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CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.) The nurse, having lifted little Leon into the bed, returned to her chair beside the fire, while Marjorie put her arm around the little fellow's shoulders and presently fell asleep.

Now that the fever had actually passed away, Marjorie's convalescence was rapid. She still kept to her bed, being too weak even to move without assistance, and during the day little Leon was constantly with her. She asked a few questions, and the more she heard the more her curiosity was aroused.

One day she inquired for the grave lady whose face she dimly remembered to have seen, and who she now heard was the mistress of the house. In the afternoon the lady came to the bedside.

Marjorie was sitting up in bed that day, propped up by pillows, looking the very ghost of what she had once been; while on the bed beside her was little Leon, surrounded by his toys. He looked up, laughed, and clasped his hands when Miss Dove came in, but she only smiled and gently rebuked him for his boisterousness.

Then she sat down beside the bed and took Marjorie's hand. "Well, my child," she said, "so you are rapidly getting well."

For a moment Marjorie was silent—she could not speak. The tears were blinding her eyes and choking her voice, but she bent her head and kissed the hand that had saved her.

"Come, come," said Miss Dove, "you must not give way like this. You have to tell me all about yourself, for at present I know absolutely nothing."

With an effort, Marjorie conquered her emotion and dried her tears. But what had she to tell?—nothing, it seemed, except that she was friendless and alone.

"Nay," said the lady, gently. "You are not that; from the moment you entered this door you had friends. But tell me, my child, how was it I found you and your child starving upon my threshold? You have a husband, perhaps? Is he alive or dead?"

Marjorie shook her head. "He is here, in Paris, madame."

"And his name is Caussidiere, is it not? So Leon has told me."

"Yes, madame, Monsieur Caussidiere."

"We must seek him out," continued Miss Dove. "Such conduct is not to be endured. A man has no right to bring his wife to a foreign country and then desert her."

"Ah, no," cried Marjorie; "you must not do that. I will leave the house whenever you wish, madame, but do not force me to see him again."

Miss Dove looked at her for a moment in silence; then she rang for the nurse, lifted Leon from the bed, and sent him away.

"Now, my child," she said, when the two women were alone, "tell me your story."

And Marjorie told it, or as much of it as she could recall. She told of her early life in the quaint old manse in Annandale with Mr. Lorraine Solomon and Mysie; of Miss Hetherington, and of the Frenchman who came with his specious tongue and wooed her away. Then she told of her life in Paris, of her gradual estrangement from all her friends, and finally of her desertion by the man whom until then she had believed to be her husband.

"So," said the lady, when she had finished, "you were married by the English law, and the man is in reality not your husband. Well, the only thing we can do is to leave him alone altogether, and apply to your friends."

Marjorie shook her head. "That is useless, madame," she said. "When my little boy had naught but starvation before him I wrote to my mother in Annandale, but she did not answer me."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, madame, it is true."

"It is very strange," she said, "but we must see what can be done. Marjorie—may I call you Marjorie? In the meantime you must not think of all these sad things. You must amuse yourself with Leon and get well quickly, and my task will be the lighter."

After this interview Miss Dove visited Marjorie every day, and sometimes sat for an hour or more by her bedside; and when at length the invalid, who gained strength every day, was able to rise from her bed, she lay upon a couch by the window, and watched the sunshine creeping into the streets.

It was not like Marjorie to remain idle when there was so much to be done, and as the weakness passed away her brain began to work, planning for the future. She had several schemes made when she spoke of them one night to Miss Dove.

The lady listened quietly, then she said: "You would rather remain in Paris, Marjorie, than go home?"

"Madame, I have no home."

must be told, her troubled heart found little comfort in the thought of a meeting with Miss Hetherington.

At last, after long reflection, she spoke: "I know my mother—she is my mother—is very good; but it has all been a fatality since I was born, and I can hardly realize yet that we are so close akin. Ah! if I had but known, madame! If she had but told me at the first, I should never have left Scotland, or known so much sorrow!"

