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CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED.)

To go to Edinburgh would take her too far from her beloved dead, while the thought of living with Miss Hetherington at Annandale Castle positively appalled her. She said "No."

The lady of the Castle received the refusal kindly, saying, that although Marjorie could not take up her residence at the Castle, she must not altogether avoid it.

"Come when you wish, my bairn," concluded the old lady. "You'll aye be welcome. We are both lonely women now, and must comfort one another."

During the first few days, however, Marjorie did not go. She sat at home during the day, and in the dusk of the evening, when she believed no one would see her, she went forth to visit the churchyard and cry beside her foster-father's grave. At length, however, she remembered the old lady's kindly words, and putting on her bonnet and a thick veil, she one morning set out on a visit to Annandale Castle.

Marjorie had not seen Miss Hetherington since that day she came down to the funeral; when, therefore, she was shown into the lady's presence, she almost uttered a frightened cry. There sat the grim mistress of the Castle in state, but looking as worn and faded as her faded surroundings. Her face was pinched and worn, as if with heart eating grief or mortal disease. She received the girl fondly, yet with something of her old imperious manner, and during the interview she renewed the offer of protection.

But Marjorie, after looking at the dreary room and its strange mistress, gave a most decided negative.

She remained with Miss Hetherington only a short time, and when she left the Castle, her mind was so full of solicitude that she walked along utterly oblivious to everything about her. Suddenly she started and uttered a glad cry of surprise. A man had touched her on the shoulder, and lifting her eyes, she beheld her lover.

The Frenchman was dressed as she had last seen him, in plain black; his face was pale and troubled. Marjorie, feeling that new sense of desolation upon her, drew near to his side.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "you have come—at last."

Caussidiere did not embrace her, but held her hands and patted them fondly, while Marjorie, feeling comforted by his very presence, allowed her tears to flow unrestrainedly. He let her cry for a time, then he placed her hand upon his arm and walked with her slowly in the direction of the manse.

"My Marjorie," he said, "my own dear love! this has been a sore trial to you, but you have borne it bravely. I have seen you suffer, and I have suffered, too."

"You have seen, monsieur?"

"Yes, Marjorie. Did you think because I was silent I had forgotten? Ah, no, my love. I have watched over you always. I have seen you go forth at night and cry as if your little heart would break. But I have said nothing, because I thought 'Such grief is sacred. I must watch and wait,' and I have waited."

"Yes, monsieur."

"But today, Marjorie, when I saw you come from the Castle with your face all troubled—ah, so troubled, my Marjorie!—I thought, 'I can wait no longer; my little one needs me, she will tell me her grief, and now in her hour of need I will help her.' So I have come, Marjorie, and my little one will confide all her sorrows to me."

Then the child in her helplessness clung to him; for he loved her and sympathized with her; and she told him the full extent of her own desolation.

The Frenchman listened attentively while she spoke. When she ceased he clasped her hands more fervently than before, and said:

"Marjorie, come to my home!"

She started and drew her hands away. She knew what more he would say, and it seemed to her sacrilege, when the clergyman had been so recently laid to his grave. The Frenchman, gathering from her face the state of her mind, continued prosaically enough:

"I know it is not a time to talk of love, Marjorie; but it is a time to talk of marriage! When you were in Edinburgh, you gave me your promise, and you said you loved me. I ask you now, fulfill your promise; let us become man and wife!"

"You wish me to marry you now, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes, Marjorie."

"Although I am a penniless, friendless, homeless lass?"

"What is that to me, my dear? I love you, and I wish you to be my wife!"

"You are very good."

"Marjorie?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, when will you make me the happiest man alive?"

Marjorie looked at her black dress, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I do not know—I can not tell," she said. "Not yet."

"En bien!—but it must not be long delayed. The decrees of destiny hurry us onward. You will soon be thrust from the manse, as you say, while I must return to France."

"You are going away!"

