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"Donald Gordon has done many things that he ought to have left undone," he said with a quiver in his voice. "But there is one thing he has never done-he has never broken his word. That has always been better than his bond. I and my wife will go with you to Scotland as scon as some necessary business is transacted here. I never intended to set foot in the old country again. But heaven has its own way of upsetting the designs of man. I am happy enough to

"I wish I could fly to The Elms," I said, "and let them know." "We'll sail, Kilgour; we'll sail," he laughed. "That'll be quick enough. And now

for the preparations." He turned away abruptly, and I knew there was a lump in the throat of the war-rior who had been thought a devil, and indeed my own was strangely tight, while as for Rance, being a woman in spite of her country and color, she was fairly weeping with downright gladness. So to keep our selves in heart I took the liberty, greatly to the astonishment of Donald's chief butler, of serving with my own hand some of the best sherbet all round.

A little later I broke the news to Tabal. "I am going away, Tabal," I said; "far away to my own country, and the desert and the black tent will know me no more "Cannot Tabal go with thee?" he pleaded

quickly. "That can scarcely be, good Tabal," I answered. "It will be better for thee to return to Marabel with the caravan."

"I will not return unless thou drive me away," he replied stubbornly. "Hast thou not saved my life, and where thou goest will I not go to serve thee? Thou wilt take thy little Fatima. Let me go, I pray thee, to care for her."

"Take the honest fellow with you, Kilgour," called out Gordon, who happened to hear us. "I will be at the cost of him, and he will look after my rogue Mahomet. Besides, Hassan" (the great black warhorse) "is going to keep your little mare company."
"Be it as thou sayest then, Tabal," I said,

and the poor fellow leaped for joy.

Three weeks later we embarked at Yedda with all our belongings, Yumen Yusel, the shereef of Mecca and a brilliant company of sheiks and great men doing us final

CHAPTER XXVL HOME AND VICTORY. So once more we are among loved and

heather and the fellowship of friends. been known in the sedate valley that in-

of a company of outlandish folk with the jargon and garb of heathendom. I wish In any case I was in no condition to ob-In his wanderings in the east Donald

had imbibed high notions of pageantry and the picturesque, and so he insisted we cheek. should go home in the best style at our command-that is to say, in full oriental costume and a special carriage. "It will be a free sight for the natives,"

he said. "It isn't every day that Arabs of our standing arrive in Scotland." Accordingly on reaching Perth we in voked the aid of my old friend of the "Hound and Stag," who procured for us at a cost that, in his own words, was "perfeckly awfae," the best barouche and the fastest pair in the city.

To make the more imposing show Tabal and Mahomet were to ride behind on Fatima and Hassan, accoutered in Arab fashion, with a spear and half a dozen daggers apiece. Very glad they were to get into the saddle again, both to stretch their muscles according to wont and to display their horsemanship. The horses also whinnied with delight at the touch of the familiar girths, and when mounted danced a jig unknown to the sober steeds of these isles. The town gathered to witness the specta-

cle of our departure, and it afterward leaked out that the provost and council were at the moment excitedly considering the question of entertaining the Indian nabobs who had so unexpectedly honored their city. But we were off before the good men could decide, with half the population at our heels, as if we exercised the charm of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. And the mighty sensation of the starting was continued all along our route. People rushed gaping from houses and fields to get a glimpse of us at close quarters, and those whom we met generally turned and followed us as long as they had breath. Some saluted us as if we were foreign potentates, others stared as if they had been turned into stone, and yet others, by their looks, seemed to apprehend an invasion.

When we swept through our little village, there was the commotion that an earthquake or the descent of an armed band of robbers might have caused. Fain would I have stopped to make myself known to the villagers and see their astonishment, but at that stage we could not bear to tarry. Two miles ahead was Kilgou, and a little beyond was the Elms. So we sped on without drawing rein, our hearts beating short and fast, with the expectation which the returning exile alone knows. The carriage horses were lathered and blowing after their 40 miles, though Fatima and Hassan, with more trying work, did not show a wet hair. But no consideration for blown horses could have induced us to delay. The coachman, rather against his will, whipped up, and instead of slackening the pace increased.

