

CHAPTER IX .- (CONTINUED.) listening in wonder. Despite her sharp | quietly entered. tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with a low, chuckling laugh

"And now I hae preach'd my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, sexton disappeared, he said to his guest, "hae you had breakfast? Will you tak' | "A young friend of ours, and a school-

But Marjorie had breakfasted before

starting, and wanted nothing. garden."

Marjorie quietly followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house cross a lonely court yard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered the garden-a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and current bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun

and warm. Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.

"The garden's like its mistress," she Since Wattie Henderson died, I hae never employed a regular gardener. and the fluent Frenchman. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I right in the heart o' the auld place!"

sat down wearily. Marjorie stood locking at her in timid sympathy, while profession is the labor of a life, and, she pursued the dreary current of her alas! so many fail."

am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' tures, I despair." the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste awa' cried Marjorie, eager to praise her like mysel'. But I mind the time weel friend. "Does he not, Mr. Lorraine?" -it's no sae lang syne-when it was The minister nodded benignly. gladsome and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father a slight yawn. "The landscape, monkept open house to the gentry. Now a's | sieur, or the human figure?" changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm land. "I think I like figure painting ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and | best." turn it upside doon. What would you dae, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich subject," exclaimed Caussidiere, wayleddy and mistress o' a place like ing his hand toward Marjorie. "Ah, if

this?" The question came so abruptly at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie scarcely knew what to donnas of the great Raphael." reply. She smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.

"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay. Come!" "I cannot tell, but I don't think I

could bear to live here all alone." "Ay, indeed? Would you sell the

Castle, and pooch the siller?" "No, Miss Hetherington. I should like to keep what my forebears had owned." The lady nodded her head approv-

ingly. "The lassie has sense after a"!" she exclaimed. "Ay ay, Marjorie, you're right! It's something to belang to the line o' the Hetheringtons, and the auld lairds o' the Moss would rise in their graves if they kenned that strangers were dwelling on the land."

CHAPTER X.

ARLY in the afternoon, after a dismal lunch, tete-atete with Miss Hetherington, Marjorie returned home across the fields.

The sun was just beginning to sink as she passed through the village and approached the

manse. As she did so, she saw Mr. Lorraine standing inside the churchyard gate in quiet conversation with the French teacher.

She entered the churchyard and joined them, the Frenchman saluting her with lifted bat as she approached.

"Ah, Marjorie, my bairn," said the minister, "you are home early. Did you walk back? I thought you would have stayed later, and that Miss Hethington would have sent you home in the carriage after gloaming."

Marjorie glanced at Caussidiere, and met his eyes.

"She did not wish me to stay," she answered, "and I was glad to escape. But I see you and Monsieur Caussidiere have made friends. I met him on the way, and he said he was coming here."

"So he has told me," said Mr. Lorraine. "I have just been showing him over the kirk and through the graveyard, and now I have invited him to take pot-luck, as the English call it, this evening."

"But it is so late, monsieur," said Marjorie. "How will you get back to

"Did you not know?" returned the Frenchman, smiling. "I am taking a leetle holiday, like yourself! I have

ple evening meal. When tea was over they sat round sad." the hearth. The minister lit his pipe "She is happy and well-cared for," hasn't been back since. A mad sub- classes of currency. His record as to by many people immediately after the cause him to raise the roof if served by and his guest a cigar. They were chat- sturdily answered Sutherland, who scriber came in.

ting pleasantly together, when Solo-She ceased her tirade, and stood gaz- mon Mucklebackit, who had been up to ing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, the village on some household errand,

> "Johnnie Sutherland's at the door. Will you see him?"

Marjorie started, for she had an inthe abruptness peculiar to her, she stinctive dread of a meeting between changed her tone again, and broke into the two young men; but the minister at once replied:

> "Show him in, Solomon;" and as the fellow of my foster-daughter."

The next moment Sutherland appeared. A look of surprise passed over "Very well. Come and walk in the his face as he saw the stranger, who rose politely, but, recovering himself, She led the way from the room, and he shook the minister warmly by the hand.

> "Welcome, Johnnie," said Mr. Lorraine. "Take a seat. Do you know Monsieur Caussidiere? Then let me introduce you."

> Sutherland nodded to the Frenchman, who bowed courteously. Their eyes met, and then both looked at Mar-

"Monsieur Caussidiere is my French teacher," she said smiling.

