or "Gorromait," as he is usually called, from the name of his farm. They live in the very heart of the Scotch Highlands and are of Celtic origin. Gorromalt has we daughters, Muireall and Morag. The firls have been in London, where they net Jasper Morgan, the son of Lord lreyshott. Muireall falls deeply in love yith Jasper, but he proves faithless, asper comes to Srathglas, as his father trying to buy the property. Muireall elets him. She not only learns of his priddy but that he has loved Morag all leets him. She not only learns of his origing town of Kilbrennan, writes to orag of this, and takes poison. The letra and the news is brought to the family Mr. Stewart, the minister. Gorrout is made very ill by this news.

Wrath, that, ill as he was, he would have risen and ridden or driven over to Kilbrennan had he known Morag had gone there.

Angus McCallum, Gorromalt's chief man, was with the horse in the stable. He tried to prevent Morag taking out Gealcas, the mare—she that went faster and surer than any there. He even put hand upon the lass and said a rough word. But she laughed, I am told; and I think that whoever heard Morag laugh, when she was "strange," for all that she was so white and soft, she with her hair o' sunlight and the blue, blue eyes o' her—whoever heard that, would not be for standing in her way.

So Angus had stood back, sullenly giving her held.

PART II.

That night the wind had a greadtu

Down in the big room that was kitchen and sitting room in one, where Gorromalt sat,—for he had risen where Gorromalt sat,—for he had risen malt water as it whirled itself over the malt water as it whirled itself over the stream was in spate, and

Hour after hour went by in silence. Hour after hour went by in silence. Once or twice Aunt Elspeth rose, There were just the three of us. and stirred the porridge that seethed



HE SWUNG THE DOOR OPEN.

Morag? Ah, did Gorromalt think she | Suddenly an idea came to her. death frost, and she, her sister dear, band. He made no sign. not go to her? He had put the ban upon us, soon as the blood was tered to me, her eyes wet with pain out of his brain, and he could half and with something of shame, too, for rise from his pillow. No one was to admitting that she believed in incantato her: no one was to speak to her.

her knees beside the bed, and prayed who can say that the secret old wisdom to him to show pity. The tears rained is mere thought o' thought? upon the relentless, heavy hand she saving my poor lass, if I can I will

least let some one go to her, Archi-bald; at least a word, only one word!" "What is that, Aunt Elspeth? What

| wrath, that, ill as he was, he would

giving her help, but no longer daring to interfere. She mounted Gealcas, and rode away into the dark, rainy soughing in its voice—a lamentable night, where the wind went louping to and fro among the crass on the braes as though it were mad with fear or pain and complaining wild, wild—the Down in the big room that was lamentable cry of the hills.

where Gorromalt sat,—for he had risen from his bed, for all that he was so weak and giddy—there was semi-darkness. His wife had pleaded for the oil lamp, because the shadows within and the wild wind without—though, I am thinking, most of the shadows within her brain—filled her with dread; but he would not have it, no, not a candle, even. The peats glowed, redhot: above them the small, narrow pine-logs crackled in a scarlet and vellow blaze. ground-draught.

> and bubbled in the pot. Her husband took no notice. He was in a daze, and sat in his flanked leathern arm chair with his arms laid along the sides, and his down-clasping hands catching the red gleam of the peats, and his face white and set, like that of a dead man looking out of a grated prison.

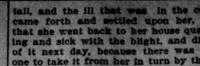
Once or twice, an hour or so before when she had begun to croon some hymn, he had harshly checked But now when she hummed and at last openly sang the Gaelic version of "The Lord's My Shepherd." he paid no heed. He was not hearing that, or anything she did. He brooded, I doubt not, upon doom for the man and the son of the man, who had wrought him this evil. His wife saw this, and so had her will at last. She took down the great Gaelic Bible, and read Christ's words be whole—about little children. The rain slashed And this in the name of the Father, against the window panes; outside the wind moaned and soughed and moaned From the kennel behind the byre a mournful howl rose and fell. But Gor-

romalt did not stir. Aunt Elspeth looked at me despairingly. Poor old woman-ah, the misery snarling jaws. THEN, SHAKING OFF HIS WIFE, and pain of it, the weariness and long pain of starved hearts and barren

would stay at Teenabrae, and Muireall rose again and went over to the fire. near by, and in the clutch of the Twice she passed in front of her hus-

"He hates those things," she mut to see her; no one was to send word tions-and why not, poor old woman!sure there are stranger things than At that Aunt Elspeth had fallen on sean or rosad, charm or spell; and

"At the least," she moaned, "at the be saying that old ancient colas, that "Not a word, woman: not a word. | are the three threads?"