As we rolled, bumping and shaking, over the mountain road in the midst of many whirling thoughts, suddenly old Duncan's parting words flashed upon me.

"God bless ye, take it. It will be the sil-ler pipes I learned ye to blaw on. Ayont the seas ye'll can gio a skirl at times to mind ye of old friends, and when ye come back ye'll can march to your own quick

Why shouldn't I? In less time than it takes me to write this sentence the silver

pipes were out of the green bag.
"You shall be played home like a hero,
Gordon!" I cried, leaping upon the dickey to the great discomfort of the coachman, who was evidently unable to make up his mind whether we were great folks or sim-

ply maniacs. The scream of the pipes made the horses almost as wild as I was myself. "I canna haud them!" yeiled the coach

man, laying his weight on the reins, "I'll never win back to Perth safe. Woa! Woa! They're off, sure. May I be burned alive if I ever take a trip like this again. Woa, Dandy! Woa, Meg! Ah, ye limmer, taking the bit atween your teeth! If I smash this kerridge, I may just go and hang mysel'."
"Let them out, you fool," I said breath

lessly. The speed was glorious to me. They could not go too fast. Another mile -one short mile, but it was too much to

I blew as I had never blown but once be-fore, and that was when I thought I was playing a ranting air as my own dirge.
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was now my tune, and the birds flew in terror from the rocks at the mad excitement of the strain. Another half miletwo or three minutes n.ore. Couldn't the ass of a coachman use his whip? Then all at once the chimney tops of Kilgour ross amid the dusky heath as I had seen them rise when last I returned from Edinburgh, and I almost dropped.
"Thereitis, Gordon!" I screamed, pointing

ing. They must have company."

And settling down to work again I played

fiercer and fiercer, and Rance stuffed her ears, and Donald encouraged me, and the coachman, hanging on the reins, swore we should be headlong over a precipice, but the speed was not checked.

A quarter of a mile more, and I saw a man in a field near the house. He stood In the drawing room I found Sir Thomas fore a word was said. Then Sir Thomas, looking toward us, shading his eyes with Gordon, Isabel, Donald, Rance and—Peter taking his pipe from his mouth and with his hands. He gazed thus for perhaps half Clephane. At sight of him my anger rose great difficulty clearing his throat, made a

pace would have leaped down and run after pretending not to notice the three fingers him. Compelled to keep my seat, I struck he held out to me. Then we sat down and up again faster and fiercer and more dis- did not address each other once while we recordantly than any piper blew since pipes | mained in the room. were invented by Adam.

marching home.

The girls will sing, and the boys will shout,
And the ladies they will all turn out,
And wo'll all feel gay when Johnny comes

At last we were off the county road and into the avenue-the avenue to Kilgour House. I was blind and dizzy and distracted. I played, but heaven alone knows what the tune was or how many tunes were ashed up together. Up we went at a gallop, the barouche bounding like a ball when it struck a stone, the horses dripping, the driver like a ghost. Duncan had reached the house and given the alarm, and people were hurriedly gathering on the lawn. Heavens above! There were my mother and Isabel and Sir Thomas Gordon and my

father! I made a heartrending effort to strike up "The Highland Laddie." There was a noise, but no tune. Finding myself helpless as a musician, I got to my feet and whirled the pipes about my head in mad exultation. Donald, too, unable any longer to resist, rose, and snatching off his turban waved also. Bruce charged down upon us, every oristle on his back erect, and those on the lawn looked as if they would fly. Two hundred yards more to go! Could the horses not mend their snail's pace?

Bending forward, I struck at them with the as friends and on slight temptation turn pipes, and they gave a leap that nearly into Jews. In the present instance the broke the harness. "Od, it's weel wo're so near the end!" said

the coachman, "I'm no used to this." I threatened to fling him from his seat, and out went the lash in stinging coils that made the frantic horses spring aftesh. I could have gone faster than the; did, and beside my crazy turmol! of mind their excitement was tranquillity itself. All the experiences I had gone through were as nothing to the sensations of that moment

