



CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)
She ceased her tirade, and stood gazing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, listening in wonder. Despite her sharp tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with the abruptness peculiar to her, she changed her tone again, and broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"And now I have preach'd my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, "have you had breakfast? Will you take some tea?"
But Marjorie had breakfasted before starting, and wanted nothing.
"Very well. Come and walk in the garden."
She led the way from the room, and Marjorie quietly followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house across a lonely court yard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered the garden—a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and currant bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun was shining, and the air was bright and warm.

Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.
"The garden's like its mistress," she said presently, "lonesome and neglected. Since Wattie Henderson died, I have never employed a regular gardener. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I should like weel to be buried here, right in the heart o' the auld place!"
She entered the neglected arbor and sat down wearily. Marjorie stood looking at her in timid sympathy, while she pursued the dreary current of her thought.

"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste away like myself. But I mind the time weel—it's no sae lang syne—when it was gladsome and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father kept open house to the gentry. Now a's changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and turn it upside down. What would you dae, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich lady and mistress o' a place like this?"

The question came so abruptly at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie scarcely knew what to reply. She smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.
"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"
"Ay, come!"
"I cannot tell, but I don't think I could bear to live here all alone."
"Ay, indeed? Would you sell the Castle, and pooh the siller?"
"No, Miss Hetherington, I should like to keep what my forebears had owned."
The lady nodded her head approvingly.

"The lassie has sense after a'!" she exclaimed. "Ay ay, Marjorie, you're right! It's something to belong to the line o' the Hetheringtons, and the auld lairds o' the Moss would rise in their graves if they kenned that strangers were dwelling on the land."
CHAPTER X.

EARLY in the afternoon, after a dismal lunch, tete-a-tete with Miss Hetherington, Marjorie returned home across the fields.
The sun was just beginning to sink as she passed through the village and approached the manse. As she did so, she saw Mr. Lorraine standing inside the churchyard gate in quiet conversation with the French teacher.

She entered the churchyard and joined them, the Frenchman saluting her with lifted hat as she approached.
"Ah, Marjorie, my bairn," said the minister, "you are home early. Did you walk back? I thought you would have stayed later, and that Miss Hetherington would have sent you home in the carriage after gloaming."
Marjorie glanced at Caussidiere, and met his eyes.
"She did not wish me to stay," she answered, "and I was glad to escape. But I see you and Monsieur Caussidiere have made friends. I met him on the way, and he said he was coming here."
"So he has told me," said Mr. Lorraine. "I have just been showing him over the kirk and through the graveyard, and now I have invited him to take pot-luck, as the English call it, this evening."
"But it is so late, monsieur," said Marjorie. "How will you get back to Dumfries?"
"Did you not know?" returned the Frenchman, smiling. "I am taking a little holiday, like yourself! I have engaged a bed at the inn, and shall not return till the beginning of the week."
They entered the manse together, and Caussidiere joined them at their simple evening meal.

When tea was over they sat round the hearth. The minister lit his pipe and his guest a cigar. They were chat-

ting pleasantly together, when Solomon Mucklebackit, who had been up to the village on some household errand, quietly entered.

"Johnnie Sutherland's at the door. Will you see him?"
Marjorie started, for she had an instinctive dread of a meeting between the two young men; but the minister at once replied:

"Show him in, Solomon," and as the sexton disappeared, he said to his guest, "A young friend of ours, and a school-fellow of my foster-daughter."
The next moment Sutherland appeared. A look of surprise passed over his face as he saw the stranger, who rose politely, but, recovering himself, he shook the minister warmly by the hand.

"Welcome, Johnnie," said Mr. Lorraine. "Take a seat. Do you know Monsieur Caussidiere? Then let me introduce you."
Sutherland nodded to the Frenchman, who bowed courteously. Their eyes met, and then both looked at Marjorie.

"Monsieur Caussidiere is my French teacher," she said smiling.
Sutherland looked somewhat puzzled, and sat down in silence. After an awkward pause, the minister began questioning him on his London experiences; he replied almost in monosyllables, and was altogether so bashful and constrained that Marjorie could not avoid drawing an unfavorable comparison in her own mind between him and the fluent Frenchman.

"An artist, monsieur?" said the latter, presently, having gathered the fact from some of Mr. Lorraine's questions. "I used to paint, when I was a boy, but, finding I could not excel, I abandoned the attempt. To succeed in your profession is the labor of a life, and, alas! so many fail."
"That's true enough," returned Sutherland, "and when I see the great pictures, I despair."
"He paints beautifully, monsieur," cried Marjorie, eager to praise her friend. "Does he not, Mr. Lorraine?"
The minister nodded benignly.

