

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

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CHAPTER VIII. S OF BALLANTRAR RETURNS TO



of the colonel's let-ter, I had a spy glam in my room, began to drop ques-tions to the tenant folk, and as there was no great se-creey observed and the free trade (in our part) went by force as much as stealth, I had soon signals in ure, and knew pretty well to an bour when

might be expected. happened on the afternoon of Nov. 7, in unfortunate year, that I espied my walk, the smoke of a beacon fire the Mucklerosa. It was drawing near upon the Mucklerosa. It was drawing near time for my return, but the uneasiness upon my spirits was that day so great that I must burst through the thickets to the edge of what they call the Craig Head. The sun was arready down, but there was still a broad light in the west, which showed me some of the magglers treading out their signal fire upon the Rosa, and in the bay the lugger lying with her sails brailed up. She was plainly but new come to anchor, and yet the skiff was already lowered and pulling for the landing place at the end of the long shrub-bery. And this I knew could signify but one thing—the coming of a messenger for Dur-rostor.

I laid aside the remainder of my terrors sambered down the brae—a place I had sever ventured through before, and was hid smong the shore side thickets in time to see he boat touch. Capt. Crail himself was seering, a thing not usual; by his side there ing, a thing not usual; by his sale way with nity, being hampered with near upon a dozen portmanteaus, great and small, the business of landing was briskly cartenders to the lugger, and the passenger tanding alone upon the point of rock, a tall, sender figure of a gentleman, habited in black, with a sword by his side and a walking cane upon his wrist. As as so stood he way of the cane to Capt Crall by way of ation, with something both of grace and very that wrote the gesture deeply or

sooner was the boat away with my worn onemies, than took a sort of half marage, came forth the margin of the ticket, and there had again, my mind ang greatly pulled at ut between natural deene and a dark for shoding of the truth deed, I might have nod there swithering might, had not the stranger. sight, had not the stranger turnet, spiral through the mists, which were beginning fall, and waved and cried on me to draw

ere, my good man," said be, in the Eng-count, "here are some things for Dur

and countenance, swarthy, an, long, with a quick, alert, black look, as fone who was a fighter and accustomed to command; upon one check be had a mole, not becoming; a large diamond sparkled on is hand; his clothes, although of the one hue, are of a French and foppish design; his lies, which he were longer than common, anguisite lace; and I wondered the more to aim in such a guise, when he was but the same time he had a better look at me, d me a second time sharply and then

"I wager, my friend," says he, "that I now both your name and your nickname. I wined these very clothes upon your hand of wiling, Mr. Mackellar." se words I fell to shaking.

mys he, "you need not be afraid of bear no malice for your tedious letand it is my purpose to employ you a deal. You may call me Mr. Bally; it the name I have assumed, or rather (since am addressing so great a precision) it is so have curtailed my own. Come now, pick that and that"—indicating two of the us. "That will be as much as you a fit to bear, and the rest can very well me, lose no more time, if you

as he bade by a sort of instinct, my mind sing all the time quite lost. No somer had picked up the portmanteaus than he turned a back and marched off through the long rubbery, where it began already to be ak, for the wood is thick and ever green. I Bowed behind, loaded almost to the dust, sugh I profess I was not conscious of the ng swallowed up in the m of this return and my mind flying like a

On a sudden I set the portmantenant looked and halted. He turned and looked iden I set the portmanteaus to the

"You are the Master of Ballautrae?" "You will do me the justice to observe,"
to be, "that I have made no secret with
tastute Markella."

"And in the name of God," cries I, "what ings you here! Go back, while it is yet

thank you," said he. "Your master chosen this way, and not I; but since he made the choice, he (and you also) must be by the result. And now pick up these mine, which you have set down in boggy place, and attend to that have made your business."

But I had no thought now of obedience; I nove you to go back," said I; "though sure, nder all the circumstances, any Christian even any gentleman would scruple to go

"These are gratifying expressions," thing will move you to go back," I ere are still some decencies to be Wait here with your baggage, I will go forward and prepare

"there are decencies to be ob Truly," said be, "this Mackellar improves acquaintance, But look you here, my and understand it once for all-you your breath upon me, and I go my

with inevitable motion. Ahf says L "Is that so! We shall see And I turned and took to my heels for

resider. He clutched at me and cried angrily, and then I believed I heard isugh, and then I am certain he pursued for a step or two, and (I suppose) desisted thing at least is sure, that I came but a minutes later to the door of the great angree strangled for the lack of breath angree strangled for the lack of breath nearly strangled for the lack of breath, its alone. Straight up the stair I ran, burst into the hall, and stopped b without the power of speech; but by rose out of their places and stared s like changelings. by rose out of their places and stared s like changelings. b has come," I panted at last.

y son!" cried my lord. "Imprudent, boy! Oh, could be not stay where

a word said Mrs. Henry, nor did I "and Mr. Henry, with a very deep "and where is he?" a sain in the long shrubbery," said L a me to him," said he.

out together, he and I, without from any one, and in the midst ed plot encountered the master ing up, whistling as he came and bust-ing up, whistling as he came and bust-he sir with his came. There was still enough overhead to recognize though a read a countenance. "Ah, Jacob!" says the master. "Bo here

"James," says Mr. Heary, "for God's sake call me by my name. I will not pretend that I am glad to see you; but I would fain make you as welcome as I can in the house of our fathers." "Or in my housef or yours!" says the mas-ter. "Which was you about to say! But this is an old sore, and we need not rub it. If

this is an old sore, and we need not rub it. If you would not share with me in Paris, I hope you will scarce deny your elder brother a corner of the fireat Durrissleer?

