CHAPTER XV. HEN Miss Hetherington left the Frenchman's rooms that afternoon, she tottered like one enfeebled by the sudden oncoming of age. Monsieur Caussidiere was beside her; it was his

hand which placed her in her carriage, his head which bowed politely as the carriage moved away. But the lady seemed neither to see nor hear. Her face was deathly pale and her eyes were fixed; she entered the carriage mechanically, and mechanically lay back among the moth-eaten cushions; but she never came to herself until the carriage stopped before the door of Annandale Castle.

The approaching carriage wheels had been heard by the inmates of the Castle, so that when the vehicle stopped there stood Sandie Sloane ready to assist his mistress to alight. With her usual erect carriage and firm tread, Miss Hetherington stepped from the vehicle, and walked up the stone steps to the Castle door, saying, as she passed the old serving man:

'Sandie Sloane, come ben wi' me!" She walked on, Sandie following. They walked into the great diningroom, and the door closed upon the

What passed at that interview no one knew; but half an hour later Sandie came forth, returned to the kitchen, and sat there crying like a heart broken child

"Mysie," said he to the housekeeper, "Mysie, woman, I'm turned awa'-oot on the world. God help me! The mistress has shown me the door of Annandale Castle."

It was not till two days later that Mr. Lorraine, happening to call at the Castle, heard that Miss Hetherington could not see him, for she had taken to her bed and was seriously ill. He heard also from Mysie, who seemed scared and wild, that her mistress had never been herself since that night when Sandie Sloane had been driven from his situation. The clergyman, more shocked and mystified, asked to be allowed to see the lady, but Mysie refused to, permit him to place his foot inside the door. After a little persuasion, however, she consented to allow him to remain on the threshold while she went and informed her mistress of

In a short time the woman returned, and Mr. Lorraine was at once admitted to the bedside of the mistress of the house.

Mr. Lorraine began forthwith to express his regrets at the lady's illness, but he was at once stopped.

"'Twasna' o' myself I wanted to speak," she said in her hard, cold tones; 'twas o' something that concerns you

far more-where is Marjorie?' the clergyman, dreading what the next

question might be. "At the manse! and wherefore is she no at school? She should have gone

back ere this"

"Yes; she should have gone, but the lassie was not herself, so I kept her with me. She is troubled in her mind at what you said about the French lessons. Miss Hetherington, and she is afraid she has annoyed you.'

"And she would be sorry?" "How could she fail to be? You hae been her best friend." There was a great pause, which was

broken by Miss Hetherington. "Mr. Lorraine," said she, "I've aye tried to give you good advice about Mariorie. I kenned weel that twa silly men like yersel' and that fool Solomon Mucklebackit wanted a woman's sharp wits and keen eyes to help them train the lassie. I've watched her close and I see what maybe ye dinna see. Therefore I advise you again-send her awa' to Edinburgh for awhile-'twill be for her gude."

"To Edinburgh!" "Ay; do you fear she'll no obey?" 'Not at all; when I tell her you wish

it she will go." Miss Hetherington sat bolt upright, and stared round the room like a stag at bay.

"I wish it!" she exclaimed. "I dinna wish it-mind that, Mr. Lorraine. If anybody daurs say I wish it, ye'll tell them 'tis a lee. You wish it; you'll send her awa'; 'tis for the bairn's

Mr. Lorraine began to be of opinion that Miss Hetherington's brain was affected; he could not account for her eccentricity in any other way. Nevertheless her whims had to be attended to: and as in this case they would cause no great inconvenience, he promised implicit obedience to her will.

"Yes, you are right, Miss Hetherington; 'twill do the child good, and she shall go," he said, as he rose to take his leave.

But the lady called him back.

"Mr. Lorrane," she said, "send Marjorie up to me to say good-bye;" and having again premised to obey her, Mr. Lorraine retired.

When he reached home he was rather relieved to find that his foster child was out; when she returned, he was busily engaged with Solomon, and it was not indeed until after evening prayers that the two found themselves alone. Then Mr. Lorraine informed Marjorie that | A week passed away, with one super-

she was to go to her sister's house in Edinburgh for a time. The young girl was reluctant to leave her home, but did not dream of disobeying any wish

of her foster-father. By early the next afternoon all was done, and as Marjorie was to start early on the morrow, she, in obedience to Mr. Lorraine's wish, put on her bonnet and went up to the Castle to wish Miss Hetherington good-bye.

