

jorie

ed roughly.

be alone.

the house."

blingly to her.

sidiere, furiously.

and her child?"

may take him, too."

"What do you mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders,

land, and I should be better free."

"Leon!"

speer.

fear.

erced.

well as defy me."

accursed Scotchman?"

"Defy you!"

Caussidiere caught his breath and a

very ugly look came into his eyes; the

whom he had strictly forbidden his

After a momentary hesitatica he en-

She had been crying. At sight of

"What are you crying for" he ask-

"It is nothing, Leon," the returned.

"It's a lie; you can't deceive me as

ever again to seek the company of that

"Yes," she returned, quietly, "and I

"Leon," she said, "think of the child:

She took the frightened child by the

hand, and was about to lead him from

the room, when Caussidiere interposed.

I please to you, and the child shall

emain. I tell you you are a liar-

that man was here today-don't trou-

ble yourself to deny it; I saw him leave

"I do not wish to deny it," she re-

The tears had come into her eyes

again; she passed her arm around the

shoulders of the boy, who clung trem-

"Why was he here?" continued Caus-

"He came here to say goodby. He

is going to Scotland his father is dy-

She bowed her head and laid he

"Why did you not go with him?"

She raised her head and looked at

"Why did I not go?" she said, "Ah,

Leon, do not ask me that is it the

duty of a wife to leave her husband

to put it so, your husband gives you

permission, and for the brat, why, you

"What I say, mor amie, I generally

'I think you would be better in Scot-

Again she looked at him in wonder

What did it all mean? She could not

believe that he was speaking the truth.

He had been dining perhaps, and

drinking too much wine as he had

thought so she said nothing. She

But Caussidiere was not to be sil-

"Did you hear what I said?" he ask

She rose from her seat, still keeping

"Let me put Leon to bed," she said;

"he is very tired; then I will come

"You will talk to me now, madame.

'To do what, Leon?" she demanded,

"To go back to your mother; to tell

her that we do not agree, or any other

nonsense you please, except the truth.

We are better apart. We have noth-

ing in common. We belong to differ-

ent nations-nations which, for the rest.

have always hated each other. So let

us shake hands and part company-

The mask had fallen indeed! Poor

Marjorie read in the man's livid face

not merely weariness and satiety, but

positive dislike, black almost as nate

itself. She clasped her child and utter-

"You can't mean it, Leon! No, no,

you don't mean what you say!" she

moaned, sinking into a chair, and cov-

"Mamma, mamma!" cried little Leon.

She drew him convulsively to her,

and gazed again at Caussidiere. He

was standing on the hearth rug, look-

"It is useless to make a scene," he

said. "Understand me once for all,

Marjorie. I want my freedom. I have

great work on hand, and I cannot pur-

sue it rightly if encumbered by you."

"You should have thought of that be-

fore," she sobbed. "You used to love

me; God knows what has turned your

heart against me. But I am your wife;

"Do you really deceive yourself so

he demanded coldly.

"Then

nothing can part us now."

ering her face with her hand.

ing at her with a nervous scowl.

Put the child down. I tell you it will

be better for you if you do as I say."

with quivering lips and streaming

the child in her arms, and again moved

"Yes, Leon, I heard."

back and talk to you."

the sooner the better.'

ed a despairing cry.

Do not cry."

"Then heed!"

toward the door.

"Her husband!" he said, with a

"Ah, well, since you are preased

lips on the forehead of her child.

him with weary, sorrowful eyes,

turned. "Yes, he was here,"

"No," he said; "I shall say what

say what you please to me, but let us

obeyed you. I saw him once again to

"I tell you you are a liar!"

Her face flushed crimson.

her husband she dried her eyes, but

wife to see-John Sutherland!

she could not hide her sorrow.

CHAPTER XXIX. - (CONTINUED.) What is that to you?" said he roughly. "I have many things to do man was none other than the one which you cannot understand.

And there are things which I can understand," returned Marjorie quiety. Then she showed him the letter which she had received, and asked the sitting-room, where he found Marcalmly, "Is this true?"

Caussidiere took the letter and read It with a scowl; when he had done so he tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor.

