



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.

HE public wagonette in which Marjorie was to journey home ran daily between Dumfries and Annanmouth, a small seaside village much frequented in summer for its sea-bathing, and passed within half a mile of Mr. Lorraine's abode, which was just six Scotch miles away from Dumfries itself. The starting place was the Bonny Jean Commercial Inn, an establishment said to have been much patronized by the poet Burns during his residence in the south of Scotland; and hither Marjorie, after leaving her tutor, proceeded without delay.

The wagonette was about to start; and Marjorie hastened to take her place. The vehicle was drawn by two powerful horses, and could accommodate a dozen passengers inside and one more on the seat of the driver; but today there were only a few going—three farmers and their wives, a sailor on his way home from sea, and a couple of female farm servants who had come in to the spring "hiring." All these had taken their seats; but John Sutherland stood by the trap waiting to hand Marjorie in. She stepped in and took her place and the young man found a seat at her side, when the driver took the reins and mounted to his seat, and with waves and smiles from the Misses Dairymple, who kept the Bonny Jean Inn, and a cheer from a very small boy on the pavement away they went.

At last the vehicle reached the cross-roads where John and Marjorie were to alight. They leapt out, and pursued their way on foot, the young man carrying a small hand-valise, Marjorie still holding her school books underneath her arm.

Presently they came to a two-arched bridge which spanned the Annan. They paused just above the keystone. The young man rested his valise on the mossy wall, and both looked thoughtfully down at the flowing stream.

"It's many a long year, Marjorie, since we first stood here. I was a bare-footed callant, you were a wean scarce able to run; and now I'm a man, and you're almost a woman. Yet here's the Annan beneath us, the same as ever, and it will be the same when we're both old—always the same."

Marjorie turned her head away, and her eyes were dim with tears. "Come away," she said; "I cannot bear to look at it! Whenever I watch the Annan I seem to see my mother's drowned face looking up at me out of the quiet water."

The young man drew closer to her, and gently touched her hand. "Don't grieve, Marjorie!" he murmured softly; "your poor mother's at peace with God."

"Yes, Johnnie, I ken that," answered the girl in a broken voice; "but it's sad, sad, to have neither kith nor kin, and to remember the way my mother died—ay, and not even to be able to guess her name! Whiles I feel very lonesome, when I think it all o'er."

"And no wonder! But you have those that love you dearly, for all that. There's not a lady in the country more thought of than yourself, and wherever your bonny face has come it has brought comfort."

As he spoke he took her hand in his own, and looked at her very fondly; but her own gaze was far away, following her wistful thoughts. "You're all very good to me," she said presently, "Mr. Lorraine, and Solomon, and all my friends; but, for all that, I miss my own kith and kin."

He bent his face close to hers, as he returned: "Some day, Marjorie, you'll have a house and kin of your own, and then—"

He paused, blushing, for her clear, steadfast eyes were suddenly turned full upon his face.

"What do you mean, Johnnie?" "I mean that you'll marry, and—"

Brightness broke through the cloud, and Marjorie smiled. "Marry? Is it me? It's early in the day to think of that, at seventeen!"

"I've striven hard and hoped to become a painter, it has all been for love of you. I know my folk are poor, and that in other respects I'm not a match for you, who have been brought up as a lady, but there will be neither peace nor happiness for me in this world unless you consent to become my wife."

As he continued to speak she had become more and more surprised and more surprised and startled. The sudden revelation of what so many people knew, but which she herself had never suspected, came upon her as a shock of sharp pain; so that when he ceased, trembling and confused by the vehemence of his own confession, she was quite pale, and all the light seemed to have gone out of her beautiful eyes as she replied:

"Don't talk like that! You're not serious! Your wife! I shall be 'nobody's wife,' as I said, but surely, surely not yours."

"Why not mine, Marjorie?" he cried, growing pale in turn. "I'll work day and night; I'll neither rest nor sleep until I have a home fit for you! You shall be a lady—O! Marjorie, tell me you care for me, and will make me happy!"

"I do care for you, Johnnie; I care for you so much that I can't bear to hear you talk as you have done. You have been like my own brother, and now—"

"And now I want to be something nearer and dearer. Marjorie, speak to me; at least tell me you're not angry!"

"Angry with you, Johnnie!" she replied, smiling again, and giving him both hands. "As if I could be! But you must be very good, and not speak of it again."

She disengaged herself and moved slowly across the bridge. He lifted his valise and followed her anxiously.

"I know what it is," he said sadly, as they went on side by side together. "You think I'm too poor, and you would be ashamed of my folk."