Sutherland looked somewhat puzzled was shining, and the air was bright and sat down in silence. After an awkward pause, the minister began questioning him on his London experiences; he replied almost in monosyllables, and was altogether so bashful and constrained that Marjorie could said presently, "lonesome and neglectit. | not avoid drawing an unfavorable comparison in her own mind between him

"An artist, monsieur?" said the latter, presently, having gathered the fact should like weel to be buried here, from some of Mr. Lorraine's questions. "I used to paint, when I was a boy, She entered the neglected arbor and but, finding I could not excel, I abandoned the attempt. To succeed in your

"That's true enough," returned Suth-"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I erland, "and when I see the great pic-

"He paints beautifully, monsieur,"

"Ah, indeed," said Caussidiere, with

"I have tried both," replied Suther-

"Then you shall not go far to find a I were an artist, I would like to paint mademoiselle. I have seen such a face, such eyes, and hair, in some of the Ma-

Marjorie cast down her eyes, then raised them again, laughing.

He has painted me, and more than once; but I'm thinking he flattered the sitter. Miss Hetherington has one of the pictures up at the Castle."

Caussidiere fixed his eyes suspicious-

ly upon Sutherland. "Do you work for pleasere, monsieur, or for profit? Per'lips you are a man of fortune, and paint for amuse-

ment only?" The question tickled the minister,

who laughed merrily. "I am only a poor man," answered Sutherland, "and paint for my bread." "It is an honorable occupation," said Caussidiere, emphatically, though not without the suspicion of a covert sneer. "At one time the artist was neglected and despised; now he is honored for his occupation, and can make much

money." The conversation continued by fits and starts, but Sutherland's appearance seemed to have quite destroyed the gay freedom of the little party. At last Solomon reappeared and grimly announced that it was nine o'clock.

"We keep early hours," explained Mr. Lorraine, "and are all abed at ten o'clock."

"Then I will go," cried Caussidiere, rising, "but I shall call again. It is not often in Scotland, one finds such pleasant company."

Caussidiere shook the minister's hand cordially, and favored Marjorie with a warm and lingering pressure, which left her more disturbed than ever. Then the two men walked out of the house together.

Caussidiere and Sutherland walked up the village side by side in the light of the moon, which was then at the

"You are a native of this place, monsieur?" said the Frenchman, after a long silence.

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "A charming place! and the people still more charming! You have known our old friend a long, long time?"

"Ever since I can mind." "And his daughter—his foster-daughter, I should say? I have heard her story; it is romantic, monsieur; , it touches my heart. Do you think her

pretty?" Sutherland started at the question, which was made with apparent nonchalance, but in reality with eager suspicion. He was silent, and the other

"She is not like one of common birth; engaged a bed at the inn, and shall not | she has the grace of a lady. I was return till the beginning of the week." struck with her elegance when she They entered the manse together, and first came to me for lessons. Poor finish this editorial on "Let America Caussidiere joined them at their sim- child! To have neither father nor Defy the World?" It's only half done. mother, to be a castaway! It is very Assistant-Oh, he got scared a while

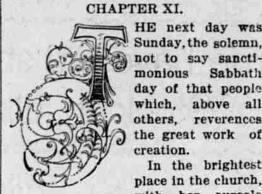
didn't like the turn the convergation | CAMPAIGN IN OHIO. friends."

"Yourself among the number. I am sure!" said Caussidiere quickly. "You are right there, at any rate," re-

turned Sutherland; and he added cold-

ly, "I'll wish you good-night." He stood before the gate of his father's cottage and held out his hand; the Frenchman, however, did not attempt to take it, but kept his own hands in his coat pockets as he returned a polite "Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.



HE next day was Sunday, the solemn, not to say sanctimonious Sabbath day of that people which, above all others, reverences the great work of creation.

place in the church, with her aureole round her, sat Marjorie Annan; and three pairs of eyes at least were constantly fixed upon her. The first pair belonged to young Sutherland, the secend to the French visitor, the third to the eccentric mistress of Hetherington

Of these three individuals Caussidiere was the most ill at ease. The sermon bored him, and he yawned again and again, finally going to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud noise and looking round him, he saw the congregation moving toward the door, and Solomon Mucklebackit, from the precentor's desk, glaring down at him in indignation. He rose languidly, and ly announcement of McLean's withjoined the stream of people issuing drawal in the hope of catching a few from the church.

