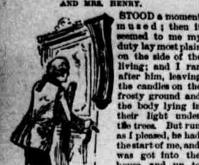
HE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. The Celebrated Novelist,

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CHAPTER XII. THE BREAKING OF THE NEWS TO MY LORI



the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under as I pleased, he had

ound him standing before the fire with his lace once more in his hands, and as he so "Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all." "What is this that I have done?" cries be,

and then, looking upon me with a counternance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," and I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed

must be told." And he fell suddenly in seat-my old lord's seat by the chimney-side-

and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul; it was plai
there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well,
said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." An taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in. "There is some calamity happened," she

cried, sitting up in bed.
"Madame," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage, and do fou get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, por die she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to pre-pare a word of that which I must say to her she was on the threshold signing me to enter.
"Madame," said I, "if you cannot be very
brave, I must go elsewhere, for if no one helps
me tonight there is an end of the house of
Describer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she with a soft of smile, very pain ful to see, but very brave too.
"It has come to a duel," said I.

'A duell' she repeated, "A duell Henry "And the master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"
"Oh, madame!" cried I, my bitterne dng forth, "do you ask me such a ques Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for

belp; there is none here!"
"I do not know in what I have offended e. "Forgive me; put me det of

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the seuse the poor woman with something near to

"Madame," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the an swer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours; has the other reproached you To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always; has his love ever failed you! To-night one of these two me e other, in my hearing -the hearing of er-that you were in love will Before I say one word, you shall an your own question: Which was it madame, you shall answer me another: It it has come to this dreadful end, who

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Goos God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting ex clamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself: "Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?

she cried. "I am made up I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fact."

"Oh!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands, "this man will drive me mad Can you not put me out of your thoughts?" "I think not once of you," I cried. of none but my dear unhappy master.

"At!" she cried, with her hand to her hear

"Is Henry dead?"
"Lower your voice," said L "The other." I saw her sway like something stricken by tice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said (at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behave to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added; "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of he

child or the naked word shame that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoker than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burden. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight," she whispered. "It was ot"—and she paused upon the word. "It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foal stroke."

"Not now!" she cried.
"Madame," said 1, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a barning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting had I dared. It is

my shame I did not. Dut when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance." I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "My lord?"

"That will be my part," said 1.
"You will not speak to him as you have to

mel" she asked. "Madame," said I, "have you not some one size to think off Leave my lord to me." "Some one else!" slie repeated,
"Your husband," said ? tibe looked at

me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word," I said. "Go him now where he sits in the hell.

him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him-it matters not what you say; give you grace enough, say, 'Forgive me.'" "God strengthen you, and make you merci-il," said she. "I will go to my husband." "Let me light you there," said I, taking up

"I will find my way in the dark," she said,

with a studder, and I think the shudder was

So we separated, she down stairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst woman hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could in the young woman. With whatever reductance, I must speck. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not, and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He, too, sat up in bed; very aged and blooding he looked; and, whereas he had a certain account of apparance when dressed for the looked; and lo

than a child's. This daunted me; nor less than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even penceful as he inquired my errand. I sat my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed foot and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

family."
"I hope we are none of us partisans," said
he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."
"Oh, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the

night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go I will tell you why." 'I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once be fore to very proper purpose; I have not for gotten that

"I am here to plead the cause of my mas-ter," I said, "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed, You know with what generosity he has always mes your other-met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son, "You know-you must know-what he has suffered-what he has suffered about his

wife."
"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in

bed like a bearded lion,
"You said you would hear me," I contin ued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of—is the persecution be must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before ne whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeging taunts; twite upon him-pardon me, my lord!-twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raffiery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly be changes and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know-for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable, All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the nam of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw acide the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this"—said he. "Do I look like a man lying "I interrupted,

ecking him with my hand, "You should have told ment first," he said. "You should have tool meat first," he said.
"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.
"I will take order," said he, "at once."

And again made the movement to rise. Again I checked him. "I have not done," aid I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured with out help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affect tion or support, dear, generous, Bl fated, no

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my fird, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how h had deceived you in the matter of his can ger: he has deceived you throughout in every nee it brought with it, I turned on your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!'

"No, no," said he, "two sons-I have two I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face 'There is much worse behind?' he asked, his

refee dying as it rose upon the question. "Much worse," I answered. "This night be said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me."

