

ANNAN WATER

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

She had a little money about her, a small check received from Miss Hetherington on the previous day; this would enable her to ward off starvation at least for a time. In the meantime she must seek work, and by that means sustain herself and her boy.

She collected together a few things which were necessary for their comfort, and when her preparations were made, she knelt by the couch and woke the child. The little fellow stared at her for a moment, and then he seemed to remember what had passed, and he clung to her in fear.

"Where is papa?" he asked.

"Papa is gone, my darling!"

He looked at her again for a moment, then his little arms stole round her neck, and he laid his cheek against hers.

"Poor mamma!" he said.

Marjorie clasped him to her breast and sobbed convulsively.

"Ah, Leon," she murmured, "you are all that is left to me now; and yet perhaps it would be better for you to die!"

She continued her preparations, and when all was done, she still lingered in the house, as if fearing to face the world.

At length she remembered, Sutherland, remembered the pledge to him and she resolved to keep it.

She would go to him, tell him part, if not all her story, and ask his advice.

She took little Leon by the hand and left the house, passing hurriedly through the streets, until she came to Sutherland's lodgings.

She inquired for him, and found to her dismay that he was already gone. He had left the rooms on the previous night and returned to Scotland.

When she first heard the news, Marjorie felt as if her last hope had gone indeed, and she moved away trembling and almost in tears; but after a moment's reflection she acknowledged to herself that perhaps, after all, it was for the best.

What possible good could have resulted from an interview with Sutherland? She would in all probability have brought trouble upon him by telling him her own and she had worked mischief enough already to all her kin. No; she would trouble them no more, but, with little Leon to comfort her, she would remain as one dead, buried in the great city where she had not even one friend.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NE Bitterly cold night early in the month of November, the gendarme whose duty it was to patrol the Rue Caumartin suddenly espied a woman with a child in her arms crouching for shelter in a doorway.

He stopped, looked at her curiously, stooped down to look at her more closely, and demanded her business there. The woman stirred, but did not rise, and the child, which she held clasped closely to her, uttered a feeble cry. The gendarme paused a moment, then he bent down, took her by the shoulder, and gave her a vigorous shake.

This time the woman rose, wearily and slowly, like one in physical pain; and the child clung to her skirts, and cried again. She lifted him in her arms, and passed with a slow, tottering step down the street.

She was but poorly clad for such weather. Her garments were threadbare, and here and there they hung in rags about her, so she shivered and shrank before every touch of the frosty wind. The streets were dark and almost deserted, save for the gendarmes who paced with their measured tread up and down the silent streets. They looked at her as she went by, and thought of her no more. She passed along until she came to the Champs Elysees; then she turned aside, and hiding herself among the trees, lay down on one of the seats.

A faint cry awakened the woman in the morning. She opened her eyes, and as she did so she saw the pale, pinched face of her child turned toward her, and heard him feebly crying for bread. With a moan she threw her hands into the air and cried:

"Bread, my child; I have no bread, and you are starving!"

The ground was frozen and snow was falling; her hands and feet were benumbed and her face was pinched with hunger. She spoke to her little boy in French, and not one of those who had known her in earlier days would have recognized Marjorie Annan. Yet it was Marjorie—a starving woman looking at her starving child.

Two months had passed since she had left Caussidiere, and ever since that day her troubles had increased. Until now there seemed nothing left to her but to beg or starve.

It was now broad daylight and troops of workmen were passing along to their day's labor, women were passing along with heavy burdens, pretty seamstresses tripping along to the shops where they served all day; and in the open road a stream of country carts, laden with produce, was flowing in from the town gate.

No one noticed Marjorie, those who

did glance at her seeing nothing to distinguish her from the other waifs to be found in all large cities. But presently she saw coming toward her a burly figure, carrying on its shoulders a piece of wood, from which depended two heavy cans. It was the figure of a woman, though one of man-like strength, who, to complete the masculine appearance sported a black moustache and a whisker-like down on either cheek.