She turned her head and gazed at him in mild reproach.

"Oh, how can you think so hardly of me? I love your mother and father as if they were my own; and as for your being poor, I shouldn't like you at all if you were rich. But," she added gently, "I like you as my brother best."

"If I could be always even that I should not mind; but no, Marjorie, you're too bonny to bide alone, and if any other man came and took you from me, it would break my heart."

"What nonsense you talk!" she exclaimed, smiling again. "As if any other man would care. If I were twenty, it would be time enough to talk like that; but at seventeen—oh, Johnnie, you almost make me laugh!"

"Tell me one thing," he persisted; "tell me you don't like any one better than you like me."

"I don't like any one half so well, except, except—Mr. Lorraine."

"You are sure, Marjorie?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I'll bide my time and wait."

By this time the village was in sight, and they were soon walking along the main street, which was as sleepy and deserted as usual. Even at the tavern door not a soul was to be seen; but the landlord's face looked out from behind the window-pane with a grim nod of greeting. A few houses beyond the inn, Sutherland paused close to a small, one-storied cottage, in front of which was a tiny garden laid out in pansy beds.

"Will you come in, Marjorie?" he asked doubtfully.

Marjorie nodded and smiled, and without another word he opened the garden gate, crossed the walk, and led the way into the cottage.

CHAPTER VI.

As they entered the door a loud humming sound came upon their ears, mingled with the sound of voices. Turning to the right, they found themselves on the threshold of a room, half parlor, half kitchen, at one end of which was a large loom, where an elderly man, of gray and somewhat careworn aspect, was busily weaving. Seated on a chair close to him was a girl of about fourteen, dressed in the ordinary petticoat and short gown, and reading aloud from a book. At the other end of the room, where there was an open fire and a fire, an elderly matron was cooking.

Suddenly there was an exclamation from the latter, who was the first to perceive the entrance of the newcomers.

"Johnnie!" she cried, holding out her arms; and in another moment she had folded her son in her embrace, and was kissing him fondly.

The young girl rose, smiling, book in hand; the man ceased his weaving, but remained quite still in his chair. "Yes, here I am, mother; and I've brought company, as you see!"

"Hoo's a' w' ye, Marjorie?" cried the matron, holding out her hand. "It's a treat to see your bonny face. Sit ye down by the fire!"

"Is that my son?" said the weaver, in a deep, musical voice, but without turning his head. His infirmity was now apparent—he was stone blind.

John Sutherland walked across the room, gave his sister a passing kiss, and placed his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder. "It's yourself, my lad! I ken you noo. I feel your breath about me! What way did ye no write to tell us you were on the road home?"

"I was not sure until the last moment that I could start so soon, but I jumped into the train last night, and down I came."

"Who's a'lang w' you?" asked the weaver, smiling. "I'll wager it's Marjorie Annan!"

"Yes, Mr. Sutherland," answered Marjorie, crossing the room and joining the little group. "I met Johnnie in Dumfries, and we came home together."

The weaver nodded his head gently, and the smile on his face lightened into loving sweetness.

"Stand close, side by side," he said, "while I tak' a long look at baith o' ye."

"While you look at us!" echoed Marjorie in surprise.

"Ay, and what for no? Dinna think, because my bodily een are blind, that I canna see weel w' the een o' my soul! Ay, there you stand, lass and lad—my boy John and Marjorie Annan; baith fair, baith w' blue een; John proud and glad, and Marjorie blushing. I, his side; and I see what you canna see—a light all round and abune ye, coming out o' the golden gates o' Heaven! Stand still a wee and hark! Do ye hear nothing? Ay, but I can hear! A sound like kirk-bells ringing far awa'."

As he spoke he sat with shining face, as if he indeed gazed on the sweet vision he was describing. Marjorie grew red as fire, and cast down her eyes; for she was only too conscious of the old man's meaning, and remembering what had taken place that day, she felt constrained and almost annoyed. John Sutherland shared her uneasiness, and to divert the conversation into another channel, he spoke to his young sister, who stood smiling close by.

Marjorie, uneasy lest the old man's dreamy talk should again take an awkward turn, was determined to make her escape.

"Good-bye now, Mr. Sutherland," she said, taking his hand in hers, "I must run home; Mr. Lorraine will be expecting me."

And before any one could say a word to detain her, she was crossing the threshold of the cottage. Young Sutherland followed her as far as the garden gate.

"Marjorie," he said, "I hope you're not angry?"

"No, no," she replied; "but I wish your father would not talk as if we were courting, Johnnie. It makes me feel so awkward, and you know it is not true."

