



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXV.



HE receipt of Miss Hetherington's check seemed to come like oil upon the troubled waters of the little household.

After taking care to pocket the draft, he tossed up the boy and kissed him, and told Marjorie he looked as if she cuddled him too much.

"Shall you be back soon, Leon?" asked Marjorie, timidly.

"I shall not return at all," answered Caussidiere.

And with another kiss blown airily to his offspring he was off.

Marjorie did not cry or show any sign that this conduct distressed her. She was too used to it for that.

Long after the child had gone to bed, Marjorie sat by the fire thinking of those happy days; she wrote to Miss Hetherington, concealing as well as she could the dark spots in her life.

Then she sat down to wait for her husband.

Caussidiere was late, and when he appeared Marjorie saw at a glance that all his good humor had left him.

He had dressed with unusual care; he took his breakfast silently, and when it was over he went up stairs again to add a few more touches to his already carefully made toilet.

Though he had said nothing, Marjorie was certain from his dress and mysterious manner that it was no ordinary work that had called him away that morning.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Hastily brushing away her tears, Marjorie cried "Entrez," and the door opened, admitting a woman, none other than Adele of the Mouche d'Or.

Of all the women of Caussidiere's acquaintance, this was the one whom Marjorie most wished to avoid.

"I seek Caussidiere," returned Adele. "Is he at home?"

"No," returned Marjorie, quietly, "he has gone out."

She thought this answer was conclusive and expected to see Adele disappear, but she was disappointed.

Leon gazed up and smiled; he had no fear of her; but Marjorie made a movement as if to protect him from her touch.

"Where is Caussidiere, did you say?" "I do not know," returned Marjorie, drawing the boy toward her.

"He seems to tell you very little, about himself, madame," said Adele, fixing her eyes strangely upon her companion's face.

"Why do you draw the boy away from me?" Marjorie did not answer, so, with a

short, hard laugh, the girl continued: "I suppose you think, madame, that I am not fit to touch him? Well, perhaps you are right."

"I did not mean that," returned Marjorie, gently.

"If I kissed the little one, would you be angry?" cried Adele, with a curious change of manner.

"A little boy! Then you are married; you have a husband—"

"When my child was only a baby, before he could walk or speak," continued Adele, not heeding the question.

"He was taken from me, madame. I was too poor to keep him, and one night—one cold winter night—his father placed him in the basket at the Foundling. I have never seen him since—never!"

"How wicked of you; how cruel! To desert your child!"

"You do not understand. In France it is the custom when folk are poor."

Marjorie shrank from the woman in horror. All her maternal heart was in revolt, and with an impulsive gesture she drew little Leon to her and embraced him tenderly.

Adele looked at the pair with a strange expression of mingled sorrow and pity.

"And your husband, madame?" she asked, suddenly. "Is he good to you?"

"Yes, why do you ask?" says Marjorie, in surprise.

"Never mind," returned Adele, with her old laugh. "For myself, I think that all men are canaille. It is we others, we women, who bear the burden while the men amuse themselves."

Why does Caussidiere leave you so much alone? Why does he dress so well, and leave you and the little one so shabby? Ah, he is like all the rest!"

"What my husband does," cried Marjorie, indignantly, "is no concern of yours. I will not hear you say a word against him!"

Adele laughed again. "You are only a child," she said, moving to the door. "Will you give Monsieur Caussidiere a message from me?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Tell him he is wanted tomorrow at our place; he will understand."

She half opened the door, then turned and looked back.

"Do you know, madame, that in a few days the Germans will be before Paris?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Let them hasten! I hope they will come soon. I shall not be sorry for one, if they burn Paris to the ground!"

"Why do you say that?" cried Marjorie, shocked at the speaker's tones as well as the words.

"Let them burn Paris, and me with the rest of the people; it will be well!" said Adele, in a low voice, very bitterly.

"The bonfire is ripe, madame! But," she added, "I should be sorry if any harm came to you or to the child. Some day, perhaps—who knows?—I may be able to serve you. Will you remember that?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marjorie. "You are a strange woman; you—"

"I am what I am; sometimes I think I am a devil, not a woman at all. Good-by."

And without another word she disappeared, leaving Marjorie lost in wonder at the extraordinary interview between them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

N leaving Marjorie that day and coming into the street, Caussidiere walked along rapidly in the direction of the boulevards.

He hummed a light air as he went, and held up his head with that self-satisfaction only felt by the man who has money in his pocket.

