



CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)
 "You will oblige me by leaving the house," he said, "if you cannot speak civilly. I have made this lady my wife. She belongs now to me and my country, and she accompanies me to Paris tonight."

"No, not tonight," said Marjorie quickly. "You will not take me away tonight, Leon!"

"And why not tonight, Marjorie?"

"Because I have promised Mr. Sutherland to go back with him to Annandale to see my—my dear Miss Hetherington. She is ill, and she wants me, monsieur."

"I regret it, but we do not get everything we wish in this world. I must leave for Paris without delay!"

Marjorie hesitated and looked confused. Then Sutherland spoke, unconsciously uttering the thoughts which had been in the girl's mind.

"You can go to Paris," he said, "if you allow Marjorie to return with me." The Frenchman gave a smile which was half a sneer.

"You are consideration itself, monsieur," he said. Then, turning to Marjorie, he added: "What does my wife say to that?"

"I—I don't know," she stammered. "I am so sorry for Miss Hetherington. It would be only for a few days, perhaps, and—I could follow you."

Caussidiere smiled again, this time less agreeably.

"You seem to be tender-hearted, Marjorie," he said, "to every one but myself. Truly, an admirable speech to make to your husband in the first flush of the honeymoon. I am too fond of you, however, to lose you quite so soon."

"Then you will not let me return?"

"Most assuredly I shall not let you go; what is Miss Hetherington to you or to me? She is your mother, perhaps, as you say; but in her case, what does that sacred word 'mother' mean? Merely this: A woman so hardened that she could abandon her helpless offspring to the mercy of strangers; and afterward, when she saw her alone and utterly friendless, had not tenderness enough to come forward and say: 'Marjorie, you are not alone in the world; come to me—your mother!'"

"Ah, Leon, do not talk so!" exclaimed Marjorie; then, seeing Sutherland about to speak, she went toward him with outstretched hands.

"Do not speak," she whispered, "for my sake. Since my husband wishes it, I must remain. Good-by."

She held forth her hand, and he took it in both of his, and, answering her prayer, he remained silent. He had sense enough to see that in the present instance the Frenchman had the power entirely in his own hands, and that he intended to use it. He had noted the sneers and cruel smiles which had flitted over Caussidiere's face, and he saw that further interference of his might result in evil for the future of her he loved.

So, instead of turning to the Frenchman, he kept Marjorie's hand, and said:

"You are sure, Marjorie, that you wish to remain?"

"Yes," sobbed Marjorie, "quite sure. Give my love to my dear mother, and say that very soon my husband will bring me home again."

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it again and again; then, without another word, he was about to leave the room, when Caussidiere stopped him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will also, if you please, bear a little message to our much esteemed Miss Hetherington from me. Tell her that, though in the first days of our married life she has tried to separate my wife from me, I bear her no ill will; on the contrary, I shall be glad to hear of her prosperity. Tell her, also, monsieur," added the Frenchman blandly, "that since Marjorie Annan and I are one, we share the same good or evil fortune; that she cannot now gratify her malignity by persecuting Leon Caussidiere without persecuting her own child!"

CHAPTER XXIV.
 One of the narrow Parisian streets in the near neighborhood of the Seine, close to quays and old bookstalls, frequented by the litterateur out at elbows and the bibliomane, there is an obscure cabaret or house of entertainment, bearing the name of Mouche d'Or. Besides the sanded salon, with its marble tables and its buffet, presided over by a giddy damsel of forty, there is a dining-chamber up stairs, so low that a tall man standing upright can almost touch the ceiling with his head, and so badly lit by a narrow window that a light of some sort is necessary even by broad day.

In this upper chamber, one foggy afternoon in autumn, three years after the occurrence of the events described in the last chapter, a man was seated alone and busily writing at one of the wooden tables.

The man was about forty years of age, corpulent, with jet-black hair and mustache, but otherwise clean shaven. He wrote rapidly, almost furiously,

now and then pausing to read, half aloud, the matter on the paper, obviously his own composition. As he did so, he smiled, well pleased, or frowned savagely. Presently he paused and stamped with his foot on the floor.

In answer to his summons, a young woman of about twenty, gaudily attired, with a liberal display of cheap jewelry, came up the narrow stairs.

"Ah, Adele!" cried the man, "is the boy below?"

The woman answered with a curious nod.

"Give him these papers—let him fly with them to the printer. Stay! Is any one below?"

"No one, Monsieur Fernand."