"Old folk will talk," said John Sutherland, "and father only speaks out of the fullness of his heart. He is very fond of you, Marjorie!"

"I know that, and I of him—that is why it troubles me to hear him talk like that."

There was a moment's pause; then Sutherland sadly held out his hand. "Well, good-bye, just now, I'll be looking ye up at the manse!"

"Good-bye," she answered. "Come soon! Mr. Lorraine will be so glad to see you."

So she hastened away, while Sutherland, with a sigh, stood looking after her. He had loved her so long and so silently, and now for the first time in his life he began to dread that she might not love him in return. To him, just then, it seemed as if all the world was darkened, the blue sky clouded, all the sweet spring weather touched with a wintry sense of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORANGES WITH HORNS.

Some Strange Varieties of the Fruit Grown by the Chinese.

The Chinese are very fond of monstrous forms of fruit and flowers, and any departure from the normal form is usually cherished and highly valued. In their gardens they have numerous forms of monstrous oranges—some will produce fruit with points like fingers, and are known as the Hand Orange. Another form, says Meehan's Monthly, has a long horn projecting from the apex, and they are known as the Horn Orange. Another variety, which botanists have known by the name of Citrus aurantium distortum, bears a fruit in the resemblance of a cluster of sea shells. To one ignorant of the laws of vegetable morphology, these spells of wandering from the normal type are very mysterious, but when it is understood that all parts of the orange, as well as other fruits, are made up of what would have been leaves or branches changed so as to constitute the various parts of the seed and seed vessels, and that a very little difference in the degree of life energy will change them into various different parts that come to make up the fruit, the mystery in a great measure is solved. There are few branches of botany which give the lover of fruits and flowers so much pleasure as the study of morphology.

A Good Idea.

"I see from the war news," remarked Mrs. Snaggs, "that several magazines have been captured."

"Yes," replied Mr. Snaggs. "I suppose the object is to prevent the editors from filling their pages with war articles for the next twenty-five years."

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The countries relatively richest in horses and horned cattle are Argentina and Uruguay. Australia has the most sheep; Servia has the greatest number of pigs to the population.

KEEP WARM NOW.

PHYSICIANS ADVICE TO HEALTH SEEKERS.

Hot Water and Hot Bags Should Be Kept Near in the Very Warmest Weather—Keep the Feet Dry and Warm.

It may seem a far-fetched caution to tell my patients to be sure and keep warm when the thermometer is ranging around in the seventies and eighties, but that is just what I find it needful to do; said one of the most successful practitioners of the present day.

"And just here I want to say that hot-water bags and hot-water cans, if kept handy by, and used whenever there was any reasonable excuse for it, would save many a sick spell and more doctors' bills than those who never use hot water can imagine. I have a patient who is and has for many years been almost an invalid. Only the most painstaking care has kept her on her feet. She is subject to neuralgias and chills and a low state of vitality generally, and finds it impossible to keep warm in a quite comfortable temperature. Some years ago she had several cans made for holding hot water. They held about one gallon each, and had screw taps to close them. They are filled with hot water and kept at her feet at night or in her easy chair during the day. Whenever she has one of the chilly spells from which she suffers so much, she wraps herself up warmly, places one can at her feet and another at her side or back and curls herself up for a cozy nap. In almost every instance she wakens up refreshed and bright and able to go on with whatever she has in hand. Before she adopted the hot-water theory, she used to try in vain to get sleep or rest. She tossed and writhed and ached with weariness and exhaustion. Now the cheering warmth rests and restores her, and almost immediately she falls into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she awakens really benefited in mind and body. The heat draws the blood from the brain, equalizes the circulation and increases the vitality.

"It is one of the most difficult things imaginable to make people understand the value of heat in almost all minor disorders. Whenever the system becomes what is popularly spoken of as 'run down,' there is a feeling of chilliness which is not only exceedingly uncomfortable, but may be the forerunner of illness. If the temperature can be kept up to the normal one may assist nature to shake off the disease. We are very far from knowing just what the effect of medicine is on the human system. We know that it helps to remove obstructions and restores lost conditions, but precisely how it does this is not as yet given to us to comprehend.

"There are certain things that we know will produce certain results, and many of these are exceedingly simple, and within the reach of every one. To keep the feet dry and warm, the body protected from chills, and the digestive organs moderately well supplied with nourishing food is to go a long way on the road to good health. It is not generally understood that a hot-water bag applied to the stomach is a better aid to digestion than all of the dinner pills and powders ever compounded and put upon the market. It seems quite as little known that a glass of cold water at the end of a meal has been the first cause of more dyspepsia than doctors have ever cured. A little hot drink at meals, and a great deal of hot water bags and cans would save untold suffering, and keep many a person in the enjoyment of excellent health."

