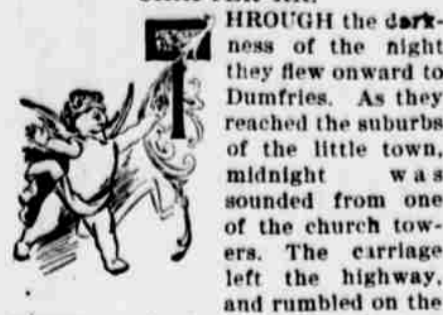




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CHAPTER XX.



THROUGH the darkness of the night they flew onward to Dumfries. As they reached the suburbs of the little town, midnight was sounded from one of the church towers. The carriage left the highway, and rumbled on the causeway of the streets. About a quarter of an hour later it drew up in front of the railway station.

All was very quiet and gloomy. The only human being visible was a solitary railway porter.

Causidiere leaped out. "At what hour passes the express for the south?" he demanded.

"At half-past twelve, sir. You've ten or twelve minutes."

Marjorie drew the hood of her cloak closely round her face, and, taking her lover's hands, descended from the carriage and stood shivering and trembling on the pavement.

Causidiere paid the fly-driver, and, ordering the porter to follow with the luggage, drew Marjorie's hand upon his arm and strode into the station.

On reaching the platform, Marjorie cast a frightened look around, dreading to behold some familiar face; but, beyond a couple of half-tipsy commercial travelers and a cattle-driver en route for the south, no one was visible.

A little later the two were seated alone in a first-class carriage and rapidly whirling southward.

The train ran right through to Carlisle, where they alighted. Hailing a fly, they were driven to an inn, already familiar to Causidiere, in an obscure part of the town. They were evidently expected, and the hostess had prepared separate rooms.

After a light supper, of which Marjorie scarcely partook, but which the Frenchman made festive with a bottle of very bad champagne, they parted for the night.

"Good-night, my darling," said Causidiere, fondly. "To-morrow, early, I shall be the happiest man in all the world."

Nothing could be kinder or more respectful than his manner; yet poor Marjorie retired with a heavy heart, and it was not for some hours afterward that she cried herself to sleep.

The day following Marjorie's departure there was commotion at the manse. At early morning her absence had been discovered, and to make assurance doubly sure, the following note had been found lying open on her dressing-table:

"Dear Mr. Menteth—When you receive this, I shall be far away. I have gone with one who loves me very much, and in a few hours we shall be married. Pray, pray do not think me wicked or ungrateful; but I was afraid to tell you how much I loved him, for fear you should be angry at my choice. He has promised to bring me back in a little time to ask forgiveness of all my friends. Tell Solomon, with my fond love, how weary I shall be till I see him again; he was always good to me, and I shall never forget him. Tell Miss Hetherington, too; I never had a kinder friend; but she must not blame me for following the wish of my heart. God bless you all! Your loving

MARJORIE ANNAN.

That was the letter, and Mr. Menteth read it aloud in utter amazement. It would be false to say that he exhibited any more violent emotion, for he had merely a friendly interest in the girl, and felt for her no overmastering affection. But Solomon Mucklebackit, after listening thunderstruck, uttered a wild cry, and struck his forehead with his clinched hand.

"I kenned it, I foresaw it! It's the Frenchman, dawm him!"

"Hush," said the minister. "No profanity, my man."

"Dawm him, dawm him!" repeated the sexton, trembling with passion. "He has stolen oor Marjorie away. I saw the dell's mark on his face when he first came creeping ben oor house and fell sleeping in oor kirk. Dawm him, I say—noo and for evermaist!"

Then Mr. Menteth, not without difficulty, elicited from Solomon, who was almost distraught, the whole story of Causidiere's acquaintance with Marjorie, and subsequent visits to the manse.

"After all," said Mr. Menteth, reflectively, "he is a gentleman, and as they are going to be married—"

"Married!" ejaculated Solomon. "Marry an awtheist—marry the dell! But he'll n'er marry her. He'll betray her and heart-break her, and cast her a-way."