"Most assuredly I must soon go. My future is brightening before me, and I am glad—thank heaven!—there are few dark clouds looming ahead to sadden our existence, my child. The tyrant who desecrates France will one day fall; meantime his advisers have persuaded him to pardon many political offenders, myself amongst them. So I shall see France again! God is good! When He restores me to my country he will give me also my wife. Put your little hand in mine and say, 'Leon, I trust you with all my heart.' Say it, my child, and believe me, your faith shall not be misplaced."

He held forth his hand to her, and Marjorie, tremblingly raising her eyes to his face, said in broken accents, "I do trust you." So a second time the troth was plighted, and whether for good or ill, Marjorie's fate was sealed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day following her final promise to Caussidiere, Marjorie received intimation that the new minister was coming without delay to take possession of the living. Her informant was Solomon Mucklebackit, whose funeral

despair was tempered with a certain lofty scorn.

On the following Saturday arrived the new minister, prepared to officiate for the first time in the parish. He was a youngish man, with red hair and beard, and very pink complexion; but his manners were unassuming and good natured. His wife and family, he explained, were about to follow him in about ten days; and in the meantime his furniture and other chattels were coming on by train. Shown over the manse by Solomon, he expressed no little astonishment at finding only two or three rooms furnished, and those very barely.

"Mr. Lorraine never married?" he inquired, as they passed from room to room.

"The minister was a wise man," replied Solomon, ambiguously. "He lived and he dead in single sanctity, according to the holy commandments of the Apostle Paul."

"Just so," said Mr. Freeland, with a smile. "Well, I shall find the manse small enough for my belongings. Mistress Freeland has been used to a large house, and we shall need every room. The chamber facing the river, up stairs, will make an excellent nursery."

"My ain bedroom!" muttered Solomon. "Weel, weel, I'm better out of the house."

At the service on the following day there was a large attendance to welcome the new minister. Solomon occupied his usual place as precentor, and his face, as Mr. Freeland officiated above him, was a study in its expression of mingled scorn, humiliation and despair. But the minister had a resonant voice, and a manner of thumping the cushion which carried conviction to the hearts of all unprejudiced observers. The general verdict upon him, when the service was over, was that he was the right man in the right place, and "a grand preacher."

The congregation slowly cleared away, while Marjorie, lingering behind, walked sadly to the grave of her old foster-father, and stood looking upon it through fast-falling tears. So rapt was she in her own sorrow that she did not hear a footstep behind her, and not till Caussidiere had come up and taken her by the hand was she aware of his presence.

"So the change has come at last, my Marjorie," he said; "was I not right? This place is no longer a home for you."

"Monsieur?"

"Call me Leon. Shall we not be man and wife?"

But Marjorie only sobbed.

"He was so good. He was my first, my only friend!"

"Peace be with him," returned the Frenchman, tenderly. "He loved you dearly, mignonne, and I knew his only wish would be to see you happy. Look what I hold in my hand. A charm—a talisman—parbleu, it is like the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, which will carry us, as soon as you will, hundreds of miles away."

As he spoke he drew forth a folded paper and smilingly held it before her.

"What is it, monsieur?" she asked, perplexed.

"No; you must call me Leon—then I will tell it."

"What is it—Leon?"

"The special license, Marjorie, which permits us to marry when and where we will."

Marjorie started and trembled, then she looked wildly at the grave.

"Not yet," she murmured. "Do not ask me yet."

He glanced round—no one was near—so with a quick movement he drew her to him, and kissed her fondly on the lips.

"You have no home now," he cried; "strangers come to displace you, to turn you out into the cold world. But you have one who loves you a thousand times better for your sorrow and your poverty—ah, yes, I know you are poor!—and who will be your loving protector till the end."

She looked at him in wonder. Ah, how good and kind he was! Knowing her miserable birth, seeing her friendless and almost cast away, he would still be beside her, to comfort and cherish her with his deep affection. If she had ever doubted his sincerity, could she doubt it now?

