INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

She had a little money about her, a small check received from Miss Hetherington on the previous day; this would enable her to ward off starvation at least for a time. In the meantime she must seek work, and by that means sustain herself and her boy.

She collected together a few things which were necessary for their comfort, and when her preparations were made, she knelt by the couch and woke the child. The little fellow stared at her for a moment, and then he seemed to remember what had passed, and he clung to her in fear.

"Where is papa?" he asked.

"Papa is gone, my darling!"

He looked at her again for a moment, then his little arms stole round her neck, and he laid his cheek against hers.

"Poor mamma!" he said.

Marjorie clasped him to her breast and sobbed convulsively.

"Ah, Leon," she murmured, "you are all that is left to me now; and yet perhaps it would be better for you to die!"

She continued her preparations, and when all was done, she still lingered in the house, as if fearing to face the world.

At length she remembered Sutherland, remembered the pledge to him and she resolved to keep it.

She would go to him, tell him part, if not all her story, and ask his advice.

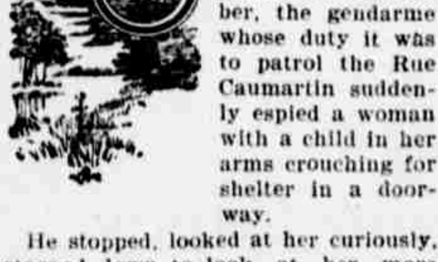
She took little Leon by the hand and left the house, passing hurriedly through the streets, until she came to Sutherland's lodgings.

She inquired for him, and found to her dismay that he was already gone. He had left the rooms on the previous night and returned to Scotland.

When she first heard the news, Marjorie felt as if her last hope had gone indeed, and she moved away trembling and almost in tears; but after a moment's reflection she acknowledged to herself that perhaps, after all, it was for the best.

What possible good could have resulted from an interview with Sutherland? She would in all probability have brought trouble upon him by telling him her own and she had worked mischief enough already to all her kin. No; she would trouble them no more, but, with little Leon to comfort her, she would remain as one dead, buried in the great city where she had not even one friend.

CHAPTER XXXI.



ONE bitterly cold night early in the month of November, the gendarme whose duty it was to patrol the Rue Caumartin suddenly espied a woman with a child in her arms crouching for shelter in a doorway.

He stopped, looked at her curiously, stooped down to look at her more closely, and demanded her business there. The woman stirred, but did not rise, and the child, which she held clasped closely to her, uttered a feeble cry. The gendarme paused a moment, then he bent down, took her by the shoulder, and gave her a vigorous shake.

This time the woman rose, wearily and slowly, like one in physical pain; and the child clung to her skirts, and cried again. She lifted him in her arms, and passed with a slow, tottering step down the street.

She was but poorly clad for such weather. Her garments were threadbare, and here and there they hung in rags about her, so she shivered and shrank before every touch of the frosty wind. The streets were dark and almost deserted, save for the gendarmes who paced with their measured tread up and down the silent streets. They looked at her as she went by, and thought of her no more. She passed along until she came to the Champs Elysées; then she turned aside, and, hiding herself among the trees, lay down on one of the seats.

A faint cry awakened the woman in the morning. She opened her eyes, and as she did so she saw the pale, pinched face of her child turned toward her, and heard him feebly crying for bread. With a moan she threw her hands into the air and cried:

"Bread, my child; I have no bread, and you are starving!"

The ground was frozen and snow was falling; her hands and feet were benumbed and her face was pinched with hunger. She spoke to her little boy in French, and not one of those who had known her in the old days would have recognized Marjorie Annan. Yet it was Marjorie—a starving woman looking at her starving child.

Two months had passed since she had left Caussidiere, and ever since that day her troubles had increased. Until now there seemed nothing left to her but to beg or starve.

It was now broad daylight and troops of workingmen were passing along to their day's labor, women were passing along with heavy burdens, pretty seamstresses tripping along to the shops where they served all day; and in the open road a stream of country carts, laden with produce, was flowing in from the town gate.

No one noticed Marjorie, those who did glance at her seeing nothing to distinguish her from the other waifs to be found in all large cities. But presently she saw coming toward her a burly figure, carrying on its shoulders a piece of wood, from which depended two heavy cans. It was the figure of a woman, though one of man-like strength, who, to complete the masculine appearance sported a black moustache and a whisker-like down on either cheek.