In the limits of a small Scotch village news of any kind soon spreads, and before mid-day Marjorie's elopement was being discussed everywhere. Presently John Sutherland appeared at the manse, looking pale as death. On questioning Mr. Menteth, he soon learned the whole state of affairs.

Mr. Menteth handed him Marjorie's letter. He read it, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Not yet," replied Mr. Menteth. "I will go to her at once," cried Sutherland. "It is right that she should know. Perhaps she can advise us what to do."

Breathless and wild, he arrived at the Castle door. Directly he had summoned the serving-woman, he discovered that the news had arrived before him.

"She's like a wild creature," said the servant. "I'm in dread to face her, and she's ordered out the carriage, and will drive awa' at once. If ye must see her, rang in yerse!; I daurna announce your coming!"

Sutherland stepped into the hall. "Where's she?" whispered the woman. "I hear her coming down the stair."

Scarcely had she spoken, when Miss Hetherington, cloaked and bonneted, appeared at the other end of the hall. She approached feebly, leaning on her staff; and as Sutherland hastened to meet her, he saw that her face was like that of a corpse, her hair disheveled and wild, her whole frame trembling with unusual excitement.

"Is it true?" she cried, gripping Sutherland's arm.

"Yes, Miss Hetherington."

"Marjorie Annan has left the manse?"

"Yes, last night."

"And in that scoundrel's company?"

"I believe so; but in her letter she mentions no name."

"Her letter? What letter?"

Sutherland thereupon told her of the lines Marjorie had left for Mr. Menteth. She listened trembling; then seizing the young man's arm again, she drew him into the drawing-room and closed the door.

"Let me think, let me think!" she cried, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hand.

When she looked up, her eyes were full of tears.

"She's a lost lassie! And I might have saved her had I known! Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie! My brother's curse has come home to us both at last!"

Sutherland looked at her in utter astonishment. He had expected to find her angry and indignant, but her manner as well as her words were beyond measure extraordinary. Before he could speak again, she rose to her feet, and said, between her firmly set lips:

"Johnny Sutherland, listen to me! Have you the heart of a man?"

"What do you mean?"

"While you stand glowering there, she's rushing awa' to her ruin! Will you gang after her, and in that villain's very teeth bring her back?"

"I don't even know where she has gone," replied Sutherland; "and, besides, she has fled of her own will, and I have no right—"

Miss Hetherington interrupted him impatiently, almost fiercely.

"You have the right, that you loved her yourself. Ay, I ken all that! Find her, save her from that man, and I swear before God you shall marry her, Johnny Sutherland!"

But the young man shook his head, looking the picture of despair.

"It is too late," he said; "and, after all, he is her choice."

"What right has she to choose?" cried Miss Hetherington. "She cannot, she dare not, against my wish and will. I tell you he has beguiled her, and spirited her awa'. If you were half a man, you'd be after them ere this—you'd hunt them down."

"But what could I do?" exclaimed Sutherland, in utter consternation.

"Do!" cried the lady of the Castle, almost screaming. "Kill the scoundrel—kill him! Oh, if I had my fingers at his throat, I'd strangle him, old as I am!"

Overpowered with her emotion, she sank into a chair. Full of amazement and sympathy, Sutherland bent over and endeavored to calm her. As he did so, she began moaning and sobbing as if heartbroken.

Then suddenly, with eyes streaming and lips quivering, she looked pathetically up in his face.

"The blame is all mine!" she sobbed. "God has punished me, Johnny Sutherland. I should have defied the scandal o' the world, and taken her to my heart lang syne. I'm a sinful woman, and—Marjorie Annan is my child!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HE next day Causidiere and Marjorie walked together through the fields until they came to a quaint old church standing alone on a lonely suburban road.

When they entered it was quite empty, and Causidiere, grown very serious now, looked at his watch and walked restlessly about. Marjorie entered one of the pews, and, falling on her knees, prayed silently.