I listened in silence. The thing seemed terible to me, then; no, no, not then only, but now, too, whenever I think of it.

then, Aunt Elspeth," I "say it, in the name of the

Holy Three. With that she went on her knees, and leaned against her chair, though with her face toward her husband, be-cause of the fear that was ever in her. Then in a low voice, choked with sobs, she said this eolas, after she had first

"An eye will see you, Tongue will speak of you, Heart will think of you, The Man of Heaven Blesses you— The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"Four caused your hurt-Man and Wife, Young man and maiden. Who is to frustrate that? The Three Persons of the most Holy

Trinity,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"It is not foolishness, Archibald," she resumed, in the same hard, unemotional voice, but with a terrible intensity. "Man, man, because you are blind, is there no sight for those who

But here Aunt Elspeth half rose,

with supplicating arms.
"Muireall! Muireall! O I saw Archibald Campbell shaking as though he were a child, and not a

"Will you be telling us this, Elspeth," he began in a hoarse voice; "will you be telling me this: if Muireall is in the room, beyond Rory there, who will be at the door? Who is trying to come in at the door?"

"It's a man. I do not know the



"THERE IS ONE WAY. IT IS THE ONLY WAY:-GO!"

"I call the Virgin Mary and St. | man. It is a man. It is Death, maybe Bridget to witness That if your hurt was caused byman, Through ill will.

Or a wicked heart. That you, Muireall, my daughter, may

the Son and the Holy Ghost!" Just as she finished, and as she was lingering on the line "Gu'm bi thusa. Muireall, gu mauth," Rory, the blind collie, rose, whimpered, and stood with

Strangely enough Gorromalt heard Death was coming to all of us this, though his ears had been deaf to all else, or so it seemed at least.

claimed in a voice, strangely shrill and weak. ing, now howling, his blind eyes disended, his nostrils quivering, his flanks

quaking. My uncle rose and stared at the

"What ails the beast?" he asked "He hates those things, but I am for us. "Has any one come in? Has any saving my poor lass, if I can. I will one been at the door?" "No one, Archibald."

"What have you been doing, Els neth?"

"Nothing." "Woman, I heard your voice droning at your prayers. Ah, I see-you have been at some of your sians and eolases again. Sure, now, one would be thinking you would have less foolishness, and you with the grayness upon your What eolas did she say, years. Mary?"

I told him. "Aw, the silly woman that she is, the Eolas an t-Snaithnean! Madness and folly! Where is Morag?"

"And it's time you were there, also,

At that moment Rory became worse and again toward the blank space to his right, as if, blind though he was, he len eye of the peat-glow stared through saw some one there, someone that gave him fear, but no longer a fierce terror. Nay, more than once we saw him wave his tail, and sniff as though longingly. But when he turned his head toward the door, his sullen fury grew, and ter-Out o' the way, Rory—get back! Down ror lay upon every limb. It was now

that Gorromalt was speaking.
Suddenly the dog made a leap forward-a terrible, bristling wolf, he ever seen, or imagined any more fear- | and bristling.

some than Rory now.

He dashed himself against the door, snarling and mouthing, with his snout nosing the narow slit at the bottom. Aunt Elspeth and I shook with fear My uncle was death-white, but stood strangely brooding. He had his right elbow upon his breast, and supported with his left arm, while with his right hand he plucked at his beard.