Indeed, the receipt of Miss Hetherington's draft had taken a weight off his mind, as he had an appointment that evening with an individual whose tastes were expensive like his own.

His business during the day does not concern us, but when it was evening, and the lights were lit, the cafes thronged, the footpaths full of people coming and going, he reappeared in the center of the city.

Lighting a cigar, he strolled up and down; paused at a kiosk and bought a newspaper; then, approaching the front of one of the great cafes, found a vacant seat at a table, ordered some coffee, and sat down in the open air watching the busy throng.

He was sitting thus when his attention was attracted to a figure standing close by him. It was that of a

young man dressed carelessly in a tweed suit and wearing a wideawake hat. He was standing in the light of one of the windows, talking to another man, somewhat his senior, whom he had just met.

"And hoo lang hae ye been in Paris?" asked the elder man.

"All the summer," replied the other. "I came here to study and paint, and I have been doing very well. How are all in Annandale?"

"Brawly, brawly. Where are you staying?"

Caussidiere did not catch the reply, and the two men moved away with the crowd; but he had recognized, at a glance, in the younger of the interlocutors, an old friend—John Sutherland.

"Diable!" he muttered. "What has brought him to Paris? I must take care that he and Marjorie do not meet."

He rose, paid for his refreshment, and walked away. It was now 8 o'clock. Hailing a fiacre, he jumped in, and ordered the coachman to drive to the theater du Chatelet.

Alighting at the door, Caussidiere strolled into the vestibule, and paid for a seat in one of the balcony boxes. He found the vast place thronged from floor to ceiling to witness the performance of a fairy spectacle, then in its 100th night, the "Sept Filles du Diable," founded on some fanciful eastern story.

It was a tawdry piece, with innumerable ballets, processions, pageants, varied with certain scenes of horse-play, in which a corpulent low comedian, a great popular favorite, was conspicuous.

Caussidiere was charmed, concentrating his admiring eyes particularly on one black-eyed, thickly-painted lady, who personated a fairy prince and sang "risky" songs, with topical allusions and dancing accompaniments, in a very high shrill voice, to the great rapture of the assembled Parisians.

At the end of the third act Caussidiere left his seat and strolled round to the back of the theater.

CHAPTER XXVII.

P ASSING the Cerberus of the stage door, by whom he seemed to be well known, Caussidiere soon found himself "behind the scenes," and pushed his way through a confused throng of supernumeraries, agrarantes and stage carpenters till he reached the greenroom.

Here he found many of the performers lounging about and standing in the center of the floor. Dressed in a turban and sultan's robes, and surrounded by a group of ladies in all kinds of scanty costumes, was the obese low comedian—as loud voiced, low foreheaded a satyr of a man as could be found in the theatrical profession, even in Paris.

As Caussidiere appeared, the actor greeted him by name with a loud laugh.

"Welcome, mon enfant, welcome," he cried, shaking hands. "The Germans are approaching, yet behold—we survive!"

The ladies now turned to Caussidiere, who greeted them by their Christian names—Blanche, Rose, Ada, Adele, Sarah, and so on. He seemed to know them well, but, as he talked to them, looked round impatiently for some person who was not present.

HE WAS JUSTLY DEFEATED.

Came Within Four Inches of Being a Millionaire.

"I'm not going to give names, but you all know that I have no imagination that can invent fairy tales. I literally came within four inches of being a millionaire."

"Go on!" exclaimed the man at the club who is the recognized story promoter in the organization, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I'm telling you right. Some years ago I secured employment in an immense factory that turns out a certain chemical basic used the world over, and as staple as wheat. It was a rule of the establishment that a good man could stay as long as he wanted to in one department, but under no circumstances could he go from one department to another. Every possible precaution was taken against the discovery of the secret process. By a series of studied disguises I succeeded in finding employment in every department but one, and that being where the coloring was done I thought this omission of very little importance. By standing in with one of the office men I succeeded in tracing the parts entering into the principal machines. This was no small job, for there would be one piece made in Portland, Me., and another in San Francisco, another in Dallas, and another would be imported. I went everywhere and mastered the machinery. Then upon a guarantee that I had secured the process I interested capital. When we anxiously analyzed results we found that the stuff was all right except in color. Then I grew desperate and determined to dig my way into the coloring department of the parent institution. Just as I began work on a four-inch partition I was discovered, and inconspicuously tossed from a second-story window. We found it impossible to master the trick of coloring, and all we had to show for half a million invested was a lot of empty buildings and smokeless stacks. I've concluded since that I got just what I deserved."

