

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

asked quietly.

of admiration.

think he has, for he is an exile and

"Has he not other scholars?" he

"Only myself out of our school. I

go to his house for my lesson every

afternoon. And he is very, very kind!

He would scarcely take the fees. He

But here Marjorie paused and blush-

ed, for she suddenly remembered

Caussidiere's words and ardent looks

"He said he was ashamed to take

money for teaching, and then-then

talked about France, and how he longed

to return, and how sad it was to be en

Mr. Lorraine did not question any

"By the way, Marjorie," he said, after

"It was her wish that you should be

taught French. For my own part, I

never thought much of either the lan-

guage or the people, but that may be

my prejudice. Miss Hetherington thinks

that every young lady should learn

French. Curious, the interest she takes

There was a noise at the front door.

"She's outside," he said. "Will

"Who is outside, Solomon, my man?"

"Wha but Mistress Hetherington,

frae the Castle. The carriage is at the

door, and she's wrangling wi' the

Mr. Lorraine rose feebly from his

chair, while Marjorie nervously put

down her cup and saucer and prepared

woman of middle height, with snow-

white hair, leaning upon a staff or

She had black piercing eyes, a com-

plexion like alabaster, and her front

teeth projected slightly over her under

lip. Though she had the air of an old

woman and walked with a stoop, ner

face had scarcely a wrinkle, and her

Marjorie sprang up and stood trem-

bling. Without a word, Miss Hether-

ington crossed the room and looked

"Weel, Marjorie Annan?" she said in

"How-how do you do, Miss Hether-

"As you see-well enough not to

complain. Stand still and let me look

at ye! There, you may kiss me if you

Marjorie did not like, but she bent

forward and touched the lady's frosty

and I ken who came along wi' ye!

What's this between you and Johnnie

Had a bomb exploded under her feet,

Marjorie could not have shown more

consternation. She stammered, and

blushed, and cast an appealing glance

"How's this, Marjorie?" he said,

gently. "You did not tell me that

"I'll swear she didna," exclaimed

Miss Hetherington, with a low, harsh

laugh. "See hoo she blushes! The lad

and she had a tryste in Dumfries, and

Here Solomon, who stood at the room

"And what then? What if Johnnie

Sutherland did convey our Marjorie

hame? There's nae hairm in that, I'm

"Hold you tongue, Solomon Muckle-

backit," said Miss Hetherington, with

a sharp rap of her crutch upon the

"It is my business," retorted Solo-

"Solomon!" cried Mr. Lorraine, with

"Be good enough to leave the room."

The old man uttered a low snort of

deflance, but immediately obeyed. Miss

Hetherington took a chair close to the

fireplace, and sat in it, leaning heavily

"Nae fool like an old fool!" she mut-

tered, looking at Mr. Lorraine, but re-

ferring to the refractory sexton. "Be-

tween the twa o' ye, you're spoiling

"I hope not," returned the minister

mildly, resuming his own seat. "After

all, too, Solomon is quite right, John-

"All the parish kens that," said the

lady of the Castle. "Come here, Mar-

jorie, and dinna be feared-I'll no eat

you! Look me in the face! Are you

Marjorie's face was scarlet, and she

"Oh, Miss Hetherington," she cried,

And she held out her hand to Mr.

Lorraine, as if beseeching him to take

"Really, Miss Hetherington," he said,

Marjorie is a child, and I am sure such

nonsense as you speak of has never

"Nonsense, is it?" retorted the lady,

nie and Marjorie are old friends."

Marjorie Annan altogether."

and Johnnie courting?"

what do you mean?"

trembled violently.

entered her head."

her part.

mon, doggedly. "Marjorie, dinna heed

ground. "Mind your own business!"

door looking on, thought it his duty

voice was deep and powerful.

fixedly in the young girl's face.

a strong Scotch accent.

ington?"

like!

cheek.

Sutherland?"

at Mr. Lorraine.

Johnnie had come back.'

came down together."

a certain authority.

on her crutch.

to interfere.

thinking."

sound of feet in the lobby.

Solomon entered abruptly.

further, but seemed plunged in thought.

a pause, "you know that your school

fees are paid by Miss Hetherington?"

Well, what did he say?"

exile. That was all!"

Mariorie nodded.

in you!"

driver."

hand-crutch.

bring her in?"

to receive the visitor.

cannot return to his native land."

