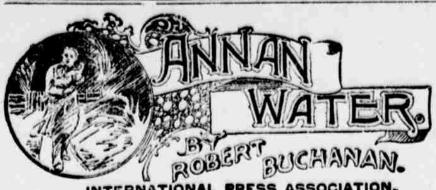
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INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXV .- (CONTINUED.) 'You!" she exclaimed; "I thought you were dead!"

"Truly," he said, "and you rejoice to find that I still live; is it not so, Mar-

jorie?" She did not answer him; her very blood seemed to be freezing in her veins, and her face wore such an expression of horror that for a moment even he was rendered dumb.

"Marjorie," he said, "let me hear your words of welcome. I am an exile now, driven to seek refuge in Scotland, to escape the bullets of my foes."

'Why-why have you come to me?' "I have come to you for comfort. I have come to take you with me to share my English home!"

To share your home!" echoed Marjorie, "I will not-no, never. You have done me evil enough alreadybut I am free, I know you now, and I will not go with you."

"You are free!" he said. "What do you mean by that, mon ami?"

"I mean," said Marjorie, "that you are nothing to me. You have said so, and I know it, and I wish never to see your face again."

"Possibly, but our wishes are not always gratified. I am sorry you cannot give me a better welcome, since you will see me not once, but many times; as to being free, that is all nonsense, We are in Scotland now, remember; and you-why, you are my wife,"

"Your wife!" "Yes, my wife-and now, cheric-although I could use force if I chose, I have no wish to do so. I ask you merely to fulfill your duty and come with

me to my home." For a moment Marjorie gave no answer; what could she say or do? No need for him to tell her she was in his power, she knew it only too well. While in France he had the power of turning her from his door, and heaping ignoiny not only upon herself, but upon her child; in her own country his power was absolute over them both.

With a wild cry she threw up her hands and called on God for help and comfort, but no answer came; it seemed that for her there was no help in all the world.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HERIE, am 1 forgiven?" said Caussidiere, again holding forth his hands. The sound of his

voice recalled her to herself. She shrank away from him in positive terror.

cried; "don't touch me." "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I hate and fear you! Wife or no wife, I will never live with you again-never, never!"

Confident of his own power, Caussidiere never winced. He had expected | me." semething of this kind, and was not wholly unprepared for it. He said nothing, but quietly watching his opportunity, he lifted the child in his arms. Finding himself thus suddenly and roughly seized from his mother's side, Leon screamed wildly, but Caussidiere shook him, and bade him be at peace.

"That is what your mother has taught you, to scream at the sight of your father. Now I will teach you otherwise."

"Give him to me," she cried; "give me my child!"

"Your child," returned Caussidiere, with a sneer; "the child is mine. I have a right to take him, and to keep him, too, and that is what I mean to

"To keep him!" cried Marjorie; "you would never do that; you do not want him if you do not care for him, and he is all I have in the world."

"But I mean to keep him all the

"You shall not; you dare not; you shall kill me before you take my boy. Leon, my darling, come to me; come to your mother!"

She stretched forth her arms to take the child, when Caussidiere, livid with passion, raised his hand and struck her in the face. She staggered back; then with a cry she fell senseless to the

When she opened her eyes it was quite dark all about her, and as quiet

as the grave. "Leon," she moaned feebly, but no answer came.

Gradually the dizziness passed away; she remembered all that had occurred. and with a low mosn she sank again upon the ground, crying bitterly.

But soon her sobs abated, and impatiently brushing away her tears, she set herself to wonder again what she must do. On one thing she was determined, to be with her child. Yes; at any cost they must be together.

She rose to her feet again and staggered on toward the Castle. Her scalding tears fell fast, her breast was rent with sobs; and for the first time in her life she began to question the beneficence of the Divine Father, whom she had been taught from her child-

hood to revere. It was late when she reached the Castle. Miss Hetherington, having grown fearful at her long absence, staying in the house."