Sales of land along the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways are reported larger than in many years.

A SAMPLE REFORMER

THE RISE AND FALL OF A POP PATRIOT.

From Roustabout to Politician, He Becomes a Free Pass Grabber and Sells the Pasteboards to Scalpers—Constitution in Pop Headquarters in Its Relation to Railroad Headquarters.

An Object Lesson.

The rise and fall of Prof. Hendee, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Omaha affords an object lesson. Hendee used to live in Saline county, where he was known as a roustabout politician of the lower order. When he had run his course there he disappeared, drifted out, and after several years turned up somewhere in Kansas. Edmisten, the state oil inspector, who knew Hendee and what he was good for, sent for him a few months ago to come to Lincoln, for there was some special work in his line that needed to be done during the campaign.

Just what this special work was no one will ever know outside of the state house ring at Lincoln, but Hendee was provided with free transportation and sent out over the state ostensibly to solicit subscriptions for populist newspapers. He performed his work so well that after he had been here only a few weeks, while his wife was still in Kansas and he was yet a resident of that state, he was made assistant superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Omaha. He had no qualifications for this important place, but the poor deaf mutes could not protest, and being backed by the state house ring, he got the job, not only for himself, but his wife was brought up from bleeding Kansas on a free pass and put on the state pay-roll.

There were several worthy persons, teachers and citizens of this state, who had given some attention to the technical knowledge necessary for a position in such an institution, but the Hendees, by reason of this secret work performed under the direction of Edmisten, the state chairman of the reform movement, they snapped their fingers at their Nebraska competitors.

For a few months the Hendees flourished at this state institution, and when Edmisten, the investigator, called to spend a few days and eat a few meals they took care that his royal stomach was satisfied with the fat of the land at the state's expense. But no man of crooked ways is ever secure. His tricks will find him out and his chickens will come home to roost.

Free transportation, while it is free, has its meets and its bounds. You can ride a free pass just as you can ride a free horse, but you can't sell it to some other man who is not in the free pass ring and whose name is not written there on the free pass list without an after-clap that is full of grief. The railroads, when they are held up by a reform movement and commanded to deliver free transportation, generally do so with an affable grace that comes only with long experience, but they have their way of keeping tabs on the free pass reformers who frolic up and down their lines, and when they find a free pass which has been sold to some cold-blooded stranger who is no pass reformer at all and no patriot, and who has no claims whatever on the free ride courtesy of the corporations, then they take this free transportation out of the wet and they get after the man who procured it and the man in whose name it was issued and who converted it into cash, with an energy which shows more spirit than you would expect to find in a brow-beaten pass-ridden, reform-regulated corporation.

Now, when this reform professor had sold his free transportation and when it bobbed up in the hands of a stranger who had never been in the reform movement at all, had never been initiated into any of the anti-pass alliance lodges which Prof. Hendee had organized in this state, the conductor coolly took that free transportation up and forwarded it to headquarters at Omaha.

Then came a sharp letter from the railroad headquarters at Omaha to the reform headquarters at Lincoln. Now you understand when the railroad headquarters put their headquarters together in a co-partnership for the purpose of regulating the corporations and the politicians of the state, and when they start in to ferret out any crookedness, they generally find their man. And so the letters flew back and forth, thick and fast, and the reform movement at Lincoln fairly sweat in its efforts to purge itself of the guilt which should rest on the professor. For it was he and he alone who had sold the transportation to a scalper in Omaha and had pocketed the money, every dollar of it, not turning so much as a penny into the reform campaign fund.

Edmunden was innocent, and he did not hesitate to declare himself so, not only to the railroad officials, but also the other members of the anti-pass reform ring at the state house, each of whom went about for several days from one department to another with a sort of Cock Robin inquiry on their faces, for they realized how embarrassing it would be for the reform movement if a coldness should spring up between their headquarters and the railroad headquarters at Omaha.

Edmunden admitted candidly that he had found the professor wandering over bleeding Kansas' wind-swept plains, where whiskey take the place of brains, and had brought him to this state to do some special work for the reform movement; that the professor had been provided with free transportation, as all active reformers are in this state, but they had conjured the professor that under no circumstances, however urgent, must he sell the transportation to a scalper.