"Ah, indeed," said Caussidiere, with a slight yawn. "The landscape, monsieur, or the human figure?"
"I have tried both," replied Sutherland. "I think I like figure painting best."
"Then you shall not go far to find a subject," exclaimed Caussidiere, waving his hand toward Marjorie. "Ah, if I were an artist, I would like to paint mademoiselle. I have seen such a face, such eyes, and hair, in some of the Madonnas of the great Raphael."
Marjorie cast down her eyes, then raised them again, laughing.

He has painted me, and more than once; but I'm thinking he flattered the siller. Miss Hetherington has one of the pictures up at the Castle."
Caussidiere fixed his eyes suspiciously upon Sutherland.
"Do you work for pleasure, monsieur, or for profit? Perhaps you are a man of fortune, and paint for amusement only?"
The question tickled the minister, who laughed merrily.

"I am only a poor man," answered Sutherland, "and paint for my bread."
"It is an honorable occupation," said Caussidiere, emphatically, though not without the suspicion of a covert sneer. "At one time the artist was neglected and despised; now he is honored for his occupation, and can make much money."
The conversation continued by fits and starts, but Sutherland's appearance seemed to have quite destroyed the gay freedom of the little party. At last Solomon reappeared and grimly announced that it was nine o'clock.

"We keep early hours," explained Mr. Lorraine, "and are all abed at ten o'clock."
"Then I will go," cried Caussidiere, rising, "but I shall call again. It is not often in Scotland, one finds such pleasant company."
Caussidiere shook the minister's hand cordially, and favored Marjorie with a warm and lingering pressure, which left her more disturbed than ever. Then the two men walked out of the house together.

Caussidiere and Sutherland walked up the village side by side in the light of the moon, which was then at the full.
"You are a native of this place, monsieur," said the Frenchman, after a long silence.
"Yes," was the quiet reply.
"A charming place! and the people still more charming! You have known our old friend a long, long time?"
"Ever since I can mind."
"And his daughter—his foster-daughter, I should say? I have heard her story; it is romantic, monsieur; it touches my heart. Do you think her pretty?"

Sutherland started at the question, which was made with apparent nonchalance, but in reality with eager suspicion. He was silent, and the other continued:
"She is not like one of common birth; she has the grace of a lady. I was struck with her elegance when she first came to me for lessons. Poor child! To have neither father nor mother, to be a castaway! It is very sad."
"She is happy and well-cared for," sturdily answered Sutherland, who

didn't like the turn the conversation was taking; "and she has many true friends."
"Yourself among the number, I am sure!" said Caussidiere quickly.
"You are right there, at any rate," returned Sutherland; and he added coldly, "I'll wish you good-night."
He stood before the gate of his father's cottage and held out his hand, the Frenchman, however, did not attempt to take it, but kept his own hands in his coat pockets as he returned a polite "Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

HE next day was Sunday, the solemn, not to say sanctimonious Sabbath day of that people which, above all others, reverences the great work of creation.
In the brightest place in the church, with her curiole round her, sat Marjorie Annan; and three pairs of eyes at least were constantly fixed upon her. The first pair belonged to young Sutherland, the second to the French visitor, the third to the eccentric mistress of Hetherington Castle.

Of these three individuals Caussidiere was the most ill at ease. The sermon bored him, and he yawned again and again, finally going to sleep.
He was awakened by a loud noise and looking round him, he saw the congregation moving toward the door, and Solomon Mucklebackit, from the preacher's desk, glaring down at him in indignation. He rose languidly, and joined the stream of people issuing from the church.

Out in the churchyard the sun was shining golden on the graves. At the gate several vehicles were waiting, including the brougham from Hetherington Castle.
As Caussidiere moved down the path, he saw before him a small group of persons conversing—the blind weaver and his wife, John Sutherland, Marjorie, and the lady of the Castle. He passed by them with lifted hat, and moved on to the gate, where he waited.

"Who's you?" asked Miss Hetherington, following him with her dark eyes.
"That is Monsieur Caussidiere," answered Marjorie, "my French teacher."
"Humph!" said the lady. "Come away and introduce me."
She walked slowly down the path, while Marjorie followed in astonishment, and coming right up to the Frenchman, she looked him deliberately over from head to foot. Not at all disconcerted, he took off his hat again, and bowed politely.

