



CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)
 "You are complimentary to your friend's husband."

"My friend!" exclaimed the girl; "ah, no, monsieur, she is not that—she is too good for that—and if she used to be his friend, tell him he ought to help her. She wants some one's help."

"Probably," returned the Scotchman; "but it's a dangerous thing, my girl, to interfere between husband and wife, and my friend will do well to keep out of it. There, that will do for this morning, Adele," he added, as she leaped from the rostrum; "take my advice, and say nothing of this incident to madame your friend. It may unsettle her, and make the end of her married life rather more unbearable than the beginning of it."

He lit up his pipe again and strolled carelessly about the studio until Adele had left. Then his manner suddenly changed; he left the studio, rushed up a flight of stairs, and entered the little snugery above, where his companion was sitting, and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Sutherland, my boy," he exclaimed, "good news."

Sutherland, awakened suddenly from his day-dream, started from his chair.

"About Marjorie?" he cried.

"Yes," returned his friend with a smile, "about Marjorie. I have been talking this morning with a woman who is one of her intimate friends."

"Where is she?" exclaimed Sutherland. "Let me see her."

"Now, look here, my good fellow," returned the other, "you must sit down and cease to excite yourself. Moreover, you must work cautiously, or my prize may turn out a blank. Yes, I have discovered in the model Adele one who may tell you just what you want to know—who is often in the house with Marjorie, who knows exactly how happy or how wretched she may be, and who, if properly handled, may be made to tell you all. But you must be careful, as I have said, for she is a rough creature, and might turn stubborn. She is gone now, but she will return tomorrow, and you shall talk to her. Think it over, and decide for yourself the best way to act."

He descended to the studio, while Sutherland sank again into his chair to think of Marjorie.

He spent a singularly restless night; the next morning he looked pale and harassed. But after breakfast when he entered the studio he was quite calm. He was working with his customary ardor when the studio door opened and Adele came in.

The moment she appeared he sprang up and accosted her.

"I am glad you have come," he said, in doubtful French. "I wish to speak to you about a lady whom you know well. Yes; Nairn, my friend, has told me that you know her."

Adele fixed her wild eyes upon the young man, and then, with a curious smile, pointed to a portrait.

"You mean her?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! Tell me all you know concerning her. I am interested in her—deeply interested. My friend tells me that you sometimes visit the house, though how or why I cannot guess. What takes you there?"

"I carry a message sometimes from the cabaret," answered Adele.

"And you see her?—you speak to her?"

"Why not?" said the girl, somewhat defiantly, for she read in the young man's face no little astonishment that Marjorie should see such company.

"Yes, I see her—and the child. She is like that picture, but changed, older. But there, perhaps you sometimes see her for yourself."

"Only from a distance," answered Sutherland. "I have not spoken to her, she does not know that I am in Paris. But I have seen enough," he added, sadly, "to suspect that she is unhappy and neglected. Is that so?"

Adele looked at him for some moments in silence, then she said, with the low, harsh laugh habitual to her: "You know little or nothing, monsieur. If you will swear not to betray me, I can tell you much more of her—and her husband. More—I should love to do him an ill turn, and her a good one. Will you swear?"

"Yes," answered Sutherland, startled by the girl's strange manner. "For God's sake, tell me all you know."

Upon being further questioned, it seemed that Adele knew really very little concerning Marjorie herself. She could only tell Sutherland what he had already, by quiet observation, discovered for himself, that Marjorie seemed unhappy; that there was no sympathy between herself and her husband; that, indeed, she seemed to fear him.

About Caussidiere himself, Adele was much more explicit—indeed, she seemed to be pretty well acquainted with his secret life, and spoke of it without reserve. Suddenly she asked: "Do you know Mademoiselle Seraphine, of the Chatelet?"

"No."

"Well, Caussidiere does."

"What of that?"

"Well," repeated Adele, "how dull you are, monsieur. You ask me

just now why Caussidiere neglects his wife, and I tell you."

"He has an intrigue with an actress?"