The woman was singing in a deep man's voice. She was about to pass by when she was attracted by little Leon.

"A thousand devils!" she muttered to herself; then, striding toward the bench, she demanded. "What's the matter? Is the child ill?"

Marjorie looked up and met the gleam of two great black eyes, bold but kindly. She could not speak, but turning her head aside, sobbed again.

"Poor little mother," growled the stranger to herself. "She is almost a child herself. Look up! Speak to me! What are you doing here?"

The tone was so gentle and sympathetic, though the voice and address were rough, that Marjorie cried in despair from the bottom of her heart:

"Oh, madame, we have been here all night, and my little boy is starving!"

"Starving—the devil!" cried the woman. "Do you mean it?"

As she spoke she stooped down, freed herself of her load, and rested her cans upon the ground; then, opening one of them, she took out a tin vessel brimful of milk.

"See here—it is milk of the cow! Let the little one drink."

Eagerly and gratefully Marjorie took the vessel and held it with trembling hand to the child's lips; he drank it thirstily, every drop.

"Bravo!" cried the stranger, filling the can again. "Encore! Another, little man!"

And little Leon drank eagerly again.

"God bless you, madame!" said Marjorie. "How good you are!"

"Good—the devil! I am Mother Jeanne, and I have had little ones of my own. Now, it is your turn, little woman."

Thus urged, Marjorie drank, too. Mother Jeanne watched her with grim compassion.

"You are too frail to be out in this weather. Who are you? You are not a Frenchwoman, by your tongue."

"No, madame. I came from Scotland, but I have been in Paris a long time."

"Where do you live, eh?"

"I have no home, and no money."

"And no friends? The devil!"

"Not one."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I do not know. It is a long time since we have tasted food. I—"

Marjorie sank back, and would have fallen had not the woman's strong arm supported her.

"Bad, very bad!" growled Mother Jeanne. "See, here are two sous; it is all I have, but it will buy something for the child. After that, I will tell you what to do. Out yonder, close to the Madeleine, they will distribute bread to the poor of the arrondissement at 10 o'clock. You will go there and take your place with the rest; they must help you—they cannot refuse. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame, I will go."

"That's right," said Mother Jeanne, patting her on the shoulder. "And after that, let me see—yes, after that, if you are English, you will go to the British Embassy and ask them for assistance."

"Yes, madame," answered Marjorie, sadly.

"Courage. The little one is better already. He will be all right by and by. But I cannot linger, little woman. My customers are waiting, and I have yet to prepare the milk for the market. You will go to the distribution of bread, will you not? Any one will show you the place."

Marjorie promised, clinging, as she did so, to the good creature and gratefully kissing her hard hands. Mother Jeanne was touched. She brushed away a tear with the back of her hand, and uttered another sympathetic imprecation.

"And if all else fails you," she cried, "come to me, Mother Jeanne, at the Dairy, Rue de Caporal. I am poor, look you, but I would not let you starve. Remember, Mother Jeanne—Mother Mustache they call me sometimes—13 Rue de Caporal."

And with a rough nod the good soul shouldered her cans and strode along.

Marjorie watched her till she faded out of sight; then, refreshed and strengthened by the healthful draught she took little Leon by the hand and walked away toward the crowded streets.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABOUT the very time that Marjorie was wandering homeless and hungry in the streets of Paris two persons were journeying toward the city of London by the night mail.

One was Miss Hetherington of the Castle; the other was John Sutherland.

For fully an hour neither of them had spoken; the old lady, looking fully twenty years older than when we last beheld her, lay back among the cushions of the carriage, and fixed her eyes upon a letter which she held in her hand. For about the tenth time that night she raised the paper, and read the words which were hastily scrawled thereon:

"Dear Mother—I am in great trouble, I am in sore need. Will you help me? I do not mind for myself, but to see my little child in want breaks my heart.

"MARJORIE."

She read it through; then with a moan she let it fall again upon her lap.

"Marjorie!" she cried, "my bairn, my bairn!"

From his corner of the carriage Sutherland watched in silence. He was utterly in the dark as to what it all meant. He only knew that they were traveling to Paris and to Marjorie.

