



CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)
It was half an hour past the appointed time when she neared the trying place, and she was beginning to wonder whether or not Monsieur Causidiere had grown weary and had gone away, when, to her relief, he emerged from some nook where he had been hiding and stood before her. Yes, it was he, looking anxious and restless, but brightening up considerably at sight of her face.

Now that the meeting had really come about, Marjorie felt somewhat abashed at the thought of her own boldness. She paused in some confusion, and timidly held forth her hand, but the Frenchman strode boldly forward, and the place being lonely, took her in his arms.

"Marjorie, my Marjorie!" he murmured.
Both words and action took her so completely by surprise, that for a moment she could do nothing but tremble passively in his embrace like a trembling, frightened child; then, recovering herself, she drew back, blushing and trembling.

"Monsieur—Monsieur Causidiere!" she cried.

The Frenchman looked at her strangely; he took her hand, and held it lovingly in both of his.

"Marjorie," he said, "my little friend! It seems now that I have you by me, that I am born again. I have traveled all the way from Dumfries to see you; and you do not know why?—because, my child, you have taught me to love you."

Marjorie paused in her walk; she felt her heart trembling painfully and her cheeks burning like fire. She looked up at him in helpless amazement, but she did not speak.

"When you departed, Marjorie," continued Causidiere, affectionately clasping the little hand which still lay passively in his, "I felt as if all the light and sunshine had been withdrawn from the world, and I knew then that the face of my little friend that I could not shake it away. I tried to fight against the feeling, but I could not. You have made me love you, my darling, and now I have come to ask if you will be my wife?"

"Your wife, monsieur!"

She looked so helplessly perplexed that the Frenchman smiled.

"Well, Marjorie," he said, "of what are you thinking, ma petite?"

"I was wondering, monsieur, why you had spoken to me as you have done."

For a moment the man's face clouded; then the shadow passed and he smiled again.

"Because I adore you, Marjorie," he said.

Again the girl was silent, and the Frenchman pulled his mustache with trembling fingers. Presently he stole a glance at her, and he saw that her face was irradiated with a look of dreamy pleasure. He paused before her and regained possession of her trembling hands.

"Marjorie," he said, and as he spoke his voice grew very tender and vibrated through every nerve in the girl's frame, "my little Marjorie, if you had been left to me, I don't think I should ever have spoken, but when you went away I felt as if the last chance of happiness had been taken from me. So I said, 'I will go to my little girl, I will tell her of my loneliness, I will say to her I have given her my love, and I will ask for hers in return.' Marjorie, will you give it to me, my dear?"

She raised her eyes to his and answered softly:

"I like you very much, monsieur."

"And you will marry me, Marjorie?"

"I—I don't know that."

"Marjorie?"

"I mean, monsieur, I will tell Mr. Lorraine."

"You will not!—you must not!"

"Monsieur!"

"Marjorie, do you not see what I mean? They are all against me, every one of them, and if they knew they would take my little girl away. Marjorie, listen to me. You say you love me—and you do love me—I am sure of that; therefore I wish you to promise to marry me and say nothing to any soul."

"To marry you in secret? Oh, I could not do that, monsieur."

"Then you do not love me, Marjorie?"

"Indeed, it is not true. And Mr. Lorraine is like my father, and he loves me so much. I would not do anything to vex or hurt him, monsieur."

For a moment the Frenchman's face was clouded, and he cast a most ominous look upon the girl; then all in a moment again the sunshine burst forth.

"You have a kind heart, Marjorie," he said. "It is like my little girl to talk so; but she is sensible, and will listen to me. Marjorie, don't think I want to harm you, or lead you to do wrong. I love you, far too well, little one, and my only thought is how I can keep and cherish you all my life."

