



CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

The day following there was a simple funeral, in a solitary burial-place, seldom used, and lying within a short distance of the spot where the body was found.

All attempts to identify her, however, continued without avail. Inquiries were made on every side, advertisements inserted in the local newspapers, without the slightest result.

So it came to pass that late in the gloaming of the old bachelor's life the cry of a child was heard in the lonely house; and somehow or other, despite Solomon Mucklebackit's prognostications, the house became brighter and merrier for the sound.

At last, one day, there was a quiet christening in the old kirk, where Mr. Lorraine had officiated so many years. Myrtle held the infant in her arms, while Solomon stood at hand, blinking through his horn spectacles, and the minister performed the simple ceremony.

After long and tender deliberation the minister had fixed upon a name, which he now gave to the poor little castaway, who had neither father nor mother, nor any kinsfolk in the world after whom she could be called.

He christened her Marjorie Annan. Marjorie, after that other beloved Marjorie, who had long before joined—or so he dreamed—the bright celestial band; Annan, after that troubled water wherein the miserable mother had plunged and died.

CHAPTER IV.

ON A BRIGHT morning of early spring, between sixteen and seventeen years after the events described in the first chapters of this story, a golden-haired young girl might have been seen tripping down the High street of the market town of Dumfries.

By her side, talking to her eagerly, was a young man about three years her senior. From time to time as she tripped along with her companion she had to stop and exchange words with passers-by who greeted her by name; and from many of the shop doors and windows friendly heads nodded and bright faces beamed.

Her companion, John Sutherland, was fair complexioned and very pale. He was plainly clad in a suit of dark tweed, and wore a wide-awake hat. His whole aspect betokened delicate health, and there was a sad light in his blue eyes which told of a thoughtful spirit lodging within.

"When did you come back?" Marjorie had asked, after some previous conversation. "Last night, by the express from London," answered the young man.

"I'm going down to see the old folk tonight. Shall you be at the manse?" Marjorie nodded, smiling gayly. "And how did you like London?" she demanded. "Did you see the queen? and Westminster Abbey? and did you go to the great tabernacle to hear Spurgeon preach?"

"No, Marjorie. My time was short, and most of my spare time was spent among the pictures; but when I saw them, thousands upon thousands of masterpieces, it made me despair of ever becoming a painter. I thought to myself, maybe it would be better, after all, to bide at home, and stick to weaving like my father."

As he spoke, Marjorie paused at the corner of a quiet street, and held out her hand.

"I must go to my lesson. Good-by. How are you going down? By the wagonette?"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"So am I; we can go together. Good-by till then!"

And with a warm squeeze of the hand the young man walked away. Marjorie stood looking after him for a moment with a pleasant smile; then she turned and walked down the street. She had not many yards to go before she paused before a dingy-looking house, on the door of which was a brass plate with the inscription:

M. LEON CAUSSIDIERE, Professor of Languages.

She rang the bell, and the door was opened almost immediately by a Scotch servant in petticoat and short gown, who greeted her with a familiar smile. Answering the smile with a friendly nod, Marjorie tripped along the lobby and knocked at an inner door, which stood ajar. A clear, musical voice, with an unmistakable foreign accent, cried, "Come in," and she entered.

The room was a plainly furnished parlor, at the center-table of which a young man sat writing. The table was littered with writing materials, books, and journals, and in the window recess was another table, also strewn with books.

The young man, who was smoking a cigarette, looked up as Marjorie entered.

"Ah, is it you, Mademoiselle Marjorie!" he exclaimed, smiling pleasantly. "I did not expect you so early, and I was just smoking my cigarette. You do not mind the smoke? No? Then, with your permission, I will smoke on."

He spoke English fluently, though his accent was unmistakable, and his pronunciation of certain words peculiar. Personally, he was tall and handsome, with black hair worn very long, black mustache, and clean-shaven chin. His forehead was high and thoughtful, his eyes bright but sunken, his complexion swarthy. He was dressed shabbily, but somewhat showily, in a coat of brown velvet, shirt with turn-down collar loose at the throat, and a crimson tie shapen like a true lover's knot. He carried a pince-nez, secured to his person by a piece of elastic, disguised while writing or reading, but fixed on the nose at other times. Through this pince-nez he now regarded Marjorie with a very decided look of admiration.

"I came early, monsieur," said Marjorie, "because I cannot come in the afternoon. I am going home, and I shall not be back in Dumfries till Monday. Can you give me my lesson now, please?"

"Certainly," answered the Frenchman; "I was only writing my French correspondence, but I can finish that when you are gone. Will you sit there, mademoiselle, in the arm-chair? No? Then in this other? We will begin at once."

