



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,'" he 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 Caussidiers' 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 Caussidiers 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 'y' 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 our 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 weel 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 wi' 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.

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 braid 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 dawning 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.

Caussidiers!

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 Caussidiers, 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 diminutiveness 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 boiled 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.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

A Priest as a Dramatist—The "Black Cardinal" Soon to Be Produced in New York—The Average Life of a Good Voice—Various Topics.



EV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH of New York, who is widely known among the clergy and held in high esteem by his ecclesiastical superiors, has written a drama entitled "The Black Cardinal." It is said that a Broadway manager will bring it out some time this season. It is a historical drama, and its plot is founded on the struggle between Napoleon I. and Pope Pius VII., a struggle full of interest and teeming with dramatic incidents. The student of history will recall that Napoleon at one time imprisoned the pope and carried off with him to Paris a large number of the cardinals. Among these later was the Cardinal Consalvi, a renowned diplomat who had been Pius' secretary of state. Later on when the emperor divorced Josephine and married Marie Louise of Austria, thirteen of the cardinals, headed by Consalvi, refused to attend the wedding ceremony on the ground that Josephine's divorce was not valid. As a punishment for his boldness in thus defying the emperor, Consalvi was exiled to Lyons and forbidden to wear the red robes of his office. Hence the title of the play. The drama is in five acts. The first transpires in Paris on the night before Napoleon's marriage, and the emperor, supported by King Jerome and Fouche, the minister of police, is striving to persuade the cardinal to give his countenance to the ceremony. The second act takes place in the palace of the Tuilleries, at the reception to the new empress. Consalvi attends and is ignominiously expelled by Napoleon's servants. In the third act Consalvi is visited in his exile at Lyons by Fouche, who offers him the papacy if he will give his support

Emma Calve suddenly discovered that the dark blue velvet dress she wears in the last act was still too "new looking" for the occasion. A few minutes before she had to appear on the stage the bystanders behind the scenes were horrified to see the prima donna suddenly roll over and over on the dusty floor. Thinking that a serious accident had befallen her, the frightened stage manager and half a dozen scene shifters rushed to her assistance. "Keep away," said the actress, "let me take the gloss off my dress."

Bandelaire, on the subject of criticism, has some unconventional convictions. "I believe sincerely," he says, "that the best criticism is that which is entertaining and poetic; not that, cold and algebraic, which, pretending to explain everything, knows neither hate nor love, and strips itself willingly of every kind of temperament, but—inasmuch as a beautiful picture is nature reflected by a painter—that criticism which will be this same picture reflected by a sensitive and intelligent mind. Thus the best review may be a sonnet or an elegy. But this kind of criticism is reserved for anthologies and poetic readers. As for criticism in the true sense of the word, I hope that philosophers will understand what I am about to say: To be just, to have any reason for its existence, criticism should be partial, passionate, political—that is to say, made from a standpoint of exclusive vision, but vision that sweeps the largest horizon."

Both Salvini and Rossi were pupils of the great Italian actor, Gustave Modena, and Salvini lately returned temporarily to the stage, in Venice, to give a performance to increase the fund for the erection of a monument to Modena. Modena's patriotic opinions, which often led him to leave the stage and take up arms or devote himself for a time to revolutionary journalism, forced him to exile himself. There were times, too, when, reduced to penury, he had to get a living alternately as printer, corrector of proofs, horse broker and cheesemonger. On the change of government in Florence he was elected deputy by 10,000 votes, and in the Tuscan assembly he delivered one speech which even now is quoted as a model of parliamentary eloquence. In that noble oration he upheld the imperious

A RIP VAN WINKLE. An Indiana Soldier Recovers His Reason Lost in War.

Washington Letter.

A noticeable personage among those to be met along the avenue and in the hotel lobbies of Washington during the past few days has been an ex-soldier, the circumstances of whose career since the war have vested him with a peculiar interest. Early in 1862 he, then a young man, enlisted at his home in Southern Indiana, and was assigned to a regiment that was actively engaged during the whole war. The young soldier made himself useful, was always in the thickest of the fray, and was promoted to be an officer. In one of the last battles fought before the final surrender, while leading a charge, the young captain was struck in the head by a ball, and fell. His soldiers, with whom he was a great favorite, carried him to the rear, where he had every attention. Then he was conveyed to Washington and placed in one of the hospitals, and, after a long period of suffering, his wounds healed, but his reason had fled. He was officially declared insane, and placed in an asylum near Washington, where he remained twenty years in this condition. A few months ago his reason returned, and he is to day as sane a man as lives. He says the past is a blank. He can scarcely comprehend that he is not the same young man that he was twenty years ago. He has found some of his comrades here, and these have treated him with great kindness. He can describe scenes and incidents of the war with as much clearness as if they had taken place but a few months ago. Among the friends he has recently made is ex-secretary of war Lincoln, who became interested in his case, and has had his application for a pension made special by the commissioner of Pensions, who also took an interest in the matter, and within a few days he will receive \$10,000 of back pension money, with which he intends going into business.

Mr. Sweeney's Cat in Fly Time.

But I was going to speak more in particular about Mr. Sweeney's cat. Mr. Sweeney had a large cat named Dr. Mary Walker, of which he was very fond. Dr. Mary Walker remained at the drug store all the time, and was known all over St. Paul as a quiet and reserved cat. If Dr. Mary Walker took in the town after office hours, nobody seemed to know anything about it. She would be around bright and cheerful the next morning, and attend to her duties at the store just as though nothing whatever had ever happened.

