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CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Caussidiere started in surprise; he was not accustomed to such plain speaking.

"Madame is severe," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "She does not approve of the morals of my nation? No? Yet parbleu! they compare not unfavorably with those of pious Scotland!"

This rebuff rather disconcerted the plain spoken lady, who turned up the path impatiently, while the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and looked loftily indignant. Marjorie, who had watched the preceding passage at arms with no little anxiety, not quite following the conversation, glanced imploringly at Caussidiere.

"Don't mind Miss Hetherington," she said, when the lady was out of hearing. "What Mr. Lorraine says of her is true; her bark's waur than her bite, and she means no offense."

"Who is she, my child? Oh, I remember, the eccentric old lady whom you visited yesterday."

Marjorie nodded; and at that moment Mr. Lorraine came down the path, followed by Solomon, and met Miss Hetherington, who began talking to him vehemently.

"She is not very polite," muttered Caussidiere; "and see, she is already abusing me to your guardian."

He held out his hand.

"Good-bye! I shall see you, perhaps, later in the day."

"Perhaps. Oh, monsieur, you are not offended?"

"Not at all," replied Caussidiere, though the look with which he regarded his late antagonist rather belied his words. "I forgive her for your sake, my child!"

* * * * * *

Marjorie did not go to church again that day. She had a headache and kept her room. It was altogether a gloomy afternoon. Mr. Lorraine, secretly troubled in his mind, had difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on his religious duties, and Solomon preserved an invincible taciturnity. So the day passed away, and evening came.

There was no evening service, for Mr. Lorraine was too infirm to conduct three services in one day. After a dismal tea, to which Marjorie came down, the minister sat reading a volume of sermons, and presently Marjorie left the room, put on her hat, and strolled into the garden.

It was a beautiful evening, and the moon was rising over the far-off hills. With her head still aching wearily, the girl wandered out upon the road and into the churchyard. She crept close to the western wall and looked for a long time at one of the tombstones. Then, sighing deeply, she came out and strolled up the village.

The bright weather and the fresh air enticed her on and on till she came to the rural bridge above the Annan Water.

All was still and peaceful; not a sound, not a breath disturbed the Sabbath silence. She leaned over the stone parapet and looked sadly down.

Her thoughts were wandering far away—flowing, flowing with the murmuring stream. She had fallen into a waking dream, when she heard a footstep behind her. She started and uttered a low cry as she saw a dark figure approaching in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XII.

THE figure advanced rapidly, and in a moment Marjorie recognized her tutor.

"Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried.

"Yes," returned the Frenchman quietly, "it is I!"

"He took her hand in his, and found it cold and trembling.

"I have frightened you," he said.

"Yes, monsieur; I was startled because I did not hear you coming, and I seemed to be far away."

She seemed strangely sad and preoccupied tonight. After the Frenchman had joined her she relapsed into her former dream; she folded her arms upon the bridge again, and fixed her sad eyes upon the flowing river. Caussidiere, partaking of the mood, looked downward, too.

"You love the water, Marjorie?"

"Yes; it is my kith and kin."

"You have been here for hours, have you not? I sought you at the manse in vain."

"I was not here, monsieur. I was in the kirkyard among the graves."

"Among the graves?" returned the Frenchman, looking anxiously at her. "A strange place for you to wander in, my child! It is only when we have seen trouble and lost friends that we seek such places. For me it would be fitting, perhaps, but for you it is different. You are so young and should be so happy."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Marjorie. "I am happy enough."

"And yet you sadden the days that should be the brightest by wandering near the dead. Why did you go to the churchyard, little one?"

"Why, monsieur? To see my mother's grave."

"Your mother's grave? I thought you did not know your mother?"

"They say she was my mother," returned Marjorie, quickly. "She was found drowned in Annan Water—was it not dreadful, monsieur?—and she was buried yonder in the kirkyard when I was a little child."

"And you think she was your mother?"

"They say so, monsieur, but I do not think it is true."

"No?"

"I have gone to her grave and stayed by it, and tried to think they are right, but I cannot—I aye come away as I did tonight and look at Annan Water, and feel it more my kin."

"Marjorie!"

"Yes, monsieur!"

"I fancy you are right, child; perhaps your mother lives."

"Ah, you think that?"

"More; she is perhaps watching over you, though she cannot speak. She may reveal herself some day."

"You believe so, monsieur?" repeated Marjorie, her face brightening with joy.