How long she remained there she did not know; a hand laid gently upon her shoulder recalled her to herself, and looking up she saw her lover.

"Come, Marjorie," he said; "come, my love."

She rose from her knees; he put his arms about her and led her away.

What followed seemed like a dream. She was only dimly conscious of walk-

ing up the broad aisle and taking her place before the altar rails. She saw as in a mist the clergyman in his white robe, and a man and a woman who were complete strangers. She was conscious of the service being read, of giving her responses, of her hands being clasped, and of a ring being put upon her finger. Then she was led away again; she was in a strange room, she signed her name, and as she laid down the pen, Causidiere clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

"My wife!" he said.

Yes, it was all over; the past was done with, the future begun. Marjorie Annan had been by that simple ceremony transformed into "Marjorie Causidiere."

The ceremony over, the wife and husband returned to the inn, where they had a private luncheon.

Then she entered the carriage which was awaiting her, and drove away by her husband's side to the railway station.

CHAPTER XXII.

HE revelation of the true relationship between the minister's ward and the proud lady of the Castle fairly stupefied John Sutherland, it was so utterly overwhelming and unexpected. There was a long pause.

There was a long pause, filled only with the low monotonous wail of the miserable woman. At last Sutherland found his tongue, though to little purpose.

"Oh, Miss Hetherington, what is this you are telling me? I cannot believe it! Marjorie your daughter! Surely, surely you cannot mean what you say?"

"It is God's truth, Johnnie Sutherland," replied the lady, gradually recovering her composure. "I thought to bear the secret with me to my grave, but it's out at last. Grief and despair wrenched it out of me ere I kenned what I was saying. Gang your ways," she added, bitterly, "and spread it like the town-crier. Let all the world ken that the line o' the Hetheringtons ends as it began, in a black bar sinister and a nameless shame."

"Do not say that!" cried Sutherland. "What you have said is sacred between you and me, I assure you! But Marjorie—Did she know what you told me?"

Miss Hetherington shook her head.

"She had neither knowledge nor suspicion. Even Mr. Lorraine knew nothing, though while I fancied that he made a guess. Only one living man besides yourself ever found out the truth, and maybe ere this Marjorie has learned it fra him. God help me! she'll learn to hate and despise me when he tells her all."

"You mean the Frenchman?" said Sutherland. "How is it that he—"

"Curse him for a black-hearted devil!" said Miss Hetherington, with an access of her old fury. "He came here like a spy when I was awa', and he searched among my papers, and he found in my desk a writing I should have burnt lang syne. Then he threatened, and fool-like I gave him money to quit the place. He has quitted it, but with her in his company, wae's me!"

And she wrung her hands in despair. Then quick as thought her mood changed, and she rose trembling to her feet.

"But there's no time to be lost. While we stand blethering and glowering, he's bearing her awa'. Johnny Sutherland, let me look in your face. Once again, have ye the heart of a man?"

Suited the action to the word, she gazed at him as if to read his very soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the Chinese Quarter.

It is an experience for one who has never been in the Chinese quarter to go into one of those dark hallways, say in Pell street, and take either the stairway at hand, or cross the back area and take the stairway of the rear tenement, writes a New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. The air is suffocatingly sweet with the odor of opium. On the stairs you meet Chinamen, smoking cigarettes that give out a curious Oriental smell. At each laundry are four doors, each with what looks like a Chinese laundry slip pasted between the upper panels. And if your step is unfamiliar, many of these doors will open. Then you get a glimpse of an Oriental interior, luxurious with couches, rugs, soft burning lamps, delicate china and all manner of costly wares from the east. And blocking the doorway stands the hostess. She will be Caucasian. She will be comely. She will be clad in a loose gown of some gaily flowered material. She will have high heeled shoes and a slight showing of a gaudy silk stocking. In her fingers will be a lighted cigarette. In her eyes will be that shifting, dreamy expression that tells the opium smoker as plainly as the stained fingers tell the cigarette slave.

