



CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)
"What is that to you?" said he roughly. "I have many things to do which you cannot understand."

"And there are things which I can understand," returned Marjorie quietly. Then she showed him the letter which she had received, and asked calmly, "Is this true?"

Caussidiere took the letter and read it with a scowl; when he had done so he tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor.

"Leon," said Marjorie, "is it true?" "Yes," he returned. "My friend, Mademoiselle Seraphine, is entertaining and my wife is not; when a man has a little leisure, he does not seek the society of the dullest companion of his acquaintance."

He quietly went on eating his breakfast, as if the subject were at an end. For a while Marjorie watched him, her face white as death; then she went to him and knelt at his feet.

"Leon," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "let us forget the past; maybe it has been my fault; but, indeed, I never meant it, dear. I have been so lonely and so sad, and I have been kept apart from you because I thought you wished it, and—yes—because you sometimes seemed so angry that I grew afraid!"

She tried to take his hand, but he thrust her aside.
"Do you think this is the way to win me back?" he said. "It is more likely to drive me away, for, look you, I dislike scenes and I have business which demands that I keep cool. There, dry your eyes and let me finish my meal in peace."

At that time nothing more was said, but once he was free of the house, Caussidiere reflected over what had taken place. He was in sore trouble as to what he must do. To abandon Marjorie meant abandoning the goose which laid him golden eggs, for without the supplies which Miss Hetherington sent to her daughter, where would Caussidiere be?

One afternoon, as he was about to return home in no very amiable frame of mind, an incident occurred which aroused in his mind a feeling not exactly of jealousy, but of lofty moral indignation. He saw, from the window of a shop where he was making a purchase, Marjorie and little Leon pass by in company with a young man whom he recognized at a glance. He crept to the door, and looked after them, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

Yes, it was real! There were Marjorie and little Leon walking side by side with young Sutherland, his old bete noir from Scotland.
Half an hour later, when he reached home, he found Marjorie quietly seated in the salon.

"Leon!" cried Marjorie, startled by his manner, "is anything the matter?" He did not answer, but glared at her with growing fury.

She repeated her question. He was still silent. Then, as she sat trembling, he rose, crossed over, and put his fierce face close to hers.

"Let me look at you. Yes, I see! You are like your mother, the—"

He concluded with an epithet too coarse for transcription.
She sprang up, pale as death.

"What have I done?" she cried.
"Do you think I am a fool—blind? Do you think I do not know who it is you go to meet out there? Speak! Answer! How often have you met him?"

And he shook his clinched fist in her face.
"Do you mean my old friend, Johnnie Sutherland?" she returned, trembling. "Oh, Leon, I was so glad to see him; he is so kind—I have known him so long. I saw him one day by chance, and since then—"

"Yet you said nothing to me!"
"It was often on my tongue, but I was afraid. Oh, Leon, you are not angry with me for speaking to an old friend?"

The answer came, but not in words. Uttering a fierce oath, and repeating the savage epithet he had used before, he struck her in the face with all his force, and she fell bleeding and swooning upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXX.
THE mask of kindness having once fallen, Caussidiere did not think it worth while to resume it; and from that day forth he completely neglected both Marjorie and her child. The supplies from Miss Hetherington having temporarily ceased, Marjorie was no longer necessary to him; indeed, he was longing to be free, and wondering what means he should adopt to obtain his end.

If Marjorie would only leave him and return to her friend in Scotland the matter would be simple enough, but this she did not seem inclined to do. She thought of her child; for his sake she still clung to the man whom she believed to be her husband.

Thus matters stood for a week, when, one day, Caussidiere, when within a few yards of his own door, saw a man emerge from it and walk quickly down the street.

Caussidiere caught his breath and a very ugly look came into his eyes; the man was none other than the one whom he had strictly forbidden his wife to see—John Sutherland!

After a momentary hesitation he entered the house and walked straight to the sitting-room, where he found Marjorie.

She had been crying. At sight of her husband she dried her eyes, but she could not hide her sorrow.

"What are you crying for?" he asked roughly.
"It is nothing, Leon," she returned. "It's a lie; you can't deceive me as well as defy me."
"Defy you!"

"Yes, defy me. Didn't I forbid you ever again to seek the company of that accursed Scotchman?"

"Yes," she returned, quietly, "and I obeyed you. I saw him once again to tell him we must not meet—that was all."

