

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

She ceased her tirade, and stood gazing keenly at Marjorie, who sat still, listening in wonder. Despite her sharp tone and brusque manner, there was a tenderness in her tone that could not be mistaken. Then, all at once, with the abruptness peculiar to her, she changed her tone again, and broke into a low, chuckling laugh.

"And now I have preach'd my sermon," she said, with her grim smile, "have you had breakfast? Will you take some tea?"

But Marjorie had breakfasted before starting, and wanted nothing.

"Very well. Come and walk in the garden."

She led the way from the room, and Marjorie quietly followed.

Passing out by the rear of the house across a lonely courtyard, they reached a door in the high wall, and entered a garden—a wilderness of fruit trees, shrubs, and currant bushes, sadly in need of the gardener's hand. Tangled creepers and weeds grew over the grassy paths. Here and there were seats, and in one corner was an arbor almost buried in umbrage. It was a desolate, neglected place, but the sun was shining, and the air was bright and warm.

Miss Hetherington took her companion's arm and walked slowly from path to path.

"The garden's like its mistress," she said presently, "lonesome and neglected. Since Wattie Henderson died, I have never employed a regular gardener. But it's bonny in summer time, for a' that, and I like it, wild as it is. I should like weel to be buried here, right in the heart o' the auld place!"

She entered the neglected arbor and sat down wearily. Marjorie stood looking at her in timid sympathy, while she pursued the dreary current of her thought.

"Folk say I'm mean, and maybe I am; but it's no that! I'm the last o' the Hetheringtons, and it's right and fitting that the place should waste away like myself. But I mind the time weel—it's no sae lang syne—when it was gladsome and merry. Everything was in grand order then, and my father kept open house to the gentry. Now a's changed! Whiles I wonder what will become o' the auld house when I'm ta'en. Strangers will come, maybe, and turn it upside doon. What would you dae, Marjorie Annan, if you were a rich lady and mistress o' a place like this?"

The question came so abruptly at the end of the long string of lamentations, that Marjorie scarcely knew what to reply. She smiled awkwardly, and repeated the question.

"What would I do, Miss Hetherington?"

"Ay, come!"

"I cannot tell, but I don't think I could bear to live here all alone."

"Ay, indeed? Would you sell the Castle, and pooh the siller?"

"No, Miss Hetherington. I should like to keep what my forebears had owned."

The lady nodded her head approvingly.

"The lassie has sense after a'!" she exclaimed. "Ay ay, Marjorie, you're right! It's something to belong to the line o' the Hetheringtons, and the auld lairds o' the Moss would rise in their graves if they kenned that strangers were dwelling on the land."

CHAPTER X.

EARLY in the afternoon, after a dismal lunch, tete-a-tete with Miss Hetherington, Marjorie returned home across the fields.

The sun was just beginning to sink as she passed through the village and approached the manse. As she did so, she saw Mr. Lorraine standing inside the churchyard gate in quiet conversation with the French teacher.

She entered the churchyard and joined them, the Frenchman saluting her with lifted hat as she approached.

"Ah, Marjorie, my bairn," said the minister, "you are home early. Did you walk back? I thought you would have stayed later, and that Miss Hetherington would have sent you home in the carriage after gloaming."

Marjorie glanced at Causidiere, and met his eyes.

"She did not wish me to stay," she answered, "and I was glad to escape. But I see you and Monsieur Causidiere have made friends. I met him on the way, and he said he was coming here."

"So he has told me," said Mr. Lorraine. "I have just been showing him over the kirk and through the graveyard, and now I have invited him to take pot-luck, as the English call it, this evening."

"But it is so late, monsieur," said Marjorie. "How will you get back to Dumfries?"

"Did you not know?" returned the Frenchman, smiling. "I am taking a little holiday, like yourself! I have engaged a bed at the inn, and shall not return till the beginning of the week."

They entered the manse together, and Causidiere joined them at their simple evening meal.

When tea was over they sat round the hearth. The minister lit his pipe and his guest a cigar. They were chat-

ting pleasantly together, when Solomon Mucklebackit, who had been up to the village on some household errand, quietly entered.

"Johnnie Sutherland's at the door. Will you see him?"