"For sure," he said, at last, with an effort to seem at ease; "for sure the

I do not know the man. O Ellie aroon,

But now the great, gaunt, black dog terrible in his seeing blindness he was to me—began again his savage snarling, his bristling, insensate fury. He had ceased a moment while our voices filled the room, and had sided a little way toward the place where

stones. I know not what awful thing would have happened. It seemed to me that But at that moment we heard the o all else, or so it seemed at least.
"Down, Rory; down beast!" he exwas a lull in the wind, and the rain lashed no more like a streaming,

whistling whip. Even Rory crouched But the dog would not be still. His silent, his nostrils quivering, his curied sullen fear grew worse. Suddenly he sidled and lay on his belly, now snarl-"By the living God!" he exclaimed, his eyes like a goaded bull's. "I know that horse. Only one horse runs like that at the gallop. 'Tis the gray stallion I sold three months ago to the man at Drumdoon—ay, ay, for the son

for the hills-that was what he wanted! Ay, ay, by God, a horse for the son of the man at Drumdoon! It's the gray stallion; no other horse in the Straths runs like that—d'ye hear? d'ye hear? Elspeth, woman, is there hearing upon you for that? Hey, tlot-atlot-a-tlot, tlot-tlot-tlot-tlot, tiot-a-tiot, tiot-alot. I tell you, tiot-a-tiot, tiot-alot. I tell you, woman, it's the gray stallion I sold to that she was no wife, for the man was that she was no wife, for the man was moveded, to a woman in the by the Sorrows, it's Drumdoon's son that will be riding there!"

We heard his hoofs clang above the flagstones round the well at the side "In bed." I said this with truth in of the house. Then there was a noise my eyes. God's forgiveness for that as of scattered stones, and a long scraping sound: then silence.

> the semi-darkness. "Don't be opening the door! Don't

wi' ye!" "No, no, Archibald! Wait!" Wait!" Then a strange thing happened.

"Who touched me just now?" asked, in a hoarse whisper.

No one answered. "Who touched me just now? passed? Who slid past me?" His voice rose almost to a scream. Then, shaking off his wife, he swung

could be heard a strange sniffling and whinnying. It was the gray stallion.

out of her weakness. back! Come back!"

My uncle was ashy gray. Suddenly he had grown quite still. He lifted his wife and helped her to her own big leathern arm chair at the other side of the ingle.

"Light the lamp, Mary," he said to me, in a hushed, strenge voice. Then he stooped, and threw a me small pinelogs on the peats, and stirred the blaze till it caught the dry, splintered edges. Rory, poor blind beast, came wearlly and with a low whine to his side. Then it lay down before the warm blaze.

"Bring the Book," he said to me.
I brought the great leather-bound Geelic Bible, and laid it on his knees. He placed his hand in it and opened

He placed his hand in it and opened at random.

"With Himself be the word," he "Is it Pecce?" asked Aunt Elspeth

in a tremulous whisper.
"It is Peace," he answered, his voice gentle, his face stern as a graven rock. And what he read was this, where his eye chanced upon as he opened at the place in the Book of the Vision of Nashum the Elkoshite:

"What do you imagine against the Lord? He will make a full end."
After that there was a silence. Then he rose, and told me to go and lie down, and sleep; for on the morrow, after dawn, I was to go with him to whom Mulreall was

where Muireall was.

I saw Aunt Elspeth rise, and put her arms about him. They had peace. I went to my room, but after a brief while returned and sat in the quietness

her. Still silent, we lay there in the darkness, for at the side of the house the hill gloom prevailed and moreover the blind was down-drawn. I thought the weary moaning of the wind would make my very heart sob.

Then, suddenly, Morag put her arms about me, and the tears streamed

marry him. But I would not go away with him as he wished; for he said his father would never agree. And then he was angry, and we quarreled. And to marry an Englishman—or to live in a dreary city; but—but—and then he and Muireall met, and he gave all his thoughts to her, and she her love to

"And now?" "Now?-Now Muireall is dead." "Dead? O Morag! dead? O poor Muireall that we loved so! But did you see her? Was she alive when you

"No. But she was alone. And now Mary, listen. Here is a thing I have to tell you. When Ealasaid Cameron that was my mother's mother, was girl, she had a cruel sorrow. She had two sisters whom she loved with all her heart. They were twins, Silis and Morag. One day an English officer at already wedded to a woman in the She left him that night. South. was bitter weather and mid-winter. She reached home through a wild snow-drift. It killed her. But she died she said to Morag, 'He has killed me.' And Morag understood. So it was that, before any wind of Spring blew upon that snow, the man

was dead." When Morag stopped here and said no more, I did not at first realize what she meant to tell me. Then it flashed

"O Morag, Morag!" I exclaimed, ter-"But Morag, do you knowrified. you will not-" "Will not!" she repeated with a

strange catch in her voice.