Missed the Nightingale's Song.

An amusing story is told of the late Jean Ingelow. Once when she was staying with some friends in the country it transpired that, although she often wrote delightfully of nightingales, she had never heard one sing. So one night the whole household went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and after, by an effort, holding their tongues for five minutes while the nightingales sang divinely, they were startled by Miss Ingelow asking, "Are they singing? I don't hear anything!" With a Londoner's dread of draughts, the poetess, before going out into the night air, had filled her ears with cotton wool!—Philadelphia Record.

JEALOUSY'S CRIME.

A CHICAGO SHOWMAN KILLS HIS WIFE.

Their Little Girl Awakens to Find Their Dead Bodies Drenched in Their Life's Blood—An Unusually Atrocious Deed.



MUSSETTA CLIFFORD.

HARLES CLIFFORD killed his wife and then committed suicide in Chicago the other morning. Jealousy is supposed to have been the cause.

Clifford, his wife and their daughter Musetta, 14 years old, resided in the rear of a small restaurant and confectionery store conducted by Mrs. Clifford. John Morris, who operates the Lion laundry at 300 Rush street, opened his shop at 6:30 o'clock, according to his usual custom. He noticed that the morning rolls and the full milk can of his neighbor lay untouched on the doorstep, and he stepped to the low window to call them, as he had often done before. Neither Clifford nor his wife responded, but the girl Musetta, hearing the call from the room adjoining that of her mother, where she had been sleeping, slipped out of bed and went into her mother's room.

The sunlight that fell upon the bed through the half-closed shutters gleamed on crimson bed clothing, on a revolver by the bed side, and on the blood stained bodies of her parents. Screaming with fright, the girl ran to the door and called Morris, who after hastily looking into the room, went to call the police. Then it was discovered that Mrs. Clifford's throat had been cut by her husband, and that he had shot himself in the right temple. Each apparently had died instantly, for there was no evidences of a struggle. Mrs. Clifford's body lay in the night clothing in a natural position, with the head resting on the pillow as if in sleep. The body of Clifford lay across the foot of the bed, clad in underclothing and trousers only. The woman's throat apparently had been cut with one stroke of a butcher knife, which lay with the revolver beside the bed. Her face and the whole upper part of the bed were stained with the blood from her wound.

The police took possession of the bodies, and a search was begun for something that would throw light upon the motive of the crime. In the pocket of Clifford's trousers were found two notes addressed to Mrs. Clifford and signed by Gust A. Penner, a recently appointed police officer residing at 345 Grand avenue. They were on paper bearing the heading of the police department, bore dates of Aug. 3 and Aug. 4, and apparently had been received by Mrs. Clifford while on a trip to St. Joseph, Mich. They were as follows: No. 1: "Chicago, Aug. 3.—Mrs. L. M. Clifford, 119 State street, St. Joseph, Mich.: I will leave here tomorrow (Wednesday) evening by the night boat at 11:30 o'clock for St. Joe. Hoping you are well and having a good time. I remain respectfully yours, Gust A. Penner." No. 2: "Chicago, Aug. 4.—Mrs. L. M. Clifford, St. Joe, Mich.: Impossible to leave on tonight's boat, but will leave on Thursday (tomorrow) morning boat at 9:30 o'clock. Meet me and bring your lady friends with you. Yours, etc., Gus."

Penner was appointed to the police force the day before, and had served one day at the Chicago avenue station. The finding of these notes in Clifford's pocket has convinced the police that the murder and suicide was the result of jealousy.

Clifford was 38 years old and his wife 35. They had been married seventeen years, but during the last three years



C. W. CLIFFORD.

had lived apart most of the time. The two, with their daughter Musetta, came to Chicago from Rochester, N. Y., in the latter part of 1894, and Mrs. Clifford started the restaurant. Clifford had had concessions for a weight machine at several places of amusement.