of transport and agony. We dashed through a gate and round a curve. Then all at once the horses were on their haunches, as, without asking the and one David Macfarlane, a companion coachman's leave, I threw myself on the reins. Before the wheels had stopped we willage inn, we were on the ground, and those who had have fair play. been watching our desperate approach, pale as death and crying with joy and fright and

amazement, were upon us. The scene that followed is not to be described. The only person in it, outside of Tabal and Mahomet, who made any pretense of keeping his head was Donald, and he afterward said he had never known himself to act so much like an idiot. The rest of us had not the least semblance of sanity. There is a joy, they say, that kills.
Assuredly there is a joy that makes mad, familiar scenes, the torrid sands are left and it was upon us then in raging force. behind, and we are back to the scented We were delirious with an ecstasy that sent our wits flying like chaff in a sudden blast. That 'ome coming was such as had never In a single instant, so to speak, we were whirled through a million realms of poigcludes Kilgour and the Elms. Old people | nant feeling. The emotion of a lifetime was talk of it yet by the chimney cheek in win- | condensed into one burning moment, and in ter nights, and the young listen with open mouths and wide eyes to the wondrous tale at any rate was Tabal's opinion, communiof the sudden appearance one quiet evening cated to me confidentially a few day subse-

some of these people were now at hand to serve minutely; consequently I find it now describe what they saw and thus save me not only impossible to give an accurate acmuch trouble, for I have come to a point count of the demonstration, but hard to that seems to touch me more closely in my disentangle even the major impression. tenderest part and to make it more difficult | Perhaps what remains with me most vivto write than anything that went before. idly (after my dear mother's frenzied em-But I will briefly relate what remains of brace) is that Sir Thomas Gordon, murthis extraordinary history and endeavor to muring words of gratitude for the service I had done him, took my hand and wept over it like a child, and that Isabel in the presence of them all kissed me fervently on the

Ah, me! I never could forget that. When I think of it after the lapse of nearly half a century, that spot seems to glow with a youthful heat as if it were the only part of me that keeps perpetually young. It is on the right cheek, pretty high up, and sometimes I go to her and say, "Isabel, is there ared ring on that cheek of mine?" And she, well knowing what I mean, will answer with a pleased smile and maybe a slight heightening of the color, "Tush, tush! A man of your years should be thinking of other things." Nor can I deny she is right, for a man who has grandchildren climbing over his knees ought not to be foolish, though, as I tell her, I can scarcely convict myself of foolishness since it does one good to try to feel young again. But all that is

too far ahead of this story to be gone into As you may suppose, a wondrous fuss was made over Panee. Sir Thomas and Isabel, to her unutterable delight, welcomed her cordially in her own tongue, and my father, forgetting his antipathies to foreigners of her color, kissed her little brown hand in his grandest fashion, and my mother, though sorely puzzled what to make of a creature who dressed so oddly and understood no English, received her with all the warmth of a heart that knew not how to be cold. But indeed Ranee's pretty ways were not to be resisted, and she was soon, by virtue of her own good qualities, established as a favorite with all. To Isabel she was as a sister, and to my mother as a

daughter. I should add that Tabal and Mahomet, considerably to their embarrassment, came in for a liberal share of the good will, and that with Donald and Ranee they long continued to be objects of intense curiosity. not merely to those at Kilgour, but to the whole countryside. The general opinion was that they had all come as part of my retinue, and every one suddenly remembered how he or she had predicted speedy

wealth for me. "I kenned ye would soon be back wi' fortune and wheen black men, sir," the people would say when congratulating me on my happy return. "I aye said so." Good cause I had to wish that the fawn ing supposition was true. The first gladness of my home coming was scarcely over and the tale of my adventures told when I began to suspect that things were as bad with us as when I left—that indeed they were a great deal worse. My father, being a tacitura man, said little to indicate press-ing trouble, but my dear mother, who used

to be the light of the place, now went about with a white, drawn face and eyes, that were hardly ever dry.