"Listen, Mary. While I lay beside my darling Muireall, weeping and moaning over her, and she so fair, with such silence where the laughter had always been, I heard the door open. I looked up. It was Jasper Morgan. "'You are too late,' I said. I stared at the man who had brought her, and me this sorrow. There was no light about him at all, as I had always thought. He was only a man as other men are, but with a cold, selfish heart

men are, but with a condition and loveless eyes.

"'She sent for me to come back to her,' he answered, though I saw his face grow ashy gray as he looked at Muireall and saw that she was dead.

"'She is dead, Jasper Morgan!'

"'Dead? Dead?'

"'Dead? Dead?' "'Pead? Dead?"
"'Aye, dead. It is upon you, her death. Her you have slain, as though with your sword that you carry."
"At that he bit his lips till the blood came.
"'It is a lie,' he cried. 'It is a lie,

"I laughed. asked, in swift anger.
"Once more I laughed.

ade ready to follow me. I kisse call for the last time. The ma-bached, as though to do likewise I lifted my riding whip. He bowed his head with a deep flush on his face, and came out behind me.
"I told the inn-folk that my father

and came out behind me.

"I told the inn-folk that my father would be over in the morning. Then I rode slowly away. Jasper Morgan followed on his horse, a gray stallion, that Mulreall and I had often ridden, for he was from Teenabrae farm.

"When we left the village it was into a deep darkness. The rain and the wind made the way almost impassible at times, but at last we came to the ford. The water was in spate, and the rushing sound terrified my horse. I dismounted and fastened Gealcas to a tree. The man did the same.

"'What is it, Morag?' he asked, in a quiet, steady voice. 'Death.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'Death.'

"Then he suddenly fell forward, and snatched my hand, and begged me to

snatched my hand, and begged me to forgive him, swearing that he had loved me and me only, and imploring me to believe him, to love him, to—Ah, the hound!

"Jasper, soon or late I would kill you because of this cruel wrong you did to her. But there is one way: best for her—best for me—best for you."
"What is it?" he asked hoarsely, though I think he knew now. The roar of the Gorromalt water filled the

Then the voice was lost in the byre, and in the sweet, familiar lowing of the kine. The new day was come.

THE END.

Baked Banana.

The familiar expression in the fruit trade, a "baked banana," does not refer to a banana that has been baked

The skins that go to make up about me, and the tears streamed warm about my neck.

"Hush Morag-aghray, hush mo-run," I whispered in her ear. "Tell me what it is, dear! Tell me what it is!"

"O Mary, and I loved him so! I loved him."

"I know it, dear; I knew it all along."

I thought her sobs would never cease till her heart was broken, so I questioned her again.

"Yes," she said gaspingly. "yes, I loved him when Muireall and I were in the South together. I met him a month or more before ever she saw him. He loved me, and I promised to

"Octave Thanet" on Suffrage, Miss French, the novelist, better known by her pseudonym of Octave Thanet, gives her views on the voting

questions as follows: "I think we have far too me ers already, and I can see no good, but, on the contrary, much evil, in adding the immense amount of political ignor ance that would be contained in the woman's vote to the ignorance that is fermenting in our politics already. At the same time it is im-

Germanic Speech As many as 4,000,000 Germans have emoved to the United States since 1820. removed to the United States since 1820.

In 1880 the population of the German empire included 2,860,000 of Polish speech, 300,000 of French, 150,000 of Danish, 150,000 of Lettish, 137,000 of Wendish, and 34,000 of Czeckish or Bohemian. There are at present in Europe over 60,000,000 of Germanic speech, if the 8,000,000 Dutch and Flemish speaking inhabitants of the Low council. speaking inhabitants of the Low coun- and the upper. tries be included. The Teutonic na-tionality has doubled in Europe since 1840; but the increase has been almost entirely in urban population, which advanced from 14,790,000 in 1871 to 18,720,-000 in 1880, while that of the rural dis-tricts remained almost stationary dur-ing the same period, 26,219,000 and 26,-513,000 respectively.

