Poetry.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

No genial sunshine, balmy air,
No fields bedecked with blossoms fair,
No songsters warbling forth their lay,
From sky of blue, or leafy spray,
No wide expanse of verdant green,
No soft umbrageous woodland scene,
No cheery hum of busy bees,
Or insect life among the trees,
Will greet you on your natal morn,
Your heart to cheer, and path adorn,
To glad your eye, and charm your ear,
For Winter sits enthroned here,
Binding with adamantine chains,
Stern sway o'er Nature it maintains,
And seems as if its freezing breath
Would bring o'er all the chill of death.
The pleasure born of doing well,
That makes the heart with rapture swell,
The happiness that's only won
By duties braved and nobly done,
Are better than the joys of sense—
A richer, purer recompense;
In friends and home is found a joy
The seasons rigours cannot cloy;
No storms can mar the social mirth
That finds its centre round the hearth.
Sweet thoughts of friends beloved and true,
Of kindest greetings sent to you,
May make your heart all tingling glow,
Though widespread lies the drifted snow.
Oh! may your heart be filled with them,
Prays, most sincerely, yours, J.M.

JAMES MILLER

Braidwood.

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THE YELLOW BADGE.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS,

Author of "A Life's Surrender," "In Storm and Strife," "The Case of David Lisle," "A First Night," "Courtship and Dynamite," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A KINDLY LAWYER.

Jack Gillespie as he lay on his sofa in the "Home of Rest," to which he had been taken from Ophir-street, read the announcement of his father's death in the newspaper that was daily brought to him. Outwardly he made no sign, though the about him wondered why he became dejected and depressed, and had gone back instead of advancing towards convalescence.

A strong yearning to speak out and say who he really was, had for a time almost overcome his resolution to be silent. Then he remembered that for his father's sake he had accepted death in life; why, now, because his father had passed out of the ken of worldly matters, should he wish to besmirch the name it had been always his pride and pleasure to mint in unsullied?

Thus the days rolled by and not a word did he utter, though he saw more than once the advertisements that offered a reward for the discovery of the whereabouts of John Dudgeon, the only son of General Dudgeon, late Bengal Cavalry, who was supposed to have gone abroad some five or six years ago, and not since to have been heard of.

"Why they wanted him," he wondered, "and why, if wanted, Armstrong did not come and find him," was perplexing.

But Jack Gillespie, in his weakened condition of body, was scarcely in a fit state of mind to guess conundrums, and that this, since he knew nothing of what had taken place, seemed to him as a conundrum of some magnitude there was no gainsaying. He was reflecting on the subject as he constantly did in the solitary hours, while he lay on his couch, advancing very slowly towards convalescence, since he made no effort to get well. The nurse who attended him came into the room with the intelligence that a gentleman wished to see him. A flush rose to his pallid brow, for no one ever came save Bill Rees, and he was not thus formally announced. "It must be Armstrong," he thought, even feared.

But the man who was standing on the threshold looking keenly at him as he attempted to rise, was not Armstrong, but an individual whom, though he had not seen him for years, he at once recognised.

He was the lawyer who had conducted General Dudgeon's affairs before Jerry Armstrong had come on the scene and shunned respectability and rectitude.

"Well, Jack. I am glad I have found you," he said in a cheery voice, "but you look ill, my boy. We must have you out of here—into some fresh country air."

The lawyer was determined not to appear as if he knew anything about a distressful part, though an interview he had had with Susie Maclaren, after Rees had informed him of Jack's whereabouts, had given him some idea of what it was.

"Yes, I have been very ill," answered the invalid, "but how did you find me, Mr. Morgan?"

"I generally find what I look for," was the ambiguous reply. "But now tell me, what is the meaning of all this? Why have you been keeping out of the way?"

Jack Gillespie's head sank on his breast as he murmured:

"You do not know that I have been in prison, convicted for theft of jewels in an hotel at Newcastle"

"Not one of which you touched, eh?"

"God knows I am innocent, but to protest innocence is not to establish it; the proofs were against me. A brooch belonging to a *pensie* that was stolen, and which was the property of an actress, was found in my portmanteau."

"I wonder why you did not send for me?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"My one thought was to save my father's name, and to prevent anyone knowing who I was. I gave the name of Gillespie, being the first that came into my head when I was arrested, and I have held on to it ever since."

