

At last, after long reflection, she

"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 Scot-

Miss Dove sighed in sympathetic ac-

"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

and proud. I am almost afraid of her

"None, madame; but she is so strange

"And you have other loving friends,"

"Johnnie Sutherland?" cried Mar-

'Himself. He is back here in Paris."

"You have seen him? You have spok-

"He knows everything, my child; and

he is waiting below till I give him the

signal to come up. Can you bear to see

There was no need to ask that ques-

sparkling eye had answered it long be-

room, and almost immediately reap-

peared, followed by Sutherland him-

"Marjorie! my poor Marjorie!" he

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

a trembling palsied hand. It was Miss

all the harsh lineaments softened with

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried Mar-

together, reunited in a passionate em-

CHAPTER XXXIV.

heavily under the icy load, and a blue

mask of ice covered the flowing An-

nan from bank to bank; but to Mar-

jorie all was gladsome and familiar as

she moved about from scene to scene.

did little Leon; and, indeed, it was a

common report everywhere that her

husband was dead, and that she was

As to Miss Hetherington's secret, all

tongue of scandal had been busy be-

shame, heedless of all things in the

world, save her joy in the possession

of her daughter, the grand old lady re-

mained in deep seclusion in her lonely

In these sad, yet happy days, who

could be gentler than Miss Hethering-

ton? The mask of her pride fell off

forever, and showed a mother's loving

face, sweetened with humility and

heavenly pity. She was worn and fee-

ble, and looked very old; but whenever

Marjorie was near she was happiness

The fullest measure of her love, how-

ever, was reserved for Marjorie's child.

learned to call her "grandmamma."

"but there's no blame and no shame,

Marjorie, on you and yours. Your son

"You're wife to you Frenchman," an-

heart, you were his widow instead."

'Is that so, mother?"

couldna cleanse awa'!'

am sure you are not to blame."

'And you can forgive me, my bonny

is the heir of Annandale."

no wife."

She wore black, like a widow, and so

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:

white with snow,

the trees hung

the yearning of a mother's love.

"My bairn! my bairn!"

cried, seizing her hands and almost

jorie, joyfully, "Who told you of him?"

Marjorie uttered a cry of delight.

continued the lady, smiling kindly,

'Do you remember Mr. Sutherland?"

against her in your heart?"

en to him? He knows-

land, or known so much sorrow!

quiescence.

still.

self.

sobbing.

brace,

left alone.

ancestral home.

must be told, her troubled heart found CHAPTER XXXIII. - (CONTINUED.) The nurse, having lifted little Leon little comfort in the thought of a meeting with Miss Hetherington. Into the bed, returned to her chair beside the fire, while Marjorie put her spoke:

arm around the little fellow's shoulders and presently fell asleep. Now that the fever had actually passed away, Marjorie's convalescence

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 bed-

Marjorie was sitting up in bed that 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 clapped 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 silentshe 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

"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, to 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 ot 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 rse, lifted Leon from the bed, and

cent him away, Now, my child," she said, when the

two women were alone, "tell me your

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 be-Heved 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 at 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. "You have Annandale Castle,"

the shook her head. "Indeed, it is not my home now! I e, and there was no answer."

suppose you heard that that bairn?" "I have nothing to forgive; you were mistake; suppose you learned her arms to receive you, what mother, men are wicked!- I think they say then, my child?" have ovil hearts." The old lady looked long and fondly

Marjorie did not reply If the truth

with a loving smile: "I ken one man that has the heart

of a king-ay, of an angel, Marjorie." "Who, mother?"

in her daughter's face; then she said,

"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 unswerving 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

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 tion. Marjorie's flushed cheek and read the official account of the death of your friend, and know that there fore. Miss Dove stole quietly from the 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.'

her a haggard fa a, and stretching out Sutherland put down the paper and held his hands to his head; he was Hetherington, trembling and weeping, like a man dazed. Was he glad? No. he would not allow himself to feel glad -to rejoice in the death of a fellowcreature, even though he was his enjorie; and mother and daughter clung

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 be 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

the landscape was 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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COAL AND IRON.

Showing That Great Britain Holding Her Own.

Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent of the world's supply of coal, at the presthe world knew it now, for the swift et time it produces only 34 per cent, says Nature. Atlantic liners no longer fore Marjorie's return. Heedless of the 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 iron draws with it 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 Little Leon had no fear of her, and soon, in his pretty broken English, 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 We began wi' a bar sinister," said the lady one day, as they sat together; 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 "Oh, mother," cried Marjorie, sadly, seem, the railway station at Middles-"how can that be? I am a mother, but borough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium, Surely, then, the author of "Our Coal swered Miss Hetherington; "ay, his Resources at the Close of the Ninelawful wedded wife by the English and teenth Century" is hardly right in the Scottish law. Out there in France thinking that British coal and iron he might reject you by the law of man; still hold their own. He argues that but here in Scotland, you're his true other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies just as Great wife still, though I wish, with all my Britain, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a "True as gospel, Marjorie, It's wi' me depth of 3,000 feet, 109,000,000,000 tons of coal, as compared with our \$1,683.the shame lies, like the bright speck of blood on the hands of the thane's wife, 000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet, which even the perfumes of Araby And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises "Don't talk of that, mother!" cried 25,000,000 tons annually. Marjorie, embracing the old lady. "I

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

BAZAINE'S TWO LOVES.

His Fecond Wife's Resemblance to the First One.

Bazaine, when a colonel, came across a little Spanish girl of great beauty and personal attractions, who seemed to him out of place amid her surroundings, says the Century. He picked up the little wild rose as it grew on the roadside, and conceived the notion of transplanting it. He took the child to Paris, where he left her in a convent to be educated. On his return to Paris after several years of brilliant campaigning he fell in love with her, and, breaking through all rules of French matrimonial usage, married her. After several years of happy married life the general left her to take command of the army in Mexico. While he was away on this expedition the news of her death reached him. After a funeral mass, which he heard with his officers, he retired to his tent and, alone, fought the hardest of battles and conquered his own heart. In a few days he returned to his duty and no one ever knew what had passed in his innermost soul. Two years later a ball was given at the quartier-general. Bazzaine, who had lately been promoted to the rank of marshal (1864), had stopped for a moment to say a few words, when one of his guests, a young Mexican girl, who was standing by, suddenly stopped near us, having torn her dress. Pins were produced, the damaged ruffle was repaired and the girl passed on. "Who is it?" asked the marshal, evidently much struck with her appearance. "It is extraordinary," he muttered, "how much she reminds me of my wife." He looked distrait, and shortly afterward excused himself and wandered off in the direction Mdlle, de la Pena had taken. The courtship was a short one. Maximilian, in order to facilitate a union which he deemed to be in the interest of his government, gave the young girl as a dowry the palace of San Cosme, valued at \$100,000; and thus was May united to December. Two children were born to the marshal, one of them in Mexico, and never was father prouder of his young wife and of her offspring than was the marshal.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE. The Famous Old-Time London Restaurant.

Of course, everybody who does London goes to the famous Cheshire Cheese in Fleet street for luncheon. It is one of the show places-an ancient tavern that has retained all its early characteristics from the plain furniture of its stuffy, little crowded coffee room to the rough pewter mugs in which is served your ale or "bitter." If you are in luck you'll be sure to get the coveted seat at the head of the table near the old fashioned fireplace, labeled in brass tablet as Samuel Johnson's favorite corner. Here, on the straightbacked, hard wooden settee, in the sawdust and sand, and amid smoke and dirt and smell of cookery sat Johnson, with pipe and bowl holding forth to the clever gentlemen of his day and association. Even the sight of the brass tablet and the big grease spot on the wall that still bears the impress of his learned head do not inspire me as I ought to be inspired; for I cannot appreciate this fad for dirty surroundson had no better place to go in his time, but we certainly have. The cheese, however, is apparently typical of all of the historic inns of the older civilization, and one wonders why the exquisities and learned of that time should have preferred such environment to the elegant clubs and general decency of life. Was good wine, cookery and personal freedom known only to those public hostelries-the tap room of the sanded floor? Yet all English literature, from Shakespeare down to Dickens, reeks with the odor of the pot-house.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Of Short Daration. Wife-Here's one of my new photographs, dear; what do you think of it? Husband-There's something unnatural about it. Taken by the instantane ous process, was it not? Wife-Yes, but how can you tell? Husband-Oh, I merely supposed so on account of the repose about the mouth.

Another Poser for Pa-Willie—Say, pa, is the earth round like a ball? Pa—Yes, Willie. Willie— And does people live on the other side of it? Pa-Certainly, my son. Willie -Why don't they fall off?

FASHIONS FROM PARIS.

The Russian blouse as an outdoor garment is very much worn, but not in fur, as the fashion will be too evanescent for that.