She had heard from Mr. Lorraine that the lady was indisposed, but he had not spoken of the malady as serious, and she was therefore utterly unprepared for what she saw.

She was admitted by Mysie, conducted along the dreary passage, and led at once toward Miss Hetherington's bedroom.

"She's waitin' on ye," said Mysle; 'she's been waitin' on ye all day." Marjorie stepped into the room,

looked around, and theen shrank fearfully back toward the door. Could this be Miss Hetherington-this little shriveled old woman, with the dim eyes and thin silvery hair? She glanced keenly at Marjorie; then, seeing the girl shrink away, she held forth her hand and said:

"Come awa' ben, Marjorie, my bairnie: come ben."

"You-you are not well, Miss Hetherington," said Marjorie. "I am so sorry.'

She came forward and stretched forth her hand. Miss Hetherington took it, held it, and gazed up into the girl's

"I'm no just mysel', Marjorie," she said, "but whiles the best of us come to this pass. Did ye think I was immortal, Marjorie Annan, and that the palsied finger o' death couldn't be pointed at me as weel as at another?"

"Of death?" said Marjorie, instinctively withdrawing her hand from the old lady's tremulous grasp. "Oh, Miss Hetherington, you surely will not

"Wha can tell? Surely I shall die when my time comes, and wha will there be to shed a tear?"

For a time there was silence; then Miss Hetherington spoke: 'What more have you got to say to

me, Marjorie Annan?" The girl started as if from a dream, and rose hurriedly from her seat.

"Nothing more," she said. "Mr. Lorraine thought I had better come and wish you good-bye. I am going away." "Mr. Lorraine!--you didna wish it versel'?"

"Yes, I-I wished it-"Aweel, good-bye!"

She held forth her trembling hands again, and Marjorie placed her warm fingers between them. "Good-bye, Miss Hetherington."

She withdrew her hand and turned way, feeling that the good-bye had been spoken, and that her presence was no longer desired by the proud mistress of Annandale. She had got half way to the door when her steps were arresta voice called her back.

"Marjorie! Marjorie Annan!" She turned, started, then running back, fell on her knees beside Miss Hetherington's chair. For the first time in her life Marjorie saw her cry-

"Dear Miss Hetherington, what is it?" she said.

"'Tis the old tale, the old tale," replied the lady, drying her eyes. "Won't you kiss me, Marjorie, and say only once that you're sorry to leave me sickening here?"

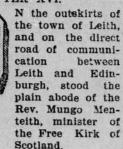
"I am very sorry," said Marjorie; then she timidly bent forward and touched the lady's cheek with her lips.

Curiously enough, after having solicited the embrace, Miss Hetherington shrank away.

"Cold and loveless," she murmured. "But, Marjorie, my bairn, I'm no blaming ye for the sins of your forefathers. Good-bye, lassie, good-bye."

This time Marjorie did leave the room and the Castle, feeling thoroughly mystified as to what it could all mean.

CHAPTER XVI.



The Reverend Mr. Menteith had espoused late in life the only sister of Mr. Lorraine, a little, timid, clinging woman, with fair hair and light blue eyes, who was as wax in the bony hands of her pious husband.

At the house of the pair one morning in early summer arrived Marjerie Annan escorted thither in a hired fly from Edinburgh by the minister. It was by no means her first visit, and the welcome she received, if a little melancholy, was not altogether devoid of sympathy. Her aunt was an affectionate creature, though weak and superstitious; and Mr. Mentieth, like many of his class, was by no means as hard as the doctrines he upheld. They had no children of their own, and the coming of one so pretty and so close of kin was like a gleam of sunshine.

adelphia North American.

naturaly dreary Sabbath, spent in what may be called, figuratively, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

At last there came a day of terrific dissipation, when what is known by profane Scotchmen as a "tea and cookie shine" was given by one of the elders of the kirk.

