



CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Once safe on English soil Caussidiere became himself again. He forgot his subject terror and resumed his old manner. Then, before he had been in London many days, arose the question: How was he to subsist? He had little or no money, and such talents as he possessed were not at that time in much demand. A happy thought struck him—he would go down to Scotland, hunt out the rich mistress of Annandale Castle, and perhaps secure some help from her sympathy—or her fear.

Thus it befell that he arrived quietly one day in the town of Dumfries, and within a few hours of his arrival heard that Marjorie was alive and dwelling with her mother at the Castle. Up to that moment he had been in doubt whether the woman he had betrayed was alive or dead—indeed, he had scarcely given her a thought, and cared not what fate had befallen her. But now it was very different. She lived, and by the law of the land was his lawful wife.

His plans were soon laid. He determined to see Marjorie alone, and if she was obstinate and unyielding, to use what power he had over her to the utmost, with the view of securing present and future help. On reflection, he had not much doubt that he would soon regain his old influence over her; for in the old days she had been as wax in his hands, and her character had seemed altogether gentle and unresisting.

He reckoned without his host. These seemingly feeble and too faithful natures, when once they gain the strength of indignation and the courage of despair, assume a force of determination sometimes unknown and foreign to the strongest and most passionate men.

As matters had turned out, however, it was not with Marjorie herself that the Frenchman had had to reckon, but with her life-long friend and protector, John Sutherland. This pertinacious young hero whom he had always hated, had now fully asserted his authority in giving him the first sound thrashing he had ever received in his life.

Battered, bruised and bleeding, livid with mortified rage, Caussidiere remained for some time where Sutherland left him, and when he at last found speech, cursed freely in his own tongue. Then he paced about madly, calling Heaven to witness that he would have full and fierce revenge.

"I will kill him," he cried, gnashing his teeth. "I will destroy him—I will tear him limb from limb! He has outraged me—he has profaned my person—but he shall pay dearly for it, and so shall she—so shall they all! I was right—he is her lover; but he shall find that I am master, and she my slave."

Presently he cooled a little and sat down to think.

What should he, what could he do? Of his power over Marjorie and the child there was no question; by the laws of both England and Scotland he could claim them both. But suppose they continued to set his authority at defiance, what then? They were comparatively rich, he was poor. He knew that in legal strife the richest is generally the conqueror; and, besides, while the war was waging, how was he to subsist?

Then he bethought him of his old hold upon Miss Hetherington, of his knowledge of the secret of Marjorie's birth. It was useless to him now, for the scandal was common property, and Mother Rumor had cried it from house to house till she was hoarse. The proud lady had faced her shame, and had overcome it; everyone knew her secret now, and many regarded her with sympathy and compassion. For the rest, she set public opinion at defiance, and knowing the worst the world could say or do, breathed more freely than she had done for years.

Thus there was no hope for her. Indeed, look which way he might, he saw no means of succor or revenge.

As he sat there, haggard and furious, he looked years older, but his face still preserved a certain comeliness.

Suddenly he sprang up again as if resolved on immediate action. As he did so he seemed to hear a voice murmuring his name, "Caussidiere!"

He looked toward the window, and saw there, or seemed to see, close pressed against the pane, a bearded human countenance gazing in upon him.

He struggled like a drunken man, glaring back at the face.

Was it reality, or dream? Two wild eyes met his, then vanished, and the face was gone.

If Caussidiere had looked old and worn before, he looked death-like now. Trembling like a leaf he sank back into the shadow of the room, held his hand upon his heart, like a man who had received a mortal blow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CAUSSIDIÈRE remained in the room for some time, but as the face did not reappear, his courage in a measure returned to him. At last he took up his hat and left the house.

He was still very pale and glanced uneasily from side to side, he had by

this time forgotten all about the child, and Marjorie, too. He went through a procession of by-streets to the police station, saw the inspector—a grim, bearded Scotchman—and demanded from him police protection.

"Protection! What's your danger?" asked the man, politely.

"I am in danger of my life!" said Caussidiere.

He was very excited and very nervous, and the peculiarity of his manner struck the man at once.

"Who's threatening ye?" he asked, quietly.

The repose of the stranger irritated Caussidiere, who trembled more and more.

"I tell you I am in mortal peril. I am pursued. I shall be killed if I do not have protection, therefore I demand assistance, do you hear?"