At last her distress became so plain and so painful to me that one day-the third or fourth after my arrival—when we were alone together, I asked why she was so troubled and if there was anything I could

do for her. At this, throwing her arms about my neck, she laid her head on my breast and sobbed so sorely that I could not help crying for company.
"My darling mother," I said, "what does

all this mean? Tell me what is the mat-

She did not speak, but stood weeping and stroking my hair as she used to do in the

"Tell me, mother, what is wrong?" I said again. "Tell me-I cannot endure this." "Oh, Andrew, it breaks my heart," she answered through her crying, "to think that after all you have done and suffered you come back to a ruined home. Nothing but a miracle will save us from being turned out like beggars on the heath." The world suddenly swam before my

"And who is doing this?" I asked in a quick gasp.
"The man who professed so much friend-

ship for us—your father's cousin, Thomas Clephane, the lawyer of Dundee." "Thomas Clephane!" I repeated, for the idea could scarcely force itself into my brain. "Thomas Clephane! And how may he have the power to do it?"

"He has the power which an overdue mortgage on the whole place gives him."
"Mother," I cried flercely, "he shall not take Kilgour! I will kill him first." "No, no," replied my mother, clinging

closer to me. "You will not commit mur-der. I must not lose my boy as well as my home. No, no, I must not lose you." "Stay, mother. Just one question more Has his son-has Peter been near the place at all?"

"Yes; he has been both here and at Th to the right. "Don't you see it standing alone there? All the chimneys are smokmust not be doing anything rash. Promise me that, Andrew." "I will do nothing rash, mother, except

in your defense. Now let me go." My father entered, and I went out saying I wished to see Donald Gordon.

Five minutes later I was at The Elms, hot with running and hotter still with anger.

to a white hot passion that made it hard to | little speech. a minute; then suddenly turning he made off as if he were pursued by the enemy of mankind. It was Duncan. I shouted to smile of pleasure, saying he had heard I him, I waved his own pipes and but for the was home, and I bowed slightly in return,

When my visit, which was brief, was at an end, what must Donald in his devilment do but propose that we three young men should have a walk together. To my surprise Peter Clephane agreed with alacrity, remarking it was the very thing he desired. The reason was speedily made

"Sir," he said to me when we were in the road, "your travels have not mended your manners! You have insulted me!" "Sir," I replied, "you give me unspeakaole pleasure. I will insult you again.'

Donald looked from one to the other for an explanation, but we had no time to give it. "Sir," hissed Peter, "if I had a sword or

pistol, you should eat your words!"
"It's a thing I mortally hate," I answered. "But that needn't deprive you of your satisfaction. Choose your weapon and name your time and place." Donald whistled. "A private matter, l resume," he said.

"I don't know that it is," returned Peter, with the spitefulness of a girl calling names. "It's simply this: Some people spend more than they earn and then go a-borrowing. My worthy cousin can tell you the rest."

"And will," I said. "Some people lend Jews are a fat lawyer of Dundee and his

"It's a foul lie!" cried Peter. "We only want our own and nothing more." "No Jew ever wants more," I answered. "Shylock didn't, and the breed retains its | must name the conditions." uprightness and integrity. But we're getting away from business. We have more long story short it was arranged we should have a moonlight meeting, pistols to be the weapons. Donald was to act as my second from Dundee, who was then staying at the village inn, was to see that Peter should

When the time came, I slipped secretly out (having breathed no whisper of what was in the wind) and made off to the trysting place, where Donald was to have my weapon tested and ready. As I was hurry ing along, thinking what would be the con sequence if Peter or myself were killed, I was startled at hearing my name called from a thicket by the wayside. Turning quickly, I saw a tall, muffled figure coming toward me from among the bushes. Now, it is perhaps best to own I am not above ar occasional superstition. Immediately my head was full of uncanny thing, about wraiths and ghosts, and the hair rose on my cold scalp. But the next instant my neart was leaping with an emotion that was not fear, for the voice that spoke to me

was not one to frighten.
"You are in great haste, Mr. Andrew," said Isabel, coming up and throwing off the hood that concealed her face. "Surely you must be bent on some deed of charity to be in such a hurry.'

And then laughing quietly she added be fore I could speak:

"You are a very pretty fellow in your rarlike humor. I am afraid your travels have made you forget the ways of peaces ole people. Seeing that she knew all, I asked her

low she had discovered the secret. "I knew something unusual was going on, and so I picked it out of Donald," she inswered. "And now don't you think you had just better go back and not put crime on your head by killing that poor fellow?" So we stood and argued the matter. I pointed out to her as well as my clumsy amazement an ongue could how deeply my honor was he counted ou oncerned and how dastardly it would be ereign.
"Now, Thon to turn back.