Early in the evening Mr. Menteith was called away, and when the meeting broke up about nine o'clock Marjorie and her aunt had to walk home alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and as they left the elder's house and lingered on the doorstep Marjorie saw standing in the street a figure which she seemed to know.

She started and looked again, and the figure returned her look. In a moment to her utter amazement, she recognized Caussidiere.

Startled and afraid, not knowing what to say or do, she descended the steps to her aunt's side.

As she did so the figure disappeared. She walked up the street, trembling and wondering, while Mrs. Menteith talked with feeble rapture of the feast they had left and its accompanying "edification."

Marjorie made some wandering reply, for she heard footsteps behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw the figure she had previously noticed following at a few yards' distance.

She would have paused and waited, but she dreaded the observation of her companion. So she simply walked faster, hurrying her aunt along.

They passed from the street, and still she heard the feet following behind her. At last they reached the gate of the 'minister's house.

Here Marjorie lingered, and watching down the road saw the figure pause and

Mrs. Menteith pushed open the gate, hastened across the garden, and knocked at the door. In a moment the igure came up rapidly.

"Hush, mademoiselle!" said a familiar voice in French and simultaneously she felt a piece of paper pressed into her hand. She grasped it involuntarily and before she could utter a word the figure flitted away.

Meantime the house door had opened. "Marjorie!" cried Mrs. Menteith from he threshold.

Marjorie hastened in.

"What kept ye at the gate, and who was you that passed?"

"A man—a gentleman." "Did he speak to you?"

Without reply, Marjorie passed in. As soon as possible she hastened up to her own room, locked the door, and there with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"I have something important to say to you. Meet me tomorrow at noon on the Edinburgh road. Pray tell no one that you have received this, or that I "Leon Caussidiere." am here.

Majorie sat down trembling with the paper in her lap. Her first impulse was to inform her aunt of what had taken place. A little reflection, how-ever, convinced her that this would be

After all, she thought, she had no right to assume that Caussidiere's message had not a perfectly innocent significance. Perhaps he had brought her news from home.

It was not an easy task for Marjorie to keep her appointment on the following day; indeed, everything seemed to conspire to keep her at home. To begin with, the family were much later that the prayers were unusually long; then Mr. Menteith had various little things for her to do; so that the hands of the clock wandered toward twelve before she was able to quit the house

At last she was free, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands was speeding along the road to meet the Frenchmen

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and aided by them skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinuously, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed to look around with unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plunging "thigh." There is no attempt to hold them extended or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight. When an ostrich, after a hard run, is very tired its wings sometimes droop; this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held cut away from the sides to lighten its weight or increase its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly even when going at top speed.-From the Zoologist.

A Matter of Colors.

"Sister Millie wants to know if you won't let us take your big awning? She's going to give a porch party tomorrow night and wants to have it on the piazzer."

"Wants my awning?" "Yep. She would have borrowed the Joneses', but theirs is blue, you know, and Millie's hair is red."-Cleveland

Plain-Dealer. "There's not another bit of firewood on board," roared the steamboat engineer. "What's the matter with the log?" inquired the landlubber .- PhilBY REGISTERED MAIL.

REASONS WHY BANKS PREFER TO REMIT BY EXPRESS.

Result of the Government Declining to Ship at Contract Rates -- The Delay in Reimbursement in Case of Loss in the Postoffice-Technicalities of the lossrance Companies.

A novel feature in the shipments of currency to interior points, and par-ticularly to the South and West, by local banks this fall is the great extent to which the registered mail ser-vice is being used for that purpose, instead of the money being shipped by express, as was formerly the general custom. The reason for this is the inability of the banks to secure this year, through the sub-treasury, the benefit of the government contract rates for the expressage. As a result of that the banks have had to pay what are known as bankers' rates to the express companies, which are two or three times as great as the government contract rates, or ship their

money by registered mail.

