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CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)  
The nurse, having lifted little Leon into the bed, returned to her chair beside the fire, while Marjorie put her arm around the little fellow's shoulders and presently fell asleep.

Now that the fever had actually passed away, Marjorie's convalescence was rapid.

She still kept to her bed, being too weak even to move without assistance, and during the day little Leon was constantly with her. She asked a few questions, and the more she heard the more her curiosity was aroused.

One day she inquired for the grave lady whose face she dimly remembered to have seen, and who she now heard was the mistress of the house. In the afternoon the lady came to the bedside.

Marjorie was sitting up in bed that day, propped up by pillows, looking the very ghost of what she had once been; while on the bed beside her was little Leon, surrounded by his toys. He looked up, laughed, and clasped his hands when Miss Dove came in, but she only smiled and gently rebuked him for his boisterousness.

Then she sat down beside the bed and took Marjorie's hand.

"Well, my child," she said, "so you are rapidly getting well."

For a moment Marjorie was silent—she could not speak. The tears were blinding her eyes and choking her voice, but she bent her head and kissed the hand that had saved her.

"Come, come," said Miss Dove, "you must not give way like this. You have to tell me all about yourself, for at present I know absolutely nothing."

With an effort, Marjorie conquered her emotion and dried her tears. But what had she to tell?—nothing. It seemed, except that she was friendless and alone.

"Nay," said the lady, gently. "You are not that; from the moment you entered this door you had friends. But tell me, my child, how was it I found you and your child starving upon my threshold? You have a husband, perhaps? Is he alive or dead?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"He is here, in Paris, madame," she said.

"And his name is Caussidiere, is it not? So Leon has told me."

"Yes, madame, Monsieur Caussidiere."

"We must seek him out," continued Miss Dove. "Such conduct is not to be endured. A man has no right to bring his wife to a foreign country and then desert her."

"Ah, no," cried Marjorie; "you must not do that. I will leave the house whenever you wish, madame, but do not force me to see him again."

must be told, her troubled heart found little comfort in the thought of a meeting with Miss Hetherington.

At last, after long reflection, she spoke.

"I know my mother—she is my mother—is very good; but it has all been a fatality since I was born, and I can hardly realize yet that we are so close akin. Ah! If I had but known, madame! If she had but told me at the first, I should never have left Scotland, or known so much sorrow."

Miss Dove sighed in sympathetic acquiescence.

"It is a sad story," she replied. "Your mother, proud lady as she is, has been a great sinner; but she has been terribly punished. Surely, my child, you do not bear any anger against her in your heart?"

"None, madame; but she is so strange and proud. I am almost afraid of her still."

"And you have other loving friends," continued the lady, smiling kindly. "Do you remember Mr. Sutherland?"

"Johnnie Sutherland?" cried Marjorie, joyfully. "Who told you of him?"

"Himself. He is back here in Paris," Marjorie uttered a cry of delight.

"You have seen him? You have spoken to him? He knows—"

"He knows everything, my child; and he is waiting below till I give him the signal to come up. Can you bear to see him?"

There was no need to ask that question. Marjorie's flushed cheek and sparkling eye had answered it long before. Miss Dove stole quietly from the room, and almost immediately reappeared, followed by Sutherland himself.

"Marjorie! my poor Marjorie!" he cried, seizing her hands and almost sobbing.

But who was this that Marjorie saw approaching, through the mist of her own joyful tears? A stooping figure, leaning upon a staff, turning toward her a haggard face, and stretching out a trembling palsied hand. It was Miss Hetherington, trembling and weeping, all the harsh lineaments softened with the yearning of a mother's love.

"My bairn! my bairn!"

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried Marjorie; and mother and daughter clung together, reunited in a passionate embrace.