"And you mean to say your father knew nothing of what was going on?"

"On the contrary, I communicated with him through a lawyer called Armstrong, who was staying in the same hotel, and who was most kind and anxious to help and befriend me."

"And the General? What did he do?"

"He sent some money to Armstrong for my defence, and said he washed his hands of me for ever. That he should disinherit me, and tell everyone I had gone abroad and died."

And Jack heaved such a deep sigh that Mr. Morgan was touched to the quick.

"My poor fellow, my poor fellow," he said. "If only I had been sent for! But from that time I have never had any communication from the General. Armstrong has transacted all his business."

Jack started up with a sudden renewal of vigour.

"Armstrong transacted my father's business!"

"You did not know this?"

"I knew nothing of what was going on since I was a convict at Portland. Where is Armstrong, who was kindly and helpful, but he never once mentioned my father. I believed his reticence to be caused by delicacy, since he is the only individual, as far as I knew, who was aware that General Dudgeon was my father."

"I suppose his behaviour was to serve his own ends, not out of delicacy towards you. He was helpful, you say?"

"Yes, he advised me to stick to the name of Gillespie, though God knows I had no intention of changing back to my own. He would not do anything to annoy the poor dear old man, cruel though I could not help feeling that he had been to me. Armstrong gave me a reference, and I got a situation as designer in Wylie's place at Gravesend; but after I had been there about a year, the 'hands' found out what my past had been, and I was ousted out of it—had to run for my life, in fact."

"And this violent feeling against you was at Armstrong's instigation?"

"So I learnt later on."

The answer was stiffly given, since Jack did not want to bring Susie into the discussion by telling Armstrong's reason for this change of behaviour.

"Would you be very much astonished to discover that Armstrong himself stole those jewels?"

Another bound of astonishment on Jack's part. The conversation was, indeed, full of surprises.

"I never thought of such a thing. It could not be, it is impossible; a man of his position and seeming respectability!"

"Yet, he was as good a position or having as much respectability as you have, eh, Jack? I do not say he did steal the jewels; but several recent events point to the suspicion that he is quite capable of having done so. The man who has absconded with large sums of the General's money, would not scruple about possessing himself of a handful of jewels."

Jack did not speak; he was thoughtful.

"I wonder what Bill Rees thinks about it all?" he murmured, partly to himself.

"He suggested it to me. It was Rees who gave me your address. He and I intend to devote all our energies to the fathoming of this jewel story. I have already engaged a detective, and Rees, having himself been in the thieving business, will prove a most valuable coadjutor."

A gleam of light came into Jack's wan face as he heard this. It was the first ray of hope that had come to him during the many dark days, even years, through which he had passed.

Mr. Morgan saw it, and pressed his hand.

"Take heart, and be courageous, my dear boy," he said feelingly. "I am very much mistaken if I do not think we shall yet see you righted. In the meantime, do you not think you had better get out of this decreasing Hour? Fresh country air and gay surroundings are what you require."

"I would rather stay here or in some quiet place in London, till all this is settled," said Jack, sinking back into depression. "I have not much money to go about with. I must get back to my nursing. You see, this place is cheap, it is almost a charity. I am not yet strong enough to work."

"What nonsense, what utter nonsense!" shouted Mr. Morgan, with a force of voice that made the invalid quail. "Why, you will be quite well off. There are certain sums to which your mother was entitled, that you must inherit. The General had go control over them; and, for the rest, we intend to try and set aside the will."

"Not very easy, I expect, my past being raked up. Better to let it go, Mr. Morgan, than have a scandal made public; my poor father would so much have disliked it."

"Then he should not have given the cause," answered Mr. Morgan. "The will was not altered in consideration of your trouble. It was left just as it was; the General was not so hard on you as he seemed. The will was altered only about six weeks ago—since he had a stroke, and had become practically imbecile. It is made in favour of his wife and daughter."

"His wife! my father married?"

"A few days before his death he married a widow called Mathews who served as his housekeeper."

"Susie's mother married to my father!"

The words were murmured rather than spoken, and Jack fell back among his cushions, faint from strong emotion. Here was a new complication the lawyer at once saw.

"Jack was in love with this Susie. And not very surprising either, seeing that he himself thought her as charming and well-mannered a young woman as he had met for a long time. Jack being in love with her, perhaps the whole affair would be arranged without the light of a court of justice being thrown on it, which would, indeed, be most desirable, and leave him fuller opportunity to sift the jewel robbery."

