



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was half an hour past the appointed time when she neared the trysting place, and she was beginning to wonder whether or not Monsieur Caussidiere had grown weary and had gone away, when, to her relief, he emerged from some nook where he had been hiding and stood before her. Yes, it was he, looking anxious and restless, but brightening up considerably at sight of her face.

Now that the meeting had really come about, Marjorie felt somewhat abashed at the thought of her own boldness. She paused in some confusion, and timidly held forth her hand, but the Frenchman strode boldly forward, and, the place being lonely, took her in his arms.

"Marjorie, my Marjorie!" he murmured.

Both words and action took her so completely by surprise, that for a moment she could do nothing but tremble passively in his embrace like a trembling, frightened child; then, recovering herself, she drew back, blushing and trembling.

"Monsieur—Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried.

The Frenchman looked at her strangely; he took her hand, and held it lovingly in both of his.

"Marjorie," he said, "my little friend! It seems now that I have you by me, that I am born again. I have traveled all the way from Dumfries to see you; and you do not know why?—because, my child, you have taught me to love you."

Marjorie paused in her walk; she felt her heart trembling painfully and her cheeks burning like fire. She looked up at him in helpless amazement, but she did not speak.

"When you departed, Marjorie," continued Caussidiere, affectionately clasping the little hand which still lay passively in his, "I felt as if all the light and sunshine had been withdrawn from the world, and I knew then that the face of my little friend had left such an image on my heart that I could not shake it away. I tried to fight against the feeling, but I could not. You have made me love you, my darling, and now I have come to ask if you will be my wife?"

"Your wife, monsieur!"

She looked so helplessly perplexed that the Frenchman smiled.

"Well, Marjorie," he said, "of what are you thinking, ma petite?"

"I was wondering, monsieur, why you had spoken to me as you have done."

For a moment the man's face clouded; then the shadow passed and he smiled again.

"Because I adore you, Marjorie," he said.

Again the girl was silent, and the Frenchman pulled his mustache with trembling fingers. Presently he stole a glance at her, and he saw that her face was irradiated with a look of dreamy pleasure. He paused before her and regained possession of her trembling hands.

"Marjorie," he said, and as he spoke his voice grew very tender and vibrated through every nerve in the girl's frame, "my little Marjorie, if you had been left to me, I don't think I should ever have spoken, but when you went away I felt as if the last chance of happiness had been taken from me. So I said, 'I will go to my little girl, I will tell her of my loneliness, I will say to her I have given her my love, and I will ask for hers in return.' Marjorie, will you give it to me, my dear?"

She raised her eyes to his and answered softly:

"I like you very much, monsieur."

"And you will marry me, Marjorie?"

"I—I don't know that."

"Marjorie?"

"I mean, monsieur, I will tell Mr. Lorraine."

"You will not!—you must not!"

"Monsieur!"

"Marjorie, do you not see what I mean? They are all against me, every one of them, and if they knew they would take my little girl away. Marjorie, listen to me. You say you love me—and you do love me—I am sure of that; therefore I wish you to promise to marry me and say nothing to any soul."

"To marry you in secret? Oh, I could not do that, monsieur."

"Then you do not love me, Marjorie?"

"Indeed, it is not true. And Mr. Lorraine is like my father, and he loves me so much. I would not do anything to vex or hurt him, monsieur."

For a moment the Frenchman's face was clouded, and he cast a most ominous look upon the girl; then all in a moment again the sunshine burst forth.

"You have a kind heart, Marjorie," he said. "It is like my little girl to talk so; but she is sensible, and will listen to me. Marjorie, don't think I want to harm you, or lead you to do wrong. I love you, far too well, little one, and my only thought is how I can keep and cherish you all my life."

It must not be supposed that Marjorie was altogether proof against such wooing as this. She believed that the Frenchman was incapable of deceit and though at first the proposal had given her a shock, she soon came to think in listening to his persuasive voice,

that she was the one to blame. He was so much wiser than she, and he knew so much more of the world; and he loved her so much that he would never counsel her amiss. Marjorie did not consent to his wish, for it is not in a moment that we can wipe away the deeply instilled prejudice of a lifetime, but she finally promised to think it over and see him again.

