



CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED.)
"You!" she exclaimed; "I thought you were dead!"

"Truly," he said, "and you rejoice to find that I still live; is it not so, Marjorie?"
She did not answer him; her very blood seemed to be freezing in her veins, and her face wore such an expression of horror that for a moment even he was rendered dumb.

"Marjorie," he said, "let me hear your words of welcome. I am an exile now, driven to seek refuge in Scotland, to escape the bullets of my foes."
"Why—why have you come to me?"
"I have come to you for comfort. I have come to take you with me to share my English home!"

"To share your home!" echoed Marjorie. "I will not—no, never. You have done me evil enough already—but I am free, I know you now, and I will not go with you."
"You are free!" he said. "What do you mean by that, mon ami?"
"I mean," said Marjorie, "that you are nothing to me. You have said so, and I know it, and I wish never to see your face again."

"Possibly, but our wishes are not always gratified. I am sorry you cannot give me a better welcome, since you will see me not once, but many times; as to being free, that is all nonsense. We are in Scotland now, remember; and you—why, you are my wife!"

"Your wife!"
"Yes, my wife—and now, chérie—although I could use force if I chose, I have no wish to do so. I ask you merely to fulfill your duty and come with me to my home."
For a moment Marjorie gave no answer; what could she say or do? No need for him to tell her she was in his power, she knew it only too well. While in France he had the power of turning her from his door, and heaping ignominy not only upon herself, but upon her child; in her own country his power was absolute over them both.

With a wild cry she threw up her hands and called on God for help and comfort, but no answer came; it seemed that for her there was no help in all the world.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"HERIE, am I forgiven?" said Caussidiere, again holding forth his hands.

The sound of his voice recalled her to herself. She shrank away from him in positive terror.

"Keep back," she cried; "don't touch me."

"What do you mean?"
"I mean that I hate and fear you! Wife or no wife, I will never live with you again—never, never!"

Confident of his own power, Caussidiere never wincd. He had expected something of this kind, and was not wholly unprepared for it. He said nothing, but quietly watching his opportunity, he lifted the child in his arms. Finding himself thus suddenly and roughly seized from his mother's side, Leon screamed wildly, but Caussidiere shook him, and bade him be at peace.

"That is what your mother has taught you, to scream at the sight of your father. Now I will teach you otherwise."

"Give him to me," she cried; "give me my child!"

"Your child," returned Caussidiere, with a sneer; "the child is mine. I have a right to take him, and to keep him, too, and that is what I mean to do!"

"To keep him!" cried Marjorie; "you would never do that; you do not want him if you do not care for him, and he is all I have in the world."

"But I mean to keep him all the same!"

"You shall not; you dare not; you shall kill me before you take my boy, Leon, my darling, come to me; come to your mother!"

She stretched forth her arms to take the child, when Caussidiere, livid with passion, raised his hand and struck her in the face. She staggered back; then with a cry she fell senseless to the ground.

When she opened her eyes it was quite dark all about her, and as quiet as the grave.

"Leon," she moaned feebly, but no answer came.

Gradually the dizziness passed away; she remembered all that had occurred, and with a low moan she sank again upon the ground, crying bitterly.

But soon her sobe abated, and impatiently brushing away her tears, she set herself to wonder again what she must do. On one thing she was determined, to be with her child. Yes; at any cost they must be together.

She rose to her feet again and staggered on toward the castle. Her scalding tears fell fast, her breast was rent with sobs; and for the first time in her life she began to question the beneficence of the Divine Father, whom she had been taught from her childhood to revere.

It was late when she reached the castle. Miss Hetherington, having grown fearful at her long absence,

rushed forward to meet her; then with a cry she shrank away.

"Majorie," she exclaimed, "what's wrong, and—where's the bairn?"
At the mention of Leon, Majorie wrung her hands.

"He has come back and taken him from me!"

She looked so wild and sad that the old lady thought her reason was going. Her face was white as death, and there was a red mark on her forehead where the man had struck her. Miss Hetherington took her hands and soothed her gently; when she saw that her calmness was returning to her, she said:

"Now, Majorie, my bairn, tell me all about it!"

And Majorie told, trembling and crying meanwhile, and imploring Miss Hetherington to recover her child.