Half an hour later Caussidiere was walking rapidly in the direction of Annandale Castle. He looked supremely self-satisfied and happy, and hummed a light French air as he went.

Arriving at the door, he knocked, and the serving-woman appeared in answer to the summons.

"Miss Hetherington, if you please."

"You canna see her," was the sharp reply. "What's your business?"

"Give her this card, if you please, and tell her I must see her without delay."

After some hesitation the woman carried the card away, first shutting the door unceremoniously in the visitor's face. Presently the door opened again, and the woman beckoned him in.

He followed her along the gloomy lobbies, and up stairs, till they reached the desolate boudoir which he had entered on a former occasion.

The woman knocked.

"Come in," said the voice of her mistress.

Caussidiere entered the chamber, and found Miss Hetherington, wrapped in an old-fashioned morning gown, seated in an arm-chair at her escritoire. Parchments, loose papers and packets of old letters lay scattered before her. She wheeled her chair sharply round as he entered, and fixed her eyes upon the Frenchman's face. She looked inexpressibly wild and ghastly, but her features wore an expression of indomitable resolution.

Caussidiere bowed politely, then, turning softly, he closed the door.

"What brings you here?" demanded the lady of the Castle.

"I wish to see you, my lady," he returned. "First, let me trust that you are better, and apologize for having disturbed you on such a day."

Miss Hetherington knitted her brows and pointed with trembling forefinger to a chair.

"Sit down," she said.

Caussidiere obeyed her, and sat down, hat in hand. There was a pause, broken at last by the lady's querulous voice.

"Weel, speak! Have you lost your tongue, man? What's your will with me?"

Caussidiere replied with extreme suavity:

"I am anxious, my lady, that all misunderstanding should cease between us. To prove my sincerity, I will give you a piece of news. I have asked Miss Annan to marry me, and with your consent she is quite willing."

"What!" cried Miss Hetherington, half rising from her chair, and then sinking back with a gasp and a moan.

"Have ye dared?"

Caussidiere gently inclined his head.

"And Marjorie—she has dared to accept ye, without warning me?"

"Pardon me, she is not aware that you have any right to be consulted. I, however, who acknowledge your right, have come in her name to solicit your kind approbation."

"And what do you threaten, man, if I say 'no'—a hundred times no?"

Caussidiere shrugged his shoulders.

"Parbleu, I threaten nothing; I am a gentleman, as I have told you. But should you put obstacles in my way, it may be unpleasant for all concerned."

Miss Hetherington rose to her feet, livid with rage, and shook her extended hands in her tormentor's face.

"It's weel for you I'm no man! If I were a man, ye would never pass that door again living! I defy ye—I scorn ye! Ye coward, to come here and molest a sick woman!"

She tottered as she spoke, and fell back into her chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PRETTY SCREEN.

One Which Can Be Easily and Inexpensively Made at Home.

Soft pine wood panels of the desired size are cut by a carpenter and are then covered by stretching velours, denim or any plain colored, durable material tightly across one side, tacked into place, and the reverse side covered with any good lining for the part of the screen not intended to show, says the Philadelphia Times. The next step in the process is to cut stiff brown paper panels the size of the wooden ones, and on them draw in charcoal a simple outline, conventional pattern.

If one is not original enough to do this alone, ask some friend to draw one, or copy some good design from an art magazine. The center panel should be the most prominent, while the side ones each have the same design, reversed to suit the branches of the screen and in its main features harmonizing with the center one. When this is done, lay the paper on the panel, tack it in place and along each line of the pattern tack in gently upholstery nails, arranged carefully at equal distances.

These should be indicated by pencil marks if one has not a correct eye. When this is done the paper is torn out from beneath the nails, consequently too tough paper should not be used, and each nail is then carefully driven home with a hammer until it sinks into the body of the material itself, giving a very rich metallic effect, for slight cost and little ingenuity. This style of screen is particularly well suited to dining rooms or halls, and may be made almost as effective without a framework, using the plain wooden panels hinged together after the work on them is completed.