The course of the treasury in respect to this matter has been explained from time to time in the Evening Post, so far as any explanations could be obtained. Heretofore the treasury glad-ly gave to the banks the privilege of shipping currency at the government contract rates, or rather, shipped the currency for the banks at the govern-ment rates in return for gold deposits. A clause, however, was inserted in the contract with the express company when it was last made, by which such privileges should only be afforded to the banks when the treasury needed gold. The discretion in the matter apparently rests with the Secretary of Treasury, and he has seemingly decided that the treasury does not want gold now. Consequently the banks cannot have the benefit of the government contract rates for expressage, although bankers generally seem to think it would be better for the treasury always to take gold when it can without loss. The treasury ruling, however, has not helped the express company very much, because nearly all the country banks to whom money is remitted, and who have to pay the cost of transmission, direct their New York correspondents to ship the money by registered mail, and insure its safe delivery in one or other of the companies which make a specialty of that business.

The cost of postage and insurance is much less than the usual express charges at what are known as bankers' rates. Few New York bankers, however, would remit money in that way, unless they were directed to do so by their correspondents. They would rather ship it by express, even though it cost more to do so, because they consider it the safer way.

If money is lost by an express company during transmission, the loss is promptly made good, whereas, bankers say, it takes a long time, and is a troublesome task, to recover the amount when the money is lost in the mails. The government is not responsible; it only promises to take greater care of a registered package, for which the registration fee of eight cents is charged; it cannot or does not guarantee its delivery or reimbursement in case of loss. The cash-ier of a large national bank which ships many thousands of dollars every day to its correspondents all over the United States, in speaking of this matter today, said:

"The conservative banker still prefers to send money by the well-known express companies, but, to save expenses, since the government refuses to remit for the banks any longer at government contract rates, the country banks are apparently willing to take the risk of transmission by registered mail, with the guarantee of an insurance company's policy for its safe delivery. Notwithstanding, however, the registration and insurance, the risks of sending large sums of money by mail are very great. A package of currency which is forwarded by the registered mail department of the postal service has no distinctive mark indicating its value; a pencil receipt is given for it just the same as for an ordinary letter or package of merchandise. The package of money is thrown in with packages of merchandise of all sorts, and no more care is taken of it than is taken with a box of shoes or a package of gloves. The registry clerk's receipt is not a document that is as well known or as satisfactory as the receipt of the receiving clerk of an express company, and case of the loss of the package, the delay in the recovery of the money is interminable.

"For instance, a few years ago a Southern bank ordered from its New York correspondent \$20,000 in currency, the money to be sent by registered mail. The package was put, or supposed to have been put, in a certain through pouch, but when the pouch was opened in the Southern postoffice in the presence of the president of the bank, who was anxious about the arrival of the money, the package was not there. Investigation by the postoffice authorities failed to discover its whereabouts, and the insurance company which had issued a policy guaranteeing its safe delivery was no more successful, and it was a long time before the bank was reimbursed for the loss. The inconvenience caused to banks by the non-receipt of money on time could not be estimated. In some cases, as in times of panic, for instance, the delay might be fraught with very serious consequences. A year or so after the loss of the money referred to, other missing articles were traced to a certain dishonest postal employe, and the secret of the missing money package was then solved by his confession.

"On the other hand, the express companies locate missing packages of money or make good the loss promptly, without technicalities or delays. They are responsible, and banks run no risk in shipping by them. Their employees are chosen solely on the ground of ability and trustworthiness, and they are therefore more likely to be accurate and prompt than postal employes, who owe their places more or less to politics, notwithstanding the civil service examination. While it is true that by insuring money sent

by registered mail there is some guarantee against loss by non-delivery, it is equally true that there is consid-erable risk of loss if the insurance company stands on technicalities. The slightest informallty in the observance of the terms of an open policy issued by the insurance company renders the policy invalid, and would in the case of a missing package cause the loss to fall on the consignor. The technicalities to be observed by a remitting bank in sending money by registered mail when the delivery of the money is insured by one of the local insurance companies are very great compared with the simple but methods of express companies. and unless some new regulations are made by the postal authorities for sending money by registered mail, conservative New York banks will certainly prefer to ship by express."

IN EARLY ILLINOIS. The Impenetiable Blindness of One Who Will Not See.