"That is very idle speech," replied Mr. Henry. "And you understand the power of your position excellently well."

"Why, I believe I do," said the other, with a little laugh. And this, though they had never touched hands, was (as we may say) the end of the brothers' meeting, for at this the master turned to me and bade me fetch his barrage.

his baggage. I, on my side, turned to Mr. Henry for a confirmation; perhaps with some deflat "As long as the master is bere, Mr. Mac-kellar, you will very much oblige me by re-garding his wishes as you would my own," says Mr. Henry. "We are constantly troubling you; will you be so good as send

If this speech were anything at all, it was surely a well deserved reproof upon the stranger, and yet, so devilish was his impu-dence, he twisted it the other way. "And shall we be common enough to say 'Sneek up!" inquires he, softly, looking upon

one of the servants?" with an accent on the

me sideways.

Had a kingdom depended on the act, 1 could not have trusted myself in words; even to call a servant was beyond me; I had rather serve the man myself than speak; and I turned away in silence and went into the long shrubbery with a heart full of anger and despair. It was dark under the trees, and I walked before me and forgot what business I was come upon, till I near broke my shin on the portmanteaus. Then it was that I re-

marked a strange particular; for whereas I had before carried both and scarce observed

it, it was now as much as I could do to mar

age one. And this, as it forced me to make two journeys, kept me the longer from the When I not there the business of welcome as over long ago, the company was already t supper, and by an oversight that cut me to the quick, my place had been forgotten. I had seen one side of the master's return; now I was to see the other. It was he who first remarked my coming in and standing back tas I did) in some annoyance. He jumped

from his sent.
"And if I have not got the good Mackeltar's place!" cries he. "John, lay another for Mr. Bally; I protest he will disturb no one, and your table is big enough for ail."

I could scarce credit my ears, nor yet my senses, when he took me by the shoulders and thrust me laughing into my own place; such an affectionate playfulness was in his voice. And while John inid the fresh place for him in thing on which he still insisted) he went and leaned on his father's chair and looked down upon him, and the old man turned about and looked upward on his son with such a mutual tenderness that I could have carried

my hand to my head in mere amazement.

Yet all was of a piece. Never a harsh word fell from him, never a sneer showed upon his lip. He had laid aside even his cutting Eng-lish accent, and spoke with the kindly Scots tongue that sets a value on affectionate words; and though his manners had a graceful ele-gance mighty foreign to our ways in Durrisdeer, it was still a homely courtiness, that did not shame out flattered us. All that he did throughout the meal, indeed, drinking wine with me with a notable respect, turning about for a pleasant word with John, fondling his father's hand, breaking into little merry his adventures, callir with happy reference—all he did was so be-coming, and himself so handsome, that I could scarcely wonder if my lord and Mrs. Henry ut the board with radiant faces, or if John waited behind with dropping tears.

As soon as supper was over Mrs. Henry rose

to withdraw. "This was never your way, Alison," said

"It is my way now," she replied; which was notoriously false, "and I will give you a good night, James, and a welcome—from the dead," said she, and her voice drooped and

Poor Mr. Henry, who had made rather a heavy figure through the meal, was more con cerned than ever; pleased to see his wife with-draw, and yet half displeased, as he thought upon the cause of it; and the next moment altogether dashed by the fervor of her speech. On my part I thought I was now one too many, and was stealing after Mrs. Henry.

"Now, Mr. Mackellar," says he, "I take this near on an unfriendliness. I cannot have you go; this is to make a stranger of the prodigal and let me remind you where-in his own father's housel Come, sit ye down, and drink another glass with Mr. Bally."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Mackellar," says my lord, "we must not make a stranger either of him or you. I have been telling my son," he added, his voice brightening as usual on the word, "how much we valued all your friendly

So I sat there silent till my usual hour; and might have almost been deceived in the man's ire, but for one passage in which his perfldy appeared too plain. Here was the passage, of which, after what he knows of the brothers' meeting, the reader shall consider for himself. Mr. Heavy sitting somewhat dully, in spite of his best endeavors to carry things before my lord, up jumps the master, passes about the board, and claps his brother

"Come, come, Hairry lad," says be, with a broad accent such as they must have used together when they were boys, "you must not e downcast because your brother has come home. All's yours, that's sure enough, and little I grudge it you. Neither must you grudge me my place beside my father's fire. "And that is too true, Henry," says my old lord, with a little frown, a thing rare with him. "You have been the elder brother of parable in the good sense; you must be careful of the other.'