Soon after election, a year ago, when a fusion had been effected between the fusion headquarters at Lincoln and the railroad headquarters at Omaha, the railroad people said: "Now, if we must, we will arrange to furnish all the free transportation which is necessary to run this pass

reform movement, but you will pardon us if we suggest that in this reform gang which you have organized there are a good many rag-tag and bobtail scalliwags, who will not scruple, when they have hidden this free transportation as far as they want to go, to sell it for whatever they can get, and we want to stipulate that this shall not be done."

Edmisten, tapping his gold-headed cane on the carpet and considering his proposition gravely for a moment, admitted that it was no more than fair as between one headquarters and another, and he agreed to it. "We are honorable men," said Edmisten. "We are not as bad as our enemies have painted us. We are all, all honorable men." And now, because the honor of these honorable men was at stake, and because it is a matter of principle with them that whatever promises they break they will keep faith with corporations when once they have given their word, it was incumbent on Edmisten and Eager, who had been the joint chaperones of the Kansas professor, to make it hot for him.

"Write to him," said Edmisten, "and roast him in the paper if necessary. We must do something to clear ourselves of this breach of faith, for we never can carry the next state election with a coldness between us and the railroad headquarters." "I'll write to him," said Eager. "I'll blister him. I'll cartoon him. We'll burn him at the stake. We'll do anything but discharge him. Rather than that this pass reform shall fail and the common people be left without protection, naked to their enemies."

And they did make it hot for the professor. He had written in the blistering simoons of Kansas. He had groaned and sweat under the pressure of the money power, but now as Edmisten and Eager fired through the mails volley after volley of red-hot stuff the professor wriggled and twisted and realized that he had never had real trouble before. Looking through the dim vista of the coming years he could distinctly see himself wearily counting the ties from one town to another, and never again as long as he lived would he gambol over the state on a free pass, for the railroads had a blacklist and his name was written there.

At first the professor denied that he had converted the free transportation into money, but when confronted with the evidence he collapsed and confessed that the financial stringency had made him desperate and he had yielded to the temptation of ready cash.

The passing of the professor is a solemn object lesson to all pass reform pass grabbers. It means, you can grab, but you cannot sell. The benefits of a free pass system are not as far-reaching as they might be. Like all other earthly joys, they have their limitations and their penalties. There may come a time when the reform movement will have achieved such success as to be able to remove these unreasonable restrictions, but at present writing the railroads are holding on to this one cinch with a tenacity which baffles the tremendous regulating energy of even the Board of Transportation.

A few years ago a pass grabbing politician in Kansas attempted to make a few hundred dollars by procuring passes and selling them for one hundred dollars each. If the reformers now in the state house were allowed to sell and if they could realize at the Kansas rate on their annuals for 1898, they could roll up a pile of thirty-six thousand dollars. Think of the governor jingling \$1,600 in his pocket, and Maret \$1,700, for the little secretary is able to show one more annual pass than any other reformer in the state.

If the Populist ring at the state house could realize a hundred dollars each for every annual which they procure and send out under the state house postage to county sheriffs and county treasurers and their political strikers over the state, they could retire rich, and they would no longer have reason for the little jealousies which they are now whispering against Bryan because he gave only \$1,500 to the national campaign fund while pocketing \$150,000 from the common people.

But, brethren of the reform movement, as the new year ushers in upon us, let us be thankful for small favors. If we can't sell 'em, we can ride 'em, for they never get tired, and when the reverberations of this great reform movement shall have died out on these western plains, and when at last we have junketed the last junket and taken the last farewell view of the red apple country and the rolling plains of Texas; when the names now newly written on these bright pasteboards are faded and dim with age, we can bequeath them as souvenirs to our children, and future generations, looking through the family albums and seeing these tokens of greatness, will realize that there was once a great pass reform and a time when "the common people" were in the saddle.

Let us, brethren, be thankful for small favors. These limitations which the corporations still hold over us but serve to remind us that the work of regulating the railroads is not yet complete and the people's movement has not yet reached the full meridian of its glory. These passes which we get for ourselves give us free rides and free beds. Each one that we send out brings us a political crony, who sticks closer to a brother. Our poor relations who have never traveled before can now plant themselves down in the soft cushions of the new chair car, can gaze out through the plate glass windows on scenery which is new to them, can gather in family reunions that never could have taken place without this reform movement, and the few of us who have more than we can use, although we cannot convert the surplus into ready cash, yet each clean lettered pasteboard as it nestles sweetly with its companions in the little morocco pocketbook, whispers softly and tells us that we have much to be thankful for.

