BY CHARLES OTBBON.

The wild expression disappeared and slowly there came a smile of recognition. hel . . My lass! But what a dream I had had-that I got for and let the boat gang on the rocks and

But there the glimmer of intelligence faded, and a vacant expression took its place. This was not the expression of im-petitive, but that of one who is looking at something he cannot see and searching his mind for something he cannot find.

Suddenly he made an effort to rise, but fell back helpless. "Try ngain," she said cagerly; "If you

could only get on to the seat, it would make me less was to look at you."

Mechanically he made the effort, and with her strong help succeeded, after a few trials, in gottle g on to the seat. He leaned back, anable to support himself, still looking at the something he could not see.
"Can you bide there that way till I

gon a drink? She brought him a glass of water and held tt to his lips. He drank greedly as if his throat were parched, and he seemed to revive. She took both his hands in hers and garing carnestly at him said-

'Can you na tell me how this ha Tey to mind. Where did you get the drink?"
"I canna toll. I got whisky, and I saw
the Dun Buy and the Bullors, and I wanted
to keep clear of them. But something aye
pulling the wheel out o' my hands. There

the ended the contenes by sinking hie head hopolessly and muttering wearly, "I cannot tell—I dinna ken."

She saw it was no use pressing her questions further at that time, and indeed she had no opportunity of doing so. Although the noise above continued, the engine had stopped, and she knew that they were in port. Her father came down. Partly is consequence of his dread of any further accident, and partly out of a wise discretion, knowing his own temper, he had dolayed coming until the Mermatawas safely more of in Peterhead Harbor. Now when he came, he found her holding Ross's hand and speaking softly to him. His passion blazed up in spite of himself. blaged up in spite of himself.

"What are you doing there with that secondrel? Come oot o' that this moment." She did not move, and Ross was apparently quite unconscious of the angry and bitter

"Did you as hear me?" shouted the father, "I tell you that you are na to disgrace yoursel' by speaking another word to him." "Father, he is no weel," she said gently, but without releasing her lover's hands.
"Na weel!—he'll be well enough when he

gets over his drucken fit." "Inle is not a drunken fit, father. He is really not well, and you should get a doctor

"Mo get a doctor for the secondrel that nearly rulned me as weel as drooned us at P exclaimed the captain, as much astounce by his daughter's calmness as by her first disobedience. "I tell you he was drinking when he was at the wheel, and that would has been enough for me even if he hadna put us a' in sicean danger

"How do you know that he was drinking when at the wheel?' she asked calmly. "Cargill fold mer He took a dram from

"Ah?" The exclamation was short, quick, with a drawing in of the breath. "And he kave it to him."

"Av, but he mann hae been drinking before that, because as dram wouldna make him lie what he is. Come, out o' this, Bob Poss, and thank the kindly thoughts I has ave but for you till noo, that I dinna send you i jail instead of giein' you leave to

"Father will have sand take a .. ac .. are . I'll had something to say to you in a wee

To her amazement Ross stood up, unif a liv, but still maintaining the position. He drew one hand dazedly across his eyes

"Na for me, Annie na for me you shall sot suffer for me. I'll go. Your father is right. I begin to mind now, and it is his kind thought that saves me from a jail . . . of is not all clear yet; but it is coming back. Most anding at the wheel and no power to

speak, and . . and that's all," Alido a minute and fill got dock Burns to with you," and she darted up the stair. Captain Dune in was puzzled. He could reaccount the man, this was not the way had ever before som anybody who was nothing

a le explain his falling asleep at the And so he answered the pexcle by in orry for you, Bob; but you has because it is on yoursel' and I canna pass it to be your the book out for sle a thing but

THE WE'VIN DO WE'VING" "Con are doing kindly by me, captain, and I thank you," and the poor man, again posing his hand dasodly over his eyes, "I

doma understand ye that it's coming to me, cont I ken that I was wrange e e e I thank you had I'll go." Un made a stop forward, stansfored, and

for or the direction that the stury one " OHAPPER HE

A HOUSE MASS.

The fet person Annie encountered on the doe's was Carell, and for an instant she thro a from him, contening the top of the eable scale to provent horself from falling beet wert. He hold out his hand to aid hor, his shoren vived horesis without take ing the proffered hande

Dering the time of danger the most ter-Forstricken face of all on board had been forsizeden face of all on board had been that of Cargill. He grasped the nearest rope of the risging, and clung to it as if he were mirendy drowning, and this was the last extra of hope. His flabby checks grow yellow, and his fishy eyes started in his head more prominent than ever. He had never

er hon the danger was ever he was the fire he recover his equanimity, and to pretend that he had not been at all disturbed by the

meident.

