



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)
“You are very unjust, my lady,” answered the Frenchman. “Believe me, I am your friend.”
She lay back, moaning for some seconds; then, struck by a new thought, she looked up wearily.
“I see how it is! You want money!”
“I am not a rich man, madame,” answered Caussidiere, smiling.
“If I give you a hundred pounds will you leave this place, and never let me see your face again?”
Caussidiere mused.
“One hundred pounds. It is not much.”
“Two hundred!” exclaimed the lady, eagerly.
“Two hundred is better, but still not much. With two hundred pounds—and fifty—I might even deny myself the pleasure of your charming acquaintance.”
Miss Hetherington turned toward her desk, and reached her trembling hand toward her check-book, which lay there ready.
“If I give ye two hundred and fifty pounds will you do as I bid ye? Leave this place forever, and speak no word of what has passed to Marjorie Annan?”
“Yes,” said Caussidiere, “I think I can promise that.”
Quickly and nervously Miss Hetherington filled up a check.
“Please do not cross it,” suggested Caussidiere. “I will draw the money at your banker’s in Dumfries.”
The lady tore off the check, but still hesitated.
“Can I trust ye?” she muttered. “I knew it was siller ye sought, and not the lassie, but—”
“You may rely upon my promise that I shall return forthwith to France, where a great political career lies open before me.”
“Will you put it in writing?”
“It is needless. I have given you my word. Besides, madame, it is better that such arrangements as these should not be written in black and white. Papers may fall into strange hands, as you are aware, and the result might be unfortunate—for you.”
She shuddered and groaned as he spoke, and forthwith handed him the check. He glanced at it, folded it up, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he rose to go.
“As I informed you before,” he said, “you have nothing to fear from me. My only wish is to secure your good esteem.”
“When will you gang?” demanded Miss Hetherington.
“In the course of the next few days. I have some little arrangements, a few bills to settle, and then—en route to France.”
He bowed again, and gracefully retired. Passing downstairs, and out at the front door, he again hummed gaily to himself. As he strolled down the avenue he drew forth the check and inspected it again.
“Two hundred and fifty pounds!” he said, laughing. “How good of her, how liberal, to pay our traveling expenses!”
Meantime, Miss Hetherington sat in her gloomy boudoir, looking the picture of misery and despair. Her eyes worked wildly, her lips trembled convulsively.
“Oh, Hugh, my brother Hugh,” she cried, wringing her hands; “if ye were living, to take this scoundrel by the throat! Will he keep his word? Maybe I am mad to trust him! I must wait and wait till he’s awa’. I’ll send down for the bairn this day! She’s safer here with me!”

CHAPTER XIX.

IMMEDIATELY after his interview with Miss Hetherington, Caussidiere disappeared from the neighborhood for some days; a fact which caused Marjorie little or no concern, as she had her own suspicion as to the cause of his absence. Her heart was greatly troubled, for she could not shake off the sense of the deception she was practicing on those most interested in her welfare.
While she was waiting and debating, she received a visit from the lady of the Castle, who drove down, post-haste, and stalked into the manse full of evident determination. Marjorie was sent for at once, and coming down-stairs, found Miss Hetherington and Mr. Mentelth waiting for her in the study.
“It’s all settled, Marjorie,” said the impulsive lady. “You’re to come home with me to the Castle this very day.”
Marjorie started in astonishment, but before she could make any reply, Mr. Mentelth interposed.
“You cannot do better, my child, than accept Miss Hetherington’s most generous invitation. The day after tomorrow, as you are aware, the sale will take place, and this will be no longer your home. Miss Hetherington is good enough to offer you a shelter until such time as we can decide about your future mode of life.”
“Just so,” said the lady, decisively. “Pack your things, and come awa’ wi’ me in the carriage.”
“I know you are very kind,” returned Marjorie, “and maybe you’ll be thinking I’m ungrateful. Mr. Lorraine al-

