



CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.) He knew that at that hour Marjorie would be from home, wandering in the fields, perhaps, with her little boy, or visiting some of her old village friends.

He found Miss Hetherington alone. She was glad to see him, but rated him soundly on what she termed his neglect.

"It is not for me to control ye if ye donna wish to come, Johnnie Sutherland," she said. "Ye're your own maister, and ye can gang your own salt, but it's rarely fair to Marjorie. She's lonesome, poor lassie, and she takes it ill that ye come so seldom."

"Miss Hetherington," returned Sutherland, "I stayed away not because I wished, but because I took too much pleasure in coming. I love Marjorie. I've loved her ever since I was a lad. I shall love her till I die. I can't come before, knowing she had a husband; but it's for you to say now whether I may come in or not."

"For me? What do you mean, Johnnie Sutherland?"

For answer he put both the letter and paper in her hand, and bade her read. She did read; eagerly at first, but as she proceeded her hand trembled; the tears streamed from her eyes and the paper fell from her grasp.

"God forgive me!" she cried; "it's an evil thing to rejoice at the death of a fellow-creature, yet I cannot but rejoice. He broke the heart of my poor bairn, and he tried to crush down me, but Heaven be praised! we are both free now. Johnnie Sutherland, you say that you love her? Weel, I'm glad. You're a good lad. Comfort her if you can, and may God bless ye both."

That very night Marjorie learned the news from Miss Hetherington. The old lady told it with a ring of joy in her voice, but Marjorie listened with a shudder. After all, the man was her husband. Despite his cruelty, she had once almost loved him; and, though she could not mourn him as a widow she tried to respect the dead.

But it was only for a while; then the good lifted, and she almost thanked God that she was free. Sutherland now became a constant visitor at the Castle, and sometimes it seemed to him and to Marjorie also that their early days had returned; the same, yet not the same, for the old Castle looked bright and genial now, and it was, moreover, presided over by a bright, genial mistress.

Things could not last thus forever. Marjorie knew it; and one evening she was awakened from her strange dream. She had been out during the afternoon with her little boy, and as they were walking back toward the Castle they were joined by Sutherland. For a time the three remained walking together, little Leon clinging on to Sutherland's hand; but after a while the child ran on to pluck some flowers, and left the two together.

"How he loves you!" said Marjorie, noting the child's backward glance; "I don't think he will ever forget the ride you gave him on the roundabouts at the Champs Elysees—you were very kind to him; you were very kind to us both."

She paused, but he said nothing; presently she raised her eyes, and she saw that he was looking fixedly at her. She blushed and turned her head aside, but he gained possession of her hand.

"Marjorie," he said, "you know why I was kind to you, do you not? It was because I loved you, Marjorie. I love you now—I shall always love you; tell me, will you some day be my wife?"

The word was spoken, either for good or evil, and he stood like a man awaiting his death sentence. For a time she did not answer; when she turned her face toward him it was quite calm.

"Have you thought well?" she said. "I am not what I was. I am almost an old woman now, and there is my boy."

"Let him be my boy, Marjorie; do not say 'No'!"

She turned toward him and put both her hands in his. "I say 'Yes,'" she answered, "with all my heart, but not yet—not yet!"

Later on that evening, when little Leon lay peacefully sleeping in his cot, and Miss Hetherington was dozing in her easy-chair, Marjorie, creeping from the house, walked in the Castle grounds to think over her new-found happiness alone. Was it all real, she asked herself, or only a dream? Could it be true that she, after all her troubles, would find so much peace? It seemed strange, yet it must be true. Yes, she was free at last.

implanted in the heart of a loving woman, and now that Caussidiere had gone to his last account, a deep and sacred pity took possession of his victim's heart.

Sutherland saw the signs of change with some anxiety, but had sufficient wisdom to wait until time should complete its work and efface the Frenchman's memory from Marjorie's mind. When they met he spoke little to her of love, or of the tender hope which bound them together; his talk was rather of the old childish days, when they were all in all to one another; of old friends and old recollections, such as sweetest life. He was very gentle and respectful to her; only showing in his eyes the constancy of his tender devotion, never harshly expressing it in passionate words.

But if Sutherland was patient and self-contained, it was far different with the impulsive lady of the Castle. No sooner was she made aware of the true state of affairs than she was anxious that the marriage should take place at once.

"I'm an old woman now, Marjorie," she cried, "and the days of my life are numbered. Before I gang awa' let me see you a happy bride—let me be sure you have a friend and protector while I'm asleep among the moors."

