



CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)
They passed through London and at last reached Paris.

On arriving at the station, Sutherland called up a fly, and ordered it to drive with the greatest possible speed to the Hotel Suisse, a quiet establishment close to the boulevards. Once there, he ordered a private room, conducted Miss Hetherington to it, and proposed that she should wait there while he went in search of Marjorie.

At first she rebelled, but she yielded at last.

"Yes, I will wait," she said. "I am feeble, as you say, Johnnie Sutherland, and not fit to face the fog and snow; but you'll bring the bairn to me, for I cannot wait long!"

Eagerly giving his promise, Sutherland started off, and the old lady, unable to master her excitement, walked feebly about the room, preparing for the appearance of her child.

She had the fire piled up; she had the table laden with food and wine; then she took her stand by the window, and eagerly scanned the face of every passer-by. At length, and after what seemed to her to be hours of agony, Sutherland returned.

He was alone.

"The bairn; the bairn!" she cried, tottering toward him.

He made one quick step toward her, and caught her in his arms as he replied:

"Dear Miss Hetherington, she has gone!"

For a moment she did not seem able to understand him; she stared at him blankly and repeated:

"Gone! where is she gone?"

"I do not know; several weeks ago she left this place with her child, and she has not been seen since."

The old woman's agony was pitiful to see; she moaned, and with her trembling fingers clutched her thin hair.

"Gone!" she moaned. "Ah, my God, she is in the streets, she is starving!"

Suddenly a new resolution came to her—with an effort she pulled herself together. She wrapped her heavy fur cloak around her and moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" demanded Sutherland.

She turned round upon him with livid and death-like face.

"Going!" she repeated, in a terrible voice. "I am going to him—to the villain who first learned my secret and stole my bairn away!"

Miss Hetherington spoke firmly, showing as much by her manner as by her speech that her determination was fixed. Sutherland therefore made no attempt to oppose her; but he called up a fly, and the two drove to the lodgings which had been formerly occupied by Marjorie and Caussidiere.

To Sutherland's dismay, the rooms were empty, Caussidiere having disappeared and left no trace behind him. For a moment he was at a loss what to do.

Suddenly he remembered Adele, and resolved to seek assistance from her. Yet here again he was at a loss. It would be all very well for him to seek out Adele at the cafe, but to take Miss Hetherington there was another matter. He therefore asked her to return to the hotel and wait quietly there while he continued the search.

This she positively refused to do.

"Come away, Johnnie Sutherland," she said, "and take me with you. If I'm a woman I'm an old one, and no matter where I gang I mean to find my child."

At seven o'clock that night the cafe was brilliantly lit and crowded with a rolisterous company. Adele, flushed and triumphant, having sang one of her most popular songs, was astonished to see a man beckoning to her from the audience. Looking again, she saw that the man was none other than the young artist—Sutherland.

Descending from her rostrum, she eagerly went forward to join him, and the two passed out of the cafe and stood confronting each other in the street.

"Adele," said Sutherland, eagerly, seizing her hands, "where is that man—Caussidiere?"

"Caussidiere?" she repeated, staring at him in seeming amazement.

"Yes, Caussidiere! Tell me where he is, for God's sake!"

Again Adele hesitated—something had happened, of that she felt sure, for the man who now stood before her was certainly not the Sutherland of other days; there was a look in his eyes which had never been there before.

"Monsieur," she said gently, "tell me first where is madame, his wife?"

"God knows! I want to find her. I have come to Paris with her mother to force that villain to give her up. Adele, if you do not know her whereabouts, tell me where he is."

She hesitated for a moment, then drew from her pocket a piece of paper, scribbled something on it in pencil, and pressed it into Sutherland's hand.

"Monsieur," she whispered, "if you find her—I may see her? once—only once again?"

"Yes."

"God bless you, monsieur!"

She seized his hand and eagerly pressed it to her lips, then, hastily brushing away a tear, she re-entered the cafe, and was soon delighting her coarse admirers with another song.

Sutherland had been too much carried away by the work he had in hand to notice Adele's emotion. He opened the paper she had given him, and read the address by the aid of the street lamp; then he returned to the fly, which stood waiting for him at the curbstone. He gave his directions to the driver, then entered the vehicle; taking his seat beside Miss Hetherington, who sat there like a statue.

The vehicle drove off through a series of well-populated streets, and then it stopped. Sutherland leaped out, and to his confusion Miss Hetherington rose to follow him. He made no attempt to oppose her, knowing well that any such attempt would be useless.