"I am easily put in the wrong," said Mr. Henry.

"Who puts you in the wrong?" cried my lord, I thought very tartly for so mild a man. "You have earned my gratitude and your brother's many thousand times; you may count on its endurance, and let that suffice. "Ay, Harry, that you may," said the master; and I thought Mr. Henry looked at

him with a kind of wildness in his eye. CHAPTER IX.



cruelty, such as display and ogians tell us of the devill or by what he would have called love! My common opinion halts among the three first, but perhaps there lay at the spring of his behavior an element of all. As thus: Animosity to Mr. Henry would explain his hateful usage of him when they were alone; the interests he came to serve would explain his very different attibefore my lord; that and some space of gu of guilantry, his care to stand well with Mrs. Henry; and the pleasure of malico for itself, the pains he was continually at to

a and annase them lines of conduct.

Partiy because I was a very open friend to my patron, partly because in my letters to Paris I had often given myself some freedom of remonstrance, I was included in his disbolical amusement. When I was alone with him, he pursued me with snears; before the family, he used me with the extreme of friendly condescension. This was not only painful in itself, not only did it put me continually in the wrong, but there was in it an element of insult indescribable. That he should thus leave me out in his dissimulation, as though even my testimony were too despias though even my testimony were too despi-cable to be considered, galled me to the blood. But what it was to me is not worth notice. make but memorandum of it here, and chiefly for this reason, that it had one good result, and gave me the quicker sense of Mr. Henry's

nartyrdom.
It was on him the burden fell. How was It was on him the burden fell. How was he to respond to the public advances of one who never lost a chance of gibing him in private! How was he to smile back on the deceiver and the insulter! He was condemned to seem ungracious. He was condemned to silence. Had he been less proud, had he spoken, who would have credited the truth! The acted calumny had done its work; my lord and Mrs. Henry were the daily witnesses of what went on: they could work; my lord and Mrs. Henry were the daily witnesses of what went on; they could have sworn in that court that the master was a model of long suffering good nature and Mr. Henry a pattern of jealousy and thanklessness. And ugly enough as these must have appeared in any one, they seemed tenfold uglier in Mr. Henry; for who could forget that the master lay in peril of his life, and that he had already lost his mistress, his title and his fortune!

title and his fortune?

It was during this time that I perceived most clearly the effect of manner, and was ied to lament most deeply the plainness of my own. Mr. Henry had the essence of s gentleman; when he was moved, when there was any call of circumstance, he could play his part with dignity and spirit; but in the day's commerce (it is idle to deny it) he fell short of the ornamental. The master (on the other hand) had never a movement but it commended him. So it befell that, when the one appeared gracious and the other ungra-cious, every trick of their bodies seemed to call out confirmation. Nor that alone; but the more deeply Mr. Henry floundered in his bro-ther's toils, the more clownish be grew; and the more the master enjoyed his spiteful entertainment, the more engagingly, the more smilingly, he went! So that the plot, by its

smilingly, he went! So that the plot, by its own scope and progress, furthered and confirmed itself.

It was one of the man's arts to use the peril in which, as I say, he was supposed to stand. He spoke of it to those who loved hirs with a gentle pleasantry, which made it the more touching. To Mr. Henry, he used it as a cruel weapon of offense. I remember his laying his finger on the clean lozenge of the painted window, one day when we three the painted window, one day when we three were alone together in the hall. "Here went your lucky guinea, Jacob," said he. And when Mr. Henry only looked upon him darkly, "Oh," he added, "you need not look such impotent malice, my good fly. You can be rid of your spider when you please. How long, oh, Lord! When are you to be wrought to the point of a denunciation, scrupulous brother? It is one of my in-terests in this dreary hole. I ever loved experiment." Still Mr. Henry only stared upon him with a glooming brow and a changed color; and at last the master broke out in a laugh and clapped him on the shoulder, calling him a sulky dog. At this my patron leaped back with a gesture I thought very dangerous; and I must suppose the master thought so, too; for he looked the least in the world discounted nanced, and I do not remember him again to have laid hands on Mr. Henry.