"Death of my life, Caussidiere is late," muttered the man. "Bring me some absinthe and a packet of cigarettes."

The woman disappeared with the parcel of manuscript, and returned almost immediately, bearing the things ordered. She had scarcely set them down, when a foot was heard upon the stairs, and our old acquaintance, Caussidiere, elegantly attired, with faultless gloves and boots, entered the room.

"Here you are!" cried the man. "You come a little late, mon camarade. I should have liked you to hear the article I have just dispatched to the Bon Citoyen."

"It will keep till tomorrow, Huet," returned the other, dryly, "when I shall behold it in all the glory of large type."

Huet, as the man was named, ripped out a round oath.

"It is a firebrand, a bombshell, by—!" he cried. "The dagger-thrust of Marat, with the epigram of Victor Hugo. I have signed it at full length, mon camarade—Fernand Huet, Workman, Friend of the People."

Caussidiere laughed and sat down. "No man can match you, my dear Huet, in the great war of—words."

"Just so, and in the war of swords, too, when the time comes. Nature has given me the soul of a poet, the heart of a lion, the strength of Hercules, the tongue of Apollo. Behold me! When heroes are wanted, I shall be there."

The two men talked for some time on general subjects; then Huet, after regarding his companion with a prolonged stare, observed with a coarse laugh:

"You are a swell as usual, my Caussidiere. Parbleu, it is easily seen that you earn not your living, like a good patriot, by the sweat of your brow! Who is the victim, mon camarade! Who bleeds?"

"I do not waste what I have," returned Caussidiere, "and I love clean linen, that is all."

Huet snapped his fingers and laughed.

"Do you think I am a fool to swallow that canard? No, my Caussidiere. You have money, you have a little nest-egg at home. You have a wife, brave boy; she is English, and she is rich."

"On the contrary, she is very poor," answered Caussidiere. "She has not a sou."

"Diable!"

"Nevertheless, I will not disguise from you that she has wealthy connections, who sometimes assist us in our struggle for subsistence. But it is not much that comes to me from that quarter. I assure you. My correspondence and my translations are our chief reliance."

"Then they pay you like a prince, mon camarade!" cried Huet. "But there, that is your affair, not mine. You are with us, at any rate, heart and soul!"

"Assuredly."

Sinking their voices, they continued to converse for some time. At last Caussidiere rose to go. After a rough handshake from Huet, and a gruffly murmured "A bleuetot," he made his way down the narrow stairs, and found himself in the sanded entresol of the cabaret.

Several men in blouses sat at the table drinking, waited upon by Adele.

As Caussidiere crossed the room the girl followed him to the door and touched him on the shoulder.

"How is madame?" she asked, in a low voice. "I trust much better."

Caussidiere gazed at the questioner with no very amiable expression.

"Do you say Madame Caussidiere? How do you know that there is such a person?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Your wife or your mistress, it is all the same. You know whom I mean, monsieur."

"She is better, then."

"And the little garcon?"

"Quite well," answered Caussidiere, passing out into the street.

Leaving Mouche d'Or behind him, and passing along the banks of the Seine, Caussidiere crossed the river and reached the neighborhood of the Palais Royal. From time to time he exchanged a nod or a greeting with some passer-by, generally a person much more shabbily attired than himself. Lingered among the arches, he purchased one or two journals from the itinerant vendors, and then passed slowly on till he reached a narrow back street, before one of the doors of which he paused and rang a bell. The door being opened by a man in his shirt sleeves, who greeted him with a "bon soir," he passed up a dingy flight of

wooden stairs till he gained the second floor, which consisted of three rooms in quite a small salon, a bedchamber, and a smaller bedchamber adjoining.

In the salon which was gaudily but shabbily furnished in red velvet, with mirrors on the walls, a young woman was seated sewing, and playing near to her was a child about a year and a half old. Both mother and child were very pale and delicate, but both had the same soft features, gentle blue eyes and golden hair.

The woman was Marjorie Annan—Marjorie with all the lightness and happiness gone out of her face, which had grown sad and very pale. As Caussidiere entered, she looked up eagerly and greeted him by his Christian name. The child paused timidly in his play.

"You are late, Leon," said Marjorie, in French. "I have waited in all day, expecting you to return."

"I was busy and couldn't come," was the reply. "Any letters?"

"No, Leon."

Caussidiere uttered an angry exclamation, and threw himself into an armchair.

"The old woman had better take care," he cried. "Nearly a week has now passed and she has not replied to my note—that is, to yours. And we want money infernally, as you know."