So the two went together up a darkened court, and passed before a door. In answer to Sutherland's knock a little maid appeared, and he inquired in as firm a voice as he could command for Monsieur Caussidiere.

Yes, Monsieur Caussidiere was at home, she said, and if the gentleman would give his name she would take it; but this Sutherland could not do. He slipped a napoleon into the girl's hand, and after a momentary hesitation she showed the two into the very room where the Frenchman sat.

He was dressed not in his usual dandified fashion, but in a seedy morning coat; his face looked haggard. He was seated at a table with piles of paper before him. He looked up quietly when the door opened; then seeing Miss Hetherington, who had been the first to enter the room, he started to his feet.

"Madame!" he exclaimed in French, "or shall I say Mademoiselle Hetherington?"

"Yes," she returned quietly, in the same tongue, "Miss Hetherington. I have come to you, villa!n that you are, for my child!"

"Your child?"

"Ay, my daughter, my Marjorie! Where is she, tell me?"

By this time Caussidiere had recovered from his surprise. He was still rather frightened, but he conquered himself sufficiently to shrug his shoulders, sneer and reply:

"Really, madame, or mademoiselle, your violence is unnecessary. I know nothing of your daughter; she left me of her own free will, and I request you to leave my house."

But the old lady stood firm.

"I will not stir," she exclaimed, "until I have my Marjorie. You took her from her home, and brought her here. What have you done with her? If harm has come to her through you, look to yourself!"

The Frenchman's face grew livid; he made one step toward her, then he drew back.

"Leave my house," he said, pointing to the door; "the person of whom you speak is nothing to me."

"It is false; she is your wife."

"She is not my wife! she was my mistress, nothing more!"

Scarcely had the words passed his lips when the Frenchman felt himself seized by the throat, and violently hurled upon the ground. He leaped to his feet again, and once more felt Sutherland's hard hands gripping his throat. "Coward as well as liar," cried the young Scotchman; "retract what you have said, or, by God! I'll strangle you!"

The Frenchman said nothing, but he struggled hard to free himself from the other's fierce clutch, while Miss Hetherington stood grimly looking on.

Presently Caussidiere shook himself free, and sank exhausted into a chair.

"You villain!" he hissed; "you shall suffer for this. I will seek police protection. I will have you cast into prison. Yes, you shall utterly rue the day when you dared to lay a finger upon me."

But Sutherland paid no heed. Finding that in reality Caussidiere knew as little of Marjorie's whereabouts as he knew himself, he at last persuaded Miss Hetherington to leave the place.

They drove to the prefect of police to set some inquiries on foot; then they went back to the cafe to make further inquiries of Adele. On one thing they were determined, not to rest night or day until they had found Marjorie—alive or dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHEN Miss Hetherington was hastening to confront Caussidiere, Marjorie, with her child, was walking wearily through the streets of Paris.

As the daylight faded away the cold had increased; the snow was falling heavily, soaking her through and through.

Suddenly she remembered what the milk-woman had told her; she would go to the English ambassador—perhaps he would give her relief and enable her to get home.

She paused once or twice to ask her way, but she could get no answer. She was nothing more than a street waif, and was accordingly thrust aside as such. At last a little gamin gave her the information she asked. The place she sought was three miles off.

Three miles! She was footsore and

faint; she had not a sou in her pocket; and her child was fainting with cold and hunger. It seemed to her that her last hope had gone.

Then she suddenly remembered that a certain Miss Dove, a wealthy English woman, had founded a home in Paris for her destitute countrywomen. She knew the address, it was nearer than the British Embassy. She dragged herself and child to it. She had just sufficient strength left to ring the bell, when she sank fainting on the threshold of the door.

When Marjorie again opened her eyes she was lying in a strange bed, and a lady with a pale, grave face was still bending above her.

"Where am I?" she cried, starting up; and then she looked around for her child.

A cold hand was laid upon her feverishly burning forehead, and she was gently laid back upon her pillow.

"The child is quite safe," said a low, sweet voice. "We have put him in a cot, and he is sleeping; try to sleep, too, and when you waken you will be stronger, and you shall have the little boy."

Marjorie closed her eyes and moaned, and soon fell into a heavy, feverish sleep.

Having seized her system, the fever kept its burning hold, and for many days the mistress of the house thought that Marjorie would die; but fortunately her constitution was strong; she passed through the ordeal, and one day she opened her eyes on what seemed to her a new world.

For a time she lay quietly looking about her, without a movement and without a word. The room in which she lay was small, but prettily fitted up. There were crucifixes on the wall, and dimly curtains to the bed and the windows; through the diamond panes the sun was faintly shining; a cozy fire filled the grate; on the hearth sat a woman, evidently a nurse; while on the hearth-rug was little Leon, quiet as a mouse, and with his lap full of toys.