Miss Dove sighed in sympathetic acquiescence. "It is a sad story," she replied. "Your mother, proud lady as she is, has been a great sinner; but she has been terribly punished. Surely, my child, you do not bear any anger against her in your heart?"

"None, madame; but she is so strange and proud. I am almost afraid of her still."

"And you have other loving friends," continued the lady, smiling kindly. "Do you remember Mr. Sutherland?"

"Johnnie Sutherland?" cried Marjorie, joyfully. "Who told you of him?"

"Himself. He is back here in Paris," Marjorie uttered a cry of delight. "You have seen him? You have spoken to him? He knows—"

"He knows everything, my child; and he is waiting below till I give him the signal to come up. Can you bear to see him?"

"There was no need to ask that question. Marjorie's flushed cheek and sparkling eye had answered it long before. Miss Dove stole quietly from the room, and almost immediately reappeared, followed by Sutherland himself.

"Marjorie! my poor Marjorie!" he cried, seizing her hands and almost sobbing.

But who was this that Marjorie saw approaching, through the mist of her own joyful tears? A stooping figure, leaning upon a staff, turning toward her a haggard face, and stretching out a trembling palsied hand. It was Miss Hetherington, trembling and weeping, all the harsh lines softened with the yearning of a mother's love.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried Marjorie, and mother and daughter clung together, reunited in a passionate embrace.

CHAPTER XXXIV. HEY took her home with her little boy to Annandale, and there in the old Castle Marjorie soon recovered her health and her strength. It was winter still; the landscape was white with snow, the trees hung heavily under the icy load, and a blue mask of ice covered the flowing Annan from bank to bank; but to Marjorie all was gladness and familiar as she moved about from scene to scene.

She wore black, like a widow, and so did little Leon; and, indeed, it was a common report everywhere that her husband was dead, and that she was left alone.

As to Miss Hetherington's secret, all the world knew it now, for the swift tongue of scandal had been busy before Marjorie's return. Heedless of the shame, heedless of all things in the world, save her joy in the possession of her daughter, the grand old lady remained in deep seclusion in her lonely ancestral home.

In these sad, yet happy days, who could be gentler than Miss Hetherington? The mask of her pride fell off forever, and showed a mother's loving face, sweetened with humility and heavenly pity. She was warm and feeble, and looked very old; but whenever Marjorie was near she was happiness itself.

The fullest measure of her love, however, was reserved for Marjorie's child. Little Leon had no fear of her, and soon, in his pretty broken English, learned to call her "grandmamma."

"We began wi' a bar sinister," said the lady one day, as they sat together; "but there's no blame and no shame, Marjorie, on you and yours. Your son is the heir of Annandale."

"Oh, mother," cried Marjorie, sadly, "how can that be? I am a mother, but no wife."

"You're wife to yon Frenchman," answered Miss Hetherington; "ay, his lawful wedded wife by the English and the Scottish law. Out there in France he might reject you by the law of man; but here in Scotland, you're his true wife still, though I wish, with all my heart, you were his widow instead."

"Is that so, mother?"

"True as gospel, Marjorie. It's wi' me the shame lies, like the bright speck of blood on the hands of the thane's wife, which even the perfumes of Araby couldna cleanse awa'!"

"Don't talk of that, mother!" cried Marjorie, embracing the old lady. "I am sure you are not to blame."

"And you can forgive me, my bonny bairn?"

"I have nothing to forgive you; you were deceived as—as I have been. Oh, mother, men are wicked!—I think they have evil hearts."

The old lady looked long and fondly

in her daughter's face; then she said, with a loving smile: "I ken one man that has the heart of a king—ay, of an angel, Marjorie."

"Who, mother?"

"Who but Johnnie Sutherland? my blessings on the lad! But for him, I should have lost my bairn forever, and it was for his sake, Marjorie, that I wished ye were a widow indeed!"