Out in the churchyard the sun was shining golden on the graves. At the dition of the public mind as to the real gate several vehicles were waiting, including the brougham from Hetherington Castle.

As Caussidiere moved down the path, he saw before him a small group of persons conversing-the blind weaver and his wife, John Sutherland, Marjorie. and the lady of the Castle. He passed by them with lifted hat, and moved on it advisable to try to pull them back to the gate, where he waited.

"Who's yon?" asked Miss Hetherington, following him with her dark

"That is Monsieur Caussidiere," answered Marjorie, "my French teacher." "Humph!" said the lady. "Come awa' and introduce me."

She walked slowly down the path, while Marjorie followed in astonishment, and coming right up to the Frenchman, she looked him deliberately over from head to foot. Not at all disconcerted, he took off his hat again, and bowed politely.

"Monsieur Caussidiere," said Marjorie, "this is Miss Hetherington, of the

Caussidiere bowed again with great respect.

"I am charmed to make mademe's acquaintance." To his astonishment, Miss Hetherington addressed him in his own tongue. which she spoke fluently, though with

an unmistakable Scottish inflectior. "You speak English well, monsieur," she said. "Have you been long absent

from your native land?" "Ever since the crime of December," he returned, also in French. "But madame is almost a Frenchwomanshe speaks the language to admiration: Ah, it is a pleasure to me, an exile, to hear the beloved tongue of France so perfectly spoken! You know France? You have lived there, madame?"

"I know it, and know little good of it," cried the lady sharply. "Are you like the rest of your countrymen, light and treacherous, believing in nothing that is good, spending their lives in vanity and sensual pleasure?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Better Left Unsaid.

Two giggling girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the

"You take it, dear," said the pretty

"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other.

Then they began giggling again. At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl shoved her friend into the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to

have a seat offered me." The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never as much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.

Father-In asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law-Well-er-I hadn't fgured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000 .- San Francisco

Paper Defiance.

Foreman-Why doesn't the editor ago and ran out at the back door, and

GEN. WARNER'S CANDIDACY FOR THE SENATE.

Is Considered in the Nature of a Bluff -Candidate Chapman's Inconsistencles-Favors Culy Gold, Sliver and Greenbacks.

The reports from Ohio that General

(Washington Letter.)

Warner has announced himself as a candidate for the senate creates a good deal of amusement here. General Warner has been a well-known figure in Washington ever since his term in congress long ago, and his appearance here has always been a signal for an outbreak of the silver question. He has been a pronounced and successful calamity howler for years, and may perhaps be credited with the invention of the calamity cry, for he was among the first, if not the very first, to make it the burden of his song in behalf of silver. People have for years looked upon him as a harmless and eccentric old man, and the idea that the Democrate of the great state of Ohio would think of sending him to fill the seat occupied by George Pendleton, Allan G. Thurman and other distinguished representatives of that party never entered the mind of the most imaginative student of the political field. Nor is it supposed now that he is seriously in mind by anybody of influence or authority in the party. The impression here is that Warner has been "induced" by McLean to put his name in as a senatorial candidate simultaneously with the semi-monthsilver votes and adding another complication to the already befuddled conattitude of the Ohio Democrats upon national issues. It is believed that the announcement that Towne and other extreme free silver orators have been driven out of Ohio by Allen O'Myers and that McLean's having abandoned the silver feature has so offended the silver people that McLean has deemed into line by putting Warner to the front as a senatorial candidate. Of course nobody supposes that Warner could command any strength among the members of the legislature for the senate, though his alleged candidacy might lead a few extreme silverites to vote for such legislative candidate as he could personally endorse. The feeling here is that if Mr. McLean is

known in Ohio, but it may be interesting to voters in that state to know the opportunity given him under the was the wise one. law to issue national bank notes, despite his assertion that the only kind of paper money which he favors is United States notes. The investigation of the official records of the First National bank of Jackson, or which he is president, shows that it has and has had for years a very considerable issue of national bank currency based upon bonds deposited with the treasury, and that in spite of Mr. Chapman's insistence that he believes in no kind of paper money except greenbacks, no effort is being made by him as president of the bank to withdraw its currency now in circulation. Colored Office-Holders.