; rushed forward to meet her; then with a cry she shrank away.

"Majorie,' she exclaimed, "what's wrong, and-and where's the bairn?" At the mention of Leon, Majorie

wrung her hands, "He has come back and taken him from me!"

She looked so wild and sad that the old lady thought her reason was going. Her face was white as death, and there was a red mark on her forehead where the man had struck her. Miss Hetherington took her hands and soothed her gently; when she saw that her ca'mness was returning to her, she said:

"Now, Majorie, my bairn, tell me all about it!"

And Majorie told, trembling and crying meanwhile, and imploring Miss Hetherington to recover her child.

"Dinna fret, Marjorie," she said, patting the girl on the head; "there's nothing to fear. The man's a knave, we ken, but he's a fool as weel! Bring harm to his own bairn, not he!-he's o'er sharp to put himsel' into the power o' the English law! . 'Tis the siller he wants, and 'tis the siller he means to

"But what shall we do?" sobbed Mar-

"Do?-nothing. Bide quiet a while, and he'll do something, mark me!" "But Leon-what will become of

Leon ?" "Dinna greet for the bairn; I tell ye he's safe enough; after all, he's with his father."

"But he mustn't stop; I must get him back, or it will kill me."

"You shall have him back, never fear, Marjorie,"

"But to-night-what can be done tonight?"

"Nothing, my lassle-absolutely nothg. Get you to bed and rest you, and to-morrow I'll tell you what we must

After a good deal more persuasion Marjorle was induced to go to her room, but during the whole of that night she never closed her eyes, but walked about in wild unrest.

When the dawn broke she descended the stairs, and to her amazement found Miss Hetherington in the dining-room, just as she had left her on the preceding night. The weary hours of vigil had done their work; her face, always white, was positively corpse-like; her thin gray hairs were disheveled, and her eyes were dim. With a piercing cry, Marjorie ran forward and fell at her feet.

"Mother!" she cried; "dear mother, what is the matter?"

The old woman laid her trembling

hand upon Marjorie's brown head and smiled. "'Tis nothing, my child," she said.

"The hours of the night have passed o'er quickly for me, you see, for I sat thinking, and now you see the dawn has come. Marjorie, my poor Marjorie! I wonder you can ever find it in your heart to call me mother!-see what sorrow has come to you through

"Through you? Oh, no, no, no!" "Ay, but 'tis so, Marjorie. 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth

generation.' Through my sin you suf-"Do not say that-it is not true." "Ay, but it is true. Through my sin you were made a poor outcast, with no mother to watch over you, no kind

hand to guide you. When I think on

it, it breaks my heart, Marjorle-it

breaks my heart." About ten o'clock that morning a messenger came to the Castle bringing a note for Marjorie. It was from Caus-

sidiere, and dated from Dumfries. "I am here," he wrote, "with the child. Do you propose to join me, as I can force you to do so if I choose, or am I to keep the child only? I might be induced to yield him up to you upon certain conditions. Let me know what you mean to do, as my stay here will not be of long duration, and I am making arrangements to take Leon away with me. "Your husband."

"LEON CAUSSIDIERE." Marjorie's first impulse was to rush to the place where she knew her child to be, but Miss Hetherington restrained

her. "Bide a wee, Marjorie," she said; "we'll get the bairn and not lose you." She dismissed Caussidiere's messenger, and sent her own servant for Suth-

erland. When the young man arrived she saw him alone, told him in a few words what had occurred and put Caussidiere's letter in his hand.

"Bring back the child, Johnnie Suth, erland," she said, "even if you have to kill the father.'