All this, and much more, he thought as he stood looking at Jack, but it was no use to give his thoughts expression till the invalid had recovered what passed, and the poor fellow had to an extent recovered himself.

This, after a few minutes he did, with an effort; and then he received further concern, mixed from the kindly old friend who had at last been sent to him.

"It will be all right, old chap. You look sharp and get well; you'll be on your legs again soon, and hold your head as high as anyone."

Mr. Morgan did not think it was advisable to remark that he suspected a love interest for Susie Maclaren. Jack's spirits and health were, he saw, in too low a condition to bear much mental strain.

"I would rather there was nothing done in opposition to my father's wishes. If he wished these—these people to have his money let everything be as he arranged. The sum that comes to me from my mother is sufficient for my needs."

"All right, old fellow, we will see about it, only let me tell you, the whole business is a plant on the part of that blackguard Armstrong, and the young lady, Miss Susie, is as indignant about the General's disposal of his property as I am myself."

"Still, I wish the will to remain as my father left it," said Jack, with a strong effort to appear decided.

"As it happens there is no actual will. The whole income is settled on his widow for her life, to revert at her death to her daughter."

"Just so; let them have it. It was my father's wish, and it is mine."

"There has been a discussion as to whether the marriage is valid. It seems Armstrong was the attesting witness, signing the name of Smith."

"Never shall it be disputed. For God's sake let the whole matter drop," cried Jack, growing so excited that Mr. Morgan saw it was useless to argue with him in his then condition.

"All right, all right," he said. "I will do nothing for the present, at all events. The only step I insist on taking is that I mean to get you out of this dismal shop. The sight of the women in their caps and dreary habiliments is enough to give anyone the horrors. People call me a Philistine, but, oh, for the good old times of Sairey Gamp, say I. I loathe these Dreadful Sisters."

Jack laughed, which was what Mr. Morgan wanted, and, having so far succeeded in getting out of the groove of sad and disagreeable thoughts, he made a suggestion which somewhat took the young man's breath away, what little he had of it.

"I have got a little place at Streatham," he said. "My wife is kindly soul. Come down to us for a bit, you shall have every care for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Why, Jack, I remember you in petticoats, and as we shall be constantly together we can work out this jewel problem at our convenience, and I mean to work it out let me tell you."

The tears rose to Jack's eyes, and he had some difficulty in preventing himself from sobbing like a woman, so weak was he. But he managed to master himself, and, holding out his hand to Mr. Morgan, said in a broken voice:

"I accept, with thanks."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were a middle-class, well-to-do, childless couple, and their villa at Streatham was comfortably, even luxuriously appointed. Nothing of the shabby genteel about it, thought Mr. Morgan; he was essentially a family lawyer, who had not been brought much into contact with the shady branches of the profession. Mrs. Morgan was delighted to have General Dudgeon's son to nurse and coaxed, and, under her kindly auspices, backed by Mr. Morgan's cheerful good sense, Jack daily became stronger and more fit to contend with the battle of life.

He had readily consented to pass a few weeks with the Morgans, because he thought he could thus free himself from obligations to Cornelia Wylie till such time as he had some resources of his own; nevertheless, he was somewhat afraid of the spirit in which Cornelia would receive the intelligence that he was taking his affairs into his own hands. To his astonishment she received the information with approval. The fact was, Cornelia was wondering how she should dispose of Jack now that he was well enough to leave the nursing home. It was impossible, under all the circumstances, that he should stay at her house at the "works" until he came there as master, nor was it possible, out of respect to her father's memory, that the marriage could take place for some months. She was not quite sure that she was pleased when she knew that Jack would not in future be dependent on her for means or to learn that his social status as General Dudgeon's son was far superior to the position she had dreamt of, though she had always suspected that he was not altogether what he seemed to be. Some more so, prefer to confer favours rather than to accept them—to pet rather than to be petted. Cornelia Wylie was one of these masterful individuals. However, for the moment she decided that it was wisest not to try and clip Jack's wings. If she let him fly a little she would see better in which direction he would soar in the future.

At Streatham Jack found he out of the way of Susie Maclaren, whose projected return to the cottage was a source of intense annoyance to Cornelia, especially when she heard of the large settlement General Dudgeon had made on his widow.