The woman was singing in a deep man's voice. She was about to pass by when she was attracted by little Leon.

"A thousand devils!" she muttered to herself; then, striding toward the bench, she demanded, "What's the matter? Is the child ill?"

Marjorie looked up and met the gleam of two great black eyes, bold but kindly. She could not speak, but turning her head aside, sobbed again.

"Poor little mother," growled the stranger to herself. "She is almost a child herself. Look up! Speak to me! What are you doing here?"

The tone was so gentle and sympathetic, though the voice and address were rough, that Marjorie cried in despair from the bottom of her heart:

"Oh, madame, we have been here all night, and my little boy is starving!"

"Starving—the devil!" cried the woman. "Do you mean it?"

As she spoke she stooped down, freed herself of her load, and rested her cans upon the ground; then, opening one of them she took out a tin vessel brimful of milk.

"See here—it is milk of the cow! Let the little one drink."

Eagerly and gratefully Marjorie took the vessel and held it with trembling hand to the child's lips; he drank it thirstily, every drop.

"Bravo!" cried the stranger, filling the can again. "Encore! Another, little man!"

And little Leon drank eagerly again.

"God bless you, madame!" said Marjorie. "How good you are!"

"Good—the devil! I am Mother Jeanne, and I have had little ones of my own. Now, it is your turn, little woman."

Thus urged, Marjorie drank, too. Mother Jeanne watched her with grim compassion.

"You are too frail to be out in this weather. Who are you? You are not a Frenchwoman, by your tongue."

"No, madame, I came from Scotland, but I have been in Paris a long time."

"Where do you live, eh?"

"I have no home, and no money."

"And no friends? The devil!"

"Not one."

"And what are you going to do?"

"I do not know. It is a long time since we have tasted food."

Marjorie sank back, and would have fallen had not the woman's strong arm supported her.

"Bad, very bad!" growled Mother Jeanne. "See, here are two sous; it is all I have, but it will buy something for the child. After that, I will tell you what to do. Out yonder, close to the Madeleine, they will distribute bread to the poor of the arrondissement at 10 o'clock. You will go there and take your place with the rest; they must help you—they cannot refuse. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame, I will go."

"That's right," said Mother Jeanne, patting her on the shoulder. "And after that, let me see—yes, after that, if you are English, you will go to the British Embassy and ask them for assistance."

"Yes, madame," answered Marjorie, sadly.

"Courage. The little one is better already. He will be all right by and by. But I cannot linger, little woman. My customers are waiting, and I have yet to prepare the milk for the market. You will go to the distribution of bread, will you not? Any one will show you the place."

Marjorie promised, clinging, as she did so, to the good creature and gratefully kissing her hard hands. Mother Jeanne was touched. She brushed away a tear with the back of her hand, and uttered another sympathetic imprecation.

"And if all else fails you," she cried, "come to me, Mother Jeanne, at the Dairy, Rue de Caporal. I am poor, look you, but I would not let you starve. Remember, Mother Jeanne—Mother Mustache they call me sometimes—13 Rue de Caporal."

And with a rough nod the good soul shouldered her cans and strode along.

Marjorie watched her till she faded out of sight; then, refreshed and strengthened by the healthful draught she took little Leon by the hand and walked away toward the crowded streets.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABOUT the very time that Marjorie was wandering homeless and hungry in the streets of Paris two persons were journeying toward the city of London by the night mail.

One was Miss Hetherington of the Castle, the other was John Sutherland.

For fully an hour neither of them had spoken; the old lady, looking fully twenty years older than when we last beheld her, lay back among the cushions of the carriage, and fixed her eyes upon a letter which she held in her hand. For about the tenth time that night she raised the paper, and read the words which were hastily scrawled thereon:

"Dear Mother—I am in great trouble! I am in sore need. Will you help me? I do not mind for myself, but to see my little child in want breaks my heart."

"MARJORIE."