Yes, the man heard, but apparently did not heed. He already half suspected that the foreigner before him was a madman, and upon questioning Caussidiere a little more he became convinced of it.

After a short but stormy scene with the inspector he walked away, revolving in his mind what he must do to make himself secure.

Of one thing he was certain; he must leave Dumfries, and resign all hopes of obtaining further assistance from Marjorie or her friends. He must remain in hiding until political events veered round again and he could return to France.

He hurried back to his hotel and locked himself again in his room. He drew down the blinds and lit the gas; then he turned out all the money he was possessed of, counted it carefully over, and disposed of it about his person.

His next care was to dispose about his person any little articles which his portmanteau contained; then he drew from his pocket a small box, fixed on the false beard and moustache which it contained, and, having otherwise disguised himself, stood before the mirror so transfixed that he believed even his dearest friend would not have known him.

By the time all this was done it was getting pretty late in the day and close on the departure of the train he had decided to take.

He listened; he could hear nothing. He walked boldly out of the room, and having quietly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, strolled leisurely out of the inn and down the street unrecognized by a soul. He went straight down to the railway station, took a ticket for the north and entered the train, which was about to start.

He had a carriage to himself; the first thing he did, therefore, was to throw the key which he had taken from the room door out of the window; then he traveled on in comparative peace.

It was somewhat late in the evening and quite dark when he reached his destination—a lonely village, not far from Edinburgh. He walked to the nearest and quietest inn, and took a bedroom on the third floor.

That night he slept in peace. He remained in the village for several days, and during that time he kept mostly to his room.

On the night of the fourth day, however, he rang for the maid, who, on answering the bell, found him in a state of intense excitement.

"Bring me a time-table," he said, "or tell me when there is a train from this place."

"There is none to-night, sir."

"None to-night!"

"No, sir; the last train is gone; but the morn's morn—"

"Well?"

"There is one at seven o'clock to Edinburgh."

"Then I will go by it—do you hear? At six you will call me, and I leave at seven!"

The girl nodded and retired, fully under the impression, as the inspector of police had been, that the man was mad.

At six o'clock in the morning the maid, with a jug of hot water in her hand, tripped up the stairs and knocked gently at Caussidiere's bedroom door.

There was no reply.

She knocked louder and louder, but could elicit no sound, and the door was locked. Leaving the jug of water on the mat, she retired. In half an hour she returned again. The water was cold. She knocked louder and louder, with no result. Thinking now that something might be wrong, she called up her master. After some consultation the door was forced.

All recoiled in horror. There lay Caussidiere dead in bed, with his false beard beside him, and his eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling.

As there were no marks of violence upon him, it was generally believed by those who stood looking upon him that his death had been a natural one. How he met his death was never known. It was discovered long after, however, that he was a member of many secret societies, that he had betrayed in almost every case the trust reposed in him, and was marked in their black list as a "traitor"—doomed to die.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT WAS not until after Caussidiere was laid in his grave that the news of his decease reached Marjorie. She read in a Scottish newspaper a description of the mysterious death of a French gentleman in a village

near Edinburgh, and suspicious of the truth she traveled to the place in Sutherland's company. The truth was speedily made clear, for among the loose articles found on the lead man's person were several letters in Caussidiere's handwriting, and an old photograph of herself taken in Dumfries.

It would be false to say that Marjorie rejoiced at her husband's death; it would be equally false to say that it caused her much abiding pain. She was deeply shocked by his sudden end, that was all. Nevertheless, she could not conceal from herself that his removal meant life and freedom to herself and to her child. While he lived there would have been no peace for her in this world.

He was buried in a peaceful place, a quiet kirkyard not far from the sea; and there, some little time afterward, a plain tombstone was erected over his grave, with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory
of
LEON CAUSSIDIÈRE,
Who Died Suddenly in This Village,
June 15, 18—
"May he rest in peace."

Marjorie had it placed there, in perfect forgiveness and tenderness of heart.

And now our tale is almost told. The figures that have moved upon our little stage begin slowly to fade away, and the curtain is about to fall. What little more there is to say may be added by way of epilogue in a few words as possible.

In due time, but not till nearly a year had passed, Marjorie married her old lover, John Sutherland. It was a quiet wedding, and after it was over the pair went away together to the Highlands, where they spent a peaceful honeymoon. During their absence little Leon remained at the Castle with his grandmother, who idolized him as the heir of the Hetheringtons. On their return they found the old lady had taken a new lease of life, and was moving about the house with much of her old strength and a little of her old temper. But her heart was softened and sweetened once and forever, and till the day of her death, which took place several years afterward, she was a happy woman. She sleeps now in the quiet kirkyard, not far from her old friend, the minister, close to the foot of whose grave is yet another, where old Solomon, the faithful servant, lies quietly at rest.

