

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 un-

less 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 con-

fused by the vehemence of his own

confession, she was quite pale, and all

the light seemed to have gone out of

"Don't talk like that! You're not

serious! Your wife! I shall be 'nae-

body's wife,' as I said, but surely, sure-

"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

"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

nearer and dearer. Marjorie, speak to

me; at least tell me you're not apgry!"

"And now I want to be something

"Angry with you, Johnnie?" she re-

pled, smiling again, and giving him

both hands. "As if I could be! But

you must be very good, and not speak

valise and followed her anxiously.

be ashamed of my folk."

in mild reproach.

as they went on side by side together.

"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 gent-

should not mind; but no, Marjorie,

you're too bonny to bide alone, and if

claimed, smiling again. "As if any oth-

er man would care. If I were twenty,

it would be time enough to talk like

that; but at seventeen-oh, Johnnie,

"Tell me one thing," he persisted;

"I don't like any one half so well,

"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

"Will you come in, Marjorie?" he

Marjorie nodded and smiled, and

without another word he opened the

garden gate, crossed the walk, and led

CHAPTER VI.

end of which was a large loom, where

an elderly man, of grave and some-

what careworn aspect, was busily weav-

ing. 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 ingle and a fire, an elderly

Suddenly there was an exclamation

from the latter, who was the first to

"Johnnie!" she cried, holding out her

arms; and in another moment she had

folded her son in her embrace, and was

The young girl rose, smiling, book in

hand; the man ceased his weaving, but

"Yes, here I am, mother; and I've

"Hoo's a' wi' ye, Marjorie?" cried the

matron, holding out her hand. "It's a

treat to see your bonny face. Sit ye

remained quite still in his chair.

brought company, as you see!'

perceive the entrance of the newcom-

& S they entered the

door a loud hum-

ming 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 parior,

half kitchen, at one

"tell me you don't like any one better

you almost make me laugh!"

except, except-Mr. Lorraine."

"You are sure, Marjorie?"

than you like me."

"Quite sure."

asked doubtfully.

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matron was cooking.

kissing him fondly.

down by the fire!"

the way into the cottage.

from me, it would break my heart." "What nonsense you talk!" she ex-

"If I could be always even that I

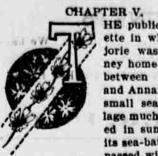
ly, "I like you as my brother best."

her beautiful eyes as she replied:

ly not yours."

happy!"

of it again."



HE public wagonette in which Marjorie was to journev 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. Lor-

raine'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 goingthree 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 Dalrymple, 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-reads where John and Marjorie were to alight. They leapt out, and pursued their way on foot, the young man carrying a small hand-vallee, 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 barefooted 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."

Mariorie 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 ber. and gently touched her hand.

"Don't greet, 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," 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!" "Other young lasses think of it, Mar-

jorie, and so must you. Our Agnes married last Martinmas, and she was only a year older than yourself."

Marjorie shook her head, then her

face grew sad again as her eyes fell upon Annan water.

"I'm naebody's bairn," she cried 'and shall be naebody's wife, John-

"Don't say that, Marjorie," swered Sutherland, still holding her hand and pressing it fondly. "There's one that loves you dearer than anything else in all the world."

She looked at him steadfastly, while his face flushed scarlet.

"I know you love me, Johnnie, as you were my own brother."

"More than that, Marjorie-more, a thousand times!" the young man contimed passionately. "Ah! it has been on my mind a thousand times to tell you how much. Ever since we were little lass and lad you've been the one thought, and dream of my life; and if | "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 reckn, gave his sister a passing kiss, and placed his hand affectionately on the old man's shoulder.

"It's yoursel', 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 hame?"

"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 alang wi' 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'

"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 wi' the een o' my soul! Ay, there you stand, lass and lad-my boy John and Marjorie Annan; baith fair, baith wi' blue een; John prood and painstaking care has kept her on her glad, and Marjorie blushing t, his side; and I see what you canna see-a light all roond and abune ye, coming oot 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; old man's meaning, and, remembering suffers so much, she wraps herself up constrained and almost annoyed. John Sutherland shared her uneasines., 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 ward turn, was determined to make her

escape. She disengaged herself and moved "Goed-bye now, Mr. Sutherland," she said, taking his hand in hers, "I her, and almost immediately she falls slowly across the bridge. He lifted his must run home; Mr. Lorraine will be into a sound and refreshing sleep. "I know what it is," he said sadly, expecting me."