"It is very probable, my child. You are not of the canaille, Marjorie. When I first saw you I knew that; then I heard your story, and it interested me. I thought, 'We are strangely alike—we are like two of a country cast adrift in a foreign land, but our destinies seem to be one. She is exiled from her kindred; I am exiled from my home. She has a kindly heart and will understand me; we must be friends, Marjorie, will we not?"

He held out his hand, and the girl took it.

"You are very good, monsieur," she answered simply.

"Then you must treat me as a friend, indeed, little one!" he answered. "I will take no money for your lessons. It is a pleasure for me to teach you, and —and Mr. Lorraine is not rich."

"Mr. Lorraine?" said Marjorie, opening her blue eyes; "it is not Mr. Lorraine who pays for my schooling, but Miss Hetherington."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; that is so. Mr. Lorraine did not wish to have me taught beyond my station; but Miss Hetherington said I must learn."

Caussidiere seemed to reflect profoundly.

"Miss Hetherington is a philanthropic lady, then?"

"Do you think so, monsieur?"

"Do not you think so, Marjorie, since she is universally kind and generous?"

"Ah," returned Marjorie, "I do not think she is always generous, monsieur; but she is very kind to me. Why she has almost kept me ever since I was a child."

To this the Frenchman did not reply; he seemed somewhat disturbed; he lit a cigar and watched Marjorie through the clouds of smoke. Presently the clock in the church tower struck the hour, and Marjorie started.

"I must be walking home," she said.

She began to move across the bridge, the Frenchman keeping beside her.

They walked steadily onward, and now they reached the door of the inn. Marjorie paused and held forth her hand.

"Good-night, monsieur," she said.

"Good-night!—shall I not walk with you to the manse, little one?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"I would rather walk there alone."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Eh bien! since you wish it I will think you are right. Good-night, my little friend, and au revoir."

He took the hand which she had extended toward him, raised it toward his lips, then patted it as if he had been patting the fingers of a child; it was this air of fatherly friendliness which made her trust him, and which won for him all the sympathy of her affectionate heart.

When Caussidiere imprinted a kiss upon her hand she neither blushed nor drew it away, but she said softly:

"Good night, monsieur, God bless you!" at which the Frenchman kissed her hand again, then, turning quickly, entered the inn.

Marjorie turned, too, feeling her kind little heart overflowing, and walked away down the moonlit road. She had not gone many steps when she was abruptly joined by a man. She did not start nor seem surprised; indeed, while she was parting with the Frenchman she had seen John Sutherland watching her from the opposite side of the road.

"Good-evening, Johnnie," said Marjorie, quietly. "Why did you not come forward to speak to Monsieur Caussidiere?"

The young man started, but made no answer.

"Johnnie, what is wrong?" she asked.

He paused, and looked at her.

"Marjorie," he said, "tell me what you were doing with that man?"

It was no time for his reproaches; her whole soul rose in revolt.

"With that man?" she repeated, angrily. "Do you mean with Monsieur Caussidiere?"

"Yes, with that villainous Frenchman," he returned, driven recklessly onward by his anger. "Why are you always in his company, Marjorie Annan?"

Marjorie drew herself proudly up. Had the Frenchman seen her then, he would have little doubt as to the stock whence she came.

"I am in his company because I am his friend," she answered, proudly. "Yes, his friend; and as his friend I will not hear him insulted. Good-night."

She walked quickly away, but in a moment he was again beside her.

"Marjorie, will you not listen to me?"

"No, I will not," returned the girl, angrily. "Whatever you have to say against Monsieur Caussidiere you shall not say to me. He was right; you are all against him, and you are the worst of all. Do you think it is just or kind to abuse a man simply because he is a stranger and unfortunate? What has Monsieur Caussidiere ever done to you that you should dislike him so much?"

The young man stared at her flushed cheeks and angry eyes; then he exclaimed:

"Marjorie, answer me! Tell me it's not possible, that you care for yon man?"

She flushed crimson and turned away.

"I care for anyone," she answered, evasively, "who is alone and who wants a friend. Monsieur Caussidiere has been very kind to me—and I am sorry for him."

"You are more than that, Marjorie—but take care, for I know he is a scoundrel."

"How dare you say so?" returned Marjorie. "You are a coward, Johnnie Sutherland. If he were here you would not speak like that."