"Monsieur Caussidiere," said Marjorie, "this is Miss Hetherington, of the Castle."
Caussidiere bowed again with great respect.
"I am charmed to make madame's acquaintance."
To his astonishment, Miss Hetherington addressed him in his own tongue, which she spoke fluently, though with an unmistakable Scottish inflection.

"You speak English well, monsieur," she said. "Have you been long absent from your native land?"
"Ever since the crime of December," he returned, also in French. "But madame is almost a Frenchwoman—she speaks the language to admiration. Ah, it is a pleasure to me, an exile, to hear the beloved tongue of France so perfectly spoken! You know France? You have lived there, madame?"
"I know it, and know little good of it," cried the lady sharply. "Are you like the rest of your countrymen, light and treacherous, believing in nothing that is good, spending their lives in vanity and sensual pleasure?"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Better Left Unsaid.
Two giggling girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the seat.
"You take it, dear," said the pretty one.
"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other. Then they began giggling again.
At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl shoved her friend into the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to have a seat offered me."
The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never as much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.
Father—"In asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I hadn't figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paper Defiance.
Foreman—Why doesn't the editor finish his editorial on "Let America Defy the World?" It's only half done. Assistant—Oh, he got scared a while ago and ran out at the back door, and hasn't been back since. A mad subscriber came in.

AN ADVENTURE STORY



On March 23d, 1892, this engine saved the life of her engineer, James Russell.
These words, engraved on a silver plate fastened to the cylinder of a large Corlies engine in a quartz mill in the mountainous region of northwestern Nevada, commemorate a really remarkable occurrence.
The engine stands in a space cut off from the rest of the mill by a tight partition. The room is made to conform nearly to the shape of the engine, the wall being about eight feet from it on all sides, except where the belt runs down into the fly-wheel pit. There the partition is at least twenty feet from the rim of the fly-wheel, and the great belt or band which carries the power into the mill comes in through a hole six feet up in the wall, and slants down to the bottom of the fly-wheel about the same distance below the floor.

Thus in order to pass from one side of the room to the other at this end it is necessary either to jump over the belt next to the fly-wheel, or to crawl under it next to the wall. The fly-wheel is an immense affair sixteen feet in diameter, weighing twelve tons, and wide enough on the face for the thirty-six-inch belt to run. The engine makes more than a hundred revolutions per minute, and this belt whizzes down through the floor toward the fly-wheel in a way to make one dizzy. The engine itself is kept in a highly-polished condition by the unremitting attentions of the engineer, who speaks of it as "Old Alice," and who has painted this name in gilt letters on her varnished frame in memory of a little daughter who died.

There is no direct means of communication between the mill and the engine room, as the latter has only one door, and that opens from the outside. At the time of the occurrence I am about to relate, this door had on it a very complicated spring lock, and every time the door slammed the lock caught and, according to the engineer, "it took ten minutes' work and the key to get it open again." The mill runs continuously, being lighted at night by a small electric plant in the building, and two big arc lamps hang directly over the engine.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 22nd day of March, 1892, James Russell (the night engineer) was sitting in a chair at one side of the room reading an old newspaper, while his trained ear followed every stroke of the engine, and instantly detected the altered sound when an oiler stopped feeding or a screw worked loose. "Old Alice" ran as smoothly and regularly as a watch, and the engineer grew so absorbed in his paper that he did not at first look up when he heard the door swing open and then shut with a snap. Soon, however, the indescribable feeling that something alive is near caused him to lift his head and look about the room. There, just in front of the door, blinking like an owl in the glare of the electric lights, and



ROUND THEY RAN.
fazed by the fast running machinery, stood a great, dingy brown-black bear that looked to the excited engineer as big as a cow. The engineer knew at once that his visitor was a bear, and a grizzly at that, and was correspondingly scared. The miners had told him many tales of the cunning and ferocity of these animals, and he knew that a few savage old fellows still lingered in the mountains near by.