On the day before, as he had been quietly working at his pictures at home, his father having partially recovered, Miss Hetherington, whom he believed to be in Edinburgh, had suddenly appeared like a specter before him, and without a word of explanation had commanded him to return with her to Paris.

On hastening with her to the Castle he found that a stormy scene had been enacted there; that Miss Hetherington, beside herself with rage, had actually struck her old attendant in the face and turned her from the door. What it was all about nobody seemed to know, and after one glance into Miss Hetherington's wild eyes Sutherland knew that he had better not inquire. So he quietly obeyed her orders, and the two started together by the night mail for the south. But although Sutherland had been silent he had been none the less curious; and now, seeing that Miss Hetherington's wild excitement was passing away, he ventured to speak:

"Miss Hetherington!" cried Johnnie Sutherland, "is that a letter from Marjorie?"

"Ay, from Marjorie."

She held forth her thin white hand, which now was trembling violently, and as Sutherland took the letter she uttered a low moan again, and for the first time that night her tears began to fall.

Sutherland read the letter, then he looked at the date, and exclaimed:

"October! why, it's more than four weeks old!"

"Ay, more than four weeks!" she moaned; then suddenly sitting erect, and looking fixedly into his face, she added: "Johnnie Sutherland, what has happened to her now?"

"God knows; but maybe after all we are in time; but how did it chance to be so long in coming to you?"

"It went to the Castle, Johnnie, and Mysie kept it there. When I came home from Edinburgh yesterday I found it lying on my desk waiting for me. It had been waiting for me for a month, you see."

Sutherland was silent. He was more troubled than he cared to say. A month! Ah! he thought, what might not happen in that time to a woman and child penniless and alone in the streets of Paris?

He returned the letter with a sigh, and did all he could to rouse and cheer his companion, who, now that her excitement was over, suffered with a frightful reaction, and trembled and cried like a child.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MRS. OLIPHANT.

Her Indomitable Courage and Saving Sense of Humor—A Pretty Woman.

One day in the last week of her life Mrs. Oliphant said: "Many times I have come to a corner which I could see no way around, but each time a way has been found for me." The way was often found by the strengthening of her own indomitable courage, which as long as her children were left to her never seemed to flag; it was the courage of perfect love, says the Fortnightly Review. But it is certain that if she had no moral qualities except courage she could not have toiled on as she did; a saving sense of humor, a great capacity to enjoy what was really comic and everything that was beautiful, made life easier for her, and "the great joy of kindnesses" was one never absent from her. So that whatever suffering might be lying in wait to seize upon her solitary hours there was almost always a pleasant welcome and talk of the very best to be found in her modest drawing room. If the visitors were congenial her charm of manner awoke, her simple fitness of speech clothed every subject with life and grace, her beautiful eyes shone (they never sparkled), and the spell of her exquisite womanliness made a charmed circle around her. She was never a beautiful woman at any time of her life, though for many years she was a very pretty one, but she had, as a family inheritance, lovely hands, which were constantly busy, in what she called her idle time, with some dainty sewing or knitting; she had those wonderful eyes which kept their beauty to the last minute of her life, and she had so much exquisite daintiness in all her ways and in the very atmosphere about her which was "pure womanly."

"I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the discharged prisoner. "Well, you probably would have done time," said the proud lawyer.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Chicago paper tells of a bicycle crank who reads all the coal strike dispatches that have a Wheeling date line to them.

SURPRISED NATIVES.

A PAIR OF BLOOMER GIRLS IN A HOLLAND VILLAGE.

People Never Saw a Bicycle Before—Sabots a Bar to Riding—Two American Girls Give a Display of Their Ability.

VOLLENDAM, Holland, is one of the few places in the world that have never known a bicycle, or, at least, it never had until lately. Vollendam is a little fishing village. The people who live there are the oddest, most old-fashioned folks imaginable. The men wear magenta waistcoats and remarkable trousers, buttoned with huge silver buttons that are heirlooms. In Vollendam a man never loses his trouser button, but if he happens to do so, a search is ordered all through the village and no one rests until the button has been found and returned.

Vollendam is the quaintest village, visitors say, they ever saw. There are funny little peak-roofed, red tiled houses, with the walls painted bright yellow and covered with old Delft ware that the people will not sell. The women wear aprons of bright blue, with a piece at the top of the brightest possible plaid. The bodices are of flowered chintz of bright yellow, embroidered in different colors, and even the sabots are grass green or yellow.