It must not be supposed that Marjorie was altogether proof against such wooing as this. She believed that the Frenchman was incapable of deceit and thought at first the proposal had given her a shock, she soon came to think in listening to his persuasive voice,

that she was the one to blame. He was so much wiser than she, and he knew so much more of the world; and he loved her so much that he would never counsel her amiss. Marjorie did not consent to his wish, for it is not in a moment that we can wipe away the deeply instilled prejudice of a lifetime, but she finally promised to think it over and see him again.

He walked with her to within a quarter of a mile of the clergyman's gate, then he left her.

During the rest of that day Marjorie went about in a sort of dream, and it was not until she had gone to bed at night that she was able to think dispassionately of the interview.

The next day she went to meet the Frenchman again. The moment he saw her face he knew that in leaving her to reason out the problem he had done well.

She came forward with all the confidence of a child, and said:

"Monsieur Causidiere, since I love you, I will trust you with all my heart."

Oh! the days which followed; the hours of blissful, dreamy joy! Marjorie went every day to meet her lover—each day found her happier than she had been before.

He was good and kind, and her love for him increased, his reasoning seemed logical as well as pleasant, and it was beginning to take a firm hold of her accordingly.

What he might have persuaded her to do it is difficult to imagine, but an event happened which for the time being saved her from precipitation.

She had left her lover one day, promising to think over his proposition for an immediate secret marriage, and give him her decision on the following morning.

She walked along the road with her head filled with the old and still perplexing problem, but at the moment she reached home all such thoughts were rudely driven from her head. She found Mrs. Menteth in the parlor crying bitterly. Mr. Menteth, pale and speechless, stood by her side, with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked Marjorie.

Taking the telegram from the minister's unresisting grasp, she read as follows:

"Send Marjorie home at once. Mr. Lorraine is dangerously ill."

The girl sank with a low cry upon the ground, then with an effort she rose and cried:

"Let me go to him; let me go home!"

Not once that night did Marjorie remember Causidiere or her appointment with him on the following day. Her one thought now was of Mr. Lorraine. She hurriedly left for home.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a raw, wet, windy night when Marjorie arrived at the railway station of Dumfries. Scarcely had the train reached the platform when the figure of a young man leaped upon the footboard and looked in at the carriage window, while a familiar voice addressed her by name.

She looked round, as she stood reaching down some parcels and a small handbag from the net above her seat, and recognized John Sutherland.

"They have sent me to meet you," he said, stretching out his hand. "I have a dog cart waiting outside the station to drive you down."

She took the outstretched hand eagerly, quite forgetful of the angry words with which they had last parted, and cried in a broken voice:

"Oh, Johnnie, is he better?"

"The young man's face looked grave, indeed, as he replied:

"He is about the same. He is very weak, and has been asking for you. But come, let me look after your luggage, and then we'll hurry down."

There were few passengers and little luggage by the train, and they found Marjorie's small leather trunk standing almost by itself on the platform. A porter shouldered it and following him they passed out of the station and found a solitary dog cart waiting with a ragged urchin at the horse's head.

A few minutes later Marjorie and Sutherland was driving rapidly side by side through the dark and rain washed streets of the town. At last they drew up before the gate of the manse.

With an eager cry, half a sob, Marjorie leaped down.

"I'll put up the horse and come back," cried Sutherland.

Marjorie scarcely heard, but opening the gate, ran in across the garden, and knocked softly at the manse door, which was opened almost instantly by Mysie, the old serving woman.

The moment she saw Marjorie she put her finger to her lips.

Marjorie stepped in, and the door was softly closed. Mysie led the way into the study, where a lamp was dimly burning.

"Oh, Mysie, how is he now?"

"The old woman's hard, world-worn face was sad beyond expression, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Wheesh! Miss Marjorie," she answered, "speak low. A wee while aye he sank into a bit sleep. He's awfu' changed! I'm thinkin' he'll no last many hours langer."

"Oh, Mysie!" sobbed the girl, convulsively.

"Wheesh, or he may hear ye! Bide here a minute, and I'll creep ben and see if he has wakened."

She stole from the room.

