

CHAPTER XXV.

HE receipt of Miss Hetherington's check seemed to come like oil upon the troubled waters of the little household.

After taking care to pocket the draft, he tossed up the boy and kissed him, and told Marjorie he looked as if she coddled him too much.

"Shall you be back soon, Leon?" asked Marjorie, timidly. Whenever she addressed him now she was always fearful of the reception of her words.

"I shall not return at all," answered Causidriere; "or rather, I shall be late, as I dine with a little party of friends. Do not sit up for me."

And with another kiss blown airily to his offspring he was off.

Marjorie did not cry or show any sign that this conduct distressed her. She was too used to it for that. She turned in tender despair to her only comfort—the child. They sat alone together, the little one perched on his mother's knee, listening opened mouthed as she talked to him of her old home.

Long after the child had gone to bed, Marjorie sat by the fire thinking of those happy days; she wrote to Miss Hetherington, concealing as well as she could the dark spots in her life, speaking cheerfully and happily of her little boy, and still dwelling upon the hope of one day bringing him to her old home.

Then she sat down to wait for her husband. Causidriere was late, and when he appeared Marjorie saw at a glance that all his good humor had left him. He was angry at finding her up; accused her of wishing to time his going and coming, and peremptorily ordered her to bed.

The next morning she rose early, according to her usual custom. To her amazement, just as she was about to give the child his breakfast, Causidriere came down. He had dressed with unusual care; he took his breakfast silently, and when it was over he went up stairs again to add a few more touches to his already carefully made toilet; then he reappeared, nodded to the boy and to Marjorie—he was too well dressed to touch either—and left the house.

Though he had said nothing, Marjorie was certain from his dress and mysterious manner that it was no ordinary work that had called him away that morning, and as she thought of the strange, cold way he had left her, her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Hastily brushing away her tears, Marjorie cried "Entrez," and the door opened, admitting a woman, none other than Adele of the Mouche d'Or.

Of all the women of Causidriere's acquaintance, this was the one whom Marjorie most wished to avoid. She was half afraid of Adele, since she had on one occasion heard her singing one of her songs in a cafe crowded with men. Marjorie's strict Scotch training made her shrink from communion with such a woman. When she saw Adele's face, therefore, she felt troubled, and demanded rather coldly what she sought.

"I seek Causidriere," returned Adele. "Is he at home?"

"No," returned Marjorie, quietly, "he has gone out."

"She thought this answer was conclusive and expected to see Adele disappear, but she was disappointed. She came in, closing the door behind her, walked over to little Leon, and patted him on the head.

Leon gazed up and smiled; he had no fear of her; but Marjorie made a movement as if to protect him from her touch.

As Marjorie came forward, Adele looked up from the boy's curly head, and asked, almost roughly: "Where is Causidriere, did you say?"

"I do not know," returned Marjorie, drawing the boy toward her; "he did not tell me."

"He seems to tell you very little about himself, madame," said Adele, fixing her eyes strangely upon her companion's face; then she added, suddenly, "Why do you draw the boy away from me?"

Marjorie did not answer, so, with a short, hard laugh, the girl continued: "I suppose you think, madame, that I am not fit to touch him? Well, perhaps you are right."

"I did not mean that," returned Marjorie, gently.

"If I kissed the little one, would you be angry?" cried Adele, with a curious change of manner. "Ah, madame, I am bad enough, but not quite so bad as you think me. I love little children. I once had a little boy like this of my own."

"A little boy! Then you are married; you have a husband—"

"When my child was only a baby, before he could walk or speak," continued Adele, not heeding the question. "I—I lost him. I do not even know if he is alive or dead."

And she lifted little Leon in her arms, and kissed him wildly. Marjorie's gentle heart was touched. "You lost your child?" she cried, full of sympathy.

"He was taken from me, madame. I was too poor to keep him, and one night—one cold winter night—his father placed him in the basket at the Foundling. I have never seen him since—never!"

"How wicked of you; how cruel! To desert your child!"

"You do not understand. In France it is the custom when folk are poor."

