

CHAPTER XV.

When Miss Hetherington left the Frenchman's rooms that afternoon, she tottered like one enfeebled by the sudden oncoming of age. Monsieur Causidriere was beside her; it was his hand which placed her in her carriage, his head which bowed politely as the carriage moved away.

The approaching carriage wheels had been heard by the inmates of the Castle, so that when the vehicle stopped there stood Sandie Sloane ready to assist his mistress to alight. With her usual erect carriage and firm tread, Miss Hetherington stepped from the vehicle, and walked up the stone steps to the Castle door, saying as she passed the old serving man:

"Sandie Sloane, come ben wi' me!" She walked on, Sandie following. They walked into the great dining-room, and the door closed upon the two.

What passed at that interview no one knew; but half an hour later Sandie came forth, returned to the kitchen, and sat there crying like a heart broken child.

"Mysie," said he to the housekeeper, "Mysie, woman, I'm turned awa'—out on the world. God help me! The mistress has shown me the door of Annandale Castle."

It was not till two days later that Mr. Lorraine, happening to call at the Castle, heard that Miss Hetherington could not see him, for she had taken to her bed and was seriously ill. He heard also from Mysie, who seemed scared and wild, that her mistress had never been herself since that night when Sandie Sloane had been driven from his situation. The clergyman, more shocked and mystified, asked to be allowed to see the lady, but Mysie refused to permit him to place his foot inside the door. After a little persuasion, however, she consented to allow him to remain on the threshold while she went and informed her mistress of his call.

In a short time the woman returned, and Mr. Lorraine was at once admitted to the bedside of the mistress of the house.

Mr. Lorraine began forthwith to express his regrets at the lady's illness, but he was at once stopped.

"'Twasna' o' myself I wanted to speak," she said in her hard, cold tones; "'twas o' something that concerns you far more—where is Marjorie?"

"Marjorie is at the manse," returned the clergyman, dreading what the next question might be.

"At the manse! and wherefore is she no at school? She should have gone back ere this."

"Yes; she should have gone, but the lassie was not herself, so I kept her with me. She is troubled in her mind at what you said about the French lessons, Miss Hetherington, and she is afraid she has annoyed you."

"And she would be sorry?"

"How could she fall to be? You have been her best friend."

There was a great pause, which was broken by Miss Hetherington.

"Mr. Lorraine," said she, "I've aye tried to give you good advice about Marjorie. I kenneed weel that twa silly men like yersel' and that fool Solomon Mucklebackit wanted a woman's sharp wits and keen eyes to help them train the lassie. I've watched her close and I see what maybe ye dinna see. Therefore I advise you again—send her awa' to Edinburgh for awhile—'twill be for her gude."

"To Edinburgh?"

"Ay; do you fear she'll no obey?"

"Not at all; when I tell her you wish it she will go."

Miss Hetherington sat bolt upright, and stared round the room like a stag at bay.

"I wish it!" she exclaimed. "I dinna wish it—mind that, Mr. Lorraine. If anybody daurs say I wish it, ye'll tell them 'tis a lee. You wish it; you'll send her awa'; 'tis for the bairn's gude!"

Mr. Lorraine began to be of opinion that Miss Hetherington's brain was affected; he could not account for her eccentricity in any other way. Nevertheless her whims had to be attended to; and as in this case they would cause no great inconvenience, he promised implicit obedience to her will.

"Yes, you are right, Miss Hetherington; 'twill do the child good, and she shall go," he said, as he rose to take his leave.

But the lady called him back.

"Mr. Lorraine," she said, "send Marjorie up to me to say good-bye; and having again promised to obey her, Mr. Lorraine retired.

When he reached home he was rather relieved to find that his foster child was out; when she returned, he was busily engaged with Solomon, and it was not indeed until after evening prayers that the two found themselves alone. Then Mr. Lorraine informed Marjorie that

she was to go to her sister's house in Edinburgh for a time. The young girl was reluctant to leave her home, but did not dream of disobeying any wish of her foster-father.

By early the next afternoon all was done, and as Marjorie was to start early on the morrow, she, in obedience to Mr. Lorraine's wish, put on her bonnet and went up to the Castle to wish Miss Hetherington good-bye.

She had heard from Mr. Lorraine that the lady was indisposed, but he had not spoken of the malady as serious, and she was therefore utterly unprepared for what she saw.

She was admitted by Mysie, conducted along the dreary passage, and led at once toward Miss Hetherington's bedroom.

"She's waitin' on ye," said Mysie; "she's been waitin' on ye all day."