The character of the old Illinois courts in which Abraham Lincoin practiced, was very primitive (says a writer in the Century.) In one case a livery-stable horse had died soon after being returned and the person who had hired it was sued for damages. Tre question turned largely upon the reputation of the defendant as a hard rider. A witness was called—a long, lank Westerner. "How does Mr. So-and-So usually ride?" asked the lawyer. Without a cleam of intelligence the ride. glesm of intelligence the witness replied: "A-straddle, Sir." "Na no." said the lawyer; "I mean, does he usually walk or trot or gallop?" "Wal" said the witness apparently searching is the depths of his memory for facts when he rides a watkin' horse, he walks, when he rides a trottin' borse, he trots, and when he rides a gallopin' horse, he gallopa, when —" The lawyer was angry. "I want to know what gait the defendant usually takes fast or slow." "Wal" said the witness "when his company rides fast, he rides fast, and when his company rides slow, he rides slow." "I want to know, sir." the lawyer said very much exasperated. and very stern now. 'how Mr. So-and-Eo rides when he is alone." "Well." said the witness more slowly and meditatively than even when he was alone, I wa'n't along and I don't know." The laugh at the questioner ended the cross-examination.

What Her Aunt Could Do.

A four-year-old miss, who is at present visiting an aunt on Staten Island, has been as good as spoiled by her parents at least that is the opinion of her relatives.

Ever since she began to breathe in the salt air of the lower bay she has seemed incorrigible. Mischief of every kind and degree has been laid at her door and all sorts of punishment threatened without apparently changing her course.

The culmination was reached the other evening with some piece of daring effrontery, and when the little one had been put to bed. Aunt Mary started in to have a long talk over her misdeeds, beginning something like this:

'Don't you feel how naughty Kate has been to-day? It makes us all very sorry. I don't know what I'd

"I guess you'd better let me go to came from beneath the bed clothes and Aunt Mary has not been able to look the child in the face without laughing yet.-New York Advertiser.

Senator Palmer tells this story on himself: .While I was exercising some military authority in Kentucky during the late war. I received a let ter from a distinguished jurist. He was a former chief-justice of the state. He wrote me to inquire as to his rights under certain circumstances. I replied that I could not venture to state the law of the case to a jurist of so much distinction. He answered me by saying that if it were a question of the divine law, or of natural law, or of statute law, or of municipal law, he never would think of consulting me; but that as martia! law was the will of the general commanding it seemed proper to ask me. I realized the force of the rebuke. The judge did not by any means intend to pay me a compliment." - Argonaut.

Too Smart for Cholley. "Girls know too much now-a-days."

"What makes you say that?" "You remember when I asked Miss Brown to copy me some verses? In reality I only wanted her handwriting to read her character by. ··Well?

.Well, here are the verse, but she's copied them on the typewriter." -Brooklyn Life.

According to Theosophy.

According to the . Secret Doctrine," we are now living in the Kali Yuga. the last of the four ages, and it began nearly 5,000 years ago, with the death of Krishna, B. C. 3102. The first minor cycle of the Kail Yuga will end in the years 1897-98.

Lorical Reasoning.

cawn makes whisky."-Life.

wear it very often."

"Watah is a good thing." re-marked Colonel Bludd of Kentucky. "Wall, maybe so," replied conservative Major Bowie. "It is truly, sah," continued the colonel. 'Rain makes cawn, sah, an'

Well Preserved. Cleverton- "You wouldn't think I had had that dress suit eight years. would you?" Dashaway 'Oh, I don't know, old man. You con't have occasion to

Good investment. Boggs - That watch has been a mighty good investment Foggs-How so?

Boggs-I never let anyone have it yet who didn't get twelve per cent a month out of it. - New York Herald.

BARTLEY CASE AGAIN

STATE READY FOR A SPEEDY HEARING

The Attorney General Takes Steps to Se cure Another Hearing in Action to Be Brought Against Bondsmen of the Ex-State Treasurer-May Be Delay in the

The suit against the Bondsmen of ex-State Treasurer Bartley, which was instituted by the state to recover Bartley's half-million dollar defaica-tion and a trial of which was dismissed by the state a couple of weeks ago, says the Omaha Bee, will be put on trial again the latter part of this month if Attorney General Smyth

can bring it about.