The skirts are worn so very long. both before and behind, that they are now carried over the arm, displaying to great advantage magnificent silk petticoats.

Black and white is a perfect rage, and is very expensive, as white chiffon and satin bodices soil most easily, especially as they are worn under jackets and cloaks.

White gloves are still very fashionable, but they are not so universal as last season. With gray costumes gray gloves are worn and with green gowns tan gloves are seen.

With black dresses brocade petticoats laden with lace are the latest The streets of Paris are so much cleaner than ours that all this silken luxuriance is possible.

The hair in Paris is now worn quite smoothly brushed up at the back, like the ugly fashion of twenty-five years ago. It is not quite so bare, as the storm collars reach above the ears. The dress collars, too, are enormously high, and are frequently finished with · plaited bow in front.

RACE WITH A GRIZZLY



FEW years ago while engaged in cutting timber in California I had frequently occasion to ride back and forth between two lumber c a m p s, about ten miles apart. I went on horseback, a n d

was always armed with a pair of Colt's five-shooters, which I carried in holsters attached to a belt around my waist. I started on one of these trips at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a hot August day, and at the end of five or six miles I began to suffer a good deal from thirst. After awhile I came to a piece of dry bottom land, across which ran a sluggish little stream, not more than four or five inches wide. I dismounted to drink from it, but it was so shallow that I could not do so without getting the sand and sediment on its bottom into my mouth. So I followed it up for some distance, and found that its source was a small pool at the foot of a long, narrow ridge of rock rising a few feet above the surface of the ground. To the right of the spring I noticed

the upturned roots of a gigantic tree that had been blown down. Between tts trunk and the ridges of rock the wind had heaped up the dead leaves of the preceding summer.

There was a flat stone lying near at hand, and I knelt upon it to drink. Before doing so I ran my arm through the bridle reins and held them in the crook of my elbow. As I raised my head from drinking I heard a rustling in the leaves behind the trunk of the tree. Looking up I saw two little grizzly cubs, about the size of large cats, coming from behind the roots. The moment they saw me they scampered back out of sight. At the same instant, and before I had time to get up, there was a sudden backward pull upon the bridle reins, which first slipped them up under my armpit, then jerked me over on my back. Glancing up at my horse, I saw him with his head lowered, his ears pointed forward and his nostrils distended, gazing intently before him. I was on my feet in an instant. I saw a long, slabsided female grizzly coming along the trunk of the tree from its top toward the roots. Just as I caught sight of her she left the tree and swung herself down on the ground. I had kept my hold upon the reins, and started at once to mount my horse. But when he saw the bear on the ground, he began to rear and plunge, and nothing prevented him from pulling away from me altogether but the fact that the bridle had a powerful curb bit, which was buckled tightly to his lower jaw.

Before I had time to think, the bear was upon us. The horse never had taken his eyes off her for a moment, and just as she came in reach he whirled around on his forelegs, as on



"I PUT A BALL BEHIND HER LEFT SHOULDER."

a pivot, and lashed out with his hind legs with all the strength he had. He had been shod only a day or two before, and his rough new iron heels landed squarely on the bear's left shoulder as she was aiming to pass him to get at me. The force of the blow sent her sprawling over on her right side. But unfortunately just as he delivered it, he threw his head suddenly downwards, as a horse always does in making a vicious kick with both legs, and, my hold upon the reins being momentarily relaxed in the excitement of the bear's rush at me, he pulled them out of my hand, and the next moment he was off at full speed.

Before I could get my pistol out of my belt the bear rallied from the knock-down blow she had been given and came at me on three legs with a victous growl. There was nothing for me to do but to run for my life, I did not have more than ten or fifteen feet the start of her, but luckily I was a good sprinter with plenty of speed and bottom. But for all of that, when I looked back over my shoulder I saw that the old grizzly was gaining on me. Crippied as she was, she still had one more good leg than I had, and this advantage was tellingg against me. So I made straight for a tree some distance ahead.

It was a giant in size, being some eight feet through at the height of my head. Below that height its trunk was conical in shape and spread out at the roots to a diameter of at least twelve feet. This gave us a circular race course thirty-six feet long, and I had to commence sprinting around it the moment I reached it.