The little girls dress exactly like their mothers, and so do the little boys, in skirts and all, until they are 7, when they are put in bloomers; and the only way they can be told is by a little disc the size of a dollar embroidered on the back of their tight little baby caps.

The people of Vollendam never take up new things. But a few days ago there was a sensation in Vollendam, and it was caused by the arrival of two American girls. They were bloomer girls, who came over from Paris to see Holland. One of them was from Chicago and the other from a southern city. They had heard that there were strange places in Holland, and they set out to find one of them.

When these girls arrived in Vollendam they went to the hotel, and there prepared to go forth, but when they came out they found a crowd of Vollenders around the door. Asking some one what was the matter, they received the reply:

"It is your bicycles."

Vollendam never saw a bicycle before.

When they learned that Vollendam had never before seen a wheel, they were astonished. After a little persuasion they kindly consented to give exhibitions of some simple feats. Their small tricks, that are known to every American girl who rides a wheel, filled the Vollenders with wonder, and one of them, more venturesome than the rest, asked to be allowed to sit on the saddle. Of course, she had to be held.

When asked if they would like to have bicycles introduced in Vollendam, they looked wistful, but shook their heads and glanced furtively at the men, as much as to say, "They would never allow it."

One of the little boys of Vollendam cried when the American girls started away, so the Chicago girl good-naturedly brought back her wheel and put the little fellow on it, allowing him to rest his big wooden shoes on the pedals. This so delighted him that he stood up and lost his balance and fell over the handle bars. He pointed to his wooden shoes and laughed, as much as to say that they were the reason why wheels were not known in Vollendam.

TWO AMERICAN GIRLS SURPRISE A COMMUNITY IN WHICH BICYCLES WERE NEVER BEFORE SEEN

Better Unsaid.

Paterfamilias (to unexpected guest)—"Why didn't you send us word you were coming? Pot luck, you know, my boy! Hope you have managed to make out a dinner?" Unexpected Guest (politely)—"Bless you, old man! I hope I may never have a worse one."—Harlem Life.

HATS OF GREAT MEN.

Something About the Size of Their Heads.

At a recent meeting of the Kildare Archaeological Society a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. There was no mistake about the article, for O'Connell, mindful of the company he occasionally frequented, had written his name inside. That seems to have been a superogatory precaution, for the hat was so large it would have been useful to but few of O'Connell's contemporaries. The chairman putting it on partially disappeared from view of the alarmed audience, the rim of the hat coming down to his chin. It is stated that "the width of the hat was eight and a half inches; its longer diameter ten inches."

I have garnered some particulars of the sizes of the heads of eminent men, but have come upon nothing so big as this, writes H. W. Lucy, in the Strand Magazine. Mr. Gladstone requires a hat of the size of 7⅜, exactly Lord Macaulay's measurement. Lord Beaconsfield wore a hat of 7 inches, an undesigned but characteristically courtly imitation of the Prince of Wales, whose hat is of the same size. Charles Dickens, the late Lord Selborne and Mr. John Bright wore hats 7¼ size. The late Earl Russell wanted an eighth more. Charles Dickens' hat would have been too small for Thackeray by half an inch. Louis Philippe and, strange conjunction, M. Julien, wore hats of 7¾. An illustrious man of recent times who took the smallest hat on my list was Dean Stanley, for whom 6¾ sufficed. For his friend Dr. Thompson, Archbishop of York, a hat of full eight inches diameter was necessary.

"PIGEON DROPPERS" IN LAW.

The Meaning of This Term Just Elucidated in Kansas.

In the trial of a case in a police court at Lawrence the other day the lawyers were puzzled to discover in an old city ordinance the words "pigeon dropper," which were evidently used to demonstrate a certain class of criminal, says the Kansas City Journal. No one, however, knew anything about the class or their methods, and a discussion was started which lasted for several days and brought out all sorts of explanations. Finally F. W. Reed solved the riddle. He said that forty years ago, when he was in business in New York city, the term was a common one in police court circles. About that time a new confidence game was started which required a brace of confederates to successfully operate it. They would pick up a man on the streets who looked "easy," when one of the confederates would go ahead and drop what appeared to be a big roll of bills. The second confederate, keeping pace with the victim, so as to arrive at the spot a little in advance of him, would pick up the roll. Turning then to the victim he would explain that he had to hurry out of town; that the roll contained at least $1,000; that the loss would surely be advertised and a reward of at least $100 be offered; wouldn't the gentleman advance as much as the reward was sure to be and take the roll? The gentleman usually hastened to accommodate the finder, only to discover later that the $1,000 roll was simply a wad of paper with a $10 bill wrapped around it. This, says Reed, was known as "pigeon dropping" and the operators as "pigeon droppers."