Artificial habits are born tyrants.

ELECTION RESULTS.

OFF YEAR BUT REPUBLICANS CAME OUT WELL.

New York Is Lost to Good Government but Ohio and Maryland Stand Well in Line with The Republicans—Tariff Just High Enough.

(Washington Letter.)

Much more interest has been manifested this year in elections than is usual at any time other than in presidential elections.

Off-years in politics, with a Republican President in the white house, do not as a rule favor Republican success, but the Republican party in the great contests which have been waged in several states have well withstood the reaction which always follows a presidential victory at the polls. The fight has been strong and bitter, and while both heavy losses as well as satisfactory gains are seen, the Republicans here feel in a good frame of mind over the result. The general result is looked upon as a vindication of the cause of sound money and an upholding of the administration.

New York, where was the most concentrated fight, through division in the Republican ranks, has been handed over to the control of Tammany and the management of that city will shortly undergo a radical change. Outside of New York, where the fighting was bitter to an extreme, the state of Ohio furnished the most exciting and important campaign. In that state the fight was fierce and the methods

of 12½ cents per ounce. This company operates immense copper and lead mines and the silver extracted from the ore is produced at a much less cost than in most mines which produce silver exclusively. The Anaconda mine of Montana, which by the way is owned by British capitalists, is a copper mine, but the ore contains a large per cent of silver. Last year the mine paid a profitable dividend through its copper production, and yielded in addition 6,000,000 ounces of silver, which, of course, was all net profit.

GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

Increase in Sheep Value.

The difference in the value of sheep under free-trade and protection is shown in the results of an assignee's sale of the estate of Thomas McElroy, a farmer in Jefferson county, Ohio, who had given particular attention to sheep husbandry. This sale took place in October, 1894, a few weeks after the passage of the Wilson bill, and the animals offered were all fine black-top merinos. The files of the Ohio "State Journal" show that forty ewes were sold for 30 cents each, 30 lambs for 20 cents each, and one registered buck for 50 cents. Other lots chosen from the flock sold at similar prices, and all were fine merino sheep.

"Secretary Miller of the State Board of Agriculture," says the Piqua "Dispatch," "is authority for the statement that today ewes of the same grade are worth \$3 to \$4 each, lambs \$2 to \$2.50, and registered bucks from \$15 to \$25. A few days ago the Insurance Association of Medina county made an allowance of \$2 each for common breed lambs. This is what the Republicans

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

How about that Dingley law Chinese wall? It don't interfere, apparently, with our export trade.

Ex-Candidate Bryan accounts for the present improved times (he admits they have improved) by the famine abroad and the discovery of gold in the Klondike, but he apparently forgets that double the amount of money has been expended in fitting out people to go to Klondike that has yet been taken out from the mines.

When a Mexican takes \$5 in Mexican silver, for every dollar of which he has to work as hard as his American brother works for his gold dollar, and buys with it goods worth \$2 in American gold, that is Mexican Bryanite prosperity. The workmen of this country don't want any of it in theirs.

A statement compiled from the official records of the government prepared by a free trade Democrat show that during Cleveland's last term the farmers of the country lost more than a billion dollars a year by decreased consumption and decreased values of products.

With a hundred thousand tons of Alabama coal going to Mexico for the use of her railroad locomotives in competition with English coal, it looks as though a new field is open to the south for her rich products.

"The revival of all industries and the commencement of prosperity in all parts of the United States were the natural and necessary results of the action of the President and a Republican congress."—John Sherman.

With all the Democratic vituperations against the oppressions and wickedness of the Dingley law, we haven't heard any wish expressed yet to return to the beneficent provisions of the Wilson law.

Mr. Bryan made numerous speeches during his recent tour through Ohio, but reading one was reading them all.

It is to be expected that Democrats will deny that the Dingley law has anything to do with the return of prosperity to the country.