Marjorie started, for she had an instinctive dread of a meeting between the two young men; but the minister at once replied:

"Show him in, Solomon;" and as the sexton disappeared, he said to his guest, "A young friend of ours, and a school-fellow of my foster-daughter."

The next moment Sutherland appeared. A look of surprise passed over his face as he saw the stranger, who rose politely, but, recovering himself, he shook the minister warmly by the hand.

"Welcome, Johnnie," said Mr. Lorraine. "Take a seat. Do you know Monsieur Causidiere? Then let me introduce you."

Sutherland nodded to the Frenchman, who bowed courteously. Their eyes met, and then both looked at Marjorie.

"Monsieur Causidiere is my French teacher," she said smiling.

Sutherland looked somewhat puzzled, and sat down in silence. After an awkward pause, the minister began questioning him on his London experiences; he replied almost in monosyllables, and was altogether so bashful and constrained that Marjorie could not avoid drawing an unfavorable comparison in her own mind between him and the fluent Frenchman.

"An artist, monsieur?" said the latter, presently, having gathered the fact from some of Mr. Lorraine's questions. "I used to paint, when I was a boy, but, finding I could not excel, I abandoned the attempt. To succeed in your profession is the labor of a life, and, alas! so many fail."

"That's true enough," returned Sutherland, "and when I see the great pictures, I despair."

"He paints beautifully, monsieur," cried Marjorie, eager to praise her friend. "Does he not, Mr. Lorraine?"

The minister nodded benignly. "Ah, indeed," said Causidiere, with a slight yawn. "The landscape, monsieur, or the human figure?"

"I have tried both," replied Sutherland. "I think I like figure painting best."

"Then you shall not go far to find a subject," exclaimed Causidiere, waving his hand toward Marjorie. "Ah, if I were an artist, I would like to paint mademoiselle. I have seen such a face, such eyes, and hair, in some of the Madonnas of the great Raphael."

Marjorie cast down her eyes, then raised them again, laughing.

He has painted me, and more than once; but I'm thinking he flattered the sitter. Miss Hetherington has one of the pictures up at the Castle."

Causidiere fixed his eyes suspiciously upon Sutherland.

"Do you work for pleasure, monsieur, or for profit? Perhaps you are a man of fortune, and paint for amusement only?"

The question tickled the minister, who laughed merrily.

"I am only a poor man," answered Sutherland, "and paint for my bread."

"It is an honorable occupation," said Causidiere, emphatically, though not without the suspicion of a covert sneer. "At one time the artist was neglected and despised; now he is honored for his occupation, and can make much money."

The conversation continued by fits and starts, but Sutherland's appearance seemed to have quite destroyed the gay freedom of the little party. At last Solomon reappeared and grimly announced that it was nine o'clock.

"We keep early hours," explained Mr. Lorraine, "and are all abed at ten o'clock."

"Then I will go," cried Causidiere, rising, "but I shall call again. It is not often in Scotland, one finds such pleasant company."

Causidiere shook the minister's hand cordially, and favored Marjorie with a warm and lingering pressure, which left her more disturbed than ever. Then the two men walked out of the house together.

Causidiere and Sutherland walked up the village side by side in the light of the moon, which was then at the full.

"You are a native of this place, monsieur?" said the Frenchman, after a long silence.

"Yes," was the quiet reply.

"A charming place! and the people still more charming! You have known our old friend a long, long time?"

"Ever since I can mind."

"And his daughter—his foster-daughter, I should say? I have heard her story; it is romantic, monsieur; it touches my heart. Do you think her pretty?"

Sutherland started at the question, which was made with apparent nonchalance, but in reality with eager suspicion. He was silent, and the other continued:

"She is not like one of common birth; she has the grace of a lady. I was struck with her elegance when she first came to me for lessons. Poor child! To have neither father nor mother, to be a castaway! It is very sad."

"She is happy and well-cared for," sturdily answered Sutherland, who

didn't like the turn the conversation was taking; "and she has many true friends."

"Yourself among the number, I am sure!" said Causidiere quickly.

"You are right there, at any rate," returned Sutherland; and he added coldly, "I'll wish you good-night."

He stood before the gate of his father's cottage and held out his hand; the Frenchman, however, did not attempt to take it, but kept his own hands in his coat pockets as he returned a polite "Good-night."