But though he had his peril always on his lips in the one way or the other, I thought his conduct strangely incautions, and began to fancy the government (who had set a price upon his head) was gone sound asleep. I will not deny I was tempted with the wish to denounce him; but two thoughts withheld me: one that, if he were thus to end his life upon an honorable scaffold, the man would be canonized for good in the minds of his father and my patron's wife; the other, that if I was in any way mingled in the matter, Mr. Henry himself would scarce escape some glancings of suspicion. And in the meanwhile our enemy went in and out more than I could have thought possible, the fact that he was home again was buzzed about all the country side, and yet he was never stirred. who were acquainted with his presence, none had the least greed (as I used to say, in my annoyance) or the least loyalty; and the man rode here and there-bully more welcome considering the lees of old unpopularity, than Mr. Henry—and considering the free traders

far safer than myself. Not but what he had a trouble of his own; and this, as it brought about the gravest consequences. I must now relate. The reader ill scarce have forgotten Jessie Broun; her way of life was much among the smuggling party; Capt. Crail himself was of her intimates, and she had early word of Mr. Bally's presence at the house. In my opinion she had ong ceased to care two straws for the mas ter's person; but it was become her babit to connect herself continually with the master' name; that was the ground of all her play acting; and so, now when he was back, she thought she owed it to herself to grow a haunter of the neighborhood of Durrisdee The master could scarce go abroad but she was there in wait for him; a scandalous figure of a woman, not often sober; hailing him wildly as "her bonny laddie," quoting pedler's poetry, and, as I receive the story, even seek to weep upon his neck. I own I rubbed my hands over this persecution; but the maswho laid so much upon others, was himself the least patient of men. There were strange scenes enacted in the policies. Some say he took his cane to her, and Jessie fell back upon her former weapon, stones. It is certain at least that he made a motion to Capt, Crail to have the woman trepanned, and that the captain refused the proposition with uncommon vehemence. And the end of the matter was victory for Jessie. Money was got together; an interview took place in which my proud gentleman must consent to be kissed and wept upon; and the woman was t up in a public of her own, somewhere or Solway side (but I forget where), and by the only news I ever had of it, extremely ill fre-

quented. This is to look forward. After Jessie had been but a little while upon his heels, the master comes to me one day in the steward's office, and with more civility than usual 'Mackellar," says he, "there is a damned crazy wench comes about here. I cannot well move in the matter myself, which brings me to you. Be so good as see to it; the men must have a strict injunction to drive the wench away.

"Sir," said I, trembling a little, "you can do your own dirty errands for yourself." He said not a word to that, and left the

Presently came Mr. Henry. "Here is ews!" cried he. "It seems all is not enough. and you must add to my wretchedness.

ems you have insulted Mr. Bally."
"Under your kind favor, Mr. Henry," said "it was he that insulted me, and as I think grossly. But I may have been careless of your position when I spoke, and if you think so when you know all, my dear patron, you have but to say the word. For you I would otey in any point whatever, even to sin, God pardon me!" And thereupon I told him what had passed.

Mr. Henry smiled to himself; a grimmer smile I never witnessed. "You did exactly well," said he. "He shall drink his Jessie Broun to the dregs." And then, spying the master outside, he opened the window, and crying to him by the name of Mr. Bally, asked him to step up and have a word.

"James," said he, when our persecutor had come in and closed the door behind him looking at me with a smile as if he thought was to be humbled, "you brought me a com-plaint against Mr. Mackellar into which I have inquired. I need not tell you I would always take his word against yours, for we are alone, and I am going to use something of your own freedom. Mr. Mackellar is a gentleman I value, and you must contrive, a long as you are under this roof, to bring yourself into no more collisions with one whom I will support at any possible cost to me or mine. As for the errand upon which you came to him, you must deliver yourself from the consequences of your own cruelty, and none of my servants shall be at all em My father's servants, I believe," says the

"Go to him with this tale," said Mr. Henry The master grew very white. He pointed at me with his finger. "I want that man dis

Ha shall not be," said Mr. Henry, "You shall pay pretty dear for this," says

"I have paid so dear already for a wicked brother," said Mr. Henry, "that I am bank-rupt even of fears. You have no place loft where you can strike me."
"I will show you about that," says the master, and went softly away.
"What will be do next, Mackellar?" cries

"What will be do next, Mackellar?" cries Mr. Henry.

"Let me go away," said I. "My dear patron, let me go away; I am but the beginning of fresh sorrows."

"Would you leave me quite alone? said be. We were not long in suspense as to the nature of the new assault. Up to that hour the master had played a very close game with Mrs. Henry; avoiding pointedly to be alone with her, which I took at the time for an effect of decency, but now think to be a most effect of decency, but now think to be a most insidious art; meeting her, you may say, at meal time only; and behaving, when he did so, like an affectionate brother. Up to that hour, you may say he had scarce directly in-terfered between Mr. Henry and his wife; terfered between Mr. Henry and his wife; except in so far as he had maneuvered the one quite forth from the good graces of the other. Now, all that was to be changed; but whether really in revenge, or because he was wearying of Durrisdeer and looked about for some diversion, who but the devil shall decide! From that hour at least began the siege of Mrs. Henry; a thing so deftly carried on that Leasnes know if a because wares of it herself.

I scarce know if she was aware of it herself and that her husband must look on in silence The first parallel was opened (as was made to appear) by acquident. The talk feil, as it did often, on the exiles in France—so it glided to the matter of their songs.