Marjorie flushed a deep crimson and turned her head away. Sutherland's unwavering devotion had not failed to touch her deeply, and she understood it now in all its passionate depth and strength; but she still felt herself under the shadow of her old sorrow, and she knew that the tie which bound her to Caussidiere could only be broken by death.

Thus time passed on, until the dreary desolate winter of that terrible year, so memorable to France and Frenchmen, set in with all its vigor. There was little joy for Sutherland. Indeed, his trials were becoming almost more than he could bear, and he was wondering whether or not, after all, he should leave his home and Marjorie, when there came a piece of news which fairly stunned him.

It came in the shape of a letter and a paper from his Parisian artist friend. The letter, after a few preparatory words, ran as follows:

"You may be shocked, but I hardly think you will be sorry to hear of the death of your little friend's husband, Leon Caussidiere. He disappeared in a most mysterious manner, and is supposed to have been privately put to death. What he was, Heaven knows! but he mixed a good deal in politics, and judging from what you told me about him, I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he was a spy. Well, at any rate, whatever he was he is gone—peace be to his soul, and I fancy the world will get on a good deal better without him than with him. At any rate, a certain part of it will, I know! With this I send a paper, that you may read the official account of the death of your friend, and know that there is no mistake about it."

Having finished the letter, Sutherland turned to the paper—glanced down its columns; came upon a marked paragraph, and read as follows in the French tongue:

"Caussidiere, holding an officer's commission under the Committee of Public Safety, has been convicted of treasonable practices and put to death. He was tried by military tribunal, and executed yesterday."

Sutherland put down the paper and held his hands to his head; he was like a man dazed. Was he glad? No, he would not allow himself to feel glad—to rejoice in the death of a fellow-creature, even though he was his enemy.

And yet, if Caussidiere was dead, Marjorie was free. The very thought seemed to turn his brain. He put both the letter and the paper in his pocket, and went up to his room. He could not work, but he sat down among his pictures and tried to think.

What must he do? Go to Marjorie? No, he could not do that—for she would detect the joy in his face and voice, and her sensitive nature would recoil from him, and that he could not bear. He must not see her; other lips than his must tell the news.

He remained all the morning shut up in his room, but in the afternoon he left the house, and walked slowly across the fields toward Annandale Castle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COAL AND IRON.

Showing That Great Britain Is Not Holding Her Own. Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent of the world's supply of coal, at the present time it produces only 34 per cent, says Nature.

Atlantic liners no longer carry coal from Great Britain for the return journey; they now take in American coal, and no less than 1,500,000 tons of American coal were thus consumed in 1895. The condition of the iron manufacturing industries has always exercised a most important influence on the production of coal so that a large demand for mineral fuel. During the last twenty-five years the world's production of pig iron has increased from 12,000,000 to 26,000,000 tons; but the share taken by Great Britain has fallen from 48.8 per cent to 29 per cent, while that of the United States has increased from 14.1 per cent to 26.2 per cent, that of Germany from 11.4 per cent to 21.4 per cent, and that of Russia from 3 per cent to 4.7 per cent. Indeed, iron is now being imported from the United States into this country, and, incredible as it may seem, the railway station at Middlesbrough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium. Surely, then, the author of "Our Coal Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" is hardly right in thinking that British coal and iron still hold their own. He argues that other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies just as Great Britain, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a depth of 3,000 feet, 109,000,000,000 tons of coal, as compared with our 81,683,000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet. And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises 25,900,000 tons annually.

Probable Change in the Rubber Industry. Hitherto rubber has usually been secured by the wasteful method of cutting down the trees. The recent discovery that the leaves furnish a purer and more copious supply of gum than the trees, promises to produce a great change in that industry.

BATTLE WITH SPIDERS.

As a Result of It a St. Louis Man May Die—Peculiar Symptoms.