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
THEY took her home with her little boy to Annandale, and there in the old Castle Marjorie soon recovered her health and her strength. It was winter still; the landscape was white with snow, the trees hung heavily under the icy load, and a blue mask of ice covered the flowing Annan from bank to bank; but to Marjorie all was gladness and familiar as she moved about from scene to scene. She wore black, like a widow, and so did little Leon; and, indeed, it was a common report everywhere that her husband was dead, and that she was left alone.

As to Miss Hetherington's secret, all the world knew it now, for the swift tongue of scandal had been busy before Marjorie's return. Heedless of the shame, heedless of all things in the world, save her joy in the possession of her daughter, the grand old lady remained in deep seclusion in her lonely ancestral home.

in her daughter's face, then she said, with a loving smile:

"I ken one man that has the heart of a king—ay, of an angel, Marjorie."

"Who, mother?"

"Who but Johnnie Sutherland? my blessings on the lad! But for him, I should have lost my bairn forever, and it was for his sake, Marjorie, that I wished ye were a widow indeed!"

Marjorie flushed a deep crimson and turned her head away. Sutherland's unwavering devotion had not failed to touch her deeply, and she understood it now in all its passionate depth and strength; but she still felt herself under the shadow of her old sorrow, and she knew that the tie which bound her to Caussidiere could only be broken by death.

Thus time passed on, until the dreary desolate winter of that terrible year, so memorable to France and Frenchmen, set in with all its vigor. There was little joy for Sutherland. Indeed, his trials were becoming almost more than he could bear, and he was wondering whether or not, after all, he should leave his home and Marjorie, when there came a piece of news which fairly stunned him.

It came in the shape of a letter and a paper from his Parisian artist friend. The letter, after a few preparatory words, ran as follows:

"You may be shocked, but I hardly think you will be sorry to hear of the death of your little friend's husband, Leon Caussidiere. He disappeared in a most mysterious manner, and is supposed to have been privately put to death. What he was, Heaven knows! but he mixed a good deal in politics, and judging from what you told me about him, I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that he was a spy. Well, at any rate, whatever he was he is gone—peace be to his soul, and I fancy the world will get on a good deal better without him than with him. At any rate, a certain part of it will, I know! With this I send a paper, that you may read the official account of the death of your friend, and know that there is no mistake about it."

Having finished the letter, Sutherland turned to the paper—glanced down its columns; came upon a marked paragraph, and read as follows in the French tongue:

"Caussidiere, holding an officer's commission under the Committee of Public Safety, has been convicted of treasonable practices and put to death. He was tried by military tribunal, and executed yesterday."

Sutherland put down the paper and held his hands to his head; he was like a man dazed. Was he glad? No, he would not allow himself to feel glad—to rejoice in the death of a fellow-creature, even though he was his enemy.

And yet, if Caussidiere was dead, Marjorie was free. The very thought seemed to turn his brain. He put both the letter and the paper in his pocket, and went up to his room. He could not work, but he sat down among his pictures and tried to think.

What must he do? Go to Marjorie? No, he could not do that—for she would detect the joy in his face and voice, and her sensitive nature would recoil from him, and that he could not bear. He must not see her; other lips than his must tell the news.

He remained all the morning shut up in his room, but in the afternoon he left the house, and walked slowly across the fields toward Annandale Castle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COAL AND IRON.  
Showing That Great Britain Is Not Holding Her Own.

Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent of the world's supply of coal, at the present time it produces only 34 per cent, says Nature. Atlantic liners no longer carry coal from Great Britain for the return journey; they now take in American coal, and no less than 1,500,000 tons of American coal were thus consumed in 1895. The condition of the iron manufacturing industries has always exercised a most important influence on the production of coal so that a large demand for iron draws with it a large demand for mineral fuel. During the last twenty-five years the world's production of pig iron has increased from 12,000,000 to 26,000,000 tons; but the share taken by Great Britain has fallen from 48.8 per cent to 29 per cent, while that of the United States has increased from 14.1 per cent to 26.2 per cent, that of Germany from 11.4 per cent to 21.4 per cent, and that of Russia from 3 per cent to 4.7 per cent. Indeed, iron is now being imported from the United States into this country, and, incredible as it may seem, the railway station at Middlesbrough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium. Surely, then, the author of "Our Coal Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" is hardly right in thinking that British coal and iron still hold their own. He argues that other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies just as Great Britain, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a depth of 3,000 feet, 109,000,000,000 tons of coal, as compared with our 81,683,000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet. And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises 25,000,000 tons annually.