"Leon," said Marjorie, "is it true?"
"Yes," he returned, "My friend, Mademolselle Scraphine, is entertaining and my wife is not; when a man has a little leisure, he does not seek the society of the dullest companion of als acquaintance."

He quietly went on eating his breakfast, as if the subject were at an end. For a while Marjorie watched him, her face white as death; then she went to im and knelt at his feet.

"Leon," she said, in a low, trembling ce, "let us forget the past; maybe has been my fault; but, indeed, I never meant it, dear. I have been so lonely and so sad, and I have been kept apart from you because I thought you wished it, and-yes-because you sometimes seemed so angry that I grew afraid!"

She tried to take his hand, but he thrust her aside.

"Do you think this is the way to win me back?" he sald: "it is more likely to drive me away, for, look you, I dislike scenes and I have business which demands that I keep cool. There, dry your eyes and let me finish my meal in peace.'

At that time nothing more was said, but once he was free of the house, Caussidiere reflected over what had taken place. He was in sore trouble as to what he must do. To abandon Marjorle meant abandoning the goose which laid him golden eggs, for without the supplies which Miss Hetherington sent to her daughter, where would Caussidiere be?

One afternoon, as he was about to return home in no very amnable frame of mind, an incident occurred which aroused in his mind a feeling not exactly of jealousy, but of lofty moral indignation. He saw, from the window of a shop where he was making a purchase, Marjorie and little Leon pass by in company with a young man whom he recognized at a glance. He crept to the door, and looked after them, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

Yes, it was real! There were Marjorie and little Leon walking side by side with young Sutherland, his old bete noir from Scotland.

home, he found Marjorie quietly seated in the salon. "Leon!" cried Marjorie, startled by

his manner, "is anything the matter" He did not answer, but glared at her with growing fury. She repeated her question. He was

still silent. Then, as she sat trembling. he rose, crossed over, and put his fierce face close to hers.

"Let me look at you. Yes, I see! You are like your mother, the---"

He concluded with an epithet too coarse for transcription.

She sprang up, pale as death, "What have I done?" she cried.

"Do you think I am a fool-blind? Do you think I do not know who it is you go to meet out there? Speak! Answer! How often have you met

And he shook his clinched fist in her face.

"Do you mean my old friend, Johnnie Sutherland?" she returned, trembling. "Oh, Leon, I was so glad to see him; he is so kind-I have known him so long. I saw him one day by chance, and since then-

"Yet you said nothing to me!" "It was often on my tongue, but I was afraid. Oh, Leon, you are not angry with me for speaking to an old

friend?" The answer came, but not in words. Uttering a fierce oath, and repeating he savage epithet he had used before, he struck her in the face with all his force, and she fell bleeding and swooning upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXX.



HE mask of kindness having once f a llen, Caussidiere did not think it worth while to resume it; and from that day forth he completely neglected both Marjorie and her child. The supplies from Miss He therington hav-

ing temporarily ceased, Marjorie was no longer necessary to him; indeed, he was longing to be free, and wondering what means he should adopt to obtain his end.

If Marjorie would only leave him and return to her friend in Scotland the matter would be simple enough, but this she did not seem inclined to do. She thought of her child; for his sake she still clung to the man whom she be-

lieved to be her husband. Thus matters stood for a week, when, ne day, Caussidiere, when within a few yards of his own door, saw a man emerge from it and walk quickly down the street

hear the truth from me. You are no wife of mine!"

"Not your wife!" she cried.

"Certainly not. My mistress, if you please, who has been suffered for a time to wear my name; that is all." She sprang up as if shot through the

heart, and faced him, pale as death. "We are married! We stood together before the altar, Lean. I have my

marriage lines." "Which are so much waste paper, my dear, here in France!"

Sick with horror and fear, she tottered to bim and clutched him by the arm, "Leon! ouce more: what do you

"My meaning is very simple," he replied; "the marriage of an Englishwoman with a French citizen is no tered the house and walked straight to also been performed in France. Now, do you understand?"

'I am not your wife! Not your wife!" cried Marjorie, stupefied.

"Not here in France," answered

Caussidiere.