Marjorie Annan—or shall we call her Marjorie Sutherland?—is now a gentle matron, with other children, boys and girls, besides the beloved child born to her first husband. She hears then crying in the Castle garden, as she walks through the ancestral rooms where her mother dwelt so long in sorrow. She is a rich woman, for by her mother's will she inherited all the property, which was found to be greater than anyone supposed. She is proud of her husband, whom all the world knows as a charming painter, and whose pictures adorn every year the Scottish Academy walls; she loves her children, and she is beloved by all the people of the pastoral district where she dwells.

The Annan flows along, as it has flowed for centuries past, and as it will flow for centuries to come. Often Marjorie wanders on its banks, and looking in its peaceful waters, sees the old faces come and go, like spirits in a dream. The gentle river gave her the name she loves best, and by which many old folk call her still—Marjorie Annan; and when her time comes, she hopes to rest not far from the side of Annan Water.

THE END.

ENGLAND'S COAL SUPPLY.

Mines Will Last About Four Hundred Years.

"It may now be accepted as geologically certain that between Dover and Bath there occurs a more or less interrupted trough of coal measures of 150 miles in length, and of a breadth varying from two to four miles, measured from north to south." Dr. Hull believes, however, that this trough is interrupted by many flexures and disturbances and that it cannot be expected to compensate for the possible exhaustion of the Lancashire and midland areas, says the Spectator. Nor, though he considers that it must extend under the channel toward Dover, does he think that it could be worked under the sea to any extent with profit; as, except at an enormous depth, the difficulties of intruding water would be too great. Taking each coal field separately, Dr. Hull discusses its probable lateral extension under overlying strata, and, on the basis that about 4,000 feet represent the downward limit of practical working, he arrives at estimates in round numbers of the amount of coal that will be available at the end of the century. The total for the United Kingdom is \$1,683,000,000 tons. As the output of coal for 1895 was over 155,000,000 tons, on the extremely improbable assumption that the rate of production, which has more than doubled since 1850, will remain practically stationary, these figures of Dr. Hull would give a life of about 400 years to our coal mines. Within this period, then, an enormous readjustment of social conditions and probably of commercial conditions is bound to occur.

MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER,

New Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In national encampment assembled, at Columbus, Ohio, recently, the G. A. R. elected William Warner of Kansas City its commander-in-chief.

Major William Warner is one of the most successful lawyers in the west. He is a native of Wisconsin, and was born in 1841. After being a student at Lawrence University, in his native state, he entered Michigan University. He was pursuing his law studies when the civil war broke out, and he enlisted as a private in the Eighty-third Wisconsin Regiment, served as adjutant and captain of the same regiment, and subsequently was assistant adjutant general to General A. J. Smith. The young soldier was mustered out at the age of 23, in August, 1865, as major of the Forty-fourth Wisconsin.

Major Warner was invited by an autographic letter from President Lincoln to go to Washington and accept the position of captain and assistant adjutant general in the regular army. Refusing this, he settled in Kansas City in 1866 and his career has been upward and onward ever since.

He organized the first Grand Army of the Republic post in Kansas City in 1876, and subsequently reorganized the department in 1882, and was its first department commander, to which office he was twice elected. In 1867 he was elected city attorney of Kansas City and in the following year became a circuit attorney of the state. Four years after, in 1871, he was elected mayor of Kansas City, and was a presidential elector in 1872.

Major Warner was elected United States attorney for the western district of Missouri in 1882 and has since held that office. In 1883 he received the votes of the republican members of the Missouri legislature for United States senator, and being a candidate for representative he was elected to the forty-ninth congress as a republican, defeating Alexander Graves. He is a member of the committee on claims and on expenditures in the war department. Major Warner has always been prominent in the Grand Army, and has been identified with its growth in the west. He has held the highest office in the department of Missouri, as stated above, and in 1883 he was elected senior vice commander-in-chief and was a prominent candidate for commander-in-chief in 1884, being then championed by General Sherman. The gallant soldier has a genial warmth of manner and winning address, and is an excellent speaker. In electing him for commander-in-chief the national encampment has made a wise choice.