Probable Change in the Rubber Industry. Hitherto rubber has usually been secured by the wasteful method of cutting down the trees. The recent discovery that the leaves furnish a purer and more copious supply of gum than the trees, promises to produce a great change in that industry.

THE PHANTOM TRAIN.

(By Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch.)



I was in the fall of 1881, Sept. 20, that a party of five, including myself, started on a trip to Dixville Notch, a wild and romantic pass situated some fifty miles north of the White Mountains. Circumstances prevented our setting forth at the proposed hour, so it was nightfall ere we passed through Colebrook; indeed, lamps were lit in many of the stores and dwellings. Upon inquiry we learned that we were still ten miles from the Notch. We decided, however, to go forward, although our horses were tired and did not pull well together, being both of horses which had never before been driven side by side.

The twinkling lights grew less frequent and finally disappeared altogether, which led us to conjecture that we were now in the Dixville region. The stars came out and the moon gave a faint light, but this only served to make more apparent the gloom of the impenetrable forests and rocky cliffs, and as we observed all this, we regretted that we had not retained at Colebrook until morning, for the road if not actually dangerous, was dreary enough. We seemed as much out of the world, or at least from the abodes of man, as though we had been traveling days instead of hours. The cry of a loon, or some other bird of night, occasionally broke over the silence which settled over us; for the gentlemen were too much engaged in their efforts to keep the horses in any but laconic remarks, and Miss Alden and I, with tightly clasped hands, sat rigid and still, waiting for the carriage to be overturned or hurled downwards into the far-reaching darkness.

"Aren't you afraid?" exclaimed Miss Alden.

"No, I feel as safe as though I were in my mother's lap," returned Charlie, but immediately before the laugh subsided he drew the horses up suddenly. Mr. Aekley got down and discovered that he had narrowly escaped being thrown down a precipice.

"Shall we go on?" I asked anxiously.

"We can't turn around, and I suppose we must," returned Charlie. The gloom increased, the darkness thickened. Trees grew thick on either side of the road, the curtains of our carriage were down, and Miss Alden and myself were thus enveloped in total darkness. As for my little boy, he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly we heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive and the thunder of a train broke the silence. Our horses quivered with fright so that their harness shook, and they began plunging and rearing. Bending forward to peer out, we saw, high up on the crags, the lights of a passing train. Another whistle, a rattle, and it had vanished.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Charlie, "we have seen the phantom train!"

"Phantom train!" repeated Miss Alden. "I see nothing remarkable about it."

"Nothing remarkable when there is not a railroad track within twenty miles of here! That train," said Charlie, "if it did not float in the air, ran over the points of stones bristling several feet apart, and at an altitude that surveyors have thus far not interfered with."

"Is this true?" I asked.

"It is indeed," he replied. "I have heard of this phantom train, but never believed in its existence until now. It only appears one night in a year, and I suppose, luckily or unluckily, we have chanced upon that night!"

Absurd as the story has always appeared to me, I did not, in the uncanny darkness which surrounded us, find it too strange for belief. Indeed, had we not seen with our own eyes, the phantom train?

"Shall I tell you the story as I heard it?" asked Mr. Aekley.

"O, no, not until we are out of this gloom," said I.

"If we ever are," said Miss Alden. We went on, past one or two lumbering camps, untenanted and solitary, and just as we began to feel hopelessly shut in by dangers, seen and unseen, we entered a cleared space, and in a moment drew rein at a large, pleasant, well-lighted hotel, the Dix house.

corner of the room, and then we observed a tall, weather-beaten old man who looked strangely out of place in the midst of the group of well-dressed city people.