"You think I'm too poor, and you would erland followed her as far as the gar- vitality. She turned her head and gazed at him den gate.

not angry?"

not true." "Old folk will talk," sald John Sutherland, "and father only speaks out of be kept up to the normal one may asthe fullness of his heart. He is very sist nature to shake off the disease. any other man came and took you fond of you, Marjorie!"

> why it troubles me to hear him talk human system. We know that it helps like that."

Sutherland sadly held out his hand. "Well, good-bye, just now. I'll be to comprehend. looking ye up at the manse!"

to see you."

So she hastened away, while Sutherland, with a sigh, stood looking after protected from chills, and the digesher. He had loved her so long and so silently, and now for the first time in his life he began to dread that she way on the road to good health. It is might not love him in return. To him, just then, it seemed as if all the world was darkened, the blue sky clouded, a better aid to digestion than all of the all the sweet spring weather touchd dinner pills and powders ever comwith a wintry sense of fear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

URANGES 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 firgers, and are known as the Hand Orange. Another form, says Mechan'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 faw branches of botany which give the lover of fruits and flowers so much pleasure as the

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

study of morphology.

"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 Chrozicle-Telegraph.

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

NOW. WARM

VSICIANS ADVICE TO HEALTH SEEKERS.

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



T may seem a farfetched caution to tell my patients to be sure and keep warm when the thermomete r ranging around in eighties, but that is just what I find it needful to do,' said one of the most

successful practitioners of the present "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. nati and Chicago markets. 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 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 for she was only too conscious of the of the chilly spells from which she what had taken place that day, she felt | 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 not-water theory, she dreamy talk should again take an awk- used to try in vain to get sleep or rest. She tossed and writhed and ached with

from which she awakens really bene-And before any one could say a word fited in mind and body. The heat to detain her, she was crossing the draws the blood from the brain, equalthreshold of the cottage. Young Suth- izes the circulation and increases the "It is one of the most difficult things "Marjorie," he said, "I hope you're imaginable to make people understand the value of heat in almost all minor "No, no," she replied; "but I wish disorders. Whenever the system beyour father would not talk as if we comes what is popularly spoken of as were courting. Johnnie. It makes me 'run down,' there is a feeling of chillifeel so awkward, and you know it is ness which is not only exceedingly uncomfortable, but may be the forerunner of illness. If the temperature can We are very far from knowing just that the effect of medicine is on the

weariness and exhaustion. Now the

cheering warmth rests and restores

to remove obstructions and restores There was a moment's pause; then lost conditions, but precisely how it does this is not as yet given to us "There are certain things that we "Good-bye!" she answered. "Come know will produce certain results, and soon! Mr. Lorraine will be so glad many of these are exceedingly simple, and within the reach of every one. To

keep the feet dry and warm, the body tive organs moderately well supplied with nourishing food is to go a long not generally understood that a hotwater bag applied to the stomach is pounded 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."

## CANARY-BIRD CULTURE.

The Milwaukee Sentinel claims that that city supplies the United States with the bulk of the Hartz Mountain canaries, and that there is no great crime in the deception, for the Milwaukee bird is really an improvement on the imported article, having just as fine a voice and being much hardier. Experience has shown that the imported singer loses the power of transmitting his voice to the young after passing through an American winter. This is the case, also, it is said, with the Tyrolean singers who come to this country, their voices losing the peculiar Alpine yodling quality when they have been here a year.

Before they are mated the hen birds

are kept in separate cages in the musicroom, carefully fed and made to listen to the music of the singers and the machine used in training their voices. In this way the hen is enabled to transmit the best musical quality to its offspring. The music-room is a large one with a south exposure, and is kept with the same scrupulous neatness as the breeding-room. In the corner of this room is the bird organ, and with training. When the machine is started the notes emitted are wonderfully like the song of the untutored canary. These notes are known to bird-trainers by the term pfeiffen. Gradually the whistle strikes on to a different line. It is an improvement over the pfeiffen, its bitterest phases. and it is called klingel rolle. A higher step still is called the klingel, and a still higher step hohl klingel. Lastly comes what is called hoh! rollen, and a to project out beyond the forefinger bird whose voice has been developed and rip the hunks open.

market any day.