John Held, who had a battle with spiders at J. A. Patten's grocery store, 822 Market street, is much worse, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Dr. Kearney of the city dispensary staff fears the victim of the venomous insect is a doomed man. Deadly poison is coursing through his veins and symptoms of lockjaw are developing. A peculiar feature of Held's affliction is that he is able to be about and attend to his duties. He apparently does not realize his danger. Three unsightly marks, two on the left side of his nose and one on his chin, show where he was bitten. His jaws are becoming rigid. He talks with difficulty. "I am feeling pretty well this morning," said Held to a reporter, "but I can scarcely open my mouth. There seems to be big lumps in my throat and my jawbones ache. My arms and shoulders are covered with red blotches, which seem to grow larger all the time. I am sure I was not bitten on the arms or shoulders, for I wore my coat when the spiders attacked me. The poison must be coming to the surface. When I went to the cellar to pack a case of goods Thursday night I removed a lot of rubbish to get a box. I felt something run across my face and brushed it off. When it dropped to the floor I saw it was a black spider. I stepped on it. In an instant the place seemed alive with spiders. They ran across my face and hands. I did not know I had been bitten until I came upstairs. A friend asked me what was the matter with my nose. I looked in a mirror and saw there were two big blisters on my left nostril. When I touched them they burst. I was feverish all night. Friday morning I found a third blister on my chin. I went to the dispensary and had the wounds cauterized. The blotches on my arms and shoulders have appeared since." A reporter accompanied Held to the dispensary Saturday morning. Dr. Kearney examined him and expressed surprise at the progress of the virus through the system. "This man has a clear case of blood-poisoning," he said. "Even if lockjaw does not set in he may die."

After the wounds were dressed Held went back to work, still refusing to believe in the doctor's diagnosis. The spiders which bit Held are known as black spiders. Their engine of destruction is a mandible or claw, which when not in use is folded between the jaws. When the black spider settles on his victim he opens his jaws and extends the mandible. As the claw-like organ enters the flesh, a poison sac in the tip of the mandible is opened and the deadly virus injected.

Man's Infallible Guide. Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body. It is astonishing that often these two languages contradict each other, and then to which must we listen? Too often reason deceives us; we have only too much acquired the right of refusing to listen to it, but conscience never deceives us; it is the true guide of man; it is to man what instinct is to the body, which follows it, obeys nature, and never is afraid of going astray.—London Echo.

Brevity. Dr. Abernethy was notoriously one of the most laconic of men. It is said that one day there was among his patients a woman who had burned her hand. Showing him the wound, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," answered the doctor. Next day she called and said "Better." "Repeat," said the doctor. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words. "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician, "you are the most sensible woman I ever met."

Different Now. Boozeligh—When I was first married, no matter how late I came home, my wife always greeted me with smiles. Wozzeleigh—And now? Boozeligh (sighing)—I am obliged to get all my smiles now on the way home.

JUVENILE JOKES. Beth (seeing a hen shaking some feathers off, excitedly)—"Look, there's a hen boiling over."

Ethel (aged 6)—"I wonder where all the clergymen come from?" Frances (aged 5)—"I suppose the choir boys grow up into ministers!"

"Charley, you should not say 'that air.' It isn't proper." A few days after the father brought home an argun, whereupon Charley said: "Papa, what must I say when I want to say that argun?"

The pupils of a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

A Boston teacher had been giving a familiar talk on zoology to a class of 10-year-olds in a grammar school. To test their intelligence he said in the course of his remarks: "Who can tell me the highest form of animal life?" A little girl held up her hand. "Well, Mary?" "The hy-ena," shouted Mary, seriously, but triumphantly. Representing a smile, the teacher said, "Is it Mary? Think again. Is a hyena the very highest? Don't answer too quickly; take your time." "Oh, now I know," cried Mary; "it's the giraffe."

"What do you mean," asked the city editor, "by comparing the air to frozen quinine?" "I meant to say," said the new reporter, with proud humility, "that it was bitter cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

A BOY'S STORY.

BY C. L. BOUGHTON.