Marjorie stepped into the room, looked around, and then shrank fearfully back toward the door. Could this be Miss Hetherington—this little shrivelled old woman, with the dim eyes and thin silvery hair? She glanced keenly at Marjorie; then, seeing the girl shrink away, she held forth her hand and said:

"Come awa' ben, Marjorie, my bairnie; come ben."

"You—you are not well, Miss Hetherington," said Marjorie. "I am so sorry."

She came forward and stretched forth her hand. Miss Hetherington took it, held it, and gazed up into the girl's face.

"I'm no just mysel', Marjorie," she said, "but whiles the best of us come to this pass. Did ye think I was immortal, Marjorie Annan, and that the palsied finger o' death couldn't be pointed at me as weel as at another?"

"Of death?" said Marjorie, instinctively withdrawing her hand from the old lady's tremulous grasp. "Oh, Miss Hetherington, you surely will not die!"

"Wha can tell? Surely I shall die when my time comes, and wha will there be to shed a tear?"

For a time there was silence; then Miss Hetherington spoke:

"What more have you got to say to me, Marjorie Annan?"

The girl started as if from a dream, and rose hurriedly from her seat.

"Nothing more," she said. "Mr. Lorraine thought I had better come and wish you good-bye. I am going away."

"Mr. Lorraine!—you dinna wish it yersel'?"

"Yes, I—I wished it—"

"Aweel, good-bye!" She held forth her trembling hands again, and Marjorie placed her warm fingers between them.

"Good-bye, Miss Hetherington."

She withdrew her hand and turned away, feeling that the good-bye had been spoken, and that her presence was no longer desired by the proud mistress of Annandale. She had got half way to the door when her steps were arrested—a voice called her back.

"Marjorie! Marjorie Annan!"

She turned, started, then running back, fell on her knees beside Miss Hetherington's chair. For the first time in her life Marjorie saw her crying.

"Dear Miss Hetherington, what is it?" she said.

"'Tis the old tale, the old tale," replied the lady, drying her eyes. "Wont' you kiss me, Marjorie, and say only once that you're sorry to leave me sickening here?"

"I am very sorry," said Marjorie; then she timidly bent forward and touched the lady's cheek with her lips.

Curiously enough, after having solicited the embrace, Miss Hetherington shrank away.

"Cold and loveless," she murmured. "But, Marjorie, my bairn, I'm no blaming ye for the sins of your forefathers. Good-bye, lassie, good-bye."

This time Marjorie did leave the room and the Castle, feeling thoroughly mystified as to what it could all mean.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the outskirts of the town of Leith, and on the direct road of communication between Leith and Edinburgh, stood the plain abode of the Rev. Mungo Menteth, minister of the Free Kirk of Scotland.

The Reverend Mr. Menteth had espoused late in life the only sister of Mr. Lorraine, a little, timid, clinging woman, with fair hair and light blue eyes, who was as wax in the bony hands of her pious husband.

At the house of the pair one morning in early summer arrived Marjorie Annan, escorted thither in a hired fly from Edinburgh by the minister. It was by no means her first visit, and the welcome she received, if a little melancholy, was not altogether devoid of sympathy. Her aunt was an affectionate creature, though weak and superstitious; and Mr. Menteth, like many of his class, was by no means as hard as the doctrines he upheld. They had no children of their own, and the coming of one so pretty and so close of kin was like a gleam of sunshine.

A week passed away, with one super-

naturally dreary Sabbath, spent in what may be called, figuratively, walling and gnashing of teeth.

At last there came a day of terrific dissipation, when what is known by profane Scotchmen as a "tea and coo-lee shine" was given by one of the elders of the kirk.

Early in the evening Mr. Menteth was called away, and when the meeting broke up about nine o'clock Marjorie and her aunt had to walk home alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and as they left the elder's house and lingered on the doorstep Marjorie saw standing in the street a figure which she seemed to know.

She started and looked again, and the figure returned her look. In a moment to her utter amazement, she recognized Causidriere.

Startled and afraid, not knowing what to say or do, she descended the steps to her aunt's side.

As she did so the figure disappeared. She walked up the street, trembling and wondering, while Mrs. Menteth talked with feeble rapture of the feast they had left and its accompanying "edification."

Marjorie made some wandering reply, for she heard footsteps behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the figure she had previously noticed following at a few yards' distance.

She would have paused and waited, but she dreaded the observation of her companion. So she simply walked faster, hurrying her aunt along.

They passed from the street, and still she heard the feet following behind her. At last they reached the gate of the minister's house.

Here Marjorie lingered, and watching down the road saw the figure pause and wait.

Mrs. Menteth pushed open the gate, hastened across the garden, and knocked at the door. In a moment the figure came up rapidly.

