

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

He knew that at that hour Marjorie would be from home, wandering in the fields, perhaps, with her little boy, or visiting some of her old village friends. Feeling strong in this hope, he hurried on toward the Castle.

He found Miss Hetherington alone. She was glad to see him, but rated him soundly on what she termed his neglect.

"It is not for me to control ye if ye dinna wish to come, Johnnie Sutherland," she said. "You're your own maister, and ye can gang your own gait, but it's scarcely fair to Marjorie. She's lonesome, poor lassie, and she takes it ill that ye come so seldom."

"Miss Hetherington," returned Sutherland, "I stayed away not because I wished, but because I took too much pleasure in coming. I love Marjorie. I've loved her ever since I was a lad, and I shall love her till I die. I couldn't come before, knowing she had a husband; but it's for you to say now whether I may come in or not."

"For me? What do you mean, Johnnie Sutherland?"

For answer he put both the letter and paper in her hand, and bade her read. She did read; eagerly at first, but as she proceeded her hand trembled, the tears streamed from her eyes and the paper fell from her grasp.

"God forgive me!" she cried; "it's an evil thing to rejoice at the death of a fellow-creature, yet I cannot but rejoice. He broke the heart of my poor bairn, and he tried to crush down me, but Heaven be praised! we are both free now. Johnnie Sutherland, you say that you love her? Weel, I'm glad. You're a good lad. Comfort her if you can, and may God bless ye both."

That very night Marjorie learned the news from Miss Hetherington. The old lady told it with a ring of joy in her voice, but Marjorie listened with a shudder. After all, the man was her husband. Despite his cruelty, she had once almost loved him; and, though she could not mourn him as a widow should, she tried to respect the dead. But it was only for a while; then the cloud lifted, and she almost thanked God that she was free.

Sutherland now became a constant visitor at the Castle, and sometimes it seemed to him and to Marjorie also that their early days had returned; the same, yet not the same, for the old Castle looked bright and genial now, and it was, moreover, presided over by a bright, genial mistress.

Things could not last thus forever. Marjorie knew it; and one evening she was awakened from her strange dream. She had been out during the afternoon with her little boy, and as they were walking back toward the Castle they were joined by Sutherland. For a time the three remained walking together, little Leon clinging on to Sutherland's hand; but after a while the child ran on to pluck some flowers, and left the two together.

"How he loves you!" said Marjorie, noting the child's backward glance; "I don't think he will ever forget the ride you gave him on the roundabouts at the Champs Elysees—you were very kind to him; you were very kind to us both."

She paused, but he said nothing; presently she raised her eyes, and she saw that he was looking fixedly at her. She blushed and turned her head aside, but he gained possession of her hand.

"Marjorie," he said, "you know why I was kind to you, do you not? It was because I loved you, Marjorie, I love you now—I shall always love you; tell me, will you some day be my wife?"

The word was spoken, either for good or evil, and he stood like a man awaiting his death sentence. For a time she did not answer; when she turned her face toward him it was quite calm.

"Have you thought well?" she said. "I am not what I was. I am almost an old woman now, and there is my boy."

"Let him be my boy, Marjorie; do not say 'No!'"

She turned toward him and put both her hands in his.

"I say 'Yes,'" she answered, "with all my heart, but not yet—not yet!"

Later on that evening, when little Leon lay peacefully sleeping in his cot, and Miss Hetherington was dozing in her easy-chair, Marjorie, creeping from the house, walked in the Castle grounds to think over her new-found happiness alone. Was it all real, she asked herself, or only a dream? Could it be true that she, after all her troubles, would find so much peace? It seemed strange, yet it must be true. Yes, she was free at last.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AFTER the confession of her love for Sutherland, and the promise his love had wrung from her trembling lips, Marjorie was not a little troubled.

Again and again she reproached herself for want of fidelity to Caussidie's memory, for she was tender-hearted, and could not readily forget what the man had once been to her.

Infinite is the capacity for forgiveness

implanted in the heart of a loving woman, and now that Caussidie had gone to his last account, a deep and sacred pity took possession of his victim's heart.