He walked with her to within a quarter of a mile of the clergyman's gate, then he left her.

During the rest of that day Marjorie went about in a sort of dream, and it was not until she had gone to bed at night that she was able to think dispassionately of the interview.

The next day she went to meet the Frenchman again. The moment he saw her face he knew that in leaving her to reason out the problem he had done well.

She came forward with all the confidence of a child, and said:

"Monsieur Caussidiere, since I love you, I will trust you with all my heart."

Oh! the days which followed; the hours of blissful, dreamy joy! Marjorie went every day to meet her lover—each day found her happier than she had been before.

He was good and kind, and her love for him increased, his reasoning seemed logical as well as pleasant, and it was beginning to take a firm hold of her accordingly.

What he might have persuaded her to do it is difficult to imagine, but an event happened which for the time being saved her from precipitation.

She had left her lover one day, promising to think over his proposition for an immediate secret marriage, and give him her decision on the following morning.

She walked along the road with her head filled with the old and still perplexing problem, but the moment she reached home all such thoughts were rudely driven from her head. She found Mrs. Menteth in the parlor crying bitterly. Mr. Menteth, pale and speechless, stood by her side, with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is the matter?" asked Marjorie.

Taking the telegram from the minister's unresisting grasp, she read as follows:

"Send Marjorie home at once. Mr. Lorraine is dangerously ill."

The girl sank with a low cry upon the ground, then with an effort she rose and cried:

"Let me go to him; let me go home!"

Not once that night did Marjorie remember Caussidiere or her appointment with him on the following day. Her one thought now was of Mr. Lorraine. She hurriedly left for home.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a raw, wet, windy night when Marjorie arrived at the railway station of Dumfries. Scarcely had the train reached the platform when the figure of a young man leaped upon the footboard and looked in at the carriage window, while a familiar voice addressed her by name.

She looked round, as she stood reaching down some parcels and a small handbag from the net above her seat, and recognized John Sutherland.

"They have sent me to meet you," he said, stretching out his hand. "I have a dog cart waiting outside the station to drive you down."

She took the outstretched hand eagerly, quite forgetful of the angry words with which they had last parted, and cried in a broken voice:

"Oh, Johnnie, is he better?"

The young man's face looked grave, indeed, as he replied:

"He is about the same. He is very weak, and has been asking for you. But come, let me look after your luggage, and then we'll hurry down."

There were few passengers and little luggage by the train, and they found Marjorie's small leather trunk standing almost by itself on the platform. A porter shouldered it and following him they passed out of the station and found a solitary dog cart waiting with a ragged urchin at the horse's head.

A few minutes later Marjorie and Sutherland was driving rapidly side by side through the dark and rain washed streets of the town. At last they drew up before the gate of the manse.

With an eager cry, half a sob, Marjorie leaped down.

"I'll put up the horse and come back," cried Sutherland.

Marjorie scarcely heard, but, opening the gate, ran in across the garden, and knocked softly at the manse door, which was opened almost instantly by Mysie, the old serving woman.

The moment she saw Marjorie she put her finger to her lips.

Marjorie stepped in, and the door was softly closed. Mysie led the way into the study, where a lamp was dimly burning.

"Oh, Mysie, how is he now?"

The old woman's hard, world-worn face was sad beyond expression, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Wheesh, Miss Marjorie," she answered, "speak low. A wee while aye he sank into a bit sleep. He's awfu' changed! I'm thinkin' he'll no last many hours langer."

"Oh, Mysie!" sobbed the girl, convulsively.

"Wheesh, or he may hear ye! Bide here a minute, and I'll creep ben and see if he has wakened."

She stole from the room.