ways said you were my best friend. But I cannot come with you to-day.”
“When will you come?” demanded the lady.
“Give me time, please,” pleaded Marjorie; “in a day or two, maybe—the sale. I should like to stay till I can stay no more.”
So it was settled, to Marjorie’s great relief; and Mr. Mentelth led the great lady back to her carriage.
At sunset that day, as Marjorie left the manse and crossed over to the old churchyard, she was accosted by John Sutherland, who had been waiting at the gate some time in expectation of her appearance. She gave him her hand sadly, and they stood together talking in the road.
“They tell me you are going to stop at the Castle. Is that so, Marjorie?”
“I’m not sure; maybe.”
“If you go, may I come to see you there? I shan’t be long in Annandale. In a few weeks I am going back to London.”
He paused, as if expecting her to make some remark; but she did not speak, and her thoughts seemed far away.
“Marjorie,” he continued, “I wish I could say something to comfort you in your trouble, for, though my heart is full, I can hardly find my tongue. It seems as if all the old life was breaking up under our feet and carrying us far asunder. For the sake of old times we shall be friends still, shall we not?”
“Yes, Johnnie, of course,” was the reply. “You’ve aye been very good to me.”
“Because I loved you, Marjorie. Ah, don’t be angry—don’t turn away—for I’m not going to presume again upon our old acquaintance. But now that death has come our way, and all the future seems clouding, I want to say just this—that come what may, I shall never change. I’m not asking you to care for me—I’m not begging you this time to give me what you’ve maybe given to another man; but I want you to be sure, whatever happens, that you’ve one faithful friend at least in the world, who would die to serve you, for the sake of what you were to him lang syne.”
The words were so gentle, the tone so low and tender, the manner of the man so full of melancholy sympathy and respect that Marjorie was deeply touched.
“Oh, Johnnie,” she said, “you know I have always loved you—always trusted you, as if you were my brother.”
“As your brother, then, let it be,” answered Sutherland sadly. “I don’t care what title it is, so long as it gives me the right to watch over you.”
To this Marjorie said nothing. She continued to walk quietly onward, and Sutherland kept by her side. Thus they passed together through the churchyard and came to the spot where Mr. Lorraine was at rest. Here she fell upon her knees and quietly kissed the grave.
Had Sutherland been less moved by his own grief, he might have noticed something strange in the girl’s manner, for she kissed the ground almost passionately, and murmured between her sobs, “Good-by, good-by!”
She was recalled to herself by Sutherland’s voice.
“Don’t cry, Marjorie,” he said. “Ah, I can’t help it,” she sobbed. “You are all so good to me—far better than I deserve.”
They left the churchyard together, and wandered back to the manse gate. When they paused again, Sutherland took her hand and kissed it.
“Good-by, Johnnie.”
“No, not good-by. I may come and see you again, Marjorie, mayn’t I, before I go away?”
“Yes,” she returned, “if—if you like.”
“And, Marjorie, maybe the next time there’ll be folk by, so that we cannot speak. I want you to promise me one thing before we part this night.”
“‘What do you wish?’ said Marjorie, shrinking half fearfully away.
“Only this, that as you’ve given me a sister’s love, you’ll give me also a sister’s trust; I want to think when I’m away in th’ great city that if you were in trouble you’d send right awa’ to me. Just think always, Marjorie, that I’m your brother, and be sure there isn’t a thing in this world I wouldn’t do for you.”
He paused, but Marjorie did not answer; she felt she could not speak. The unselfish devotion of the young man touched her more than any of his ardent love-making had done.
“Marjorie, will you promise me—”
“Promise what?”
“To send to me if you’re in trouble—to let me be your brother indeed.”
She hesitated for a moment; then she gave him her hand.
“‘Yes, Johnnie, I promise,’ she said. ‘Good-by.’”
“‘No; good-night, Marjorie.’”
“‘Good-night,’ she repeated, as she left his side and entered the manse.”
About ten o’clock that night, when all the inmates of the manse had retired to rest, and Marjorie was in her room about to prepare for bed, she was startled by hearing a sharp, shrill whistle just beneath her window. She started, trembling, sat on the side of her bed and listened.
In a few minutes the sound was re-