Affianced though she was to Jack, Cornelia was terribly afraid of Susie. How could she be otherwise, since she was fully aware that Jack loved her. Jealous, then, in no ordinary degree, she would have been mortified to know that Jack was more than the staid lawyer, who had the management of Jack's affairs, possessed sufficient romance to be interested in the pairing of his young *protégé* with sweet Susie Maclaren, and that he had spoken to a new day in his confidential conversations with his wife; of Cornelia Wylie, and any claim she had on Jack's affections and honour, he knew nothing.

To Jack himself, he, being a wise man, spoke never a word on the subject of courtship or marriage, though necessarily Susie and her mother were frequently referred to in conversation with the disposition of the property.

It was not, therefore, very surprising that one Saturday when Jack was lying on a chair *longue* by the drawing-room window, when he glanced up from a book he was reading, he saw Susie Maclaren coming in at the gate, having by special invitation, accompanied Mr. Morgan from town to be introduced to his wife and lunch at Streatham.

By what appeared to be a curious omission, Mr. Morgan had forgotten to mention that Jack was their guest. Had he done so, very certainly Susie would not have put her foot inside the ornate suburban villa, and of this no doubt he was aware.

Jack started to his feet, and the hot blood surged to his brow when he saw the couple coming in at the gate.

"Susie! Susie here!"

Whether it were pleasure or pain he experienced at the thought, it were difficult to say. During his hours of waking discomfort, during the fever of illness, Susie had been the one image that had haunted his brain, till the longing for her had driven him well nigh mad. And now that she had really come to him in the flesh, she was as far away from him as when he had merely seen her in a dream, since that other, Cornelia Wylie, to whom he had given his word, stood firm and erect between them.

Susie's trouble when her eyes fell on Jack was almost as great as his own. Her hand was icy cold, and, without observing that he was doing so, she let him hold it so long that Mr. Morgan turned away with a smile, and, saying he would go and find his wife, he left them together to recover as best they could from the suddenness of their reunion.

"Susie! My Susie!" whispered Jack. In the fulness of his heart his voice had sunk to a mere murmur, while the one supreme hour Cornelia Wylie was totally forgotten.

"Jack! Oh, it is good to see you again, and to know that you are better and will be reinstated in your rights. My poor, poor boy, how I have grieved about you, and wondered where you were. I did not know you were here—"

"Don't say you would not have come, Susie, when I am so glad to see you."

"Scarcely. How could I have come had I known? But I, too, am glad to see you, Jack."

"It is all so strange—so very strange—how we were been thrown together by Fate without any action of our own, and yet what will the end be? My God, Susie! what will the end be?"

"That your innocence will be fully proved. Mr. Morgan told me as we came along to-day that nearly every link in the evidence convicting Armstrong of complicity in the jewel robbery—there were curios among them—have been traced to him by means of a pawnbroker, to whom he offered them months after the robbery, when he thought the whole affair had blown over."

"And he will be tried?"

"He can't be found. It is believed he is somewhere in the Argentine Republic."

"And you were going to marry this man, eh, Susie?"

"Never, Jack. He took silence for consent, and I allowed him to do so to gain time on my mother's account. There is only one man in the world that I have ever loved, and he—"

"Can never be enough to prove his devotion to you. Only—"

"Only what, Jack?"

"Do not let us talk of it, dear love. Let us, as you say, gain time. Let us wait until everything is settled, and Jack Dudgeon can hold up his head as an honest man. By the way, dear Sue, how did you learn who I really am? Did my father tell you?"

She shook her head.

"He never even alluded to the fact that he had a son. He sent me one day to a drawer in his writing-table to find a bill. Taking a bundle of papers up in one hand, a little packet fell to the ground, and opened as it fell. It contained a lock of hair and a photograph—that is, a head cut out from a photograph. It was yours. On the paper on which it was wrapped was written 'My son, Jack.' I thought, dear Jack, I kept the photograph, and I have got it now. Was it wrong of me?"

For answer he kissed her.

"And you told no one of this at the time?" he asked.

"It was your secret, therefore it was mine; but I was compelled to tell it when the General was dead and you came by right into the property."

"Dear little Susie!"

"O Jack, you can't think how unhappy I was, how keenly I felt that your being the General's son, made you further from ever away from me."

"Poor pet, poor pet! What difference could that make? Marriage and that I am see."