"I tell you you are a liar!" Her face flushed crimson.

"Leon," she said, "think of the child; say what you please to me, but let us be alone."
She took the frightened child by the hand, and was about to lead him from the room, when Caussidiere interposed.

"No," he said; "I shall say what I please to you, and the child shall remain. I tell you you are a liar—that man was here today—don't trouble yourself to deny it; I saw him leave the house."
"I do not wish to deny it," she returned. "Yes, he was here."

The tears had come into her eyes again; she passed her arm around the shoulders of the boy, who clung tremblingly to her.

"Why was he here?" continued Caussidiere, furiously.
"He came here to say goodby. He is going to Scotland—his father is dying."

She bowed her head and laid her lips on the forehead of her child.

"Why did you not go with him?" She raised her head and looked at him with weary, sorrowful eyes.

"Why did I not go?" she said. "Ah, Leon, do not ask me that—is it the duty of a wife to leave her husband and her child?"

"Her husband!" he said, with a sneer. "Ah, well, since you are pleased to put it so, your husband gives you permission, and for the brat, why, you may take him, too."

"Leon!"
"Well?"
"What do you mean?"
"What I say, mon amie, I generally do!"

"You wish me to leave you?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you would be better in Scotland, and I should be better free."

Again she looked at him in wonder. What did it all mean? She could not believe that he was speaking the truth. He had been dining perhaps, and drinking too much wine—as he had done so often of late—and he did not know what he said. Perhaps it would not be well for her to provoke him, she thought, so she said nothing.

She turned from her husband, took little Leon in her arms and tried to soothe him, for the child was trembling with fear.

But Caussidiere was not to be silenced.
"Did you hear what I said?" he asked.
"Yes, Leon, I heard."
"Then heed!"

She rose from her seat, still keeping the child in her arms, and again moved toward the door.

"Let me put Leon to bed," she said; "he is very tired; then I will come back and talk to you."

"You will talk to me now, madame. Put the child down. I tell you it will be better for you if you do as I say."
"To do what, Leon?" she demanded, with quivering lips and streaming eyes.

"To go back to your mother; to tell her that we do not agree, or any other nonsense you please, except the truth. We are better apart. We have nothing in common. We belong to different nations—nations which, for the rest, have always hated each other. So let us shake hands and part company—the sooner the better."

The mask had fallen indeed! Poor Marjorie read in the man's livid face not merely weariness and satiety, but positive dislike, black almost as hate itself. She clasped her child and uttered a despairing cry.

"You can't mean it, Leon! No, no, you don't mean what you say!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hand.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried little Leon. "Do not cry!"

She drew him convulsively to her, and gazed again at Caussidiere. He was standing on the hearth rug, looking at her with a nervous scowl.

"It is useless to make a scene," he said. "Understand me once for all, Marjorie, I want my freedom. I have great work on hand, and I cannot pursue it rightly if encumbered by you."

"You should have thought of that before," she sobbed. "You used to love me; God knows what has turned your heart against me. But I am your wife; nothing can part us now."

"Do you really deceive yourself so much?" he demanded coldly. "Then

hear the truth from me. You are no wife of mine!"

"Not your wife!" she cried.
"Certainly not. My mistress, if you please, who has been suffering for a time to wear my name; that is all."

She sprang up as if shot through the heart, and faced him, pale as death.

"We are married! We stood together before the altar, Leon. I have my marriage lines."
"Which are so much waste paper, my dear, here in France!"

Sick with horror and fear, she tottered to him and clutched him by the arm.
"Leon! once more: what do you mean?"

"My meaning is very simple," he replied; "the marriage of an Englishwoman with a French citizen is no marriage unless the civil ceremony has also been performed in France. Now, do you understand?"

"I am not your wife! Not your wife!" cried Marjorie, stupefied.
"Not here in France," answered Caussidiere.

"Then the child—our child?"
"Trouble not yourself about him," was the reply. "If you are reasonable he can easily be legitimized according to our laws; but nothing on earth can make us two man and wife so long as I remain on French soil."

He added coldly:
"And I have no intention of again expatriating myself, I assure you."

It was enough. Dazed and mystified as she was, Marjorie now understood plainly the utter villainy of the man with whom she had to deal. She had neither power nor will for further words. She gave one long despairing, horrified look into the man's face, and then, drawing the child with her, staggered into the inner room and closed the door behind her.