At the Whist Club.

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up to that point is worth \$50 in the market any day.

There are innumerable small cages, made of wood and wire, in this room, and also two or three large cages in which a number of the birds are placed together. Near the bird organ is what appears to be an ordinary cupboard. The two front doors have an ornamental opening cut in them, quite similar to the openings in the body of a violin. Examination shows that the affair is really built on the principle of a violin, the front covers serving as scunding-boards. When the birds are having their voices trained they are placed in this dark cupboard and also in some smaller ones, constructed so as to just take in one of the little wooden cages each. Kept thus in the dark, they have nothing to distract their attention from the notes of the bird organ, and so long hours are spent by the little pupils in piping up their little voices to the lead of the mechanical teacher. When their education has been completed they are shipped in the little cages to the New York, Cincinnati and Chicago markets.

Purchasers suppose that when they buy a bird in one of these little cages it is a guarantee that they have been imported. Not so, however. The cages are made in Milwaukee, even to the little earthenware drinking-jug that is fastened within. And just here a word of advice to buyers of canaries. The male birds are, of course, the singers, and it is important to be able to tell the male from the female. The female has a white shade or shimmer across the feathers on the top of the head. The eye of the female also is surrounded by a little white rim of the flesh, easily detected by the fancier.

SMART YOUNG SAILORS.

"The boys responded with surprising quickness and good order. This is the second life they have saved this winter." These were the concluding words of a statement made by Commander Field of the school-ship St. Mary's at a meeting of the Board of Education of New York city, a few months ago, regarding a rescue made by the boys of his ship.

On the night of the 23d of February, after the boys on the St. Mary's had turned in, the cry was raised on the wharf at the foot of which the ship lies, in New York, that a man had fallen overboard in the North River. The boys turned out, lowered a boat, and in a moment were off to the rescue. Just as the man rose for the last time they pulled him in, and in an insensible condition he was taken to the hospital, where he revived.

The next moment would have been the man's last, and the least delay on the part of the handy boys would have been fatal to him. But if they had been capable of delays they would not have been good sailors, and they made no delays and did no bungling.

The school-ship on which these boys acted so bravely and promptly this time, and have acted as promptly and effectually before, is, though commanded by an officer of the United States navy, a part of the public school system of New York city. The boys are just such as go to the public schools in the most crowded parts of the metropolis.

They are good material for the making of prompt, quick, ready and intelligent sailors, and—for much the same causes as those which make them good sailors—for the making of good citizens as well.

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"FUNCTIONS" IN COAL MINES.

Iowa Church Members Unearth a New Place for Fashionable Capers.

From the Detroit Free Press: The latest fad in Iowa is the holding of underground church socials. The Presbyterian church members are the latest to give one of these unique entertainments that are becoming popular all over the state in districts where coal mines exist. The latest, held at Seymour, was 240 feet below the surface of the earth. One hundred and sixty men, women and children, in response to an invitation issued by the young ladies of the Presbyterian church, gathered at the opening of the mine, where they were provided with common miners' lamps, that were placed in caps furnished them. They all carried lunch baskets and a tin cup and were dressed in old clothes. There were many who had never before been down in a coal mine, and to them an explanation of the details of the mine were most interesting. Courteous and obliging miners were there to explain everything to the satisfaction of the uninitiated. Excursion trains were run to every part of the mine, and the only charge was to keep "heads down."

TOO RISKY.

If it is true, as is generally conceded, that one must be easy in mind and body to go to sleep quietly, it seems unlikely that a recent sojourner in a western state can have passed a restful night on one occasion.

He was detained by a snow-storm in a small town, the one "hotel" of which could scarcely be said to deserve the name. It was crowded to overflowing, and the traveler was assigned to a room in company with a tall, hard-featured backwoodsman, who seemed inclined to give the stranger a cordial welcome.

"There's only one objection to your sleeping with me," he said, heartily, "and that ain't any objection to me, but you may feel different about it. You see, I'm an old trapper, and I generally hark back to the past in my dreams, and live over the days when I was shooting wild animals and killing Indians."

"Where I stopped last night they charged me two dollars extra because I happened to whistle up part of the foot-board while I was dreaming. But I feel kind of calm and peaceable to-night, and like as not I may lay still as a kitten."

The traveler surveyed the narrow bed, and reflected that