



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.) "You are very unjust, my lady," answered the Frenchman. "Believe me, I am your friend." She lay back, moaning for some seconds; then, struck by a new thought, she looked up wearily. "I see how it is! You want money?" "I am not a rich man, madame," answered Caussidiere, smiling. "If I give you a hundred pounds will you leave this place, and never let me see your face again?" Caussidiere mused. "One hundred pounds. It is not much."

"Two hundred!" exclaimed the lady, eagerly. "Two hundred is better, but still not much. With two hundred pounds—and fifty—I might even deny myself the pleasure of your charming acquaintance." Miss Hetherington turned toward her desk, and reached her trembling hand toward her check-book, which lay there ready. "If I give you two hundred and fifty pounds will you do as I bid you? Leave this place forever, and speak no word of what has passed to Marjorie Annan?" "Yes," said Caussidiere, "I think I can promise that." Quickly and nervously Miss Hetherington filled up a check. "Please do not cross it," suggested Caussidiere. "I will draw the money at your banker's in Dumfries." The lady tore off the check, but still hesitated. "Can I trust you?" she muttered. "I knew it was siller ye sought, and not the lassie, but—"

CHAPTER XIX. IMMEDIATELY after his interview with Miss Hetherington, Caussidiere disappeared from the neighborhood for some days; a fact which caused Marjorie little or no concern, as she had her own suspicion as to the cause of his absence. Her heart was greatly troubled, for she could not shake off the sense of the deception she was practicing on those most interested in her welfare. While she was waiting and debating, she received a visit from the lady of the Castle, who drove down, post-haste, and stalked into the manse full of evident determination. Marjorie was sent for at once, and coming down-stairs, found Miss Hetherington and Mr. Mentelth waiting for her in the study. "It's all settled, Marjorie," said the impulsive lady. "You're to come home with me to the Castle this very day." Marjorie started in astonishment, but before she could make any reply, Mr. Mentelth interposed. "You cannot do better, my child, than accept Miss Hetherington's most generous invitation. The day after tomorrow, as you are aware, the sale will take place, and this will be no longer your home. Miss Hetherington is good enough to offer you a shelter until such time as we can decide about your future mode of life."

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peated. This time she ran to the window, opened it and put out her head. "Who is it?" she asked softly. "Is any one there?" "Yes, Marjorie. It is I, Leon; come down!" Trembling more and more, Marjorie hurriedly closed the window, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and noiselessly descended the stairs. The next minute she was in the Frenchman's arms. He clasped her fervently to him. He kissed her again and again as he said: "To-morrow night, Marjorie, you will come to me." The girl half shrank away as she said: "So soon—ah, no!" "It is not too soon for me, little one," returned the Frenchman, gallantly, "for I love you—ah! so much, Marjorie, and every hour seems to me a day. Listen, then: You will retire to bed to-morrow night in the usual way. When all the house is quiet and everyone asleep you will wrap yourself up in your traveling cloak and come down. You will find me waiting for you here. Do you understand me, Marjorie?" "Yes, monsieur, I understand, but—" "But what, my love?" "I was thinking of my things. How shall I get them away?" "Parbleu!—there must be no luggage. You must leave it all behind, and bring nothing but your own sweet self." "But," continued Marjorie, "I must have some clothes to change." "Most certainly; you shall have just as many as you wish, my little love. But we will leave the old attire, as we leave the old life, behind us. I am not a poor man, Marjorie, and when you are my wife, all mine will be all yours also. You shall have as much money as you please to buy what you will. Only bring me your own sweet self, Marjorie—that will be enough." With such flattery as this the Frenchman dazzled her senses until long past midnight; then, after she had made many efforts to get away, he allowed her to return to the house. During that night Marjorie slept very little; the next day she was pale and distraught. She wandered about the house in melancholy fashion; she went up to the churchyard several times and sat for hours beside her foster-father's grave. She even cast regretful looks towards Annandale Castle, and her eyes were constantly filled with tears. At length it was all over. The day was spent; the whole household had retired, and Marjorie sat in her room alone. Her head was ringing, her eyes burning, and her whole body trembling with mingled fear and grief—grief for the loss of those whom she must leave behind—fear for that unknown future into which she was about to plunge. She sat for a minute or so on the bed trying to collect her thoughts; then she wrote a few hurried lines, which she sealed and left on her dressing-table. After that was done, she looked over her things, and collected together one or two trifles—little mementos of the past, which had been given to her by those she held most dear, and which were doubly precious to her, now that she was going away. She lingered so long and so lovingly over those treasures that she forgot to note how rapidly the time was flying on. Suddenly she heard a shrill whistle, and she knew that she was lingering over-long. Hurriedly concealing her one or two souvenirs, she wrapped herself in her cloak, put on her hat and a very thick veil, descended the stairs, and found the Frenchman, who was waiting impatiently outside the gate. Whether they went Marjorie scarcely knew, for in the excitement of the scene her senses almost left her. She was conscious only of being hurried along the dark road; then of being seated in a carriage by the Frenchman's side. (TO BE CONTINUED.) Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. The autobiography of Thomas Cooper, the English chartist, is, as Carlyle would say, "altogether human and worthy," and one of the most fascinating records of a strange and often stormy career that can be read in any language. With a vividness that even Carlyle might envy, it describes the hard struggle of Cooper's early years—how his poor widowed mother was tempted to sell her boy to the village sweep for money with which to pay the rent of their little cottage; how he got a smattering of the three R's, and at 15 was apprenticed to a shoemaker; how he learned by hook and crook to read four languages, and acquired, besides, as much history, mathematics and science as made him a prodigy even in the eyes of educated men; how he became a schoolmaster, then a journalist, and at last, in 1840, flung himself heart and soul into the Chartist agitation. It cost him two years in Stafford gaol. Through the kind offices of Charles Kingsley he was provided with writing materials. Mixing them "with brains," he speedily produced a number of short poems and stories, a "History of Mind," and, most important of all, a vigorous and imaginative poem in the Spenserian stanza, "The Purgatory of Suicides," which has gone through several editions. It is just about four years since Thomas Cooper died, at the age of 87. He had outlived his fame, as he had outlived his Chartist. Indeed, we might say of him what an American critic said of Becher, that, had he died sooner he would have lived longer. Would Have One Soon. A freak museum manager wrote a party in Kentucky naming an offer for a rope with which any man had been lynched. The party replied: "We have none on hand now, but have placed your order on file, and you are to hear from us soon."