Caussidiere remained for some time in his old position, frowning gloomily. For the moment he almost hated himself, as even a scoundrel can do upon occasion; but he thought of Seraphine and recovered his self-possession. He walked to the door, and listened; all was still, save a low murmuring sound, as of suppressed sobbing.

He hesitated a moment; then, setting his lips tight, he lifted his hat and quietly descended the stairs.

When the great clock of our Lady of Paris chimed forth five, Marjorie still sat in her room staring vacantly into the grate. The room was bitterly cold; the light of the candle was growing dim before the more cheerless light of dawn; the last spark of fire had died away; and the child, wearied with fatigue and fear, slept soundly in her arms.

Marjorie, awakening from her trance, was astonished to see the dawn breaking, and to hear the chiming clock announce that another day had begun.

She looked for a moment into the child's face, and as she did so her body trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"My poor little boy!" she sobbed; "my poor little Leon!"

She laid him gently on the bed, and let him sleep on. Then she tried to collect her thoughts, and to determine what she must do.

"Go back to Scotland?" No, she could not do that. She could not face her old friends with this shame upon her, and show them the child who should never have been born. From that day forth she must be dead to them. What she could not undo she must conceal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sheridan as an Orator.

After Richard Brinsley Sheridan had made his great speech in Westminster Hall, asking for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Edmund Burke said: He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accent, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honor on himself, luster upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times, whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has equaled what we have this day heard. No holy seer of religion, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up, in one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we this day listened with ardor and admiration.

A Sure Sign.

"When a woman," said the cornfed philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has ceased to be."—Savannah Bulletin.

So Sudden.

"Mr. Tillinghast left me \$50,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow. "My dear Mrs. Tillinghast," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources." "Oh, Frank, dear, this is too sudden. But are you really sure you love me?"—Odds and Ends.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

A bad epigram, like a worn-out pencil, has no point to it.

THE COST OF LIVING.

HAS IT INCREASED IN CONSEQUENCE OF NEW TARIFFS?

Figures Showing That While the Farmer Has Obtained Better Prices for His Products the Expense of Supporting a Family Has Not Materially Advanced.

The enemies of protection are not of one accord in their plan of campaign against that popular American policy. They fight along different lines. Most of them rely upon the simple assertion that there is no truth in the claim that the present revival of business and industrial activity is in any way the result of protection; others deny that there has been any return of prosperity thus far, and insist that business conditions have not improved, while still others, realizing the folly of both the preceding contentions in the face of facts which contradict them, admit the prosperity, and do not strenuously gainsay that protection has had somewhat to do with producing this result, but take refuge behind the plea that if protection has made times better it has also made prices higher and greatly increased the cost of living.

The Boston Herald is among the free trade newspapers which struggle hard to find a dark side to the prosperity picture. The Herald has been at great pains to show that under protection the cost of living has been largely increased, and that the principal staples and necessities are very much higher than they were a year ago. As usual, however, in such attempt to make out a case, facts or no facts, a vast amount of exaggeration and misstatement are resorted to.

For example the Herald asserts that "four is fully 55 per cent higher than at the lowest point a year ago." Inquiry shows that on the date on which this assertion was made patent flour was quoted at \$4.80 per barrel of 196 pounds, against \$4.75 a year ago, an advance of less than 1 per cent, and not "55 per cent higher."

The Herald states that "corn is 9 to 10 per cent higher, granulated sugar over 17 per cent higher."

On the day when these false figures were given to the world corn closed at 32.37 cents, against 30.87 cents a year before; less than 5 and not "10 per cent higher," and the advance on sugars, caused by a tariff of 3-10ths of a cent per pound, made necessary by the increase of revenue called for in order to meet the additional \$11,490,000 of annual interest on bonds issued by the free trade administration to provide for deficits in the revenue, is not "17 per cent," but is 11.1 per cent on granulated, 9.7 on crushed and 10.8 per cent on raw sugar.

"Molasses is 7 to 9 per cent higher," says the Herald.

On that day Porto Rico molasses was quoted at 28 cents, the same price as a year ago.

"Pork is over 33 1/2 per cent higher." Mess pork was quoted at \$3.25, against \$3.50 the previous year.