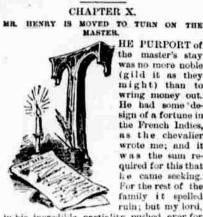
"There is one," says the master, "if you are curious in these matters, that has always eemed to me very moving. The poetry seemed to me very moving. The poetry is harsh; and yet, perhaps because of my situa-tion, it has always found the way to my heart. It is supposed to be sung, I should tell you, by an exile's sweetheart; and represents, perhaps, not so much the truth of what she is thinking, as the truth of what he hopes of her, poor soul! in these far lands." And here the master sighed. "I protest it is a pathetic sight when a score of rough Irish all common sentinels, get to this song; and you may see by their falling tears, how it strikes home to them. It goes thus, father." says he, very adroitly taking my lord for his listener, "and if I cannot get to the end of it, you must think it is a common case with us exilea." And thereupon he struck up the same air as I had heard the colonel whistle; but now to words, rustic indeed, yet most pathetically setting forth a poor girl's aspiration for an exiled lover: of which one verse indeed for something like it) still sticks by me-

"O, I will dyo my petticontered,
With my dear boy I'll beg my bread,
Though all my friends should wish me dead,
For Wille among the rushes, O!" He sung it well even as a song; but he did etter yet as a performer. I have heard famous actors, when there was not a dry eye in the Edinburgh theatre; a great wonder to behold; but no more wonderful than how the master played upon that little ballad and on those who heard him like an instrument, an seemed now upon the point of failing, and now to conquer his distress so that words and music seemed to pour out of his own beart must seemed to poor out of his own heart and his own past, and to be aimed direct at Mrs. Henry. And his heart went further yet; for all was so delicately touched it seemed impossible to suspect him of the last design, and so far from making a parade of emotion, you would have sworn be was striving to be calm. When it came to an end, we all sat silent for a time; he had chosen the dusk of the afternoon, so that none could see his neighbor's face, but it seemed a we held our breathing, only my old lord cleared his throat. The first to move was the singer, who got to his feet suddenly and softly, and went and walked softly to and fro in he low end of the hall, Mr. Henry's customary place. We were to suppose that he there struggled down the last of his emotion; for he presently returned and launched into a disquisition on the nature of the Irish (al-ways so much miscalled, and whom he de-fended) in his natural voice; so that before the lights were brought we were in the usua course of talk. But even then, methought Mrs. Henry's face was a shade pale, and fo another thing she withdrew almost at once. The next sign was a friendship this insid

ous devil struck up with innocent Miss Katharine; so that they were always together, hand in hand, or she climbing on his knee, like a pair of children. Like all his diabolical acts, this cut in several ways. It was the last stroke to Mr. Henry, to see his own babe debauched against him; it made him harsh with the poor innocent, which brought him still a peg lower in his wife's em; and (to conclude) it was a bond union between the lady and the master Under this influence, their old reserve melted by daily stages. Presently there came walks n the long shrubbery, talks in the Belvidere, and I know not what tender familiarity. am sure Mrs. Henry was like many a good woman; she had a whole conscience perhaps by the means of a little winking. For even to so dull an observer as myself. was plain her kindness was of a more moving nature than the sisterly. The tones of her voice appeared more numerous; she had a light and softness in her eye; she was more gentle with all of us, even with Mr. Henry, even with myself; methought she breathe

of some quiet melancholy happiness, To look on at this, what a torment it was for Mr. Henry! And yet it brought our ultimate deliverance, as I am soon to tell.

CHAPTER X.



HE PURPORT of the master's stay was no more noble (gild it as they might) than to wring money out. He had some 'de sign of a fortune in the French Indies as the chevalie wrote me; and it quired for this that e came seeking

For the rest of the family it spelled ruin; but my lord in his incredible partiality, pushed ever for the granting. The family was now so narrowed down findeed there were no more of them than just the father and the two sons) that it was possible to break the entail and alienate a piece of land. And to this, at first by hints, and then by open pressure, Mr. Henry was brought to consent. He never would have done so, I am very well assured but for the weight of the distress unde which he labored. But for his passionate eagerness to see his brother gone, he would not thus have broken with his own senti ment and the traditions of his house. even so, he sold them his consent at a dear rate, speaking for once openly and holding

e business up in its own shameful colors, "You will observe," he said, "this is an injustice to my son, if ever I have one."
"But that you are not likely to have," said "God knows!" said Mr. Henry. "And considering the cruel falseness of the position in which I stand to my brother, and that you, my lord, are my father and have the right to command me, I set my hand to this paper. But one thing I will say first: I have ungenerously pushed, and when next, my lord, you are tempted to compare your sons

I call on you to remember what I have done and what he has done. Acts are the fair My lord was the most uneasy num I eve saw; even in his old face the blood came up I think this is not a very wisely chosen me ment, Henry, for complaints," said he. "Thi takes away from the merit of your gener

"Do not deceive yourself, my lord," said Mr. Henry. "This injustice is not done from generosity to him, but in obedience to

"Before strangers"-begins my lord, still more unhappily affected.
"There is no one but Mackellar here," said Mr. Henry; "he is my friend. And my lord. as you make him no stranger to your fre quent blame, it were hard if I must keep him one to a thing so rare as my defense."

