



CHAPTER XVII—(CONTINUED.) To go to Edinburgh would take her too far from her beloved dead, while the thought of living with Miss Hetherington at Annandale Castle positively appalled her. She said "No."

The lady of the Castle received the refusal kindly, saying, that although Marjorie could not take up her residence at the Castle, she must not altogether avoid it. "Come when you wish, my bairn," concluded the old lady. "You'll aye be welcome. We are both lonely women now, and must comfort one another."

During the first few days, however, Marjorie did not go. She sat at home during the day, and in the dusk of the evening, when she believed no one would see her, she went forth to visit the churchyard and cry beside her foster-father's grave. At length, however, she remembered the old lady's kindly words, and putting on her bonnet and a thick veil, she one morning set out on a visit to Annandale Castle.

Marjorie had not seen Miss Hetherington since that day she came down to the funeral; when, therefore, she was shown into the lady's presence, she almost uttered a frightened cry. There sat the grim mistress of the Castle in state, but looking as worn and faded as her faded surroundings. Her face was pinched and worn, as if with heart eating grief or mortal disease. She received the girl fondly, yet with something of her old imperious manner, and during the interview she renewed the offer of protection.

But Marjorie, after looking at the dreary room and its strange mistress, gave a most decided negative. She remained with Miss Hetherington only a short time, and when she left the Castle, her mind was so full of solicitude that she walked along utterly oblivious to everything about her. Suddenly she started and uttered a glad cry of surprise. A man had touched her on the shoulder, and lifting her eyes, she beheld her lover.

The Frenchman was dressed as she had last seen him, in plain black; his face was pale and troubled. Marjorie, feeling that new sense of desolation upon her, drew near to his side. "Ah, monsieur," she said, "you have come—at last."

"Most assuredly I must soon go. My future is brightening before me, and I am glad—thank heaven!—there are few dark clouds looming ahead to sadden our existence, my child. The tyrant who desecrates France will one day fall; meantime his advisers have persuaded him to pardon many political offenders, myself amongst them. So I shall see France again! God is good! When He restores me to my country he will give me also my wife. Put your little hand in mine and say, 'Leon, I trust you with all my heart.' Say it, my child, and believe me, your faith shall not be misplaced."

He held forth his hand to her, and Marjorie, tremblingly raising her eyes to his face, said in broken accents, "I do trust you." So a second time the troth was plighted, and whether for good or ill, Marjorie's fate was sealed.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE day following her final promise to Caussidiere, Marjorie received intimation that the new minister was coming without delay to take possession of the living. Her informant was Solomon Mucklebackit, whose funeral despair was tempered with a certain lofty scorn.

On the following Saturday arrived the new minister, prepared to officiate for the first time in the parish. He was a youngish man, with red hair and beard, and very pink complexion; but his manners were unassuming and good natured. His wife and family, he explained, were about to follow him in about ten days; and in the meantime his furniture and other chattels were coming on by train. Shown over the manse by Solomon, he expressed no little astonishment at finding only two or three rooms furnished, and those very barely.

"Mr. Lorraine never married?" he inquired, as they passed from room to room. "The meenister was a wise man," replied Solomon, ambiguously. "He lived and he de'd in single sanctity, according to the holy commandments of the Apostle Paul."

"Just so," said Mr. Freeland, with a smile. "Well, I shall find the manse small enough for my belongings. Mistress Freeland has been used to a large house, and we shall need every room. The chamber facing the river, up stairs, will make an excellent nursery."

"My ain bedroom!" muttered Solomon. "Weel, weel, I'm better out of the house." At the service on the following day there was a large attendance to welcome the new minister. Solomon occupied his usual place as precursor, and his face, as Mr. Freeland officiated above him, was a study in its expression of mingled scorn, humiliation and despair.

But the minister had a resonant voice, and a manner of thumping the cushion which carried conviction to the hearts of all unprejudiced observers. The general verdict upon him, when the service was over, was that he was the right man in the right place, and "a grand preacher." The congregation slowly cleared away, while Marjorie, lingering behind, walked sadly to the grave of her old foster-father, and stood looking upon it through fastly-falling tears. So rapt was she in her own sorrow that she did not hear a footstep behind her, and not till Caussidiere had come up and taken her by the hand was she aware of his presence.