The daughter has been for the last two years at St. Joseph's Academy of the Sacred Heart at Cedar Rapids, Ia. On her return last June she found that her father and mother had quarreled and that Clifford was living alone in a west side flat. The difference was smoothed over, however, and the three were united in the little Rush street house. But, according to the daughter and the neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who have known the Cliffords for seven or eight years, Clifford's ungovernable temper made matters continually unpleasant. He suspected his wife of infidelity and made threat after threat to kill her. She in her turn grew angry, and there was anything but peace between them.

Ellis Anfeld, a little girl employed to help about the restaurant, told the coroner that Clifford told his wife every few days he would murder her soon but she never believed him. Tuesday

afternoon, by the girl's story, Mrs. Clifford was chopping meat, when her husband grasped the knife and said, "How would you like me to use this on you?" Mrs. Clifford grew angry and answered, "Go on, kill me. You said you would often enough. Do it now, while Ella's looking." Clifford muttered something the girl did not catch, and put down the knife.

Tuesday night Mrs. Clifford and Musetta were sitting sewing, when Clifford entered and ordered the little girl out of the room. Her mother told her to sit still, and when she obeyed her mother Clifford was furiously angry. At 11 o'clock the family went to bed. It is supposed the deed was done about 4 o'clock. Morris and his wife were awakened at that time by something that sounded like a shot. Morris declares, but he did not investigate it.

Penner, supposed to be the indirect cause of the murder, had known Mrs. Clifford only a week, and was introduced to her by Clifford himself, so Mrs. Morris declares. The Morrisses refuse to believe that Mrs. Clifford had wronged her husband, and join with the little daughter in denouncing Clifford's temper and attitude toward his wife.

Married, Anyhow.

Alexander Bolles, one of the early itinerant preachers, was much tormented by the influence of one John Rogers, who openly taught atheism and the abolishment of marriage. On one occasion, while holding a meeting in the woods, a young man and woman pushed their way up to the stump which served as a pulpit. The man, interrupting the sermon, said defiantly: "I'd like you to know that we are Rogerites." The old man looked at



MRS. CLIFFORD.

him over his spectacles, and waited. "We don't believe in no God. Nor in marriage. This is my wife, because I choose her to be, but I'll have no preacher nor squire meddlin' with us." "Do you mean to tell me," thundered Father Bolles, "that you have taken this girl home as your wife?" "Yes, I do," said the fellow, doggedly.

"And you have gone willingly to live with him as your husband?" "Yes," said the frightened girl.

"Then I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Be off with you! You are married now according to the law and the gospel."

A Shower of Frogs.

A traveler from Fort Ogden, Florida, declared that he passed through an avalanche of frogs ten miles south of here recently, says a dispatch from Arcadia, Fla. It had been raining terribly for three days and the day before yesterday there was almost a cloudburst in this county, the rain coming down for four hours in almost solid sheets. This man started out and on the way he passed through a section where for two miles the frogs literally covered the ground. The road was covered and the ground in the woods as far as could be seen on either side. They were crushed beneath his horse's feet as he rode along. There were three kinds or sizes, most of them being the green so-called "tree frogs" so abundant here. The small ones were about an inch long, the others being two and three inches. There were millions of them and the noise they made was deafening. He brought several along as specimens. It's the general opinion here that the cloudburst brought them. This is the first time that this thing has ever happened in this section and the people are greatly excited over it. The man stated that the frogs seemed dazed and hardly moved as he came along.

Snakes in Her Garret.

Mrs. Jacob Leidy found a nest of seven young rattlesnakes in the garret of her home. The house is located at the foot of Mount Jefferson, Pa., and the garret window is only a few feet from the rocky side of the mountain. The young snakes were about ten inches long. They were in a piece of flannel lying on the floor. They darted their forked tongues at her and then dropped in a hole in the floor. Mrs. Leidy declares she heard the buzzing of a big rattlesnake when the little reptiles crawled over the floor and believes the garret is infested with rattlers.