"Not exactly. He simply prefers her company. When Madame Mere sends a little check, Caussidiere changes it, gives Seraphine a little supper, and leaves his wife to mind the baby at home. Voila tout."

She turned as if about to leave him, but Sutherland called her back.

"Mademoiselle Adele, I—I am not a rich man, but Madame Caussidiere has friends who will not see her want. You have access to her, I have not; you can give her some money—"

Adele laughed aloud.

"That is so like a man," she said. "Give her money! I give her money, who can earn but a few sous by singing at a cafe? She would think I stole it. Besides, she does not want money, monsieur."

Again she turned to go, and again he detained her.

"Adele, you see madame very often, do you not?"

"I go when I can. I like the boy."

"Women can often say a word of comfort to each other. You won't say that you ever met me, but if you can make her happier by a word sometimes—"

He paused in some confusion, and held forth a napoleon. Adele laughed again, and roughly tossed his hand aside.

"Bah! kindness is not to be bought from Adele of the Mouche d'Or. I shall see her often, for, as I said, I like the child."

During the few days which followed Sutherland was like a man entranced—utterly bewildered as to what he should do.

Once or twice he saw Marjorie walking with her little boy in the streets of Paris, and he fancied that her face looked more careworn than ever. He dared not speak to her. It would be better, he thought, to make his presence known to Caussidiere, and to give that gentleman plainly to understand that unless Marjorie's life were made more bearable to her, the checks from Miss Hetherington would inevitably cease. That would be the only way to touch Caussidiere's heart—it was the surest way to proceed, and Sutherland determined to act upon it.

One morning—some two days after his interview with Adele—he left his rooms with the determination to find Caussidiere. So agitated was he with this new idea that for the time being he forgot all else. He walked through the streets, along the boulevards. He was wondering how and where he should carry out his design, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of his own name.

He started, turned quickly, and found himself face to face with Marjorie.

For a moment he could say nothing. A mist was before his eyes, and his rising tears choked him; but he held forth his hands to grasp her trembling fingers.

"Johnnie," she said, "it is really you! Oh, I am so glad, so glad!"

He brushed away the mist which was blinding his eyes and looked at her again. Her cheeks were suffused, her eyes sparkled, and a sad smile played about the corners of her mouth. She looked at that moment something like the Marjorie whom he had known years before.

The change lasted only for a moment, then her face became paler and sadder than it had been before, and her voice trembled as she said:

"Johnnie, you must tell me now how they all are at Dumfries."

She sat down on one of the benches which were placed by the roadside, and Sutherland took his seat beside her.

"I was sitting here," she said, "when I saw you pass. At first I could not believe it was you, it seemed so strange that you should be in Paris, that I should meet a friend from Scotland."

The tears came into her eyes again, and her voice trembled. Turning her face away, she beheld a pair of eyes gazing wonderingly up at her.

"Leon, mon petit," she said, placing her hand upon her child's golden curls; then turning to Sutherland she said: "This is my little boy."

As little Leon was not conversant with English, Sutherland addressed him in the best French at his command. He took the child on his knee, and the three sat together to talk over old times.

"It seems so strange, I can hardly believe it is real," said Majorie. "Tell me how long have you been in Paris, and how long will you stay?"

"How long I shall stay I don't know," said Sutherland. "I have been here several months."

"Several months?" repeated Marjorie, "and I see you today for the first time."

"I thought it would be better for us both, Marjorie, that I should keep away."

Perhaps she understood his meaning, for she turned the conversation to other things. He told her of the changes which had taken place in Annandale; that the old servant Mysie lay with the minister sleeping in the kirkyard; that a large family filled the manse; and that Miss Hetherington was the only being who, amidst all this changing,

remained unchanged. A gray, weary, worn-out woman, she dwelt alone in Annandale Castle.

Holding little Leon by the hand, they strolled quietly along under the trees. Presently they came to one of the many merry-go-rounds which are to be found in the Champs Elysees. Merry children were riding on the wooden horses, and mothers and nursery-maids were looking on.