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

BLOOD WAS NECESSARY TO WIPE OUT INSULT.

The Defeat of the Frenchman May Yet Lead to War—He Was the Idol of the Impetuous People of the French Republic.



FTER having received at least a score of challenges from as many Italian officers of varied ranks to meet them one at a time upon the blood-stained field of honor, Prince Henri d'Orleans, the French explorer,

accepted the Italian Prince of Tourin. Subsequent poor showing on the "field of honor" has dishonored the Frenchman. Prince Henri's name has been constantly in the mouths of the Paris public since he started on his journey to the home of the negus, some eight months ago. The first announcement of his proposed trip aroused a storm of abuse from the Italians, who chose to believe that he was lending aid to their enemies. There were a number of



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minor quarrels, in all of which Prince Henri was the central figure. The affair culminated when a letter written by the prince was published by the Paris Figaro.

Prince Henri, after describing an interview between himself and the negus, continued: "Naturally the subject which was most often discussed was that of the war and the captivity of the Italians. I am bound to say that I am no longer indignant, but simply disgusted at what I hear each day about them. Out of respect for a nation with whom we were friendly I should have been silent if the Italians had not shown, in regard to ourselves, the most reprehensible conduct. Have they not confessed that, had they entered Addis Ababa victoriously, they would have given no quarter to any Frenchman, not even the small tradesman? They added, moreover, with an ironical air that they would not have inflicted the death penalty on the French women. Events did not permit them to accomplish their wishes. Although they came to the capital as prisoners, they do not seem to realize it; some of their officers were not ashamed to take part in the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Adowa; others wore as cuff buttons coins with the image of Menelik. It was Albertone himself who, drinking a toast to the health of the great emperor, turned toward one of our fellow-countrymen and said: 'Are we not courteous?' to which the Frenchman replied: 'Mon dieu, sir! I never saw a Frenchman drinking to the health of Emperor William.' This same Albertone received from the emperor a music box, which Menelik had loaned him to amuse him. On the departure of the general the music box disappeared, probably carried off by some subordinate. The empress asked if people had the habit of doing such things in Europe. 'Not everywhere,' was the answer she received. It seems that these Italians do not have much confidence in their fellow-countrymen. The officers asked the Abyssinians to give them guards to prevent their men from deserting while going back to the coast."