It was so dreamy and so peaceful that she could just hear the murmur of life outside, and the faint crackling of the fire on the hearth—that was all.

She lay for a time watching the two figures as in a vision; then the memory of all that had passed came back upon her, and she sobbed. In a moment the woman rose and came over to her, while little Leon ran to the bedside, and took her thin, white hand. "Mamma," he said, "don't cry!"

For in spite of herself Marjorie felt the tears coursing down her cheeks. The nurse said nothing. She smoothed back the hair from her forehead, and quietly waited until the invalid's grief had passed away.

Then she said gently: "Do not grieve, madam. The worst of your illness is over. You will soon be well."

"Have I been very ill?" asked Marjorie, faintly.

"Yes, very ill. We thought that you would die."

"And you have nursed me—you have saved me? Oh! you are very good! Who—who are you—where am I?"

"You are amongst friends. This house is the home of every one who needs a home. It belongs to Miss Esther Dove. It was she who found you fainting on our door-step, and took you in. When you fell into a fever she gave you into my charge. I am one of the nurses."

She added, quietly: "There, do not ask me more questions, for you are weak, and must be very careful. Take this, and then, if you will promise to soothe yourself, the little boy shall stay beside you while you sleep."

Marjorie took the food that was offered to her, and gave the promise required. Indeed, she felt too weak to talk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAVAL BURIALS.

Regulations Require That Christian Interment Be Provided.

The chaplain's official station in most ship ceremonies and in time of battle is at the sick bay, where lie the sick, says Donahoe's. Discipline and fresh air are wonderful preservatives of health, and a chaplain's duties to the sick in times of peace are very light.

At naval hospitals, however, whither are brought from the ships the very sick and the seriously wounded, a chaplain finds ample field for the exercise of that tender sympathy which wins souls to God and for the ministering of the consolation of religion. It is also the duty of the chaplain to assist at naval burials. The regulations require that Christian burial be provided for all men who die in the service. If possible, the body is interred with the rites of the church to which the deceased had belonged. When this sad duty is required at sea the ship is hoisted to the flag displayed at half mast, and the officers and men are mustered on deck to pay their last tribute to the departed. The funeral services follow and the body is then consigned to the deep. A guard of honor fires three volleys over the watery grave and the bugler sounds the last "taps"—sad, mournful notes of the bugle which tell of the hour of sleep. If the death occurs at a hospital, an escort and a guard of honor from the ship to which the deceased had been attached accompany the funeral cortege to the grave. As the procession enters the cemetery the bugler proceeds, followed by the chaplain. This spectacle is always impressive. It naturally suggests the prayer that angels, led by the angel guardian, may bear the soul of the deceased before the throne of God as friends bear the body to the grave; that the angel, at the judgment seat, may proclaim welcome, joy and gladness as the bugler at the grave recalls loss, sadness and regret.



MARTIN HUNTER IN N.Y. LEDGER !!!

In describing the manner of taking some of the fur-bearing animals of the Hudson Bay territory, the bear comes first by its coat being earliest prime of all other animals of the north country.

The Indians, who, since the finishing of their last year's hunt in June have become tired of a fish diet, are anxiously looking forward to the 25th of September. On and after this date the bear skins have a market value with the company, and the Indians go into the berry patches and swamps in quest of bruin, who has for the past six weeks been fattening undisturbed.

Considerable bravery is shown by the Indian in hunting these strong and ferocious animals at this time of year. Few of them have other than a single-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, and if they miss a fatal spot when firing, the result is to them serious, if not death.

I cannot do better in these series of hunting stories than to follow the footsteps of Wa-Sa-Kejie, who was one of our most successful all-around hunters. He had a liking for the whites in general, and, from his kindness, for me in particular. At any time when it was convenient for me to leave the post he welcomed my company on his shooting and trapping tours. Still, hunting the bear in a flat and dry berry patch requires the greatest care and precaution to make it a day of profit. Wa-Sa-Kejie lands from his canoe on the leeward side of the patch he is going to reconnoitre and ascends a large mountain, whose wooded southern side runs down to the river shore; from the top of this he scans the burned lands beneath him with great minuteness for several seconds. At last his face lights up with satisfaction, for his eye rests on a large black bear feeding to the windward of a clump of alders. Before starting to stalk the game, he notes the direction of the wind, the lay of the country and the number of points of concealments between him and his quarry. All these essentials mentally impressed on his memory, he loads his gun carefully and descends the mountain. Wa-Sa-Kejie makes his way swiftly from the base for about a quarter of a mile; after that he goes with greater care. At last there is only one intervening stack of willows between him and the bear. From my vantage point of view I notice all his movements and also that of the bear, which is lazily feeding on the ripe, full berries.