Marjorie shrank from the woman in horror. All her maternal heart was in revolt, and with an impulsive gesture she drew little Leon to her and embraced him tenderly.

Adele looked at the pair with a strange expression of mingled sorrow and pity.

"And your husband, madame?" she asked, suddenly. "Is he good to you?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" says Marjorie, in surprise.

"Never mind," returned Adele, with her old laugh. "For myself, I think that all men are canaille. It is we others, we women, who bear the burden while the men amuse themselves. Why does Causidriere leave you so much alone? Why does he dress so well, and leave you and the little one so shabby? Ah, he is like all the rest!"

"What my husband does," cried Marjorie, indignantly, "is no concern of yours. I will not hear you say a word against him!"

Adele laughed again. "You are only a child," she said, moving to the door. "Will you give Monsieur Causidriere a message from me?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Tell him he is wanted tomorrow at our place; he will understand."

She half opened the door, then turned and looked back.

"Do you know, madame, that in a few days the Germans will be before Paris?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Let them hasten! I hope they will come soon. I shall not be sorry for one, if they burn Paris to the ground."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marjorie. "You are a strange woman; you—"

"I am what I am; sometimes I think I am a devil, not a woman at all. Good-by."

And without another word she disappeared, leaving Marjorie lost in wonder at the extraordinary interview between them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

N leaving Marjorie that day and coming into the street, Causidriere walked along rapidly in the direction of the boulevards. He hummed a light air as he went, and held up his head with that self-satisfaction only felt by the man who has money in his pocket.

Indeed, the receipt of Miss Hetherington's draft had taken a weight off his mind, as he had an appointment that evening with an individual whose tastes were expensive like his own.

His business during the day does not concern us, but when it was evening, and the lights were lit, the cafes thronged, the footpaths full of people coming and going, he reappeared in the center of the city. Lighting a cigar, he strolled up and down; paused at a kiosk and bought a newspaper; then, approaching the front of one of the great cafes, found a vacant seat at a table, ordered some coffee, and sat down in the open air, watching the busy throng.

He was sitting thus when his attention was attracted to a figure standing close by him. It was that of a

young man dressed carelessly in a tweed suit and wearing a wideawake hat. He was standing in the light of one of the windows, talking to another man, somewhat his senior, whom he had just met. Causidriere caught a portion of their conversation.

"And how long has he been in Paris?" asked the elder man.

"All the summer," replied the other. "I came here to study and paint, and I have been doing very well. How are all in Annandale?"

"Brawly, brawly. Where are you staying?"

Causidriere did not catch the reply, and the two men moved away with the crowd; but he had recognized, at a glance, in the younger of the interlocutors, an old friend—John Sutherland.

"Diab!e!" he muttered. "What has brought him to Paris? I must take care that he and Marjorie do not meet."

He rose, paid for his refreshment, and walked away. It was now 8 o'clock. Hailing a fiacre, he jumped in, and ordered the coachman to drive to the theater du Chatelet.

Alighting at the door, Causidriere strolled into the vestibule, and paid for a seat in one of the balcony boxes. He found the vast place thronged from floor to ceiling to witness the performance of a fairy spectacle, then in its 100th night, the "Sept Filles du Diable," founded on some fanciful eastern story. It was a tawdry piece, with innumerable ballets, processions, pageants, varied with certain scenes of horse-play, in which a corpulent low comedian, a great popular favorite, was conspicuous. Causidriere was charmed, concentrating his admiring eyes particularly on one black-eyed, thickly-painted lady, who personated a fairy prince and sang "risky" songs, with topical allusions and dancing accompaniments, in a very high shrill voice, to the great rapture of the assembled Parisians. At the end of the third act Causidriere left his seat and strolled round to the back of the theater.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ASSING the Cerebrus of the stage door, by whom he was well known, Causidriere soon found himself "behind the scenes," and pushed his way through a confused throng of supernumeraries, figurantes and stage carpenters till he reached the greenroom.