"Hush, mademoiselle!" said a familiar voice in French and simultaneously she felt a piece of paper pressed into her hand. She grasped it involuntarily and before she could utter a word the figure flitted away.

Meantime the house door had opened, "Marjorie!" cried Mrs. Menteth from the threshold.

Marjorie hastened in. "What kept ye at the gate, and wha was yon that passed?"

"A man—a gentleman."

"Did he speak to you?"

Without reply, Marjorie passed in. As soon as possible she hastened up to her own room, locked the door, and there with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"I have something important to say to you. Meet me tomorrow at noon on the Edinburgh road. Pray tell no one that you have received this, or that I am here. "Leon Causidriere."

Marjorie sat down trembling with the paper in her lap. Her first impulse was to inform her aunt of what had taken place. A little reflection, however, convinced her that this would be undesirable.

After all, she thought, she had no right to assume that Causidriere's message had not a perfectly innocent significance. Perhaps he had brought her news from home.

It was not an easy task for Marjorie to keep her appointment on the following day; indeed, everything seemed to conspire to keep her at home. To begin with, the family were much later than usual; then it seemed to Marjorie that the prayers were unusually long; then Mr. Menteth had various little things for her to do; so that the hands of the clock wandered toward twelve before she was able to quit the house.

At last she was free, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands was speeding along the road to meet the Frenchman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and aided by them skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinuously, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed to look around with unshak- ing glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plunging "thigh." There is no attempt to hold them extended or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight. When an ostrich, after a hard run, is very tired its wings sometimes droop; this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held out away from the sides to lighten its weight or increase its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly even when going at top speed.—From the Zoologist.

A Matter of Colors.

"Sister Millie wants to know if you won't let us take your big awning? She's going to give a porch party to-morrow night and wants to have it on the piazza."

"Wants my awning?"

"Yep. She would have borrowed the Joneses', but theirs is blue, you know, and Millie's hair is red."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"There's not another bit of firewood on board," roared the steamboat engineer. "What's the matter with the log?" inquired the landlubber.—Philadelphia North American.

The Mormon Semi-Centennial.

The celebration of the semi-centennial, which has just taken place was the most important event in the history of Mormonism. It was something more than the anniversary of the settlement of Utah by the Latter Day Saints under Brigham Young.

It marks the Americanization of the Mormon church and the end of the bitter warfare that has been going on for fifty years. It is the outward and visible announcement that prejudices have disappeared, that Mormon and Gentile are one people, brothers in fact and in name. Salt Lake is today one of the most beautiful cities in America. It has about 50,000 people and the police force numbers about one man to each 2,000 inhabitants. In the great cities of the world the ratio is about one policeman to five hundred people. Its fine schools are the work of the Gentiles, but all other things are the monuments reared by the Mormons.

That magnificent temple, which was a quarter of a century in building, the great tabernacle, seating 14,000 people, is one of the wonders of the New World, and which has acoustic properties that verge upon the uncanny. In this turtle-backed building a pin dropped on the platform can be heard 200 feet away in any part of the building. In it, too, is the largest organ in the world.

The titling house, that square of one-story buildings and tents which is really nothing more than a great market place, the Assembly, the Amelia palace and the other buildings which are a part of the growth of the Latter Day Saints is the next important sight.

The story of the exploration of these people into an unknown wilderness is one of frightful privation and tremendous heroism. They reached Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847.

Brigham Young declared that this desert was the home of the Mormon people and there should they remain and prosper. With this fiftieth anniversary at hand it is pleasant to remember that the first act of the colonists was to raise the American flag on the highest peak near the present site of Salt Lake City.

After hoisting the stars and stripes the leader of these sturdy pioneers drove four stakes into the ground. "Here," he said, "we will build our Temple." And there it was built, although it was completed only a few years ago.

That year Salt Lake City was laid

out. Some of the colonists remained there. Others returned with Young to bring out those who had stayed behind.

They took with them rations for a year. They were told of the sufferings they must endure. Yet they traveled the fifteen hundred miles gladly. They made their homes in the repellent land because Brigham Young told them that there they would thrive and become mighty.

More than any other Mormon, Young has received his meed of praise. He was a truly great leader of men and one of the greatest colonists the world has ever known. His people believed in him because they were sure he received revelations from God. Brigham Young was always a great hand at receiving revelations.

Brigham Young was trained as a farmer. It was he who designed and directed the system of irrigation which made the land productive. The Mormons wrested their living from the soil by main strength. Verily they made the desert blossom as the rose.