peated. This time she ran to the window, opened it and put out her head.
“Who is it?” she asked softly. “Is any one there?”
“‘Yes, Marjorie. It is I, Leon; come down!’”
Trembling more and more, Marjorie hurriedly closed the window, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and noiselessly descended the stairs. The next minute she was in the Frenchman’s arms. He clasped her fervently to him. He kissed her again and again as he said:
“‘To-morrow night, Marjorie, you will come to me.’”
The girl half shrank away as she said:
“‘So soon—ah, no!’”
“‘It is not too soon for me, little one,’ returned the Frenchman, gallantly, ‘for I love you—ah! so much, Marjorie, and every hour seems to me a day. Listen, then: You will retire to bed to-morrow night in the usual way. When all the house is quiet and everyone asleep you will wrap yourself up in your traveling cloak and come down. You will find me waiting for you here. Do you understand me, Marjorie?’”
“‘Yes, monsieur, I understand, but—’”
“‘But what, my love?’”
“‘I was thinking of my things. How shall I get them away?’”
“‘Parbleu!—there must be no luggage. You must leave it all behind, and bring nothing but your own sweet self.’”
“‘But,’ continued Marjorie, ‘I must have some clothes to change.’”
“‘Most certainly; you shall have just as many as you wish, my little love. But we will leave the old attire, as we leave the old life, behind us. I am not a poor man, Marjorie, and when you are my wife, all mine will be all yours as you please to buy what you will. Only bring me your own sweet self, Marjorie—that will be enough.’”
With such flattery as this the Frenchman dazzled her senses until long past midnight; then, after she had made many efforts to get away, he allowed her to return to the house.
During that night Marjorie slept very little; the next day she was pale and distraught. She wandered about the house in melancholy fashion; she went up to the churchyard several times and sat for hours beside her foster-father’s grave. She even cast regretful looks towards Annandale Castle, and her eyes were constantly filled with tears.
At length it was all over. The day was spent; the whole household had retired, and Marjorie sat in her room alone. Her head was ringing, her eyes burning, and her whole body trembling with mingled fear and grief—grief for the loss of those whom she must leave behind—fear for that unknown future into which she was about to plunge. She sat for a minute or so on the bed trying to collect her thoughts; then she wrote a few hurried lines, which she sealed and left on her dressing-table.
After that was done, she looked over her things, and collected together one or two trifles—little mementos of the past, which had been given to her by those she held most dear, and which were doubly precious to her, now that she was going away. She lingered so long and so lovingly over those treasures that she forgot to note how rapidly the time was flying on.
Suddenly she heard a shrill whistle, and she knew that she was lingering over-long. Hurriedly concealing her one or two souvenirs, she wrapped herself in her cloak, put on her hat and a very thick veil, descended the stairs, and found the Frenchman, who was waiting impatiently outside the gate.
Whether they went Marjorie scarcely knew, for in the excitement of the scene her senses almost left her. She was conscious only of being hurried along the dark road; then of being seated in a carriage by the Frenchman’s side.
(To be continued.)

ASK FOR MORE TIME.

RAILROADS WANT THE COMMISSION TO BE LENIENT.