"I knew my mother was thinking of marrying the General, though I did not imagine it would be brought about so early and—"

"Well, never mind, darling; what can it matter to us?"

Susie seemed to speak as if Cornelia Wylie did not exist, and Susie was in no question. If the report were true that he was indeed engaged to her. Susie felt that she could not bear to hear it from his lips.

At this moment the luncheon bell rang, and, together explanations being impossible, they must content themselves by dwelling in the lovers' paradise where, illumined as it ever is by Hope, delusions and unsubstantial illusions alike become realities.

For Susie thus to indulge here? was scarcely surprising, since all she knew about Jack's entanglement was what he had given her; but how he could deceive himself into the belief that all would one day be well with him and Susie was indeed surprising.

Jack was in a state of nervous excitement and a given promise lightly on one side, and never reproach himself. His happiness with Susie would depend on his being able to declare that he had broken off without dishonour to himself; and that this was so improbable as to be utterly impossible, he would acknowledge when he allowed himself the opportunity of a serious reflection.

Notwithstanding the heavy cloud that was darkening the sunny July fair horizon, the luncheon was cheery, for Susie was in no question, and her spirits flag if he could help it; and both the young people contributed *con amore* to the gaiety of the hour.

It was not till the repast was at an end and coffee had been rung for, that a *coup* fell which somewhat dispelled the pleasant dreams in which all these people had been indulging.

Mr. Morgan filled a bumper of Burgundy, and standing up he, for the first time, referred to the affection which he believed to exist between the two young people, and which he had every hope and intention should end in a marriage, by drinking their health.

If a bomb had fallen in their midst, the effect could not have been more electrical.

Susie coloured up to the roots of her hair and gave utterance to a little hysterical sob. What she considered the crowning bad taste of the lawyer, seemed to jar every fibre of her body, and made her feel inclined to cry aloud:

"Why did I come? Why was I lured into this impossible position?"

Nor did Jack's behaviour serve in any way to reassure her, while it not a little startled his hosts. Instead of giving the thanks that were expected, he sprang to his feet, and, pushing back his chair so roughly that it fell to the ground, he rushed from the room.

Susie was too thoroughly overcome by this behaviour to be able any longer to restain the gush of hysterical weeping of which the emotion caused by again meeting Jack had rendered her susceptible.

Good, motherly Mrs. Morgan sought in vain to calm her, by telling her Jack had been so ill that he was not strong enough yet to bear much excitement, that it would be all right in the morning. Susie, however, would not be comforted. Though she tried to control her feelings, she felt quite certain that all was over between her and Jack. The obstacle that existed between them was as formidable to-day as it was that evening by the gate when they had last parted.

The cause of that obstacle, she felt in her heart, was now, as then, Cornelia Wylie.

Leaving his wife with Susie, Mr. Morgan had followed Jack. He was disapproved by the idea that the young man had suddenly gone mad. Not a surprising thought considering that Mr. Morgan had had all the particulars which Mrs. Mills could afford, given him of Jack's attempt on his life.

Jack, however, in taking fright, had simply felt that he must escape from a threatened danger.

He had been living in a fool's paradise for the last two hours. Mr. Morgan, by his toast, had opened the gate and had bidden him go forth if he would save his fair.

Where he was going neither he himself or Mr. Morgan knew, but he was putting his hat on in the hall when the lawyer joined him.

"Jack, what folly is this, my boy?" he asked somewhat sternly, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Let me go—let me go," answered unhappy Jack. "I have I not suffered enough that I should be thus tempted?"

Mr. Morgan opened the door of his study, and pushed him into it.

"Now tell me all about it, my poor friend. There seems to be some terrible dilemma, but I cannot help you unless you make a clean breast about what is wrong."

"I love Susie—I love her as a man but seldom loves a woman—but I cannot marry her," almost sobbed Jack in the fulness of his heart.

"And why not, my dear fellow. What is the impediment?"

"I am engaged to Cornelia Wylie. In my dire straits she befriended me, and to her I have pledged my word and my honour."

For a moment or two Mr. Morgan did not speak, so utterly taken aback was he when he heard this statement, and during the brief silence bitterly did he reproach himself for being so blind to the impulse of his own feelings, and without having asked for the verification of his suspicions.

How to remedy the evil he had done he did not know. He could not tell Jack to break his promise to Cornelia Wylie, thus he could not repair the mistake he had made in bringing him and Susie once more together.

