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CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

To go to Edinburgh would take her too far from her beloved dead, while the thought of living with Miss Hetherington at Annandale Castle positively appalled her. She said "No."

The lady of the Castle received the refusal kindly, saying, that although Marjorie could not take up her residence at the Castle, she must not altogether avoid it.

"Come when you wish, my bairn," concluded the old lady, "You'll aye be welcome. We are both lonely women now, and must comfort one another."

During the first few days, however, Marjorie did not go. She sat at home during the day, and in the dusk of the evening, when she believed no one would see her, she went forth to visit the churchyard and cry beside her foster-father's grave. At length, however, she remembered the old lady's kindly words, and putting on her bonnet and a thick veil, she one morning set out on a visit to Annandale Castle.

Marjorie had not seen Miss Hetherington since that day she came down to the funeral; when, therefore, she was shown into the lady's presence, she almost uttered a frightened cry. There sat the grim mistress of the Castle in state, but looking as worn and faded as her faded surroundings. Her face was pinched and worn, as if with heart eating grief or mortal disease. She received the girl fondly, yet with something of her old imperious manner, and during the interview she renewed the offer of protection.

But Marjorie, after looking at the dreary room and its strange mistress, gave a most decided negative.

She remained with Miss Hetherington only a short time, and when she left the Castle, her mind was so full of solicitude that she walked along utterly oblivious to everything about her. Suddenly she started and uttered a glad cry of surprise. A man had touched her on the shoulder, and, lifting her eyes, she beheld her lover.

The Frenchman was dressed as she had last seen him, in plain black; his face was pale and troubled. Marjorie, feeling that new sense of desolation upon her, drew near to his side.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, "you have come—at last."

Caussidiere did not embrace her, but held her hands and patted them fondly, while Marjorie, feeling comforted by his very presence, allowed her tears to flow unrestrainedly. He let her cry for a time, then he placed her hand upon his arm and walked with her slowly in the direction of the manse.

"My Marjorie," he said, "my own dear love! this has been a sore trial to you, but you have borne it bravely. I have seen you suffer, and I have suffered, too."

"You have seen, monsieur?"

"Yes, Marjorie. Did you think because I was silent I had forgotten? Ah, no, my love. I have watched over you always. I have seen you go forth at night and cry as if your little heart would break. But I have said nothing, because I thought 'Such grief is sacred. I must watch and wait,' and I have waited."

"Yes, monsieur."

"But today, Marjorie, when I saw you come from the Castle with your face all troubled—ah, so troubled, my Marjorie!—I thought, 'I can wait no longer; my little one needs me; she will tell me her grief, and now in her hour of need I will help her.' So I have come, Marjorie, and my little one will confide all her sorrows to me."

Then the child in her helplessness clung to him; for he loved her and sympathized with her; and she told him the full extent of her own desolation.

The Frenchman listened attentively while she spoke. When she ceased he clasped her hands more fervently than before, and said:

"Marjorie, come to my home!"

She started and drew her hands away. She knew what more he would say, and it seemed to her sacrilege, when the clergyman had been so recently laid to his grave. The Frenchman, gathering from her face the state of her mind, continued prosaically enough:

"I know it is not a time to talk of love, Majorie; but it is a time to talk of marriage! When you were in Edinburgh, you gave me your promise, and you said you loved me. I ask you now, fulfill your promise; let us become man and wife!"

"You wish me to marry you now, monsieur?"

"Ah, yes, Marjorie."

"Although I am a penniless, friendless, homeless lass?"

"What is that to me, my dear? I love you, and I wish you to be my wife!"

"You are very good."

"Marjorie?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, when will you make me the happiest man alive?"

Marjorie looked at her black dress, and her eyes filled with tears.

"I do not know—I can not tell," she said. "Not yet."

"En bien!—but it must not be long delayed. The decrees of destiny hurry us onward. You will soon be thrust from the manse, as you say, while I must return to France."

"You are going away!"

"Most assuredly I must soon go. My future is brightening before me, and I am glad—thank heaven!—there are few dark clouds looming ahead to sadden our existence, my child. The tyrant who desecrates France will one day fall; meantime his advisers have persuaded him to pardon many political offenders, myself amongst them. So I shall see France again! God is good! When He restores me to my country he will give me also my wife. Put your little hand in mine and say, 'Leon, I trust you with all my heart.' Say it, my child, and, believe me, your faith shall not be misplaced."