She was sitting in her boudoir in her great arm-chair, looking haggard and old indeed. The fire in her black eyes had faded away, giving place to a dreamy and wistful pity; but now and again, as on the present occasion, it flashed up like the gleam upon the blackening brand.

Marjorie, who was seated sewing by her mother's side, sadly shook her head. "I cannot think of it yet," she replied, "I feel it would be sacrilege."

"Sacrilege, say you?" returned Miss Hetherington. "The sacrilege was with you Frenchman, when he beguiled you awa', and poisoned your young life, my bairn. You owed him no duty living, and you owe him none dead. He was an ill limmer, and thank God he's in his grave!"

"Ah, do not speak ill of him now. If he has sinned he has been punished. To die—so young."

And Marjorie's gentle eyes filled with tears. "If he wasna ripe, do you think he would be gathered?" exclaimed Miss Hetherington, with something of her old fierceness of manner. "My certie, he was ripe—and rotten; Lord forgive me for miscalling the dead! But, Marjorie, my bairn, you're o'er, tender-hearted. Forget the past! Forget everything but the happy future that lies before you! Think you're just a young lass marrying for the first time, and marrying as good a lad as ever wore shoon north o' the Tweed."

Marjorie rose from her seat, and walking to the window, looked dreamily down at the Castle garden, still tangled as a maze and overgrown with weeds. As she did so, she heard a child's voice, calling in French: "Maman! Maman!"

It was little Leon, playing in the old garden, attended by a Scottish serving maid, who had been taken on as nurse. He saw Marjorie looking down, and looking up with a face bright as sunshine, waved his hands to her in delight.

"How can I think as you say," she said, glancing round at her mother, "when I have my boy to remind me that I am a widow? After all, he's my husband's child—a gift that makes amends for all my sorrow."

As she spoke she kissed her hand fondly to the child, and looked down at him through streaming tears of love. "Weel, weel," said the old lady, soothingly; "I'm no saying but that it's weel to forget and forgive. Only your life must not be wasted, Marjorie! I must see you settled down before I gang."

"You will not leave me, dear mother!" answered Marjorie, returning to her side and bending over her. "No, no; you are well and strong."

"What's that the auld sang says?" returned Miss Hetherington, smoothing the girl's hair with her wrinkled hand, as she repeated thoughtfully: "I hear a voice you cannot hear, That says I must not stay; I see a hand you cannot see, That beckons me away."

That's it Marjorie! I'm an old woman now—old before my time. God has been kind to me, far kinder than I deserve; but the grass will soon be green on my grave in the kirkyard. Let me sleep in peace! Marry Johnnie Sutherland wi' my blessing, and I shall ken you will never want a friend."

Such tender reasoning had its weight with Marjorie, but it failed to conquer her scruples altogether. She still remained in the shadow of her former sorrow, fearful and ashamed to pass, as she could have done at one step, into the full sunshine of the newer and brighter life.

So the days passed on, till at last there occurred an event so strange, so unexpected, and spirit compelling, that it threatened for a time to drive our heroine into madness and despair.

One summer afternoon Marjorie, accompanied by little Leon, met Sutherland in the village, and walked with him to Solomon's cottage. They found

the old man in the garden, looking unusually bright and hale; but his talk was still confused; he mingled the present with the past, and continued to speak of Marjorie, and to address her, as if she were still a child.

The sun was setting when they left him, turning their steps toward Annandale Castle. They lingered slowly along the road, talking of indifferent things, and sweetly happy in each other's society, till it was growing dark.

Then Marjorie held out her hand. "Let me go with you to the Castle gate," said Sutherland eagerly.

"Not to-night," answered Marjorie. "Pray, let me walk alone, with only little Leon."

Very unwillingly he acquiesced, and suffered her to depart. He watched her sadly till her figure disappeared in the darkness, moving toward the lonely bridge across the Annan.

Having wished Sutherland good-night, Marjorie took the child by the hand and walked back across the meadows toward the Castle. It was a peaceful gloaming; the stars were shining brightly, the air was balmy; so she sauntered along, thinking dreamily of the past.

She walked up by the bridge, and looked down at Annan Water, dawning peacefully onward.

As she looked she mused. Her life had begun with trouble, but surely all that was over now. Her days in Paris seemed to be fading rapidly into the dimness of the past; there was a broken link in her chain of experience, that was all. Yes, she would forget it, and remember only the days which she had passed at Annandale.

And yet how could she do so? There was the child, little Leon, who looked at her with her father's eyes, and spoke his childish prattle in tones so like those of the dead man, that they sometimes made her shudder. She lifted the boy in her arms.

"Leon," she said, "do you remember Paris, my child—do you remember your father?"