In a few moments she returned to the door and beckoned. Choking down her emotion Marjorie followed her without a word. They crossed the lobby and entered the rudely furnished bedroom where Mr. Lorraine had slept so many years, and there, in the very bed where the little founding had been placed that wintry night long ago, lay the minister—haggard, worn and ghastly, with all the look of a man who was sinking fast. His white hair was strewn upon the pillow, his cheeks were sunken and ashen pale, and his dim blue eyes looked at vacancy, while his thin hand fingered at the counterpane.

Marjorie crept closer, with bursting heart, and looked upon him. As she did so she became conscious of a movement at the foot of the bed. There, kneeling in silence, was old Solomon. He looked up with a face almost as gray and stony as that of his master, but gave no other sign of recognition.

The minister rocked his head from side to side and continued to pick the coverlet, muttering to himself.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, my doo! Ay, put the bairn in my arms—she has your own eyes, Marjorie, your own eyes o' heaven's blue. Solomon, my surprise! To-day's the christening. We'll call her Marjorie, after her mother. A bonny name! A bonny bairn! Bring the light, Solomon! She's wet and weary. We'll lay her down in the bed!"

At the mention of his name Solomon rose like a gaunt specter, and stood gazing desolately at his master. His eyes were wild and tearless, and he shook like a reed.

Suddenly there was a low cry from Solomon.

Marjorie started up, and at the same moment Mr. Lorraine half raised himself on his elbow and looked wildly around him.

"Who's there?" he moaned—"Marjorie!"

And for the first time his eyes seemed fixed on hers in actual recognition.

"Yes, Mr. Lorraine. Oh, speak to me!"

He did not answer, but still gazed upon her with a beautiful smile. His hand was still in hers, and she felt it flutter like a leaf. Suddenly the smile faded into a look of startled wonder and divine awe. He looked at Marjorie, but through her, as it were, at something beyond.

"Marjorie!" he moaned, "I'm coming."

Alas! it was to another Marjorie, some shining presence unbelieved of other eyes, that he addressed that last joyful cry. Scarcely had it left his lips than his jaws dropped convulsively, and he fell back upon his pillow, dead.

Let me draw a veil over the sorrow of that night, which was spent by poor Marjorie in uncontrollable grief. Sutherland, returning a little while after the minister's breath had gone, tried in vain to comfort her, but remained in or about the house to the break of day.

Early next morning Miss Hetherington, driving up to the manse door in her faded carriage, heard the sad news. She entered in, looking grim and worn beyond measure, and looked at the dead man. Then she asked for Marjorie, and learned that she had retired to her room. As the lady returned to her carriage she saw young Sutherland standing at the gate.

"It's all over at last, then," she said, "and Marjorie Annan has lost her best friend. Try to comfort her, Johnnie, if ye can."

"I'll do that, Miss Hetherington," cried Sutherland, eagerly.

"The old gang and the young come," muttered the lady. "She's alone now in the world, but I'm her friend still. When the funeral's o'er she must come to stay awhile w' me. Will ye tell her that?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Ay, I wish it. Poor bairn! It's her first puff o' the ill wind o' sorrow, but when she's as old as me she'll ken there are things in this world far waur than death."

The few days which followed immediately upon the clergyman's funeral were the most wretched Marjorie had ever spent. Habited in her plain black dress, she sat at home in the little parlor, watching with weary, wistful eyes the figures of Solomon and Mysie, who, similarly clad, moved like ghosts about her; and all the while her thoughts were with the good old man, who, after all, had been her only protector in the world.

While he had been there to cheer and comfort her, she had never realized how far these others were from her. Now she knew; she was as one left utterly alone.

It was by her own wish that she remained at the manse. Mrs. Menteth obliged after the funeral to return to her home, had offered to take Marjorie with her, and Miss Hetherington had sent a little note, requesting her to make the Castle her home. Both these invitations Marjorie refused.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Resented the indignity—"What made you quit the club, Billy?" "Reason enough, I can tell you. I worked five years to be elected treasurer and then they insisted on putting in a cash register."—Detroit Free Press.

STILL A SHOW FOR IT.

INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM NOT DEAD YET.