Sutherland saw the signs of change with some anxiety, but had sufficient wisdom to wait until time should complete its work and efface the Frenchman's memory from Marjorie's mind. When they met he spoke little to her of love, or of the tender hope which bound them together; his talk was rather of the old childish days, when they were all in all to one another; of old friends and old recollections, such as sweeten life. He was very gentle and respectful to her; only showing in his eyes the constancy of his tender devotion, never harshly expressing it in passionate words.

But if Sutherland was patient and self-contained, it was far different with the impulsive lady of the Castle. No sooner was she made aware of the true state of affairs than she was anxious that the marriage should take place at once.

"I'm an old woman now, Marjorie," she cried, "and the days of my life are numbered. Before I gang awa' let me see you a happy bride—let me be sure you have a friend and protector while I'm asleep among the moors."

She was sitting in her boudoir in her great arm-chair, looking haggard and old indeed. The fire in her black eyes had faded away, giving place to a dreamy and wistful pity; but now and again, as on the present occasion, it flashed up like the gleam upon the blackening brand.

Marjorie, who was seated sewing by her mother's side, sadly shook her head.

"I cannot think of it yet," she replied, "I feel it would be sacrilege."

"Sacrilege, say you?" returned Miss Hetherington. "The sacrilege was 'twixt you and Frenchman, when he beguiled you awa', and poisoned your young life, my bairn. You owed him no duty living, and you owe him none dead. He was an ill limmer, and thank God he's in his grave!"

"Ah, do not speak ill of him now. If he has sinned he has been punished. To die—so young."

And Marjorie's gentle eyes filled with tears.

"If he wasna ripe, do you think he would be gathered?" exclaimed Miss Hetherington, with something of her old fierceness of manner. "My certie, he was ripe—and rotten; Lord forgive me for miscalling the dead! But, Marjorie, my bairn, you're o'er tender-hearted. Forget the past! Forget everything but the happy future that lies before you! Think you're just a young lass marrying for the first time, and marrying as good a lad as ever wore shoon north o' the Tweed."

Marjorie rose from her seat, and walking to the window, looked dreamily down at the Castle garden, still tangled as a maze and overgrown with weeds. As she did so, she heard a child's voice, calling in French: "Maman! Maman!"

It was little Leon, playing in the old garden, attended by a Scottish serving maid, who had been taken on as nurse. He saw Marjorie looking down, and looking up with a face bright as sunshine, waved his hands to her in delight.

"How can I think as you say," she said, glancing round at her mother, "when I have my boy to remind me that I am a widow? After all, he's my husband's child—a gift that makes amends for all my sorrow."

As she spoke she kissed her hand fondly to the child, and looked down at him through streaming tears of love.

"Weel, weel," said the old lady, soothingly; "I'm no saying but that it's well to forget and forgive. Only your life must not be wasted, Marjorie! I must see you settled down before I gang."

"You will not leave me, dear mother!" answered Marjorie, returning to her side and bending over her. "No, no; you are well and strong."

"What's that the auld sang says?" returned Miss Hetherington, smoothing the girl's hair with her wrinkled hand, as she repeated thoughtfully:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away.

That's it Marjorie! I'm an old woman now—old before my time. God has been kind to me, far kinder than I deserve; but the grass will soon be green on my grave in the kirkyard. Let me sleep in peace! Marry Johnnie Sutherland w' my blessing, and I shall ken you will never want a friend."

Such tender reasoning had its weight with Marjorie, but it failed to conquer her scruples altogether. She still remained in the shadow of her former sorrow, fearful and ashamed to pass, as she could have done at one step, into the full sunshine of the newer and brighter life.

So the days passed on, till at last there occurred an event so strange, so unexpected, and spirit compelling, that it threatened for a time to drive our heroine into madness and despair.

One summer afternoon Marjorie, accompanied by little Leon, met Sutherland in the village, and walked with him to Solomon's cottage. They found

the old man in the garden, looking unusually bright and hale; but his talk was still confused; he mingled the present with the past, and continued to speak of Marjorie, and to address her, as if she were still a child.

The sun was setting when they left him, turning their steps toward Annandale Castle. They lingered slowly along the road, talking of indifferent things, and sweetly happy in each other's society, till it was growing dark.