"The first six months of the McKinley administration were the most disastrous in the history of the country."—William Jennings Bryan. That's a good one, Mr. Bryan; give us another.

The total value of the agricultural products of Kansas for 1897, according to the report of the board of agriculture of that state, is \$176,000,000, the largest in the present decade.

It Is Just High Enough.

THE WALL OF PROTECTION.



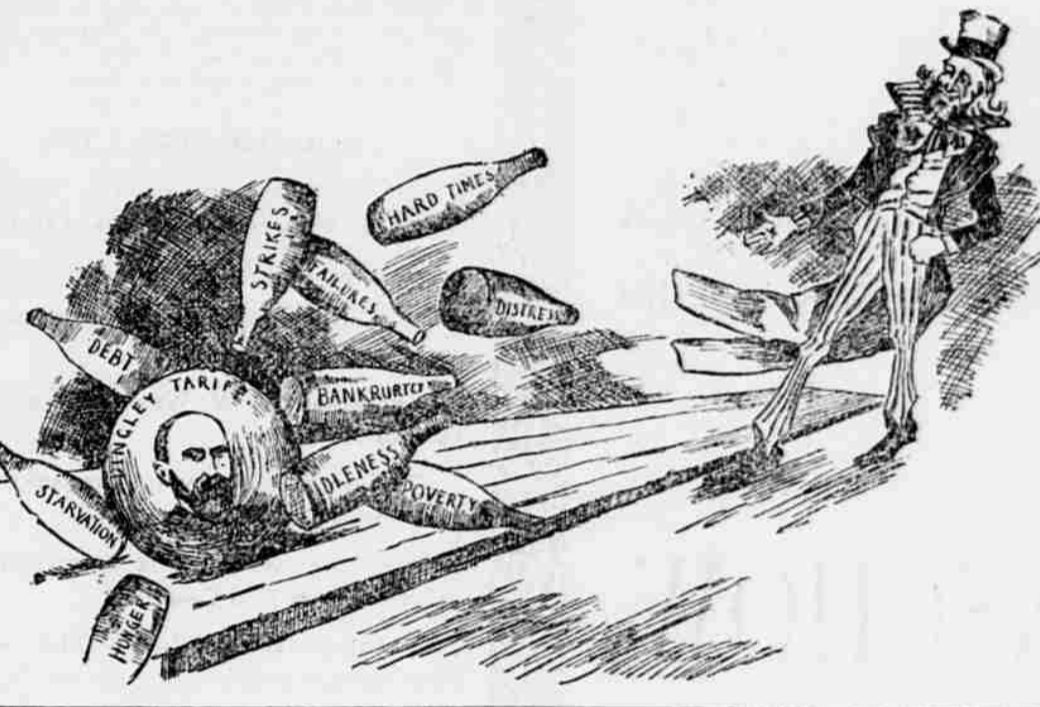
Will Reach a Normal Basis.

"The statistics for September show that under the most adverse conditions the Dingley bill promises to dissipate the Wilson deficit."—St. Louis Star, Oct. 10, 1897.

The decrease of dutiable imports of merchandise for September, 1897, as compared with September, 1896, amounted to \$6,553,019, while the decrease of nearly \$2,000,000 in non-dutiable imports swelled the total falling off for the month to \$8,445,972. Everybody knows why this decrease occurred and everybody but the free trade malcontents knows that as soon as the country shall have worked off its big accumulation of foreign goods that were crowded in during the last four months of the Wilson bill, imports will reach a normal basis of demand and supply, and revenue will be increased accordingly.

The Sandwich Islanders believe that the souls of their deceased monarchs reside in the ravens, and they entreat Europeans not to molest them.