He lit a eiger, and whilst apparently looking on at the instic which preceded the artiful in port, he hovered about the abin akylight and the state, wishing to go down, and, for some reason, unable to do so, straining his ears to eaten any sound that might some from below. He heard nothing.

He advanced to the captain several times, as if to speak, but saw that he would receive twy little grace if he attempted it. Then he walked back to the cabin skylight and havered about it as before. But when they were fast in port he met the captain on his way to the cabin, told him of the dram he had given to Ross, with many expressions of regret at the almost fatal consequence, and taking his full share of blame. At the same time he offered his fast to the captain, who vary utilities to the capsome time no offered his fask to the cap-teein, who very willingly took a dram while

maying—
"If was a foolish thing for you to do, though kindly meant; but it was a—weil, we'll in say use mair about that. I dinnawant to be in a passion when I gang doon to him. I'm no game to prosecute him, as I

iute, if he has to be carried out." "Don't be too hard on him, captain. He ust have had a drop before that he did not

must have had a drop before that he did not take into account. One glass could never have had such an effect upon him."

"He many has had a guid wheen draps afore—confound him—for you see I has taen a big dram the noo, and I'm a heap the better o't, instead o' being the way. But that's no to the purpose. He had not right to touch on whing when he was on duty."

"All the same of blass; for your own same."

onything when he was on duty."
"All the same, captain; for your own same
don't be hard on him." "Oh, I'm na gaun to be hard on him, as I has told you. I has had ower muckle liking for him for that. I'll manage quiet enough; but we mann get him ashore; I canna thole

to has him near me." So the captain went below, and Cargill, as before, hovered about the cabin, and thus encountered Annie when she rushed up

"Do you want anything-can I get it for you?' he asked eagerly.
"Na—yes—thank you," she said excitedly,
and with a little confusion. "Wait a min-

the men stood in a group, talking and smoking. As there was to be no discharge of cargo till the following day, they were all taking their ease and discussing the strange

events of the passage "I want you to go down to the cabin, Jock," she said, touching the arm of a thick-set, grey-bearded man, "and bide with Bob

he is not well." loss;—he is not well."
"You're fashing yoursel" ower muckle bout him, missy" (that was her name encount the Mermaid); "but I'll do your bid-

"I tell you all, he is not well; he was not "That's just what I was saying," asserted a sturdy fellow named Campbell—the same who had been the look-out at the moment of peril, "for he was speaking to me as half an hour afore he put the wheel wrang, and

he was as sober as a judge." The man said this doggedly, having just been contending with much opposition from

"You are right, Campbell," said Annie, grateful to find some one who agreed with her. She had been much disappointed by the manner in which Jock Burns had obeyed her; for she had counted upon him as Ross's friend, and found that he, too, shared the common belief regarding the cause of

"Go you up to the town and fetch the best doctor you can find that will come immedi

Then she went back to Cargill, who was walting for her with every appearance of stolid patience in his general bearing; but the fish eyes rolled restlessly between the shore and the group of men to whom she

had been speaking. It was the late gloaming—the hour when sea and land appear most beautiful, touched by the saddest, sweetest, most mysterious lights and shades. Voices and all sounds seem hushed, and the restless plash of the sea is like the low croon of a mother singing a lullaby. The shadows deepen slowly, and by-and-by all is hushed and yet

Suddenly there comes a glory in the sky; great shafts of lights of many colors, like straight rainbows, dark across it through white streams, and the eyes are filled with

"This is the first time I have seen the Northern Lights, Miss Murray," said Car-gill as he advanced to meet her; "and they are certainly admirable."

"Ay, they are fine," she answered grave-ly, checking the inclination she feit to show her dislike for his conventional expression of admiration; "we who have seen them be fore believe they are something more than

That is exactly how I feel," he answered, evidently quite unconscious of the re-luka conveyed inder sirenomends. But you believe it, there is something which occupies my mind so much at present that I am unable to give them proper attention?"

"It is true. May I tell you what it is, Miss

"May I speak to you first, Mr. Cargill?" Even his dull self-conceit was taken aback by this curious way of replying to his question. He fancied he had spoken in the tones of a charmer—he did believe himself an invincible lady-winner-and she spoiled all his fine preparations by a request which he could not refuse. He had a great objection to be crossed even in trifles.

Yet she had spoken very quietly; and the wonder overhead—now appearing as luminous white streams simply—shone on her calm, sad face, making it so beautiful that for the first time he became vaguely conscious that there was something in the world finer and nobler than himself.