Then Marjorie held out her hand. "Let me go with you to the Castle gate," said Sutherland eagerly.

"Not to-night," answered Marjorie. "Pray, let me walk alone, with only little Leon."

Very unwillingly he acquiesced, and suffered her to depart. He watched her sadly till her figure disappeared in the darkness, moving toward the lonely bridge across the Annan.

Having wished Sutherland good-night, Marjorie took the child by the hand and walked back across the meadows toward the Castle. It was a peaceful gloaming; the stars were shining brightly, the air was balmy; so she sauntered along, thinking dreamily of the past.

She walked up by the bridge, and looked down at Annan Water, flowing peacefully onward.

As she looked she mused. Her life had begun with trouble, but surely all that was over now. Her days in Paris seemed to be fading rapidly into the dimness of the past; there was a broken link in her chain of experience, that was all. Yes, she would forget it, and remember only the days which she had passed at Annandale.

And yet how could she do so? There was the child, little Leon, who looked at her with her father's eyes, and spoke his childish prattle in tones so like those of the dead man, that they sometimes made her shudder. She lifted the boy in her arms.

"Leon," she said, "do you remember Paris, my child—do you remember your father?"

The child looked at her, and half shrunk back in fear. How changed she had become! Her cheeks were burning feverishly, her eyes sparkling.

"Mamma," said the boy, half drawing from her, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, darling," she said.

She pressed him fondly to her, and set him again upon the ground. They walked on a few steps farther, when she paused again, sat down upon the grass, and took the boy upon her knee.

"Leon," she said, patting his cheek and soothing back his hair. "You love Annandale, do you not?"

"Yes, mamma, and grandmamma, and Mr. Sutherland."

"And—and you would be able to forget the dreadful time we spent in Paris?"

"And papa?"

"My darling, your father is dead." She pressed the child to her again; raised her eyes and looked straight into the face of her husband.

Caussidie!

It was indeed he, or his spirit, standing there in the starlight, with his pale face turned toward her, his eyes looking straight into hers. For a moment they looked upon one another—he made a movement toward her, when, with a wild cry, Marjorie clasped her child still closer to her, and sank back swooning upon the ground.

When she recovered her senses she was still lying where she had fallen; the child was kneeling beside her, crying bitterly, and Caussidie, the man, and not his spirit, was bending above her. When she opened her eyes, he smiled, and took her hand.

"It is I, little one," he said. "Do not be afraid."

With a shudder she withdrew her hand, and rose to her feet and faced him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARSH ENVIRONMENT.

These People Are Stunted by It More Surely Than by Heredity.

In Limousin there is a barren range of low hills which lies along the dividing line between the departments of Dordogne, Correze and Haute-Vienne, about half way between Perigueux and Limoges, says Popular Science Monthly. The water courses show the location of these uplands. They extend over an area about seventy-five miles long and half as wide, wherein average human misery is most profound. Dense ignorance prevails. There is more illiteracy than in any other part of France. The contrast in stature, even with the low average of all the surrounding region, is clearly marked by the dark tint. There are sporadic bits of equal dimnitness elsewhere to the south and west, but none are so extended or so extreme. Two-thirds of the men are below five feet three inches in height, in some of the communes, and the women are three or more inches shorter even than this. One man in ten is below four feet eleven inches in stature. This is not due to race, for several racial types are equally stunted in this way within the same area. It is primarily due to generations of subjection to a harsh climate, to a soil which is worthless for agriculture, to a steady diet of belled chestnuts and stagnant water, and to unsanitary dwellings in the deep, narrow and damp valleys. Still further proof may be found to show that these people are not stunted by any hereditary influence, for it has been shown that children born here, but who migrate and grow up elsewhere, are normal in height; while those born elsewhere, but who are subject to this environment during the growing period of youth, are proportionately dwarfed.

Spain's New War Ships

Pushing Work on Three Armored Cruisers of a Type Superior to the Vizcaya.

