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CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"What is that to you?" said he roughly. "I have many things to do which you cannot understand."

"And there are things which I can understand," returned Marjorie quietly. Then she showed him the letter which she had received, and asked calmly, "Is this true?"

Caussidiere took the letter and read it with a scowl; when he had done so he tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor.

"Leon," said Marjorie, "is it true?" "Yes," he returned. "My friend, Mademoiselle Seraphine, is entertaining and my wife is not; when a man has a little leisure, he does not seek the society of the duller companion of his acquaintance."

He quietly went on eating his breakfast, as if the subject were at an end. For a while Marjorie watched him, her face white as death; then she went to him and knelt at his feet.

"Leon," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "let us forget the past; maybe it has been my fault; but, indeed, I never meant it, dear. I have been so lonely, and so sad, and I have been kept apart from you because I thought you wished it, and—yes—because you sometimes seemed so angry that I grew afraid!"

She tried to take his hand, but he thrust her aside.

"Do you think this is the way to win me back?" he said: "It is more likely to drive me away, for, look you, I dislike scenes and I have business which demands that I keep cool. There, dry your eyes and let me finish my meal in peace."

At that time nothing more was said, but once he was free of the house, Caussidiere reflected over what had taken place. He was in sore trouble as to what he must do. To abandon Marjorie meant abandoning the goose which laid him golden eggs, for without the supplies which Miss Hetherington sent to her daughter, where would Caussidiere be?

One afternoon, as he was about to return home in no very amiable frame of mind, an incident occurred which aroused in his mind a feeling not exactly of jealousy, but of lofty moral indignation. He saw, from the window of a shop where he was making a purchase, Marjorie and Little Leon pass by in company with a young man whom he recognized at a glance. He crept to the door, and looked after them, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

Yes, it was real! There were Marjorie and Little Leon walking side by side with young Sutherland, his old beau noir from Scotland.

Half an hour later, when he reached home, he found Marjorie quietly seated in the salon.

"Leon!" cried Marjorie, startled by his manner, "is anything the matter?" He did not answer, but glared at her with growing fury.

She repeated her question. He was still silent. Then, as she sat trembling, he rose, crossed over, and put his fierce face close to hers.

"Let me look at you. Yes, I see! You are like your mother, the——"

He concluded with an epithet too coarse for transcription.

She sprang up, pale as death.

"What have I done?" she cried.

"Do you think I am a fool—blind? Do you think I do not know who it is you go to meet out there? Speak! Answer! How often have you met him?"

And he shook his clenched fist in her face.

"Do you mean my old friend, Johnnie Sutherland?" she returned, trembling. "Oh, Leon, I was so glad to see him; he is so kind—I have known him so long. I saw him one day by chance, and since then——"

"Yet you said nothing to me!"

"It was often on my tongue, but I was afraid. Oh, Leon, you are not angry with me for speaking to an old friend?"

The answer came, but not in words. Uttering a fierce oath, and repeating the savage epithet he had used before, he struck her in the face with all his force, and she fell bleeding and swooning upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE mask of kindness having once fallen, Caussidiere did not think it worth while to resume it; and from that day forth he completely neglected both Marjorie and her child. The supplies from Miss Hetherington having temporarily ceased, Marjorie was no longer necessary to him; indeed, he was longing to be free, and wondering what means he should adopt to obtain his end.

If Marjorie would only leave him and return to her friend in Scotland the matter would be simple enough, but this she did not seem inclined to do. She thought of her child; for his sake she still clung to the man whom she believed to be her husband.

Thus matters stood for a week when, one day, Caussidiere, when within a few yards of his own door, saw a man emerge from it and walk quickly down the street.

Caussidiere caught his breath and a very ugly look came into his eyes; the man was none other than the one whom he had strictly forbidden his wife to see—John Sutherland!

After a momentary hesitation he entered the house and walked straight to the sitting-room, where he found Marjorie.

She had been crying. At sight of her husband she dried her eyes, but she could not hide her sorrow.

"What are you crying for?" he asked roughly.

"It is nothing, Leon," she returned. "It's a lie; you can't deceive me as well as defy me."