He held forth his hand to her, and Marjorie, tremblingly raising her eyes to his face, said in broken accents, "I do trust you." So a second time the troth was plighted, and whether for good or ill, Marjorie's fate was sealed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The day following her final promise to Caussidiere, Marjorie received intimation that the new minister was coming without delay to take possession of the living. Her informant was Solomon Mucklebackit, whose funereal despair was tempered with a certain lofty scorn.

On the following Saturday arrived the new minister, prepared to officiate for the first time in the parish. He was a youngish man, with red hair and beard, and very pink complexion, but his manners were unassuming and good natured. His wife and family, he explained, were about to follow him in about ten days; and in the meantime his furniture and other chattels were coming on by train. Shown over the manse by Solomon, he expressed no little astonishment at finding only two or three rooms furnished, and those very barely.

"Mr. Lorraine never married?" he inquired, as they passed from room to room.

"The meenister was a wise man," replied Solomon, ambiguously. "He lived and he dee'd in single sanctity, according to the holy commandments of the Apostle Paul."

"Just so," said Mr. Freeland, with a smile. "Well, I shall find the manse small enough for my belongings. Mistress Freeland has been used to a large house, and we shall need every room. The chamber facing the river, up stairs, will make an excellent nursery."

"My ain bedroom!" muttered Solomon. "Weel, weel, I'm better out of the house."

At the service on the following day there was a large attendance to welcome the new minister. Solomon occupied his usual place as precentor, and his face, as Mr. Freeland officiated above him, was a study in its expression of mingled scorn, humiliation and despair. But the minister had a resonant voice, and a manner of thumping the cushion which carried conviction to the hearts of all unprejudiced observers. The general verdict upon him, when the service was over, was that he was the right man in the right place, and "a grand preacher."

The congregation slowly cleared away, while Majorie, lingering behind, walked sadly to the grave of her old foster-father, and stood looking upon it through fastly-falling tears. So rapt was she in her own sorrow that she did not hear a footstep behind her, and not till Caussidiere had come up and taken her by the hand was she aware of his presence.

"So the change has come at last, my Marjorie," he said; "was I not right? This place is no longer a home for you."

"Monsieur!"

"Call me Leon. Shall we not be man and wife?"

But Marjorie only sobbed.

"He was so good. He was my first, my only friend!"

"Peace be with him," returned the Frenchman, tenderly. "He loved you dearly, mignonne, and I knew his only wish would be to see you happy. Look what I hold in my hand. A charm—a talisman—parbleu, it is like the wonderful lamp of Aladdin, which will carry us, as soon as you will, hundreds of miles away."

As he spoke he drew forth a folded paper and smilingly held it before her.

"What is it, monsieur?" she asked, perplexed.

"No; you must call me Leon—then I will tell you."

"What is it—Leon?"

"The special license, Marjorie, which permits us to marry when and where we will."

Marjorie started and trembled, then she looked wildly at the grave.

"Not yet," she murmured. "Do not ask me yet."

He glanced round—no one was near—so with a quick movement he drew her to him, and kissed her fondly on the lips.

"You have no home now," he cried; "strangers come to displace you, to turn you out into the cold world. But you have one who loves you a thousand times better for your sorrow and your poverty—ah, yes, I know you are poor!—and who will be your loving protector till the end."

She looked at him in wonder. Ah, how good and kind he was! Knowing her miserable birth, seeing her friendless and almost cast away, he would still be beside her, to comfort and cherish her with his deep affection. If she had ever doubted his sincerity, could she doubt it now?

* * * * * *

Half an hour later Caussidiere was walking rapidly in the direction of Annandale Castle. He looked supremely self-satisfied and happy, and hummed a light French air as he went.

Arriving at the door, he knocked, and the serving-woman appeared in answer to the summons.

"Miss Hetherington, if you please."

"You canna see her," was the sharp reply. "What's your business?"

"Give her this card, if you please, and tell her I must see her without delay."