Inquiries at the postoffice department and department of justice show that the recent outrage upon the colored postmaster at Hogansville, Ga., is not by any means disposed of. The assumption of the Democrats that an event of this character could go unpunished or unnoticed by the present administration is without foundation. While the details of the work of these two departments of the government in regard to this case cannot yet be made public, it is known that the entire matter is being thoroughly sifted and that the perpetrators of the outrage will certainly be brought to justice, if all the facilities at the command of the government for that purpose are sufficient. Nor need the Democrats of the south or north expect that incidents of this kind are going to deter the administration from appointments of colored men where other circumstances seem to render such action advisable. President McKinley their efforts to suppress Mr. Bryan. and his advisors recognize fully their duty toward that element of the citizenship of the country, and while there is no intention or desire to force upon communities officials who are distasteful to a majority of the voters the administration is determined to stand squarely by that element of the party and the population and to give to the colored men, not only of the south, but in every state, a fair and just proportion of the public positions. GEO. WILLIAMS.

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

Prosperity and business activity began the moment a Republican president and a protective congress were elected. Was it mere "luck?"

The jingo policy on the Cuban quesable to scoop in a few silver votes for | tion which was urged upon President | members of the legislature by presen- McKinley as soon as he was inaugur- out of patience with their Democratic tation of Warner's name as a senator- ated president is now seen to have been friends in Georgia for the haste with ial candidate his entire purpose will an unwise and unsafe one, and the which they have jumped into indis-

who were inclined to criticize what they considered the slow progress of also that he has taken advantage of the president, now see that his course

John McLean's enormous gas and street railway interests in Washington are believed to have a close relation to his senatorial ambitions. Mr. McLean is the controlling owner in the Washington gas works, whose plant and franchise are valued at \$5,000,000, and he is shown to be one of the directors of a Washington street rallway company whose capital stock is \$12,000,000. Gas and railroad privileges in the District of Columbia are controlled by congress, just as those of a city are controlled by its common council. It is therefore important for a man with five or six millions invested in gas and railroad interests to be for six years a member of congress, and Mr. McLean's eye for business is good.

The iron and steel industry is universally recognized as a faithful barometer of trade, and in the activity in that line is telling the story of present business conditions. Rolling mills, steel plants, and furnaces generally are actually rushed with orders, and what is of great significance is the fact that the enormous demand is perfectly legitimate and without the slightest tinge of speculation. Railroads, manufacturers and builders are all busy, and when they are busy there is a demand for iron and steel.

Unless Chairman Jones and Senator Gorman can make it appear that the mails of the United States should not be open to defeated presidential candidates, they will be unsuccessful in They have squeezed him out of New York, and frozen him out of Maryland and Ohio, but he is now firing at those targets at long range by United States mail and by some mysterious process managing to get the letters in print and his name before the public despite the efforts of the leaders of his party to cage him.

Popocratic Chairman Jones is evidently determined that the New Yorkers shall not make the same mistake that the Ohio and Iowa Democrats have made in the present campaign, of indorsing the exploded free silver proposition. He has recommended to New Yorkers that they let the silver question carefully alone, and Senator Gorman, by the way, is doing the same thing in Maryland.

The Ohio Democrats are a good deal

THE AMERICAN FACTORY IN 1894, UNDER FREE-TRADE.

THE AMERICAN FACTORY IN 1897, UNDER PROTECTION.



"take care of" the rest after the members are elected.

Chapman's Currency Creed.

gold, silver and United States notes as the currency of the country has led | Cuba, and in a way which will avoid some curious investigator to look into | the criticism which would have surely his record with reference to their followed the precipitate action urged has a good time eating stuff that would

about a termination of the troubles in action. the issue of scrip at his mine is well inauguration of the president. Those his wife at home. Atchison Globe.

have been served, and he expects to | wisdom of the president's course of ac- | criminate assassination of colored Retion is meeting with popular approval. publican office holders. The Ohio Dem-It is now apparent from the develop- ocrats hoped to get a considerable supments since Minister Woodford's ar- port in that state from the colored votes The announcement of Candidate rival in Spain that the attitude of the this year, but, of course, that possi-Chapman of Ohio that he favors only administration will be such as to bring | bility, if it existed, is destroyed by this

A picnic is an event where a man