CHAPTER VII. R. LORRAINE was now long past the climateric. great and breaking fast; indeed, so infirm had he become that he had more than once thought of retiring from the ministry altogeth-

er. Though his body was frail, however, his intellect was as bright as ever, and when Marjorie entered the study he was busily engaged in read-

ing one of his favorite books. He looked up with his kindly smile as his foster-daughter appeared.

"Is it you, my bairn?" he said, as he came over and kissed her. "Welcome home again! Though you have been scarcely a week away, I have missed you sorely, and have been counting the days till your return."

For some months past, I should now explain, Marjorle had been accustomed to stay at a ladies' school in the neighboring town from Monday till Friday of every week, returning each Friday afternoon, and remaining till the following Monday. This arrangement had been found necessary, as it was impossible for the girl to complete her simple education at home, and as the distance was too great for her to go to and fro daily without inconvenience.

"And what news have you got from the town?" continued the minister, as Marjorie, holding his hand in hers, sank into a chair at his side. "How is Miss Carruthers? and how do you get along with your studies?"

"Miss Carruthers sends her compliments, and as she is called away to Edinburgh to see her sick sister I am to bide at home for a week. A whole week, Mr. Lorraine, and in May-time! Oh, I am so glad!"

"So am I, my bairn," said the minister, "A week's rest will do me good, too, I hope, for I have been far from well since you went away. I had one of my old attacks on Tuesday, and have been obliged to keep in the house."

"You will be better now," said Marforie. "I will nurse you!"

'Ay, ay; and the sight of your face and the sound of your voice will do me more good than the doctor. By the way, my bairn, I had one here today inquiring after you, and she will be here again this evening."

"I know! Miss Hetherington, of the Castle?"

"Yes, Miss Hetherington. It is strange, my bairn, how much interest the good lady takes in you-she who cares so little for any other living thing; and yet, after all, it is not strange, for my Marjorie is a favorite with high and low."

The girl's face grew troubled as she answered:

"I hope, Mr. Lorraine, she won't be asking me up to the Castle; I feel so lonely there, and she-she frightens me sometimes! She has such strange ways, and the house is an awful place."

"Well, well, you must be careful not to offend her, for she is a true friend."

"I know she is very rich and good, too, but for all that I cannot bear to be alone in her company. I wonder why she likes to have me! She sits in her arm-chair looking at me for hours together, till sometimes I feel as if I could scream out and run away!" "She is a strange woman," said the

minister, thoughtfully; "but you have no reason to fear her. She takes a great interest in you, and in all that concerns you."

"I know that, but-"

"Her eccentricities are only put on, I think, to conceal a heart that is truly kindly. You must try to humor her, my bairn. Not that I would have you shape your conduct toward her by any sordid hope of future gain; no, no, that would be unworthy; but it is well, after all to have so powerful a friend, should anything happen to me."

"Oh, don't speak like that!" exclaimed Marjorie, her eyes filling with tears. "I cannot bear it."

Solomon here interrupted the conversation by bringing in the tea.

Marjorie took off her hat and shawl and, sitting at the table, began to pour out the tea, while Mr. Lorraine, forgetting his recent train of thought, questioned her anew about her doings in the town. Thus far they chatted cheerfully together and shared the simple meal.

"And how about the French, Marjorie?" asked Mr. Lorraine presently.

"Are you coming on?"
"Very slowly," was her reply. "I find it hard to pronounce, and the verbs are a dreadful trouble—and the genders. It's so hard to tell whether s thing is masculine or feminine, and I wonder how the French folks themselves can tell. I'm afraid I'll never learn the French rightly."

"I could never master it myself, though, after all, maybe, I never fairly tried; it's a queer kind of tongue, like the chirping of birds, I'm thinking. What like is your teacher?"

"Monsieur Caussidiere? A handsome gentleman, with black hair and black

"A young man, Marjorie "Not old, but very grave and sad as if he had had much trouble; and I

ter than either you or that idiot Solomon what young lasses are made o' Do you think Marjorie Annan's made of stane or airn, and doesna ken a fair favored lad from a rowan tree or a milk coo?" making." returned the minister.

"I think she is too young for love-

with the same low, harsh laugh as be-

fore. "Weel, it's the nonsense to

which a' folk come early or late, gentle

"Then you think wrang; it's never o'er early for a lassie to begin. As for Johnnie, I'll no say but what he's a decent lad and a modest, and he has talent as weel, the rogue, heaps o' talent, though he's only a weaver's soneh, Marjorie, has he no?"

And as she looked at Marjorie there was no anger in her stern black eyes; rather a sort of grim-humored sympathy. Seeing his foster-child's confusion, Mr. Lorraine attempted to give the conversation another turn.