Marjorie sighed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why are you crying?" demanded her husband, sharply. "Because you have an unnatural mother, who would rather see you starve than share her wealth with you, or with the child?"

"No, no, it is not that," answered Marjorie. "Miss Hetherington has been very good. She has given us a great deal already; but we require so much, and I am sure she is not so rich as you suppose."

"She is a miser, I tell you," returned Caussidiere. "What she has sent you is not sufficient for an ordinary sempstress' wage. She had better take care! If she offends me, look you, I could bring her to shame before all the world."

At this moment there was a knock at the room door, and the man who had admitted Caussidiere entered with a letter.

"A letter for madame," he said. Marjorie took the letter, and, while the man retired, opened it with trembling hands. Her husband watched her gloomily, but his eye glistened as he saw her draw forth a bank order.

"Well?" he said.

"It is from Miss Hetherington—from my—mother! Oh, is she not good! Look, Leon! An order upon the bank for thirty pounds."

"Let me look at it," said Caussidiere, rising and taking it from his wife's hand. "Thirty pounds! It is not much. Well, what does the old woman say?"

"I—I have not read the letter."

"Let me read it," he said, taking it from her and sulking the action to the words.

It was a longish communication. Caussidiere read it slowly, and his face darkened, especially when he came to the following words:

"If you are unhappy, come back to me. Remember your home is always here. Oh, Marjorie! my bairn! never forget that! It is a mother's heart that yearns and waits for you! Come back, Marjorie, before it is broken altogether."

Caussidiere tossed the letter on the table.

"So you have been telling her that you are unhappy," he said with a sneer. "In the future I must see all your letters, even to the postscripts. And she begs you to go back to Scotland! Well, who knows?—it may come to that yet!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SALADS AS A DIET.

Most Wholesome Food and Should Be Eaten Every Day.

"The beauty and wholesomeness of the salad should commend it to every American housekeeper," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

"I do not refer to those highly seasoned combinations of hard-boiled eggs and mustard, but to dainty dinner or luncheon salads made with a dressing of olive oil, a few drops of lemon juice and a light seasoning of salt, garlic and pepper."

"The salts necessary for the well being of our blood are bountifully given in these green vegetables. Then, too, it is a pleasant way of taking fatty food. All machinery must be well oiled to prevent friction, and the wonderful human engine is not an exception to the rule. Look carefully to it that you take sufficient fatty food."

"The Americans do not use enough oil to keep them in perfect health. While butter is served in some families three times a day, and is better than no fat, its composition is rather against it as compared to a sweet vegetable oil. Fats well digested are the salvation of consumptives, or those suffering from any form of tuberculosis. For these reasons a simple salad composed of any green vegetable and a French dressing should be seen on every well-regulated table 365 times a year. Those who live out of town can obtain from the fields sorrel, long docks, dandelions and lamb's quarters for the cost of pickling. Where desserts are not used, and I wish for health's sake, they might be abolished, a salad with a bit of cheese and bread or wafer or cracker, with a small cup of coffee, may close the meal. Where a dessert is served just before it, to prick up the appetite that it may enjoy more fully the sweet. At a large dinner the salad is usually served with the game course."

Courting done on a tandem ought to result in a double safety match.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

GROWING IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Dangers Attending the Sport Discussed As It Is to Climb Up. It's Not a Circumstance to Getting Down Again. No Need to Leave the Country.

(Special Letter.)

THE recent accidents in Washington, California, and one or two other states have put a temporary damper on the spirits of the Mazama society, a Western Alpine club, organized for the purpose of mountain climbing.

but there is every reason to believe that the discouragement will be only temporary, for the craze of mountain-climbing is said to be growing, not only in the west, but throughout the country.

The perils of mountain-climbing are by no means despicable. In the first place, when a difficult mountain is to be ascended there is always danger, at one point or another, of the traveler missing his foothold and getting a fall. Of course, the higher precipices are, as far as possible, avoided by the climbers, and only in cases of extreme necessity and the impossibility of finding another road will the climber attempt the side of a cliff. It is a maxim among members of Alpine clubs that any precipice can be scaled or crossed unless it is as smooth as the wall of a room, and even in that case passages have been effected by driving spikes into the crevices which here and there present themselves on the surface, and using these as steps from one point to another. The mountain cliff which from beneath seems to be as smooth as a wall, upon closer inspection presents many irregularities, jutting points, cracks and ledges by means of which an experienced climber can effect a passage. Of course a fall from one of these precipices means instant death, but, during the ascent of an ordinary mountain there are many places