Poetry After Poison.

One of the most pathetic epitaphs ever erected is that placed over the spot where Mr. Carew lies buried at Yokohama. It was prepared by his wife, who is now in prison, convicted of having poisoned him: In loving memory of my husband, who died October, 1896. Aged 43 years.

Twilight and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing, and so "Good-bye."

No name. Simply a veiled tragedy. Some sorrow, regret, yearning resignation, penitence, let us hope, are all mingled in this last distich.—Japan Gazette.

A KENTUCKY MULE.

Corncracker Cavalier Tells of a Wild Animal of His Native State.

The well-to-do farmer of republican proclivities was in Washington looking for pie for the next three years and a half, not so much for dessert as for a steady diet during that period, and while he was looking around he found time now and again to talk a bit on other subjects, says the Washington Star. One evening it was mules. "I'll be doggoned," he said, "if I haven't got a mule out home that ought to have the championship belt for kicking. Why, by zucks, one morning I tried to make that dern mule haul a cartload of rocks from a creek about half a mile to the stable and he just wouldn't stir a leg. All he would do when I tried to make him go forward was to move the other way, so to beat Mr. Mule at his little game I took him out of the shafts and turned him head on to the cart and started him up. Then he wouldn't move either way, but just stood still and began to kick. Not a one-legged kick, either, but the real thing with both feet, and, gee whillikens, how he did launch them out into the atmosphere. I was sure I never would get him now, for I couldn't get near him; but all of a sudden I noticed that every time he kicked he kicked so hard that he couldn't hold on to the ground with his fore feet, and so dragged himself about a foot or two, according to the ground he was on. That gave me an idea, and I just stood by and when he showed a disposition to quit I nagged him a little and he went to kicking again; and I'll be blamed if he didn't get that cartload of rocks to the place I wanted it at mighty near as soon as if he had just hauled it there in the first place and made no fuss about it." One or two men coughed a short cough, but when the Kentuckian looked around they seemed to have recovered from their pulmonary attack.

"Isn't that scar on your forehead where he kicked you once?" inquired one of them.

"Not exactly."

"I understood some one to say so," said the party with the cough.

"Somebody's mistaken, that's all. How it happened was that one day I was coming into the front gate and the mule was about 100 yards away, up at the other end of the big yard in front on the house. My hound made a break for him, and as the mule whirled to run away he let one leg fly at the dog, and the force of the kick, missing the dog, was such that the shoe flew off and whizzing through the air it took me a clip over the eye as I stood at the gate watching the two animals, and came mighty near settling my earthly accounts right then and there. You see, a mule's shoe is hardly as light as a lady's slipper and when it's hurled 100 yards through the air it is just the kind of a thing you ought to stand aside for and let it have as much room as it wants."

Names for Girls.

I used to know an Englishman who had a fancy for short names, made up chiefly of vowels. He lived in Portugal, and gave to his six children the names of Ava, Eva, Iva, Ova, Uva and Uiva. Poor Ova used to be fearfully teased by some Etonian cousins, and had her name declined in all sorts of dreadful ways to her great mortification. She was a "bad egg" when they were displeased with her, or an "addled egg" when she blundered, and sometimes a "freckled egg." Her father never suffered her to call herself by her second name of Maria.—London Truth.

Tarring and Feathering.

In a German journal the origin of the English and American practice of tarring and feathering is traced to the boisterous bishop of Halberstadt, who, being at war with the elector Palatine in 1623, caused all the nuns and friars of two monasteries to be turned into a large hall naked, their bodies being oiled and pitched; and in this situation they were obliged to tumble promiscuously among a vast quantity of feathers from beds stripped for the purpose, and thus decorated were turned out for the amusement of the multitude.—Birmingham (Eng.) Weekly Mercury.