"Dinna fret, Marjorie," she said, patting the girl on the head; "there's nothing to fear. The man's a knave, we ken, but he's a fool as well! Bring harm to his own bairn, not he!—he's o'er sharp to put himself into the power o' the English law! 'Tis the siller he wants, and 'tis the siller he means to get!"

"But what shall we do?" sobbed Marjorie.

"Do?—nothing. Bide quiet a while, and he'll do something, mark me!"
"But Leon—what will become of Leon?"

"Dinna greet for the bairn; I tell ye he's safe enough; after all, he's with his father."

"But he mustn't stop; I must get him back, or it will kill me."

"You shall have him back, never fear, Marjorie."

"But to-night—what can be done to-night?"

"Nothing, my lassie—absolutely nothing. Get you to bed and rest you, and to-morrow I'll tell you what we must do."

After a good deal more persuasion Marjorie was induced to go to her room, but during the whole of that night she never closed her eyes, but walked about in wild unrest.

When the dawn broke she descended the stairs, and to her amazement found Miss Hetherington in the dining-room, just as she had left her on the preceding night. The weary hours of vigil had done their work; her face, always white, was positively corpse-like; her thin gray hairs were disheveled, and her eyes were dim. With a piercing cry, Marjorie ran forward and fell at her feet.

"Mother!" she cried; "dear mother, what is the matter?"

The old woman laid her trembling hand upon Marjorie's brown head and smiled.

"'Tis nothing, my child," she said. "The hours of the night have passed o'er quickly for me, you see, for I sat thinking, and now you see the dawn has come. Marjorie, my poor Marjorie! I wonder you can ever find it in your heart to call me mother!—see what sorrow has come to you through me."

"Through you? Oh, no, no, no!"

"Ay, but 'tis so, Marjorie. 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Through my sin you suffer."

"Do not say that—it is not true."

"Ay, but it is true. Through my sin you were made a poor outcast, with no mother to watch over you, no kind hand to guide you. When I think on it, it breaks my heart, Marjorie—it breaks my heart."

"Keep back," she cried; "don't touch me."

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It was late when she reached the castle. Miss Hetherington, having grown fearful at her long absence,

"You'll find him ben yonder," said the girl, pointing to a door on the ground floor.

Sutherland beckoned to her to open the door; she did so. He entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Caussidiere leaped to his feet with an oath. Leon, who had been sitting pale and tremulous in a corner, rushed forward with a cry of joy.

But before he could reach Sutherland's side his father clutched him and drew him back, grasping the child so roughly as to make him moan with pain.

"Then, white and furious, Caussidiere faced Sutherland.

"So, it is you!" he exclaimed. "How dare you intrude here? Leave this room."

Sutherland, who had placed his back to the door and put the key in his pocket, made no attempt to move. He was able to keep his self-control, but his face was white as death.

"Monsieur Caussidiere," he said, "I have come for that child."

"Really," said Caussidiere, with a sneer; "then perhaps you will tell me what you propose to offer for him? Madame Caussidiere must pay dearly for having made you her messenger."

"She will pay nothing."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"What I say, I mean to take that child and give you nothing for him. You have come to the end of your tether, Monsieur Caussidiere. You will find this time you haven't got a helpless woman to deal with!"

Caussidiere looked at him with a new light in his eyes. What did it mean? Had the man really power? and if so, to what extent? A little reflection assured him that his momentary fear was groundless. Sutherland might talk as he chose. Caussidiere was master of the situation, since with him lay all the authority of the law.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are an admirable champion. I congratulate madame on having secured you. But pray tell her from me that her child remains with her husband, not her lover."

In a moment Sutherland had caught him by the throat.

"Scoundrel!" he cried.

"Let me go!" hissed Caussidiere. "If you have taken my wife for your mistress, you shall not bully me!"

But he said no more. Grasping him more firmly by the throat, Sutherland shook him till he could scarcely breathe; then lifting him, he dashed him violently to the ground; then, without waiting to see what he had done, he lifted the frightened child in his arms and hurried from the place.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Y WHAT train of circumstances had the dead Caussidiere again become quick, or rather, to express it in correcter terms, how had the Frenchman escaped from the perils and pains of death?

The answer is simple enough. Among the patriots of the Parisian Commune there were two Caussidiere, in no way related to each other, but equally doubtful in their conduct, and their antecedents; and it happened, curiously enough, that our Caussidiere's alter ego had also been arrested for treasonable practices.