She read it through; then with a moan she let it fall again upon her lap.

"Marjorie!" she cried, "my bairn, my bairn!"

From his corner of the carriage Sutherland watched in silence. He was utterly in the dark as to what it all meant. He only knew that they were traveling to Paris and for Marjorie.

On the day before, as he had been quietly working at his pictures at home, his father having partially recovered, Miss Hetherington, whom he believed to be in Edinburgh, had suddenly appeared like a specter before him, and without a word of explanation had commanded him to return with her to Paris.

On hastening with her to the Castle he found that a stormy scene had been enacted there; that Miss Hetherington, beside herself with rage, had actually struck her old attendant in the face and turned her from the door. What it was all about nobody seemed to know, and after one glance into Miss Hetherington's wild eyes Sutherland knew that he had better not inquire. So he quietly obeyed her orders, and the two started together by the night mail for the south.

But, although Sutherland had been silent he had been none the less curious; and now, seeing that Miss Hetherington's wild excitement was passing away, he ventured to speak:

"Miss Hetherington," cried Johnnie Sutherland, "is that a letter from Marjorie?"

"Ay, from Marjorie."

She held forth her thin white hand which now was trembling violently, and as Sutherland took the letter she uttered a low moan again, and for the first time that night her tears began to fall.

Sutherland read the letter, then he looked at the date, and exclaimed:

"October! why, it's more than four weeks old!"

"Ay, more than four weeks!" she moaned; then suddenly sitting erect, and looking fixedly into his face, she added: "Johnnie Sutherland, what has happened to her now?"

"God knows; but maybe after all we are in time; but how did it chance to be so long in coming to you?"

"It went to the Castle, Johnnie, and Mysie kept it there. When I came home from Edinburgh yesterday I found it lying on my desk waiting for me. It had been waiting for me for a month, you see."

Sutherland was silent. He was more troubled than he cared to say. A month! Ah! he thought, what might not happen in that time to a woman and child penniless and alone in the streets of Paris?

He returned the letter with a sigh, and did all he could to rouse and cheer his companion, who, now that her excitement was over, suffered with a frightful reaction, and trembled and cried like a child.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

Her Indomitable Courage and Saving Sense of Humor—A Pretty Woman.

One day in the last week of her life Mrs. Oliphant said: "Many times I have come to a corner which I could see no way around, but each time a way has been found for me." The way was often found by the strengthening of her own indomitable courage, which as long as her children were left to her never seemed to flag; it was the courage of perfect love, says the Fortnightly Review. But it is certain that if she had no moral qualities except courage she could not have toiled on as she did; a saving sense of humor, a great capacity to enjoy what was really comic and everything that was beautiful, made life easier for her, and the great joy of kindnesses was one never absent from her. So that whatever suffering might be lying in wait to seize upon her solitary hours there was almost always a pleasant welcome and talk of the very best to be found in her modest drawing room. If the visitors were congenial her charm of manner awoke, her simple fitness of speech clothed every subject with life and grace, her beautiful eyes shone (they never sparkled), and the spell of her exquisite womanliness made a charmed circle around her. She was never a beautiful woman at any time of her life, though for many years she was a very pretty one, but she had, as a family inheritance, lovely hands, which were constantly busy, in what she called her idle time, with some dainty sewing or knitting; she had those wonderful eyes which kept their beauty to the last minute of her life, and she had a most exquisite daintiness in all her ways and in the very atmosphere about her which was "pure womanly."

"I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the discharged prisoner. "Well, you probably would have done time," said the proud lawyer.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Chicago paper tells of a bicycle crank who reads all the coal strike dispatches that have a Wheeling date line to them.