The Spanish government is doing all within its power to augment the strength of her navy, and with that end in view, orders have been given to push forward the three new armored cruisers, the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Asturias and Cataluna, which this country is building, and which are described in the following articles, taken from that excellent weekly naval illustrated paper, El Mundo Naval, written by Lieutenant of the Navy Mario Rubio Munoz:

"The navy is anxiously awaiting the happy completion of the three armored cruisers which are being built in the arsenals of Ferrol, Carraca and Cartagena. The general description given in brief in a previous number, when we described to our readers the cruisers Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya and Oquendo, are repeated in reference to their sister ships in all that relates to the general type; but there will be a large number of new details which augment their fighting value in the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Asturias and Cataluna.

Armament to Be Heavier.
"Apart from the small variations of external appearance, the differences to which we allude are for the main part introduced in the armament of the new cruisers, which is to be heavier and at the same time more complete.

"The characteristics of these cruisers are the following: Length, 106 meters; breadth, 18m. 8cm.; draught, 6m. 6cm.; displacement, 7,000 tons; engines, 15,000 horse power, and speed 20 knots. Armor: Belt, 31cm.; deck, 5cm.; gun position, 27cm., and conning tower, 31cm. Armament: Hontoria system, 24cm., 2; 14cm. quick firing, 10; small calibre, 20; torpedo tubes, 8.

"If our readers will take the pains to compare these official figures with those of the Infanta Maria Teresa, Vizcaya and Oquendo they will find in the newly built cruisers an increase of 1,200 horse power in the engines, which

that idea in mind the new cruisers have been equipped, for the rapid firing guns are perfectly protected by armor, and with special provision for a separate supply of shell.

Better Than Old Type.
"These points will mark the supremacy of the Cardinal Cisneros, Princesa de Asturias and Cataluna over the Infanta Maria Theresa type. The rapid evolution which has taken place in naval construction of modern times, age in a short time the most admired and renowned ships; the sphere of action of the critic expands and extends logically under such circumstances, and daring are the arguments of those who seek to show that efficiency is wanting."

HERO OF MAINE DISASTER.

Brave "Bill" Anthony, marine orderly of the ill-fated battleship Maine, has a record to be proud of. Amidst the shrieks of wounded sailors and the rush of flames, with the great steel ship settling to its grave and the dead lying thick upon its shattered decks, brave Anthony made his report to Captain Sigsbee.

That report—the essence of courage and discipline—should live in American history.

"Sir," said the gallant orderly, standing at salute. "I have to inform you that the ship has been blown up and is sinking."

"Bill" Anthony has carried a rifle in Uncle Sam's service since he was 17 years old. His father was a boss truckman in New York in the old days when Fifty-ninth street was out in the suburbs, and "Bill" was born within a stone's throw of the battery. He was a natural born soldier, six feet two inches tall, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, slender-limbed, and stout-hearted.

The family moved to New Jersey just about the time "Bill" completed a rath-

er excess, but invariably just at the wrong time when his commanding officers—favorite though he was—could not wink at the offense.

His last army service was at West Point, where he figured to the admiration of cadets and everybody else as drum major. "Bill's" splendid figure and profound knowledge of soldiery won him this appointment.

Ten years ago he left the army and enlisted as a marine. It was the old story over again—rapid advancements, followed by the inevitable setbacks, all due to unwise conviviality. Not that "Bill" ever transgressed while on duty—for a firmer disciplinarian never wore a marine uniform. Over at the Brooklyn navy yard Anthony is well known and well liked. He was stationed there for two years, and during the greater part of that time served as clerk in the recruiting office.

Anthony was detailed to the Brooklyn on his cruise in the China seas. Upon his return he was sent to the Maine,



DIVER ON THE WRECKED MAINE, where his soldierly merit won him the post of marine orderly.

Wreck of the Ashuelot.

Lieutenant Frank S. Hotchkiss, of Chicago, who served eighteen years in the United States navy, and then retired into commercial life, says that if the Maine had not been a warship the disaster might have been much worse than it was. The lieutenant was an officer on board the fated Ashuelot when that warship was wrecked in the China sea. Eight men were lost—three Chinese who were looting the officers' quarters, and five "middles" who jumped overboard, crazed by fear. The Ashuelot was built for service on the Mississippi during the war, and fifteen years ago, Feb. 23, was in Chinese waters. She was walled in by a heavy fog when at 4 o'clock in the morning Lieutenant Hotchkiss went to relieve the watch. He had scarcely put foot on deck when the lookout cried: "Land on the starboard beam!" The next minute the ship struck, and had it not been for the discipline the whole outfit would have gone to the bottom. The loss of the ship caused an inquiry and a court-martial, and the captain and the navigator were disciplined. "If ever I am in a marine disaster again," quoth the lieutenant, "I desire that it shall be on a man-of-war."