Marjorie sat down and opened her books. The Frenchman, taking the arm-chair she had refused, regarded her quietly and keenly.

"Now read, if you please," he said, with a wave of the hand. "Begin—where you left off yesterday."

Marjorie obeyed and read aloud in a clear voice from an easy French reading-book. From time to time the teacher interrupted her, correcting her pronunciation.

"You advance, mademoiselle," he said presently. "Ah, yes, you are so quick, so intelligent. Now translate."

In this portion of her task also the girl acquitted herself well, and when she had finished, the young man nodded approvingly.

"Now let us converse—in French, if you please."

But here Marjorie was at a loss, not knowing what to talk about. She finally took the weather as a topic, and advanced the proposition that it was a very fine day, but that there would soon be rain. Her master responded, and urged to higher flights of imagination, Marjorie hoped that it would not rain till she reached home, as the public wagonette in which she was to travel was an open one, and she did not want to get wet. In this brilliant strain the conversation proceeded, Marjorie stumbling over the construction of her sentences and getting very puzzled over the other's voluble answers when they extended to any length. But at last the lesson was over, and the teacher expressed himself well pleased.

"And now," he said, with a smile, "we will talk the English again before you go. Will you tell me something about yourself, mademoiselle? I have seen you so often, and yet I know so little. For myself, I am almost a recluse, and go about not at all. Tell me, then, about yourself, your guardian, your home."

"I don't know what to tell you, monsieur," answered Marjorie. "Call me not 'monsieur,' but 'Monsieur Leon.' 'Monsieur' is so formal—so cold."

"Monsieur Leon." "That is better. Now answer me, if you please. You have no father, no mother?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "No, monsieur—"

"Monsieur Leon." "No, Monsieur Leon."

"Ah, that is sad—sad to be orphan, alone in the world! I myself

have no father, but I have a mother whom I adore. And you live with your guardian always?"

"Yes, monsieur—Monsieur Leon. He is my guardian and my foster-father; and Solomon is my foster-father, too." "Solomon?"

"Solomon is our clerk and sexton. He lives in the manse. He was living there when the minister found me, nearly seventeen years ago."

The young Frenchman had arisen and stood facing Marjorie Annan. "Ah, yes, I have heard," he said. "And you have dwelt all these years, mignonne, alone with those two old men?"

"Yes, Monsieur Leon." "It is terrible—it is not right! You, who are so young and pretty; they, who are so old and dreary! And you have never seen the world—never traveled from your native land! Never? You have lived in a desert, you have never known what it is to live! But you are a child, and it is not too late. You will see the world some day, will you not? You will find some one to love you, to care for you, and you will bid adieu to this triste Scotland, once and forever!"

As he spoke very volubly, he bent his face close to hers, smiling eagerly, while his breath touched her cheek. She blushed slightly, and drooped her eyes for a moment; then she looked up quite steadily, and said:

"I should not care to leave my home. Mr. Lorraine took me to Edinburgh once, but I soon wearied, and was glad to come back to Annandale."

"Edinburgh!" cried Monsieur Leon, with a contemptuous gesture. "A city where the sun never shines, and it rains six days out of seven, what you call a Scotch mist! You should see my country, la belle France, and Paris, the queen of cities of the world! There all is light and gay; it is Paradise on earth. Would you not like to see Paris, Mademoiselle Marjorie?"

"Yes, monsieur, maybe I should," replied Marjorie; "but I'm not caring much for the town. But I was forgetting something, though," she added. "Mr. Lorraine told me to give you this."

So saying, she drew forth a small silk purse, and drawing thence two sovereigns, placed them on the table. "Put them back into your purse, if you please."

"But I have not paid you anything, and I owe you for ten lessons." "Never mind that, mademoiselle," answered the Frenchman. "Some other time, if you insist, but not today. It is reward enough for me to have such a pupil. Take the money and buy yourself a keepsake to remind you of me."

But Marjorie shook her little head firmly and answered: "Please do not ask me, Monsieur Leon. My guardian would be very angry, and he sent me the money to pay you."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "Well, as you please, only I would not have you think that I teach you for the money's sake—ah, no. You have brought light and sunshine to my heart in my exile; when you come I forget my sorrows, and when you go away I am full of gloom. Ah, you smile, but it is true."

"Good-bye, now, Monsieur Leon," said Marjorie, moving toward the door for she felt embarrassed and almost frightened by the ardent looks of her teacher.

"Good-bye. You will come again on Monday, will you not?" "Yes, Monsieur Leon."