He made the grand bow which a dangingmaster had taught him, and which he had learned to perform with less grace than an awkward elephant might have shown. She smiled in a sad, half-hearted way; still she smiled, and his good opinion of himself was restored. That bow had con-

"I was just going to ask you, Mr. Cargill, what did Mr. Ross look like when you gave him that dram from your flask? Did he look as if he had been drinking?"

This was extremely disagreeable in several ways, but particularly because it took his mind entirely away from the arrangement of the pretty phrases in which he was to express the thought which was uppermost in it. His answer was so prompt that to her quick wit it seemed to have been

"I really did not think so, or you may be sure I would have been the last person in the world to add to the poor fellow's afflic-tion—to say nothing of the fact that consideration for our safety would have prevented

me doing so." "Did you speak to him?"

"Did you speak to him?"
"For a few minutes, yes."
"And he answered you sensibly enough?"
"I must say that so far as my recollection goes, he did. No one was more surprised than I when the real state of the case was brought so unpleasantly before us. But of course I had no suspicion that he could be guilty of such—such stupidity."

Ife had hesitated over the word he should use; for he desired to show a friendly disposition towards Ross.

"Thank you, Mr. Cargill. It was a pity

She turned away, looking anxiously for the return of Campbell with the doctor. Cargill's heavy paw rested on her arm. "Are you forgetting, Miss Murray, that I sked to be allowed to speak to you?"

"Then permit me to do so now" (he had recumed his grand air and the flabby smile which he thought so winning). "You know the question I want to ask; your father wishes you to say yes; and I need not say that I desire you to say yes." She turned upon him those of eyes and that fair troubled face.

"I will speak honestly, Mr. Cargill, and it will save you and me a heap of vexation, maybe. I know what you mean, and I tell you once for all that as long as I live my answer will be the same to you as it is now—you can never have yes from me."
"But your father would like it."
"Ay, but he would never wish me to do what I do not like and do not think would be right."

The man was not a woper; he had not the feelings of one. So instead of persuading, instead of feeling that he must give everything to win the one object he desired, he felt his pride wounded, he drew up his big frame and used reproach.

"It cannot be that after what has happened you still think of this man, Ross! You yourself said that a man who could disgrace himself as he has done would not be worth think about."

She felt her checks tingling, and she looked down as she spoke in a low voice,
"You have no business with what I may

think, Mr. Cargill."

Then she looked up and her eyes brightened again as she cried: "Here's the doc-

It was curious how the pride-pulled form of Cargill appeared to collapse at that an-nouncement, and he slunk back a few paces. Campbell came forward with a grey-haired, muscular-looking gentleman, whose fresh, healthy face gave evidence that he lived much out of doors. On the way to the steamer Campbell had told D. Pratt the circumstances of the case, and he was ready to see the patient at once. Annie went down to the cabin with him, and, after some hesitation, Cargill followed, but stopped at

the foot of the stair. Ross was lying on the seat where he had fallen when he made his attempt to leave. He was again in a state of stupor. Captain Duncan was moving restlessly about; Jock Burns was standing by, stolld and indiffer-

Annie watched the doctor's face easerly whilst he was examining the patient; and waited, breathless, for his verdict.

The doctor treated the case in a brisk, off-

hand way as one of mere drunkenness, and He is a strong, healthy fellow," he said, "and there is nothing the matter with him except that he has had a drop too much. Put him into a berth and let him sleep it off. He'll be all right when he wakens."

Then the doctor, too, was against her; he also found that common explanation for the condition of Ross. Annie felt that the last hope of convincing her father that there

hope of convincing her father that there was a mistake was gone. According to the doctor, there had been no "fit," no sud attack of illness—only that vulgar crim

But she had faith, and she did not despain

Ross wakened in his berth early in the morning; but he was not yet "all right," as the doctor had predicted he would be. He was certainly much better; but he was still confused, and for a little while unable to comprehend his position.

Then it flashed upon him with cruel vivid-

zess-the drink-the disgrace. He could not yet recollect all that had happened, but enough was clear to make him anxious to get away from the Mermaid without causing more pain to Annie. With that thought he turned out of the berth and soused his head well in cold water. Then he had only to pull on his boots and fasten his necktie, for his clothes had not been taken off. That done, he made his way to the deck, purposing to go on shore and take the first train home. What was to be done afterwards would be decided when his head

Early as it was, however, Captain Duncan was already astir, and as soon as Ross appeared from below, they met.

"I am sorry for you, Bob; but it's the best thing you can do to gang hame by train. I dinna think I thole to hae you on board after what has ta'en place. Had you done it at ony other time, I wouldna hae thought muckle about it; but when you were at the wheel and at such a place—oh, confoond it, I canna think aboot it wi' ony patience." Ross bowed his head and could not speak.