where a slip signifies a fall of only 15 or 20 feet, a mere trifle in comparison with which might happen, but still sufficient to disable or kill outright an incautious climber. Slips and falls, sprained ankles, broken limbs and necks are of common occurrence among the members of the Alpine clubs, but these are not the only dangers to which such adventurers are exposed. The tops of mountains are elevated many thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and in the upper regions of the atmosphere the air is so rarefied that persons unaccustomed to mountain-climbing find breathing exceedingly difficult and active exertion almost impossible. Men who have the slightest tendency to heart disease subject themselves to serious peril in attempting the ascent of a high mountain, for they are liable at any moment to fall dead from heart failure.

The upper portions of the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, and, to a large extent, of the Rocky mountains also, are composed almost altogether of the primitive rocks—granite, basalt, porphyry and the like—and these have a tendency to crystallize in columns and surfaces which, at a distance, appear

smooth, but upon closer inspection are found to be full of irregularities. The Giant's Causeway in North Ireland, the basaltic formations along the Irish and Scottish coasts, and at several points in our Western states, are excellent illustrations of this style of formation. A basalt cliff, while seemingly unscalable, is really easier to ascend than a limestone bluff of one-fifth its height, for the crevices formed by the crystallization of the material offer to the climber holds for hand and foot which enable the expert to go up these cliffs with surprising ease.

Mountaineering in parties is the safest method, for when several are present precautions can be taken which are impossible when the climber is alone. The outfit of a mountaineering party consists of ropes, by which the various members may be fastened one to another; of ice picks, one end shaped somewhat like a mallet, the other being sharp-pointed; of provisions, cordials, blankets, shoes, the soles of which are studded with sharp pointed nails, a plentiful supply of spikes or wooden pegs to drive in the crevices of the rocks, and thus afford a foothold where it otherwise could not be gained, and, above all, abundant muscle and never failing nerve.

The United States has many mountains, and will undoubtedly present attractions to the Alpine societies of this country when such become more general. We are commonly disposed to ignore the Alpine attractions of the United States, but there is no country in the world which has more mountains or more mountains above a given height than our own. The highest mountains in the world are those of Asia, the great peaks of the Roof of the World towering from 25,000 to 30,000 feet above sea level. A number of these have never been scaled, and there are some mountains in South America which, on account of their height present insurmountable difficulties to climbers. The roof of the United States is Colorado, and in that state there are said to be 180 peaks, each more than 10,000 feet above sea level; Utah has 56 exceeding that height; Wyoming, 44; California, 40; New Mexico, 30; Nevada, 27; Montana, 11; Arizona, 10, and Idaho, 3. Our new territory of Alaska is said to have but four peaks of greater height than 10,000 feet, but it is probable that when the territory is better known more will be discovered. Mount St. Elias is believed to be over 19,000 feet above sea level, and the other three peaks named in the books are of very considerable altitude.

A Famous Old Irish Abbey.

The Muckross estate in Ireland, which, according to the London cables, has been selected as a site for a royal residence, is one of the most charming spots in the Emerald Isle. The question of a royal seat in Ireland has long been the subject of much discussion. Her British majesty is not loved in Ireland, and her neglect to visit the country, to say nothing of her discrimination against it as a place of residence, has not served to soften the asperity of Irish sentiment queenward. The political effect on the Irish of the establishment of a royal abode among them remains to be seen. The Muckross estate, including the famous abbey, is, or was, the property of Henry Arthur Herbert. The grounds about the ancient ruin are among the most exquisitely beautiful landscapes in Ireland. They touch the Middle Lake of the Lakes of Killarney. If the queen decides to build there she will be surrounded by the most charming scenery in all her kingdom. Mr. Herbert not long ago built a modern palace upon these grounds to replace the old house. This building contains a portrait of the old Countess of Desmond, whose ancestor, Donald McCarthy, Lord of Desmond, founded the abbey as long ago as 1440. The abbey became the last resting place of the O'Sullivan's, the McGillicuddy's and the O'Donoghue's. It was restored in 1826 and is a favorite sight of tourists.

Wires a Protection Against Lightning

"People living in cities are prone to believe that the increasing number of telephone, telegraph and trolley wires increase the danger from electric storms," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "On the contrary, the maze of wires is a protection, and lessens the danger, since it is shown that where the wires attract the electricity they hold it, and discharge it only at the end of the wires in the central station. The fact is that of the two hundred lightning accidents every year only an average of forty occur in the cities. The trees in the country are a far greater danger; they account for the proportion of four cases in the country to one in the city."