The shape of the course was decidedly in my favor, for in running in such a small circle she had to lean in te put it on the ground at all. Con- tunate."

sequently she did not run by any means as fast after reaching the tree as she had done in her straight course towards it. So I found it comparatively easy to keep out of her reach as she chased me around it. In fact, I soon found myself behind instead of before her. But in her blind rage she did not notice this change in our relative positions, especially as I took good care not to get too close to her, but to keep only her haunches in sight as she galloped around the tree in front of me.

After our race had lasted some two or three minutes she began to slacken her pace, and finally stopped and sat down so suddenly that I almost ran upon her before I could check myself: But I dodged back before she saw me, and stood peeping at her around the edge of the tree, with my feet braced to start again at a moment's notice. After panting awhile she turned her head lazily around and looked back over her shoulder. The instant she saw me she whirled around and came at me again, and we had a second heat in the opposite direction. It lasted about as long and ended precisely as the first had done. When it was over I felt pretty confident that she could not catch up with me, and I resolved that I would assume the aggressive myself. So when she stopped again, at the end of the third heat, and was sitting at an angle with the circumference of the tree, with her side exposed, & drew my pistol and put a ball behind her left shoulder. It was the signal for another fast and furious race. But although her rage and pain seemed to put new energy into her, I still kept out of her reach, and the heat ended as the others had done.

To make a long story short, this alternate racing, resting and shooting was kept up until I had emptied into her body all the balls in one of my pistols. In her rage she was foaming at the mouth, and I was encouraged and delighted when I saw the froth on her lips colored a deep red. It showed that she had been shot in the lungs, and I knew that this would soon tell on her wind. Moreover, at the end of the last race we had run she looked back and growled at me a good while before coming at me again. It was plain that she was giving out, and I now felt sure that she would not overtake me and that my life was safe.

This of course gave me new strength and courage, and I began to force matters. The next time she halted I did not give her a moment to rest, but sent in another ball as soon as she stopped. I kept this up until she had in her eight out of the ten balls in my pistols. This, with a broken shoulder, was about all she could stand. When I shot her the last time she did not begin the chase again, as she had done before, but merely lifted her lip with an angry snarl, and shook her head from side to side. I thought it best to keep the two remaining balls in reserve. In a few moments she dropped down and turned over on her side. I still had a wholesome fear of her recuperative powers, and did not care to stay to see the end. I was only too glad to part company with her on any terms. As soon as I was sure she would not follow me, I left the tree and ran for the camp, reaching it in safety. But my horse did not put in his appearance until 9 o'clock the next morning when he sauntered quietly in, browsing the grass as he came along.

The next day I went back with two companions to see what had become of the bear. We found it dead, and while skinning the body I discovered that in reality I owed my life to my horse; the blow he had given the bear had completely shattered her shouldered blade. But for this handicap she would in all probability have overtaken and killed me before I reached the shelter of the

The Cocoanut as a Vegetable Food. In its life-supporting qualities the cocoanut is quite equal to the best of other vegetable products that have been ranked above it, and although these nutritive qualities are admitted, the amount of nutrition derived is much greater than is generally supposed. As an example, we may refer to the account that has been published of a vessel which left San Francisco with four hundred passengers for Sydney. Running short of stores, they were obliged to put in at a port, where a large quantity of cocoanuts were obtained. The remainder of the passage was attended with heavy weather, and the vessel became water logged, only reaching Sydney after a perilous voyage of eighty days. Owing to the extreme length of the voyage, their provisions ran out, and men, women and children were reduced to an exclusive diet of coceanut, and owing to the scarcity of these, the quantity apportioned was in the proportion of one cocoanut to each adult. Notwithstanding this diet, wholly unrelieved by any change, not a life was lost and not a single case of illness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well nourished condition.

In the Matrimonial Department Elia-Did you hear about Miss Shop-

leigh's marriage? Hattle-Why, no; when did it occur? Ella-Last week. She married a floor walker in one of the big department stores. Hattle-Had she known him long? Ella-No; he showed her to the counter where she wanted to make a small purchase, and while she was waiting for her change he wooed and won her, and so they were mar-

Just Like a Woman

Mrs. Upperten-Asswer the door bell, Mary, and say that I'm not at home. Mary-All right, mum. Mrs. Upporten toward the tree and dig her claws into | (five minutes later) - Who was it, Mary? the ground to keep from flying off at | Mary Mrs. Brownstone and her daugha tangent. This she evidently found it | ter. Mrs. Upperten-What did they hard to do, with her shoulder crip- any when you told thern I was not at pled and one foreleg too lame for her home? Mary-They said: "How for-