"I would say the same to him as to you. If he were not a scoundred he would not entice you from your home."

This was too much for Marjorie. She uttered an indignant exclamation, and, without deigning to reply, hastened rapidly away. This time he did not hasten after her; and almost before he could recover from his surprise she had entered the manse door.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER the scene with Marjorie on Sunday night, Sutherland was in a state of despair; for two days he walked about in misery; on the third day his resolution was fixed and he determined to act. He went up to the Castle and sought an interview with Miss Hetherington, to whom he told of the scene which he had had with Marjorie, of her anger against himself, and of her constant meetings with the stranger. Miss Hetherington listened with averted head, and laughed grimly when he had done.

"I see how it is," she said; "'tis the old tale; twa lads and a lassie. But I dinna like the French man, Johnnie, no more than yourself. I'll speak with Mr. Lorraine; maybe 'tis his work to keep the bairnie right, though he does his work ill, I'm thinking. You're a good lad, Johnnie, and as to Marjorie, she's a short-sighted eedict not to see wha's her friend."

She spoke lightly and cheerfully; but the moment Sutherland disappeared both her face and manner changed.

"The lad was right," she said. "Love has made him keen sighted, and he has told me the truth. Marjorie is in danger. Now is the time when she needs the care o' kind folk to keep her frae the one false step that ruins all. Marjorie Annan, what shall I do for you, my bairn?"

She stood for a time meditating; then she looked at her watch and found it was still early in the day; she summoned her old servant, ordered her carriage, and a quarter of an hour later was driving away toward the town of Dumfries.

Hardly had she left when the Frenchman came to the castle, and, by dint of bribing the old serving man, Sandy Sloan, with a golden sovereign, was permitted to view the different rooms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE WORKS OF ART.

Treasures of the Goncourt Brothers Bring Great Prices.

All the great pictures in the Goncourt collection have now been sold at the Hotel Drouot and have realized 696,000 francs, or £27,840, says a Paris letter. It is to be noted that the brothers Goncourt, as related in the famous diary, often pinched themselves in order to purchase pictures and art objects for their collection. They would undoubtedly be surprised if they were alive to read the prices obtained at the recent sale for old drawings and engravings which they picked up years ago on the Paris quays and elsewhere for a few gold or silver pieces. They were keen dilettanti and knew good works of art when they saw them, but they could hardly have realized that a sketch by the younger Moreau, for which they paid about a dollar, would be purchased years afterwards for hundreds of dollars. There is now every prospect that the Goncourt academy may become an accomplished fact, and that the literary legatees, as well as the poor relations, may receive something worth having out of the estate. When Edmond de Gouncourt died it was confidently asserte by many that his artistic collections would not realize £8,000, whereas his pictures and engravings alone have already brought in more than treble that amount.

Only a Little Premature.

"I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer who was seeking advice.

"I know it isn't pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it is about to pend."—The Green Bag.

The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 38,000 are Roman Catholics, and the same number Protestants.

ABOUT CHEAP WHEAT

PRODUCT OF ARGENTINA GROWN BY PEON LABOR.

Primitive Methods of Italian Farmers —Favorable Soil and Seasons, Cheap Labor and Long Hours—Factors That Regulate Market Prices.

As the future price of wheat is mainly dependent upon the Argentina wheat crop, to be harvested about December next, it is interesting to study the methods of cultivation there. The South American wheat farms are mostly held by Italians who use peon labor. Their methods are primitive and of the cheapest character, and their expenses are very small.

That portion of the Argentine republic at present devoted to wheat culture includes the provinces of Santa Fe, Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios, with the south portion of the provincce of Cordoba (the province corresponding to the "state" in the United States), and the total area of this stretch of country is about equal to the combined areas of England and France. Only about one-third of the land within convenient distance of railways already constructed being as yet under cultivation, it is obvious that there is room for considerable development even under the present conditions of transportation.

The surface of this great section of country is level and free from stones, devoid of timber, with few streams, having a rich soil, a temperate climate (average summer temperature 74 degrees F., and average winter temperature 57 degrees F.), and usually a plentiful rainfall, also during the spring months constantly recurring night dews.

The general character of the soil is the same in all parts, varying somewhat in fertility according to the nearness to or remoteness from the great river Parana or the estuary known as River Plate. The soil is composed of a loose vegetable layer of black loam of 6 to 36 inches in depth, and under this layer is usually found a deep subsoil of a clayey, sandy character, and, lower still, hard clay. This last named stratum holds the rainfall, enabling the ground to stand a long drought without seriously affecting the roots of the wheat plant.