Thursday the attorney general filed with the clerk of the district court a with the clerk of the district court a motion to advance the case for trial on November 29. In the usual procedure, the case being dismissed by the state, it would have been put at the bottom of the calendar, and, if it was not reached before the end of term, it would be put over until next term. As the docket is full it would have probably met this fate, but Attorney General Smyth maintains that upon his demand a state case can at upon his demand a state case can at any time be advanced over other civil actions. He takes this view and cites Section 1,113 of the code of civil procedure in the 1897 state statutes, which reads partially as follows:

"Civil actions to which the state is a party shall on motion of the country shall on the country shall shall

a party shall, on motion of the coun-sel on behalf of the state, have priority of trial over other civil actions.

The attorney general will maintain his right to ask for an advancement of the case on the grounds thus furn-ished, but there is no doubt that the bondsmen will make a vigorous fight against it. They will urge that they have not had a sufficient time in which to prepare a defense. As a matter of fact they have been selected as a matter ter of fact, they have been given a leeway of but five days, the attorney general having determined to press

Attorney General Smyth filed his new petition in the case immediately after the last trial was dismissed by him. The defense had the legal time of thirty days in which to file an answer. Their time expires on November 23, five days before the time the attorney general asks to have the trial set. There is no doubt that the bondsmen will call for a reply from the state, and they will therefore want time in which to consider this reply. Since the present term of the district court ends the latter part of December it is said that it is said that ber, it is said that it is somewhat questionable whether the trial will occur this term. The case is on Judge Dickinson's docket this time.

The new petition which Attorney General Smyth filed is the same as General Smyth filed is the same as the amended petition he offered to file in the last trial and then withdrew. This sets up but one additional allegation to those in the original petition. This offers the fact that the bondsmen signed waivers after January 3, 1895, allowing Bartley to secure additional signatures to the cure additional signatures to the bond after it had been refused by Governor Holcomb. By this the state will endeavor to break down the con-tention of the bondsmen that they are not liable, since the bond was not not liable, since the bond was not legal because it was not approved by Governor Holcomb on the first day of Bartley's term, January 3, 1895, as provided by the statutes. It was on this point that the attorney general was forced to dismiss the case, the court holding with the bondsmen. Since the waivers are signed after January 5, 1895, it is said that they indicate the bondsmen knew then the bond had not been legally signed and that the bondsmen thereby waived the illegality.

Judge Sullivan's Successor.

There is already much speculation indulged in here, says a Columbus dispatch, as to who will probably succeed Judge Sullivan in this district. Fremont has a couple of possible candidates, but inasmuch as that is the home of Hon. William Marshall, one of the judges of the Sixth judicial district, it is thought the vacancy will be filled from this city. It is also believed that Governor Holcomb will appoint a democrat in view of the appoint a democrat in view of the fact that Hon. J. J. Sussivan, the retiring judge, is and always has been a democrat. Among those prominently spoken of here is Judge W. N. Hensley. Mr. Hensley has been a resident of this county for the past twenty years, is a member of the Platte county bar, was the der candidate for congress in this (the Third) district three years ago against George D. Meiklejohn. He was post-master four years under Cleveland's first administration and was county judge of Platte county two terms.

Doctor May Be Druggist.

The State Board of Pharmacy held a meeting at Lincoln and heard the case of Dr. McCoy of Benson, who sets forth that the board of examiners refused to permit him to take the requisite examination for a pharmacist's certificate and asks that the state board reverse this decision. The examination was refused because Dr. examination was refused because Dr. McCoy, who is a practicing physician, had not worked under a pharmacist three years, as required by law. Owing to the inconvenience in having prescriptions compounded in so small a place as Benson, Dr. McCoy kept his own drugs and filled his own prescriptions for many them. tions for more than the required three years, and on these grounds the board ordered that he be allowed to take the examination.

The Korn Karnival.

Beatrice dispatch; Today's monst-er Korn Karnival was an unqualified success. The event was one on which Beatrice people had expended hun-dreds of dollars and tonight every one is saying it is worth many times what it cost. Although once post-poned and being the first attempt, visitors declare it to have been fully equal in magnificence and magnitude to anything ever given in the west.

The weather was perfect and people poured into the city from the country by the hundreds.