After some hesitation the woman carried the card away, first shutting the door unceremoniously in the visitor's face. Presently the door opened again, and the woman beckoned him in.

He followed her along the gloomy lobbies, and up stairs, till they reached the desolate boudoir which he had entered on a former occasion.

The woman knocked.

"Come in," said the voice of her mistress.

Caussidiere entered the chamber, and found Miss Hetherington, wrapped in an old-fashioned morning gown, seated in an arm-chair at her escritoire. Parchments, loose papers and packets of old letters lay scattered before her. She wheeled her chair sharply round as he entered, and fixed her eyes upon the Frenchman's face. She looked inexpressibly wild and ghastly, but her features wore an expression of indomitable resolution.

Caussidiere bowed politely, then, turning softly, he closed the door.

"What brings you here?" demanded the lady of the Castle.

"I wish to see you, my lady," he returned. "First, let me trust that you are better, and apologize for having disturbed you on such a day."

Miss Hetherington knitted her brows and pointed with trembling forefinger to a chair.

"Sit down" she said.

Caussidiere obeyed her, and sat down, hat in hand. There was a pause, broken at last by the lady's querulous voice.

"Weel, speak! Have you lost your tongue, man? What's your will with me?"

Caussidiere replied with extreme suavity:

"I am anxious, my lady, that all misunderstanding should cease between us. To prove my sincerity, I will give you a piece of news. I have asked Miss Annan to marry me, and with your consent she is quite willing."

"What!" cried Miss Hetherington, half rising from her chair, and then sinking back with a gasp and a moan. "Have ye dared?"

Caussidiere gently inclined his head.

"And Marjorie—she has dared to accept ye, without warning me?"

"Pardon me, she is not aware that you have any right to be consulted. I, however, who acknowledge your right, have come in her name to solicit your kind approbation."

"And what do you threaten, man, if I say 'no no—a hundred times no?'"

Caussidiere shrugged his shoulders.

"Parbleu, I threaten nothing; I am a gentleman, as I have told you. But should you put obstacles in my way, it may be unpleasant for all concerned."

Miss Hetherington rose to her feet, livid with rage, and shook her extended hands in her tormentor's face.

"It's weel for you I'm no a man! If I were a man, ye would never pass that door again living! I defy ye—I scorn ye! Ye coward, to come here and molest a sick woman!"

She tottered as she spoke, and fell back into her chair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PRETTY SCREEN.

One Which Can Be Easily and Inexpensively Made at Home.

Soft pine wood panels of the desired size are cut by a carpenter and are then covered by stretching velours, denim or any plain colored, durable material tightly across one side, tacked into place, and the reverse side covered with any good lining for the part of the screen not intended to show, says the Philadelphia Times. The next step in the process is to cut stiff brown paper panels the size of the wooden ones, and on them draw in charcoal a simple outline, conventional pattern.

If one is not original enough to do this alone, ask some friend to draw one, or copy some good design from an art magazine. The center panel should be the most prominent, while the side ones each have the same design, reversed to suit the branches of the screen and in its main features harmonizing with the center one. When this is done, lay the paper on the panel, tack it in place and along each line of the pattern tack in gently upholstery nails, arranged carefully at equal distances.

These should be indicated by pencil marks if one has not a correct eye. When this is done the paper is torn out from beneath the nails, consequently too tough paper should not be used, and each nail is then carefully driven home with a hammer until it sinks into the body of the material itself, giving a very rich metallic effect, for slight cost and little ingenuity. This style of screen is particularly well suited to dining rooms or halls, and may be made almost as effective without a framework, using the plain wooden panels hinged together after the work on them is completed.

Artificial habits are born tyrants.

READY FOR A FRAY.

OUR NAVAL COMMANDER AT HONOLULU.

Rear Admiral Beardsley of the United States Navy May See Some Lively Times in the Sandwich Islands. His Record as a Sailor.