In a few moments she returned to the door and beckoned. Choking down her emotion Marjorie followed her without a word. They crossed the lobby and entered the rudely furnished bedroom where Mr. Lorraine had slept so many years, and there, in the very bed where the little foundling had been placed twenty-eight years ago, lay the minister—haggard, worn and ghastly, with all the look of a man who was sinking fast. His white hair was strewn upon the pillow, his cheeks were sunken and ashen pale, and his dim blue eyes looked at vacancy, while his thin hand fingered at the counterpane.

Marjorie crept closer, with bursting heart, and looked upon him. As she did so she became conscious of a movement at the foot of the bed. There, kneeling in silence, was old Solomon. He looked up with a face almost as gray and stony as that of his master, but gave no other sign of recognition.

The minister rocked his head from side to side and continued to pick the coverlet, muttering to himself.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, my doo! Ay, put the bairn in my arms—she has your own eyes, Marjorie, your own eyes o' heaven's bine. Solomon, my surplice! To-day's the christening. We'll call her Marjorie, after her mother. A bonny name! A bonny bairn! Bring the light, Solomon! She's wet and weary. We'll lay her down in the bed!"

At the mention of his name Solomon rose like a gaunt specter, and stood gazing desolately at his master. His eyes were wild and tearless, and he shook like a reed.

Suddenly there was a low cry from Solomon.

Marjorie started up, and at the same moment Mr. Lorraine half raised himself on his elbow and looked wildly around him.

"Who's there?" he moaned—"Marjorie!"

And for the first time his eyes seemed fixed on hers in actual recognition.

"Yes, Mr. Lorraine. Oh, speak to me!"

He did not answer, but still gazed upon her with a beautiful smile. His hand was still in hers, and she felt it flutter like a leaf. Suddenly the smile faded into a look of startled wonder and divine awe. He looked at Marjorie, but through her, as it were, at something beyond.

"Marjorie!" he moaned, "I'm coming."

Alas! it was to another Marjorie, some shining presence unheeded of other eyes, that he addressed that last joyful cry. Scarcely had it left his lips than his jaws dropped convulsively, and he fell back upon his pillow, dead.

Let me draw a veil over the sorrow of that night, which was spent by poor Marjorie in uncontrollable grief. Sutherland, returning a little while after the minister's breath had gone, tried in vain to comfort her, but remained in or about the house to the break of day.

Early next morning Miss Hetherington, driving up to the manse door in her faded carriage, heard the sad news. She entered in, looking grim and worn beyond measure, and looked at the dead man. Then she asked for Marjorie, and learned that she had retired to her room. As the lady returned to her carriage she saw young Sutherland standing at the gate.

"It's all over at last, then," she said, "and Marjorie Annan has lost her best friend. Try to comfort her, Johnnie, if ye can."

"I'll do that, Miss Hetherington," cried Sutherland, eagerly.

"The old gang and the young come," muttered the lady. "She's alone now in the world, but I'm her friend still. When the funeral's o'er she must come to stay awhile wi' me. Will ye tell her that?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Ay, I wish it. Poor bairn! It's her first puff o' the ill wind o' sorrow, but when she's as old as me she'll ken there are things in this world far waur than death."

The few days which followed immediately upon the clergyman's funeral were the most wretched Marjorie had ever spent. Habituated in her plain black dress, she sat at home in the little parlor, watching with weary, wistful eyes the figures of Solomon and Mysie, who, similarly clad, moved like ghosts about her; and all the while her thoughts were with the good old man, who, after all, had been her only protector in the world.

While he had been there to cheer and comfort her, she had never realized how far these others were from her. Now she knew she was as one left utterly alone.

It was by her own wish that she remained at the manse. Mrs. Menteth obliged after the funeral to return to her home, had offered to take Marjorie with her, and Miss Hetherington had sent a little note, requesting her to make the Castle her home. Both these invitations Marjorie refused.

