



CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

Caussidiere started in surprise; he was not accustomed to such plain speaking. "Madame is severe," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "She does not approve of the morals of my nation? No? Yet perhaps! they compare not unfavorably with those of pious Scotland!"

"This rebuff rather disconcerted the plain spoken lady, who turned up the path impatiently, while the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and looked joyfully indignant. Marjorie, who had watched the preceding passage at arms with no little anxiety, not quite following the conversation, glanced imploringly at Caussidiere.

CHAPTER XII.

HE figure advanced rapidly, and in a moment Marjorie recognized her tutor. "Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried. "Yes," returned the Frenchman a quietly, "it is I!"

turned Marjorie, quickly. "She was found drowned in Annan Water—was it not dreadful, monsieur?—and she was buried yonder in the kirkyard when I was a little child." "And you think she was your mother?" "They say so, monsieur, but I do not think it is true."

"He held out his hand, and the girl took it. "You are very good, monsieur," she answered simply. "Then you must treat me as a friend, indeed, little one!" he answered. "I will take no money for your lessons. It is a pleasure for me to teach you, and—and Mr. Lorraine is not rich."

"Ah bien! since you wish it I will think you are right. Good-night, my little friend, and au revoir." He took the hand which she had extended toward him, raised it toward his lips, then patted it as if he had been patting the fingers of a child; it was this air of fatherly friendliness which made her trust him, and which won for him all the sympathy of her affectionate heart.

his friend," she answered, proudly. "Yes, his friend; and as his friend I will not hear him insulted. Good-night."

She walked quickly away, but in a moment he was again beside her. "Marjorie, will you not listen to me?" "No, I will not," returned the girl, angrily. "Whatever you have to say against Monsieur Caussidiere you shall not say to me. He was right; you are all against him, and you are the worst of all. Do you think it is just or kind to abuse a man simply because he is a stranger and unfortunate? What has Monsieur Caussidiere ever done to you that you should dislike him so much?"

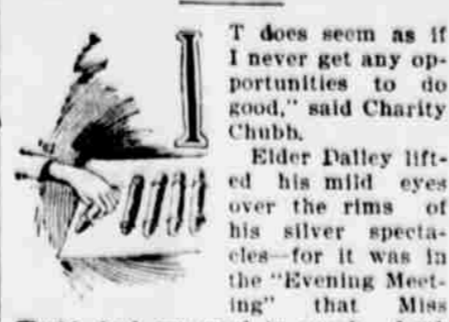
CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER the scene with Marjorie on Sunday night, Sutherland was in a state of despair; for two days he walked about in misery; on the third day his resolution was fixed and he determined to act. He went up to the Castle and sought an interview with Miss Hetherington, to whom he told of the scene which he had had with Marjorie, of her anger against himself, and of her constant meetings with the stranger, Miss Hetherington listened with averted head, and laughed grimly when he had done.

RARE WORKS OF ART.

Treasures of the Goncourt Brothers Bring Great Prices. All the great pictures in the Goncourt collection have now been sold at the Hotel Drouot and have realized 696,000 francs, or 127,840, says a Paris letter. It is to be noted that the brothers Goncourt, as related in the famous diary, often pinched themselves in order to purchase pictures and art objects for their collection.

HER OPPORTUNITY.



It does seem as if I never get any opportunities to do good," said Charity Chubb. Elder Dalley lifted his mild eyes over the rims of his silver spectacles—for it was in the "Evening Meeting" that Miss Chubb had ventured to speak forth these her impressions and viewed her troubled countenance between the feathers of Mrs. Dixon's hat, and the straight, white bristles of old Mr. Moss's close-shaved head.

"All in good time—all in good time," said the old man, serenely. "Remember Sister Chubb, that they also serve who only stand and wait!" So Charity Chubb went home some what soothed and mollified in spirit. She was a plain, coarse-featured, good-hearted woman, whose soul reached upward as a lily leans toward the sun, and who, cramped and fettered by the power of circumstance though she might be, was not so far from the kingdom of heaven as many another one.

HEAVEN BLESS YOU.

air of Lamb Court became intolerably close and the sound of wheels seemed to grind into Miss Charity Chubb's very brain! When a tall, untidy-looking girl, with the air of one who has grown beyond her strength, came in with a shawl wrapped about her head and a ragged splint basket in her hand, and asked for a quarter of a pound of starch.

"Everybody knows that," said Myra, almost peevishly. "And there's one little lad pining with hip disease?" "Yes."

Myra Gates's large, dark eyes had softened some in their light. "I suppose," said Miss Chubb, her eyes fixed keenly on the customer, "that he don't get many little dainties, such as ailing children like. I'll just put up a bunch of raisins and a fig or so for him and one of these fresh cards of gingerbread."

"Oh," cried Myra, "you don't know what a life I lead at home with my stepmother! If it wasn't for little Larry, I almost think I should have committed suicide long ago." Perhaps the world would have been quite justified in saying that Miss Charity Chubb did an indiscreet thing in taking Wilbur Gates's orphan daughter into her store, but the results were most favorable.

A GOOD APPETITE.

How frequently we hear the remark made, when a person's indisposition is spoken of: "Oh, he can't have much the matter with him. He eats well and, therefore, he must be all right." As a matter of fact, although a good appetite is sometimes considered as a test of the state of the health, it is not an invariable test, for often those who are seriously ill have good appetites.

ENGLISH NIGHTINGALES

They Are Not Shy and Their Song Is Not Reserved for the Night. The nightingale does not sing everywhere, yet it is the greatest mistake to consider the bird shy as to imagine its song is chiefly reserved for the night. He will sing continually from one of the oaks bordering the wayside while the village folks pass and re-pass. The village couples must rest upon the footside or linger to listen, beneath the very tree on which the bird is stationed.

HOW LONG SHOULD WE SLEEP.

The popular belief that men of extraordinary mental activity are, as a rule, light sleepers is not justified by facts, for the idler and the pleasure-seeker often seem to sleep longer and more easily than the laborious brain-workers. The only safe guide in determining the question of the proper amount of sleep is undoubtedly experience. If good health and full intellectual efficiency can be preserved by six hours' sleep, there seems no motive for making effort, probably destined to failure, to sleep eight hours.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Disinterested actions will earn the richest recompense.—Goethe. I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked.—W. Penn. It is the privilege of truth always to grow on candid minds.—Scrivener. Simplicity and grace seem to be the elements to charm.—Mrs. Sigourney. Poverty is rich with little—a cloudy day becomes rich with a speck of blue.—W. B. Spear. People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith. Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great.—R. W. Emerson. The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—Robert Hall.