It can be safely stated that an average of favorable seasons may be looked for, and that a serious failure of the crop, as in the year 1889, when, owing to damage by rain, the export surplus only amounted to 100,000 quarters, is unlikely to recur, because the wheat growing area has extended to such an extent that it measures some 750 miles from north to south, and 150 miles east and west, with somewhat different climates, and including districts as far apart as London and Madrid, or Minnesota and Louisiana.

The earliest settlers were Swiss, and colonists of that nationality are today among the best farmers in the country, living well in every way and proving themselves successful agriculturists. The small farmers throughout the country are almost always Italians, who originally came from Piedmont or the plains of Lombardy, very few having either previous knowledge of agriculture or any capital to start with, but they are keen for money, and work hard in their own way, having quite enough sense to learn from experience by slow degrees the best way to grow wheat, although they are desperately mean in any expenditure, and have a strong inclination always to increase their acreage and trust to a favorable season.

By working fifteen or sixteen hours one man can plow two or two and a half acres per diem with a single plow, or four or five acres on broken land with a double plow, and if provided with sufficient bullocks, and urged to do so by good condition of the land and suitable weather, will keep up this work for a considerable time.

At very few of the 200 to 300 railway stations where wheat is shipped are found more than the most necessary buildings, such as one or two general stores, bakeries and smithies, and, very much to the disappointment of the buyers of station lots, there seems no disposition to build country towns or create any local industries, except for the making of simple agricultural implements, and there are no local centers or markets.

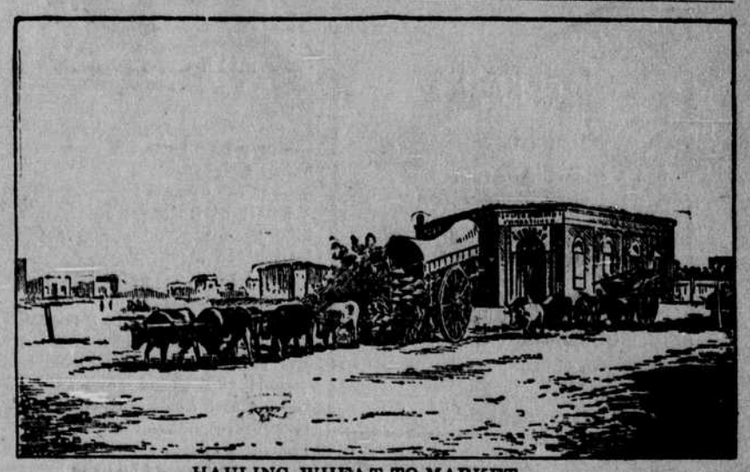
Land being very plentiful, and very easy to work in the Argentine Republic, a family usually take up from 250 to 400 acres, and cultivates as much as they can. The land is bought sometimes for cash, or more usually to be paid for by installments spread over four to seven years; or is rented by yearly tenancy; but under a very general and most convenient arrangement land owners are almost always willing to have their land worked by any decent colonist "on shares," receiving from 8 up to 50 per cent of the product of every crop according to the facilities given to the tenant, and this system of working on shares is by far the most usual, and seems to be suited to the present state of the country.

If the tenant is a poor man the land owner may build the very simple mud house that shelters the family and also supply bullocks, plows, seed and supplies until the first harvest, and the landlord then takes 50 per cent of the crop, but if only the use of land is given 8 to 1 per cent of the produce goes to the land owner as rent; his proportion is naturally larger on land that is in a specially favorable position. If the crop is a failure the tenant may skip, having lost a year, but the land owner has had his land broken up, and is content to put that advantage against his money loss.

The family would provide themselves with vegetables from the farm, and other household expenses and necessary clothing would cost about £2 per month, and can be reduced according to the frugality and meanness of the family.

Good land situated conveniently near to a railway station and within 100 miles of a port, may be valued at £1 ($5 gold) per acre, and the farm can be worked by the colonist, assisted by a young son and by one hired peon all the year round, and by two extra peons at harvest. About 175 acres can be sown with wheat, and the remainder of the land used for pasturing the animals and growing a little maize (corn). Housework will be done by the wife, who also looks after some cows and poultry.