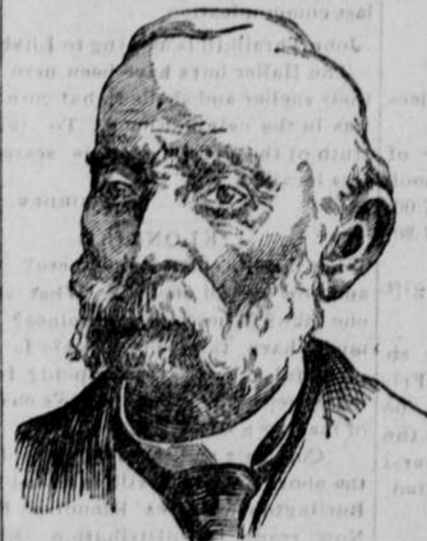
HE MAKES 'EM HAPPY

THIS MAN HAS TIED 8,600 KNOTS.

He is Famous Throughout the Region of Which Jeffersonville is the Metropolis—His Advice is, "Marry Young if Possible, but Marry."



AFTER twenty years of experience in marrying couples and after having united over 17,000 persons for better or worse in that time a man ought to know a little something about matrimony. If he does not, he never will learn it. Squire Keigwin of Jeffersonville, Ind., holds the record referred to, and is, therefore, looked upon by the whole state of Indiana as an authority on all subjects pertaining to marriage, and the advice of the marrying magistrate to all comers is: "Marry young, if you can't marry young, marry as young as you can, but be sure and marry." That is the philosophy born of twenty years spent in tying youthful hearts that beat as one, and Magistrate Keigwin says he never had cause to regret handing out this piece of advice. Eight thousand six hundred couples have stood up before the squire and promised to do the proper thing by one another forever afterward, and, while it has been impossible for him to keep an eye on all of them in after life, he says he feels certain few of them have been divorced and that fact makes him glad he learned the trade. Ephraim Keigwin is not only a justice of the peace and a marrier beyond compare; he is a poet, an orator and



SQUIRE KEIGWIN.

a philosopher. He never fails to make a speech to a newly married couple unless the pursuing father is too close behind, and says he never repeats himself in his speeches. Jeffersonville, lying close to the banks of the Ohio river, is famous as a Greta Green in three or four surrounding states, and thousands of eloping couples have hurried there to be married. Nearly all of them seek out Squire Keigwin and to all such he gives solace and sound advice. In the mountain regions thereabout are many families separated by bitter feuds of years' standing, and occasionally a young man and a young woman belonging to opposite factions will cry a truce to all warfare and fall in love. Then to escape death they must fly to some distant place to be married, and Jeffersonville is usually chosen. The squire has made such a specialty of this class of business that he has fitted up the parlor of his residence in keeping with the uses to which it is oftenest put and the walls are decorated with appropriate mottoes, and whatever of worldly wisdom and advice is lacking in these Squire Keigwin stands ready to furnish. He is a fluent talker, especially on matrimonial subjects, and the sum and substance of his knowledge and experience is advice to "marry young."

"Nearly all the elopements that come to me are pleasant little shams," the "squire" said when asked to talk about marriages. "The young folks want to inject a little innocent romance into the marriage, and then too they wish to escape the expense and trouble of big weddings. Once in a while there is a secret marriage, but these are very few. I am glad to say, I do not think that a knot tied by a minister holds any more securely than one tied by a 'squire.' There is no difference. During my long experience as a justice and with the thousands I have married there have been but few inquiries into my records—fewer than one in 500. And these inquiries do not always mean that a divorce is in the wind. I really do not believe that more than twenty of the 8,600 couples whom I have married have been divorced. The 'squire-made' marriages are just as happy as those performed by a minister. I am sure of that. When I say that people should marry young, I do not mean that they should wed before the young man is of age. When people are young they can adjust themselves to each other more easily. Some people are born fools and remain so to the end of their lives. You could not make them happy with a sultan's harem and a car load of money. They don't want to be. Most marriages are compromises, anyway, a matter to give and take, and as a whole it is better for a man and a woman to be married, even if they do quarrel occasionally, than it is to remain single. Even quarrelsome couples would gradually adjust themselves and get more happiness out of life than the most peaceful old maid or bachelor. I believe that married life makes people better. It has a restraining influence which is found in no other relation. It throws a responsibility upon

men and women which few shirk wholly. There is more genuine saving religion in the marriage ceremony than in any other ceremony performed by men. Young men, go and marry and become a father, and it will be better for you. Of course there are instances of people marrying in haste and repenting afterward. But they are fewer than you think and they are not always hopeless. When the couple try to make the best of the situation success generally follows."