For the first time in his life, Lawyer Morgan was nonplussed.

"Does Miss Wylie know of your love for another woman?" he asked at last.

"She does," was the brief answer.

"And she does not wish to set you free?"

Jack shook his head.

"I am hers, body and soul," he answered gloomily.

Truly the parting of the ways was definite, and hope for two loving hearts was extinct.

(*To be concluded.*)

FOOTBALL.

HOZIER SEMI-FINAL

AUCHLOCHAN VERSUS BIGGAR.

These two teams met on Douglaswater last Saturday to play off their undecided tie.

The weather so far as football was concerned was perfect. This, coupled with the fact that this was the first semi final ever played at Douglaswater, was the means of drawing out a large crowd to view the tussle for supremacy. Teams:—

Auchlochan—Marshall, J. Walker and Dempster, D. Walker, Anderson, and Wilson, John Walker, Muir, and Brown, Jas. Park, and P. Park.

Biggar—Dalziel, M'Morran, and Telfer, W. Dollan, Lightbody, and Kaye, Ramage, and Rudge, Sommerville, R. Dollan, and M'Guire.

Referee—Mr Kellacher, Newmains.

Biggar were successful in winning the toss, and decided to take advantage of the breeze in the first 45.

Prompt to time Brown set the sphere in motion, tipping it to Muir, who in turn sent the ball well down the field only to be returned by Telfer. John Walker, on the extreme right, was the first to get a foot, which he cleared in brilliant fashion. Even play ruled for a time, both teams playing with great determination. Biggar at this stage scored a foul. M'Morran took the kick, but Lightbody headed high over the bar. The Biggar youths now took the game in hand, and for a time bombarded the Auchlochan Citadel. Marshall defended well, and so far prevented his goal from failing. They at this stage were quite well for a good play. A scene from Ramage looked dangerous, and Dempster was forced to kick out for safety. Telfer and M'Morran were defending well for Biggar, but the play of Auchlochan lads confined to their own half. A return of Telfer's let M'Guire away on the left, but Walker came to the rescue and cleared to other end, but M'Morran returned with a beautiful overhead kick, for which he was heartily applauded by the Biggar men. Bigger were again aggressive, but Auchlochan set up a stubborn defence. At this stage Bigger were awarded a penalty, and M'Morran missed his opportunity, shooting over.

This success seemed to inspire them with a little more confidence, and they were now fairly in search of another goal. Ramage made a mass of a good opportunity, however, by shooting high over the bar. Play was again transferred to Biggar's end, when Telfer attempted to handle the ball within the dreaded area, and a penalty was the result. J. Walker had difficulty in again putting the ball over the bar. The game continued to be fast, although combination was at a discount with both teams, the kick and rush being adopted. While making straight for goal, James Park was brought down very unkindly, just outside the penalty area. The resultant kick bore no fruit, and soon after half time was called with the teams standing level—Biggar having the major share of the play.

The second half had a sensational opening; no sooner had the ball been kicked off than Auchlochan, through James Park, were one goal up.

This early reverse seemed to rouse Biggar, and they endeavoured to get down to the enemies' camp, but the guards were out, and they (Walker and Dempster) kicked them the right about. Jas. Park again fastened on the ball, and made straight for goal. His pasting shot was wide of the mark and went past. Biggar must now have felt a broken heart, from Park's point of view. The breeze was now against them, and they were unable to keep up the pace set by the robust Auchlochan men. The veteran, Harry Muir, appeared to be a favourite amongst the spectators, and encouraged by the shouts of "Come along, Harry," he responded to the call, and with a great shot, he defeated Dalziel for a third time. Biggar's chances of reaching the goal were now seemingly bright, but they endeavoured to reduce Auchlochan's speed, and came within an ace of doing so, through Ramage. A corner was the outcome, which came to nought.

The play was again at the other end, where M'Morran gave away a corner. Walker placed well, which was cleared by Dalziel.

Auchlochan could now afford to take matters easy, and Biggar took advantage of them doing so, and after Telfer had worked the ball well up to their goal, have scored a splendid goal for his side. The credit of the goal, however, falls to Telfer. Play now continued in a average manner till the whistle sounded time up.

Result:—Auchlochan—4. Bigger—2.

It may be noted here that Biggar were minus their left back, centre forward, and inside right. Substitutes had to be found on the shortest of notice to fill the vacancies. Hard luck, Biggar!

