



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

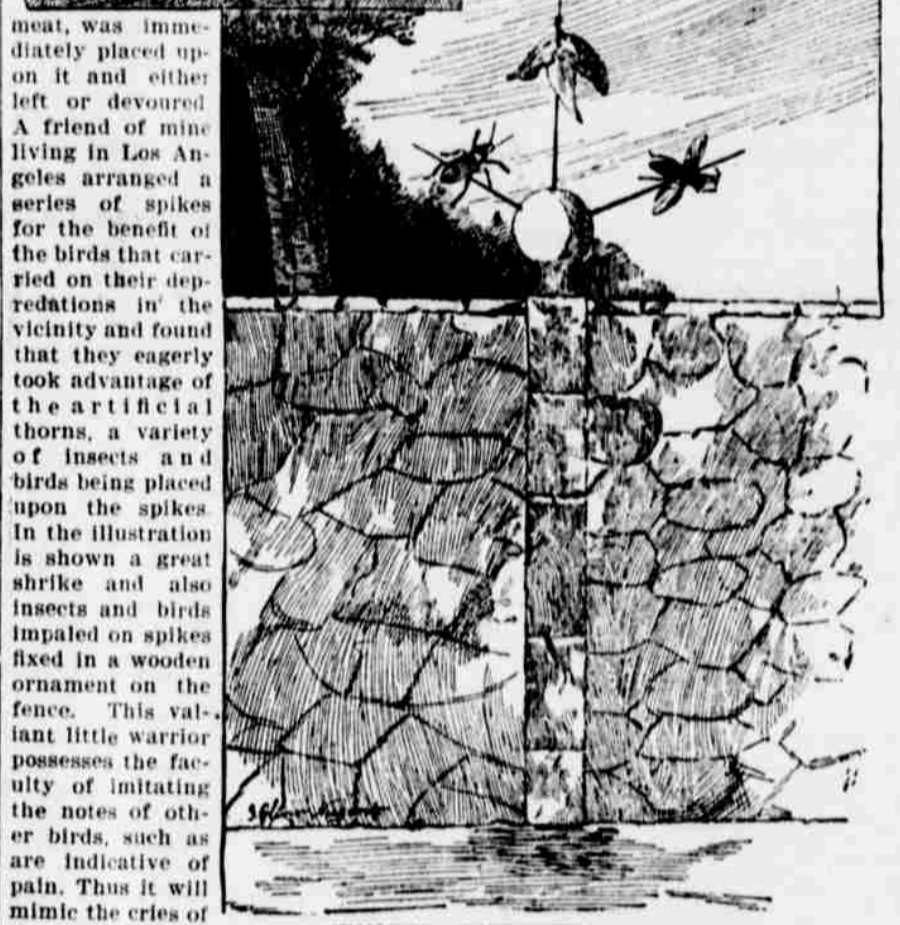
CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"What is that to you?" said he roughly. "I have many things to do which you cannot understand."
 "And there are things which I can understand," returned Marjorie quietly. Then she showed him the letter which she had received, and asked calmly, "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, Mademoiselle Seraphine, is entertaining and my wife is not; when a man has a little leisure, he does not seek the society of the dulllest companion of his 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 him and knelt at his feet.
 "Leon," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "let us forget the past; maybe it 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 said. "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 Marjorie 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 amiable 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.
 Half an hour later, when he reached 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 him?"
 And he shook his clenched 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 the 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 fallen, 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 Hetherington having 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 believed to be her husband.
 Thus matters stood for a week, when, one 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 suffering 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, Leon. I have my marriage lines."
 "Which are so much waste paper, my dear, here in France!"
 Sick with horror and fear, she tottered to him and clutched him by the arm.
 "Leon! once more: what do you mean?"
 "My meaning is very simple," he replied: "the marriage of an Englishwoman with a French citizen is no marriage unless the civil ceremony has 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 he can easily be legitimized according to our laws; but nothing on earth can make us two man and wife so long as I remain on French soil."
 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 plainly the utter villainy of the man 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, wearied with fatigue and fear, slept soundly in her arms.
 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 tears.
 "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 what she must do.
 "Go back to Scotland?" No, she could not do that. She could not face her old friends with this shame upon her, and show them the child who should never have been born. From that day forth she must be dead to them. What she could not undo she must conceal.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)
 Sheridan as an Orator.
 After Richard Brisley Sheridan had made his great speech in Westminster Hall, asking for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: 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, luster upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence 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 ceased to be."—Savannah Bulletin.
 So Sudden.
 "Mr. Tillinghast left me \$50,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow. "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 pencil, has no point to it.

WINGED BUTCHERS.

BY MINNIE SLADE.

The shrieks, or butcher birds, well 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 shrieks are powerful birds of attractive mien, presenting an appearance indicative of courage. The mandible of this bird is arched and hooked, 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 shriek is most common, the favorite locality of this bird is found quite a museum, as they catch toads, mice, birds and insects. And one has been 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 pointed stick, sharpened for the purpose, being given a caged butcher bird, all its food, consisting of raw



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 birds being placed upon the spikes. In the illustration is shown a great shriek and also insects and birds impaled on spikes fixed in a wooden ornament on the fence. This valiant 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 your believe you hear them screaming in the claws of a hawk; and it is thought that this is done for the purpose of inducing others to come out from their coverts to the rescue of their suffering brethren. As on several occasions I have seen it in the act of screaming in this manner, when it would suddenly dart from its perch into

HEIRESS KIDNAPPED.

The Police of Minneapolis Believe Mrs. Rutherford 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 blessing, for they have made her in the 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 mother, and has expressed no desire to marry. All these things strengthen the police in their belief that she has been kidnapped.

LOVERS OF THIRTY YEARS WED

Indiana Boasts a Bright Example in 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 minister first engaged to perform the marriage ceremony died of old age many years ago, and a divine of a new generation officiated at the long-delayed wedding.—Chicago Times-Herald.

His 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." Barrett (still incredulous)—"What make?"—Chicago Tribune.

NOTED MEN AND CHILDREN.

Children have a genuine friend in the person of the King of Spain, and he has always taken an immense interest in watching the progress of the child rulers of Europe—Alfonso 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 Alfonso 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 he 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 extremely 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 seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—Disraeli.

FEATS OF HINDOOS.

Carry Chests of Tea 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 load-carrying and mountain-climbing from 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 walking on a level, after a few miles, becomes positively painful to them. In the prosecution of their own trade, or in domestic affairs, they frequently undertake long, arduous journeys over ridges and along 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 eating their scanty meal and going to 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 performing 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 decorated with flowers such as no British duchess 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 the roar of the cascading river in your ears, or fall into a luxurious chair and read the last novel from Mudie's or the last batch of papers which the postman has just delivered. Then early to bed and early to rise, your bath, your coffee, 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 déjeuner."—London Star.

Not Up-to-Date.
 He lies in jail for bigamy;
 The law is most inhuman
 In robbing man of liberty
 For wanting a new woman.