Traveling Cosiumes.

As soon as Christmas is over, south ern travel will begin in earnest; simple ern travel will begin in earnest; simple and charming traveling frocks are already under way. One of light silver grey cloth is crossed from hips to hem with grey and silver velvet. The bodice is trimmed diagonally with silver braid and fastens down one side to show a vest and beit of Mandarin yellow velvet. The yellow lining to the grey skirt peeps out at the ruffled edge. The hat is of green felt with a grey scarf fastening two long grey ostrich plumes. White roses and green leaves are caught under the brim.

Hunchback Mascot

Hunchbacks are believed to pos cultar qualities by race-track ga ers, and one little chap, who used to tand at the gates of all our big race racks and charge twenty-five cents for the privilege of rubbing his deformity, derived a comfortable income from it. Another hunchback sold tips on the

Made Entirely of the Skins Rattlesnakes That He Has Captured.

QUEER TAILORING

erpents' Heads Hang Down Front and the Effect Is Horrible to See.

What is perhaps the most rer able suit of clothing in the world vorn by a man whose only name "Blue Hill Bob," a resident of the viity of Milton, Mass. It is constru ntirely of rattlesnake skins, and v the owner walks it sounds to a p near him as if an entire nest of ratt was up and doing. These are all dothes that the owner of this curi parment described ever wears.

"Blue Hill Bob" takes his name went of my room, but after a brief while returned and sat in the quietness there by the glowing peats till dawn. The grayness came at last. With it the rain ceased. The wind still soughed and wailed among the corries and upon the rocky braes: with low moans sighing along the flanks of the near hills, and above the stony watercourse where the Gorromait surged with swirling foam and loud and louder tumuit.

My eyes had closed in my weariness when I heard Rory give a low growing followed by a contented whimper. Almost at the same moment the door opened. I looked up, startled.

It was Morag.
She was so white, it is scarce to be wondered at that I took her at first for a wraith. Then I saw how drenched her stand before the fire, while I took off her soaked drees and shoes. In silence she made all the necessary changes, and in silence drank the teat I had brewed for her.

"Ome to my room with me," she whispered, as with quiet feet we crossed the stone flags and went up the wooden stair that led to her room.

When she was in bed she bade me put out the light and lie down beside her. Still silent, we lay there in the darkness, for at the side of the house the blill letters are received.

They will find his body in the shallows, down by Drumdoon. The spate will carry it there."

"They will find his body in the shallows, down by Drumdoon. The spate will carry it there."

"They will find his body in the shallows, down by Drumdoon. The spate will carry it there."

After that we lay in silence. Then the wood at the same hall begun to fall again, and slid wild carry it there."

The same balled again, and slid wild carry it there."

The wood growing sight them, without a word, he turned, and wild carry it there. Then, in answer all letters, and indeed prove one knows, when properly coo is much like chicken and very one knows, when properly coo is much like chicken and very one knows, when properly coo is much like chicken and very one knows that the sell will carry it there."

The sawed and sulled straight into the darkness." the section of Milton in which he li Blue Hill. For years his favorite si

tlesnake, as the rattles are called, very delicate in texture and es crushed after they have been remo hang down in place of lapels, give most horrifying appearance to the

clothes and it is the pride of his he says, that he is the only man in world clothed in rastlesnake skins Copyright, 1897, by Bacheller Syndic

Work of a Thunderbolt,

ance that would be contained in the woman's vote to the ignorance that is fermenting in our politics already. At the same time it is impossible not to admire the unselfish and noble fight that a few women, convinced of the justice of their cause, have made for equal suffrage, and I believe much indirect benefit to women has come out of the agitation. I think if I were required to put my sentiments toward the suffragists into a sentence, it would be,—'God bless you, may you be defeated!'"

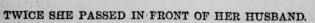
Germanic Speech.