Sutherland took the letter, and, with these instructions ringing in his cars, went to Dumfries to seek Caussidiere at the place mentioned. He was like a man demented; the blow had been so sudden that he hardly realized as yet what it all meant; he only knew that he had fallen from the brightest hope to the blackest despair, and that hence-

forth he must endure a living death. The house he sought was a small fnn in one of the by-streets of Dumfries, and Sutherland knew it well. He entered the place, found a shock-headed servant girl in the passage and asked for the "French gentleman who was

"You'll find him ben yoncer," said AN OLD MAID'S SONG. the girl, pointing to a door on the

ground floor. Sutherland beckened to her to open

the door; she did so. He entered the room and closed the door behind him. Caussidiere leaped to his feet with an eath. Leon, who had been sitting pale and tremulous in a corner, rushed for-

ward with a cry of joy. But before he could reach Sutherland's side his father clutched him and drew him back, grasping the child so roughly as to make him moan with pain.

Then, white and furious, Caussidiere faced Sutherland.

"So, it is you!" he exclaimed, "How dare you intrude here? Leave this reom.

Sutherland, who had placed his back to the door and put the key in his pocket, made no attempt to move. He was able to keep his self-control, but his face was white as death.

"Monsieur Caussidiere." he said. have come for that child."

"Really," said Caussidiere, with sneer; "then perhaps you will tell me what you propose to offer for him? Madame Caussidiere must pay dearly for having made you her messenger." "She will pay nothing."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"What I say, I mean to take that child and give you nothing for him. You have come to the end of your tether Monsleur Caussidiere. You will that it had become second nature for find this time you haven't got a helpless woman to deal with!"

Caussidiere looked at him with a new light in his eyes. What did it mean? Had the man really power? and if so, to what extent? A little reflection assured him that his momentary fear was groundless. Sutherland might talk as he chose. Caussidiere was master of the situation, since with him lay all the authority of the law.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are an admirable champion. I congratulate madame on having secured you. But pray tell her from me that her child remains with her husband, not her lover."

In a moment Sutherland had caught him by the threat.

"Scoundrel!" he cried.

"Let me go!" hissed Caussidiere. "If you have taken my wife for your misress, you shall not bully me!"

But he said no more. Grasping him more firmly by the throat, Sutherland shook him till he could scarcely breathe; then lifting him, he dashed him violently to the ground; then, without waiting to see what he had done, he lifted the frightened child in his arms and hurried from the place.

CHAPTER XXXVII.



Y WHAT train of circumstances had the dead Caussidiere again become quick, or rather, to express it in corrector terms, howhad the Frenchman escaped from the perils and pains of death? The answer is

simple enough. Among the patriots of the Parisian Commune there were two Caussidieres, in no way related to each other, but equally doubtful in their conduct, and their antecedents; and it happened, curiously enough, that our Caussidiere's alter ego had also been arrested for treasonable practices,

The Paris of those days has been compared to Pandemonium; everything was one wild frenzy of hurried and aimless haste; and the newspaper re ports, like the events they chronicled, being chaotic and irresponsible, it hapwas confused with the fate of the other. At the very moment that one Caussi diere was lying dead before the soldiers of the Commune the other was escaping in disguise toward the Belgian coast, whence, after divers vicissitudes, he sailed for England, to reappear finally in Annandale, like a ghost from the grave, as we have seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Little Attentions.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, As well as by want of heart.'

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes a singer who carroled out songs and it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acis as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusqueric. Of course there are many mercenary women-thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These pooh-pooh the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.

A Beifish Woman. Grimm-"Women are such selfish creatures! There was an odd chop at breakfast and my wife insisted upon my cating it. It was all because she wanted to revel in the satisfaction of self-denial. A case of pure selfishness." Flimm-"And what did you do?" Grimm-"Oh, I let her have her way and I ate the chop. There are few husbands so indulgent as I am."-Boston Transcript.



HE boarders used to look across the bearding house taide at the Old Maid with a keen, psychological sort of interest. "Why should she

look so happy?" the elder, who was something of a belle would de-"She can't have any admir-

"Why should she look so happy?" the younger, who spoke of Art and Missions with capitals in her voice. would ask. "She can't regard being

secretary to that lawyer as a noble

calling. And the wives of the boardinghouse used also to puzzle over the Old Maid's joyousness, "for she has no husband," they said, "and at her age can hardly hope to get one."