Claim That They Are Financially Unable to Observe the Law—Less Than Half the Freight Cars Equipped with Automatic Brakes and Couplers—Hearing Before the Commission.
The Law Not Complied With.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The Interstate Commerce commission yesterday opened the hearing of the railroads which had petitioned for an extension of the time in which they may comply with the law of 1893, requiring them to equip their cars and engines with automatic couplers, hand rails and brakes. The attorneys of several hundred railroads and also of representatives of labor organizations were present. John K. Cowin, one of the receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio, presented the general subject to the commission. Previous to his general presentation Chairman Morrison of the commission called for the oral argument of the case of the road which were completely equipped under the law, but had petitioned for an extension of time as applied to the case of other roads which had not complied. Samuel Hoar, representing the Boston & Albany, made a brief argument on this point to show the utter paralysis of traffic which must follow if roads which had complied with the law would cease hauling unequipped cars.
Mr. Cowin presented the whole question representing in this issue not only the Baltimore & Ohio, but the Lake Shore. The Lake Shore, he said, was a prosperous road and had been able to comply fully with the law, but it was here uniting with other roads in asking for extension. The business of the railroads of the country was largely a unit and those roads which had equipped their cars could not haul unequipped cars without technically violating the law. Mr. Cowin said he was chairman of a committee at this hearing which represented about 600,000 of the 998,000 freight cars engaged in interstate commerce. Of the freight cars of the country 44 1/2 per cent were now equipped with car couplers and 36 1/2 per cent had the additional air brake attachment. He offered as the principal reason why the roads had not fully complied with the law the industrial depression which followed the passage of the act of 1893, which he said had rendered them financially unable to make the outlay required by the law.
He contended that the law as passed was defective and that congress recognized this by giving the commission the power to suspend its operation. The single question presented to the commission, he argued, was the method and extent of extension, because, unless an extension was granted interstate commerce must cease. He urged that the extension be for five years with provision for an equipment of one-fifth of the cars each year, thus working up to full and complete compliance. If there was then default cars not equipped, he said, could be withdrawn from interstate commerce without endangering the transportation facilities of the company. He further said that it would cost from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 for the railroads to comply with the law. This money must be earned. If the commission declined an extension the roads would be absolutely unable to equip their cars out of their own resources. The cost, he said, must come out of the wages of the employees of the roads were to be driven beyond their financial ability.
The percentage of equipped cars for the control of trains ranged, according to estimates given by experts present, from 20 to 60 per cent.
P. H. Morrissey, representing the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the Railroad Conductors’ association, the Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the Association of Railroad Telegraphers, followed Mr. Cowin with a forcible presentation of the attitude of the railroad employes toward the solicited extension. He agreed with Mr. Cowin that in a large measure this was a great commercial question. The associations for which he appeared were united in protesting against any such unreasonable extension as had been proposed. Five years, he said, would render the purpose of the law nugatory.
Hincley Law is Held Valid.
SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Dec. 2.—In three recent decisions the supreme court of the state has decided that the Hincley law, passed last winter, which denies appeal to the supreme court in cases involving sums less than \$75 is valid. Three cases have been thrown out of the supreme court for lack of jurisdiction as the result of this law. The law is fully sustained by the court and will hold unless it is repealed by the next session of the legislature, which is likely to be done, as the people are finding out that very many cases of the greatest ultimate importance involve small actual sums. In none of the great re-survey cases which have caused so much trouble and have been of much importance to the settlers of Red Rock and other townships in this county was the amount directly involved as much as \$75, but the collateral interests were much larger.
The pope has appointed Rev. P. L. Chapelle, bishop of Santa Fe, N. M., to the archbishopric of New Orleans.
A Great Rush.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Consul Smith, at Victoria, in a report to the state department, says the advices received there indicate that the rush in 1849 to California will be eclipsed by the gold seekers headed for the Yukon in the early months of 1897. Agents from England have been at Victoria making arrangements for 3,000 or 4,000 gold seekers. Merchants there have secured great supplies of outfit goods and the transportation companies have made arrangements sufficient to make daily lines between that port and St. Michaels, Talya, Skaguay and Fort Wrangle.

EUGENE MOORE'S CASE.

The Twelve Errors That the Prisoner's Attorneys Allege.