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day was Sunday, the solemn, not to say sanctimonious Sabbath day of that people which, above all others, reverences the great work of creation.

In the brightest place in the church, with her aureole round her, sat Marjorie Annan; and three pairs of eyes at least were constantly fixed upon her. The first pair belonged to young Sutherland, the second to the French visitor, the third to the eccentric mistress of Hetherington Castle.

Of these three individuals Causidiere was the most ill at ease. The sermon bored him, and he yawned again and again, finally going to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud noise and looking round him, he saw the congregation moving toward the door, and Solomon Mucklebackit, from the preacher's desk, glaring at him in indignation. He rose languidly, and joined the stream of people issuing from the church.

Out in the churchyard the sun was shining golden on the graves. At the gate several vehicles were waiting, including the brougham from Hetherington Castle.

As Causidiere moved down the path, he saw before him a small group of persons conversing—the blind weaver and his wife, John Sutherland, Marjorie, and the lady of the Castle. He passed by them with lifted hat, and moved on to the gate, where he waited.

"Who's yon?" asked Miss Hetherington, following him with her dark eyes.

"That is Monsieur Causidiere," answered Marjorie, "my French teacher."

"Humph!" said the lady. "Come awa' and introduce me."

She walked slowly down the path, while Marjorie followed in astonishment, and coming right up to the Frenchman, she looked him deliberately over from head to foot. Not at all disconcerted, he took off his hat again, and bowed politely.

"Monsieur Causidiere," said Marjorie, "this is Miss Hetherington, of the Castle."

Causidiere bowed again with great respect.

"I am charmed to make madame's acquaintance."

To his astonishment, Miss Hetherington addressed him in his own tongue, which she spoke fluently, though with an unmistakable Scottish inflection.

"You speak English well, monsieur," she said. "Have you been long absent from your native land?"

"Ever since the crime of December," he returned, also in French. "But madame is almost a Frenchwoman—she speaks the language of admiration. Ah, it is a pleasure to me, an exile, to hear the beloved tongue of France so perfectly spoken! You know France? You have lived there, madame?"

"I know it, and know little good of it," cried the lady sharply. "Are you like the rest of your countrymen, light and treacherous, believing in nothing that is good, spending their lives in vanity and sensual pleasure?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Better Left Unsaid.

Two giggling girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the seat.

"You take it, dear," said the pretty one.

"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other. Then they began giggling again.

At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl shoved her friend into the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to have a seat offered me."

The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never as much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.

Father—in asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I hadn't figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paper Defiance.

Foreman—Why doesn't the editor finish this editorial on "Let America Defy the World?" It's only half done. Assistant—Oh, he got scared a while ago and ran out at the back door, and hasn't been back since. A mad subscriber came in.

CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

GEN. WARNER'S CANDIDACY FOR THE SENATE.

Is Considered in the Nature of a Bluff—Candidate Chapman's Inconsistencies—Favors Only Gold, Silver and Greenbacks.

(Washington Letter.)

The reports from Ohio that General Warner has announced himself as a candidate for the senate creates a good deal of amusement here. General Warner has been a well-known figure in Washington ever since his term in congress long ago, and his appearance here has always been a signal for an outbreak of the silver question. He has been a pronounced and successful calamity howler for years, and may perhaps be credited with the invention of the calamity cry, for he was among the first, if not the very first, to make it the burden of his song in behalf of silver. People have for years looked upon him as a harmless and eccentric old man, and the idea that the Democrats of the great state of Ohio would think of sending him to fill the seat occupied by George Pendleton, Allan G. Thurman and other distinguished representatives of that party never entered the mind of the most imaginative student of the political field. Nor is it supposed now that he is seriously in mind by anybody of influence or authority in the party.

The impression here is that Warner has been "induced" by McLean to put his name in as a senatorial candidate simultaneously with the semi-monthly announcement of McLean's withdrawal in the hope of catching a few silver votes and adding another complication to the already befuddled condition of the public mind as to the real attitude of the Ohio Democrats upon national issues. It is believed that the announcement that Towne and other extreme free silver orators have been driven out of Ohio by Allen O'Myers and that McLean's having abandoned the silver feature has so offended the silver people that McLean has deemed it advisable to try to pull them back into line by putting Warner to the front as a senatorial candidate. Of course nobody supposes that Warner could command any strength among the members of the legislature for the senate, though his alleged candidacy might lead a few extreme silverites to vote for such legislative candidates as he could personally endorse.