She looked at him in wonder. Ah, how good and kind he was! Knowing her miserable birth, seeing her friendless and almost cast away, he would still be beside her, to comfort and cherish her with his deep affection. If she had ever doubted his sincerity, could she doubt it now?

Half an hour later Caussidiere was walking rapidly in the direction of Annandale Castle. He looked supremely self-satisfied and happy, and hummed a light French air as he went. Arriving at the door, he knocked, and the serving-woman appeared in answer to the summons.

"Miss Hetherington, if you please." "You canna see her," was the sharp reply. "What's your business?" "Give her this card, if you please, and tell her I must see her without delay."

After some hesitation the woman carried the card away, first shutting the door unceremoniously in the visitor's face. Presently the door opened again, and the woman beckoned him in.

He followed her along the gloomy lobbies, and up stairs, till they reached the desolate boudoir which he had entered on a former occasion. The woman knocked. "Come in," said the voice of her mistress.

Caussidiere entered the chamber, and found Miss Hetherington, wrapped in an old-fashioned morning gown, seated in an arm-chair at her escritoire. Parchments, loose papers and packets of old letters lay scattered before her. She wheeled her chair sharply round as he entered, and fixed her eyes upon the Frenchman's face. She looked inexpressibly wild and ghastly, but her features wore an expression of indomitable resolution.

Caussidiere bowed politely, then, turning softly, he closed the door. "What brings you here?" demanded the lady of the Castle.

"I wish to see you, my lady," he returned. "First, let me trust that you are better, and apologize for having disturbed you on such a day." Miss Hetherington knitted her brows and pointed with trembling forefinger to a chair.

"Sit down," she said. Caussidiere obeyed her, and sat down, hat in hand. There was a pause, broken at last by the lady's querulous voice. "Weel, speak! Have you lost your tongue, man? What's your will with me?"

Caussidiere replied with extreme suavity: "I am anxious, my lady, that all misunderstanding should cease between us. To prove my sincerity, I will give you a piece of news. I have asked Miss Annan to marry me, and with your consent she is quite willing."

"What!" cried Miss Hetherington, half rising from her chair, and then sinking back with a gasp and a moan. "Have ye dared?" Caussidiere gently inclined his head. "And Marjorie—she has dared to accept ye, without warning me?"

"Pardon me, she is not aware that you have any right to be consulted. I, however, who acknowledge your right, have come in her name to solicit your kind approbation."

"And what do you threaten, man, if I say 'no'—a hundred times no?" Caussidiere shrugged his shoulders. "Parbleu, I threaten nothing; I am a gentleman, as I have told you. But should you put obstacles in my way, it may be unpleasant for all concerned."

Miss Hetherington rose to her feet, livid with rage, and shook her extended hands in her tormentor's face. "It's weel for you I'm no a man! If I were a man, ye would never pass that door again living! I defy ye—I scorn ye! Ye coward, to come here and molest a sick woman!"

She tottered as she spoke, and fell back into her chair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PRETTY SCREEN. One Which Can Be Easily and Inexpensively Made at Home. Soft pine wood panels of the desired size are cut by a carpenter and are then covered by stretching veLOURS, denim or any plain colored, durable material tightly across one side, tacked into place, and the reverse side covered with any good lining for the part of the screen not intended to show, says the Philadelphia Times.

The next step in the process is to cut stiff brown paper panels the size of the wooden ones, and on them draw in charcoal a simple outline, conventional pattern. If one is not original enough to do this alone, ask some friend to draw one, or copy some good design from an art magazine. The center panel should be the most prominent, while the side ones each have the same design, reversed to suit the branches of the screen and in its main features harmonizing with the center one.

When this is done, lay the paper on the panel, tack it in place and along each line of the pattern tack in gently upholstery nails, arranged carefully at equal distances. These should be indicated by pencil marks if one has not a correct eye. When this is done the paper is torn out from beneath the nails, consequently too tough paper should not be used, and each nail is then carefully driven home with a hammer until it sinks into the body of the material itself, giving a very rich metallic effect, for slight rust and little ingenuity. This style of screen is particularly well suited to dining rooms or halls, and may be made almost as effective without a framework, using the plain wooden panels hinged together after the work on them is completed.

Artificial habits are born tyrants.

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

A Moorish Execution—How a Murderer Was Put to Death for His Crime—An Odd Optical Illusion—In a Turkish Harem.