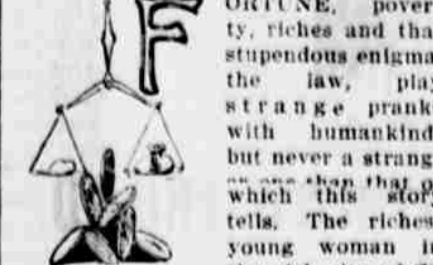
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resented the indignity—"What made you quit the club, Billy?" "Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE IS POOR YET RICH

PREDICAMENT OF PRETTY MISS HULDA DUESTROW.

Sister of the Man Hung in St. Louis for the Murder of His Wife and Child—Wording of Her Father's Will the Cause of Her Present Poverty.



FORTUNE, poverty, riches and that stupendous enigma, the law, play strange pranks with humankind; but never a stranger one than that of which this story tells. The richest young woman in the rich city of St. Louis is absolutely and utterly penniless. Stocks, bonds, houses, lands—vast holdings of every sort and description—are hers, and yet she hasn't the wherewithal to pay a cabman for trundling her to her dressmaker's. Millions of her money lie at interest, piling up enormous profits day after day; but for all that pennywise she is in the face. So far as ready money goes she might better be the woman who sits at the street corner and all day long holds out a tin cup for alms. She is the sister of Arthur Duestrow, who in February last was hanged in St. Louis for the murder of his wife and child, the only millionaire, too, who ever suffered death upon the gallows. Her name is Hulda Duestrow, Louis Duestrow, their father, died in 1892 and left his great fortune in the keeping of the Union Trust Company. There were only three heirs to divide it—then—the widow, her son, Arthur Duestrow, and the girl, who now holds a title to the wealth and yet is poverty stricken. The mother died nearly a year ago. Perhaps it was as well she did. The murderer himself, and after him his baby, whose life he took, would have been chief heirs to all the millions which now stand in the sister's name, and of which she can touch no single penny without the express per-

mission of the court. Duestrow's awful deed diverted the riches from their destined channel and took away from them, maybe, all power they ever might have had to bring happiness to any one. It is not surprising that even thus soon after the commission of his crime and its explanation complications should arise to wake in the minds of superstitious people the belief that the curse of blood is on the Duestrow millions and that naught but difficulty, misfortune of them, the houses of the poor who knew no life but toil, were spared. But when the storm had gone the Duestrow homestead lay in ruins in the pathway of desolation. The one refuge left to the wretched girl whose life, young as it was, had been so darkened with the curse, was a wreck, as her happiness was. More than that, there was not a single dollar of insurance money with which to undertake the labor of rebuilding the place, so that she might have a shelter of her own.

The furniture, wearing apparel—everything that the hapless child owned in the world, save the gigantic fortune which lay snug and untouched in the hands of the trust company, was ruined and worthless when that day was done. She hired a temporary dwelling place, and set about the work of making the old home habitable again. It was a long task, and when it was over there were bills amounting to over \$25,000 against the heiress of the Duestrows. The income which is hers by the provisions of the will is \$10,000 a year, but this had been spent in one way or another incident to the burdensome process of living, and the creditors, when they knocked at her door and asked for their dues, found her penniless.

And that was not the whole story. In addition to the injury the storm had wrought there fell to her the duty of providing for the burial of her brother's body after the hangman's knot had wrung the last vestige of life out of it. The lawyers had taken the last of his money. That increased by \$500 more Miss Duestrow's load of debt, so that the total which, with vouchers, she admits to the consideration of the court is \$26,450. "Unless," the petition says, "the trustee exercises its discretion and grants her application for \$10,000—of her own money—she will be subject to