At the extreme left-hand point of the clump stands an immense rock, brought there, no doubt, at the glacier

stand on the low banks and with a dash of his fore paw land out one or two fish at a stroke.

The Indian hunter knows these creeks and rivers, and it is on their banks he sets his traps with some tempting bait such as musquash meat or corn with maple syrup mixed together, neither of which is it possible for Mr. Bear to pass without making a try for.

Wooden traps, or deadfalls, are made in the same shape as the well-known figure-of-four trap for marion and other small animals, only many times larger, and the crushing weight or load as much as two strong men could lift.

The bait is tied on to a loop of twisted roots, and the latter is caught over the wooden trigger that supports the loaded cross-bar, and then on the peg at back of the trap. The bear, after drawing in strong whiffs of the tempting morsel from the entrance, ventures boldly in. The depth of the trap is almost equal to the length of his body, so when he tugs at the bait the middle of his body is directly under the cross-bar. The loop slips off the peg and the weight of the logs and stones crash down on poor old Mus-Kwa.

The Indian prefers using the steel trap, as it is more certain, and the bear keeping alive for several days, the hunter is not required to visit his traps so often.

During the hot spring days a bear in a deadfall very soon becomes fly-blown and rotten, and the meat useless, and very frequently the skin also.

It is in the spring of the year Wa-Sa-Kejie takes his twenty-pound new house trap and makes his way to a small connecting stream between two lakes. It is the spawning ground of carp. Here along the bank is a well-trodden bear path. Fishing bears have frequented this trail for years. Here he builds an obstruction on two sides out from the trunk of a large spruce for a distance of four feet; the opening in front is about twenty inches wide. A tempting bait is placed on a forked stick at the back of the inclosure near the base of the tree. He next cuts a sound, young birch seven or eight feet long, diameter at small end five inches, and six or seven at the thickest end. The weight of such a stick in the sap is about seventy-five pounds. About one-third up this drag the ring of the chain is firmly wedged, and the immense jaws of the trap is opened. A hollow in the entrance of the house is made, so that when the trap is placed the hole is nearly on a level with the ground. A bent root of small tree or

on the great bear for a moment or two before giving him his quietus.

Indians can carry immense weights. Suspended by a leather thong from the forehead, bears weighing up to three hundred pounds they can carry in this way across a portage of half a mile without resting.

But Wa-Sa-Kejie had one now even heavier than that, so he opened him up and removed the pannich and entrails to lighten his load. The trap was reset, and the successful hunter made his way to the canoe and then to his camp to bring smiles and laughter to his wife and family.

Some of the poorer Indians who do not possess steel traps and are too lazy to make deadfalls, sometimes set snares in the bear roads, but this mode of hunting is not successful as a rule.

COCKTAIL WENT WRONG.

Circumspect Man and Superstitionist Walter Pleased the Woman.

There is a certain young man who is just at present ruminating over the truism that you can never tell about women, says the New York Tribune.

He came to New York a few years ago from a western city more noted for its piety than anything else and has been of late living at an uptown hotel. Oddly enough, the early piety instilled in him was not lasting; he had slipped from grace at divers times and in a certain way cultivated a taste for the cup that cheers. There arrived at his hotel recently a little party from his home city. The party consisted of an old gentleman, his wife and their daughter. The old man was a friend of the young man's father, and the young man had a slight acquaintance with both father and daughter. The elderly man asked the younger man to dine with him in the evening, and the invitation was accepted. When the dinner hour rolled around the little party strolled into the dining-room. They found the room filled to overflowing and it was impossible to get four seats together. After some delay it was arranged that the elderly couple should sit at one table and the young man and the daughter sit at another. This man had acquired a habit of pre-facing a dinner with a cocktail. He knew well the feeling of his host on this subject, but he wanted the cocktail badly. He knew the waiter also, and, calling him over, told him quietly to bring a cocktail in a teacup. The waiter smiled knowingly and went off. Shortly he returned with a teacup and the young man alone knew it contained a cheering mixture of whisky and bit-TERS. The waiter was in his day and generation a wise man. He had seen this particular man drink in the house under all conditions, but never by stealth. He set his gigantic brain to work and he evolved the idea that the secrecy was for the benefit of the girl, and so he set the cup down directly in front of her and smiled with a self-satisfied smirk at the man. The man glowered and choked, but could say nothing. The girl looked suspiciously at the cup, and then picked it up and smelled it. Then a great light came into her face and she fairly beamed. She raised the cup to her lips and, pausing, smiled across at the man and said softly, "It was so kind of you! Just what I wanted. No one but you would have thought of it. Positively, you are a genius," and while the mellow liquid flowed down the girl's throat the man sat and blinked and blinked. Now he thinks that the younger generation of that village is not so bad after all, and he is talking of making a long-postponed visit to home.