CROWLEY'S COMPANION.

The Grace and Dignity with Which Miss Kitty Eats Her Dinner.

Prior to the arrival of her attendant with the repast Miss Kitty departed herself all over the Crowley mansion, says the New York Herald, and by posturing of singular modes proved that she could give any chimpanzee in America points in ballet dancing and delicate contortions, and later on she evinced beyond a peradventure her possession of ladylike deportment and the graces that befit an educated and well-bred girl of African extraction.

When her dinner was brought in and placed upon the table Miss O'Brien stood patiently by until a chair was set for her beside it. Then she took her seat gracefully, and with a table-spoon began her meal, which was contained in a soup-plate and another dinner platter.

She behaved herself as correctly as many children do, and she used her spoon, her knife and fork, and napkin as deftly as many who are seen in our restaurants.

She never made the mistake of putting her knife instead of her fork in her mouth.

Once, and once only, was she guilty of what might be called a faux pas. This was after the dinner things had been removed and her attendant had disappeared into the pantry. Miss Kitty leaped upon the table and grinned gleefully. But this was done in the glee of youth and in the spirit of mirth, and as the young lady immediately descended with a grave expression of countenance it is fair to assume that she was penitent and had merely forgotten herself for a moment.

Telegraph for Mariners.

A novel spectro-telegraphic apparatus has been constructed by Dr. Paul la Cour, a Danish physicist. It projects a steady vertical spectrum, on which, with a special telescope, red and blue dots and lines are seen to appear and disappear. These are Morse signals, produced by the breaking of the spectrum by the opening and shutting of little slits, displaying the colored dots and lines. This is effected by an electrical arrangement having lettered and numbered keys.

Quite a Diff-rence.

Clerk: "Perambulators? Yes, sir. We have just got in a new stock, sat-lined, six-trimmed, silver-plated iron works, first-jawed handles, etc., only \$65. Stop this way, please. First child, I suppose. Customer: "No, seventh." Clerk: "O John, show the gentleman those latest improved \$10 baby strollers." —Cartoon.

NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BYCICLE.

The Wheel Said to Be a Good Cure for Headache—New Style of Racing in Europe—A Reckless Trick Rider—The Winter Girl Awheel.

A RIDER of the wheel says: "I have arrived at the conclusion that the great headache cure of the century is cycling. Nervous headaches especially those of a periodic nature, are greatly benefited by a judicious course of cycling, but acute, congestive headaches are invariably aggravated by cycling. Where headaches are due to poverty of the blood or anemia, the anemic condition must be treated with suitable remedies before cycling is restored to. A bilious headache is often cured by the beneficial effects of cycling on the functions of the liver. Dryness of the tongue with an unpleasant taste in the mouth while cycling indicates nervous exhaustion or temporary nerve derangement, for which the remedy is rest, and not beer. A question very frequently asked is whether when depressed or dejected in spirits it is advisable to seek relief in cycling. Profound depression of spirits is usually aggravated by cycling, while mild attacks of mental depression due to sluggishness of the liver or other slight causes, disappear like magic before the exhilarating influence of a spin.

A new style of pursuit racing has been introduced in Europe. The idea which originated with a racing man, provides a fast and exciting contest. The conditions are that a number of fast riders be placed around the track, equal distances apart, and at the report of the pistol each man must start, with the object of overhauling the rider in front of him, who, when caught, retires. There is a time limit, and the rider covering the greatest distance in that period, without being overhauled, is declared the victor.

Century runs will not be as popular this year, and within a very short time they are expected to die out entirely. Ordinary riders do not believe in them. The task of riding 100 miles or so is not in the least enjoyable when runs are made on schedule time. One has no chance to enjoy a ride under such circumstances, his only endeavor being to keep up with the bunch. More pleasure is to be derived from going out in small parties, dismounting when and where you please without regard to time.

The bicycle is used by many of the officers in the English navy. It is stated that there is scarcely a vessel, torpedo boat excepted, upon which at least one bicycle cannot be found, and the commanders are among the most ardent wheelmen in the navy. It is a strange sight, says the Daily Mail, in commenting on this, to see the officers' boat leaving the war vessel directly it touches anywhere, loaded with bicycles, and a marvel sometimes that the whole lot are not capsized. Officers who have once used the bicycle do not like the idea of going to sea without one, for it enables them, directly they get ashore to ride away for miles and thoroughly explore the country, whereas they would otherwise be confined to the immediate neighborhood of the port.