"Mutton is over 25 per cent higher."

Here is some truth, for the price of mutton sheep has undergone a sharp advance since the adoption of the tariff on wool, and the sheep owners of the United States are more than \$100,000,000 richer in consequence.

"Potatoes are more than 100 per cent higher."

The average of quotations in the market was \$1.85, against \$1.06 a year ago, an advance of 75 per cent and not "more than 100 per cent," and the fact is dishonestly suppressed that the difference is wholly due to the failure of the crop.

"Apples are more than 100 per cent higher."

Apples, in fact, average \$2, against \$1.03 per barrel a year ago, which is not "over 100 per cent," but again the failure of this crop is dishonestly suppressed.

"Butter is more than 15 per cent higher."

Best state butter was quoted at 20 cents, against 18 cents a year ago, which is not more than "15 per cent higher."

"Eggs are over 10 per cent higher."

The best state eggs were quoted at 23 cents, against 26 cents a year ago, which is lower, and not "over 10 per cent higher."

"Wool is from 80 per cent to 100 per cent higher, and the trade in woolen goods is struggling to get the prices of woolen cloths up to a par with wool. Who is to pay for this increased cost of woolen cloths?"

The average of 100 quotations of domestic wool was 20.73 cents, against 19.92 a year ago, which is 59 per cent advance, and not "from 80 to 100 per cent higher." Also, the truth is dishonestly suppressed that woolen cloths were selling only 14.1 per cent higher than a year ago, taking the average of many representative goods of standard grades, and that the cost of made-up clothing had not yet advanced at all. When the people do pay a higher price for clothing they will pay it for the restoration of work and prosperity to more than a million people dependent upon woolen mill operatives, of whom about a third were idle a year ago.

"Hides are 40 per cent higher, and boot and shoe makers are trying hard to fet this increased cost out of boots and shoes. Is this of supreme benefit to the great majority?"

The average of quotations for hides at Chicago was 138.76, against 118.52 a year ago; an advance of 17 per cent, but not of "40 per cent." The fact is dishonestly suppressed that the average cost of leather was on that day a shade lower at Boston than a year ago, and that the average selling price of boots and shoes, taking the standard grades of each class, was 1 1/2 per cent lower than a year ago.

On the date on which the above com-

parisons were made, the aggregate cost of several hundred articles, covering more than nine-tenths of the cost of living, was less than 2 per cent higher than it was 12 months previous. The plain fact of the matter is that, while there has been a considerable advance in the current market values of many agricultural products, thus giving to the American farmer the first real lift he has had for several years, and at the same time improving business in every department, the cost of living has not been materially increased as a consequence.

It is not so much because of higher prices as because of more work, better wages, more money in circulation, greater purchasing power on the part of wage earners, larger demand and general prosperity has been raised up to an average higher than has been known ever several years past.

Two Kinds of Deficits.

This from the Cleveland Plaindealer is an unusually frank acknowledgment for a free trade newspaper to make:

Certainly during the last six months, when our revenue has fallen short at the rate of over \$6,000,000 per month, our people having been purchasing more of our own goods than they had at any time for two years previous, and more money has gone into circulation and more men have been at work.

Enemies of protection and fair play would win more respect and obtain a more attentive hearing if they told the truth more frequently. Admissions from a free trade writer as candid as that quoted from the Plaindealer are as rare as white blackbirds.

Deficits occurred with great regularity during the four years of low tariff and no tariff, and upward of \$200,000 of indebtedness was incurred to bridge over the shortage in the revenues. None of the free trade people then had spasms on that account; it is only since protection is once more in operation that they worry about deficits.

But there are worse things than deficits, and the Plaindealer tacitly acknowledges as much when it bears witness to the fact that times have been extremely prosperous in spite of the shortage of \$6,000,000 per month. If we must have deficits, let us have the kind that have temporarily occurred under the Dingley law, where everybody is prosperous, instead of the Wilson sort, when, in addition to deficits in government revenues, there were disastrous depletions of the revenues of the great mass of wage earners and wage payers.

Sensible and Patriotic.