great distress, not only to meet expenses already incurred, but to provide for her ordinary expenses of living. She has no other means whatsoever that can be applied to the payment of such expenses, inasmuch as she has been obliged to anticipate the income which she receives quarterly under the will of her father." But there stands a fine and perhaps impassable point of law in the way of Miss Duestrow getting this bagatelle which she asks for. Before resorting to the courts she made request of the trust company to let her have the money. But the ghost of her brother and his crime confronted her. The officers of the trust company studied and studied over the old man's will, and the longer they studied the graver their doubts grew, whether, having paid to Arthur Duestrow, in accordance with the terms of the will, the company has not exhausted its power of discretion as trustee. What restrains the trust company from granting Miss Duestrow's request is the fear that Duestrow the elder intended to make \$10,000 the limit of his allowance for the meeting of "unexpected embarrassments," and that in paying that maximum amount to the murderer they canceled all claim which the three heirs might have under that singular provision of the will.

THE "GIN LAW."

First Blow at Liquor Dealing Among Civilized Nations.

This famous "gin law," passed in 1736, is interesting as the earliest severe blow at liquor-selling among civilized nations, says Popular Science Monthly. It levied a tax of 20 shillings a gallon on spirits and a license of £50 for any one selling or dealing in it. And, being in advance of public opinion, it failed, much as other more stringent prohibition laws have failed in our own day. For the cry was at once raised that it taxed the poor man's gin and let the rich man's wine go free. Every wit, every caricaturist had his fling at it. Ballads were hawked around telling of the approaching death of Mother Gin. The liquor shops were hung with black and celebrated uproariously Mme. Geneva's lying in state, her funeral, her wake and so on. The night before the law went into effect, so the contemporary journals say, there was a universal revel all over the country. Every one drank his fill and carried home as much gin besides as he could pay for. To evade the law apothecaries sold it in vials and small packages, sometimes colored and disguised, generally under false labels, such as "Colic Water," "Make Shift," "Ladies' Delight." There were printed directions on some of these packages—e. g.: "Take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Informers were very prominent and exceedingly offensive, inventing snares to catch law-breakers, for the sake of the heavy rewards, and spying and sneaking around in a way particularly distasteful to the English mind. The mere cry of "Liquor spy!" was enough to raise a mob in the London streets, and the informer was lucky if he escaped with a sound thrashing and a ducking in the Thames or the nearest horse pond. Indeed, such an outcry was made about the matter that the ministry became very unpopular, and the law was not enforced after two or three years and was largely modified in 1743, after seven years' trial.

AN ANCIENT LOVE LETTER.

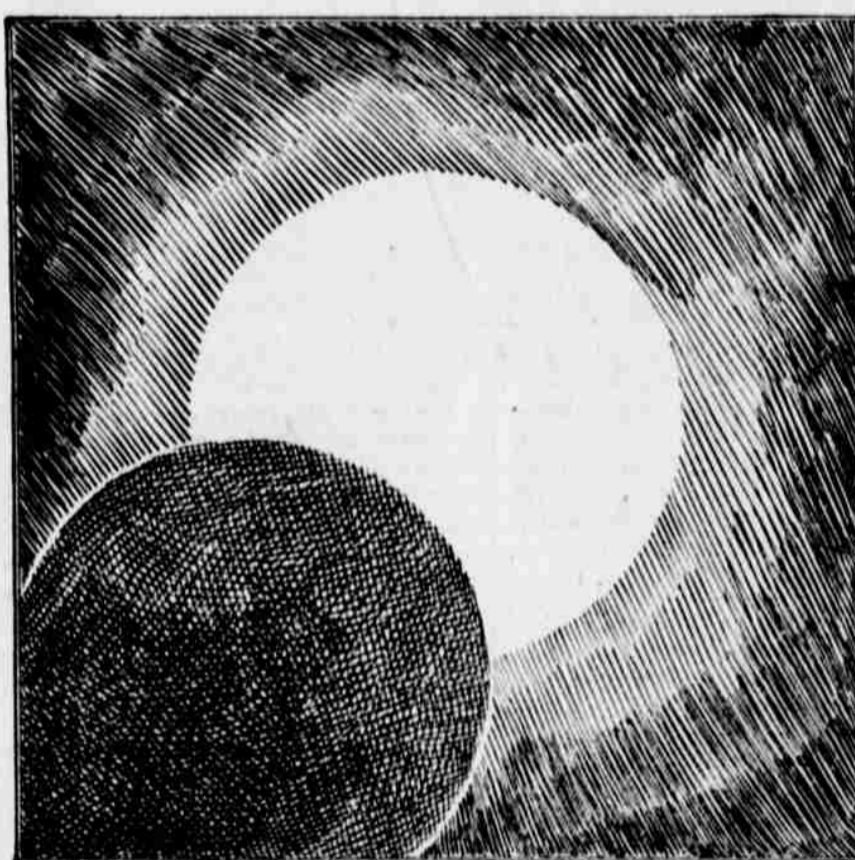
It Was Written by a King of Egypt Many Years Ago.