Almost I believe my lord would have re seinded his decision; but the muster was on

"Ah, Henry, Henry," says be, "you are the best of us still. Rugged and true! Ab, man, I wish I was as good."

And at that instance of his favorite's gen erceity, my lord desisted from his hesitation, and the deed was signed. As soon as it could be brought about, the land of Ochierball was sold for much below fits value, and the money paid over to our leach and sent by some private carriage into

France. Or so be said, though I have sus-

pected since it uid not go so iai. And now here was all the man's business brought to a ascecesful head, and his pockets once more building with our gold; and yet the point for which we had consented to this ascrifice was still denied us, and the visitor still lingured on at Durrisdeer. Whether in malice, or because the time was not yet come for his adventure to the Indies, or because the time was not yet come for his adventure to the Indies, or because he had hopes of his design on Mra. Henry, or from the orders of the government, who shall says but linger he did and that for weeks.

You will observe I say: from the orders of government, for about this time the man's disreputable secret trickled out.

The first hint I had was from a tenant, who commented on the master's stay and yet more

The first hint I had was from a tenant, who commented on the master's stay and yet more on his security; for this tenant was a Jacobitish sympathiser, and had lost a son at Culloden, which gave him the more critical eya. "There is one thing," said he, "that I cannot but think strange, and that is how he got to Cockermouth."

"To Cockermouth?" said I, with a sudden memory of my first wonder on beholding the

memory of my first wonder on beholding the man disembark so point-de-vice after so long "Wby, yee," says the tenant, "it was there he was picked up by Capt. Crail. You thought he had come from France by seaf And so we all did."

I turned this news a little in my head and

I turned this news a little in my head and then carried is to Mr. Henry. "Here is an odd circumstance," said I, and told him.

"What matters how he came, Mackellar, as bong as he is here," groans Mr. Henry.

"No, sir," said I, "but think again! Does not this smack a little of some government counivance! You know how much we have wondered already at the man's security."

"Stop," said Mr. Henry. "Let me think of this." And as he thought, there came that grim smile upon his face that was a little like the master's. "Give me paper," said he. And he sat without another word and wrote to a gentleman of his acquaintance—I will name gentleman of his acquaintance-I will name gentleman of his acquaintance—I will name no unnecessary names, but he was one in a high place. This letter I dispatched by the only hand I could depend upon in such a case, Macconochie's; and the old man rode hard, for he was back with the reply before even my eagerness had ventured to expect him. Again, as he read it, Mr. Henry had

"This is the best you have done for me yet, Mackellar," says he. "With this in my hand I will give him a shop. Watch for us at At dinner accordingly, Mr. Henry pro-

posed some very public appearance for the master; and my lord, as he had hoped, objected to the danger of the course.
"Oh," says Mr. Henry, very easily, "you

need no longer keep this up with me. I am as much in the secret as yourself." "In the secret?" says my lord. "What do you mean, Henry! I give you my word I am n no secret from which you are excluded."

The master had changed countenance, and The master had changed countenance, and I saw he was struck in a joint of his harness, "How!" says Mr. Henry, turning to him with a huge appearance of surprise. "I see you serve your masters very faithfully; but I had thought you would have been humane enough to set your father's mind at rest."

"What are you talking of! I refuse to have my business publicly discussed. Lorder have my business publicly discussed. I order this to cease," cries the master very foolishly and passionately, and indeed more like a

child than a man.
"So much discretion was not looked for at "So much discretion was not looked for at your hands, I can assure you," continued Mr. Henry. "For see what my correspondent writes (unfolding the paper), 'It is, of course, in the interests both of the government and the gentleman whom we may perhaps best continue to call Mr. Bally, to keep this uncontinue to call Mr. Bally and Mr. Bally a derstanding secret; but it was never mean his own family should continue to endure the suspense you paint so feelingly, and I am pleased mine should be the hand to set these fears at rest. Mr. Bally is as safe in Great

ritain as yourself.' "
"Is this possible?" cries my lord, looking at his son with a great deal of wonder and more of suspicion in his face, "My dear father," says the master, already

much recovered, "I am overjoyed that this may be disclosed. My own instructions direct from London bore a very contrary sense, and I was charged to keep the indulgence secret from every one, yourself not excepted, and indeed yourself expressly named—as I can show in black and white, unless I have destroyed the letter. They must have changed their mind very swiftly for the whole matter is still quite fresh; or rather Henry's correspondent must have mis conceived that part, as he seems to have mis conceived the rest. To tell you the truth, sir," he continued, getting visibly more easy, rebel was the effect of some application from yourself, and the injunction to secrecy among my family the result of a desire on your part to conceal your kindness. Hence I was the more careful to obey orders. It remains now to guess by what other channel indulgence can have flowed on so notorious an offender as myself, for I do not think your son need defend himself from what seems hinted at in Henry's letter. I have never yet heard of Durrisdeer who was a turncoat or a spy,

says he, proudly.