"Fairness," said Mr. J. Edward Simmons, in a recent speech at the annual banquet of the Clearing House Association at Rochester, N. Y., "requires that a new tariff law be given a trial, as a tree does not bear fruit immediately after it is planted." The man who administered this deserved rebuke to the croakers and pessimists who pronounce the Dingley law "a tariff for deficit only," occupies the foremost financial position, outside of the federal government, held by any citizen of the United States. Mr. Simmons is president of the Clearing House Association, and also president of the Fourth National bank of New York. He is moreover a Democrat and not a protectionist. At least, he was not a protectionist a year ago, but like many another free trade theorist, has lately had much cause to doubt whether the patriotic policy of America for Americans has not, after all, much to commend it in the matter of developing commercial and industrial prosperity.

Whatever may be the private view of President Simmons on this question, he makes no secret of his contempt for that class of calamity howlers who would rather see ruin than good times if the latter must be accredited to the results of protection. It is the contempt that all good citizens must feel for people who condemn the new tariff before it has had the ghost of a chance to demonstrate its effectiveness in the matter of producing revenue.

The Poetry of Protection.

Just a little dollar, on its mission sent, makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher, for meat to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer from whom it goes at length, some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rival sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent, it stays a dollar still, and every time 'tis spent at home, some act of good is done in "booming" local industries, ere setting of the sun.

But if you take that shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter, the carriagewright, the blacksmith, every one, will lose the chance to touch that coin ere setting of the sun.

Just keep the little coin at home, just keep it moving well, and every time it changes hands somebody's goods 'twill sell. That single little dollar has thus a wondrous power to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bill and wards off ill, and ne'er its power relaxes to soothe the doctor, buy the coal and pay for clothes and taxes.

Repeated Just in Time.

"It is a good thing the Wilson act was not given an opportunity to show that it could raise enough revenue. By the time that point had been reached the sap and life would have gone from our own industries."—Wilmington News.

Competition of Cheap Labor.

The Fall River "Globe" recently dispatched a representative to the cotton manufacturing regions of the South, with a view to obtaining reliable facts as to the extent and character of this Southern competition which is now becoming such an important factor in the industrial problem in New England. This agent has spent some time in the Piedmont district, where the cotton manufacturing industry is quite extensively established and where New England manufacturers say they experience the most formidable competition. The "Globe" presents the results of its representative's investigations in that field. Under date of December 15 he writes from Charlotte, N. C., opening his letter with the question, "Southern competition—what does it amount to?" and answering as follows: "Believe the man who runs the Louise mills, the largest cotton manufacturing concern in this city, and it amounts to just this—the Northern mills must go out of business, for they never will be able to compete with the mills in this section of the country on the line of goods they are now manufacturing, and there is every prospect that in the years to come mills will be in operation here making every kind of goods which the Northern manufacturer makes to-day and much more cheaply. This is putting it strong. It is not my opinion, but his."

The "Globe" correspondent quotes a pamphlet issued under the auspices of the Charlotte Board of Aldermen, in which it is set forth that within 100 miles of Charlotte there are over 200 cotton mills operating 1,621,215 spindles and 43,973 looms, which are claimed to be the most successful of all textile industries not only in the South but in the United States. He says that the operatives are temperate and industrious, and that there is no clashing of races among them. Hours of labor are long, wages are low, living is cheap and everybody is contented and happy. From his story it looks very much as if the great industries of New England are threatened by the cheap labor of the South.

A Span of Sense.

The New York Evening Post is good enough to say that "the Republican resolution to make no change in the tariff this winter is in every way commendable," because "the country has suffered so much from tariff tinkering that it desires above all things steadiness in one experiment or other." This is a remarkable spasm of good sense on the part of a free trade organ which in the past five months has done little else than raise a series of frantic hullabaloes about deficits and plate about the "failure" of the Dingley tariff.

The Situation Has Changed.

Hundreds of thousands of men who were idle at the beginning of the McKinley administration are now employed, thanks, largely, to the passage of the Dingley bill, which gives sustaining protection to our manufacturers, and there has been, too, a noticeable increase in wages.—Kansas City Journal.

A Yankee Romance.

Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unmined in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is known to the writer to be true: Years ago a summer boarder, at a cottage on a point of land which formed the protecting arm of the harbor of a fishing town in Massachusetts, was shown a girl baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired; then said to the mother: "Will you give me that babe for my wife?" The mother had known the young man for several summers; she liked him, and therefore answered promptly, "Yes." "Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?" "Yes." The conditions of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was eighteen he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing town?