The Fact That England Declines to Commit Herself Does Not End the Matter—Larger Use of the White Metal.

No official expression is to be had here with reference to the result reached by Senator Wolcott and his co-laborers in behalf of international bimetalism. But it cannot be said, however, that the assumption of many newspapers and writers of the country that their trip has proven unsuccessful and ended the prospects of international bimetalism, is well founded. Their mission abroad was to consult with other nations and learn whether they would be willing to cooperate in steps looking to true bimetalism. The fact that England has not seen fit to pledge herself in advance of any such international conference to any given line of policy does not prove at all discouraging to the friends of international bimetalism, nor does it convince them that the British government intends to stand aloof from, or frown upon the proposition for international action. On the contrary, it is believed that Great Britain will willingly send delegates to the proposed international conference and be disposed to co-operate in favor of an increased use of silver by the concerted action on the part of all nations. The fact that she has not pledged herself in advance to any given line of policy is not at all surprising, nor does it prove that she will decline co-operation with other nations when a full conference with these nations can be had. As a last resort the free silver men are making the assertion that England's recent action in regard to her India mints precludes the idea of any international action on silver and that the only hope for the white metal is in the independent action of the United States. But it is a generally conceded fact that the free silver idea is on the wane.

It is not surprising, too, that the free silver advocates find their forces breaking away from them, and taking ground in favor of absolute fiat money. Large numbers of men who supported free silver last year are reported from all sections of the country as transferring their party adhesion from the silver ranks to those of the parties and organizations favoring an enormous issue of paper money by the government. It is entirely logical that the men who a year ago were willing to see the government issue dollars which would be 60 per cent fiat, are by this time willing to go further, and make the dollars all fiat. Will Mr. Bryan follow that wing of the late silver party which is now declaring in favor of the free and unlimited issue of paper, which costs nothing, instead of silver, which costs forty cents on the dollar? It would not be surprising to see him do this, since his expressions have all along shown him a flatist at heart.

Considerable satisfactory comment is occasioned by the appointment by the President of Mr. John A. Kasson as reciprocity commissioner. The reciprocity features of the McKinley law were carried out by the state department, which occasioned much delay, owing to the slow and tedious routine of that department, and the need is now felt for a better and quicker transaction of the work required under these features of the Dingley law. Although an experiment under the McKinley law, reciprocity was proven a most satisfactory undertaking, and one of the most serious blunders of the Democracy in 1894 was in the repeal of all reciprocity features of the tariff and the rescinding of all special agreements entered into under the McKinley law. The avowed policy of the Democratic administration was free trade, and these agreements were looking to that very end with all nations who desired to enter into them, so that from even a Democratic standpoint they should have been retained. It is understood that a number of foreign countries are anxious to at once enter into reciprocal agreements with this country, and it is thought that these features of the new law will be among its most popular provisions. The general impression prevails that our foreign trade will improve largely under the arrangements to be made, especially with the South American countries, with which we are especially qualified to deal reciprocally. It is thought by men familiar with affairs that reciprocity during the present administration will gain such a foothold as to become a permanent institution, regardless of changes of politics in administrations.

Considerable interest is reawakened here in regard to the Cuban question. The Spanish government has learned very definitely and very distinctly the views of President McKinley on the Cuban question, and finds that they are sufficiently vigorous to warrant it in taking steps for a very early settlement of this question. People who were six months ago clamoring for instant action by the President on Cuba, now see that their demands were unreasonable, and that the delay on the part of the President is likely to not only result advantageously to the Cubans, but in a way which will prevent the serious complications and the bloodyshed which would have been likely to follow precipitate action, such as was demanded during the opening months of the administration.

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

The New England catch of mackerel is nearly 60,000 barrels less than that of last year. Calamity howlers, take notice!

British Bridges.

The mercantile fleets of Great Britain were so many bridges of trade and commerce which spanned the oceans of the world, and connected the mother-country with her colonies and other parts of the world.—Hon. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales.