"I will hear nothing against my daughter!" he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without auxiety upon the siege of Mrs

"I think not of blaming her," cried L "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry, and, if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'" "They have quarreted," he said.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning nce again to leave his bed. "No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands, dangerous words,"

"You do not know," said he. "These are "Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said L

His eyes besought me for the truth. I fluig myself on my knees by the bedside. Oh, my lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bose to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer-think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door; oh, it stands open! Think of him, even as he though Who is to tell the old man! these were his words. It was for that I came; that

is why I am here pleading at your feet. "Let me get up," he cried, thrusting m wide, and was on his feet before myself. He voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness. His face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech," said be

"In the shrubbery," said I. "And Mr. Henry!" he asked. And when I had told him he knotted his old face in

"And Mr. James!" says be. "I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles. "Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it and looked abroad.
"It might be spied from the read."

'Where none goes by at such an hour,"

objected.
"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?" It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.
"The free traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar; put these candles out. I wild dress in the meanwhile; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

CHAPTER XIII. THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BODY OF THE



GROPED my way down stairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles self bitterly for my ineaution: Hor much more sharply

place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the bloodstain in the midst; and a little furthe off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was sliver; but of the body, not a trace. M: beart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my scalp, as I stood there staring; scaling was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no stary. I stood and

listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in

the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him!" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here!"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone!"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband f"
"Gonel" said she. "You can not have looked. Come back." "There is no light now," said L "I dare

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long—so long," said she, give me your hand," We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place, "Take care of the blood," said I. "Blood?" she cried, and started violently

"I suppose it will be," said L "I am like a blind man."
"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried L She spied the sword, picked it up, and, see-ing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the froze ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?" "It is no use," said she, "he will not speak

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Ob, you have not tried!" "You have a right to doubt me," she re-

plied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with serrow for her. "God knows, madame," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I ap-pear; on this dreadful night who can veneer his words! But I am a friend to all who are not Lenry Durie's enemics?"
"S is hard, then, you should hesitate about

his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.
"We must go back and tell this to my

Lord " said L 'Him I cannot face," she cried. "You will find him the least moved of all

"And yet I cannot face him," said she, "Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord." As we walked back, I bearing the candle sticks, she the sword-a strange burden for that woman—she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry!" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I. My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown, "The free traders," said he, "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him"- said I, and paused, ashamed of the word. "I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?" he asked. "Oh, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that b departed-as he came-without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal " I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremedial sorrow, it was strange turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation; not the Durie only, but the hired steward himself.

'Are we to tell Mr. Henry?' I asked him "I will see," said he. "I am going to first visit him, then I go forth with you to view

the shrubbery and consider."

We went down stairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to when his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold; whe he was come quite up, he held out both his

ands and said: "My son!" With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, cry ing and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "Oh, father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I kwed him in the beginning; I could have died for him-you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh, say you know that! Oh, say you can forgive me! Oh, father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns to gether!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled

the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror, And then be caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a mo-ment had fallen at her knees. "And, oh, my has," he cried, "you must forgive me, too! Not your husband—I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was then; he meant ave to be a friend to you It's him-it's the old bairn that played with

you—oh, can ye never, never forgive him?"
Throughout all this my lord was like cold, kind spectator with his wits about him At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us he had said to m over his shoulder; "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself.

"We may leave him to his wife now," say "Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar." Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for, though it was quite dark and the night not yet old, methought 1 smelled the morning At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, se that they sounded like a quiet sea, and the air puffed at times against our faces and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism, and, passing further on toward the landing place, came at last upon some evithere was a pool across the path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken, and down by the landing place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been in fallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, mosning gust and left us in stantly benighted. "It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let

us go back now; we can do nothing in the As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and

when we issued from the shelter of the trees we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind, no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amaze ment. He set the crown upon it in the council we held on our return. The free traders had certainly secured the master, though whether dead or alive, we were still left to our conjectures. The rain would, long be fore day, wipe out all marks of the transac tion. By this we must profit. The master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night It must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day, and to make all this plausible it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that

was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him, as I said, with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's take, hurried to his bed; there was sign of stir among the servants, and as I went up the tower stair and entered the dead man's room a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaus two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The

waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night the seamen had per-ceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the change and call

come to give notice of the change and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind.

This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insuit of the night before; it was a parting shot; hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insuit, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion; which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize; the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but, as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was aweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and liuen, many suits of those fine plain clothes

ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and lines, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Casar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied; these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but, since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case I was determined to have the this latter case I was determined to have the

means of some defense.