RODENT WAS ELECTROCUTED.

The Beast Bit at a Wire Which Was Attached to a Battery.

From the Washington Post: A quick-witted attaché of a well-known hotel has solved the problem of the quick disposition of rats. A night or two ago a member of the rodent tribe made his way into a trap which had been set for his species. The trap was one of the wire cage variety, and when the man whose duty it is to take care of it came around in the morning he thought his quarry was a squirrel or a medium-sized grey dog. No such rat, as far as size went, had ever been seen by him. He carried the cage out into the daylight, and whistled for a dog. Several came, but none of them wished to tackle the rat. It was too big. Then some cats were called, but they only took one look before scurrying away. The matter was becoming serious when the house electrician came along. "I'll fix him," was the electrician's solitary ejaculation. Then he disappeared to return a minute or two later with a battery, from which projected a piece of wire. "Just turn this crank a bit," he said to a bystander. The latter did as directed, and the electrician shoved the wire into the trap. The big rat glanced at it and then grabbed at it viciously with his teeth. Presto! As quick as a flash it was all over. The rodent had gone to that bourne, etc. "Just a matter of 1,000 volts or so," sententiously remarked the electrician, picking up his battery and walking away. The rat was pitched into the garbage barrel, and now cats and dogs are at a discount at that hotel, while electricity is away above par.

KILLED A BANKER.

A Crazy Workman Took This Method of Satisfying His Wrath.

Patrick A. Largey, the president of the State Savings Bank of Butte, Mont., and a wealthy mine owner, was shot and killed the other day by Thomas Riley, a man who was injured in the big explosion Jan. 15, 1895, and who has since been making threats against Messrs. Connell, Kenyon, Clark, Largey and others who were supposed to own an interest in the building in which the giant powder was stored.

Riley entered the bank and walked up to the cashier's window. Mr. Largey was at a desk near the window and Riley walked over to the window and handed him a paper, at the same time speaking to Mr. Largey in a low tone of voice. Mr. Largey made a gesture as if of impatience and at the same time turned partly around. Riley was heard to mutter something, and, presenting a revolver at Mr. Largey's head, he fired. Mr. Largey's left arm was resting on the counter by the cashier's window, and when he saw the revolver he crouched down. The bullet struck Mr. Largey's arm below the shoulder. Riley again fired the revolver as Mr. Largey lifted up his head from behind the counter, evidently to see if Riley was still there. The bullet struck him in the forehead, just a little to the right of the center, and he fell to the floor and almost immediately expired.

Riley is a man about 30 years of age and came to Butte from Lincoln, Neb., in 1893 and worked in the mines up to the time of his injury in the powder explosion in January, 1895. He says he does not regret killing Largey, and says he would have killed M. J. Connell and W. R. Kenyon also if he had the opportunity. He had threatened both these men and they have left town in consequence. Kenyon is in New York; Connell is also somewhere in the east. About seventy people were killed and half as many more maimed in the big explosion and there has always been great feeling against the owners of the warehouse for that reason. A great deal of sympathy was felt for Riley, who lost a leg in the explosion. There is, however, some talk of lynching and the sheriff has put on an extra guard to protect the murderer. Riley says he suffered for two years, being unable to

earn his living and he went into the bank determined to get work or kill Mr. Largey.