Presently the captain went on-"Hows'ever, you can mak' your mind easy see far that I'll na speak a word about it, and the lads will haud their tongues for your sake. At the same time I am done

you." you." very good of you, captain," said Ross, speaking low and huskily; "but although you may hide it from other folk, you sannot hide it from me. That's the worst of it. I don't know yet exactly what I have done or how I did it; but I dare say I shall learn it all soon enough. Thank you, and

He went on shore, the captain looking after him with something wistful in the expression of his ruddy face. Suddenly he tarned and shoutest-

"Campbell—here. You gang up to the station wi' Bob Ross and see him safe into the train. I'm doubtin' he's na juist him-

Campbell obeyed willingly; he was the only one, except Annie, who had the slightest doubt as to the cause of Ross's disgrace. The captain turned to his duties with an excess of energy, as if anxious to forget in the bustle this painful incident. When Cargill rose and learned that his

Ival was safely off, he was in high giee. He had no doubt that now with a clear course before him and with her father on his side, he would speedily overcome Annie's objections. In his cunning schemes however, he did not take into account his own clumsiness. Annie did.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE FRIEND AT LAST. It was a busy day for the master and crew of the Mermata. The cargo consisted chiefly of salt, saltpetre, and a large quantity of oil, intended for one of the experiments in oiling the angry waves for which Peterhead was become famous. The captain was desirous of having all cleared out before the noon of the following day, and his men found him more impatient than they had ever known him before.

Cargill would have persuaded Annie to accompany him on an excursion inland to accompany him on an excursion inland to view some of the beauties of Buchan, which he had been told were numerous. She declined, pleasantly enough, as it seemed, but so firmly that he did not persist. He counted upon his victory during the return passage. Meanwhile he sauntered into the town by himself, to gratify the eyes of the folk with a view of his manly person and the latest style in tailoring.

test style in tailoring. Annie felt as if the atm Annie feit as if the atmosphere were semenow purer during his absence. Without exhibiting any deliberate design to avoid him—and certainly without discourtesy—she contrived to escape being left alone with him during the next two days, when the business of unloading having been completed, that of reloading was in progress.

On this second day after the departure of Ross there was amazoment on board the

Ross there was amazement on board the Mormaid at eight of old Dick Baxter hirping along the quay, as calmly consequential and as much at home as if he had been at the same as a second consequential to the same as the same as a second consequential to the same as the same as a second consequential to the same as a second consequential

"Dod, there are surely few bees? the byte when the dranes come out," exclaimed the captain cheerily. "Whar in the world do ye come frue, Baxtor?"

"Just frue hame, captain, and I'm want-in' you to tak! me back again."

"And are you out on business, or are you

"And are you out on business, or are you just taking a daunder to see the kintry?"
"Oo, baith, baith, captain; a man's never ower suld to learn, and I has been learning

has started if it hadne been that naething would satisfee Bell Cargill except that I should gang once errand to look after her

"Aweel, gang you below and Annie will see that you has something to eat."
"And whar's Jeems the noo?"
"Un the town come eat."

THE PARTY OF THE MAKE

"Up the town, some gate."
At that Dick Baxter hirpled down to the cabin with unusual alacrity. To Annie his only salutation was, as he presented a let-

"Bob Ross sends you that, missy."
Her face flushed with pleasure; but she put the note in her pocket in order to attend to the wants of the unexpected guest.
"Na, na," he said hurriedly; "read your bit letterie, and while you're doing that I want to look into Jeems's cabin. I hae got an idea in my head that puir Bob didna get fair play, and I want to try and make sure o't."

"You think that?" she cried joyfully. "I has not doubt about it, and the doctor that saw him in Edinbro' has not doubt about it-for, tak' his word for it that he tested naething a' day exceptin' what Jeems gled him. But we want to mak' sure afore speaking. Whar's his cabin?" Saw pointed to a door. Old Dick passed into the place, closing the door after him.

Annie, like many others, had great faith in Dick Baxter's wisdom, for as he studied the newspapers so carefully he could always tell about everything that was going on, and no one had ever been bold enough to question his judgment on any question of right and wrong.

She opened her letter with fingers which were not quite so steady as usual, and read her first love-letter. It was a strange one.

"I write this to let you know I am better, Annie, and to tell you that there has been some mistake about me somewhere.
"On the way to the station, Campbell told me about everything that happened, and although I could not take it all in clearly at the time I have been able to do so since. though I could not take it all in clearly at the time I have been able to do so since. You all think that I was drinking. You will believe me—I had nothing except what Cargill gave me, and that I took because after what you had said to me I was kind of pitying him, and did not like to show ill-feeling. There was something wrong about that whisky. Dick Baxter had been reading something in the paper that made him ing something in the paper that made him suspect it the minute I told him about the accident.