And Marjorie left the room and passed out into the sunny street. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"No Fish." Fine as are the salmon of New Foundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's "Caribou-Shooting in Newfoundland" will show: Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir." Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a swish of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish." "Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

"No Tricky." "Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes across er man dat's shu' 'nuff honest dey gets skaynt an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game." — Washington Star.

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then, they were uncivilized and knew no better.

In England 511 boys and 489 girls is the normal proportion of births a year to every thousand of population.



THE NEW FREEDOM from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air. She tore the azure robe of night. And set the stars of glory there: She mingled with its gorgeous dyes

The milky baldric of the skies. And striped its pure, celestial white With streakings of the morning light: Then, from his mansion in the sun, She called her eagle bearer down, And gave into his mighty hand, The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud! Who rearst aloft thy regal form. To hear the tempest trumping loud. And see the lightning lances driven.

When strive the warriors of the storm, And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven— Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given To guard the banner of the free, To hover in the sulphur smoke To ward away the battle-stroke, And bid its blendings shine afake, Like rainbows on the cloud of war, The harbingers of victory!

PREDICTIONS OF JOHN ADAMS Extract from a Letter to His Wife, July 3, 1776. Philadelphia, July 3, 1776.

Had a declaration of independence been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliance with foreign states. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada.

You will, perhaps, wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada; but, if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations, and of great influence have been duped, by the ministerial bubble of commissioners, to treat; and in real, sincere expectation of this event, which they so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the colonies who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated; that the colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should elevate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation which they believed would be offered us. These jarring views, wishes and designs occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures which were proposed for the support of that expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays which have finally lost us the province.

All these causes, however, in conjunction, would not have disappointed us if it had not been for a misfortune which could not have been foreseen, and perhaps could not have been prevented—I mean the prevalence of the smallpox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction. It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though shortsighted and mistaken people, have been gradually, and at last totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets—by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection—in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations! so that the whole people, in every colony, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be a memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great Anniversary Festival, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever.

You may think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory; I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, which I hope we shall not.

The Day We Celebrate.

There is any day more dear than another to the heart of every patriotic citizen of this beautiful land of ours. It is Independence Day—Fourth of July—the day we celebrate as coming morning one of the most heroic and praiseworthy struggles for liberty in the history of the world.

After years of discouragement and defeat, years when hope seemed dead, and when the undertaking of the handful of brave men appeared in every way too much for them, the light came, the clouds broke away, and the sunshine of success streamed in upon their almost broken and dismembered hearts and fortunes.

With literally nothing left to begin with, with everything sacrificed upon the altar of their country, with the foe formidable, rich, respected on land and sea and known and tried of all men, the outlook for the Colonists was dark and disheartening almost beyond precedent. But then their sublime courage never faltered, their determination knew no yielding, their hopes were high and their ambitions limitless. Sturdily, cheerily and bravely they went to work to reconstruct and rehabilitate out of the wreck of the disintegrated remains of a monarchial outpost an independent republic—a home for the homeless, and a land and a country that should be of the people and for the people.

Who shall tell of the hard work, the dark days, the weary hours, the aching heads and tired hands that this day, this red-letter day, the day of all the days of all the years of the history of this great nation, represent! Who shall tell of the anxieties, the apprehensions, the sleepless hours of darkness and the alert hours of daylight through which that unequalled band of patriots passed during the first months after the declaration of independence, when they threw off at once and forever the British yoke, denied and defied the mother country, flung away their swaddling clothes and sprang into the arena to fight—again, if need be to suffer, to toil, to strive to develop and to bring into a glorious fruition this wonderfully beautiful idea of American independence!

One day, one object, one spirit, one hope, one glory, and to make the most of this day, to fill it brimful of life, light, good cheer and a good time generally should be the purpose of every responsible American citizen who calls this beautiful country his home.

And it is a day for powder and cannon, bonfire, crackers and torpedoes, and small boys and games and uproarious fun; a day for long strolls through quiet meadows and along shady lines; a day for soldiery, and a day for sentiment, and in its honor let us burn powder and blow horns and make the very clouds vibrate with the reflex action of our patriotic enthusiasm.—New York Ledger.

ma went up there too, for Uncle Ben's her only brother. She took along the baby, the sweetest little sister that ever lived—an' father, who'd been away a spell, was agoin' to meet her, an' visit to Uncle Ben's. So you see there wasn't anybody to home but me, gran'ma an' the hired girl. An' ma told her 'fore she left, that she might go to the Fourth o' July, an' she got her an' Alfred purty dress, sky blue, 'twas to wear, an' it had beads sewed all over it; my, it was a stunner! I don't see why mother can't wear sech dresses stead of the gray an' black ones she allus wears!