REAR Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, who will safeguard the interests of the United States in Hawaii during the annexation crisis, is one of the most interesting characters in the United States navy. He is now 61 years old, and is a thorough sailor. He has been in the navy ever since 1850, when he was appointed acting midshipman. In 1855 he was attached to the sloop Plymouth for service in the East Indies, and in that year he participated in some of the actions and in at least one battle with the Chinese army at Shanghai. In 1856 he was made passed midshipman and detailed for service on the Merrimac. In 1863 he was attached to the Nantucket, and he participated in the attack on the ironclad fleet in Charleston Harbor on April 7, 1863. After the war Lieutenant Beardslee, for that was now his title, commanded the gunboat Aroostook. Subsequently he was transferred to the command of the steamer Saginaw of the Pacific squadron, and later to the command of the steam sloop Lackawanna of the same station. In 1869 he was commissioned a commander. He served a year in the hydrographic office in Washington. Since that time he has steadily risen in the service. Now he occupies one of the foremost places in the navy. Admiral Beardslee is a most efficient officer, and is brave, gentle, and popular. He has been a rear admiral since June 27, 1895.

REAR ADMIRAL BEARDSLEE.

The Sewing Machine.

How many women, who day after day, keep up the rocking motion of the sewing machine treadle ever stop to think what this invention means, not only to them, but to the whole world? And do they know that ninety-per cent of all the machines made in the world are the product of this great country of ours? Sewing machines have revolutionized many branches of business, especially is this the case in all kinds of leather work from the heaviest harness to the lightest gloves. A really first-class machine ready for market costs about twenty dollars. From this figure the price drops to about fourteen, with possibly twelve, for the most inferior grades of what are considered tolerable machines. Hundreds of thousands of persons make their entire living by means of the sewing machine, and probably millions are gainers by its use. During a period of over thirty years the value of the exports of sewing machines was something like seventy millions of dollars. In 1896 they were considerably over three millions. Three hundred and fifty thousand pairs of shoes were sewed by machinery prior to 1877, and this product has multiplied almost belief since that date.

The Original of Jeanie Deans.

The stone placed in Irongray shurchyard, Scotland, above the tomb of Helen Walker, the girl who served Sir Walter Scott as original for Jeanie Deans, is being chipped to pieces by relic-hunters. It was this girl who saved her sister's life by an appeal to the Duke of Argyle, and furnished Scott with a heroine for "The Heart of Midlothian."

Getting Down to Business.

"Have you made any new discoveries today with reference to that case we're working on?" inquired one detective.

"Not yet," replied the other. I haven't had time to read the newspapers."—Washington Star.

His Surmise.

She—Why is it, I wonder, that little men so often marry large women?"

He—I don't know, unless it is that the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements."—Cleveland Leader.

WAS KING FOR THREE MONTHS

The Luck of a Sea Captain Wrecked Near the Carolinas.

Capt. Curtis, of the wheat ship Eurydice was in the city today, having returned with his vessel to the West Seattle elevator. He has had an experience within the past twelve months that might make many a skipper envious, having ruled as king a group of islands in the South Pacific ocean. Capt. Curtis was the first officer of the ship Flora E. Stafford, which was lost at sea about a year ago.

"When the Stafford was given up," said Capt. Curtis this morning, "we lowered the boats and left her at sea. I had six men with me in one boat, and the captain went in another boat. My boat headed for the Caroline Islands, and after fifteen days we came in sight of land. We were royally welcomed by the natives, who could not do enough to honor us. Ikickikee, king of the Caroline, insisted that he should abdicate his throne and make me his successor. I did not assume the royal garments and robes, for etiquette down there requires none of them, but I took the sceptre and ruled over those islands for three months. I wooed and won the ex-king's daughter, and I also gave out orders against cannibalism, for I thought some of the Stafford's crew might drift ashore. My orders were strictly obeyed, for I was an absolute monarch. They allowed me little time to sleep. Every night I was compelled to start the hoolah-hoolah dances with the women, and every day and night some delegations of natives from other islands in the group would call upon me to arbitrate in some murder case. These fellows were always killing each other. I would get into their canoes and go with them. I would hear their testimony and decide who was guilty. My decision was final and the guilty man would be shot.

"After remaining on the island three months I took passage on the first steamer that passed. I was landed at Manila in the Philippines, and reached there in time to see the execution of four insurgents. They were learned native doctors. They were led out to a public park and shot by half a regiment of soldiers. They fell to the earth pierced by a score of bullets. There was fighting on the island all the time. No one was allowed on the streets after 9 o'clock at night. The captain of the Stafford had landed safely at Manila eight days after the wreck."