"If young Sutherland has developed natural gifts he has you to thank for the opportunity. We all know how kind you have been to him."

"Because I bought two o' his pic tures," she retorted, with her characteristic and disagreeable laugh. "I gave fifty pound apiece for them, the more fool I. One was a view o' the Castle frae the south, wi' a cuddle eating thistles in the foreground-a cuddle as big as a hippopotamus; and the other was Marjorie hersel,' wi' her lap full o' wild flowers, sitting by the side o' Annan water, and about as like her, by that token, as it was like Solomon Mucklebackit."

"We always considered it an excellent likeness," said Mr. Lorraine, goodhumoredly.

"So it was," cried Marjorie impulsively; "everybody said so."

"And what everybody said must be true?" demanded the lady, with a sneer. has talent, as I said; and if he works hard, maybe he'll be able some fine day to paint a picture. So much for Johnnie Sutherland. Now we'll come to the oner, being hauled up for an occasionbusiness which brought me doon. I al exhibition for which 10 cents a head want Marjorle to come to me tomorrow and spend the day." The very proposal which Marjorie

a trembling refusal, to frame some in a small cave and a dam built across awkward excuse, but before she could the neck of it. The shark was transsay a word Miss Hetherington continued with decision: "This way, mem!" said Solomon; and immediately there entered the room a

"I'll be expecting her early, say at ten. She can walk the distance, unless she's o'er idle; in that case, I'll send the carriage to fetch her."

"I am very sorry," stammered Marjorie, "but tommorrow-" She paused, and glanced in supplica-

tion at her foster-father. "The fact is," said Mr. Lorraine, "we had made other arrangements for tomorrow. Some other day, maybe."

Miss Hetherington's'eyes flashed, and her crutch was sharply struck upon the "Tomorrow and no other day will suit me. I hae something to say to her

that will na keep. Do you hear that, Mariorie?" "Yes," answered Marjorie timidly; "but I have only just come home, and

"Come or stay," she exclaimed. 'Please yoursel', Marjorie Annan; but if you stay at home the morn, you'll wait lang for another invitation."

Eager not to give offense, Mr. Lor "Did ye come doon in the wagonraine now interposed. ette? Nae need to answer, for I ken,

"If you wish it, Marjorie shall come "Very well," said Miss Hetheringt a sharply; then, turning to the girl, a te added: "Will you walk, or shall ! send the carriage?"

"I-I-will walk," returned Marjorie timidly, with the air of one doomed to condign punishment.

"Then I'll expect you at ten, and nae later. Now, gie me your arm to the carriage."

Marjorie obeyed, and with a short 'God-day" to the minister, Miss Hetherington left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Napoleon's Journey to Elba. That the wrath of his subjects com pelled the great Napoleon to play a very undignified part when he traveled from Fontainebleau to Elba in 1814 is known to all readers of history. The full details, however, of that wretched journey have only just been revealed by the publication of Count Paul Schouvaloff's original reports to Count Nesselrode. From Lyons onward the temper of the population grew more and it took all the small and useless fish long tables and dressed in stuff gowns, more violent. At Orgon a gibbet had been propared and the little escort had much difficulty in robbing it of so illustrious a victim. A few miles further Napoleon, becoming alarmed, of raising other sharks. Sharks' eggs donned the blue uniform and white cockade of one of the outriders, whom he induced to fill his place in the carriage. Thus attired he reached Aix at full gallop. Then the innkeeper's wife, natural egg cases were placed in the ignorant of his identity, cried, "So Napoleon is coming! They had much better kill him at once. As soon as they get him on the sea they will certainly drown him." After hearing these words the emperor assumed the name of Lord I urghersh, but next morning borrowed the uniform of an Austrian general, and instead of occupying his own carriage drove behind it in a humble caliche as a member of the foreign suite.

Those Unnecessary Questions. He had lost control of his wheel and the wheel left him to his fate. He city. They were delighted with them rose in the air and then pitched upon and declared they were delicious. the dusty road, gathering great quantitles of dirt and accumulating aches and bruises. A few moments afterward a sympathetic countryman came along. "Had a fall, eh?" didn't? Then what's happened?" climbed a tree to look at the scenery. How are crops and what are you charging a dozen for Franco-German pota-

## QUEER INDUSTRY.

and simple, and trust me to ken bet- RAISING SHARKS FOR THE MARKET.

> This Is What a Jersey Fisherman Does, and He Finds It Pays Nobody but a Resident of That State Would Think of It.