The child looked at her, and half shrunk back in fear. How changed she had become! Her cheeks were burning feverishly, her eyes sparkling.

"Mamma," said the boy, half drawing from her, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, darling," she said. She pressed him fondly to her, and set him again upon the ground. They walked on a few steps farther, when she paused again, sat down upon the grass, and took the boy upon her knee.

"Leon," she said, patting his cheek and soothing back his hair. "You love Annandale, do you not?"

"Yes, mamma, and grandmamma, and Mr. Sutherland."

"And—and you would be able to forget the dreadful time we spent in Paris?"

"And papa?"

"My darling, your father is dead." She pressed the child to her again, raised her eyes and looked straight into the face of her husband.

Caussidiere! It was indeed he, or his spirit, standing there in the starlight, with his pale face turned toward her, his eyes looking straight into hers. For a moment they looked upon one another—he made a movement toward her, when, with a wild cry, Marjorie clasped her child still closer to her, and sank back swooning upon the ground.

When she recovered her senses she was still lying where she had fallen; the child was kneeling beside her, crying bitterly, and Caussidiere, the man, and not his spirit, was bending above her. When she opened her eyes, he smiled, and took her hand.

"It is I, little one," he said. "Do not be afraid."

With a shudder she withdrew her hand, and rose to her feet and faced him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARSH ENVIRONMENT.

These People Are Stunted by It More Surely Than by Heredity.

In Limousin there is a barren range of low hills which lies along the dividing line between the departments of Dordogne, Correze and Haute-Vienne, about half way between Perigueux and Limoges, says Popular Science Monthly. The water courses show the location of these uplands. They extend over an area about seventy-five miles long and half as wide, wherein average human misery is most profound. Dense ignorance prevails. There is more illiteracy than in any other part of France. The contrast in stature, even with the low average of all the surrounding region, is clearly marked by the dark tint. There are sporadic bits of equal diminutiveness elsewhere to the south and west, but none are so extended or so extreme. Two-thirds of the men are below five feet three inches in height, in some of the communes, and the women are three or more inches shorter even than this. One man in ten is below four feet eleven inches in stature. This is not due to race, for several racial types are equally stunted in this way within the same area. It is primarily due to generations of subjection to a harsh climate, to a soil which is worthless for agriculture, to a steady diet of boiled chestnuts and stagnant water, and to unsanitary dwellings in the deep, narrow and damp valleys. Still further proof may be found to show that these people are not stunted by any hereditary influence, for it has been shown that children born here, but who migrate and grow up elsewhere, are normal in height; while those born elsewhere, but who are subject to this environment during the growing period of youth, are proportionately dwarfed.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some New Things for Late Fall and Winter Wear—Suggestions for Braided Corsets on Old Gowns—Up-to-Date Bodices.

Time, Hope and Memory.

HEARD a gentle matron, in the spring, Sit her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing: "Fly through the world, and I will follow thee, only far looks that may turn back to me."

Only for roses that your chance may throw— Though wither'd—I will wear them on my brow, To be a thought-ful fragrance to my brain; Warm'd with such love, that they will bloom again.

The love before thee, I must tread behind, Kissing thy footprints, though to me unkind; But trust not all her fondness, though it seem, Least thy true love should rest on a false dream.

Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet; But smiles betray, and music sings deceit; And words speak false-yeet, if they will come prove, I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

Only if waken'd to sad truth, at last, The bitterness to come, and sweetness past; When thou art vex, then, turn again, and see Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee." —Thomas Hood.

satisfactory, she tosses him aside? It is to be noticed that no morbid novel has been written by any woman of the United States. Neither is serious criticism to be found in her work, for these women are rarely morbid and bitter; never, it might be asserted, unless they are unhealthy or very young. They act rather than talk when it comes to crises. The past, when disposed of has no further concern for them. The present is theirs, the future a condition to be molded by their imperial will. It may be asserted broadly that there is no prejudice against divorce among the upper classes dwelling in the large cities of the United States, provided no scandal has preceded the suit.

What Women Are Doing. Charges of ballot box stuffing are being made against ten "co-eds" at Chicago university and there are rumors of expulsions in consequence. At the beginning of each quarter's work it appears that the graduates meet to elect "counselors" who act as mediators between the faculty and the student body. At the meeting in division No. 4 of the junior college it is claimed that eleven false votes were given for the woman candidate and circumstantial evidence points to the dozen young women who were among the voters.

It is officially stated that there are in Germany three women employed as chimney sweeps, thirty-five as slaters, seven as gunsmiths, nineteen as brass and bell founders, fifty as pay-lors, 147 as coppersmiths, 379 as farmers and nailers, 309 (including girls) as masons, eight as stonecutters and 2,000 in marble stone and slate quarries. Even in sewers and playing houses women are employed.

