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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, Marjorie?" 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.

CHAPTER XXXVI. "HERIE, am I forgiven?" said Causidiere, again holding forth his hands. The sound of his voice recalled her to herself. She shrank away from him in positive terror. "Keep back," she 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!"

rushed forward to meet her; then with a cry she shrank away. "Majorie," she exclaimed, "what's wrong, 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 calmness was returning to her, she said: "Now, Majorie, my bairn, tell me all about it!"

CHAPTER XXXVII. "Y WHAT train of circumstances had the dead Causidiere again become quick, or rather, to express it in correcter terms, how had 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 Causidieres, in no way related to each other, but equally doubtful in their conduct, and their antecedents; and it happened, curiously enough, that our Causidiere's alter ego had also been arrested for treasonable practices.

"You'll find him ben yonder," said the girl, pointing to a door on the ground floor. Sutherland heeded to her to open the door; she did so. He entered the room and closed the door behind him. Causidiere leaped to his feet with an oath. Leon, who had been sitting pale and tremulous in a corner, rushed forward 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.

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AN OLD MAID'S SONG.

THE boarders used to look across the bearding house table 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 demand. "She can't have any admirers."

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his fate, some of the Old Maid'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 inoffensive generosity he offered the landlady tickets to be distributed and so it happened that the Old Maid and I went together.

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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 painted 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 festival 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. Goffer-irons 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 coated 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.

Danger of Another Famine. The provisioning of those Russian provinces which have been most affected by this year's bad 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 special funds at the disposal of each 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.

Unusually 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 butterflies 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.



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

flowers pushing through the soft earth. And whenever there was the fresh odor of new-growing grass, and new-sprouting 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 boarding-house on the square. He was young and his audiences—they were largely feminine—declared that nowhere else was there a singer who carried out songs and 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 Maid 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 little figure. One night she crept down the stairway when the house was still and slipped 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 read: "If you should sometimes find this worthy to sing I would be the happiest woman on earth."

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 turtles 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.

Hides.—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, Neb.

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 break the fall of the fruit.