But I never marveled at the gentle spinster's radiant face after we had heard the Singer, not because hearing his voice was enough to provide his hearers with a fund of inner Joy for the remainder of their days, but

because of the song he sang. Now, the Old Maid had lived so long in the boarding-house on the square her to choose the less tarnished spoons in the holder and to avoid instinctively the top slices of bread on the bread plate. She was familiar with all varieties of boarding-house servants. and she knew that all alike despised her as "the fourth floor front." She knew by heart the landlady's stories of pressing present need and of past affluence. She had nothing to learn in the matter of substituted gas jets, and her feet were trained to skip the torn spots in the stair carpet. Altogether there was nothing in the Old Maid's position in her boarding-house to account for her serenity.

Down-town the Old Maid was a stenographer in a law office, where prettiness was at a discount as a hindrance to unremitting toll. She did not realize that her chief attraction to her employers was the lack of distracting features and complexion. Long as she had lived in the sordid but educating boarding-house, she had not learned everything that was to be learned about motives, and she believed that her father's old friendship with the lawyer had much to do with her position.

Before the remote day when the Old Maid first came to the law office and the boarding-house she had lived in the country. Even yet when the spring rains came down and drenched the grim payements she had a swift. fleeting sense of late snows melting



"IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE."

flowers pushing through the soft earth. pened that the fate of one individual And whenever there was the fresh odor of new-growing grass, and newsprouting leaves in the city parks her mind turned toward peaceful, pastoral ways, and her eyes were filled with visions of billowy, blossoming trees, of plowmen moving across upland fields, of the waking up of life and industry. In short, the Old Maid was a poet, although the crude little expressions of her emotions never met the keen eyes of critics or even the kindly eyes of her friends.

Well, once upon a time the Singer came to the boading-house on the square. He was young and his audiences-they were largely femininedeclared that nowhere else was there sobbed out ballads so movingly. Whether or not he was peerless is a question, but at any rate he had made a great success, and people wondered that he should come to the dingy abode of the boarders and the Old Maid. Some said that it was because he had lived there in the days before he was known to fashion, and some whispered knowingly that the lady to whom the Singer sang lived over the way in the stone house with the balconies at the window and the guarding lions at the door. Be that as it may, it is a fact that when the Singer came to the city for his series of concerts and recitals he sanctified the abode of the Old Mald with his presence for a whole week. And the Old Maid was agitated mysteriously by his presence, though it is doubtful if he even saw her shabby fittle figure. One night she crept down the stairway when the house was still and silpped a paper beneath the Singer's door sill. The paper bore a set of verses written in the fine hand of a woman who was educated a quarter of a century ago, and a little note that

"If you should sometimes find this worthy to sing I would be the happiest woman on earth."

Now, the Singer felt a brutal indifference about all happiness save his own, which had been sorely tried that night by the lady of his songs. So he merely muttered: "Confound imbecile women!" Then he looked at the verses and then he went gloomily to bed. But through the night, as he reflected upon his blighted hopes and the hardness of | Neb.

his fate, some of the Old Mald's lines sang themselves through his mind: I'll see thee in each flower that grows; Thou art not lost while lives the rose, Not lost while lives the rose,

the foolish refrain insisted. In the morning the silly rhymes would not be banished. He found himself humming them to an air, and by and by so weak was he, owing to the cruel lady-he sat down at the piano and played the air softly.

It was the same week that he gave his great concert at the hall up-town. With indifferent generosity be offered the landlady tickets to be distributed and so it happened that the Old Maid and I went together.