ELLEN Allanna. ELLEN Allanna, Ellen Asthore! Light of my soul and its queen evermore; It seems years have lingered since last we did part, Ellen Allanna, the pride of my heart. Oh! darling loved one, your dear smile I miss. My lips seem to cling to that sweet parting kiss; Mavourneen, thy dear face I see at the door, Ellen Allanna Angus Asthore.

Faithful I'll be to the colleen I adore, Ellen Allanna, Angus Asthore; Soon I'll be back to the colleen I adore, Ellen Allanna Angus Asthore.

Ellen Allanna, Ellen Asthore, The ocean's blue waters wash by the shore Of that dear land of shamrock, where thou dost abide, Waiting the day when I'll call thee my bride, God bless you, darling, I know you are true— True to the boy who would die now for you. My heart is now bleeding to its innermost core, Ellen Allanna Angus Asthore. —Townsend.

A Moorish Execution. A correspondent at Tangier gives the following account of the execution of a native for the murder of Herr Hassner, a German banker, in December last, says the London Times. The circumstances of the murder have remained extremely mysterious. The German legation there put pressure on the local authorities. After a short time a woman went over to Gibraltar for safety and sent word from there that she could throw light on the affair. Upon her information three men—a Spaniard and two Moors—were arrested and thrown into the kasbar (prison). Here they were tortured by the thumb-screw and the Spaniard confessed. He, however, was claimed by the Spanish authorities and what has become of him I do not know. The other two were kept in prison. They lay chained hand and foot by a heavy three-inch chain in a small dungeon, where they remained in almost pitch darkness from the end of December, with nothing to eat but bread and water and very little of that. Of course, had not the murdered man been a European, little would have been heard of the matter.

A message then came from the sultan that one of the men was to be shot. The basha, who is an authority here, desired this to be carried out in private, but the German minister insisted upon a public execution. On the day of the execution I went down to the Soko (market place). About a dozen Europeans only were present and among them were two French ladies on horseback. A posse of soldiers soon marched through the gateway, having in their midst the condemned man himself, seated on a donkey, with his feet chained together. I think he was too much dazzled to comprehend fully all that was passing. The prisoner was taken, unresisting, off the donkey and made to kneel with his face away from the soldiers. Two of the men were told off to shoot him. They refused, upon which the basha's head man with asperity repeated the order. Then they walked up to within five yards of the prisoner and fired two shots into his back. He rolled over, but was not dead. His body continued twitching spasmodically for fully five minutes, when an order was given to dispatch him finally, whereupon one of the men walked up to him, placed a gun close to his head and fired. The corpse was buried in sacred ground. All the Moors, even the authorities, basha included, looked upon the prisoner as a martyr. Why, they asked, should a good Mohammedan die for a dog of a Christian? The feeling is universal and if it were not for the legations Europeans would not be very safe.

Muzzling the Donkey. Donkeys instead of dogs may soon have to claim the serious attention of the board of agriculture, with the possibility of the proclamation of a general muzzling order. A man named James Knight of Chobham recently purchased a donkey of known vicious character from a person who had been unable to do anything with the brute. Knight, who is a powerful man, set himself to cure the animal of its evil habits. He turned it out on the common and when he wanted to capture his charge he enticed it to him by holding out a loaf of bread. This answered well for awhile. The owner was satisfied that his treatment was efficacious, but a day or two ago, when Knight was endeavoring to secure the animal in this fashion, it suddenly turned upon him savagely and fixed its teeth in his throat, and it was with great difficulty that the brute was beaten off. Knight was found to have sustained very serious injuries and Dr. Hope, who was summoned, ordered his immediate removal to the neighboring infirmary at Ottershaw, where he now lies. As for the donkey, a swift remedy was discovered. Eight men secured it with ropes and dragged it to a yard, where it was shot.—London Telegraph.

Swiss Village Houses. Some of the village houses in Switzerland have quaint sundials upon the front, and, where there are very fine ones, is not infrequently an inscription telling when the house was built and when restored, and perhaps a pious sentence in old German text, says the Christian Register. The roads through this valley constantly excited our admiration. They seem built for all time and are as well kept as a lady's parlor floor. These beautiful highways over the wildest passes show how effectually a paternal power watches over the safety and comfort of the traveler.