And so it seemed he had swum out of this danger unharmed; but this was to reckon without a biunder he had made and withou the pertinacity of Mr. Henry, who was now to show he had something of his brother's

spirit. "You say the matter is still fresh," says Mr. Henry.
"It is recent," says the master, with a fair
"It is recent," says the master, without a qua-

"Is it so recent as that" asks Mr. Henry like a man a little puzzled, and spreading hi letter forth again. In all the letter there was no word as to

the date, but how was the master to know "It seemed to come late enough for me, says be, with a laugh. And at the sound of that laugh, which rang false like a cracked bell, my lord looked at him again across the

table, and I saw his old lips draw together

"No," said Mr. Henry, still glancing on his letter, but I remember your expression. You

said it was very fresh," And here we had a proof of our victory, and the strongest instance yet of my lord's incredible indulgence; for what must be do but interfere to save his favorite from ex

posure. "I think, Henry," says he, with a kind of pitiful eagerness, "I think we need dispute no more. We are all rejoiced at last to find your brother safe; we are all at one on that and as grateful subjects, we can do no les than drink to the king's health and bounty. Thus was the master extricated; but at least he had been put to his defense, he had come lamely out, and the attraction of his personal danger was now publicly plucked away from him. My lord, in his heart of hearts, now knew his favorite to be a government spy; and Mrs. Henry (however plained the tale) was notably cold in her be havior to the discredited hero of romance. Thus in the best fabric of duplicity, there is some weak point, if you can strike it, which will loosen all; and if, by this fortunate stroke, we had not shaken the idol, who can say how it might have gone with us at the catastrophe?

And yet at the time we seemed to have ac complished nothing. Before a dry or two he had wiped off the ill results of his discomfiture, and to all appearance stood as high as ever. As for my Lord Durrisdeer, be sunk in parental partiality; it was not so much love, which should be an active quality, as an apathy and torpor of his other powers and forgiveness to to misapply a noble word flowed from him in sheer weakness, like the tears of senility. Mrs. Henry's was a different case; and heaven alone knows what he found say to her or how he persuaded her from her contempt. It is one of the worst things of entiment that the voice grows to be more important than the words, and the speaker han that which is spoken. But some excusthe master must have found, or perhaps he and even struck upon some art to wrest this exposure to his own advantage; for after a time of coldness, it seemed as if things went worse than ever between him and Mrs. Henry They were then constantly together. I would not be thought to east one shadow of blame beyond what is due to a half wiliful blind es, on that unfortunate lady; but I do think, in those last days, she was playing very near the fire; and whether I be or not in that, one thing is sure and quite sufficient: Mr. Henry thought so.

The poor gentleman sat for days in m so great a picture of distress that ould never venture to address kim; yet it is o be shought he found some confort even in my presence and the knowledge of my sym There were times, too, when we tailed, and a strange manner of talk it was there was never a person named, nor an in dividual circumstance referred to: yet we

were each aware of it. It is a strange art that can thus to practiced: to talk for hours of a thing, and nover name nor yet so much as, hint at it. And I remember I wondered if it was by some such natural skill that the master made love to Mrs. Henry all day long is he manifestly did, yet never startled her

master manifestly did), yet never startled her into reserve.

To show how affairs had gone with Mr. Henry I will give some words of his, uttered tas I have cause not to forget) upon the 20th of February, 1757. It was unesasonable wanther, a cast back into winter: windless, bitter cold, the world all white with rime, the sky low and gray; the sea black and silent like a quarry hole. Mr. Henry sat close by the fire and debated (as was now common with him) whether "a man" should "do things," whether "interference was wise," and the like general propositions, which each of us particularly applied. I was by the window looking out, when there passed below me the master, Mrs. Henry and Miss Katharine, that now constant trio. The child was running to and fro delighted with the frost; the master spoke close in the lady's ear with what seemed (even from so far) a devilish grace of insinuation, and she on her part looked on the ground like a person lost in listening. I broke out of my reserve.

a person lost in listening. I broke out of my reserve.

"If I were you, Mr. Henry," said I, "I would deal openly with my lord."

"Mackellar, Mackellar," said he, "you do not see the weakness of my ground. I can carry no such base thoughts to any one, to my father least of all; that would be to fall into the bottom of his scorn. The weakness of my ground," he continued, "lies in myself, that I am not one who engages love. I have their gratitude—they all tell me that; I have a rich estate of it! But I am not present in their minds; they are moved neither to think with me nor to think for me. There is my loss!" He got to his feet and trod nown the fire. "But some method must be found, fire. "But some method must be found, Mackellar," said be, looking at me suddenly over his shoulder; "some way must be found. I am a man of a great deal of patience—far too much, far too much. I begin to despise myself. And yet sure never was a man in-volved in such a toil!" He fell back to his brooding. "Cheer up," said I. "It will burst of it.

"I am far past anger now," says he, which had so little coherency with my own observa-tion that I let both fall.