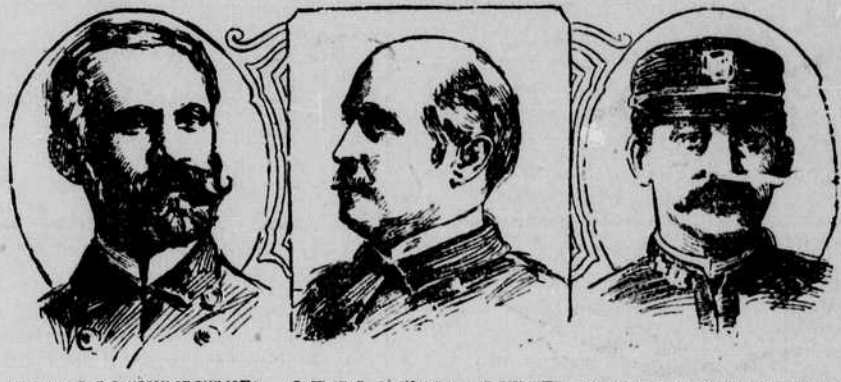
Wheelmen in Training.

An experienced trainer asked to condense the best information he could give a new racing man, answered as follows: "Eat almost everything except 'green stuff,' potatoes and turnips. Make beef, dry toast and weak tea the principle articles of food. Do not be afraid of ice cream and ripe fruit at your meals. Be in bed at 9 o'clock each night and up at 6 in the morning. Take a cool spray bath on rising. Do not use tobacco or drink any kind of liquor. For rubbing mixtures so dear to all racing men use witch hazel mixed with a very little peppermint oil. Mix in the proportion of one pint of witch hazel to five cents' worth of oil. Do not depend so much on the mixture as on the rubbing. Have the body well rubbed over. Knead every muscle. End by briskly rubbing in order to bring blood to the surface nicely.—Exchange.

An Artists' Model's Card.

Even artists' models nowadays use the latest form of advertisement. One lady in Paris leaves the following visiting card at the house of certain famous painters: "X—, model. Fine and spiritual figure. Civil as well as military uniforms of all epochs worn with the same style of excellence.—Das Fremdenblatt, Vienna.

Man's "science" may be quite irreconcilable with man's "theology," but God's "Word" and God's "work" can never contradict each other.



MAINE BOARD OF INQUIRY.

of course will give a large increase of speed. In addition to this there is the finer model which will add still further speed. The armored belt which defends the vital parts of the Cardinal Cisneros is larger and the quality of the plates has improved, and we maintain hopes that the sister ship in Bilbao will have even stronger resistive power. The defensive power of the whole has also increased not a little, for they have the exceptional advantage of the installation of a battery of 14cm. quick firing guns.

Compared with Our Ships.

"It seems, in our opinion, well to form comparative data with other navies as the best means of appreciating the relative value of the national forces and with that object in view we present to our readers for reference and analogy the three most powerful armored cruisers flying the United States flag, which serve to-day as the sword of Damocles to our Spanish pessimists.

"The four fundamental properties of this class of ship, power defensive and offensive speed and radius of action, can be easily appreciated by the data which follows:

	U. S. Cruiser	U. S. Cruiser	U. S. Cruiser	U. S. Cruiser	U. S. Cruiser
	Albatross	Albatross	Albatross	Albatross	Albatross
Displacement, Tons.	6,800	6,700	7,000	8,200	9,250
Machinery, H. power.	8,000	10,000	15,000	17,000	18,000
2 1/2" Belt, in cm.	30	30	31	10	2.5
Deck plating, cm.	7.6	10	5	12	15
Gun position, cm.	30	30	27	35	14
From 22 to 26cm.	3	4	3	—	—
From 16 to 22cm.	—	—	—	6	8
From 14 to 15cm.	6	6	10	—	—
Of which:	—	—	—	12	12
Smaller	—	—	—	20	20
Torpedo tubes	6	6	8	2	4
Speed in knots	17	17	20.5	21	21
Radius of action in miles	3,500	3,500	10,000	12,000	6,000

Deduction From Figures.