"Defy you!" "Yes, defy me. Didn't I forbid you ever again to seek the company of that accursed Scotchman?"

"Yes," she returned, quietly, "and I obeyed you. I saw him once again to tell him we must not meet—that was all."

"I tell you you are a liar!" Her face flushed crimson.

"Leon," she said, "think of the child; say what you please to me, but let us be alone."

She took the frightened child by the hand, and was about to lead him from the room, when Caussidiere interposed.

"No," he said; "I shall say what I please to you, and the child shall remain. I tell you you are a liar—that man was here today—don't trouble yourself to deny it; I saw him leave the house."

"I do not wish to deny it," she returned. "Yes, he was here."

The tears had come into her eyes again; she passed her arm around the shoulders of the boy, who clung tremblingly to her.

"Why was he here?" continued Caussidiere, furiously.

"He came here to say good-by. He is going to Scotland—his father is dying."

She bowed her head and laid her lips on the forehead of her child.

"Why did you not go with him?"

She raised her head and looked at him with weary, sorrowful eyes.

"Why did I not go?" she said. "Ah, Leon, do not ask me that—is it the duty of a wife to leave her husband and her child?"

"Her husband!" he said, with a sneer. "Ah, well, since you are crazed to put it so, your husband gives you permission, and for the brat, why, you may take him, too."

"Leon!" "What do you mean?"

"What I say, mon amie, I generally do!"

"You wish me to leave you?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you would be better in Scotland, and I should be better free."

Again she looked at him in wonder. What did it all mean? She could not believe that he was speaking the truth.

He had been dining perhaps, and drinking too much wine—as he had done so often of late—and he did not know what he said. Perhaps it would not be well for her to provoke him, she thought, so she said nothing.

She turned from her husband, took Little Leon in her arms and tried to soothe him, for the child was trembling with fear.

But Caussidiere was not to be silenced.

"Did you hear what I said?" he asked.

"Yes, Leon, I heard."

"Then heed!" She rose from her seat, still keeping the child in her arms, and again moved toward the door.

"Let me put Leon to bed," she said; "he is very tired; then I will come back and talk to you."

"You will talk to me now, madame. Put the child down. I tell you it will be better for you if you do as I say."

"To do what, Leon?" she demanded, with quivering lips and streaming eyes.

"To go back to your mother; to tell her that we do not agree, or any other nonsense you please, except the truth. We are better apart. We have nothing in common. We belong to different nations—nations which, for the rest, have always hated each other. So let us shake hands and part company—the sooner the better."

The mask had fallen indeed! Poor Marjorie read in the man's livid face not merely weariness and satiety, but positive dislike, black almost as hate itself. She clasped her child and uttered a despairing cry.

"You can't mean it, Leon! No, no, you don't mean what you say!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hand.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Little Leon. "Do not cry."

She drew him convulsively to her, and gazed again at Caussidiere. He was standing on the hearth rug, looking at her with a nervous scowl.

"It is useless to make a scene," he said. "Understand me once for all, Marjorie. I want my freedom. I have great work on hand, and I cannot pursue it rightly if encumbered by you."

"You should have thought of that before," she sobbed. "You used to love me. God knows what has turned your heart against me. But I am your wife; nothing can part us now."

"Do you really deceive yourself so much?" he demanded coldly. "Then

hear the truth from me. You are no wife of mine!"

"Not your wife!" she cried. "Certainly not. My mistress, if you please, who has suffered for a time to wear my name; that is all."

She sprang up as if shot through the heart, and faced him, pale as death.

"We are married! We stood together before the altar, Leon. I have my marriage lines."

"Which are so much waste paper, my dear, here in France!" Sick with horror and fear, she turned to him and clutched him by the arm.

"Leon! once more: what do you mean?"

"My meaning is very simple," he replied; "the marriage of an Englishwoman with a French citizen is no marriage unless the civil ceremony has also been performed in France. Now, do you understand?"

"I am not your wife! Not your wife!" cried Marjorie, stupefied.

"Not here in France," answered Caussidiere.

"Then the child—our child?" "Trouble not yourself about him," was the reply. "If you are reasonable he can easily be legitimized according to our laws; but nothing on earth can make us two man and wife so long as I remain on French soil."