One after another I carried his portmanteams to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and, returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaus there was a shagreen letter case, which I cut open with my knife, and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and, what was more to the pur-pose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers—a most damning series—such as to publish would be to wreck the master's honor and to set a price upon

his life.
I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sung aloud in my glea. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window—looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the wind driving in the bey-and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from

assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near that the man survived; and it was years be fore I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill gotten gain, some particu-lars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his nind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with burst of passionate swearing, and inconti

They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good na-ture to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on passage over, and was set ashore a convales-cent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to any one of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adver-With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency: with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been sulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

CHAPTER XIV. SUMMARY OF EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S



F THE beavy sick ness which declared itself next morning I can think with equanimity as of the last unmingled trouble that befell my master; and even that was perhaps a mercy in disguise, for pains of the body could equal the mis-

eries of his mind? Mrs. Henry and I had the watching by the bed. My old lord called from time to time to take the news, but would not usually pass the door. Once, I remem when hope was nigh gone, he stepped to the bedside, looked awhile in his son's face, and turned away with a singular gesture of the head and hand thrown up, that remains upon my mind as something tragic, such grief and such a scorn of sublunary things were there sed. But most of the time Mrs. Henry and I had the room to ourselves, taking turns by night and bearing each other company by

day, for it was dreary watching.

Mr. Henry, his shaven head bound in a napkin, tossed to and fro without remission, beating the bed with his bands. His tongue never lay; his voice ran continuously like a river, so that my heart was weary with the sound of it. It was notable, and to me inexpressibly mortifying, that he spoke all the while on matters of no import; comings and goings, borses—which he was ever calling to have saddled, thinking perhaps (the poor souif that he might ride away from his dis comfort-matters of the garden, the salmor nets, and (what I particularly raged to hear) continually of his affairs, ciphering figures and holding disputation with the tenantry Never a word of his father or his wife, nor of the master, save only for a day or two, when his mind dwelt entirely in the past and he supposed himself a boy again and upon so innocent child's play with his brother. What made this the more affecting: it appeared the master had then run some peril of his life, for there was a cry—"Oh, Jamie will be drowned —oh, save Jamie!" which he came over and over with a great deal of passion.

This, I say, was affecting, both to Mrs Henry and myself; but the balance of my master's wanderings did him little jus tice. It seemed he had set out to justify his bether's calumnies; as though he was bent to prove himself a man of dry nature, immersed in money getting. Had I been there alone, I would not have troubled my thumb; but all the while, as I listened, I was estimat ing the effect on the man's wife, and telling myself that he fell lower every day. I was that comprehended him, and I was bound there should be yet another. Whether he was to die there and his virtues perish, or whether he should save his days and come back to that inheritance of sorrows, his right memory, i was bound he should be heartily lamented in the one case and unaffectedly welcomed in the other, by the person he loved

the most, his wife. Finding no occasion of free speech, I be thought me at last of a kind of documentary disclosure; and for some nights, when I was off duty and should have been asleen, I gave my time to the preparation of that which I

may call my budget.

But this I found to be the easiest portion of my task, and that which remained, name ly, the presentation to my lady, almost more than I had fortitude to overtare. Several days I went about with my papers under my arm, spying for some juncture of talk to serve as introduction. I will not deny but that some offered; only when they did my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and think I might have been carrying about my packet till this day had not a fortunate accident delivered me from all my hesitations. This was at night, when I was once more ionving the room, the thing not yet done, and myself in despair at my own cowardica. "What do you carry about with you, Mr. Mackellar?" she ngked. "These last days I

see you always coming in and out with the same armful."

I returned mean my stere without a word

laid the papers before her on the table, and left her to her reading. Of what that was left her to her reading. Of what that was I am now to give you some idea: and the test will be to reproduce a letter of my own which came first in the budget, and of which according to an excellent habitude I have preserved the scroll. It will show, too, the moderation of my part in these affairs, a thing which some have called recklemiy in

"HONORED MADANE: I trust I wou step out of my place without occasion; but I see how much evil has flowed in the past to 'il of your noble house from that unhappy and secretive fault of reticency, and the parts on which I venture to call your attention are family papers and all highly worthy

your acquaintance.
"I append a schedule with some necessity to the second secon observations, and am, honored madan your ladyship's obliged, obedient servant, "EPHRAIN MACKELLAR."