The feeling here is that if Mr. McLean is able to scoop in a few silver votes for members of the legislature by presentation of Warner's name as a senatorial candidate his entire purpose will

known in Ohio, but it may be interesting to voters in that state to know also that he has taken advantage of the opportunity given him under the law to issue national bank notes, despite his assertion that the only kind of paper money which he favors is United States notes. The investigation of the official records of the First National bank of Jackson, of which he is president, shows that it has and has had for years a very considerable issue of national bank currency based upon bonds deposited with the treasury, and that in spite of Mr. Chapman's insistence that he believes in no kind of paper money except greenbacks, no effort is being made by him as president of the bank to withdraw its currency now in circulation.

Colored Office-Holders.

Inquiries at the postoffice department and department of justice show that the recent outrage upon the colored postmaster at Hogansville, Ga., is not by any means disposed of. The assumption of the Democrats that an event of this character could go unpunished or unnoticed by the present administration is without foundation. While the details of the work of these two departments of the government in regard to this case cannot yet be made public, it is known that the entire matter is being thoroughly sifted and that the perpetrators of the outrage will certainly be brought to justice, if all the facilities at the command of the government for that purpose are sufficient. Nor need the Democrats of the south or north expect that incidents of this kind are going to deter the administration from appointments of colored men where other circumstances seem to render such action advisable. President McKinley and his advisors recognize fully their duty toward that element of the citizenship of the country, and while there is no intention or desire to force upon communities officials who are distasteful to a majority of the voters the administration is determined to stand squarely by that element of the party and the population and to give to the colored men, not only of the south, but in every state, a fair and just proportion of the public positions.

GEO. WILLIAMS.

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

Prosperity and business activity began the moment a Republican president and a protective congress were elected. Was it mere "luck?"

The Jingo policy on the Cuban question which was urged upon President McKinley as soon as he was inaugurated president is now seen to have been an unwise and unsafe one, and the

who were inclined to criticize what they considered the slow progress of the president, now see that his course was the wise one.

John McLean's enormous gas and street railway interests in Washington are believed to have a close relation to his senatorial ambitions. Mr. McLean is the controlling owner in the Washington gas works, whose plant and franchise are valued at \$5,000,000, and he is shown to be one of the directors of a Washington street railway company whose capital stock is \$13,000,000. Gas and railroad privileges in the District of Columbia are controlled by congress, just as those of a city are controlled by its common council. It is therefore important for a man with five or six millions invested in gas and railroad interests to be for six years a member of congress, and Mr. McLean's eye for business is good.

The iron and steel industry is universally recognized as a faithful barometer of trade, and in the activity in that line is telling the story of present business conditions. Rolling mills, steel plants, and furnaces generally are actually rushed with orders, and what is of great significance is the fact that the enormous demand is perfectly legitimate and without the slightest tinge of speculation. Railroads, manufacturers and builders are all busy, and when they are busy there is a demand for iron and steel.

Unless Chairman Jones and Senator Gorman can make it appear that the mails of the United States should not be open to defeated presidential candidates, they will be unsuccessful in their efforts to suppress Mr. Bryan. They have squeezed him out of New York, and frozen him out of Maryland and Ohio, but he is now firing at these targets at long range by United States mail and by some mysterious process managing to get the letters in print and his name before the public despite the efforts of the leaders of his party to cage him.