A Reckless Trick Rider.

A man who prefers to ride on the handle bars of the bicycle rather than in the saddle and who is happier when suspended over the front wheel of his machine than when properly balanced over the pedals is something of a degenerate among wheelmen, but a degenerate whose example is not likely to be followed too extensively.

This eccentric rider is William Shields, better known as "Rube." He

is a professional cyclist and a trick rider, but he doesn't confine his performances to indoor audiences.

Shields is doubtless the best acrobatic wheelman in this country. March 31, 1897, he rode down the steps of the west front of the capitol building at Washington, D. C. Dozens have ridden down the east steps, but Shields is the only wheelman who has successfully made the descent of the west flight, which has seventy-four steps and three landings. He made the descent in fifteen seconds and did not touch one of the last sixteen steps. In Cincinnati last July he electrified a crowd of spectators by riding out of a second story window on a ladder. The

crowd expected to see him dashed senseless, if not dead, at its foot. He shot down the rungs, however, and landed safely in the street.

A new grip has appeared that is fastened to the handle-bar mechanically and can be detached without being broken with a hammer, the only trouble being that it requires a special bar. The grip is made of papier mache or fiber. It is shorter and proportionately stouter than the ordinary cork grip. The handle-bar has a triangular slot cut in it under where the grip fits and in the end of the handle-bar is a simple expanding device that is operated by a screw. Only a few turns of a screwdriver are necessary to fix the grip firmly in place or remove it.

A Real Model.

Among the new gear cases there is one model made of aluminum, with a simple celluloid front, which for simplicity of construction and perfection of design, commends itself very highly. The front of this gear case is composed of transparent celluloid and the framework of aluminum, so that the complete movement of the wheel is at all times visible. The whole case can be removed in two minutes without disturbing any of the adjustments, either in the crank hanger or at back wheel, and the adjustment of the chain and rear wheel can be perfectly made without in any way interfering with the case.

The Winter Girl Awheel.

She has already made her appearance in more arctic latitudes than New York—the ice bicyclist. In Toronto there are several progressive young women who use the bicycle sleigh, as the latest invention in the bicycling line is called.

It glides as smoothly over the ice and snow as the regular wheel does over the asphalt roads. It is designed for use in ice rinks as well as in climates where a reasonable amount of

ON HER BICYCLE SLEIGH.

snow and ice may be counted upon the winter through. Some adventurous spirits are going to try it in the Klondike.

But for the ordinary damsel it is enough to know that there is a new wheel which runs on skates, as it were and which will permit her to wear, with entire appropriateness a costume combining the dash of a skating dress and the comfort of a bicycle costume. New York Evening Journal.

The demand of the American racing men that the League of American Wheelmen should take some steps to provide for representation in the international championship races, which will be held in France this year, is likely to come before the national assembly next month. At the annual meeting of the league held last year G. D. Gideon, the retiring chairman of the racing board, suggested that the league take steps to send riders over to the championships. The suggestion received no attention, and America was one of the few nations unrepresented in the big races at Glasgow. There seems a likelihood that the question of American representation at the world's championship races this year will receive serious consideration at the hands of the league officials.

One of the changes of next season will probably be the abolishment of team work on the track. During the past season several well-known riders have resorted to this style of work with success. In fact, the adoption of team work by one or two riders forced the system on the push, for a man stood little show without a team mate to pull him through where the system was used. It is now declared that the referees will take action which will stop team work. That is, where one rider is in a race merely to help another rider, to pull him up to the front, as a pace-maker, both men will be debarred from any prize.

The latest announcement in relation to the production of chainless bicycles comes from a well-known western manufacturer, who declares that he will turn out high-grade wheels of this description at \$60. As the spring season approaches it becomes clear that the question of turning out chainless bicycles has been widely considered, and that all classes of riders will find wheels and prices to suit their fancy this year. It is not expected that the demand for chainless bicycles will be as great as some of the makers anticipate.

An English patent is likely to meet with appreciation from the wheelmen. It consists of a device whereby a tire is automatically inflated. The contrivance consists of a hollow ball of stiff rubber to which the ends on an inner tube of the tire are fastened. Valves open from the ball into the air tube, and a third valve projects through the wood rim, opening into the hall. When the ball is pressed down by the turn of the wheel it injects air into the tube, and when it passes from contact with the ground it inflates itself with another charge of air.



PREFERS THIS POSITION ON A WHEEL.