Well, the boys, on our street, lotted on a splendid time. We didn't care 'bout the doin's at the center; our celebration was goin' to be held in the back alley. But what should come the night 'fore the Fourth, but a letter to gran'ma from father an' O, my! didn't she feel big over it, she wouldn't let me teach it, an' hedn't I've good a right to read a letter from my own father an' he nothin' but a boy o' hern!

Well, I got up purty early an' gran'ma was up too, an' will you believe it, she wouldn't let me go out the door, an' all the boys were a hootin' an' yellin' an' firin' off amemition like sixty!

I thought sure she'd let me go after breakfast, but she looked at me stern like, an' said: "Johnny, you must stay in doors fur your father said fur me to keep you right to home, an' I'm goin' to do my duty by you an' keep you right under my eye."

Perhaps you don't know my gran'ma is one o' them sort that never remembers bein' young! Yes, she forgot long ago that Fourth o' July was made for picnics an' good times. She's also one o' the kind that never goes back on their word, so cryin', kickin' nor nothin' would do no good, an' make her change her mind one bit, but I set down and cried, first an' orful mad sort of a cry, then an' orful sorry cry, an' then I got to sleep an' woke up most starved, an' gran'ma give me a big bowl o' bread an' milk, for the girl was gone. Well, when night come I was the gladdest boy; fur 'twas the very longest day I'd ever 'perienced!

When ma come home, the next week, I jest told her all about it, an' she felt so bad fur me that she almost cried, then she went right to the but'ery an' brought me a big lot o' fire crackers an' things she got 'fore she went away—you know mothers never forget a feller's wants. She told gran'ma all about 'em; but she forgot—she's got such a good forgettery.

Of course, 'twas't best to let me know 'bout 'em fur I'd likely used 'em up 'fore time. But I went an' got the neighbor boys over, if 'twas the 13th of July, an' we had a jolly time; fur mother made lemonade an' cake an' ice cream—told you I 'preciate mother's now!

You see father wrote fur her to keep me to home, meanin' I mustn't go off to no celebration, an' he would n't care, but 'spected I'd go out in the alley 'th the boys, an' mother told him to jog gran'ma's memory 'bout the Fourth of July amemition up in the buttery! but he forgot to say anything about it.

Huh! I guess those old forefathers knew what they was about when they 'painted a day fur boys to make a big noise! 'Spect we boys couldn't stand it if we couldn't yell all we wanted to one day in the year, an' Fourth of July is Young America's day, fur a fact. So a havin' my Fourth on the thirteenth, was like eatin' ice cream 'thout no ice in it or drinkin' soda water when the foam an' fizzle is gone. So I live to be a hundred, I'll not forget that Fourth o' July that I was cheated plum out of!"

JOHNNY.

A Back Yard Show. One of the most successful Fourth of July evening entertainments I ever witnessed was given by young people in an ordinary back yard, and consisted of tableaux interspersed with music and recitations. A platform had been erected at the end of a grape-arbor. The fence, prettily draped, formed the back-ground, and foot-lights were arranged in front of the stage, as was also a sliding curtain. On each side an ordinary clothes-line covered with shawls served as dressing-room, and the audience was seated down the entire length of the arbor. Awnings and tents could be utilized for these purposes, however. Colored lights, which are so effective in tableaux, were here used, and being in open air did not prove so disagreeable to those present as is the case when employed indoors.

—E.

JOHNNY'S FOURTH.

It Came a Little Late but He Made Things Hum Just the Same.

I LIVE TO BE A hundred years old, I'll never forget that Fourth of July! You see it happened like this: My big brother Alf, went off to Uncle Ben's to spend his summer vacation an' 'bout two weeks 'fore the Fourth,

ma went up there too, for Uncle Ben's her only brother. She took along the baby, the sweetest little sister that ever lived—an' father, who'd been away a spell, was agoin' to meet her, an' visit to Uncle Ben's. So you see there wasn't anybody to home but me, gran'ma an' the hired girl. An' ma told her 'fore she left, that she might go to the Fourth o' July, an' she got her an' Alfred purty dress, sky blue, 'twas to wear, an' it had beads sewed all over it; my, it was a stunner! I don't see why mother can't wear sech dresses stead of the gray an' black ones she allus wears!

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—E.

THE SAME OLD STORY.



As Badly Off as Before.

The Cynic—Well, I knew it would result as it has. The Pessimist—How's that? The Cynic—Oh, no sooner do magazines drop to 10 cents than so many spring into existence that a person is broke if he tries to buy them all.

A wooden monument has been erected over George du Maurier's grave; over the place, that is, in Hampstead churchyard, where the casket containing his ashes has been buried.