The Old Maid was very pink and very tremulous, and, not being in her confidence, I could not understand her state. After all there was nothing in a successful singer of 33 to excite a spinster a enographer of 50. The Singer had sung grand opera

arias and the music from masses. He had sung Scotch ballads and German love songs. But he could not sing enough to satisfy his audience. After each properly numbered selection he was recalled again and again. Finally he came out and said:

"I wish I could tell you the author of the words I am going to sing. They were sent to me anonymously in manuscript, and I have no means of giving credit to whom it is due."

The Old Maid's figure quivered. She breathed sobbingly and drew closer to me, and I wondered if she were going crazy.

Then the Singer sang the simple verses. They may have been very bad as verses, but as a song they were a success. The audience listened intently, the women looking up, as women look when lowered eyelids would let the tears brim over. And when the last verse rang out, plaintively and proudly:

And though thou hast banished me I touch thee in each nodding flower; I see thee, dear one, every hour, In sky, or star, or sea.

All beauty holds some hint of thee, And so thou canst not banish me,

Thou caust not banish me, the hall forgot to applaud for fully three seconds, when it caught its breath and surreptitiously wiped its eyes. That is, all but the Old Maid. She wept quite openly, turning her radiant, tear-stained face toward me. "It's mine! It's mine!" she half sob-

bed. "O, it's mine and I am so happy!" And then she told me the whole story. But neither prayers nor entreaties could prevail upon her to let me tell her secret. And the boarders still wonder why it is that a colorless little lady like the Old Maid sometimes wears a look of pride.

FREAK OF NATURE IN FLORIDA

Stretch of Land, 50,000 Acres in Extent Covered with Sink-Holes. Payne's prairie, three miles south of

Gainesville, Fla., covers an area of 50,-000 acres. A large proportion of the prairie is now covered with water, but there are thousands of acres around the borders of the lake which has been formed on which horses and other cattle graze. There is no way of estimating the number of cattle, but there are many thousands, and they are in fine condition. The prairie, or savanna, which it really is, occasionally goes dry, the water passing out through a subterranean passage called the sink. Where the water goes has never been determined. When the sink is open the lake goes dry, and when the outlet becomes gorged or choked a lake from five to seven miles wide and about eighteen miles long is formed. When the waters of the lake suddenly leave it thousands of alligators, snakes, fish and turties are left with nothing but mud for their places of abode. The fish and turtles perish, but the saurians and reptiles seek and find other quarters. For miles along the northern border of the lake there is a succession of sinks, averaging in depth all the way from twenty-five to 100 feet. Subterranean passages run in every direction, leaving the ground in the shape of a honeycomb. The ground is liable to give way at any time, creating a new sink. Scenery around the lake, especially on the north side, is unique and grand, and is an attractive feature to strangers who visit Gainesville. The sink has long been popular as a resort for citizens of Gainesville, who go there to fish, boat ride and in other ways enjoy themselves. It is said that this vast area of land could be drained at trifling expense, and were it drained it would be the largest as well as the richest tract of productive land in Florida. It is for the most part a bed of muck. The land is owned

by various individuals. Too Little Respect for Courts. Kansas City Star: The repeated appeals which conservative writers and speakers feel called upon to make to the people to persuade them to maintain respect for the courts show forth a necessity which ought not to exist in this country. They simply prove that the courts are not worthy of the honor and confidence which the public would like to yield them.

Venice and the Horse.

It is said that some of the Venetians those who have never been to the mainland-have never seen a horse in all their lives. A showman once brought one to a fair and called it a monster, and the factory hands paid a shilling each to see the marvel.

Hades.-If there is a heaven there is naturally a hell. One could not exist without the other, but the Bible does not teach of a brimstone hell, but merely by implication.-Rev. John W. Westlock, Christian Church, Omaha,

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

Something About the Way in Which They Are Made.