After paying this tribute to the importance of the British mercantile marine, Mr. Reid might have added that its former supremacy had enabled the almost absolute acquisition of foreign markets by British goods. Appreciating the value of a merchant marine, Germany has extended her own with the result that she is largely supplying markets that were formerly filled with British goods. The combination of protection and a merchant marine are far too much for a combination of good ships with free trade. When the "bridges of trade and commerce" have no protection, they can easily be destroyed by an enemy.

Foreign Tourist Smugglers.

The local (American) traders are appointing a staff of detectives to spy on the custom inspectors, forgetting that the wording of the (Dingley) act opens the door for foreigners to ride roughshod over the intention of the act. Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette, London, September 16, 1897.

We have been in the habit of treating our foreign guests as gentlemen, believing that their honesty would prevent them from endeavoring to cheat the government of a friendly country. If, however, it is known to the officers of the "Admiralty and Horse Guards" that our visitors are dishonest, and come here for the purpose of smuggling foreign goods into the United States, then, by the Lord Harry, we'll have to treat them differently. But let us trust that such ideas are mere suspicions and that all our foreign visitors, even officers, are gentlemen.

A "snag" for Foreign Shipowners.

The government's average annual expenditures for maritime purposes, including river and harbor improvements, amounted to \$21,000,000, toward which foreign shipping, though conducting three-fourths of our carrying trade, contributed last year \$600,000.—The United States Commissioner of Navigation.

This is the result of free trade in shipping. We give 75 per cent of our foreign carrying trade to foreign vessels, paying them a vast amount of money for doing the work, and they contribute only 3 per cent to our average annual expenditures for maritime purposes. The foreign shipowners have a "snag."

A Lesson in Protection.

October exports continue to be very heavy. It is probable that the figures for the present month will exceed those of any October for many years, and will continue to show large sales abroad of our manufactured goods. The claim of the free-traders that our exports would fall off the moment we adopted a protective tariff, especially our exports of manufactured articles, is not proving well founded. On the contrary, not a single country has closed its doors to or legislated adversely to our products.

Democratic papers throughout the country are now engaged in belittling John A. Kasson, whom President McKinley has recently appointed reciprocity commissioner. This action comes with poor taste from people who have made such notorious blunders as have the Democrats with reference to reciprocity with foreign nations. Good results are what are looked for under the reciprocity features of the present tariff law, and, judging from the excellent workings of the reciprocity features of the McKinley law, they will be forthcoming, and the President's action in the appointment of a commissioner is generally commended by fair-minded people.

The refusal of the British government to agree to open the India mints should not be looked upon as at all discouraging to the proposed international action on the silver question. On the contrary, it cannot be reasonably expected that England would agree to open India mints in advance of the proposed conference. The fact that her statesmen indicated clearly that they would be glad to send delegates to another international conference, and they preferred delaying action on the India proposition until that conference should be held, indicates rather a disposition to co-operate with the nations of the world in the joint action in favor of silver rather than any adverse intention on her part.

A Christiana Belief.

"The Republican party believes, and acts upon the belief, that he who provides not for them of his own household, or country, is worse than a heathen."—Green Bay, Wis., Gazette, Sept. 23, 1897.

This is a Christiana belief, and the belief of civilization.

Gold in Ancient Ireland.

Ireland of prehistoric times was the gold country of Europe. In no other country, at any rate, has so much manufactured gold of early ages been found, not less than 400 specimens of Irish gold antiquities being contained in the museum of the Royal Irish academy alone, while the British museum gold antiquities illustrative of British history are entirely Irish. Trinity college, Dublin, has many fine examples, and there are large private collections. Native gold occurs in seven localities in Ireland, and the ancient miners may have had sources of supply that are now worked out or lost.

How to Mark It.

"The fact is, the Dingley tariff is a failure, and when Congress meets it is not unlikely that some provisions to meet its deficiencies will have to be made early in the service. Mark the prediction."—Norfolk, Va., Pilot, Oct. 2, 1897.

Yes. Mark it, mark it, mark it as a free trade falsehood.