HE shark has always been looked upon as an enemy of mankind and especially of the negro race. It has fed upon man for ages, but the tables have been turned; her ceforth the man will pursue the

shark to appease his appetitie as industriously as ever the shark pursued him. Here is the story of how the revolution was brought about. One Wilson Fastnet, who lives on the beach at Seaside Park, near Jersey, and who knows more about sharks than any man who has not been devoured by one of them. makes his living fishing. When they are plentiful, he spends his time shark-

About five years ago Mr. Fastnet caught a huge shark on his line. He began playing with him, giving him more line, then drawing him nearer and allowing him to pull away at some distance again until finally he got him to shore. By this time the shark was blinded by the pain of the hook in its stomach and allowed the men to haul it across the sandy bar to a small inland pond. When the tide went down the shark was in shallow water and at the mercy of his captors. They Weel, likeness or no likeness, the lad then dragged him on the beach, and by means of a rope, made a regular harness for him. He was then put back into the water and kept a priswas charged. It finally occured to Mr. Fastnet that he could make money on him in some inland pond where he dreaded! She opened her lips to give could be unharnessed. He was placed ported to his new home by a team of two horses. Here he thrived well, but

slaughtered. He is kept busy breeding sharks every summer, but is never able to fill the numerous orders for steaks from New York. The industry certainly pays, though it may not be as remunerative as some forms of "sharking," the Wall street kind, for instance.

## Metal Laths.

An innovation in laths is one that s made of thin sheet-iron strips, ribbed or having the edges turned over to give strength. Perforated sheet-iron with ragged punctures, in which the mortar would clinch, succeeded the strips; and wire netting lathing was introduced. It was generally strengthened with ribs of coarser wire, and is still extensively used not only for partitions but for concrete floors as well. Within a few years scores of patents have been granted for metallic lathing, and in almost every instance they have been for making sheet-steel plates provided with slits or perforations to hold the mortar. Several varieties are designed to get more surface out of the metal sheet than by mere perforating and are known as expanded metal lathing. One company has had almost a monopoly of expanding metal in this manner by the use of an ingenious machine upon which it has patents here and abroad. The sales run up to considerably more than \$1,000,000 a year in the United States, it is said. This lath is said fully to double the width of the original plate from which it is cut. Recently another company has produced a machine by which even more expansion is gained by an ingenious form of cutting and corrugating. All this is clear gain, and the effort is being directed to getting the greatest stiffness with the lightest metal, which means more gain to the makers .- Exchange.

You would be greatly amused to see our dinner at Lincoln's Inn. There are tables at the head of the room for the benchers, who are the old leaders of the bar, such as Lord Brougham, Lord St. Leonards, Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir Hugh Cairnes, etc. Next comes tables for the barristers, of whom some forty or fifty are always found at dinner; next the students to the number of about 150, including your humble servant, all seated at

AND THE CROWD WILTED.

scene within. begged. desertion. but yesterday." "Give me a ticket to-" and sought to drag him away.

A Dinner at Lincoln's Inn.



THE SOPHORA OF JAPAN.

from Mr. Fastnet's net to keep him fed. He was kept on exhibition and brought his master a neat little sum. Finally Mr. Fastnet conceived the idea are easily found along the Jersey coast. They are contained in a horny substance, somethnig like seaweed, known as mermaid purses. These pond and in a few months the fisherman was agreeably surprised to find several young sharks swimming around. No sooner had they attracted the attention of the old shark than he devoured them bodily. In his greediness he devoured every new lot as fast as they were hatched out. The fisherman finally came to the rescue and harproned the old fellow and hauled him ashore dead. The body was cut up, the fat boiled down for the oil and the meat cut into steaks for eating. They proved so sweet and julcy the fisherman sent some to his friends in the From this venture shark steaks became very much in demand, until now a swell dinner is not complete withcut them. The result of Mr. Fastnet's first shark steaks was so gratifying he began to raise sharks for the market. He now kills about twenty-five sharks every summer for this purpose. When they are about three feet long their

meat is best, and it is then they are | Harlem Life.

which the waiters throw over us in the ante-chamber before we enter the dining hall. To each four persons, who constitute a mess, the waiter serves a dinner composed of soup, one joint and vegetables, one sweet dish and cheese, a bottle of sherry or port at choice is always allowed to each mess (flery stuff it is), and bitter beer ad libitum. The charge for the dinner is 2 shillings. No one at mess helps another, but the etiquette is each in turn helps himself, one being first for soup, the next first for the joint and so on. One dines almost every day with some stranger, but the rule is that all are presumed to be gentlemen, and conversation is at once established with entire abandon, as if the parties were old acquaintances. (London, February, 1866.)-Suwanee

A Pussling Question. Frances (4 years old)-"Mamma?" Mamma-"What is it, dear?" "You never saw me before I was born, did you?" "No, love." "Then how did you

know it was me?"-Harlem Life. Weary of It. He-"I was a fool when I married you." She-"Well, don't you think it is about time for you to get over it?