"Then the child-our child?" "Trouble not yourself about him," was the reply. "If you are reasonable as I remain on French soil." "Yes, defy me. Didn't I forbid von

He added coldly:

"And I have no intention of again. expatriating myself, I assure you," It was enough. Dazed and mystified as she was, Marjorie now understood tell him we must not meet that was with whom she had to deal. She had neither power nor will for further words. She gave one long despairing, horrified look into the man's face, and then, drawing the child with her, staggered into the inner room and closed the door behind her.

Caussidiere remained for some time in his old position, frowning gloomily. For the moment he almost hated himself, as even a scoundrel can do upon occasion; but he thought of Seraphine and recovered his self-possession. He walked to the door, and listened; all was still, save a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed sobbing.

He hesitated a moment; then, setting his lips tight, he lifted his hat and quietly descended the stairs.

When the great clock of our Lady of Paris chimed forth five, Marjorie still sat in her room staring vacantly into the grate. The room was bitterly cold; the light of the candle was growing dim before the more cheerless light of dawn; the last spark of fire had died away; and the child, wearled with fatigue and fear, slept soundly in her

Marjorie, awakening from her trance, was astonished to see the dawn breaking, and to hear the chiming clocks announce that another day had begun. She looked for a moment into the child's face, and as she did so her body trembled, and her eyes filled with

"My poor little boy!" she sobbed; 'my poor little Leon!"

She laid him gently on the bed, and let him sleep on. Then she tried to collect her thoughts, and to determine birds being placed what she must do.

"Go back to Scotland?" No. could not do that. She could not face her old friends with this shame upon her, and show them the child who insects and birds should never have been born. From that day forth she must be dead to them. What she could not uudo she ornament on the must conceal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

done so often of late-and he did not know what he said. Perhaps it would Sheridan as an Orator. not be well for her to provok: him, she After Richard Brisley Sheridan had made his great speech in Westminster turned from her husband, took little Hall, asking for the impeachment of Leon in her arms and tried to soothe Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: him, for the child was trembling with He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accent, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, from their coverts to the rescue of their luster upon letters, renown upon pareloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equaled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened with ardor and admiration.

A Sure Sign.

"When a woman," said the cornfed philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has consed to be."-Savannah Bulletin.

So Sudden.

"Mr. Tillinghast left me \$50,000," re marked the interesting widow to young "My dear Mrs. Tillinghast," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources." "Oh, Frank, dear, this is too sudden. But are you really sure you love me?"-Odds and Ends.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.-Longfellow. A bad epigram, like a worn-out pen-

ell, has no point to it.

WINGED BUTCHERS.

BY MINNIE SLADE.

******* deserve their name, as they are quite equal to the hawks and other predatory birds in their courage and the cruelty in which they seem to delight. They have a wide geographical distribution. The shrikes are powerful birds of attractive mien, presenting an appearance indicative of courage. The mandible of this bird is arched and marriage unless the civil ceremony has booked, forming a powerful weapon with which to tear and lacerate its prey. The adults attain nearly the size of a robin. It is however, the habits of the bird that are most interesting. and the term butcher is applied, perhaps, from the fact that they impale their victims. In California, where the shrike is most common, the favorite locality of this bird is found quite a he can easily be legitimatized accord- museum, as they catch toads, mice, ing to our laws; but nothing on earth birds and insects. And one has been can make us two man and wife so long seen flying, laboriously carrying a blue jay quite as large, if not larger, than itself. As a rule, game thus captured is taken to some favorite spot and impaled. So strong is this habit that in confinement the bird still takes advantage of any sharp object; thus a plainly the utter villainy of the man pointed stick, sharpened for the purpose, being given a caged butcher bird, all its food, consisting of raw

The shrikes, or butcher birds, well a thicket, from which there would immediately issue the real cries of a bird on which it had seized. The blessing for they have made her in the butcher bird seems to entertain a particular hatred to eaged birds, darting toward them with great fury, and if unable to reach them, flying about the cage, in some instances causing the death of delicate birds from mere fright. In a case that came under my notice a butcher bird noticed a canary hanging inside a window and darted at it with such force that the pane was shattered. The butcher must have been severely shaken up, at least, but It kept fluttering about, endeavoring to reach the caged bird, and only left when driven away by the interposition of some of the family. This occurred in Connecticut, but the birds here in their winter home exhibit the same hatred. In our neighborhood a pair of birds were hung under a cherry tree, and on going to take them in the owner found both birds lying on the bottom of the cage headless, these important members having been ruthlessly torn off and ornamenting the thorn of a neighboring orange tree, As the cage was neither broken nor bent, it was somewhat of a puzzle how the outrage was committed, but later the same bird was seen darting at another caged canary that hung just outside a window. The butcher rushed at it, seizing it with one claw, and, by beating the cage with its wings, it completely demoralized the inmate, who finally, in its struggles, flew near the bold intruder, who quickly threw out one of its powerful claws and

