

mother; it's no lang since they barely escaped being murdered by your son. What more want you? But ye perhaps think it better that the time should be passed in making hollow lip professions of good-will, than that it suld be employed in clearing off an old score."

"Ay," hickuped out the elder of the two sons; "the houses might come my way then; an', besides, gin Helen Henry were to lose her a'e jo, the ither might hae a better chance. Rise, brither! rise, man! an' fight for me an' your sweet-heart." The younger lad, who seemed verging towards the last stage of intoxication, struck his clenched fist against his palm, and attempted to rise.

"Look ye, uncle," exclaimed the younger fisherman, — a powerful-looking and very handsome stripling, — as he sprang to his feet; "your threat might be spared. Our little property was my grandfather's, and naturally descended to his only son; and as for the affair at Rhorichie, I dare either of my cousins to say the quarrel was of my seeking. I have no wish to raise my hand against the sons or the husband of my aunt; but if forced to it, you will find that neither my father nor myself are wholly at your mercy."

"Whisht, Earnest," said the old fisherman, laying his hand on the hand of the young man; "sit down; your uncle maun hae ither thoughts. It is now fifteen years, Eachen," he continued, "since I was called to my sister's deathbed. You yoursel' canna forget what passed there. There had been grief an' cauld an' hunger beside that bed. I'll no say you were willingly unkind, — few folk are that, but when they hae some purpose to serve by it, an' you could have none, — but you laid no restraint on a harsh temper, and none on a craving habit that forgets everything but itsel'; and so my puir sister perished in the middle o' her days, a wasted, heart-broken thing. It's no that I wish to