One of the most interesting stroke lightning on record occurred at B ges, France, in 1892. Eighteen men the 37th Regiment of Artiflery voltages, under the conduct of C Artificer Beauvals. A heavy sho made them run for shelter, but we they were doing so a flash of light literally mowed them down. The timest ranks quickly regained their is but four men remained insensible were carried to the hospital, where named Bouveau, who had walked a tite apart from the rest, died. clothes of the victim were, as us One of the most interesting stroke clothes of the victim were, as us torn, and his boots burst open. Bouveau was struck on the head, his kepi and hair were burned.

A Story of Inness.

A Philadelphia artist tells this s of the late George Inness: "I once cupied a studio adjoining that of ness, and knew him well. There w ness, and knew him well. There we strange commingling in his nature sturdy independence and extreme sitiveness. When a young man, one in the streets of Rome, he raised cane and struck down a helmeted darme, who had ordered him to rerhis hat while a religious procession passing. For this he was imprisonant only secured his release threshes the strenuous efforts of the Amer Minister there. Now, conceive a capable of such an act of violent sertiveness fainting away at my jocular criticism of one of his pict which, late one afternoon, he called into his studio to inspect. He which, lake one attention, he called into his studio to inspect. He worked on some foreground cow, day, and I presume, was suffering nervous exhaustion; for when I the cattle looked like 'camels' dropped his mahl-stick and swoons dropped his mahi-stick and swoon dashed water on his face to bring to, and then he laughed with me this exhibition of acute sensitives

Religious Ants. In Spain it is believed by the non people that the ants hold religious on Christmas Day.



Let her be. The wind'll blow her soul | "That eolas killed the mother of my against God's heavy hand." mother, Mary: she that was But though Gorromalt's word was out of the isle of Benbecula." law there, there was one who had the "Killed her!" I repeated, awe-struck.
tide coming in at one ear and going out "Aye; 'tis a charm for the doing

mother, Mary: she that was a woman

Morag's going. He thought she was tation for the third time, and winding my breath.

The back! So bitter on the man was his the triple thread around the beast's "No," said Aunt Elspeth, and the back!

"Aye; 'tis a charm for the doing away of be witchment, and sure it is away of the witched. But my mother's mother used the eolas for the taking away of a curse upon a cow that would not give milk. She was saying the incantial witched. But my mother's mother used the eolas for the taking away of a curse upon a cow that would not give milk. She was saying the incantial witched. But my mother's mother used the eolas for the taking away of a curse upon a cow that would not give milk. She was saying the incantial witched. But my mother's mother used the eolas for the taking away of a curse upon a cow that would not of witched. But my mother's mother used the eolas for the taking away of some one who strove in a curse upon a cow that would not of come in."

"Are thought the form the house. I wanted to go with his age and his blind. Gorromalt strode across the threshold. I had time only to prevent Aunt Elspeth from falling against the linted in a corner, but in a corner, but in a corner, but in a way of some one who strove is few with his age and his blind. I had time only to prevent Aunt Elspeth from falling away of a curse upon a cow that we not of some one who strove in a curse upon a cover, but in a way of a curse upon a cover, but in a way of a curse upon a cover, but in a way of a curse

Ellie aroon!"

Aunt Elspeth saw Muireall, whining low as he did so, and swishing his tail furtively along the whitewashed flag-

angrily, looking now at Rory, now at of the man at Drumdoon! A horse us. "Has any one come in? Has any to ride for the shooting—a good horse

By this time the horse was close by.

Gorromalt turned and put his hand and you too, Elspeth. Come now, no more of this foolishness. We have nothing to wait for. Why are we smile, that had come to his lips. Aunt Elspeth rose and ran to him, holding him back. The door shook. than ever. I thought the poor blind Rory the hound tore at the splinters at beast would take some dreadful fit. the base of the door, his fell again bristling, his snarling savagery horritled. He had sidled forward, and ble to hear. The pine logs had fallen crouched low. We saw him look again into a smouldering ash. The room was full of gloom, though the red, sul-

> be opening the door!" she cried, in a thin, screaming voice.

Rory ceased, sullenly listened, and seemed to me, though no wolf had I then retreated, but no longer snarling Gorromalt suddenly staggered.

the door open.
There was no one there.