This particular bear had just waked up from his long winter's sleep, and was hungry, or he would not have been so bold. It is probable that in prowling about in search of food he had come close to the mill, and had smelt the oil in the engine-room, and, finding the door open a crack, had pushed it open wider, and stepped in. When he saw the lights and the engine, he had tried to back out, but had run against the door, causing it to slam and the springlock to catch. Falling in his attempt to get out of this dangerous trap, the bear turned around in great wrath, determined to take summary vengeance on the first thing he could get at. Unfortunately the first object that caught his eye was the engineer cowering against the wall, and he started for that individual without delay. As he lunged across the floor he gave a tremendous growl, and lifted his lips like a spiteful dog, showing some terribly long and sharp teeth. The engineer lost no time in getting away from there, and ran around the cylinder end of the engine like a college sprinter, while the bear demolished the chair with one stroke of his paw, and tore the paper into shreds. After conscientiously completing this destruction, the grizzly looked around for more worlds to conquer, and seeing the engineer, thought he would do, and started for him again. As the bear rushed around the cylinder, the engineer ran toward

the fly-wheel, and as the bear raced down that side of the engine, the man jumped the belt and started up the other side. The bear paused only an instant when he came to the flying belt, then over he went, and chared the man on around the cylinder end.

Round and round the engine they ran, jumping the belt, slipping and sliding on the slick, oily floor, but getting faster and faster all the time. There was nothing in the room that do would for a weapon, and Russell could form no plan of escape, his greatest desire for the moment being to keep the engine between him and the grizzly. Even this became impossible, as the bear gained on him, and the distance between them gradually lessened till they were running only a few feet apart.

The engineer shouted again and again, but he had very little hope of any one's hearing him because of the great noise made by the machinery; and even if they did hear, they could not get in to help him, for the door was locked, and he could not spare time to fool with that lock just then. It was simply maddening to him to think that there were twenty men in the mill only a few feet away, all ready and willing to help him if he could only let them know of his plight, and yet to have that relentless brute chasing him around like a rat in a trap.

A few minutes of this wild running exhausted the engineer, and he would have stopped and let the grizzly do his worst had it not been for the dreadful blood-curdling noise made by the animal's claws as he scuttled over the slippery floor. The bear lunged and plunged along like a great awkward calf, growing prodigiously the while, but he made astonishing speed for such an unwieldy-looking beast, and was fast overhauling the man in spite of his utmost efforts.

Once, as the exhausted engineer leaped over the belt, he thought that to drop on it and be crushed by the fly-wheel would be an easier death than to be torn to pieces by the bear, and he almost decided to end the dreadful chase the next time he came around. But when he saw the belt running so swiftly to certain death his heart failed him, and he waited till next time. Not so the bear. Almost as the man's feet touched the floor after the leap he heard an awful roar, and the next instant a badly mashed bear struck the ceiling and dropped like a shot.

That timely event is easily explained. As the man and bear ran round, centrifugal force caused them to swing cut farther and farther from their center of motion, the engine; and the bear, being heavier than the man, flew farther out till he came to a place on the slanting belt where it was too high for him to jump. Then he put his forepaws on it, intending to climb over, and that was the last of him. The belt, running at that high speed, jerked him in like a feather, and ran him through between it and the fly-wheel. When the fly-wheel got done with him, it threw him off at the top, as dead as a herring and not much thicker than one.

The engineer, however, firmly believes that the spirit of his little daughter influenced the engine to save his life by killing the bear; and who can say it is only a fancy? The next week he sent to Chicago and had the silver plate made and put it on "Old Alice," and he declares that she is quite proud of it.

A BASHFUL BACHELOR.

Reasons Enough for Failing to Win a Wife.
"Fate made me what I am," growled a gouty bachelor. "I was intended by nature to love and be loved and to have the joys of old age in a bright family circle instead of being shut up in a decreed dungeon like this. The fleckie jade has played me a mighty mean trick."

"Why didn't you marry like a sensible fellow?" asked the old friend who was making a duty call, says the Detroit Free Press.
"Fate, I tell you; predestination, hard luck or some of those other agencies to which we charge our misfortunes. When a young man I was smitten a score of times and hit so hard that it dazed me. It made an awkward sort of an idiot of me. I could neither think, talk nor properly control my motions. The only thing on earth I was afraid of was a pretty woman, and she simply paralyzed me."
"Fshaw; nothing but bashfulness, and you could have overcome it."
"You don't know what you are talking about. It wasn't anything of the kind. When in love I was controlled absolutely by some ulterior force. If I attempted to cross a room to address a young lady my feet would walk me out of the door. When I bowed I would fall to straighten up till some one broke the spell by a word or laugh. I'd start to say something and the reverse of what I was a pretty woman and she simply paralyzed me."
"Why didn't you make one grand effort and throw off the strange control?"
"That's what I did when I was visiting in Tennessee and fell in love with the grandest woman that ever lived. One day in the garden I set my teeth and determined to propose. Then I passed out of myself. I walked through a flower bed, fell over a baby carriage into a barbed-wire fence, swore like a pirate and came up with a face like a cranberry patch. The sweet creature ran. So did I. That was my last love affair, and now there is nothing left but to sit in solitude and nurse the gout."