Some of the prettiest villas upon these hillsides are the summer houses of wealthy Swiss cooks, restaurant-keepers, confectioners and hotel proprietors to be found in all the large towns of Europe, and who return to their native valleys for rest and recreation. Though they may not be so socially distinguished in the places where they have acquired their wealth they have as good a position as need be desired in their early homes. The castle of the old family has often crumbled on the hill, but the new families in the valley survive and flourish here as elsewhere.

In a Turkish Harem. MRS. Max Muller, in her "Letters From Constantinople," tells of her visits to the harems of the great ladies and pays her respects to the wife of one of the ministers: "She was small and nice-looking, with brilliant eyes. She told me that she drove out once, at the utmost twice, in the year in a shut carriage, the only time she passed outside of those terrible walls. She was fond of her garden and her pets, cats and birds, but she had no children, and, I was told, lived in constant dread that her husband would in consequence divorce her, for very few Turks now have two wives.

"Her idea of European life was founded on French novels, which she read incessantly, and she said to me: 'Well, we are happier than you, for our husbands may fancy one of our slaves whom we know, but your husbands go about with French actresses whom you don't know.' Sweetmeats were brought in by slaves and then cigarettes, but I had to confess my ignorance of smoking, and lastly the delicious Turkey coffee in golden cup stands. The minister's wife is a good musician and her sister-in-law draws and paints, taught by the minister, who is quite a good artist, but, in spite of music and painting and French novels and lovely garden, I had a sad feeling that she was like a bird beating her wings against her golden cage. She had read too much to be content."

Odd Optical Illusions. In the following figure one pair of lines look gray and the other pair black. If now the page be held sideways the lines which look gray now appear black and the black lines have become gray.

A very curious illusion is due to the fact that different wave-lengths of light arrive at their maximum sensation at different times. Thus if the disk (figure 2) be cut out (and made into a top by mounting it on cardboard and pushing a wooden match through the center) it will be noticed that if spun from left to right the outer band will appear red and the innermost one blue. If the top be spun in the opposite direction the colors will be reversed. This is known as Benham's color top. In the same way if the disk (figure 3) be made into a top and spun the white band as it is spun from left to right will appear fringed with colors.

Another illusion of color, discovered by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F. R. S., is produced as follows: Cut out the disk (figure 4) and mount it on a card. Cut out the gap between A and B. Stick a long pin through the center and push it up to its head. Now hold the pin by its pointed end so that the card is suspended a few inches above a page of small, sharp print. Spin the card at the rate of five or six turns a second by flicking it with the finger. If you look down on the page the black letters seen through the gap of the disk will appear a red color, especially if you take the precaution to avoid shadows and to see that the print is brightly illuminated.

Conversion and Catchup. Odd mistakes sometimes happen in the making of a newspaper. Not long ago an article on the conversion of the heathen and a recipe for making tomato catchup stood side by side in the composing room ready to go into the form. In some way they were mixed, and this was the result: "They are accustomed to begin their work by securing heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel, then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender, then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through your sieve, and save time by not being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours."

Many a man has been arrested for forgery simply because he has tried to make a name for himself.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 5—PHIL. 2:1-11.

Golden Text: "Let This Mind Be in You, Which Was Also in Christ Jesus"—Phil. 2:5—Christ's Humanity and Exaltation.

Time.—A. D. 63, during Paul's imprisonment. Place.—This epistle was written from Rome to the church at Philippi, in Macedonia.

The City of Philippi.—Philippi, the chief city of the eastern division of Macedonia, was situated on the border of Thracia, and eight miles northwest of Neapolis, which was its seaport. It lay between two mountain ranges, and a paved Roman road led over the steep-range Symbolon from Neapolis to Philippi, over which Paul went.—Schaff. The Church.—Philippi.—The history of the founding of the church in the city of Philippi, the birthplace of European Christianity, is very fully narrated in the Acts (chapter 16). Eleven years had now passed; years of growth in the midst of severe persecution. Twice had Paul visited his Philippian brethren, and thrice had they sent supplies to their suffering apostle, and now again a fourth time to him in prison at Rome. The present epistle is the simple purpose of expressing his thanks and showing his deep interest in themselves. None of his epistles more abounds with language of true, heartfelt affection.—Whedon.