The ancient Egyptians made artificial

flowers of horn shavings, stained in various colors, and leaves of printed linen have been found in tombs at Thebes. From a remote period the Chinese have used the pith of a certain kind of bamboo for making flowers. Crassus, one of the Roman triumvirs, was the first in Rome to have them made of gold and silver. During the middle ages flowers made of metal, satin, silk, wax and paper were used in the Roman Catholic Church with symbolical significations; on festal occasions they were worn merely for ornament. In 1782 Seguin, a botanist and chemist, began the manufacture of flowers in Paris, employing parchment for the flowers and bristles for the stems. His work was so perfect and artistic that the jealousy of some of the leading painters was aroused. From that time the manufacture of artificial flowers steadily grew and developed in France, and to-day the French excel in them. The art was introduced into England during the French revolution by refugees who made use of it as a means of subsistence. It has been successfully naturalized in the United States. Knives of various sizes and shapes, stamps, goffering-irons of different kinds, moulds called veiners, and agate or glass burnishers, are the chief tools made use of in the manufacture. The leaves and the petals are usually made of silk or cambric, the material to be shaped is folded several times, laid upon a leaden table, and a stamp is driven through it. Gofferingirons are made use of to hollow the petals; veiners, as the name implies. are used to vein the leaves, and the burnishers are employed to give the petals a polished appearance. The stamens and pistils are formed of wire covered with silk; the stalk is made of wire conted with a green material, and is fixed to the stems and pistils. around which are attached the petals and, lastly, the calyx. Buds are made of cotton or glass balls covered with silk or cambric. The florists' fingers. guided by skill and taste, have much to do with the beauty of the flowers produced; great ingenuity is often displayed even in a cheap sprig consisting of several materials well put together and arranged. French wholesale houses engaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers have each some special branch: thus, one makes only roses, another wild flowers, a third leaves, etc. The best and most expensive flowers are hand-painted.

Dauger of Another Famine. The provisioning of those Russian provinces which have been most affected by this year's mad harvest is becoming a question of increasing difficulty. The assembles or zemstvos are now deliberating on the special and urgent measures to be taken for saving the population of the threatened districts from a repetition of the terrible sufferings which they underwent in the last famine. There is general agreement as to the necessity of lending the peasants corn bought with the of the provinces affected, but as the needs of the peasants greatly exceed these resources the assemblies have all decided to ask the government for

very large loans of money. Suicidally Minded Animals.

Herring and other fishes have sought death by rushing ashore in myriads, regiments of ants by deliberately walking into streams, swarms of rats by migrating in the face of their deadly foes, and even butterfiles by flying in immense clouds straight out to sea. It would be interesting to learn the causes of this apparent wholesale and deliberate self-destruction.

NEW THINGS.

A bottle-washing machine recently patented has a rotary brush mounted on the end of a hollow shaft with perforations through which water flows to cleanse the bottle as the brush revolves and loosens the dirt.

Clotheslines which need no pins to

fasten the clothes are being made of

wire links with the ends of the wire lying parallel with the side of the link to form spring clamps into which the cloth is forced to hold it fast, A Washington man has patented a boat which has the rear end submerged with the seat overhanging an open well, the front of the boat being raised

above the water line, the advantage

being that the boat is not easily rock-A new combined spring pedal and toe clip consists of a steel plate riveted to the pedal shaft with teeth at the rear edge to grip a cleat in the shoe sole and the front portion elongated and curved over at the end to form a toe

clip. To indicate that the contents have been tempered with or that it has been refilled a new bottle has a double neck forming a chamber, in which is placed a paper or other material which will charge color as soon as the liquid

touches it. A New York man has patented a reversible street car, in which a turntable is mounted on the truck to support the car, which is turned by a crank on the front platform geared to a circular toothed track inside the

Two Pennsylvanians have patented a fruit picker, consisting of a pole with a steel loop at the top, having the upper edge sharpened and bent inward to cut the fruit from the limb. A loosely woven tube made of cords is attached to the under side of the loop and extends down to the lower end of the pole to brank the fall of the fruit.