He added coldly: "And I have no intention of again expatriating myself, I assure you."

It was enough. Dazed and mystified as she was, Marjorie now understood plainly the utter villainy of the man with whom she had to deal. "She had neither power nor will for further words. She gave one long despairing, horrified look into the man's face, and then, drawing the child with her, staggered into the inner room and closed the door behind her."

Caussidiere remained for some time in his old position, frowning gloomily. For the moment he almost hated himself, as even a scoundrel can do upon occasion; but he thought of Seraphine and recovered his self-possession. He walked to the door, and listened; all was still, save a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed sobbing.

He hesitated a moment; then, setting his lips tight, he lifted his hat and quietly descended the stairs.

When the great clock of our Lady of Paris chimed forth five, Marjorie still sat in her room staring vacantly into the grate. The room was bitterly cold; the light of the candle was growing dim before the more cheerless light of dawn; the last spark of fire had died away; and the child, wearied with fatigue and fear, slept soundly in her arms.

Marjorie, awakening from her trance, was astonished to see the dawn breaking, and to hear the chiming clocks announce that another day had begun.

She looked for a moment into the child's face, and as she did so her body trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"My poor little boy!" she sobbed; "my poor little Leon!"

She laid him gently on the bed, and let him sleep on. Then she tried to collect her thoughts, and to determine what she must do.

"Go back to Scotland?" No, she could not do that. She could not face her old friends with this shame upon her, and show them the child who should never have been born. From that day forth she must be dead to them. What she could not undo she must conceal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sheridan as an Orator.

After Richard Brinsley Sheridan had made his great speech in Westminster Hall, asking for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: "He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accent, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, luster upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equaled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened with ardor and admiration."

A Sure Sign.

"When a woman," said the corned philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has ceased to be."—Savannah Bulletin.

So Subtle.

"Mr. Tillinbush left me \$3,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow. "My dear Mrs. Tillinbush," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources." "Oh, Frank, dear, this is too sudden. But are you really sure you love me?"—Odds and Ends.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

A bad epigram, like a wet-out pencil, has no point to it.

A KING OF "CON" MEN.

C. HENDERSON ONCE FLEECED A BARONET.

Associated with Big Men—Once Sold a Gold Brick for Seven Thousand, but Forgot to Wear His Red Whiskers and Was Cleverly Identified.

HARLES HENDERSON, alias "Glass-Eyed Charley," who died in New Orleans recently, was well-known in every city in the country. He was one of the most successful confidence men the United States ever turned out, and his operations were not confined to this side of the water.

Many a man who is an honest man and who holds his head up in the world, will read with great regret the announcement of the death of Charles Henderson. He possessed the knack of making good and lasting friends, and those friends seldom deserted him in his hour of need.

In the old days of gambling on the Mississippi river, when every packet plying in the trade between New Orleans and St. Louis had a crowd of gamblers and confidence men aboard Henderson was one of the most daring operators of them all.

Whether playing poker or seven-up with the rich planters in the cabin or throwing monte or the shells on the boiler deck, he was equally cool and confident, for he knew he was going to win.

When gambling was broken up and the gamblers and smart men were driven from the river, Henderson went to conning. The game was the one he was best qualified to play. East and West, North and South he operated with success. He never worked for a few hundred dollars, and whenever he turned a trick thousands went with it.

He spent money like a lord and in every big city in America he had friends in the city hall, and made aldermen and councilmen his intimates. His money was as free as water, and when he was in funds any of his friends could get a portion of his holdings.

Early in the '80s Henderson went to Europe and fleeced a baronet out of a small fortune in a London sporting club. He escaped prosecution and returned to this country. Here his lieutenants were "Red" Austin, Tom Bryan, Billy Coleman and others of that type. In all his career Henderson was never sent to prison. Several times he was convicted, but he had the best lawyers procurable, his friends spent money for him, brought their influence into the game and he got new trials, only to go ultimately free.