Analysis of the Epistle.—1. Address and salutation, 1:1-2. 2. Situation and labors of the apostle at Rome, 1:3-26. 3. The Lord's example and pattern for the observance of the church, 1:27-2:18. 4. Paul's assistant and collaborators, 2:19-20. 5. Warning against Judaistic faith and wicked deceivers, in contrast with the apostles, 3:1-4:1. 6. Final exhortation to co-operation between himself and the Philippian Church, 4:2-20. 7. Salutation and benediction, 4:21-23.—Braune.

Characteristics of the Epistle.—It is the warm, spontaneous outpouring of a loving heart expressing itself with unreserved gratitude and tenderness toward the favorite children of his ministry. It exhibits to us somewhat less than other epistles of Paul's peculiar teachings; it has this high source of interest—that it shows to us more of his character and feelings. . . . In this respect it somewhat resembles the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, except that in it Paul is writing to those who were kindest and most faithful to him, whereas in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians he had little cause for gratitude, and much need of forbearance. Amid the trials and suspense of a galling imprisonment it reveals to us, not directly, but as it were unconsciously the existence of an unquenchable happiness—peace—in the inmost heart of the ocean under the agitation of its surface storms. It was dictated by a worn and fettered Jew, the victim of gross perjury and the prey of contending enemies, subjected at a time when he was expected by hundreds of opponents, and consoled by a few who cared for him, and yet the substance of it all may be summed up in two sentences, "I rejoice; rejoice ye."—Farrar.

Approach to the Lesson.—When the apostle Paul would enjoin the Philippians to "look every man on the things of others," he points them to "the mind which was also in Christ Jesus." He does not content himself with merely stating the fact of our Lord's consciousness and death; but, as if the immensity of the stoop which Christ made were too great to be comprehended at once, he follows him downward from point to point till he has reached the lowest depth of his humiliation. As he felt toward us at a time when he was expected by hundreds of opponents, and consoled by a few who cared for him, and yet the substance of it all may be summed up in two sentences, "I rejoice; rejoice ye."—Farrar.

Lesson Hymn.—Come, O Thou greater than our heart, And make thy faithful mercies known; The mind which was in thee impart; Thy constant mind in us be shown. O let us by thy cross abide, Thee, only thee, resolved to know; The Lamb for sinners crucified, A world to save from endless woe. Take us into thy people's rest, And we our own works shall cease; With thy meek spirit arm our breast, And keep our minds in perfect peace. —Charles Wesley.

Hints to the Teacher. There are two topics in this lesson—Christ and the Christian.

1. Notice the aspects of Christ as he is revealed in these verses: 1. Christ as pre-existent. Verse 6. He is represented as living before he was born; a strange paradox. He was the Son of God in heaven before he came as the Son of man to earth. 2. Christ as divine. Verse 7. He was "in the form of God," and it was his right to be equal with God (Heb. 1:4, 5). 3. Christ as human. Verses 6, 7. The literal translation of the clause awkwardly rendered "thought it not robbery," etc., "He thought not his equality with God a thing to be grasped at, but emptied himself." In other words, he claimed not his divine honor, but humbled himself to become man. 4. Christ as dying. Verse 8. He could have escaped the cross if he had chosen to do so. But he was willing to die, that he might save men. 5. Christ as exalted. Verse 9-11. From his state of humiliation he was lifted up to become Lord of all in heaven and earth.

11. The apostle urges the example of Christ in his appeal for a true Christian character. 1. Christian unity. Verse 2. It is evident from many allusions in this epistle that there were strifes and divisions in this church. Paul exhorts the disciples to a spirit of mutual love and fellowship. 2. Christian humility. Verse 3. The world honors ambition, self-assertion, self-seeking; Christ honors lowliness of mind. 3. Christian sympathy. Verse 4. We are to look "on the things of others," not in the spirit of envy and depreciation, but with a cordial interest in one another's welfare. The disciple should cultivate wide sympathies for his fellow-disciples. 4. Christian self-denial. Verses 5-8. As Christ emptied himself, renounced his glory that he might save men.

SCIENTIFIC JOBS.

In a recently patented automatic change-maker the coin is placed in tubes of the proper size, fitted with sliding plates at the bottom, which are operated by levers to push the bottom coin out when the lever is pressed.

To catch moles as they run through the underground passages they have dug, a new trap has a row of sharp tines attached to a sliding rod to drop and pin the rodent fast as soon as the trigger entering the hole is disturbed.