Once upon a time—before Rome was dreamt of—a king of Egypt wrote to a king of Babylonia asking his daughter's hand in marriage. The king of Babylonia, being a most unromantic parent, declined to enter into any such arrangement until he had substantial proof of the royal suitor's worthiness and honorable intentions. Then followed a long correspondence, which, wonderful to relate, was very much like the correspondence that ensues today when a European monarch takes it into his head to get married. They died, did these two kings, and thirty-five centuries rolled slowly over their graves, and the world grew to be vastly different from what it once was and yet remained vastly the same. In the year 1888 a peasant woman seeking antiquities among the ruins near the city of Tell-el-Amarna found a number of tablets written in the cuneiform characters. In the course of time these tablets reached the hands of one Hugo Winckler, a young Assyriologist, who translated them, among others, and now from the press of Reuther & Reichard of Berlin, there has just been issued a little book entitled "The Tell-el-Amarna Letters." The Nibmuvia referred to below has been identified with Amenhotep, who reigned over Egypt about 1415 B. C. This Nibmuvia had married the sister of the Babylonian king, Kallima-Sin, and, polygamy being much in vogue at that time, had expressed a desire to marry the Babylonian king, however, hesitated, because he did not know how well his sister had been treated.

Built-Up Wood.

There has come into use a method of "building-up" boards by gluing or cementing together thin slabs of wood of different kinds, so placed that the grain of the various pieces is crossed. It is claimed that not only extra strength, but also extra flexibility and durability are thus obtained. Doors made of the prepared wood are said to be stronger than much thicker doors made of ordinary wood, and they do not warp. Packing-boxes and trunks are also made of this material.

PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ECLIPSE.



At Dearborn observatory, Northwestern University, Professor George W. Hough watched the recent eclipse through its entire period. The big telescope was not turned on the sun in the hope of astronomical discovery, but to accommodate the Evanstonians who wanted to observe the phenomena. According to Professor Hough's observations the eclipse began at 7:35 o'clock and ended at 9:47:33. It presented no unusual phases. At different stages of the eclipse photographs were taken by means of a camera attached to the eye-piece of the telescope. One taken at 8:41 o'clock, the maximum stage, proved to be the most nearly perfect. It showed plainly a sun spot near the center of the sun's surface, and the outline of the eclipse was clear. It is here reproduced by the pen and ink process.

mission of the court. Duestrow's awful deed diverted the riches from their destined channel and took away from them, maybe, all power they ever might have had to bring happiness to any one. It is not surprising that even thus soon after the commission of his crime and its explanation complications should arise to wake in the minds of superstitious people the belief that the curse of blood is on the Duestrow millions and that naught but difficulty,



HULDA DUESTROW.

discomfort and unhappiness can ever attend them hereafter. The plea of Hulda Duestrow for a little pocket money out of her millions is a beginning and thousands of persons who believe in signs and omens will watch as time goes on to see the great fortune crumble, and disaster follow wherever its dollars are spread. When at last the murderer was hanged and she alone was left of the family which but a few short years before had been so envied for its riches, she withdrew herself from public view almost entirely. And small wonder! People who knew declared that the shame