Here little Leon clamored for a ride, and Sutherland placed him on one of the horses. As he rode round and round, uttering cries of infantine delight, Marjorie looked on with heightened color, here eyes full of mother's tender rapture; and, gazing upon her, Sutherland thought to himself:

"Poor Marjorie! She loves her husband for her child's sake. I have no right to come between them."

When the ride was done and the three passed on together, Marjorie seemed to have forgotten all her trouble and to look her old smiling self, but Sutherland's heart sank in deep dejection.

Close to the Madeleine they parted, with a warm handshake and a promise to meet again.

From that day forth Marjorie and Sutherland met frequently, and walked together in the Bois de Boulogne or on the boulevards, with little Leon for a companion. At her express entreaty he refrained from speaking to Caussidiere, though he saw that, despite her attempts at cheerfulness, her face sometimes wore an expression of increasing pain. He began to suspect that there was something very wrong indeed; and he determined to discover, if possible, the exact relations existing between Marjorie and her husband. Meantime, the meetings with his old sweetheart were full of an abundant happiness, tempered with sympathetic distress.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUTHERLAND'S suspicions were correct. Matters between husband and wife were rapidly coming to a climax. Day after day, and sometimes night after night, Caussidiere was from home, and when he was there his manner toward his wife and child was almost brutal.

Marjorie bore her lot with exemplary docility and characteristic gentleness; but one day her patience gave way. She received a communication—an anonymous letter—which ran as follows, but in the French tongue:

"Madame—When your husband is not with you he is with Mademoiselle Seraphine of the Chatelet."

Marjorie read the letter through twice, then folded it and put it in her pocket. Caussidiere was late home that night; indeed, it was nearly two o'clock before his latch-key was put in the door; yet when he mounted the stairs he found that Marjorie was sitting up for him.

"Diable, what are you doing here?" "Where have you been so late, Leon?" she quietly replied.

He stared at her with an ominous frown as he said:

"What is that to you? Go to bed."

Seeing well that he was in no mood to be questioned, she obeyed him; but the next morning, when they were sitting at breakfast, she returned to the subject again.

"Leon," she said, "where is it that you go so often when you are away from me?"

Caussidiere looked at her with a new light in his eyes; then he turned away his head and continued his breakfast, (TO BE CONTINUED.)

INCOMES THAT SEEM LARGE.

It is always assumed that great painters make fortunes almost with a turn of the hand. That, at all events, is not the experience of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the most celebrated painter in France at the present time, who has been working for thirty-seven years, estimates that the total amount he has been able to earn by his pictures in that time has amounted to scarcely £16,000. In other words, his income has averaged only about £430 a year.

This even does not represent profit, for naturally his expenses in hiring models and in purchasing materials would have to be deducted from this very modest sum.

Similar abnormal figures between position and income are occasionally met with in other professions, although as a rule men do not like to proclaim the fact that they have not been great money-makers.

One of the most remarkable examples of this fact was the case of a famous oculist living in Harley street. He was the senior surgeon of one of the most celebrated ophthalmic hospitals in London, and held one of the highest positions in the professional world as a consultant.

In speaking of the subject of earnings to a professional friend one day, he jokingly asked:

"What would you think has been the most I have ever earned in a year out of the practice of my profession?"

The friend looked up not knowing what to answer, whereupon the oculist went on: "Well, you would perhaps be surprised if I told you that I have never earned £100 in twelve months."

The best quality of maple syrup comes from the north side of the tree, but the flow is not so large as when the tree is tapped on the south side.

FAREWELL TO SHODDY

IMPORTATION DISCOURAGED UNDER NEW TARIFF.

Nearly Fifty Millions of This Counterfeit Stuff Entered into the Clothing of America Wage Earners During the Closing Twelve Months of the Wilson-Gorman Law.