It was Brigham Young who created the whole system of Mormonism, who counseled his people to gather in villages and towns. It is plain now that it was ever his aim to have the Mormons bound together by the closest ties.

No sooner were the first colonists firmly established than missionaries were sent forth to gain converts, and this has been followed to this very day. It was Young who provided for the titling system, which insured that the church should become rich beyond measure. It was Brigham Young who made the church the dominant force, the real leader and government.

No ruler of an absolute monarchy, no feudal lord ever had more power over his subjects than Brigham Young over the Mormons. And the power and wealth of the Mormons prove that he was a wise and really great leader.

But Brigham Young was an advocate of polygamy and he practiced what he preached to a greater extent than any one else. It is rather remarkable that Young was never accused of being a fanatic.

Of two things only were Mormons accused—the practice of polygamy and the murder of apostates. That a certain percentage of them did practice polygamy is true. That they ever murdered any one who was false to the faith has never been proved. Nay,

the time has come when this charge is not believed, although stories a plenty may be heard.

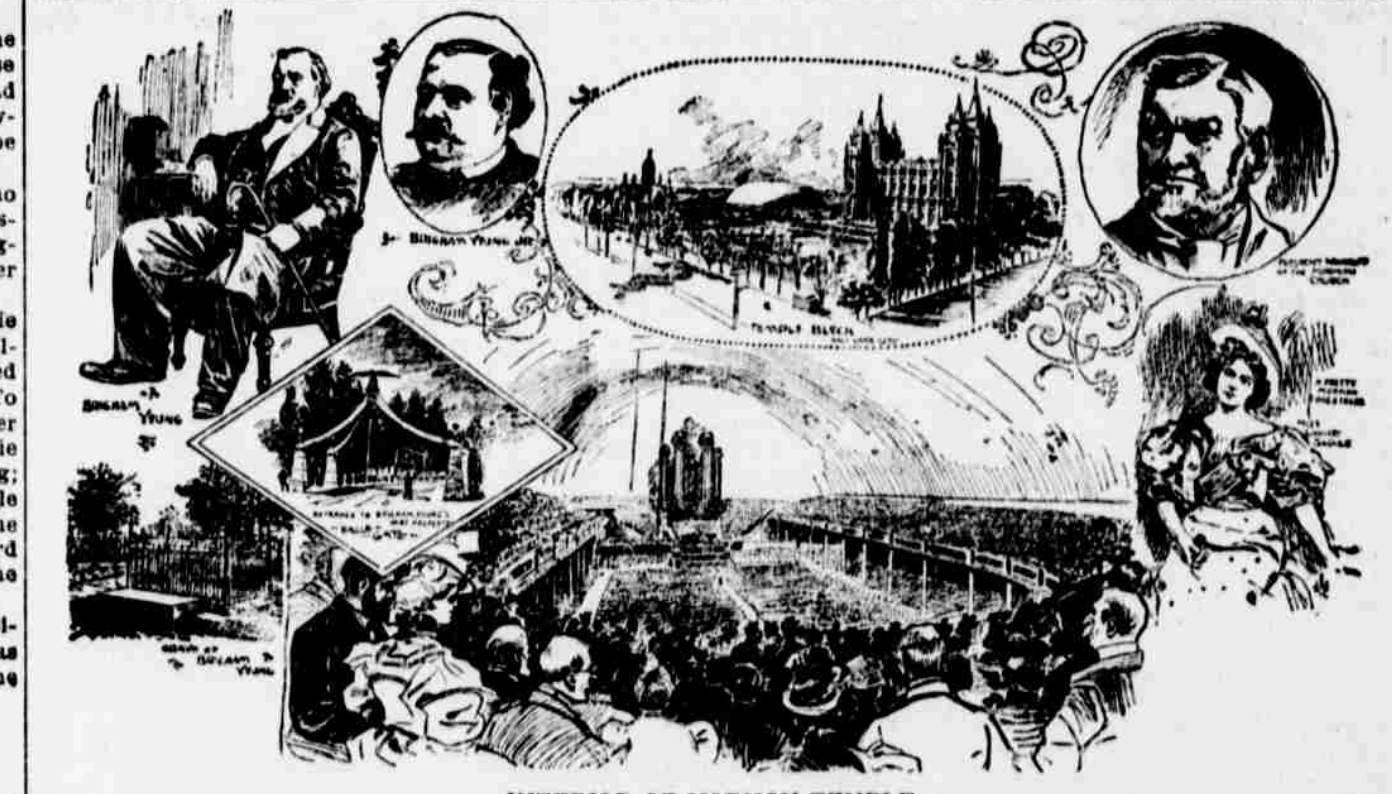
On the other hand, the Mormons possessed many virtues. They were marvels of industry, as they are today—thrifty, earnest, honest people. They love their church with a devotion that borders on fanaticism. They care for their poor, of whom there are few. They provided schools in which the Mormon religion was principally taught from the beginning. They gave a tenth of their possessions to the church and still they prospered.