One day last summer Mr. Sweeney left a large plate of fly-paper with water on it in the window, hoping to gather in a few quarts of flies in a deceased state. Dr. Mary Walker used to go to this window during the afternoon and look out upon the busy street while she called up pleasant memories of her past life. That afternoon she thought she would call up some more memories, so she went over on the counter, and from there jumped down on the window-sill, landing within all four feet in the plate of fly-paper.

At first she regarded it as a joke and treated the matter very lightly, but later on she observed that the fly-paper stuck to her feet with great tenacity of purpose. She controlled herself and acted in the coolest manner, possible, though you could have seen that mentally she suffered intensely. She sat down a moment to more fully outline a plan for the future. In doing so she made a great mistake. The gesture resulted in gluing the fly-paper to her person in such a way that the edge turned up in the most abrupt manner, and caused her great inconvenience.

Some one at that time laughed in a coarse and heartless way, and I wish you could have seen the look of pain that Dr. Mary Walker gave him.

Then she went away. She did not go around the prescription case as the rest of us did, but strolled through the middle of it and so on out through the glass door at the rear of the store. We did not see her go through the glass door, but we found pieces of fly paper and fur on the ragged edges of a large aperture in the glass, and we kind of jumped to the conclusion that Dr. Mary Walker had taken that direction in retiring from the room.

Dr. Mary Walker never returned to St. Paul, and her exact whereabouts are not known, though every effort was made to find her. Fragments of fly-paper and rind hair were found as far west as the Yellowstone National Park and as far north as the British line, but the doctor herself was not found. My own theory is that she turned her bow to the west so as to catch the strong easterly gale on her quarter, with the rail she had set and her tail pointing toward the zenith, the chances for Dr. Mary Walker's immediate return are extremely slim.

Mrs. Child's China.

Philadelphia Times.

It is doubtful if there is a city in the country where there is as much luxury of the table as in Philadelphia, or where so much attention is given to dinner table decoration. Of late there has been a rage for what may be termed a dinner table brie-a-brac. It is probable that Mrs. George W. Childs has the finest table decorations in Philadelphia. She has a great many very choice things, such as large plateaus, carved vases, candelabra and gold ornaments for the center of the table that are as fine as can be procured in Europe. She is said to have one of the finest collections of dinner plates in the country—Sèvres, Worcester, Derby, Dresden, Minton and Copelands—and a great variety, as two as a rule are alike and each a gem. Many of her plates have cost several hundred dollars a dozen. She gives orders to people of experience to be on the look-out for very rare specimens. It is said that for a dinner of twenty persons Mrs. Childs can, without any difficulty, set a table the decorations of which alone will require an expenditure of \$20,000 or \$25,000.

Winnipeg, Man., has 312 trading establishments, doing an annual business of \$25,000,000.



CLAUDIA CARLSTEDT.

to Napoleon. The last two acts transpire at Versailles, when, in the presence of both Napoleon and Pope Pius VII., Consalvi is bitterly humiliated. In the end, however, he triumphs over his imperial foe, and returns to Rome with the pope after the famous and disastrous Russian campaign.

Claudia Carlstedt was born in Boston in 1876, her father being a music teacher. Later a removal to Chicago, Ill., was made. In 1893, at seventeen years of age, she joined the chorus of the Calhoun Opera Company for a Western tour. She remained with the company about six weeks, and then left it in Oregon and returned to her home in Chicago. In the summer of 1895 she again went on the stage, this time in "Little Robinson Crusoe," which was written by Harry B. Smith, and produced at the Schiller Theater, Chicago, with Eddie Foy as the star. During that engagement Miss Carlstedt was engaged by Kirke La Shelle for the role of Nectaria, in "The Wizard of the Nile," and made her first appearance in New York in that opera, her striking personality at once attracting favorable attention. The following season she played with "The Mandarins," being rather conspicuously placed, though without lines to repeat or music to sing. During the past summer she appeared in "The Whirl of the Town" at the Casino. She then signed with "The Idol's Eye." Manager La Shelle discovered that Miss Carlstedt had a remarkably deep contralto voice when she understudied the queen in "The Wizard of the Nile," and the beautiful low contralto waltz song in the second act of "The Idol's Eye" was especially written for her at his request. She is still with "The Idol's Eye" company, and is receiving praise alike for her acting and singing.

On the first night of "Sappho" at the Opera Comique, Paris, recently Miss

necessity of Rome being the foundation, the keystone of the unity of Italy, thus becoming the precursor in this idea of the great Cavour.

Julia Marlowe appears to have made a hit with "The Countess Valaska." There is no doubt that the play has many qualities to recommend it to the general public, especially in the second and third acts, while Miss Marlowe



JULIA MARLOWE.

herself is seen to advantage in her various scenes with her rival lovers.

London playgoers and critics appear to have come to the conclusion that "Peter the Great" is neither a great nor a good play and that Sir Henry Irving's impersonation will not rank among his triumphs, while Ellen Terry effaces herself in a small part. Miss Barrymore is quite unsuited for the part of Euphrosyne, which the critics generally pronounce beyond her. According to the Pall Mall Gazette Robert Taber deserves the honors of the production.