Mother Accidentally Shoots Her Baby.

Samuel Johnson of Johnsonburg, Pa., took a 32-caliber revolver from his pocket and told his wife to lay it away. Mrs. Johnson was sitting on a chair and laid the revolver in her lap. Her 4-year-old boy was playing on the floor, and the mother took hold of the revolver and accidentally pulled the trigger. The ball entered the child's face just under the chin. Dr. H. H. Smith was called and dressed the wound, but the child died. The parents are almost wild with grief.

TEACHINGBY PHONOGRAPH.

Professor of Languages Who Utilizes the Instrument in His Business.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch: The phonograph, which has passed through many commercial vicissitudes, has proved itself a most practical and valuable device in a field originally unthought of. For the last five years a New York professor of languages has taught various tongues by phonograph in all parts of the world, but especially in South America and Mexico. He furnishes a text book, say for Spanish to learn English, arranged in twenty lessons. These lessons are also given in his own voice on twenty cylinders. Accompanying these transcribed cylinders are twenty blank ones. The graphophone, which is a variation of the phonograph, is found a convenient instrument to send to the pupil. There is also sent a cylinder containing a lesson in any language, with a chapter or scene from a comedy or a novel, or with a song or a ballad. Blank cylinders for the return messages or recitations cost 20 cents apiece. The pupil, thus equipped, opens the book at the first lesson, puts the tubes into his ears and starts the machine slowly. He repeats this practice on any message again and again, more and more rapidly, until he is thoroughly familiar with every intonation and accent. Having in this way mastered the first lesson he puts one of the blank cylinders in the machine and answers the questions in the lesson. This cylinder, inclosed in a little box, goes back to the teacher, who listens to the recitation and detaches his corrections and criticism. The letter and cylinder go back to the pupil, who compares his own utterances with the original cylinder at the points indicated in the teacher's letter and is enabled to tell wherein his defect lies and how to cure it.

Over 1,000 phonographs have been sold for this purpose. Its immense value as a teacher lies in the fact that it never wears and will go on repeating the same passage either with the same or varied intonation for thousands of times, if necessary, so that the pupil can learn by assiduous practice to reproduce the finest shades of inflection and thus acquire a purity of accent that could only be otherwise attained by long residence in the country where the language is spoken.

An extension of this idea, which has already taken shape, is the giving of vocal lessons by phonograph. This, however, is a much more complex matter, and it is doubtful whether it can be made more than a qualified success. One of the most vital things in singing is color, and this is just what most phonographs fail to reproduce. If an instrument can be made that can be relied upon to do this the burden of vocal teaching can be greatly lightened and American students of singing can enjoy a European course of tuition without needing to cross the ocean for it.

Her New Idea.

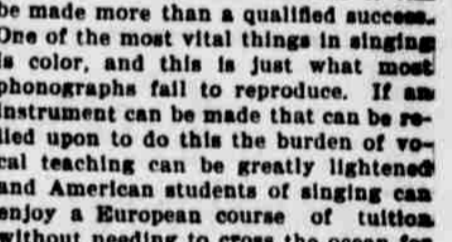
Sometimes very pretty women do have ideas in their heads, cynics to the contrary.

Mme. Meyrelles, wife of a Paris banker, lately executed and carried out a unique evening entertainment. She gave a lawn party at her country residence on the banks of the Seine and provided, not a barge, but a rowboat for each of the fifty couples invited, each boat being given a number. The boats were all massed together in line and decorated with flags and bunting.

Each man and woman was given a numbered favor and sought the boat bearing the same number. A noiseless tug with the row of boats attached started up the river amid laughter and fun and in ten minutes the order was given to change boats, each man being transferred to the boat ahead, while the last, a swift naphtha launch attending to the transfers. Twenty-five changes were made on the way to a pretty grove, where lunch was served, and the rest of the changes were completed on the way back.

There were no wall flowers at this party—every one stood an equal chance.

MME. MEYRELLES.



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