DOUGLASWATER v. LAW VOLUNTEERS.

Law notified Douglaswater last Friday morning that they would not travel to finish their undecided tie. The tie was therefore awarded to the Thistle.

Beggars in China are taxed, and have certain districts allotted to them in which to make appeals for charity.

It takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury the truth.—*Swiss Proverb.*

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—*Ruskin.*

There are 150 pawnbrokers in England to each million inhabitants.

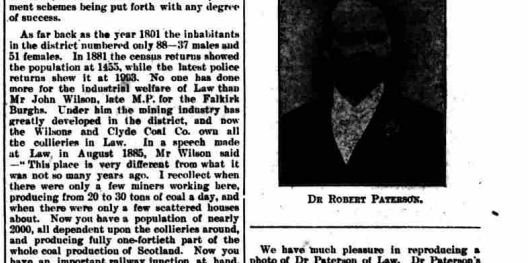
A Thriving Mining Village.

LAW AND ITS INSTITUTIONS.

With the opening up of the coalfield, Law has grown from a small hamlet to a goodly sized industrial village. A considerable change has taken place in the appearance of the place, with the recent erection of several modern buildings, and it will now make strong and favourable contrast with the ordinary small mining village. The improvement has been gradual, however, for Law is not a village of yesterday's growth. Whether it will go on extending and improving is a question difficult to solve, and should no new feus for building purposes be allowed to be taken off, there is little likelihood of improvement schemes being put forth with any degree of success.

As far back as the year 1801 the inhabitants in the district numbered only 88—37 males and 51 females. In 1881 the census returns showed the population at 1455, while the latest police returns show it at 1963. No one has done more for the industrial welfare of Law than Mr Alexander Wilson, M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs. Under him the mining industry has greatly developed in the district, and now the Wilsons and Clyde Coal Co. own all the collieries in Law. In a speech made at Law, in August 1885, Mr Wilson said—"This place is very different from what it was not so many years ago. I recollect when there were only a few miners working here, producing from 20 to 30 tons of coal a day, and when there were only a few scattered houses about. Now you have a population of nearly 2000, all dependent upon the collieries around, and producing fully one-fortieth part of the whole coal production of Scotland. Now you have an important railway junction at hand, and every facility for travelling; then your only access to the railway was by a sort of Jacob's ladder, which we weary pilgrims have many a time climbed. Now you have Schools, and both Free and Established Churches."

The present appearance of Law is one of thriving industry. The conditions of labour are as fair as could well be wished, and is no community will you find a more contented body of miners. One finds that Law possesses an Established and Free Church, the former opened on 8th January, 1880, and the latter on 12th May, 1879. There is also the public School situated on Lawhill, and to suit the needs of the community, a considerable addition to the School Building will shortly be made. The Wilson Hall, which is a neat brick erection, capable of seating 500 persons, is only one of the gifts of Mr John Wilson to the place. This Hall was opened on 28th October, 1893, by the Hon. James Hozier, M.P. (now Lord Newlands). At the opening ceremony Mr Wilson was present, and formally gifted the hall to the people of the district. Mr James Gilchrist (then School-master), made acknowledgement of the gift on behalf of the community, and Mr Henry Telfer, colliery manager, presented Mr Wilson with a handsome carved silver casket. The hall has been a great boon to the village. A Public Library is connected with the hall. The Preserve Work of Messrs J. Thomson & Co., is situated at one end of the village, and employs a large number of workers. About 60 years ago, when the Caledonian Railway went through the district, Law was chosen as the site of a railway junction. The Co-operative Society, within the last few years, erected a fine block of buildings in the centre of the village. Law possesses a Volunteer Corps, connected with the 9th L.R.V., a Bowling Club, two Carpet Bowling Clubs, Cricket Club, Football Club, several friendly societies and clubs, all of which indicate a resident population, and the desire for social improvement among the people. The village possesses a very satisfactory water scheme, but is far behind in lighting and drainage, though the feeling of the people is tending in the direction of improvement in this respect. The story of the development of the mining industry, and the steady growth of the place, would require considerable space, and we hope to deal with this at some future time.



DR ROBERT PATERSON.