After leaving Manila Capt. Curtis succeeded in reaching Hong Kong where he was at once placed in command of the Eurydice. He did not tell his experience until reaching the sound. The Eurydice broke all records, coming from Hong Kong in nineteen days.—Seattle Times.

Sells Coal and Wood.

The death of her husband six years ago left Mrs. Nellie Russell Kimball the owner of a large coal and wood yard at Dunkirk, Pa. The young widow's health was low, but she bravely took up the heavy business and ever since has managed it with rare success. In addition to a local trade she has the contract for supplying all the coal used by five dredges employed by the government for cleaning the harbor; this means supplying 3,000 tons. Mrs. Kimball is her own bookkeeper, weighs every ton of coal sent from the yards, employs and discharges her own men and personally watches the care of her horses. Recetly she has added an eighty-acre farm to her cares. The young business woman has fair hair, blue eyes and a delightful manner.

MRS. NELLIE RUSSELL KIMBALL.

The average cigar is from 4 to 6 inches in length.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

An Increase in Heat or the Retort to the Man Who Got Fired—An Insult Resented—Planning a Restful Time—Too Smooth, Etc.

The Candidates.

TALKING 'bout environment
And other things ez queer,
And how some folks is influenced
By seasons of the year;
Jest watch our friendly candidate,
And every time you'll see
How jest afore election
He's ez good ez he kin be.

He seems a sort uv average man
In ordinary times—
A chap ez how you seldom see
A spendin' uv his dimes.
He ain't exzactly famous for
His broad philanthropie;
But jest afore election
He's ez free ez he kin be.

When he walks into Coffee John's
The heelers near and far,
To hear his idees on reform,
Crowd in around the bar;
And where's a freer-hearted man
In all the town than he,
For jest afore election
He's ez good ez he kin be.

Since business is so sluggish like
And summer came so late,
I don't know what we would do
Without the festive candidate;
With his smile so set and stiddy,
And his glad, outreachin' hand,
He sheds a sort of radiance
Wherever he may stand.

We hev to take him ez he is—
Leastwise that's my idee—
And that may be the reason
Why his beamin' face we see.
But after he's elected—
It makes me sore to say—
He wants not our acquaintance
Till next election day.

An Increase in Heat.

Hojack—Does your employer treat you as warmly now as he did at first?

Tomdik—More so.

Hojack—Indeed? That's good.

Tomdik—Yes. He fired me yesterday—Up-to-Date.

All Twins.

The tramps who "lost everything in the Mississippi floods" are now abroad in the land. One of them approached a benevolent old gentleman in Atlanta Sunday. "And you say," said the old gentleman, "that your children were drowned in the flood?" "Yes, sir," replied the tramp, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve; "seventeen of 'em, sir!" "God bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "you are a young man scarcely 30, and——" "I know it, sir," interrupted the weeping tramp, "but they wuz all twins."—Atlanta Constitution

Planning a Restful Time.

"Well, I did as you requested—told your wife she must go to the mountains."

"I hope you fixed it so she won't take me with her."

"Yes; I told her that she ought to find a big mountain, and have it all to herself."—Chicago Record.

Too Smooth.

"Why have you quit riding the bicycle with Miss Smoothly, Dick?"

"She knows the town too well. She would pilot me to an ice cream parlor in the quietest residence district I could find."—Detroit Free Press.

Resented.

Sorry Sawyer—From dis day Tired Taggsey an' me is mortal enemies. He offered an insult to me perfeshunal pride dat I kin never forgive.

Weary Walker—Wot wur de natur uv de insult?

Sorry Sawyer—I wuz sunnin' mese'f on dat board pile, an' he asked me if I wuz takin' a sun-bath.—Up-to-Date.

Particulars Wanted.

"Little Binks is going to marry that very tall Miss Hopkins."

"Goodness! How did he court her—with a stepladder or a telephone?"—Chicago Record.

Boston, of Course.

"Pretty Polly!" said the lady. "Can Polly talk?"

"Polly," replied the Boston parrot, "can converse."—Indianapolis Journal.