Owing to the want of accurate information from the multitude of small farms, it is very difficult to say what the average yield per acre really is in any year, and, although it has been customary to consider that the average Santa Fe is not over 10 to 11 bushels per acre (similar to United States averages), probably 13 bushels is nearer the mark for the entire country and 15 for good farms; because, in recent years, farmers have often threshed out 25 bushels, and sometimes up to 35 and even 45 bushels, while anything under 10 bushels is exceptional now that farming has improved somewhat.



HAULING WHEAT TO MARKET.

VESSELS LOADING GRAIN AT THE BARRANCA ROSARIO.

REPUBLICAN OPINION.

Ex-Candidate Bryan seems to be of the impression that he and silver are THE Democratic party. Despite the fact that such time honored and experienced leaders as Senator Gorman and Chairman Jones and others, who were active in political life before Bryan was born, have urged the abandonment of the silver issues in New York, Mr. Bryan has written a letter urging just the reverse of this. In that letter he insists that the Democrats of Greater New York should, and indeed must, endorse the national platform, which, of course, means the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without the consent or co-operation of any other nation; also renomination of William Jennings Bryan in the year of our Lord 1900—particularly the latter. It is understood in inner Democratic circles that there are a few Democrats in New York city and state who are inclined to the opinion that the judgment of such men as Mr. Gorman, Chairman Jones, ex-Governor Boies and other men of long experience is quite as valuable as that of the Boy Orator of the Platte. What will be the outcome of it nobody knows nor can foretell, though the indications point to a widening of the breach in Democratic ranks and a loss by Mr. Bryan of very much of the support and friendship of the leaders of the party which he seemed to have until he chose to defy them by interfering in New York election, with which he has no place or part.

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What has become of that $1,500 speech which Mr. Bryan was to deliver at the Ohio silver camp-meeting? Also, what has become of the camp-meeting itself? It seems to have been as flat a failure as Bryan's paid "explanation" of why silver and wheat have parted company.

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There is something of a contrast between conditions under the McKinley administration and those under the Cleveland administration. It is but a short time since President Cleveland was selling bonds to bring gold into the treasury, while now the McKinley administration is actually rejecting offers of gold which come to it from various parts of the country.

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The mad rush of the leaders of the late Popocracy for a new issue to take the place of the exploded silver theory has resulted in the nomination of Henry George for mayor of Greater New York by a large element of the Democratic party of that city. Mr. George, as is well known, is the chief apostle of the single tax idea, and his nomination by a large element of the party in that city strengthens the belief which has been growing for months that the leaders of that party would adopt the single tax theory to take the place of the discarded free silver proposition of last year.

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The United States had in 1873 15 cents per capita in silver, and now has $8.77 per capita. Belgium then had $2.88 per capita; now she has $8.71 per capita. Italy had then 86 cents per capita; now she has $1.35. The Netherlands had then $9.56 per capita; now she has $11.96. Austria-Hungary then had $1.11 per capita; now she has $2.76. Australasia had $1.15 per capita; now she has $1.49. Sweden in 1873 had 98 cents per capita in silver; now she has $1 per capita. Norway had 89 cents per capita; now $1 per capita. Russia then had 23 cents per capita; now 38 cents per capita. The only nations which have at all decreased are Great Britain, France, Germany, and Denmark. Great Britain's per capita is $2.96 instead of $2.99; that of France has fallen from $13.85 to $12.94; that of Denmark from $4.16 to $2.35, and that of Germany from $7.47 to $4.20 per capita. This data will be of interest in the campaigns of this fall where the silver question is discussed, if it is made an issue anywhere again.

Japan Imports Cheap Labor.

It is interesting to note that Japan is importing cheap laborers from Korea to work in her coal mines. Five years ago, the wages of carpenters were 33 cents a day. Now they advertise that their wages have risen to 80 cents a day —say 1s. 8d. (40 cents in United States currency). The bogey of Japanese cheap labor, which many English writers are so fond of calling up from the (to them) vasty deeps of the unknown east, is as illusory as any other phantom.—"London and China Telegraph."

Our opinion is that the "bogey" is still a living reality, as far as the United States is concerned. A matter of 40 cents a day for the wages of carpenters may be an illusory phantom to the poorly paid carpenters of England, but while carpenters are earning two and three dollars a day in the United States they desire to be protected against the products of 40 cent "bogies."

SANTA FE—ITALIAN COLONISTS CLEANING WHEAT.