We have much pleasure in reproducing a photo of Dr Paterson of Law. Dr Paterson's interest in the welfare of Law is well-known, and there is no one in the village more generally esteemed and respected than the genial doctor. He is a native of Dalry, Ayrshire, and received his medical training in the University of Glasgow, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh. Dr Paterson came to Law in 1880 as assistant to the late Dr Stewart, of Carluke. On Dr Stewart's death in December 1897, he commenced practice on his own account, and he has held, and still holds, all the appointments of works' doctor in the district. When Dr Paterson came to Law there were few places for recreation in the village where young men could congregate of an evening, and it was mainly due to the efforts which he put forth, along with the late Mr Charles Cox, that a Carpet Bowling Club was formed. The game found favour with the young men, and on account of the large membership, and the efficient management, the club now possess a fine club-house of their own at Lawmuir. On the attainment of his semi-jubilee as their president, the members made fitting recognition of the valuable services rendered to them by the Doctor by a presentation on 17th ult. Dr Paterson took a leading part in the institution of a Bowling Green Club in the village. The successful bazaar held in 1904 by the club to raise funds for laying out the green, is fresh in the minds of all. Since the green was opened for play it has been found of great service, and the game of bowls promises to become one of the most popular games in the place.

Dr Paterson acts as secretary of the Wilson Hall. Of a social and genial nature, few meetings are held in the village for which his kindly presence is not sought, for Dr Paterson has won the hearts of the people of Law. Though often asked to stand for election to public offices, Dr Paterson has always declined. Since he came to Law he has seen many changes and improvements made in the village, and he has seen Wilson's Row, Thornton Row, and Brownlee Row erected in his time.

FOOTBALL.

CARLUKE MILTON ROVERS VERSUS BLANTYRE VICTORIA.

The above teams met at Whitehill Park, Carluke, on Saturday last in the Lanarkshire Junior League. Teams:—

Rovers—Scott, Craig, Johnstone, Thomson, Paton, O'Hare, Milligan, M'Millan, Moffat, Roper, and Frame.

Victoria—Roper, Greenhorn, Maxwell, Angus, Rogers, Logan, Hendry, Horne, M'Kay, Halliday, and Galtens.

Carluke won the toss, and M'Kay set the ball in motion for the Victoria, but Frame got possession of it and carried play into the visitors' territory, Roper's charge having some very narrow escaping consequences. A corner was forced, and no good resulted. The Victoria now had a look in, and Scott was called upon to save, which he did at the expense of a corner. The kick was entrusted to Galtens, who placed nicely, but Scott again sent over the bar. From this corner kick Black and Frame got nicely away on the left, but when the position was looking dangerous for the Victoria, Black was called up for offside. Victoria now scored a run, but Paton turned nicely, and again play centred round the visitors' citadel, and Milligan had a creditable try. The Blantyre lads again made headway, and Horne missed a good chance. A corner fell to the Victoria, but M'Kay missed an open goal. The Rovers headed by Moffat transferred the play to the other end, but the centre shot over the bar, from five yards out. A foul for the Victoria near the home goal looked dadgerous, but Craig, with a huge punt, cleared his lines in brilliant fashion. The next minute saw play back at Carluke goal, and Horne scored from a good distance out. Craig got the ball shortly after the kick-off, and travelled the whole length of the field, and was only robbed when fouled by Logan. At this stage there was only one team in the game, and Frame had an excellent try which only missed by inches. Two corners fell to the Rovers in quick succession, but nothing resulted. The Victoria, still one goal to the good, were only relieved when the half-time whistle sounded.

The second half started promising for Blantyre, who for a time kept the Rovers' defence busy, but they were at last relieved by M'Kay lying offside. Carluke now returned to the attack, and Milligan had a shot which was accidentally stopped by a Blantyre player who was standing in front of goal. Carluke now were having all the play in the game, and a corner was granted. Frame placed nicely, and Johnstone headed through. Each team had one runs, but no further scoring occurred, although some fine shots were witnessed, especially one by O'Hare, which Roper saved, although with some difficulty. Carluke again forced matters, but, do as they liked, they could not score. A corner came their way, and Milligan sent in a shot which had Roper beaten, but caught the cross-bar. The whistle sounded with the score equal, but Carluke the better team.

The Rovers all played well, with Scott, Paton, and Frame, the pick of the eleven.

The Victoria also played well, but the forwards could not manipulate the ball like the Carluke lads. Their half-backs were good, but their defence was not very steady.

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