Henderson was a man who never looked the same two weeks in succession. Ten years ago, when he was in his zenith, he was 50 years old, stout, heavy set, with a red beard and blue eyes, and with a black coat and a white tie looked very much like a preacher. He was a ready and entertaining talker, was educated, and had no trouble in passing for what he chose to represent himself.

A woman, handsome and a swell dresser, generally traveled with him, and in many cases she had a share of the work. The man's appearance was easily changed, and this fact gave him almost entire immunity from prosecution. He couldn't be identified. One of his eyes was a glass eye, but with the muscles of the socket he had perfect control of the artificial "peeper."

It didn't stare and a stranger to him couldn't know it was a glass eye. His beard was very heavy and red. A week's growth upon it would pass any barber as a month-old beard. When

ever Henderson had a job to do he hid it with a full beard and apparently two good eyes. After it was over he appeared in different clothes, with a clean-shaven face and with his glass eye out. Confronted by his victims, they were never able to identify him.

The most serious trouble Henderson was ever in was in Kentucky in 1851. With several confederates he induced an old farmer in Garrard county to sell his farm for \$7,000 and to exchange this money for a gold brick. Henderson made the mistake of doing the job with a clean-shaven face. The county sheriff was up to a thing or two, and when the con man was arrested made him shave off his new beard and put in his glass eye. Henderson didn't think the farmers of Garrard county could give him a fair trial, and he got a change of venue to Louisville. While in jail he was visited by aldermen and councilmen and city officials, and one of them slipped him a \$500 bill. That night Henderson twisted the bill up into a little ball and placed it in the hollow of his glass eye. He put his eye in a glass on his table. A sneak thief who shared the cell with Hender-

son stole the glass eye and the money that night, and before Henderson awoke in the morning got rid of the money. The thief searched all the cells and all the prisoners, but the money was never recovered. For the past year Henderson has been in an insane asylum in New Orleans. His death was due to paresis.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED. Convicted of the Murder of His Mother and Sister on Nov. 17, 1896.

William S. Foley was found guilty of murder in the first degree at Liberty, Mo., the other day and sentenced to be hanged. The jury took one ballot only. Foley was charged with the murder of his mother and sister at the family home, near Liberty, on the night of Nov. 17, 1896. At a former trial, held last June, the jury disagreed. Mrs. Foley and her daughter were killed at about 9 o'clock at night. They were sleeping together on the first floor of the house. A window near their bed was broken and two shots from a shotgun were fired into their bodies. They ran into an adjoining room, where the daughter was shot a second time with a pistol shot. The son was the first to give the alarm. He said that on his arrival at home he found the dead bodies of the women. He made contradictory statements, which led to his being suspected of the crime. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial, but was so conclusive as

to leave no doubt in the minds of those who heard it of his guilt. He will appeal.

FOOLING THE FARMERS.

Here is an Up-to-Date Creamery Swindle for the Gullible.

A circular sent out from the agricultural experiment station at Geneva, says the New York Times, warns the farmers of the state to be on their guard against a class of swindlers who have succeeded in victimizing many a rustic community. These fellows go to a village and dazzle the inhabitants with stories of the profits that can be made out of an up-to-date creamery.

The next step is to organize a stock company, with all the neighboring farmers as shareholders. Then a third or a half of the capital is used in the erection of a building and the purchase of machinery, and the rest of the money contributed goes into the pockets of the promoters, who invariably depart for new scenes before the enterprise has reached the stage of profits—or losses.

The director of the experiment station says that the worst feature of this whole business is the fact that there can usually be found in country places men of local prominence with whom the farmers are acquainted, and in whom they place more or less confidence, who are willing, in return for a little free stock, to use their influence in drawing their neighbors into a scheme doomed to failure.

This is another blow struck at the already tottering belief in rural virtue and new confirmation given to that in rural gullibility. "It is impossible," says the mournful director, in dwelling on this latter point, "to prophesy how long farmers, with so many means of information at their command, will allow themselves to be duped in this manner."

Shah Fond of Felines. In enthusiasm for cats the shah of Persia surpasses all other royal devotees. He has fifty of them and they have attendants of their own with special rooms for meals. When the shah goes away they go, too, carried by men on horseback.