Here he found many of the performers lounging about and standing in the center of the floor. Dressed in a turban and sultan's robes, and surrounded by a group of ladies in all kinds of scanty costumes, was the obese low comedian—a loud voiced, low-foreheaded satyr of a man as could be found in the theatrical profession, even in Paris.

As Causidriere appeared, the actor greeted him by name with a loud laugh.

"Welcome, mon enfant, welcome," he cried, shaking hands. "The Germans are approaching, yet behold—we survive!"

The ladies now turned to Causidriere, who greeted them by their Christian names—Blanche, Rose, Ada, Adele, Sarah, and so on. He seemed to know them well, but, as he talked to them, looked round impatiently for some person who was not present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE WAS JUSTLY DEFEATED.

Came Within Four Inches of Being a Millionaire.

"I'm not going to give names, but you all know that I have no imagination that can invent fairy tales. I literally came within four inches of being a millionaire."

"Go on!" exclaimed the man at the club who is the recognized story promoter in the organization, says the Detroit Free Press.

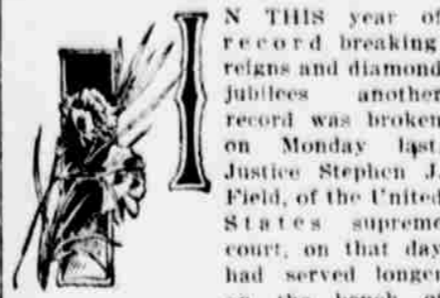
"I'm telling you right. Some years ago I secured employment in an immense factory that turns out a certain chemical basic used the world over, and as staple as wheat. It was a rule of the establishment that a good man could stay as long as he wanted to in one department, but under no circumstances could he go from one department to another. Every possible precaution was taken against the discovery of the secret process. By a series of studied disguises I succeeded in finding employment in every department but one, and that being where the coloring was done I thought this omission of very little importance. By standing in with one of the office men I succeeded in tracing the parts entering into the principal machines. This was no small job, for there would be one piece made in Portland, Me., another in San Francisco, another in Dallas, and another would be imported. I went everywhere and mastered the machinery. Then upon a guarantee that I had secured the process I interested capital. When we anxiously analyzed results we found that the stuff was all right except in color. Then I grew desperate and determined to dig my way into the coloring department of the parent institution. Just as I began work on a four-inch partition I was discovered, and inconspicuously tossed from a second-story window. We found it impossible to master the trick of coloring, and all we had to show for half a million invested was a lot of empty buildings and smokeless stacks. I've concluded since that I got just what I deserved."

Sales of land along the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways are reported larger than in many years.

FIELD HAS A RECORD.

LONGEST TERM ON THE SUPREME BENCH.

No Signs of Weakness in His Intellectual Strength at the Age of Eighty-two Years—His Stormy Early Career.



IN THIS year of record-breaking reigns and diamond jubilees another record was broken on Monday last. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States supreme court, on that day had served longer on the bench of the highest tribunal in the land than any other man who had preceded him. The record that Justice Field had to best to attain that distinction belonged to Chief Justice Marshall, who went to the bench Jan. 21, 1801, and served until his death, July 6, 1835. Thirty-four years, five months and six days was the record of Chief Justice Marshall. Thirty-four years, five months and thirteen days is the record of Justice Field to date.

For nearly a dozen years ambitious lawyers who desired to get to the supreme bench reminded Justice Field that he had reached the age when he could ask to be retired. "If Justice Field should only resign," they said. But Justice Field has never thought of resigning, and does not think of it now. He is in his eighty-second year, but he is still in the prime of intellectual strength. He sits on the bench, examines involved law points, and writes able opinions just as he did thirty-four years ago. His beard is the patriarch's beard, but his figure is as erect as it was in the days of his "Argonauts of forty-nine." His mind is as clear and vigorous as it was in the days when he created law and a constitution out of chaos in California nearly fifty years ago. As a pastime he writes a book of personal memoirs, or masters in a few evenings an Oriental language. The lawyers who have been wanting his place on the bench will doubtless have to possess their souls in patience for years to come. Gladstone's record for activity has been equalled by Justice Field. The friends of the justice predict that he will exceed it by a decade.