This letter aroused in France great resentment toward Italy and the Italian army, and its writer at once became a popular idol though he was still far from home. The announcement that the Italians had intended an awful fate for these French women found in Addis Ababa had they entered that city as conquerors, made French blood boil. French ire was soon directed toward Rome rather than Berlin. But if the letter aroused a storm in Paris, it created a simoon in Rome. An insult had been put on the entire Italian army such as required blood to wipe out. Certain Italian papers replied to Prince

Henri's letter with epithets that were too low for reproduction in the Parisian press. Then the Italian officers just back from their captivity at Uarrar drew lots to determine which of them should demand reparation from Prince Henri. The choice fell upon Lieutenant Pini, the brother of the celebrated maitre d'armes. Lieutenant Pini, in spite of the stock from which he comes, is a physical weakling, and moreover he is far below Prince Henri in rank. Hence this challenge was overlooked. But when one written by the Prince of Tourin reached the distinguished Frenchman it was quickly accepted. Fuel was added to the fire of Italian wrath by a letter from Prince Henri published by the Figaro, in which the following comments upon the battle of Adowa were made: "Not one Abyssinian has a bayonet wound, and nearly all the Italians show sword cuts. Now the Abyssinians are not expert with the sword. An Italian of the highest rank is seized by the collar by an Abyssinian. The European draws his revolver. 'Why should we kill each other?' says the Abyssinian. 'Let us embrace,' whereupon the Italian pockets his revolver and embraces the Abyssinian, who takes him. Several Italian soldiers were taken by women. 'Humble in battle, many Italians tried to show themselves haughty in defeat. They made proposals which upset our ideas of honor. A certain

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DRESSEI IN MALE ATTIRE.

A Brooklyn Girl and Her Boy Husband Tramping It to Florida.

James Dewitt Pierce, 19 years old, and his wife, one year younger, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., are in the county jail at Lancaster, Pa., because the woman was found by a Columbia constable dressed in male attire. The story they give is that the woman is the daughter of Joseph E. Jarvis, a dealer in tobacco at Clinton and Water streets, Brooklyn, who objected to the girl marrying Pierce, but whose objections were ignored. Pierce met misfortune after misfortune, and finally determined to beat his way to Florida, where he thought he could get a job. His wife decided to accompany him.



THE PIERCES.

and to better facilitate her movements concluded to dress in male attire, passing herself off as a boy. They reached Columbia in this way without creating suspicion, but there the constable saw through her disguise and locked both of them up. Pierce on the charge of absconding with a female and Mrs. Pierce for masquerading in men's clothes.

Sparrows Kill a Pigeon.

This story deals with the sagacity and pugnacity of the English sparrow, and also shows how curiosity may get an innocent creature into trouble. The Riddle mansion, that stands in Glen Riddle, Delaware county, has for some time been the nesting-place for several families of sparrows, and the birds had become a regular pest. One day last week Miss Riddle decided to get rid of the birds, and mounting a ladder, she tore out at least a dozen nests from the eaves of the porch. The old birds returning later and finding their homes wrecked, held a noisy meeting on the roof and then dispersed. A stray pigeon that had been roosting around the place for several days came back late in the afternoon and flew under the porch eaves as usual. The pigeon evidently noticed something wrong, for several times he flew from the porch to where the dismantled nests lay. This caused the trouble, for the angry sparrows noticed it and suspected the pigeon of being the cause of their despair. The first thing the unlucky pigeon knew he was attacked by at least twenty screaming sparrows, who began pecking at him, and despite a brave resistance the sparrows came off victorious and left a mangled corpse on the field. —Philadelphia Record.

Occupation for Invalids.

Invalids often need some object to take their attention for a long time. We suggest, when they live in the country and have land, that they try experiments in planting trees, and we suggest the black walnut as a tree which grows rapidly and will return a profit. It requires a rich soil, in which it grows very fast. W. J. Moyle tells us that he has taken the measurement of twenty trees set out forty-one years ago. They have attained a height of fifty feet, and for beauty and shade almost equal the elm. They furnish, besides, many bushels of nuts for the boys and girls of the village. For twenty feet from the ground the trunks are without a limb, and an old logger estimates that the lumber from each tree is worth \$100. The walnut is a fast and robust grower, and when the value of the timber is taken into consideration, it is surprising that this tree is not more largely planted.

A Fascinating Danger.

He—I'm going to kiss you now. She—At your peril. I always strike back.



PRINCE HENRY.