"Hezekiah Winters," said one gentleman, rising and placing chairs for Miss Alden and myself, "was about to tell of the Phantom Train which is popularly supposed to appear every 20th of September."

"Let us not interrupt his recital," said Mr. Aekley as we all exchanged glances.

"You see," said the old man, "I was hostler down to Cobos, and I was a tendin' to my duties, when into the stable comes a young man, genteel but sorter disipated lookin', and with somethin' in his eye that I didn't like the looks of."

"You tell me at the house that I can't get to Dixville tonight, but I'll go if the devil will help me, and I believe he will!"

"You say he helps his own," says I, peritely, but he didn't seem to mind what I said.

"You see," says he, "there's a young lady with me, an' her mother is very sick; if we can get through the Notch tonight maybe she will see her mother before she dies. We've got to go an' we will go!"

"But there ain't no train and there ain't no team that goes this time or night," says I, and I turned round to card one of the horses and when I looked round he wa'n't there. I was surprised, because you see, the stable doors opened and shut terrible hard and squeaked on their hinges.

"Well, he was gone. Vanished like, I went up to the house an' the cook an' the chamber maid was talkin' about a lady in the parlor."

"She's handsome as a drawn picture," says Mary, "and her feller is handsome, too. They're a runaway couple, I believe."

"Handsome!" said the cook, "He's too wicked lookin' to be handsome!"

"I wish I could see her," says I; for you see I pitied the girl if she was going to run off with that man.

"Well, come with me," says Mary. "I guess you can get a look at her, for I am jest a goin' to ask if she wants anythin'."

"I followed Mary as far as the parlor door, but in a minute she comes out lookin' scared. 'She ain't there,' says she."

"Wall, ladies and gentlemen, no one ever set eyes on them after that, but strange sights and strange sounds was heard that night by more'n one. Miss Higgins, the milliner, was waked by a noise like a train passin' her window, and Dick Henderson was run over by a train and had his leg broke. There wa'n't no track, mind you, where they found him, and a good many folks said Dick was too drunk to know what hurt him."

"But old Mr. Fellows is the soberest man you ever saw, and he heard a train a tootin' and bellerin' that night, like all possessed. I heered him tell on't down to the store. He thought the day of judgment had come. And the Widder Storm, a mother in Israel, if there ever was one, says she was a comin' from a sick neighbor's and saw right before her an' engine, but she didn't see no one else till the car passed her, and then, sittin' by the window that was all lit up, she saw a beautiful young lady and she was a cryin'."

"She felt so sorry for her, the Widder Storm did, that she says she never thought of there bein' no track for the car till she got home and then she said she shook like a leaf, and she remembered that the smoke had a dreadful curious smell."

"Just a year from that night I happened to be camped out in Dixville woods, and long towards midnight, I saw passin' high up on the peakid rocks a train tearin' along at a terrible rate. It was all lit up, but there wa'n't no engine and no car. 'Twas too fur off to see inter the windows, but I knew it was the same train. That feller was a tendin' of the engine, and the pretty girl was cryin' inside. I was sure on't, fur when a man calls on the devil as he did, he's sure to git help, and he's pretty sure to git more'n he wants on't."

MANUSCRIPT ROOM.

Most interesting Place in the Whole British Museum.