"Direct deduction from the preceding figures enables us without any straining of our conscience to call our three national cruisers superiores in absolute over their foreign antagonists, but, nevertheless, the eloquence of those figures should be sufficient to inspire in the pessimists and incredulous the necessary peace of mind, to close the mouths of those who are constantly stating that the Spanish forces are defective and those who so freely criticize the naval profession in our country.

"Recent experiences of such importance as that of the battle of the Yalu, in the Chino-Japanese war, have demonstrated the supremacy of quick firing ordnance, and the former custom of trusting to guns of immense calibre has gone out of date, while to-day the great aim of constructors is middle sized guns well protected. With

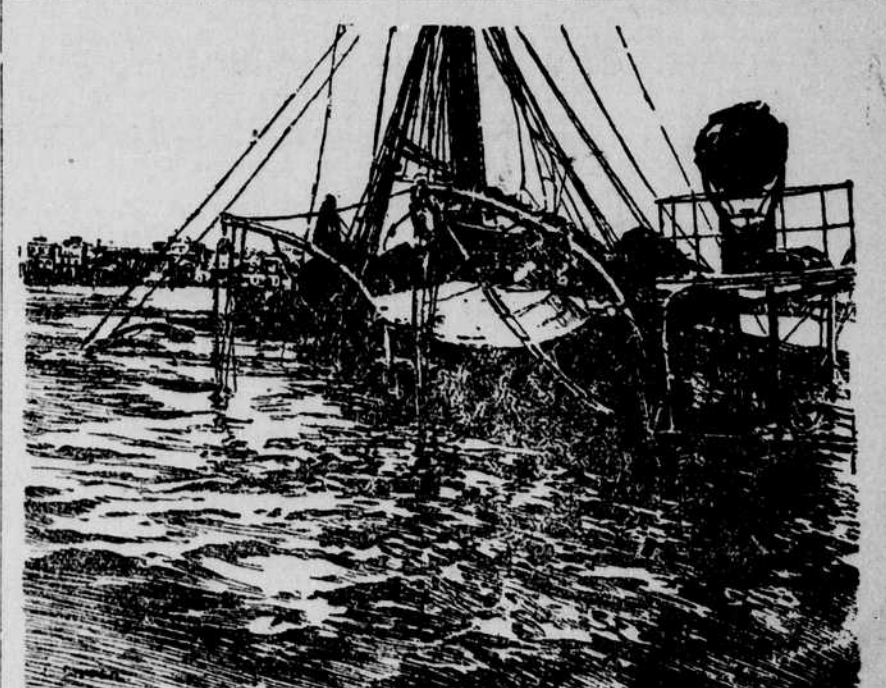
er turbulent career in the public schools and one morning he vanished. "Bill" had enlisted. That happened twenty-eight years ago, and from that moment Anthony has never ceased to wear the uniform.

His first active service carried him to the Carolinas, where the Ku Klux were busily engaged in their deviltries. There he laid the foundation for his soldierly reputation. His commanding officer in those early days was Major Steward, long since retired, but still living.

Years later a young man drifted into the marine corps as a volunteer, a slender, soft-handed fellow, who was the butt of the company until "Bill" Anthony, the pride of the barracks, called a halt. The recruit proved to be the wayward son of Anthony's old major, and the big marine watched over him like a father.

Anthony saw fourteen years of soldiering, most of it on the western plains before he threw in his fortunes with the marines. He was always a marked man in the service, conspicuous for his magnificent physique, his cool courage, and perfect discipline.

As a non-commissioned officer he filled every position known to the military code, and filled them well. There was just one blemish in brave "Bill's" character—a blemish which many believe alone kept him out of a commission. "Bill" would drink, not often to



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRECKED BATTLESHIP MAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.