The Paris of those days has been compared to Pandemonium; everything was one wild frenzy of hurried and aimless haste; and the newspaper reports, like the events they chronicled, being chaotic and irresponsible, it happened that the fate of one individual was confused with the fate of the other. At the very moment that one Caussidiere was lying dead before the soldiers of the Commune the other was escaping in disguise toward the Belgian coast, whence, after divers vicissitudes, he sailed for England, to reappear finally in Annandale, like a ghost from the grave, as we have seen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Little Attentions.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart."

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets brought home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie. Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These pooh-pooh the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.

A Selfish Woman.

"Women are such selfish creatures! There was an odd chop at breakfast and my wife insisted upon my eating it. It was all because she wanted to revel in the satisfaction of self-denial. A case of pure selfishness." "Finnam—And what did you do?" "Grimm—Oh, I let her have her way and I ate the chop. There are few husbands so indulgent as I am."—Boston Transcript.

MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

CHARMS THAT NOBODY WOULD SUSPECT.

Has a Library of From 3,000 to 4,000 Volumes—A Great Reader—Fond of Sports of All Kinds—Very Unlike His Famous Father.

(Special Letter.)

YOU might not suspect it from his recent achievements, but Carter H. Harrison, the reigning mayor of Chicago, is a lover of books, and owns a library of between 3,000 and 4,000 volumes, of which many are German and many are French. From this you might guess that he is something of a linguist, and the guess would be correct. He is also an amateur chemist, a successful fisherman, a notable hunter and an enthusiastic wheelman. In fact, to use the language of one of his friends, he has "as many faces as a seminary girl."

In figure and face he is comely. He is of middle size, standing 5 feet 8½ inches in his shoes, and balancing penny-in-the-slot machines at 165 pounds. His features are regular, his complexion is free from blemishes, his eyes are clear, and he shaves clean with the exception of a moustache, which he trains in romantic curve. He parts his hair in the middle and trains it also to look sweet. He is 38 years old.

He never attended a plain American public school. When a boy he and the other Harrison children were taken by their mother to Germany, where Carter and his brother entered the Heidel-



CARTER H. HARRISON.

berg Gymnasium. For some reason the boys did not fancy Heidelberg over much, and after ten months' stay there the family migrated, traveling for a summer through southern France, the Tyrol and Switzerland, after which the boys entered the Gymnasium at Altenburg. While there he was a schoolfellow of a number of juvenile royalties and other youngsters of notable lineage, and between him and the young Prince of Saxony a genuine close friendship sprang up. Later, as a son of the mayor while the world's fair was on, he made the acquaintance of many other of the world's great folk, among them the Duke of Veragua, the Marquis of Barboles, Eulalia, the Spanish Infanta, and Porfirio Diaz, the president of Mexico.

After finishing at Altenburg he prepared for college in a Chicago Jesuit school, after which he went through Yale and later studied law and was admitted. His practice never amounted to much, however, and when his father was made world's fair mayor, young Carter H. took over the father's real estate business, and, with his brother, William Preston Harrison, carried it on till the old man bought the Chicago Times. Their conduct of the paper was a terror to many in Chicago. It had a circulation of perhaps 20,000 when they took it, but they supported the Pullman strike, cut the price to a cent, and raised the sales to 80,000 a day. They thought they had a cinch on Chicago journalism then, but they must have been wrong, for they were afterward glad enough to sell out, and the paper is now merged with the Chicago Herald under the title of the Chicago Times-Herald.

When they began with the Times young Carter took the chair of managing editor and his brother was made business manager. After a week or two—perhaps a month—each was dissatisfied with their job, and they changed places. Perhaps the resulting eccentricities of management both upstairs and downstairs had something to do with their ultimate abandonment of the publishing business.

Carter H. Harrison's chemical investigations were mostly conducted when he was a boy. His den used to be in the cupola of the family residence, and he took great delight in monkeying with explosives and compounds of fearful smell. Once a friend of the family, who was passing the house, was horrified by the sound of a muffled detonation, the crash of glass and the splintering of wood. Glancing upward he saw that the cupola was badly wrecked, while volumes of black smoke were pouring from the paneless ashes. At the same time the vilest odor imaginable saluted his nose, and in a moment young Harrison, smudged in the face and with torn clothes, emerged from the wreck. In his hands the boy carried a dish of some liquid, from which more of the black smoke was rising. Hastening to the edge of the roof, he put the dish down, but so carelessly as to spill the liquid, which ran over the edge of the eaves and streaked the newly painted side of the house. Everywhere the liquid dropped it left a broad, corroding, brown path, and these streaks spread in every direction, disfiguring the house so much that it had to be painted all over again.