In the bewildering maze of the British museum, where many miles of shelves and cases are filled with world's treasures, there is one little room that attracts a greater number of visitors than any other, says Lippincott's. The crowds that throng about the cases in this room are composed of persons of curiously diverse characteristics. It is a center of interest for scholar and literary people, and yet seems as attractive to the least learned of the visitors. This is the room which contains the department of autographs and manuscripts, and the treasures within it are perhaps the most humanly interesting in the whole museum. Here are all manner of writings by the hands of the world's great men of many ages and countries. There are personal letters of kings and popes, queens, ministers and courtiers, whose names in history, in story and in song seem not to stand for real men and women, but rather for legendary beings; and these letters reveal in some homely phrase or bit of simple sentiment a touch of human nature which seems to make them more akin to those who curiously scan the documents to-day. Here one may come, as it seems, to actual acquaintance with the most notable of the characters in Shakespeare's historical dramas, and get a new reading, in the quaint original, of passages in his works. Here are charters and state papers that tell volumes of history in a few lines; letters of the great religious reformers, of statesmen, generals, poets and composers. These autograph documents, many of them letters from husband to wife or lover to sweetheart, show famous personages in a very different light from that in which they are commonly seen in the pages of history.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.  
Alexander of Russia a Man of Religious Mind.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was a man of a mystical, it may be said a superstitious, habit of mind, deeply impressed with the divine right of kings, and, it must be added, with a corresponding conviction of the obligation to govern according to what he regarded as Christian principles, says the Nineteenth Century. He proposed, therefore, that the sovereigns in congress should enter into a holy alliance, in which each pledged himself personally to rule according to the Christian standard, and to come to the assistance of any other in the case of domestic as well as international difficulty.

Lord Castlereagh, as the representative of this country, demurred to a pledge which his sovereign could not undertake independently of parliament. But he desired to avoid all possibility of disagreement with the other powers, and especially not to offend the susceptibilities of a personage who had been so influential in overcoming the common enemy; and after correspondence with Lord Liverpool at home, the prince regent wrote a friendly letter expressing his personal interest and sympathy with the aims of the other sovereigns, while refraining on the ground of constitutional necessity from entering, on his own part, into any obligations such as were proposed. The other powers had no such hesitation. They undertook the sacred duty of crushing trouble at the beginning by lending their forces to put down any movement, whether strictly domestic or not, which threatened to interfere with an established organization. The general outcome of the settlement was a series of guarantees against international aggression, supplemented by the special obligations of the members of the holy alliance to suppress internal disorders.

A Big Job.  
Herr Schulze of the Berlin Academy of Sciences has taken upon himself the task of preparing a work describing all animals that exist now or have existed within historic times. The Academy allows him \$7,000 to cover the expenses of his undertaking.

MIXED PARAGRAPHS.  
From Port Tampa, Fla., there were shipped in August 14,400 tons of phosphate rock.

A bicyclist scorching down a Bath (Me.) street with a baby carriage attached, attracted considerable attention the other day.

A Russian thistle nine feet in circumference was recently found growing by the wayside in the Santa Fe valley, New Mexico.

"It seems the courts find no flaw in Bilk's will." "You don't say so! Why, I supposed Bilks to be richer than that."—Detroit Journal.

Fuddy—You consider Harriman a funny fellow? Duddy—The wittiest man I ever knew. He can keep a company of Englishmen in a brown study an entire evening.—Boston Transcript.

"Golf arm" is the latest discovery of physicians in the way of physical ailment. It results, of course, from too arduous and too steady indulgence in the royal and ancient game of the brawny Scot.

The Arabian and African Bedouins, when suffering the pangs of hunger and having nothing wherewith to satisfy the cravings of appetite, draw their belts tightly to compress the stomach, and thus suffer less gastronomic inconvenience.

Hitherto rubber has usually been secured by the wasteful method of cutting down the trees. The recent discovery that the leaves furnish a purer and more copious supply of gum than the trees promises to produce a great change in that industry.



A TRAIN TEARING ALONG.

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The change was wonderful. Out of the dreadful darkness into the cheerful house and the pleasant parlor where quite a number of guests, remnants of the summer visitors, were sitting cozily together.

"See it? Yes, I see it every 20th of September for years till the landlord took to having me here to tell the story of his company," broke from one

Every animal Adam named was a new word added to his dictionary.