A TEN STRIKE: ALL DOWN!



dirty. Every possible abuse was aimed at Senator Hanna, whose confirmation for the Republican vote singled him out as a target for Democratic orators and methods. There is no doubt as to how the State would have voted had the question been simply a vote on Republican principles, and the McKinley administration. But a number of local matters came into the fight in whose interest national issue were lost to a large extent. The turbulence of the coal strike had barely subsided when Bryan's fierce speeches arraying class against class again started it into action. The great play of John McLean to become United States senator poured money into the state. In Cleveland and Cincinnati there were factional splits, owing to local matters, all tending to decrease the normal Republican majority; yet notwithstanding all these things Ohio elected a Republican governor and will elect a Republican senator, thus giving her a solid Republican representation in the senate for the first time in many years, prior to Senator Hanna's appointment by Governor Bushnell.

In Maryland the fight was only a little less determined and the interest but slightly less. Gorman was defeated in his very stronghold, Baltimore city. Maryland also will have a double Republican representation in the senate for the first time in history.

On the whole, while the Democrats profess jubilation and satisfaction at having carried New York city, they are really sorely disappointed at their failure to capture the legislatures of both Maryland and Ohio. It is stated on good authority that it was the intention of the Ohio legislature, in case it had been Democratic, to immediately proceed to redistrict the entire state in such manner as to give the Democrats in the next congress at least eight or ten members from that state. But that little patriotic scheme was knocked in the head by the Republican voters of the Buckeye state.

Treasury reports show a considerable growth in the internal revenue receipts which is due to two causes, the improvement in business and the increase in certain taxes. The combined receipts from the customs and internal revenue will not probably for some two or three months equal the expenditures of the government, but the one is steadily climbing up on the other, and that result will be reached early in the new year. Long before the law shall have been in operation one year it will be producing a surplus instead of a deficit. Democratic editors and others are making their usual howls about the Dingley deficit, but the difference between the Wilson deficit and the Dingley deficit, is that in the present case nobody is at all alarmed. The shortage is believed by everybody to be merely temporary and the gold reserve is meanwhile piling up.

Reports recently received show that silver in many places, notably New South Wales, is produced at a cost of 25 cents per ounce and less. The Broken Hill Company of New South Wales has for the past five years been putting silver on the market at a cost

have accomplished by a restoration of the tariff on wool." In April, 1896, there were 2,633,410 sheep owned in the state of Ohio, in Texas 2,911,993 in California 2,739,967, in Oregon 2,486,247, in Montana 2,969,657, in New Mexico 2,595,652, in Utah 1,902,516, in Michigan 1,438,891, in Wyoming 1,296,134, in Colorado 1,258,373, and in all the states and territories the total sheep owned was 36,461,405. Allowing an average gain of \$2 per head in the market value of ewes, lambs and bucks, as contrasted with the prices realized at the assignee's sale in October, 1894, the total addition to the wealth of the country from this source alone amounts to \$72,928,810.

Twin Comrades of Calamity. "For the first quarter of the present fiscal year the deficit is \$29,000,000, and it would have been even more had not the people consumed more alcoholic spirits than usual and run the internal revenue receipts up a few millions. If, however, the increase in the consumption of liquor continues to expand at the same rate, the Republican party will have the profound gratification of seeing the people drink the deficit out of existence. This can hardly be regarded as a victory for temperance, but as long as it is a Republican triumph, what's the odds?—Memphis Commercial.

Well Dressed Women. "America, which has had reason to boast so long of its beautiful and well-gowned womankind, has dealt them a savage blow by the clause in its tariff bill preventing them from taking over frocks from Europe, except on payment of heavy duties. It is really too bad."—The Country Gentleman, London, September, 1897.

If the Country Gentleman could only be spared from looking after his crops, don't you know, he would find more better dressed women in any city of the United States, and all of them wearing American made dresses, than he could find either in London or Paris? What can beat our tailor-made gowns? "It is really too bad" you can't leave your farm, old chap.

They Must Buy.

Foreign nations are obliged to buy our wares whether we purchase theirs or not.—Minneapolis Minn., "Tribune," October 9, 1897. Certainly they are, all free-trade theories to the contrary notwithstanding.