We've been married fifteen years."-

They Had Thoughts of Interfering. Hus Changed Their Minds.

From the San Francisco Post: A young man with determination stamped on every feature stalked into the Southern Pacific ticket office on Market street this morning. Clinging desperately to his arm was a young woman, her face covered with a tear-stained veil and her slender figure convulsed with sobs.

"Oh, don't go," she pleaded. "I must," he replied firmly, as he

felt for his purse. The clerks in the office drew near the couple, reporters crowded around them, a policeman stepped in the doorway, and a great throng jostled and surged on the sidewalk to get a glimpse of the

"Oh, please don't leave me," she

The policeman scowled at the villain who was about to desert the unfortunate little woman, and the clerk who had stepped forward to attend him had formed a vague idea of refusing him a ticket in order to prevent such a cruel

"Oh, please, please don't go," sobbed he little woman. "We were married

The man was inexorable. He calmly drew out his purse and said:

"Oh, no, no; don't be so cruel," walled the woman, as she clutched his arm

"Give me a ticket to Ocean View," he ordered. "I'll be back by noon, sure.

And the crowd wilted away.

Longevity of Women.

From the Baltimore Sun: A report from the office of the registrar general of England shows that there are more female than male centenarians. Out of 1,000,000 people 225 women reach the age of 100 years, while only 82 men round out the century. Now, the great conundrum which is proposed is, "Why is this so?" According to the popular superstition it takes much longer for a woman to reach even the age of 50 than it takes for a man to reach that age. If this is true it makes the showing all the more remarkable. It has even been asserted that association with women makes a man live longer, as shown by the fact that the average life of the married man is longer than the average life of a single man. The fact, however, is denied by the end-man at the minstrels, who says that the life of the married man is not really longer, but only seems so. So far there is no satisfactory explanation of the original proposition why more women live to be a hundred. Some say it is because women are less addicted to tobacco and strong drink, others say that it is because it is more healthy to spend money than it is to earn it. and so on. It may be many of the men who would live to be a hundred are killed at an early age in casualties to which women are not exposed. It may be that tight lacing is a life preserver, and it may be not a fact, after all. Possibly the English registrar general may be mistaken. The situation is replete with possibilities.

Mexico's Flower Festival. On Friday was the famous Paseo de las Flores, a custom which is said to date from before the conquest. The Viga canal early presented an animated appearance. It was crowded with the canoes of Indian women bringing in their flowers and vegetables. Each Indian woman in her canoe looked as if seated in a floating flower garden and all were crowned with garlands of popples. It is probable that this festival was held in Aztec times to celebrate the return of spring, but the Christian priests converted this day into a commemoration in honor of Our Lady of Sorrows. In other words, this is the day on which the Catholic church commemorates the suffering undergone by the Virgin during the passion of Christ. This is also the saint's day of all women bearing the names of Dolores, commonly abbreviated into Lola. The scene is one of the most picturesque that can be seen in Mexico. The surface of the canal is alive with flower laden canoes gliding swiftly along. The banks are crowded with men on horseback, people in carriages and f adestrians. Indian women occupy every available spot, where they offer food, drink or flowers to the passers-by. Of course the ubiquitous ratero is there; and careful vigilance over one's watch and pocketbook is in order.-Mexican Herald.

Relies of the Paris Fire. Foreigners always ridicule British

and American tourists for their desire to carry off a portable souvenir of every place or incident that comes under cognizance. Our compatriots are said to have been especially busy at the scene of the late catastrophe in Paris, and the incorruptible policemen are said to have been tempted by preposterously large offers for fragments of jewelry and other charred relics. When a mason was ordered to repair the window in the Hotel du Paris through which the luckier fugitives made their escape, he reported that he must supply new iron bars, the old ones having been exported to England at a fabulous price. On inquiry it turns out that but one of these relics has found its way into this country, and it was given freely by the landlady to a Frenchman living in London, who purposes to have it worked up into mourning rings --London Chronicle.

Electric Ballways. Philadelphia has a greater mileage of electric railways than the whole of Germany, according to the Electric