Justice Field became a partner in the law firm. Young Field decided to go to California in 1849. The discovery of gold there had given rise to a popular excitement far greater than the Klondike sensation of to-day. His outfit was bought for him by his brother Cyrus, who added \$10 worth of chammois skins, which, he said, would be useful to make bags for holding gold dust. He also had sixty-four copies of New York newspapers. He landed with \$1 in his pocket. He sold his chammois skins for \$180 worth of gold dust, and an acquaintance sold his sixty-four New York papers for \$1 each, and gave him half the proceeds.

Mr. Field remained but a short time in San Francisco, and then went further inland, stopping at the "town" of Yubaville. Yubaville was undergoing a transformation. The land was in control of two French capitalists, who were pleased with young Field's ability to speak French. Three days after his arrival Yubaville ceased to exist. Marysville was organized, and he was elected mayor. He was also made a justice of the peace, and the maintenance of law and order was in his hands.

Lynch law was unknown in Marysville so long as Mr. Field was mayor. He dispensed justice speedily and fearlessly, and several times ordered offenders to be publicly flogged. He was finally succeeded by an officer under the state government, and by that time had amassed a large sum of money, and had made a number of enemies.

One of these enemies was W. R. Turner, who had been appointed justice of the district. Judge Turner decided to drive Mr. Field from the country. He forbade him to practice in his court, threatening to shoot him if he entered the court room, and had him dragged from court by a sheriff and posse. Thus prevented from practicing law, Mr. Field embarked in legislation. He was elected to the legislature, and there drafted a plan of a new judicial system, which got rid of Judge Turner, and sent him to the wilderness.

Things moved quickly in California in those days. Mr. Field arrived in California in December, 1849. He was elected to the legislature in 1851. In two years Mr. Field had been an unknown emigrant, mayor of a town, justice of the peace and member of the legislature. In two years he had been penniless, rich and penniless again.

Mr. Field returned to the practice of law, and in those days the law was a hazardous calling. One day Judge Field, who was defending a placer

claim which had been jumped, discovered that steps had been taken to corrupt the jury. The section was lawless, and usually might was right. The trial was held in a crowded saloon, and most of the spectators were hostile to Judge Field's side. Judge Field decided on the boldest course. He knew his facts, and he boldly charged jury fixing.

"With uplifted hands," he said, addressing the jury, "you have sworn to return a verdict according to law and evidence. Will you perjure your souls? I know that you (pointing to a juror) have been approached. Did you spurn the wretch or hold secret counsel with him? I know that you (pointing to another juror) have been approached, because I overheard the conversation, the promises and the pledge."

At this point there was an ominous movement in the crowd, and "Click! Click! Click!" was heard. A score of pistols were cocked.

"There is no terror in your pistols, gentlemen," thundered Mr. Field. "You cannot win your case by shooting me. You cannot win it by bribery or threats. You can only win it by showing title to the property."

The jury, completely overawed, found a verdict for Judge Field's client.

During litigation over a contested election Judge Barbour quarreled with Justice Field and invited him to fight a duel. Judge Field accepted. Then

Judge Barbour insisted in having the choice of weapons. Judge Field waived this, and Barbour selected pistols and bowie knives in a room sixteen feet square. Judge Field accepted. Then Judge Barbour objected—first to the bowie knives, and, second, to fighting in a room. A meeting was arranged in the woods, and Judge Barbour backed out. He was lampooned in the newspapers, and one morning when Judge Field was getting kindling wood in front of his office Judge Barbour ran up behind him, clapped a pistol to his head and said:

"Draw and defend yourself!"

"You cowardly assassin!" exclaimed the kneeling man, without moving. "You do not dare to shoot. I defy you."

Judge Barbour walked away, while the crowd looked on.

Dozens of times Judge Field looked down the muzzles of cocked revolvers. He was never known to flinch. A less courageous man would have been killed early in the game. He absolutely did not know what fear was, and the stories of his honesty and bravery that spread over the state elected him judge of the supreme court in 1857 by twenty thousand majority.