A. Scroll of ten letters from Ephraim Mackellar to the Honorable James Durie, Esq., by courtesy Master of Ballantrae during the latter's residence in Paris: under dates—(follow the dates)—Notat to be read in connection with B and A. B. Seven original letters from the said Master of Ballantrae to the said E. Mackellar, under dates—(follow the dates).

Weary as I was with watching and distress of mind, it was impossible for me to sleep. All night long I walked in my cham-ber, revolving what should be the issue and sometimes repenting the temerity of my in-mixture in affairs so private; and with the mixture in affairs so private; and with the first peep of the morning I was at the sick room door. Mrs. Henry had thrown open the shutters, and even the window, for the temperature was mild. She looked stead-fastly before her, where was nothing to see, or only the blue of the morning creeping among woods. Upon the stir of my entrance, she did not so much as turn about her face—a circumstance from which I au-

gured very ill. "Madame," I began; and then again,
"madame," but could make no more of it.
Nor yet did Mrs. Henry come to my assistIn this pass I began gathance with a word. In this pass I began gathering up the papers where they lay scattered on the table, and the first thing that struck me, their bulk appeared to have diminished. Once I ran them through, and twice; but the correspondence with the secretary of state, on which I had reckoned so much against the future, was nowhere to be found I looked in the chimney; amid the smolder-ing embers black ashes of paper fluttered in the draught, and at that my timidity van

"Good God, madame," cried I, in a voice not fitting for a sick room, "good God, madame, what have you done with my pa-"I have burned them," said Mrs. Henry,

turning about. "It is enough, it is too much, that you and I have seen them." "This is a fine night's work that you have done!" cried L. "And all to save the reputation of a man that eat bread by the shedding of his comrades' blood, as I do by the shed

ding ink," "To save the reputation of that family in which you are a servant, Mr. Mackellar," she returned, "and for which you have already done so much."

"It is a family I will not serve much longer," I cried, "for I am driven desperate You have stricken the sword out of my hands; you have left us all defenseless. his head; and now-what is to do! We are o falsely situate, we dare not show the man the door; the country would fly on fire against us; and I had this one hold upon him and now it is gone—now he may come back o-morrow, and we must all sit down with him to dinner, go for a stroll with him on the errace, or take a hand at cards, of all things, to divert his leisure! No, madame; God for cannot find it in mine."

"I wonder to find you so simple, Mr. Mackellar," said Mrs. Henry "What does this man value reputation! But be knows how high we prize it; he knows we would rathe die than make these letters public; and do you suppose he would not trade upon the knowledge? What you call your sword, Mr. Mackellar, and which had been one, indeed, against a man of any remnant of propriety. would have been but a sword of paper against him. He would smile in your face at such a threat. He stands upon his degradation; he makes that his strength; it is in vain to struggle with such characters." She cried out this last a little desperately, and then with more quiet: "No, Mr. Mackellar, I have thought upon this matter all night, and there is no way out of it. Papers or no papers, the door of this house stands open for him. He is the rightful heir, for south! If we sought to exclude him, all would redound against poor Henry, and I should see him stoned again upon the streets. Ah, if Henry dies, it is a different matter! They have broken the entail for their own good purposes. The estate goes to my daughter, and I shall see who sets a foot upon it. But if Henry lives, my poor Mr. Mackellar, and that man returns, must suffer; only this time it will be to

On the whole, I was well pleased with Mrs. Henry's attitude of mind; nor could I

even deny there was some cogency in that which she advanced about the papers.
"Let us say no more about it," said L "I can only be sorry I trusted a lady with the originals, which was an unbustnesslike proceeding at the best. As for what I said of leaving the service of the family, it was spoken with the tongue only, and you et vour mind at rest. I belong to Durris deer, Mrs. Henry, as if I had been born

I must do her the justice to say she seemed perfectly relieved; so that we began this norning, as we were to continue for so many ears, on a proper ground of mutual indul-

gence and respect. The same day, which was certainly predicate to joy, we observed the first signal of recovery in Mr. Henry; and about 3 of the following afternoon he found his mind again, recognizing me by name with the strongest evidences of affection. Mrs. Henry was also in the room, at the bed foot; but it did not appear that he observed her. And indeed (the fever being gone), he was so weak that be made but the one effort, and sunk again into a lethargy. The course of his restoration was now slow but equal; every day his appetite improved; every week we were able to remark an increase both of strength and flesh, and before the end of the month he was out of bed and had even begun to be carried his chair upon the terrace.