The London Daily News mentions that Dutch women are getting restless, and that the men are beginning to re-

longer worn; neither is the bodice closed on the left side. Fine, length-wise tucks, however, still hold their own and are really too delicate and pretty to be discarded easily. Those of lawn worn during the summer are now replaced by others of silk even more dainty.

The crossed slightly bloused bodice promises to be a general favorite, and is suitable for both maid and matron. A charming example for a youthful matron is of a light violet, slightly speckled cloth. The bodice has a braided vest, crossed with a low blouse and finished around the waist with a belt of deep violet satin. Bands of the same adorn bodice and skirt.

The neck is finished with a Gladstone collar and a jabot of black lace in front. The very newest neck trim-



ming, however, is scant around the front and back and falls in a full jabot on the left side, with a number of small bows crossing the shoulder. Skirts grow scantier as the season progresses, and everything presages a season of tall, slim-looking women.—The Latest.

Women Who Keep a Secret.

That women can keep a secret has been proven in a case in court at Lathrop, Kas. Some years ago a body of women destroyed a saloon, and a charge of malicious destruction of property was lodged against them. An exchange notes that as many as thirty were arrested; everybody present at the time of the damage was summoned to court. The prosecuting attorney of the county strove for two years to procure a conviction of somebody; reporters in numbers besieged everybody concerned, but not one of the women weakened or betrayed the secret. Twelve knew who was guilty of breaking the first window of the saloon, but they covenanted with one another to keep the knowledge a secret and they have kept to their word.

Noted Women.

Mrs. Richard Milliken, of New Orleans, has presented the Charity Hospital of that city with \$75,000 to found a children's building, which will include a kindergarten and other improvements.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has the absolute disposal of her property, with the exception of her share in Coutts' banking house. This large slice of her fortune will ultimately pass to her nephew, Mr. Money.

Miss Clara Nell Flynn, seventeen years old, is a successful mail-carrier. She makes the round trip from Parkersburg to Elizabeth, W. Va., daily, Sundays excepted, delivering and receiving mail from nine offices each way, and handling about fifteen sacks on each trip. She drives a pretty pair of Mexican ponies attached to a light spring wagon.

White braid on black is very fetching. A novel gown from Redfern is trimmed with black braid, which, in turn, has a narrow piping of white satin under each edge.

Another—a dark blue gown—has a gold and black braid garniture, while a third gown—again a black—is worn with a short, loose jacket of bright red, lined with white and trimmed with gold braid.

Much more important than the gown itself is the trimming thereof. One girl who has a gown of last season improved its appearance in the following manner:

The bodice was black and had a short yoke of pale yellow silk. To conceal its shabbiness she covered the entire bodice with a diagonal lattice-work of inch-wide velvet ribbon. The diamonds formed are four inches across and the effect is remarkably stunning.

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Another—a dark blue gown—has a gold and black braid garniture, while a third gown—again a black—is worn with a short, loose jacket of bright red, lined with white and trimmed with gold braid.

More queer, yet equally effective is a "try" cloth costume, with the entire skirt enclosed by folds of black velvet, put on at three-inch intervals.



THE FASHIONABLE FIVE O'CLOCK TEA GIRL OF 1897-8.

She's a "Mental Anarchist."

According to an English writer "the typical woman of the United States today is a mental anarchist." The reasons for this are several. She is a composite of all the races of earth, if not in blood in points of view. She is a product of experimental democracy, and, like her country, blindly but fiercely striving for an ideal. She has been thrown largely on her own resources; unlike the women of the old world, she has done her own thinking. She lives in an electrical atmosphere; she is a spoiled child; she finds herself a component part of a life that is ever changing, and changes with it; she has come to regard herself as by far the most important element in that life; she is a child of the hour, of the minute; she does not strike root. Her independence has beget an abnormal amount of individuality. Is it a matter for wonder, that, finding the man she has married un-

sent their intrusion into masculine preserves.

The fourteenth conference of the International board of Women's and Young Women's Christian associations is now in session at Montreal and will continue until the 22d inst. This board represents over seventy associations, formed for the specific work of helping women, especially women dependent on their own exertions for support. The first one was organized in 1858; since that time associations have been formed in many of the states, south, east and west, as well as in Canada and the British provinces. These associations have many fine buildings and do a large and important work.

Up-to-Date Bodices.

The newest importations from Paris would indicate that the horizontal bar will fast disappear from the winter's bodices. Horizontal tucks are no