The late czar of Russia was very fond of the feline tribe. When visiting the king of Denmark on one occasion he alarmed the menials by rushing out very early one morning to the gardens. From the window of his sleeping room he had seen a big dog attack his favorite black cat, and, without staying to complete his toilet, he had fled to her rescue. The famous royal cat of Siam is a large white short haired variety, with black face and a peculiar formation of ear. Its precociousness may be judged from the fact that it once took three gentlemen of influence three months to procure one for an English consul at Bangkok. —Household Words.

Guessing. "I wonder why it is that Henderson takes so many hunting trips. It seems to me that he is away upon such expeditions nearly half the time." "I don't know why it is unless he's afraid to drink much around home."

Sisters. "Lulu—Your brother Charlie proposed to me last night." "Frances—Oh, how did you ever get him to do it?"

A Matter of Doubt. Miss Withers (coolly)—"I'm probably older than you think I am." Mr. Frankly—"Oh, I don't know."

Coming to It. Farnum—"It is claimed that there was crookedness in the recent national golf tournament." Barber—"Jerusalem! The next thing we know people will be betting on golf."

Lot's wife evidently passed some other woman and looked back to see what she had on.

UNQUENCHABLE LOVE

HOOSIER WILL NOT TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.

His Sweetheart Nurses Him to Health in Her Home—He Next Tries Forcibly to Take Her from Her Father in Church.

THE southern part of Shelby county, Ind., is the scene of one of the most remarkable love affairs ever witnessed outside the story books. In that section and on adjoining farms live the families of Dardis Vangordon, Samuel Vangordon, and they stand high in the community. The Maples and Vangordons have always been on the best of terms, and especially is this true of Miss Bertha Vangordon and George Maple, son and daughter of the respective families. Bertha and George have grown up together, attended the same school, and both being popular, whenever there was a party in the neighborhood the evening's entertainment was incomplete unless George and Bertha were present.

One evening in October last, while the pair were returning from a church festival held at Geneva, George proposed marriage to Bertha, which proposition he had made to her on a former occasion. Bertha informed George that she loved him, but she would have to refuse his proposal, as her parents were unwilling that she should marry, and had so informed her. Bertha is idolized by her parents, and in return they are worshipped by her. She could not think of disobeying them in the matter.

This seemed to upset the mind of Maple, who, drawing a revolver from his coat, said he intended ending his life. In some manner Bertha secured the revolver and kept it until they reached her home, where she, on his promising that he would not carry out his threat, returned the weapon to him and entered the gate leading to her home. She had no more than done so, however, than she heard the report of the revolver, which was followed by a second shot. With a moan Maple fell to the road, while the frightened girl ran to her home, where she was met at the door by her father, into his arms she fell, as he thought, a corpse.

She was carried into the house and for two days remained unconscious. After looking after his daughter, and seeing that she had not been wounded, Father Vangordon, with his hired hand, went to the scene of the noise, while a son was sent for the nearest physician. On reaching the road Mr. Vangordon and his companion found George Maple with two bullet holes in his abdomen. He was conscious and was carried into the Vangordon home, where he was given treatment, and where he was nursed to health by Bertha.

When able he was taken to his home nearby, and despite the fact that the Vangordons are more than ever opposed to his marrying their daughter, he persists in demanding that she become his wife. Such an annoyance has become that Miss Vangordon has refrained from accepting any invitations whatever. The other Sunday evening, the first time she had been away from home since the unfortunate affair, Miss Bertha accompanied her parents to church at Norristown, and soon after entering Maple walked in and found a seat directly opposite the one occupied by the young lady, at whom he looked constantly, never taking his eyes off her during the services.

At the conclusion of the exercises Bertha started to leave the church

with her parents, when she was accosted by Maple. He took her by the arm and demanded that she accompany him home. Her father caught her by the other arm and the scene that followed was an exciting one. The father pulled one way and Maple the other. The young lady screamed loudly and several women fainted, while men climbed over seats and seemed to lose their heads. The parent was finally successful, and with his wife and daughter returned home.

Maple is insanely in love with the girl, and her parents are greatly grieved over the unfortunate position of their daughter, who is in constant fear that something dreadful may be the final result.

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