It was perhaps at this time that Mrs. Henry

and I were the most uneasy in mind. Appro-

hension for his days was at an end; and a

vorse fear succeeded. Every day we drew consciously nearer to a day of reckoning; and days passed on, and still there was noth Mr. Henry better in strength, he held long alks with us on a great diversity of subjects, his father came and sat with him and went ni and still there was no reference to the into tragedy or to the former troubles which had brought it on. Did he remember, and conceal his dreadful knowledge! or was the whole blotted from his minds this was the problem that kept us watching and trembling all day when we were in his company, and held us awake at night when we were in our lonely beds. We know not even which alterna tive to hope for, both appearing so unnatural and pointing so directly to an unsound brain Once this fear offered, I observed his conduct with sedulous particularity. Something of the child be exhibited: a cheerfulness quite foreign to his previous character, an interest readily aroused, and then very tenacious, in nall matters which he heretofore despised.

When he was stricken down I was his only sonfidant, and I may say his only friend, and he was on terms of division with his wife; upon his recovery all was changed, the past forgotten, the wife first and even single in his thoughts. He turned to her with all his emotions, like a child to its mother, and seemed secure of sympathy; called her in all his needs with something of that querulous familiarity that marks a certainty of indulgence; and I must say, in justice to the woman, he was never disappointed. To her in-deed this changed behavior was inexpressibly affecting; and I think she felt it secretly as reproach; so that I have seen her in early

change appeared not natural, and, viewing i along with all the rest. I began to wonder with many headshakings, whether his reason

were perfectly erect.

As this doubt stretched over many and discovered in the state of clouded all our subsequent relations, I may well consider of it move at large. When he was able to resume some charge of his affairs, I had many opportunities to try him with precision. There was no lack of understanding, nor yet of authority; but the old continuous interest had quite departed; he grew readily fatigued and fell to yawning; as he carried into money relations, where it is certainly out of place, a facility that bordered upon alackmen. True, since we had no longer the exactions of the master to contend against, there was the less occasion to raise strictness into principle or do battle for a farthing. True again, there was nothing excessive in these relaxations, or I would have been no party to them. But the whole thing marked a change, very alight yet very perceptible; and, though no map could say my master had gone at all out of his mind, no man could deny that he had drifted from his character. It was the same to the end, with his manner and appearance. Some of the heat of the fever lingered in his veins; his movements a little hurried, his speech notably more voluble, yet neither truly amiss.

His whole mind stood open to happy impressions, welcoming these and making much of them; but the smallest suggestion of trouble or sorrow he received with visible impatience and dismissed again with immediate relief. It was to this temper that he owed the folicity of his later days; and yet here it was, if anywhere, that you could call the man insane. A great part of this life consists in contemplating what we cannot cure; but Mr. Henry, if he could not dismiss solicitude by an effort of the mind, must instantly and at whatever cost annihilate the cause of it; so that he

the mind, must instantly and at whatever cost annihilate the cause of it; so that he played alternately the ostrich and the bull. It is to this strenuous cowardice of pain that I have to set down all the unfortunate and excessive steps of his subsequent career. Certainly this was the reason of his beating McManus, the groom, a thing so much out of all his former practice and which awakened so much comment at the time. It is to this again that I must lay the total loss of near upon £200, more than the half of which I could have saved if his impatience would have suffered me. But he preferred loss or

any desperate extreme to a continuance of mental suffering.

All this has led me far from our immediate trouble—whether he remembered or had for-gotten his late dreadful act, and if he retruth burst upon us suddenly, and was in-deed one of the chief surprises of my life. He had been several times abroad, and was now it chanced I should be left alone with him singular furtive smile, such as school boys use when in fault, and says he, in a private whisper and without the least preface: here have you buried him?"

I could not make one sound in answer. borns. "Mr. Henry," said I, "I have news to give that will rejoice you exceedingly. In all human likelihood your hands are clear of blood. I reason from certain indices, and by these it should appear your brother was not dead, but was carried in a swound on board the lugger. By now he may be perfectly re-

What there was in his countenance, I could not fead. "James?" he asked. "Your brother James," I answered. "I

deceptive; but in my beart I think it very probable he is alive."
"Ah!" says Mr. Henry, and suddenly rising yet discovered, set one finger on my breast, and cried at me in a kind of screaming whis per, "Mackellar"-these were his wordsthing can kill that man. He is not mortal. He is bound upon my back to all eter-nity-to all God's eternity!" says he, and, sitting down again, fell upon a stubborn si-

A day or two after, with the same secret smile, and first looking about as if to be sure we were alone, "Mackellar," said he, "when you have any intelligence, be sure and let me know. We must keep an eye upon him, or he will take us when we least expect." "He will not show face here again," said I.
"Oh, yes to will," said Mr. Henry, "Whorever I am, there will he be." And again he

oked all about him "You must not dwell upon this thought, Mr. Henry," said L. "No," said he, "that is very good advice.