"Shoddy, 25 cents per pound." Such is the stalwart provision in the new tariff law. The time is past when the woolen rags and wastes of all Europe can be crowded upon this country to debase the standard of goods used in every household. Shoddy is the name of the poorest refuse of its kind. In the last year of the McKinley law its importation reached only 143,000 pounds. But the Wilson law sent up the importation in 1895 to 14,000,000 pounds, in 1896 to 18,000,000 pounds and in 1897 to 49,000,000 pounds. It was high time to call a halt on this course upon honest manufacturing. More than half a pound of shoddy for every inhabitant of the United States was brought to our shores in the last year of the Wilson law, and is sure to reappear somewhere in fabrics pretending to be better than they are. All the fine theories about free wool took this miserable shape in actual practice. As far as free-trade was put in operation, its result was rank shoddyism, idle workers, a national treasury in distress and a huge deficit.

The 49,000,000 pounds of shoddy that came to us across the Atlantic in the last twelve months of the Wilson law will not be duplicated in the year following. The counterfeit stuff, a fitting emblem for a disastrous free trade experiment, has been shut out. But much of it, brought in to evade the new duty, is stacked up in warehouses, and as long as it holds out will work to the injury of the consumer, who knowingly would not purchase articles in which it is used. The foreign shoddy goods were given a deceptive finish, and, as the "reporter" states, drove out of the market enormous quantities of domestic fabrics. European manu-

amount to anything here. They predicted it just as they predicted the same thing regarding tin plate, steel rails, and a great many other things that we are now making in enormous quantities. This also has been the history of the silk industry. Under protective tariff laws it has grown from a small beginning until it is becoming one of the most important industries in the country. Very little silk plush has been made here, and now with the raise of the duty by the Dingley bill to a protective tariff there is encouragement for the development of a plush industry which will keep millions of dollars that have been going abroad within the boundaries of our own country. It is only another one of the object lessons illustrating a plain business proposition, but which the free trade theorists and doctrinaires refuse to see.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Cannot Be Disputed.

Protectionists maintain that the protective policy, by insuring American capitalists against foreign competition, has led them to embark their capital, and has enabled them to build up large enterprises, in which thousands of wage earners find employment. It is for the free traders to show wherein this contention is unsound. When they have done this—and they have never found it easy to do—they will be called upon to convince the American public that if protection had not been the policy of this country our capitalists would have been equally enterprising and equally successful, or else that some other equally valuable results would have been obtained. And though the free traders are numerous, and though some of them are able, they do not make much progress in their efforts to convince the American public of these things.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Japan and American Flour.

American products are steadily working their way into the markets of the world, and in every instance where they have gained a footing their consumption rapidly increases. Japan is beginning to appreciate the benefits and advantages of American flour. In 1890 she received from this

A CASE THAT CALLS FOR CONSULTATION.



Uncle Sam, M. D.: "Your condition demands heroic treatment, but the National Congress of Physicians must prescribe the proper remedy."

facturers utilized the period of the Wilson law to flood this country with shoddy goods, crippling our own industries while fooling us to the top of our bent. The Wilson law era of shoddyism is over and it is scarcely conceivable that the voters of the country will ever invite its repetition.—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

Foolish Comparisons.

Comparisons of the revenue producing powers of the tariff laws of 1894 and 1897 for the first four months of their operation are the favorite stock in trade of free-trade sophists. They take the best and the worst periods, respectively, of the two laws as their basis, and are delighted at the bad showing for protection. No one should be misled by such an open-faced manipulation of statistics.

The first four months of the Wilson law of 1894 found the country relatively destitute of imported goods, for with the result of the election of 1892, when the policy of low tariff and no tariff was inaugurated, came a depletion of stocks to the lowest possible point in preparation for the lower duties and lower values certain to come.

With the Dingley law of 1897 the case was diametrically opposite. Its first four months found the country heavily overstocked with goods imported under the lower duties and no duties of the Wilson law. The excess of revenue from this source in the final four months of that law amounted to \$48,000,000.

Therefore, nothing could be more palpably unfair and deceptive than a comparison of revenue results in the first four months of the two laws.