Eustis, Me., News is filled with reports that bears are thicker than sheep.

LAURA KEENE AND LINCOLN.

The recent publication of the life of the actress Laura Keene, who was the stage favorite a generation ago, brings to mind the important part she played in the greatest tragedy this nation has ever been called upon to see—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

The play bill of Ford's theater in Washington announces for the evening of Friday, April 14, 1865, the "Benefit and Last Night of Miss Laura Keene, the Distinguished Manageress, Authoress and Actress." On the same single sheet of faded paper may be read:

-o
- : "This Evening
- : the performance will be
- : honored by the presence of
- : President Lincoln."
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The play was the one the elder Sothern did so much to popularize, Tom Taylor's "celebrated eccentric comedy, as originally produced in America by Miss Keene and performed by her upward of 1,000 nights, entitled "Our American Cousin." The prices of admission were \$1 to the orchestra, 75 cents to the dress circle and parquet and 25 cents to the family circle. The boxes were \$6 and \$10 each. The president occupied one on the northern side of the theater, just above and upon the stage. The house was crowded.

Laura Keene was standing behind the scenes on the side of the theater farthest from the presidential box, near what is called the "tormentor," awaiting her cue. Of right she should not have been so near the prompter's desk, but he had gone to call some of the actors, so she placed herself at hand, hoping to be of service. Her part was that of Florence Trenchard. The time had come for the entrance of Mr. G. G. Spear as Binney. He had a drunken scene to go through, and Miss Keene was expecting to give him a push as he went by her, to aid in the effect as he came within view of the audience. Instead she felt herself pushed in the other direction—from the stage, toward which she was not just at that moment looking. As she felt herself struck on the hand by the hand of another she glanced up and recognized John Wilkes Booth and saw, too, the dagger he was clutching. At that very moment the appalling cry rang out through the house: "The president is shot!"

It was echoed spontaneously from among the audience, and, as Miss Keene came forward she could see many men on their feet, some of them evidently making for the stage, from which they had seen the assassin disappear. Women were crying aloud, men cursing and children weeping, all in an indeterminate panic, much as if the alarm of fire had been raised. Miss Keene came down to the footlights forthwith and said: "For God's sake, have presence of mind and keep your places, and all will be well."

Meanwhile Booth had made his escape through the stage door, fleeing on the horse which had been provided for him. He had been followed by a Mr. Stewart, one of the audience, down on the stage after his leap from the president's box, but had avoided him by dodging about the scenery, and had gotten away from the stage carpenter, who had attempted to detain him, by striking at him with the dagger. No one except Mr. Stewart tried to pursue the fugitive, though everybody seemed willing to aid. Amid the confusion Miss Keene heard a cry for water from the presidential box. Procuring a glass she made her way from the stage to the box by way of the dress circle. Mrs. Lincoln was crying piteously. Miss Keene at once did everything in her power to aid, though she felt from the beginning that help was useless.

Seating herself on the floor, to which the body of the president had fallen, the actress raised her head and placed it in her lap. It was at first supposed that the shot had penetrated his lungs. When the chest and shoulders had been bared without discovering any sign of injury the poor head was raised. Then the pool of blood which had gathered in the hollow of Miss Keene's gown told the story. She remained in that position until the removal of Mr. Lincoln from the theater, then staggered down to her dressing room, not only her garments but her hands and face dabbled with blood.

From the effect of the shock and horror of this Miss Keene never fully recovered, and, though she lived more than eight years thereafter, she was never strong, her nervous system being especially liable to attack.

Crushed.
"This is the most cruel yet," wailed the rising young poet. "What is?" asked the common sense person who had dropped in to smoke a few of the poet's cigarettes. "The Gabcock says I do not exhibit a single stigma of degeneration."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Difference.
Mr. Tiff (reading)—Princess Mand gives her husband an hour's lesson every morning in the English language. Mr. Tiff—I am a little different from the prince. Mrs. Tiff—How so? Mr. Tiff—I receive my hour's language from my wife at night.

Death of a Half-Shot Soldier.
James Hughes, a private soldier at the United States barracks at Columbus, Ohio, while walking along Alum creek in an intoxicated condition, fell from a high bluff into the water, and was drowned.