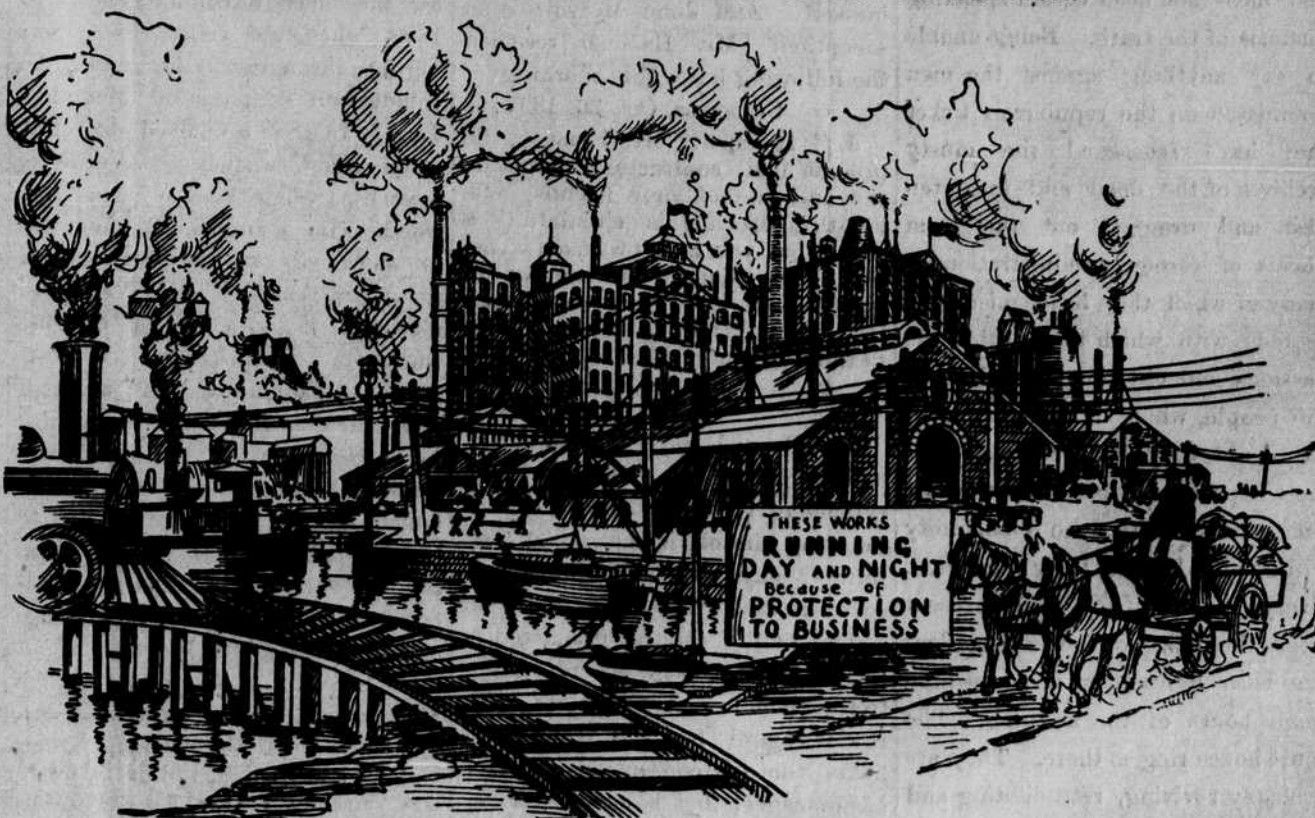
Popocratic Chairman Jones is evidently determined that the New Yorkers shall not make the same mistake that the Ohio and Iowa Democrats have made in the present campaign, of endorsing the exploded free silver proposition. He has recommended to New Yorkers that they let the silver question carefully alone, and Senator Gorman, by the way, is doing the same thing in Maryland.

The Ohio Democrats are a good deal out of patience with their Democratic friends in Georgia for the haste with which they have jumped into indis-

THE AMERICAN FACTORY IN 1894, UNDER FREE-TRADE.



THE AMERICAN FACTORY IN 1897, UNDER PROTECTION.



have been served, and he expects to "take care of" the rest after the members are elected.

Chapman's Currency Creed. The announcement of Candidate Chapman of Ohio that he favors only gold, silver and United States notes as the currency of the country has led some curious investigator to look into his record with reference to their classes of currency. His record as to the issue of scrip at his mine is well

wisdom of the president's course of action is meeting with popular approval. It is now apparent from the developments since Minister Woodford's arrival in Spain that the attitude of the administration will be such as to bring about a termination of the troubles in Cuba, and in a way which will avoid the criticism which would have surely followed the precipitate action urged by many people immediately after the inauguration of the president. Those

criminate assassination of colored Republican office holders. The Ohio Democrats hoped to get a considerable support in that state from the colored votes this year, but, of course, that possibility, if it existed, is destroyed by this action.

A picnic is an event where a man has a good time eating stuff that would cause him to raise the roof if served by his wife at home.—Atchison Globe.