grasped viciously at its victim. Undoubtedly it would have torn the canary's head off in this way had it not been disturbed. The butcher birds are not at all particular as to their food, it varying from blue jays and gophers to grasshoppers, even worms and different insects being found impaled on

meat, was immediately placed upon it and either left or devoured A friend of mine living in Los Angeles arranged a series of spikes for the benefit of the birds that carried on their depredations in the vicinity and found that they eagerly took advantage of the artificial thorns, a variety of insects and upon the spikes In the illustration is shown a great shrike and also impaled on spikes fixed in a wooden fence. This val-. iant little warrior possesses the faculty of imitating the notes of other birds, such as are indicative of pain. Thus it will

mimic the cries of the sparrow and other small birds, so as to make the same neighboring trees. The butchyour believe you hear them screaming in the claws of a hawk; and it is thought that this is done for the liament, glory upon the country. Of casions I have seen it in the act of valuable from the fact that they destroy suffering brethren. As on several oc- a striking contrast. They are quite screaming in this manner, when it so many injurious insects. - New York would suddenly dart from its perch into Ledger.

WINGED BUTCHERS AT WORK. er birds in Southern California greatly resemble the English great gray shrike, and presents an attractive appearance when on the wing, the back being gray, and white markings afford

FEATS OF HINDOOS. Carry Chests of Ten Weighing 130

Pounds Five or Six Miles. Darjeeling tea, said Mr. George W.

Christison, in a recent lecture before the British Society of Arts, is all carried by the hardy hill-men up the steep mountain roads to the nearest railway station on the way to market. It is no unusual day's work for a coolie to carry a tea chest weighing from 110 to 130 pounds a distance of five or six miles, making at the same time an ascent of from 2,500 to 3,500 feet in sheer vertical elevation. There can be no deception about a task like that, and we cannot but have an admiration for the powers of endurance of these who perform such a feat. Of course these people are trained to loadcarrying and mountain-climbing from rated with flowers such as no British their very infancy, and hence the peculiar set of muscular faculties required for them are fully developed, if not actually called into existence, at the cost of others-so much so that the roar of the cascading river in your walking on a level, after a few miles, becomes positively painful to them. In | read the last novel from Mudie's or the the prosecution of their own trade, or in domestic affairs, they frequently man has just delivered. Then early to undertake long, arduous journeys over bed and early to rise, your bath, your ridges and along and across hot valleys, varying many thousands of feet in elevation, occupying many days, carrying heavy loads of from 150 to 200 pounds, and over, and in addition to their food and bedding, most cheerfully lighting a fire, cooking and eat-

sleep by the wayside. There is a story

still current of a Bhootean in old times

having carried a grand piano up the

hill to Darjeeling, a distance of fifty miles forward, and involving a rise of more than 5,000 feet in elevation by the old road. These hill tribes are a hardy people, capable of perfoming marvelous journeys without partaking of food or on the most meager fare.

Luxury in Central Africa. We learn from a London interviewer that Zomba, the capital of British Central Africa, is quite a civilized place, in which the visitor may require a dress coat. "If the commissioner asks you to dine, you will find that he lives in a luxurious mansion built high up on the shoulder of a lofty mountain. Your dinner will be cooked by a Hindoo chef of exquisite cunning, you will be waited upon by deft servants as black as night, the table will be decoduchess could buy, the view from the windows will delight your eye. After dinner you will step out into the veranda, perhaps, and smoke your cigar with ears, or fall into a luxurious chair and last batch of papers which the postcoffee, and a little fruit perhaps, a stroll in the delightful garden, full of fruits and flowers, a peep at the commissioner's private menagerie, then dejeuner."-London Star.