We will never think of it, except when you have news. And we do not know yet," he added, "he may be dead." The manner of his saying this convinced me thoroughly of what I had scarce ventured to suspect; that so far from suffering any penitence for the attempt, he did but lament his failure. This was a discovery I kept to myself, fearing it might do him a prejudice with his wife. But I might have saved myself, and found the sentiment quite natural Indeed, I could not but say that there were three of us all of the same mind; nor could generally welcome than tidings of the mas

This brings me to speak of the exception, my old lord. As soon as my anxiety for my old master began to be relaxed, I was aware of a change in the old gentleman, his father, that seemed to threaten mortal consequen His face was pale and swollen; as he sat in the chimney side with his Latin he would drop off sleeping and the book roll in the es; some days he would drag his foot, others stumble in speaking. The amenity of his behavior appeared more extreme; full of excuses for the least trouble, very thoughtful for all: to myself, of a most flattering civility. One day, that he had sent for awyer and remained a long while private, be met me as he was crossing the hall with painful footsteps, and took me kindly by the

"Mr. Mackellar," said he, "I have had many occasions to set a proper value on your services; and today, when I recast my will, I have taken the freedom to name you for one of my executors. I believe you bear love enough to our house to render me this ser-vice." At that very time, he passed the greater portion of his days in slumber, from which it was often difficult to rouse him; eemed to have lost all coupt of years and had several times (particularly on waking) called for his wife and for an old servan whose very grave stone was now green with moss. If I had been put to my eath, I must have declared he was incapable of testing; and yet there was never a will drawn more mensible in every trait, or showing a more ex-cellent judgment both of persons and affairs.

His dissolution, though it took not very

ong, proceeded by infinitesimal gradation His faculties decayed together steadily; the extremely deaf, his speech had sunk into mere mumblings; and yet to the end he managed to discover something of his former courtesy and kindness, pressing the hand of any that helped him, presenting me with one of his Latin books in which he had laboriously traced my name, and in a thousand ways reminding us of the greatness of loss, which it might almost be said we had articulation returned to him in flashes; i ed he had only forgotten the art speech as a child forgets his lesson, and at times he would call some part of it to mind. On the last night of his life he suddenly broke silence with these words from Virgii "Gnatique pratisque, alma, precor, mis-erere," perfectly uttered and with a fitting accent. At the sudden, clear sound of it we started from our several occupations; but it was in vain we turned to him; he sat there silent and to all appearance fatuous. A little later he was had to bed with more difficulty than ever before; and some time in the night, without any mortal violence, his

spirit fled.

The death of my old lord was the occasion of a fresh surprise to us who watched the be-havior of his successor. To any considering mind, the two sons had between them slain their father; and he who took the sword might be even said to have slain him with his hand. But no such thought appeared to trouble my new lord. He was be-comingly grave, I could scarce say sorrowful, or only with a pleasant sorrow: talking of the dead with a regretful cheerfulness, relating old examples of his character, smiling at them with a good conscience; and, when the day of the funeral came round, doing the honors with exact propriety. I could per-ceive, besides, that he found a solid gratification in his accession to the title, the which he

Continued next Saturday

THE TREATMENT OF LINES.

Rooms Too High Should He Treated Stari-auntally; Too Low, Vertically.

It may be said, to the honor and glory of our younger architects especially, says The Art Amateur, that when they introduce color in the interior fitting of a house, they almost always produce a tolerable result, sometimes even a very agreeable one. This they do by attention to common-scues rules, by leaning to harmony of gradation rather than of contrast, utilizing the natural colors of materials wherever possible, preferring warm but broken tones of medium intensity, and distributing these in broad masses, trust-ing to the furniture and movable-decora-tions to give sufficient variety, and, indeed, they usually give too much. But this sensins Too High Should He Treated Herithey usually give too much. But this sensi-ble moderation, this predilection for an har-monious and simple treatment, is not to be looked for, as a rule, in their disposition of