"A fine thing is this honor to fight about," she said, with her bantering little laugh. 'Do you think you will be any better or you breathe ne happier after you have maimed Mr. Clephane for life? The quarrel, I think, is of Your seeking. You had better consider, Mr. Andrew, what you are doing."

beginning a spe off the premises

At that instal

life, had she? Well, we would see about granting her petition. Like a boor I told her it would be my greatest pleasure in life to put a bullet into the heart of Peter Clephane.
"Oh," she said in a changed voice, and I could see a sudden flush on her face in the | whiningly. Bu

moonlight. "Oh, I did not expect that answer. Mr. Andrew." I saw my mistake instantly, but before there was time to speak a word of apology Donald was through the wood looking for

"This is fine work," he called out. "We time now. For heaven's sake, Kilgour, don't belate! It's almost as bad as running away.' "But Donald this is a foolish quarrel." pleaded Isabel, in spite of my rudeness. "Tut, tut, sis. Girls don't understand

these things," answered Donald. "You shouldn't be abroad at this hour. Go back er he told it to me. Some other time it and keep Ranee company. She is lonely Then just as we were about to turn into

an adjacent field a boy came up and pre sented a letter to Donaid. "From Mr. David Macfarlane," hesaid.
"Hold on!" cried Donald. "I must run to the light to see what he says!" He went

and Isabel and I were again alone. I made haste to stammer what apology I could frame, and being unused to the exercise I managed badly and suffered grievously. But, luckily for me, I was dealing with one who had better qualities than pride. Laughing at me for my pains, she asked if it was the ladies of Arabia who had taught me to make fine speeches, said she had never suspected my eloquence, and rather by manner than word indicated that perhaps I had not forever forfeited her friendship.

Scarcely had I my peace made when Donald came back. "Coward, poltroon, slanderer!" we heard him say while he was still some distance off. "The mean, sneaking cur! The con-

temptible, cabbage headed whelp!"
"What is it, Donald?" cried Isabel, run-

ning to meet him. "This," he answered in disgust, "that the hound who dared to come to The Elms as a gentleman has funked-called off on sudden business, as if an affair of this sort were not more important than any busi-ness. If ever he sets foot here again, I'll

kick him.' There was a rippling laugh of gladness from Isabel. "Sis," demanded Donald fiercely, "have you any hand in this dastardly trick of his?

Have you helped to get him out of the way?" "I don't answer rude questions, my war-rior of the crescent," she said, smiling in his face. "When you find me doing a das tardly trick, then ask again. You are both very angry at having your fun spoiled. But my brave gentlemen must remember they are now in a civilized land. Get home, both of you, and pray heaven to grant you more sense for the future. You need it, and one is just as bad as the other." And there being nothing else for it, we

did as we were told. The duel was a fiasco, yet it was not with-out result, and that is the end of my story and my reason for dwelling so long on a trivial incident. From Peter's words and a letter he wrote to Isabel, which has not to this day been acknowledged, the Gordons heard of the desperate condition of our af-fairs, but as our pride would not permit us to speak of our difficulties, so neither would the delicacy of the Gordons permit any reference to them that might cause us pain or

impossible to conceal matters any longer, and taking me with him for company my father went one day to The Elms to tell Sir Thomas all. He had no intention of asking for assistance nor any expectation of receiving it, but simply wished to do away with false appearances and stand, as he was, a ruined man.

The two retired to the smoking room for their talk, and they might have been an hour together when Donald and I, chancing to pass the door, were called in. There was a strange silence when we entered. My father's eyes were wet-a thing I had seen not more than once in my life before—and Sir Pleas in Thomas was smoking at a furious rate as if trying to hide himself in the blue clouds Attest: he was emitting. They looked at each other once or twice with an odd expression be-

Imagine my astonishment to hear bin pegin a eulogy on myself for the inestina ble service I had rendered him in restoring Donald to his family (here Donald nodded with great vigor) and for the hardihood I had shown in going to the ends of the earth after the scapegrace (here Donald again nodded with greater vigor).