Judge Field was a Democrat. When the war broke out he, with others, decided to keep California in the Union. The secessionists were sure of California. General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command of the United States troops in California, and his disloyalty was suspected. The Unionists felt that he was in collusion with the secessionists, who would seize the fortress of Alcatraz, which would place San Francisco at their mercy. Seventy-five thousand muskets were stored at Benicia, and if these fell into the hands of the secessionists California would be lost.

The Unionists organized a secret Union League. Judge Field was the fifth member to be enrolled. Arms were bought and companies were organized. Meetings on behalf of the Union were held in the theaters, and the fires of patriotism burned brightly at the Golden Gate. Couriers overland carried the news to President Lincoln, and he was finally advised to supersede General Johnston. This he did by sending General Sumner secretly to relieve him of the command. General Sumner took command. The arms at Benicia were safe, and California remained a loyal state.

For Judge Field's service to the Union he was made a United States supreme court justice by President Lin-

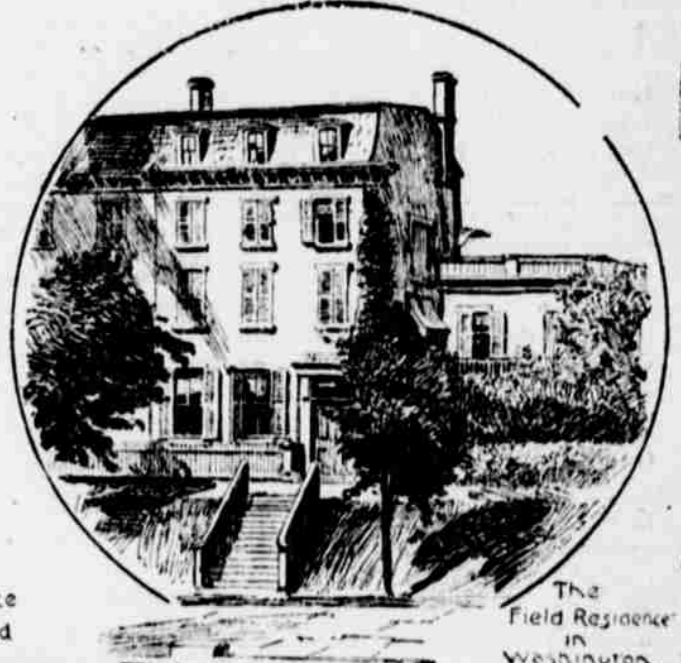
coln in 1865.

An attempt was made to assassinate Judge Field by means of an infernal machine in 1865. A torpedo was sent through the mail to him in a miniature case. The judge partly opened it and then, his suspicions being aroused, he placed it in a pall of water and had it examined at the Washington arsenal. It contained enough explosive to kill a dozen men, and had evidently been sent to him by certain squatters who had been dispossessed in the Pueblo cases in which the judge rendered the decision.

The last of many times this remarkable, lion-hearted man faced death without flinching was in 1889, when an attempt was made on his life by Judge David S. Terry and his wife. Judge Terry was counsel for Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be the wife of Senator Sharon, and sought to establish a claim to his millions by means of a divorce. Field and Terry had known each other in the West. During the divorce proceedings the Hill woman had married Judge Terry. The case was carried up, and finally came before Justice Field. He delivered a decision adverse to Mrs. Hill, and Judge Terry arose in court and denounced the judge. He attempted to assault him, as did also his wife, but they were overpowered and disarmed. The judge had a dirk and his wife a revolver. He sentenced Terry to three months in jail and Mrs. Hill to one month.

When he came out of jail Judge Terry again threatened to take the life of Justice Field. When Justice Field visited California Deputy Marshal Nagle was ordered to travel with the judge and protect him. At the waiting station at Lathrop Judge Terry assaulted Justice Field, and Nagle shot him dead. Terry's wife then rushed in with a pistol, and had to be disarmed.

Brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.—Silius Italicus.



Justice Field

The Field Residence in Washington

The cowardly attack on Justice Field.