LINCOLN, NEB., Dec. 2.—The attorneys of ex-Auditor Moore, who was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary, have appealed his case to the supreme court on the following twelve allegations:
“First—The court erred in overruling the plaintiff’s motion in arrest of judgment and sentence in said cause.
“Second—The facts stated in the information in said cause are not sufficient to constitute a crime under the laws of this state.
“Third—The facts stated in said information do not charge a crime against this plaintiff.
“Fourth—The facts stated in said information are not sufficient to constitute the crime of embezzlement under the laws of this state, and are not sufficient and do not charge this plaintiff with such crime.
“Fifth—The facts stated in said information do not and are not sufficient to charge this plaintiff with the crime of embezzlement under section 124 of the criminal code of this state.
“Sixth—This plaintiff as charged and described in said information is not an officer charged with the collection, receipt, safe-keeping, transfer or disbursement of any of the public moneys of this state.
“Seventh—The money described in said information is, was not, and never was the public moneys or the property of this state.
“Eighth—This plaintiff, as is shown in the facts stated in said information, never received the moneys described therein as an officer of this state.
“Ninth—The moneys described in said information were never received by this plaintiff by virtue of or under the color of his office, as auditor of public accounts of this state, all of which appears upon the face of said information.
“Tenth—The court erred in overruling the plaintiff’s motion for a new trial.
“Eleventh—It appears upon the face of the said information that at the time the money described therein was paid to plaintiff there was nothing due from the insurance companies to the state of Nebraska, and the defendant is estopped to claim the ownership of said money.
“Twelfth—The court erred in passing judgment and sentence upon this plaintiff.
The plaintiff therefore prays that said judgment and sentence may be reversed; that he be discharged from custody herein, and that he may have such other and further relief herein as the law and justice may require.
Here is what the ex-state official said before sentence was pronounced:
“Your honor, I feel more humiliated than I can express to you, and I am thankful for an opportunity to say something. My heart is almost broken over this affair and I cannot tell you how bad I feel and how I realize the disgrace it brings upon myself and my family. At frequent intervals during the last few months and since this controversy arose, I have thought this matter would be settled, and I have had sufficient money promised me from different parties to have enabled me to pay the state, but I have been utterly unable to collect the money to pay it with. I have done everything I could do, but it has been impossible, and after this controversy began I paid into the state \$4,000 and would have cheerfully paid the balance to pay it with. I have done everything I knew, and I have lived for twenty years or more as a citizen of the state of Nebraska, and I regret more than I can tell the present condition of affairs, which is one over which I have no control and one in which I am utterly helpless. If I live long enough and have an opportunity, regardless of this controversy, I propose to pay back every dollar I owe the state. I have never before in my life either as public official or private citizen, been arraigned before any bar of justice on any charge, and I assure your honor that whatever I can do in the future to make amends for the past, that it will be done with all the energy that I can command.
“I regret the disgrace this brings upon me and upon my family, and I repeat it is not the fault of myself, and while technically I cannot complain of the course affairs have taken, yet if the men had got the money that I had reason to believe they would get for me, I would never have been in default to the state; but the parties who agreed to pay it have not done so, and the fact is that now nor at any time, have I ever been able to pay the money. I have honestly and truthfully done everything in my power to pay this money to the state, and regardless of this suit I will pay them as promptly as I know how and as quickly as I can get the money to pay anything with. I beg your honor for any leniency you can possibly give me.”
Shock Causes Her Death.
NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Horatio C. Jones, a missionary who arrived here today from Port Limon, says that his wife was scared to death by the intrusion of a native anxious to see the new baby, into her room at San Carlos, Nicaragua. The native meant no harm, but Mrs. Jones was so frightened that she died from the shock.

THE PLAN IS TAKING.

CONGRESS OF TEACHERS DURING EXPOSITION.