There is room for everybody in this big world, but we can't all have front rooms.

AFTER CARL SCHURZ.

CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR ON CIVIL SERVICE.

Will Not Be Drawn Into Any Entanglement With the President—His Respect to the Civil Service League Generally and to Carl Schurz Particularly—Curtis and Other High Priests Denounced.

The House Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The house yesterday promptly resumed its debate on the civil service question, and Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, took the floor for an elaborate speech in opposition to the law. In opening Mr. Grosvenor disclaimed any leadership of the anti-civil service reform forces and any purpose to speak for any officer of the government, executive, legislative or judicial.

All efforts to entangle me in a collision with the president," he said, "were as so much powder wasted. If I believed that my relations to the president would be changed because I differ with him in any representative capacity, I would despise him as he would despise me if I faltered in my convictions."

Mr. Grosvenor said that he had watched with admiration the president's public career, and one of his most prominent characteristics had always been that he not only did not demand subservience, but despised a man who sought favors by sycophancy. Mr. Grosvenor proceeded to pay his respects to the National Civil Service Reform League and to Carl Schurz, its president. His exhortation of the latter was the most scathing that had been heard on the floor of the house in months. He denounced unsparingly those who sought to read out of the republican party those who believed in the repeal of the civil service law. With vitriolic language he depicted the political career of Mr. Schurz, which he characterized as "checked, spotted, leprous career of one who betrayed by every party and every duty to which he was bound, and whose betrayals have been his only stock in trade in the arena of politics."

He traced Mr. Schurz's political history and defied any one to point out a place in the trail which was not tainted with political corruption. Yet, he said, this was the man who, with other "foul political demagogues at Cincinnati, under the name of National Civil Service League, had denounced him and those who thought with him on this question." He read the resolutions adopted at the Cincinnati meeting, branding them as infamous beyond description.

Grosvenor denounced George William Curtis and other high priests of civil service reform, who, he said, had been traitors to the republican party, and argued that as Mr. Cleveland extended the civil service system enormously after the St. Louis platform was adopted, republicans were not bound by the platform as regards these extensions. He warned republicans that the people were overwhelmingly opposed to the law.

Mr. Grosvenor's description of the habits of the "cuckoo" teemed with humor and kept the house in a roar. Mr. Grosvenor, in replying to the charge made against himself and his colleagues that they were betraying the republican party, adverted to what he called the list of traitors among the high priests of civil service reform, at the head of which he placed George William Curtis, who abandoned the republican party in 1884. He reviewed the platform declarations of the republican party to show that the present position occupied by the majority of the house was not inconsistent with these declarations. "For I give the members of the civil service committee notice," said he, "that we have a majority on this floor and you cannot strangle a majority in the American congress." (Applause.)

He denied that when the St. Louis platform was adopted the extensions contained in the Cleveland order in May, 1896, had been understood. It was not until November, 1896, that the enormous scope of that order, covering 46,000 officials, was publicly declared. The republicans, coming into power on a platform adopted before these vast extensions, were not in honor bound to agree with them, and it was proper that the president should announce in his message to congress that there were portions of these orders which never ought to have been made.

The Tragedy Near Fairbury.

FAIRBURY, Neb., Jan. 7.—William Baker, who killed his brother George and the latter's wife Tuesday morning, completed the triple tragedy by taking his own life. Bloodhounds were procured as soon as possible and put on the tracks leading from the window where the murderer had stood and they followed the trail to a barn on the farm of an uncle of the Bakers, some distance from the scene of the murder. The posse immediately surrounded the barn and took every precaution to prevent the escape of the murderer but it was an unnecessary procedure. On entering the barn the dead body of William Baker was found, having taken his own life with the same weapon with which he had killed his brother and sister-in-law.

Suspicion was first directed toward William Baker because of the fact he had repeatedly threatened to kill his brother. Inquiry at the place where he had worked elicited the fact that he had left there about 11 o'clock the night before the tragedy and had not been seen since. Feeling was very high in the neighborhood and had the murderer been caught while living he would very likely have been lynched.

A Million Dollar Robbery.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—The Evening Telegram prints a report which has not been verified, that the American Express Company was robbed last night of \$1,000,000, which had been given it for transportation.

The money was said to have been taken from one of the cars in its through western express while the train was being made up in the yards at Forty-eighth street.

The officers of the company refuse to talk regarding the robbery. They neither affirm or deny.