Not a Misnomer.

Dabbler—"Why do you journalists always call a news write-up a 'story'?" Spacer—"Regard for the truth, my boy, compels me."

THIS AND THAT.

Gambling mania is now accepted in France as a ground for divorce. Few people in India eat more than twice a day, and thousands only once.

The greatest cape in the world is Cape Horn, a precipitous mountain over 3,000 feet high.

There are in India 200,000 widows age between ten and fourteen years, and 80,000 less than nine years old.

The relative size of the earth as compared with the sun is, approximately, that of a grain of sand to an orange.

As far as calculations can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times fiercer than that of red-hot iron.

A recent invention is a cradle that rocks by means of a clockwork mechanism, and, at the same time, plays baby tunes.

She—Isn't Colonel Oldbore the worst fellow for firing off old saws and sayings? He—A regular maxims-gun, eh?—Brooklyn Life.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of inventors, no one has been able to discover a substitute for leather. For shoes, belting, harness and a thousand other uses, "there's nothing like leather."

Toronto hotels have been bothered by a man who persists in putting six names on the register and ordering six rooms, although no one accompanies him and he represents nobody but himself.

"Didn't you forget something, sir," asked the waiter. "Yes," replied Gimpy, reaching for his hat. "You were so long bringing my dinner that I forgot what I had ordered."—Philadelphia North American.

First Passenger—Would you—ah—lend me your spectacles a moment, please? Second Passenger—Certainly, sir. First Passenger—Ah, thank you; now, as you can not see to read your paper, would you mind letting me have it, please?—Tit-Bits.



THE MONSTER FALLS PIERCED THROUGH THE HEART.

period; toward this the Indian is sometimes crawling, at others crouching; at last he is safe in its shelter, with heart beating with excitement.

When he left the mountain top the bear was feeding toward this very rock, and had so continued. With gun on the full cock, Wa-Sa-Kejie carefully advances his head around the base; in an instant it is brought back to cover, for he has caught sight of bruin not thirty feet away and busy eating the luscious fruit still toward the rock.

Wa-Sa-Kejie waits five minutes longer (it appears hours to me as I watch), and then, with belt-axe well in front and gun seized firmly in his hands, steps boldly out from his hiding place. As usual with bears when surprised at close quarters, the animal assumes an erect position, and at the same moment the gun belches forth its death-dealing bullet and the monster falls pierced through the heart.

That night the Indian's squaw and children feast on berry-fed bear meat, and the growing boys listen breathlessly to their father's description of how he killed "Mus-Kwa."

The foregoing is one way of hunting bear, and the other is by trapping—either deadfall or steel traps. This mode of trapping is only practiced in the spring. Shortly after the bears come out of their dens they resort to creeks and small rivers, where carp and small trout spawn at that season. Bruin is an expert fisherman, and will

shrub about as thick as the little finger is placed under the palate to make the trap harder to set off. This is done so that small animals, such as marten, fox or fisher, cannot spring the trap should they be drawn to the bait.

A layer of white moss or that from about a decayed stump is then placed in one sheet carefully over the whole trap and pulverized rotten wood or earth is then sprinkled over the moss to take away the newness, and the trap is ready. Four or five days have passed, during which time Wa-Sa-Kejie has been busy setting other traps at different points, and now, according to the signs, it is time he visits the traps he saw him set.

He emerges from the forest on a small hill overlooking the trap-house. One look, he sees the drag-log is off. Torn-up ground and bitten twigs and branches mark clearly the way the beast has gone. Wa-Sa-Kejie rams a bullet into his gun and follows the signs. With a twenty-pound trap and a drag-log almost as heavy as a man can carry, it is a marvel how far a bear will travel after being caught. But in this case bruin is not far off; an obstruction of some considerable strength has caught the drag, and as he hears the approach of the hunter he rattles his chain and lets out a defiant growl.

Wa-Sa-Kejie draws nearer and sees he is well caught—i. e., high up the foreleg. He is unable to do the trapper any harm, and the latter calmly looks