They were taught and they believed that the church was the highest authority. They believed that polygamy was pleasing to the Almighty and that He enjoined its practice upon his people through his prophets. How much polygamy had to do with the success of the Mormon church in the early days is a question yet to be determined. The ablest people believe that it has always been a curse. There can be no doubt that the practice resulted in many horrible things and that the women who were sharing a husband often suffered. And it is true that often young women were compelled, much against their will, to marry men who already had two or three wives.

On Oct. 6, 1890, came the proclamation of President Woodruff, announcing the purpose of the church to no longer sanction polygamy, and calling upon the adherents of the church to obey the laws of the United States. This was a bitter law for many members of the church. They believed in polygamy with all the ardor of fanaticism. They believed that it was a means of grace.

For years polygamy had been dying out. The advance in education among the Saints themselves and influence of the Gentiles, particularly the women, had much to do with it. It was the women who broke down the barriers aided by the children of polygamous marriages.

It is rather strange, in view of the agitation concerning Mormon women that Mormon women have now the fullest political privileges. Utah places men and women on a perfect equality. Dr. Mattie Cannon, a prominent Mormon woman and a physician, has the honor of being the first woman senator in the world. She had the unique experience of running on the Democratic ticket, while her husband was the Republican candidate.



INTERIOR OF MORMON TEMPLE.

SHE RESCUED HER CHICKENS.

Brave Deed of a Lighthouse Girl at Matineus Rock.

Several of the violent storms that have whirled over the Matineus rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it, says the Century Magazine. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our lighthouse annals, not only for long service, but also for bravely displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was 17 years of age, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matineus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to "breeze up," the wind increased to a gale and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minots ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the bowlders was a chicken coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matineus rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby solicited for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rushed knee deep through the swirling water and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over rock, brought down the old cobblestone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety, and there they remained with no sound to greet them without but the roaring of the wind around the lanterns, and no sight

but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated the reach between the rock and Matineus Island was so rough that Capt Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

Biggest Pudding Ever Cooked.

In 1718, we are told, James Austin, a London trader, invited his customers to a feast. A pudding was promised, which was to be boiled fourteen days instead of seven hours. It weighed 900 pounds. The copper for boiling it was erected at the Red Lion in Southwark park, where crowds went to see it; and when boiled it was to be conveyed to the Swan tavern, Fish street hill, to the tune of "What Lumps of Pudding My Mother Gave Me." The place, however, was changed to the Restoration gardens in St. George's fields, in consequence of the numerous company expected. When the day arrived, the pudding set out in procession, with banners, streamers, drums, etc., but on the way a mob attacked it and made spoil of the whole. So nearly half a ton of pudding was distributed, much against the will of the proprietor, among the London poor.—Exchange.

Shaping His Career.

"Why did I become a professional?" repeated the contortionist, musingly. "You see, my wife had picked out a flat, and I wanted to get in shape for it. After that, of course, it was a matter of habit."—New York Tribune.

No Scope.

"I bought little Tommy a trumpet because he was so lonely, but he did not seem pleased."

"Well, no; you see his old grand-mother is stone deaf."—Pick-Me-Up.

KEEPS TAB ON THE SMOKER.

Watch Charm Cigar Cutter Which Registers the Number.

A new watch charm for gentlemen is useful in two ways—as a cigar cutter and as a register of the number of cigars cut in a day. Few men who smoke many cigars realize just how many are consumed in one day until they keep track of them. This little charm is of silver and an ornament to the watch-guard. One man kept track of his cigars for three months and found that he smoked such an alarming number that he was endangering his health. This might be a good thing for wives to present to their husbands with the Christmas box of cigars, if not before. Some men might be induced to save enough on their cigars to buy a new sealskin for their better halves.

Sentimental Soul.

Weary Watkins—"Funny, but I've been hearin' crickets for two or three days all the time."

Hungry Higgins—"Yes, they're two of 'em in my whiskers. Don't they sound homelike and all that sort of thing?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Bikes and Saloons.

The Rev. Richard Harcourt, of Philadelphia, weakens his whole argument against the bicycle by admitting that it has depopulated the saloon. That is something that the preacher never succeeded in doing.—Ex.

Airy Flights.

"I'll wager my daughter could run one of those flying machines." "Why do you think so?" "You just ought to see how she soars in her graduating essay."—Detroit Free Press.