Not Up-to-Date. ing their scanty meal and going to He lies in jail for bigamy; The law is most inhuman In robbing man of liberty For wanting a new woman HEIRESS KIDNAPPED.

The Police of Minneapolis Believe M. w Entherford Has Been Carried Away. The Rutherford family of Minneapolis is a very wealthy one, and as it consists at present only of Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter Fanny, it will be seen that this young woman is heiress to no small fortune. But her present wealth and future prospects seem to be more of a curse than a past a target for fortune-hunters, and now she is missing from home, and the police have offered a reward for J. A. Morris, who is believed to have kidnapped the young woman. Morris, who has a long criminal record, met Mrs. Rutherford and her daughter while they were traveling in the south last spring, learned of their wealth, and that they lived in Minneapolis. On the 6th of May Miss Rutherford disappeared from her home, leaving a note saying that she was going to St. Paul and would return the following day. Since then a letter has been received from her, evidently written under restraint, saying that she was happily married to a man she worshipped. The police are convinced that she was kidnapped by Morris and is held by him, and they are making every effort to find her. Miss Rutherford is about twenty-five years old and is highly accomplished. Her father was Capt. George Rutherford, a pioneer citizen of Minneapolis, who left a vast estate to his widow and only daughter. This wealth has brought Miss Rutherford many suitors, but she has always refused to leave her

LOVERS OF THIRTY YEARS WED Indiana Boasts a Bright Example in

mother, and has expressed no desire

to marry. All these things strengthen

the police in their belief that she has

been kidnapped.

Constancy and Devotion.

A bright example in constancy and filial devotion is afforded in the experience of a couple recently wedded in Liberty township, Indiana, the newly married pair being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foreman, who reside on their 400-acre farm near Greentown. In point of age both bride and groom have passed the half-century mark. Though lovers from early childhood and betrothed from youth, the marriage was deferred until now, the engagement covering a period of thirty years. Young Foreman had a stepmother to whom he was greatly attached, and to whom he solemnly pledged to support during her lifetime, promising not to marry while she remained alive. Contrary to expectations, the invalid and dependent stepmother lived until a year or more ago. During this long wait of nearly a third of a century the lovers scrupulously observed their vows, toiling on through the years without a thought of disregarding the pledges given the stepmother or breaking faith in any manner whatever. They grew gray, lived frugally, saved their earnings and patiently bided their time. When death removed the barrier, the lovers had accumulated sufficient means to buy the largest farm in the township. the marriage ceremony died of old age many years ago, and a divine of a new generation officiated at the longdelayed wedding.-Chicago Times-Her-

Ilis Discovery.

Grinnen-"Old fellow, I've discovered the fountain of youth." Barrett-"What?"

Grinnen-"That's right. And it isn't a fountain at all. It's a bicycle." Barret (still incredulous)-"What make?" -Chicago Tribune.

NOTED MEN AND CHILDREN.

Children have a genuine friend in the person of the King of Siam, and he has always taken an immense interest in watching the progress of the child rulers of Europe-Alphonso of Spain and the little queen of Holland. During his present European trip he intends to make their personal acquaintance and become their fast friend. In Alphonso of Spain he will find the unique combination of a small boy alive with infantile fun, mingled with stately dignity, for the small king of Spain is fully aware of his exalted position.

By the younger members of the royal family the Prince of Wales is considered a martinet and a disciplinarian, in spite of his worldwide reputation for jovial good nature. A short time ago he saw the little Princess of Battenberg and Prince Edward of York at play in one of the palace courtyards. Running past a sentinel they omitted to return the salute which soldiers are obliged to give every member of the royal family, whether the age be 60 years or 60 days. Immediately the prince called the children back and insisted that each should make his salute to the soldier.

President Faure of France is ex tremely fond of the youngsters, and his greatest pleasure is a romp with his grandson. When he became a grandfather for the second time the fact was carefully kept from the public for a couple of weeks, the reason for this act throwing a new light on the French attitude toward Russia the great. The strange reticence is officially explained in this way. Almost at the time of the birth of his grandson in Paris the czarina also became a mother, and the French president thought it wiser to wait for the royal proclamation from St. Petersburg, so that his congratulations to the czar might precede those of the czar to him.

Next to knowing when to selze an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—Disraeli.