Chancellor McLean and State Superintendent Jackson Join Heartily in the Scheme—A Congress of Educators, National in Scope, a Most Desirable Object.
Proposed Congress of Educators.
A Lincoln correspondent of the Omaha Bee writes that recent newspaper articles relative to the proposed congress to teachers, to be held at Omaha during the exposition next year have attracted much attention among the teachers and people interested in educational work in that city, and the ideas meet with general approval.
Chancellor McLean, of the University of Nebraska, speaking on the subject, said: “I am in favor of the proposition to have an educational congress at the Trans-Mississippi exposition. I believe such a congress is assured, if for no other reason than that the bureau of education of the Trans-Mississippi exposition will at once take hold of the matter of organizing it. Their resolutions upon the subject are excellent. I would not limit the congress to transmississippi states. These states, in common with adjacent states in the great midlands, have a common and genuinely American school system. Over and above the common interests and purposes of these states this purely American educational system will afford opportunities for the discussion of problems that will be far-reaching in their importance. A great provincial meeting of this sort has its place in addition to the national assembly. The establishment of associations of secondary schools and colleges, within the bounds of the great divisions of the country recognized in the United States census, show the need for more general and democratic conferences such as the one proposed at the Trans-Mississippi exposition. I think it likely this congress will become a model for others. I am confident that the school men of the region will co-operate and that distinguished educators from elsewhere will be glad to come to us. I am sure the University of Nebraska will do its part and that other colleges and sister state universities will fall into line.”
State Superintendent Jackson was quite enthusiastic over the plan. He said: “I believe that no better movement could be made for the advancement of education in the trans-Mississippi territory than by planning for a trans-Mississippi congress of teachers. I base my opinion of this on the results of the work of the congresses at the World’s Columbian exposition, from which wider benefits have resulted than from any similar congresses yet held, because of their connection with that great exposition, and because of the wider and fuller representation of the countries of the world. Omaha is so near the geographical center of the United States that it should offer great inducements to educators from all of the states to attend. I can see no way in which it will conflict with the National Educational association, and I am not sure but the trans-Mississippi territory might well afford to make this a permanent organization that should hold meetings annually at a time that would least conflict with the interests of the National Educational association. The results of such an association of educators would be most beneficial and lasting. I am confident that the teachers of Nebraska will be strongly in favor of such a movement and I am sure this department will do everything in its power to assist in this great enterprise. I expect to attend the meeting that has been called at Omaha, that will be held for the purpose of discussing this matter.”
Romance in Real Life.
York dispatch: If events progress smoothly, William Bell, an old soldier of this place, will soon be the hero of quite a romance. Twelve odd years ago Mr. Bell lived at Quincy, Ill., and was engaged to be married to a young woman of that place. He left for Australia and failed to come back at the scheduled time. The prospective bride, after waiting for a number of years, was married to another man. The other day Mr. Bell was granted a pension and several years’ back pay besides, and he took a trip to his old home. He met the woman he was once going to marry, who is now a widow. Her husband was killed a few years ago in a railroad wreck and she was awarded \$10,000 damages by the company. She is well-to-do and as Mr. Bell feels rich in the possession of his pension money, the two will renew the matrimonial agreement they entered into years ago and pool their fortunes.
Williams Bound Over.
Wilburn L. Williams, the man who is in jail in York for eloping with Mildred Carnahan, appeared before Judge Wildman, and through his attorney, George B. France, had the preliminary trial continued until the 18th. Williams was placed under a bond of \$500, but was not able to give it, and was recommitted to the county jail.
Cattle Feeding.
This year, says a Central City dispatch, promises to be a record breaker as more sheep and cattle are being fed than ever before in the history of the county. A large portion of the corn is yet to be husked and from present indications is liable not to be husked before spring. Several inches of snow is now on the ground.
Stock Exchange Anxieties.
The South Omaha Stock yards exchange has filed with the clerk of the circuit court an answer to the suit instituted a short time ago by the government to bring about the dissolution of the exchange on the ground that it is existing in violation of the anti-trust law of 1890. The answer was drawn up by Attorney Warren Switzer and T. J. Mahoney, who are acting as counsel for the members of the exchange. Its entire gist is a denial of the main issue raised by the government, that the exchange is a monopoly, and that it puts restraint upon interstate commerce.