HE day was sultry and the thermometer rose to 94 degrees as it hung on a swaying branch above his head where he had placed it some minutes before.

Siegfried had passed his final examinations in the Everglade High School, and he now lay beneath a shady elm thinking of the hard lessons he had learned, of his little misbehaviors in the past, and what he meant to do in the future.

He was light-hearted, good natured, boyish, but by no means thoughtless or careless. His mind wandered from one thing to another until his thoughts were centered on the mythological tale of the strange young man of old whose name he bore.

He slept—and this is the dream he dreamed: He saw the mighty Siegfried at the ancient forge. He heard the clang of the great hammer as it fell on the anvil.

He watched the skillful hand put the finishing touches on the powerful Belmung.

The scene changed. He found himself in the midst of a large assembly. Again he saw the man of valor with sword poised above the figure of a man, seated on a rock, clad in armor, ancient but well made.

The sword remained but an instant. It fell with the force of a thunderbolt from the hand of Jupiter. The armor burst asunder and blood bathed the mountain side. Ah! where was the boasted armor? where the concealed man who made it?

Siegfried awoke. Drops of cold perspiration stood on his forehead. What did it all mean? Had he really seen the mighty warrior he had read so much of? Where was he?

He sat upright and looked about him. He found himself on the bank of the Everglade mill-stream which swept swiftly toward its outlet.

The lofty elm still stretched forth its protecting branches to shade him from the sun's fury.

Siegfried gazed dazedly about him, reiterating his dream time and again with an endeavor to interpret it.

Across the stream and farther down, a dense black smoke rose from the chimney of a large brick building, situated on a rock elevation not far from the village center. It was the village brewery.

Siegfried was nineteen years old, yet it had never occurred to him that in two more years he, with several others, would have a voice in the village politics. He lay for some time engrossed

in deep thought. What did his dream mean? He raised his eyes, and as if divinely directed, they fell on the brewery. What a pitiful sight he saw! Schoolboys stood at the door watching the manufacture of the poison with interest; others carried pails of it to their fathers.

Although the brewery had been there but a short time, its influence was felt sadly. In the back room of the village store stood a large hardwood barrel on end, drained by a faucet at the low-sylvan side. The grocer sold more of its staple articles. He had less demand for flour, potatoes, fruit or any garden products. The mill had discharged three men for lack of work. The old gray-haired cobbler was able to carry his now small business alone, and therefore dismissed his assistant. The once thriving town was waning. Factories weakened. Men who were thrown out of employment spent their remaining wages in trying to drown their sorrow in the flowing bowl, and so well did one succeed by walking off the bridge after drinking eight glasses of the cooling beverage, that except for the timely aid of a few high school lads, his sorrows on this earth would have been at an end. Yet—all of these changes were to the interest of the brewery; and how it thrived!

Siegfried noted this and determined that yonder brick building was an armor encasing a concealed boaster. Boaster of the ruin and misery he had brought; of the crimes he had committed and of polluted politics he had made.

"This boaster must be humbled and silenced," vowed Siegfried, "and my hand shall be the first to grasp the Belmung of to-day to accomplish it. But what is this Belmung, where is it to be found and how used?" he soliloquized.

Quickly the answer came, "This sword is the vote of the people, it is to be found at the voting polls and is to be used for Prohibition!"

Too Much Roast Shout. The following paragraph appeared the other day in the Hartsburg (Mo.) Enterprise: "The editor of this paper and his estimable wife boarded the passenger train Thursday morning for Nevada, where they will spend several days visiting friends. The editor will also spend a few days at Eldorado Springs, to restore his failing health, as he has been suffering of late with dyspepsia, caused by overindulgence in roast shov, which was served at a banquet given in this town recently."

Precautionary Measure. "Heavens!" cried the head of the firm, putting his hands to his ears as he entered the candy department, "who gave those girls permission to talk?" "I did, sir," said the floor-walker. "It was the only way to keep them from eating up all the candy."

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