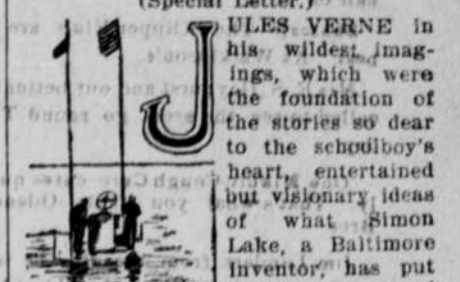
PATRICK A. LARGEY.

A singularly unshapely pair of shoes are those once belonging to wasp-waisted Catherine de Medici; square-toed and embroidered, and long in shape with a large flap coming over the instep.

A SUBMARINE BOAT.

THE ARGONAUT, A BALTIMORE MAN'S INVENTION.

Built for Wrecking Purposes—She is to Be Used to Search for Lost Cargoes—Could Destroy Torpedo Defenses of Any Harbor.



(Special Letter.) JULES VERNE in his wildest imaginations, which were the foundation of the stories so dear to the schoolboy's heart, entertained but visionary ideas of what Simon Lake, a Baltimore inventor, has put into a practical shape by the completion and successful trial of his submarine wrecking Argonaut, which has been on public exhibition on the Patuxent River for the last ten days. Many of Verne's scientific statements and deductions are true. While he knew that a light burning in a vacuum would not consume the carbon, he did not know how to apply the fact practically. From the days of Bushnell in 1776 to the present time engineers have been trying to solve this problem. Robert Fulton received \$75,000 from the English government for his invention, but it was nothing more than an expensive toy. Fulton, however, demonstrated two important facts, that the compass points equally true under water and above water, and that a crew could live under water for some time.

The Argonaut is built of steel, thoroughly ribbed and capable of standing a pressure of 130 pounds to the square inch. She is 36 feet long, 12 feet beam, and her hull is cylindrical shape. She can be propelled either in the ordinary manner by a screw, or by wheeling along the bottom.

In order to reach the interior of the vessel a perpendicular iron ladder is descended from the top of the conning tower. Once inside, the visitor finds himself in a cigar-shaped room, which is not unlike the interior of other vessels. The greatest cause for surprise is probably the fact that much more of the boat is below than above the surface of the water.

The boat is divided into four compartments—engine and living room, divers' room, air chamber and forward operating and lookout room. In the stern of the main compartment is a gasoline engine of thirty horse power, as well as a dynamo, taking its power from strong storage batteries, and steering gear, accessory to that upon the after deck above.

The entire boat is lighted by electricity, and a telephone system connects each of the smaller apartments with the main room. There are strong iron doors between each of the various departments, so that air can be compressed in any one of the chambers and kept therein without a chance of escaping. When the diver goes down he enters the inner chamber and, after a sufficient amount of air has been compressed into the compartment to counterbalance the force of the water, a hole is opened in the bottom of the boat and the diver goes out. He can return to the vessel through the same entrance, the force of air being sufficient to keep the water back.

If the experience on the Patuxent can be taken as a fair test, the Argonaut has undoubtedly accomplished results never before achieved by submarine vessels. In many respects the boat was at a disadvantage, for the river bottom is covered with mud several feet deep, and for this reason the wheels of the boat were of no practical use. One remarkable feature about the descent into the water was that there was no vibration whatever. Whether the same conditions would prevail in very deep water it is, of



THE ARGONAUT AT REST ON THE SURFACE.

course, impossible to predict. Again, in its trial trip the boat never reached that depth at which its inmates were dependent upon artificial air, but there seems to be no doubt that air can be safely compressed for the benefit of submarine navigators.

A United States army officer, who is stationed at Fort McHenry and who is considered an authority upon coast defenses, says that the Argonaut could easily destroy the torpedo defenses of any harbor in the world. The primary use of the boat, however, is for wrecking purposes, and she is to be employed to search for lost cargoes.

In an address delivered at the Victoria Institute, London, Lord Kelvin estimated the age of the earth, since it was sufficiently cooled to become the abode of plants and animals, to be about 30,000,000 years, within limits of error perhaps ranging between 15,000,000 and 30,000,000 years.