We have nothing to say against the picturesque in architecture when it arises naturally from the circumstances of the case, or in course of time. It may be well worth bearing the discomfort and inconvenience with which they are almost certain to be panied, to have a striking sky line, a



HORIZONTAL TREATMENT OF LINES, TO GIVE

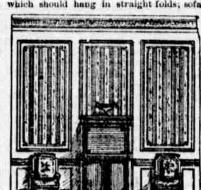
fect of shadow, or a lot of romantic associa tions. But some of those things can hardly be had to order, and an attempt to imitate the accidental picturesqueness of old country dwellings is likely to result in anything but the wished for effect exteriorly, while in the interior, in addition to the various sorts of discomfort which it entails, it has led to an entire disregard of proportion and of the ex-pressiveness—when properly managed—of architectural lines.

The owner of a modern cottage, or even of

an expensive residence, is as likely as the occupant of the most ordinary house to be troubled about what to do with his ill proportioned and badly arranged rooms. So thing can generally be done, though in the former case a satisfactory cure is often im-possible. Usually the difficulty is that the room is too high or too low, too long or too narrow, and those faults can easily be remnarrow, and these are not complicated by irregular jogs and bays, by window and door casings of unequal beight and similar unlooked for results of the modern architect's plan of working from the outside in. In dealing with these complications their victims must rely on their own ingenuity; but the greater obstacles overcome, it may be found possible to reduce the lesser, or, if not, to bear with them. A few typical examples will help us to understand the principles involved.

Take the case—very common in modern houses—of a room being too high for its floor space. The obvious thing to do would be to provide it with both frieze and dado, and to make both of exceptional depth. But perhaps the builder has already put in a dado of the same beight as in other lowstudded rooms, and the chances are that he has made doors and windows so high that a deep frieze is impossible. He may also have aggravated the difficulty by fixing over the mantel a tall mirror reaching to the cornice; still, there is no need to despair. The prin ciple to act upon remains the same. It is to multiply and accent the horizontal lines, to subdue and efface some of the perpendicular ones. Thus, if the cornice should contain a row of tall palm fronds, in the Empire taste, one should abstain from picking them out with gold, or otherwise drawing attention to them; but the longitudinal moldings, instead, should be so distinguished.

The narrow frieze may be decorated with oblong panels or may have a running or-nament whose curves approach the hor-izontal. Sofas and other oblong pieces of furniture may be disposed where they will do the most good, and the current fashion of decorating portieres and heavy window curtains with broad horizontal bands may be followed with advantage. be neutralized in part by treating the frame of the latter differently from the mantel itself, regilding it, for example, and by cover-ing the mantel shelf with a deep lambrequin. The paper should be of a diaper pattern. In the opposite case, all this should be The figures on the wall paper should be disomitted or made very narrow: no horizontal which should hang in straight folds; sofar



PARENT INCREASE OF HIGHT TO A ROOM. should give way to chairs, and any paneled article of furniture that may be introduced should be chosen for its height and the height

of its panels. The two accompanying illustrations showing the same wall differently treated, explain the principle on which all these suggestions are based; but the much pleasanter appear-ance of the second should teach us that it is well that vertical lines should dominate. Any too great insistence on the horizontal lines is sure to give an impression of a crush-ing force overhead. It will sometimes happen that a single bold stroke, the introduc-tion of one conspicuous horizontal, will suffice to correct the bad proportions of a high ceiled room. But violent contrasts are dan gerous; a few objects bounded by graceful curves, or of shapes approaching the square, will be desirable to obviate them

A Luxurious Lounging Place A divan made out of a packing box, cush-ioned and draped with a Bagdad curtain, or one of grandmother's blue and white coverlets, is, if filled with plenty of soft pillows, a most luxurious lounging place, and discounts the cabinetmaker's best effort by half, that is,

A Famons English Setter. Here is a picture of the noted black and white English setter Cincinnatus, who was whelped in May, 1886. Gen. Shattue was his bred animal. His sire is Count Noble and



CINCINNATUS.

dam Champion Dido II, so, if breeding counts for anything, he has it thick. Cincin-natus has done well on the bench, having won third in open class at New York last spring and first at Toledo in the fall. In the field his record is what his owner, being a sportsman, is more proud of. He divided in 1888 the third prize in the all aged setter stake at the Southern field trials. Then in the recent Eastern field trials he fourth in the all aged setter stake, his kennel companion, Toledo Blade, taking second place.