Yet it is this sort of stuff that the free-traders mainly rely upon to prove their contention that as a revenue producer the Dingley law is a failure. Intellects which are swayed by that kind of argument must be either immature, feeble or in some manner defective.

Will Keep Millions of Dollars at Home.

Not many years ago very little silk was manufactured in the United States, and some knowing gentlemen were predicting that the industry never could

Are Not Good Citizens.

No good citizen would care to see a deficit pile up in the revenues out of a mere partisan desire to spite the administration or Mr. Dingley and his bill. The proof of the Dingley pudding will be in the eating.—Boston Globe.

Then it must surely follow that free traders are not, as a rule, good citizens. Certain it is that the enemies of protection, with scarcely any exception, are intensely anxious that there shall be a deficit under the Dingley law. They want to see a big deficit pile up, and the bigger the deficit the more they will be pleased.

But if, on the other hand, the law should work out ample revenues in accordance with the careful calculations of its framers, these free trade harpies will be bitterly disappointed.

In such an event their last and only weapon against protection will be sadly hacked and blunted. For if protection, besides bringing about a return of prosperity to the business and the industries of the country, shall also provide revenue sufficient for the needs of the government upon the basis of reasonable and prudent economy, what then will become of the free trade arguments and theories?

No; it will not do at all to have the Dingley tariff turn out to be a better revenue producer than the Wilson free trade abortion proved to be.

Free traders are extremely scarce who can look toward such a result with any degree of complacency. They hope for the worst, not the best.

Therefore, the Boston Globe is extremely uncomplimentary when it says: "No good citizen would care to see a deficit pile up." It has long been suspected that, in the strictest sense, free traders were not good citizens. That suspicion now becomes a certainty in view of the Globe's incriminating avowal.

A Liberal Offset.

It is estimated that four years of the Wilson tariff cost the people of the United States over \$5,000,000,000. Four months of the Dingley tariff have netted a deficiency of revenue amounting to about \$35,000,000. Against the latter sum set the enormous gains which protection has showered upon the country in the shape of increased values of agricultural and industrial products, increased work and wages, and increased operations in every line of business activity, and the deficit of the first four months of the Dingley tariff seems but a trivial thing. It does not represent more than 1 per cent of the gross volume of benefits growing out of the restoration of protection and prosperity for the calendar year of 1897.

Effects of Protectionism.

The anticipatory imports of wool and woollens and sugar—rendered possible by Democratic procrastinating talk and the debating of amendments which the opposers did not desire or expect to have adopted, and other tricks of delay practiced for the express purpose of enabling outside confederates to run in enormous quantities of goods under the schedules of the Democratic Wilson-Gorman bill—have prevented the Dingley tariff bill from producing as much revenue by many millions as it would be doing but for the unpatriotic and fraudulent action of the Democratic senators.—Chicago Tribune.

Reaching Out for Foreign Markets.

It was not until the restoration to power of the party of protection and a stable currency inspired them with confidence to rehabilitate their plants that American manufacturers found themselves in a position to go ahead at full speed. Now that the home market is secured to them they have taken heart of grace to reach out for the foreign market as well. Our English friends will find the competition from this side the Atlantic a more serious factor in their reckonings every year.—Oswego (N. Y.) Times.

In a Terrible Stew.



Give Reciprocity a Trial.

Reciprocity has been proved to be one of the popular principles of the Republican party, having received a very general indorsement by the merchants and manufacturers of the country. During the present period of commercial expansion made evident by our large gains in exports it is likely to be more popular than ever. All the circumstances seem favorable for giving the reciprocity policy the fullest possible trial, and it is hardly likely that congress will disappoint the expectations of the people in this regard.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Come in Out of the Wet.

This country is necessary for the prosperity of Canada, and the only satisfactory solution of the question for Canadians is to come in out of the wet; to cease to be a colony, wipe out the imaginary line and become the northern tier of states of the greatest union the sun has ever shone upon.—Tacoma Ledger