"And whereas, Mr. Andrew," he pir sued, "one Mr. Thomas Clephane, being blessed with more gear than grace, has by wile and guile and by sundry acts of the usurer got into his possession certain deels and documents which will entitle him, felling the payment of certain moneys, to take ossession of Kilgour, to the ruth and harm of its rightful owners, I being moved thereto by divers good reasons already set forth, have made up my mind to cheat

"Quite right, father," put in Donald. The proposition is sound and just." I did not then know what I afterward learned, that Donald had warmly urged Sir Thomas to this generous act.
"On this day week," resumed Sir Thom-

as, "at 12 o'clock noon precisely, this Thom as Clephane and his myrmidons will, ac cording to an instrument which I have pe rused, demand the aforesaid moneys at Kilgour house, and failing one payment will proceed to take possession. It will be my pleasure to see the money paid, and the usurer and would be usurper kicked from the premises. I am a mild man, but such measures of justice are at times necessary.

"Oh, papa, papa," cried a clear, bell-like oice, "that is ferocious language for you." "Come in, my dear," called Sir Thomas and Isabel and Rance walked in. In ager words Isabel was told what had taken place She, however, knew it as well as we, though she did not care to own she had been listen ing. But indeed the proposal had been no secret at The Elms for a week before.
"But the conditions, Sir Thomas," I said

all in a tremor with excitement. "These," said he, and I thought there was a sparkle in his eye as he glanced from than one score to settle, and this seems an excellent opportunity." And to make a arranged, Mr. Andrew. Dear me, how stuffy it is in here! Let us get into the With perhaps the fleetest foot I ever set

to earth I ran to tell my mother the good tidings. At first she could not believe me but when my father, too, burst in breathless and beaming, her unbelief gave way and she must needs cry for joy.
"I knew my boy would save us," she said. "Let us thank God for all his mer

cies." And we did. Punctually on the day and at the hour when the money was due Thomas Clephane and his man appeared. He strutted into the house with an insolent air of ownership thinking it no longer necessary to be polite even to my mother, and spreading out his warrants began to read them. But my fa-

"I think this will probably save you the



a convenient s

laid down the my lawful re "Go," I said

"Ah. Sir Tho "Silence, vipe

"And be out of t treat you as you He went shameracedly with his bag of gold weighing upon him heavier than a nillstone, and so Kilgour was ransomed. Here my story naturally ends. What beshall be late. It wants but five minutes of the fell in the happy times that followed, how Donald and I scoured the country on our Arabs, how Isabel and myself became faster friends and Ranee was established as mistress of The Elms I may not tell, nor may I tell the story of Donald Gordon, as in the long days among the summer heath-

> may be set forth for the delectation of a world, which I believe is not averse to ro-

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SUMMONS. STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA EDGEFIELD COUNTY.

Court Common Pleas. Summons for Relief. Complaint served. E. J. NGRRIS, Plaintiff.

against Mrs. M. A. EICHELBERGER, Defen't. To the Defendant Mrs. M. A. Eichelberger.

WOU are hereby summoned and re-Y quired to answer the complaint in this action, of which a copy is here-with served upon you, and to serve a days after the service hereof exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the complaint within Dated March 22, 1894. NORRIS & CANTELOU.

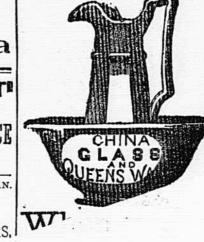
Plaintiff's Attorneys. To the Defendant Mrs. M. A. Richelberger:

VOU will take notice that the sum-Y mons and complaint in the above stated cause were filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas in and for Edgefield and said State on the 16th day of May, 1994. JOHN B. HILL, C. C. C. P.

received this week, Magnificent is the word. NORRIS & CANTELOU, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

Successor to GEO. B. LAKE, GEO. W. CROFT. JAS. H. TILLMAN Croft & Tillman,

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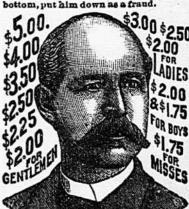
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