There are innumerable small cases, 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 eupboard. 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 volces trained they are placed in this dark cupboard and also in some smaller once, constructed so the seventies and 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 eiges to the New York, Cincin-

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 surprisng 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 | ed during the last election in a certain 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 me-

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

At the Whist Club. Mr. Wiggles-"Did you go to the

whist club today?" Mrs. Wiggles— "Yes." Mr. Wiggles—"What was the subject for discussion this afternoon?" -Somerville Journal.

MEN.

Many religious people in England are criticising Dr. Nansen's book because there is no recognition of God

Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, the heir to the Austrian throne, whose life has recently been despaired of on account of his sufferings from consumption, but whose health has recently been improved by residence in the Riviera, is now in Southern Tyrol. where his condition continces to improve.

Senator Deboe, the senator from Kentucky, visited the stationery room of the senate the other day and mais a selection of paper, pens, pencils, paper-cutters, blotting pads, a penknife and other appropriate articles.

think that is all I want," he said, as he turned to go. "Haven't you forgotten a corkscrew?" asked the clerk. 'No," said the senator, "that is one thing I do not want, even if I do come from Kentucky. I do not drink and I do not smoke."

James Gordon Bennett is returning from Europe on his yacht Namanna. He has a party of friends on board. He had sailed before the great disaster in Parls occurred and the news must it the little birds are given their vocal only have reached himself and friends when the yacht touched at Maderla. The victims of that awful fire must have included many of their friends and relatives. It will be Mr. Bennett's first visit to New York since the war of the "new journalism" has taken on

> Gloves for use in husking corn are made with a steel point inside the palm

up to that point is worth \$50 in the "FUNCTIONS" IN COAL MINES. Iowa Church Members Unearth & Row

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 n'ght 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 over-flowing, and the traveler was assigned to a room in company with a tall, hardfeatured 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 aint 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 Injuns.

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

The traveler surveyed the narrow bed, and reflected that he was about half the size of his prospective bedfellow, and a sound sleeper into the bargain. He sat up in one chair with his feet in another that night.

He Had Been Taught to Pollew Copy , and He Did So.

My friend, the newspaper man, told me a funny little story which happennewspaper office in this city, says the St. Louis Republic.

They were pressed for men, and had to take on some of the old printers that went out of the office with the arrival of the type-setting machines. Cne of the editorial writers wrote what he considered a fine effort of rhetorieon McKinley. Every page was sorely crowded and the flat had gone forth that nothing should be leaded, not even editorials. In the midst of the editorial effusion occurred the sentence: "McKinley's name led all the.

This piece of copy was turned overto one of the old discharged men. To everybody's autonishment half the editorial in point was leaded, making a., very offending column to the eye.

The old printer was sent for. He. declared that he had followed copy exactly Asked to bring proof, he hurried upstairs, and from a bundle of . written sheets extracted what he want-

In the meantime the editorial writerhad discovered that "led all the rest" . had been omitted entirely, and he was madder than ever.

"Where is the rest of that sentence," he growled, when the ancient fossil appeared with the copy. "You've chopped this off at 'McKinley's name!'

"There is the copy," said the aged file. "Right after McKinley's name you wrote 'led all the rest'-and ! leaded it, of course."

The editorial writer had nothing more to say after that.

Learning the Town.

Kentuckian-"Well, sir, have you anvassed our town pretty thoroughly in order to secure the views of our citizens as to the success of your en-terprise?" Capitalist—"I think I have called upon about all of your prominent business men." Kentuckian-"Have you talked with Col. Potts yet?" Capitalist-"Potts? No; I don't believe I have met him." Kentuckian-"You Kentuckian-"You ought to see Col. Potts by all means. He's one of our most influential citizens." Capitalist-"I guess I'd better hunt him up. What street is Col. Potts' saloon on?"-New York World

It Raises a Doubt. Soxey-"I am beginning to disbelieve the classics." Knoxey-"I don't understand." Soxey-"The old Greek poets and historians cracked up their countrymen as fighters, and I think the old codgers must have been novelists writing in rhyme."-Pitteburg News.

About of Him. Mr. Sprockett-"You are improving in your bleyele riding, then?" Bloomer-"Oh, yes; I rode over miles today and I keet ahead of ye so!" "Yes; we were on a tanders."brother all the way." "You do