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ALASKAN WEATHER.

JAPAN CURRENT PROTECTS IT FROM EXTREMES.

Midsummer Days that Have No Night—Heavy Mornings with a Glorious Awakening at Noon—The Fading of the Clouds.

THE current number of the Century there is an article on "The Alaska Trip" by John Muir, the California writer and naturalist. Mr. Muir says:

The climate of all that portion of the coast that is bathed by the Japan current, extending from the southern boundary of the territory northward and westward to the island of Atoo, a distance of nearly twenty-five hundred miles, is remarkably bland, and free from extremes of heat and cold throughout the year. It is rainy, however; but the rain is of good quality, gentle in its fall, filling the fountains of the streams, and keeping the whole land fresh and fruitful, while anything more delightful than the shining weather after the rain—the great, round sun-days of June, July and August—can hardly be found elsewhere. An Alaska midsummer day is a day without night. In the extreme northern portion of the territory the sun does not set for weeks, and even as far south as Sitka and Fort Wrangel it sinks only a few degrees below the horizon, so that the rosy colors of the evening blend with those of the morning, leaving no gap of darkness between. Nevertheless, the full day opens slowly. At midnight, from the middle point between the gloaming and the dawn, a low arc of light is seen stealing along the horizon, with gradual increase of height and span and intensity of tone, accompanied usually by red clouds, which make a striking advertisement of the sun's progress long before he appears above the mountain tops.

For several hours after sunrise everything in the landscape seems dull and uncommunicative. The clouds fade, the islands and the mountains, with ruffs of mist about them, cast ill-defined shadows, and the whole firmament changes to pale pearl-gray with just a trace of purple in it. But toward noon there is a glorious awakening. The cool haziness of the air vanishes, and the richer sunbeams, pouring from on high, make all the bays and channels shine. Brightly now play the round-topped ripples about the edges of the islands, and over many a plume-shaped streak between them, where the water is stirred by some passing breeze.

On the mountains of the mainland, and in the high-walled folds that fringe the coast, still finer is the work of the sunshine. The broad white bosoms of the glaciers glow like silver, and their crystal fronts, and the multitude of icebergs that linger about them, drifting, swirling, turning their myriad angle to the sun, are kindled into a perfect blaze of irised light. The warm air throbs and wavers, and makes itself felt as a life-giving, energizing ocean embracing all the earth. Filled with ozone, our pulses bound, and we are warmed and quickened into sympathy with everything, taken back into the heart of nature, whence we came. We feel the life and motion about us, and the universal beauty; the tides marching back and forth with weariless industry, laving the beautiful shores, and swaying the purple of the broad meadows of the sea where the fishes are fed; the wild streams in rows white with waterfalls, ever in bloom and ever in song, spreading their branches over a thousand mountains; the vast forests feeding on the drenching sunbeams, every cell in a whirl of enjoyment; misty flocks of insects stirring all the air; the wild sheep and goats on the grassy ridges above the woods, bears in the berry-tangles, mink and beaver and otter far back on many a river and lake; Indians and adventurers pursuing their lonely ways; birds tending their young—everywhere, everywhere beauty and life, and glad, rejoicing action.

Through the afternoon all the way down to the west the air seems to thicken and become soft, without losing its fineness. The breeze dies away, and everything settles into a deep, conscious repose. Then comes the sunset with its purple and gold—not a narrow arch of color, but oftentimes filling more than half the sky. The horizontal clouds that usually bar the horizon are fired on the edges, and the spaces of clear sky between them are filled in with greenish yellow and amber; while the flocks of thin, overlapping cloudlets are mostly touched with crimson, like the outleaving sprays of a maple-grove in the beginning of Indian summer; and a little later a smooth, mellow purple flushes the sky to the zenith, and the air, fairly steeping and transfiguring the islands and mountains, and changing all the water to wine.

A Little French Trick.

An Englishman recently took a seat at a cafe table in Paris. A Frenchman sat on the other side of it. He began to play with the lever of a seltzer siphon, when suddenly, and seemingly by accident, a stream of the aerated water struck the Englishman in the face. The Frenchman apologized profusely and wiped off the water with his own handkerchief. After the polite Frenchman had gone the Englishman discovered that his purse containing nearly £500 had also disappeared.

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