CHAPTER XL ACCOUNT OF THE ENCOUNTER ON THE NIGHT OF PEB. 27, 1757. N THE evening of the interview refer-



red to, the master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th but where he went or what be did, w never concerned curselves to ask un til next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have

as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the mo-ment of their birth, and reserve all that 1 since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the

reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured-a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north nto our neighborhood besieging the window of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of smishine, showing a very pretty, wintery, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night the haze closed in overhead, it fell dark and still and stariess and exceeding cold. a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her cus tom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game of cards: another mark that our visitor was wearying mightly of the life of Durrisdeer. and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, warmin of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence o custom and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters, and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, 12 was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servant long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that, although I never saw the maste any way affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely, and was, perhaps (although he showed it not), a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practiced one of his tran-sitions, and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a

stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," h had been saying, and now continued: wery strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, ortte lenteur d'hebete qui me fait rager; it is strange l should have such a brother. Even Square toes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperiled; but the dreariness of a gamwith you, I positively lack language to de pict.

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be donef" cries the master, "Quel lourdenu! But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus! A lourdeau, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness; any gift of pleas ing, any natural brilliancy; such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and be to I maretoes dooking at me and stifling a velocity "it is one Cmy diversions in this very meany spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname trustic as it is has always the power to make you writhe But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the ar plicability of the epithet I have just explained dear Henry! Let me show you. For it stance, with all those solid qualities which delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me-nor, I think, he continued, with the most silken deliber ation, "I think-who did not continue to pre

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You cow ard!" he said, gently, as if to himself. then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the master in the mouth. The master sprung to his feet like one transfigured. I had never seen the man s beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty. "Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry, "Do you wish my father to interfere for you

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means? "It was the most deliberate act of my life,"

says Mr. Henry.
"I must have blood, I must have blood for

this," says the master.
"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the master, taling one of the swords at random "I have hated you all my life." "My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth

shrubbery." said the master.

the same perfect quistors of meaner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life, At these words of mine the meater turned his blade against my bosom. I may the light run along the steel, and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor.

"No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candies," said the master.

To my shame, be it said, I was so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a 1-1-lantern," said the master, mocking ms. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights and go before. I am close behind with this"— making the blade glitter as he spotes.

I took up the candiesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the bost; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring: a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen word was said, there was never a sound but the crasking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bare-headed like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the

change.

"Here is the place," said the master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bade me, and presently the

flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places. "The light is something in my eyes," said the master.
"I will give you every advantage," replied
Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think
you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his

"Henry Durie," said the master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword. And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall, I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. It I fall, where are you! My father, your wife who is in love with me—as you very well know—your child even who prefers me to yourself: how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked it his brother with a smile; then made s

fencing room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but sainted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, but my head I am no judge of the play, but my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Heary took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till, of a sudden, the master leaped back with a little sobbing coth, and I believe the more ment brought. oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. thay went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the master, beyond doubt, more outrageously, the master, beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear, or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it-my untrained eye

his left hand, a practice not permitted. Cer-tainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leap-ing on one side; as certainly the master, lung-ing in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move the sword was through his body.
I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran

was never quick enough to seize details—but it appears he caught his brother's blade with

in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry. "It is all bloody," said L "On the inside!" said he.
"It is cut on the inside," said L.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter "God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said L. "He

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground. What must we do?" said L "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now; you must be your-

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.
I plucked him by the coat. "For God's for all our sakes, be more courageous!

"What must we do?" He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a

strange stumbling run. Continued next Saturday.

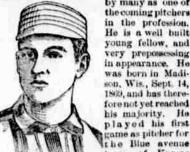
Harry Easterday, the Shortstop. Harry Easterday, whose picture is here given, is the shortstop of the Columbus club. He was born in Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1864. He began his career as an amateur



ager Chapman, of the Buffalo club, which then belong-HABRY EASTERDAY. ed to the International association. He remained with the Buffalos until the latter part of the season of 1887, when he signed with the Louisville club. When the Kausas City club took the place of the Metropolitan, of New York city, Easterday was one of the players assigned to the new team. His work at shortstop was of the highest order. Easterday is a fair batter only, but his fine fielding more than offsets his work with the stick. His record with Columbus during the past season was of a very brilliant standard. He ranks well up

among the leaders in his position.

Charles A. Nichols, commonly known as "Kid," is one of the most promising of young players. He has been signed by the Boston League nine for next season. He is regarded by many as one of the coming pitchers



his majority. played his first game as pitcher for the Blue avenue City, in 1886, which "KID" NICHOLS. that time

the best amateur club in the city. In 1887 he became a professional by joining the Kansas City Western league team. In the following year he signed with the Memphis club, but eturned to Kansas City in July of the same year, after the Memphis team had disbanded,

and finished the reason there.
The Omaha team is the third professional team he has ever signed with, and the first permant winners. Nichola did most of the

MAROEL "There is an excellent place in the long

pitching for the Omnia club during the past