Young Harrison is said to have begun the study of chemistry in the hope of discovering some new photographic emulsion. He was one of the first amateurs in all Chicago to take up photography, and he still uses the camera a good deal, but he has forsworn chemistry.

He is not fond of telling the story of his chemical exploits, but he does delight to tell fish stories of which he is the sole hero. Hempstead Washburn of the famous family of that name, who once defeated the elder Harrison for mayor, and who has accompanied the present mayor on many fishing excursions, says the stories told by the latter are strictly true, and Chicago believes them all implicitly. His fishing outfit includes almost too many rods, reels, lines and hooks to be counted, besides more varieties of flies probably than any other American fly-fisherman has in his possession. This is accounted for by the fact that whenever he has been abroad he has fished in all the good waters he could find, and his gear is suitable to the Nile and the streams of the Alps, as well as those of northern Michigan and southern Florida. They say he once caught 550 trout in four days in Michigan, while in Florida he hooked and safely brought to land a five hundred pound jewfish. He has many pictures of fish and anglers in his house, and a whole section of his library is devoted to books on ichthyological subjects. An enthusiastic Chicago writer not long ago declared that the mayor could give cards and spades to the man in charge of the fish department at Lincoln Park, Chicago, and then beat him out.

According to this writer, Mr. Harrison is as well posted about four-footed and feathered creatures as he is about fish, and could undoubtedly care for the animal house of Chicago's Zoo better than the men now in charge. He is generally acknowledged to be one of the mightiest of mighty hunters and the stories of his achievements as a Nimrod would fill a big book. He has had several narrow escapes from instant death, one of which occurred while he was managing editor of the Times. He and his brother went fishing for grayling in one of the streams that drain the northern peninsula of Michigan. Just as they were beginning to have some mighty good luck they heard the crackle and smelled the hot breath of an approaching forest fire. Hastily jumping into their wagon, they started to drive away to safety, but while crossing a corduroy bridge on a dead run their horses broke through. The trees were on fire on both sides of the shallow stream spanned by the bridge and there was no time to lose, but it would not do to abandon the horses. So, working in the scorching heat, they got planks under the animals, pried them out, and, lifting the wagon around, got away finally by another route. But the hair and beard of both brothers were singed and their clothes had holes burned in them. Another time, when the brothers were fishing, Carter H., who was wading a turbulent stream, stepped on a bowlder that turned under him, and was thrown into the water. His big boots acted like the air tanks of a life boat, and kept him afloat, but, unfortunately, his feet were up and his head down, and he was thus carried along at least 150 feet down a sort of rapids. Half strangled as he was, however, he grasped the submerged roots of a tree and then climbed to safety. He was in Florence, Italy, when the earthquake that destroyed so many houses and killed not a few occurred. When the shock came he was asleep in the Hotel de Ville. It was split asunder, and he considered that he had a narrow escape then. For two or three nights afterward he and his family slept in an open square, but succeeded in escaping to Switzerland without suffering any real damage. Not long ago a palmist essayed reading the lines in Mayor Harrison's hands and discovered therein most of the qualities attributed to his honor in this story. The palmist declared the lines showed the mayor to be a good judge of human nature and that he had a strong will power, was quick tempered and hated deceit. His friendships were strong, and his capacity for hate made him many enemies. He was fond of his home and children and was



MAYOR HARRISON'S HAND.

A great lover of beauty. The life line showed the mayor had a strong constitution and that he was free from danger of early death, though he was in the habit of taking many journeys and would take many more. These were for pleasure only. He was not a spendthrift, but had luxurious tastes. Outdoor life was declared to be his special hobby, and he was an enthusiastic sportsman.

President Andrews on Newspapers.

President Andrews advises young men not to go into the newspaper business—he calls it "journalism"—because if they do they will have to be either drudge reporters or else sell themselves to the propagations of opinions which are not their own. Does Dr. Andrews really think that all the editorial writers who criticized him last year were writing against their convictions?—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

TO KLONDIKE, SURE.