"He is going to you. If he should be right I will be able to face your father and the world again, and, best of all, I will be able to meet you without feeling that there is any shame upon me.

"It has been a hard time for me, Annie, and I do not think I could have come through it but for you—God bless you. I am hoping that there is only a wee while to wait till I may see you again; and I am wait till I may see you again; and I am feared that something may come between us yet. But nothing can change me."

She put the letter in her pocket. There was a new light on her face, making it look gentler and happier that it had ever done before. Ay, she did believe him—she had believed all along that he had been betrayed in some way, although she could not guess how. But Dick Baxter was a clever man and he would find it out. When Dick reappeared from Cargill's cab-

ed face, and nodding to Annie complacently he muttered-"Just as I thought, just as I thought." "What is as you thought?" she inquired

in there was a peculiar smirk on his wizen-

"Give me a minute or twa," he answered seating himself before the joint of corned beef which had been placed for him. He took a dram first and then ate heartily. His reflections were much aided by this proceeding, and when he had finished he produced a large well-worn pocket-book from the midst of a curious collection of needles, hanks of thread, fishing hooks and odd buttons, and selected a scrap of paper which had been cut from some newspaper.

"I dinna want to gie you ony false hopes, missy, but if I be na far wrang, Bob Ross

"You have found out now it was doze."
"You have found out now it was doze."
"I just used it as soon as Boo let me ken
what had happened. You see what comes o' reading the papers. I would hae been like the lave o' you, maybe, if I hadna read

He handed her the scrap of paper. It was the report of a common enough police case; a man enticed into a house, drugged, robbed, and turned out into the street in a state of apparent drunken stupefaction.

"This is what he has done?" she cried excitedly.

"Bide a minute, missy. You hae a heap to answer for; if it hadna been for you, the gowk would never hae thought o' sic a daftlike thing. Hows'ever, we want to clear Bob. You say naething about this, no even

to your father, and I'll satisfee him that he was mista'en. Whan do you start?" "To-morrow morning. "Weel, as soon 's I hae told Jeems what his mother wants, I'll gang hame again by train the-day. But I would like you to tell

me ane or twa things first." The "ane or twa things" included the whole of her conversation with Cargill about Ross, and the information she had gathered from the men separately that not one had observed the slightest sign of anything being wrong with the pilot until they found

him lying by the wheel. "It's just wonderfu' how you thought sbout seeking out a' that," said Dick admiringly; "but you were aye a clever lass, missy. I canna understand how the captain should be sae ready to think ill o' Bob." "Cargill made him believe that he had been drinking before."

"Aweel, that'll a' be set right afore lang. You and me maun keep a calm sough for a wee while. Just you keep on as you hae been doing-keep frien's wi' him and maybe we'll get mair outo' him." When Cargill returned he was annoyed

exceedingly to find his bugbear, Dick Bax-fer, waiting for him, and almost started into a rage when he heard the well-known salutation, "Weel, Jeems, how's a' wi' you the day?"

He would have turned away at once from this pest, but he was detained by the next "Your mother sent to you ance errand.

She wouldns believe in the post or the telegraph; the matter was sae particular that
mething would serve her but I maun come
wi' her message."

"What is it she wants now?" was the surly d impatient query.
"She doesns want you to break your trip;
"She doesns want you to gang straight to but she commands you to gang straight to her the minute you land. She bade me say that you would hurt yoursel' mair than you can funcy, if you didns do her bidding."

"You'll come the minute you land?"
"Of course, since she isso particular about

"Pil tell her to expect you, for Pm gran back by train the day."
That evening in the glosming, work even and all quist in the harber, Chytain Boson was sitting on deak anothing. Annie we walking up and down, constantly halting seeds him. During one of these halls, he aid alwestly anie, I want you to be kind to Jee

This was the first time he had referred to the subject of the proposed union since that

formate. He was perplexed; what especial eason was there for asking her to be kind to Cargill? He himself had no especial repart for the man, and but for his fortune would have little to say to him.

(Continued next week;)

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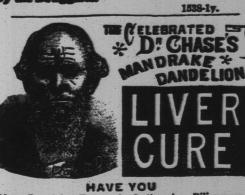
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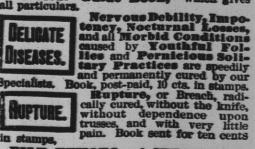


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