THIS MAN HAS COMBINATION BOAT AND SLED.

Also, He Has Secured a Charter—Further, Lots of People Are to Go With Him and Bid Themselves to Hunt Nuggets.

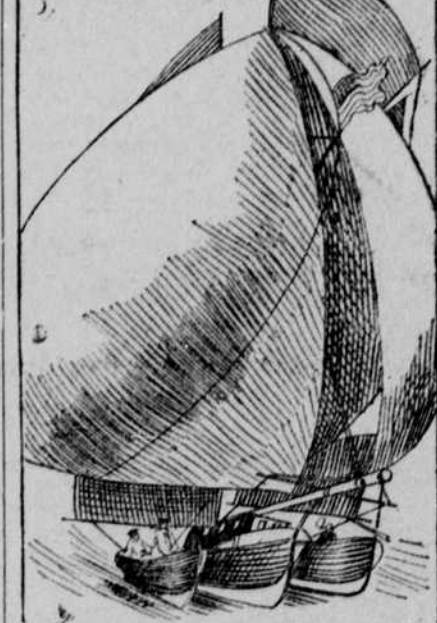


(Special Letter.)

HAVING braved the perils of the deep in every section of the world, J. T. Mathews, who recently brought this weather beaten personality to anchor at Baltimore, is about to start on a trip to the Klondike, in company with several other venturesome spirits, with a novel boat of his own invention. Mr. Mathews' new boat is of such an unusual design that it has excited a great deal of ridicule from the marine experts of Baltimore, but he meets every criticism with the one remark: "I have sailed on every ocean and commercial waterway of the world, and therefore I know what suits the Pacific ocean." Mr. Mathews' vessel is built on the order of a catamaran, but he has gone the twin-hull idea one better by providing his boat with three hulls. He has constructed the boat for a twofold purpose—going through the water and where water ends and ice begins to glide over the frozen surface, this being made possible by the equipping of the three keels with steel runners.

The boat is 34 feet 6 inches long, nine feet beam, and will have a carrying capacity of 35 tons. Owing to the number of hulls the sail area of the craft will be enormous. The total area will be 670 square yards. When ready for launching the three hulls will be bolted firmly together with three massive cross timbers. The combination of boats is built to accommodate 12 men. Each of the boats will be provided with cabins containing berths. The center boat of the craft will be shipped by rail in sections to Seattle, where the two smaller boats will be added. Mr. Mathews has formed his party of Klondike explorers into a company, to be known as the Mathews-Taby Alaskan Mining and Trading company, which has been regularly incorporated for the purpose of carrying on business in the gold fields. The prospectors will go by rail to Seattle, and will there embark on their three-hulled boat and set sail for the Yukon country. Snow falls all the year round in the part of the country to be traversed. Mr. Mathews regards "three" as a mascot number when gold mining is the object in view, and in addition to providing a trio of hulls for his Yukon craft he has caused each member of the party to sign a binding agreement that they will work together, prospecting and digging for gold in the Klondike, for not less than three years.

He explains his reason for putting this limit on the combined efforts of the party by stating that three years is the length of time that he considers it will take for each man to acquire a sufficient quantity of Alaskan yellow metal to enable all to return with a fortune.



THE COMBINATION CRAFT.

From the London Mail: A Mr. Roberts, for thirty-three years postman of Pilling in the Fylde, North Lancashire, has just retired. For twenty-two years he walked from Pilling to Fleetwood and back twice a day, not to mention many perilous trips in crossing the river Wyre during periods of storm. A calculation of five miles each way, four times a day (in addition to his round at the village), six days in the week, for twenty-two years, shows that he walked 137,280 miles between Pilling and Fleetwood in the fulfillment of his duty. During this time he must have crossed the River Wyre in by no means pleasant task in the winter time 27,457 times. His duties were considerably lightened when eleven years ago the government decided to bring the mails to Pilling by another route. Though this did away with crossing the river it did not reduce the distance Postman Roberts had to walk very much. Including the village delivery, he must in his thirty-three years of service have walked no less than 205,920 miles.

No Paragon. "I am a poor, motherless girl!" faltered Evangeline, her voice quivering. But James Wetmore-Smith was not a man easily to be balked. "I do not expect my wife," he replied, gently, albeit somewhat reproachfully, "to be both rich and motherless."—Detroit Journal.