

the lady.

ways said you were my best friend.

"When will you come?" demanded

"Give me time, please," pleaded

Marjorie; "in a day or two, maybe-

after the sale. I should like to stay

So it was settled, to Marjorle's great

At sunset that day, as Marjorie left

the manse and crossed over to the old

churchyard, she was accosted by John

Sutherland, who had been waiting at

the gate some time in expectation of

her appearance. She gave him her

hand sadly, and they stood together

"They tell me you are going to stop

"If you go, may I come to see you

He paused, as if expecting her to

make some remark; but she did not

speak, and her thoughts seemed far

"Marjorie," he continued, "I wish I

could say something to comfort you in

your trouble, for, though my heart is

seems as if all the old life was break-

ing up under our feet and carrying us

far asunder. For the sake of old times

we shall be friends still, shall we

"Yes, Johnnie, of course," was the re-

"Because I loved you, Marjorie, Ah.

don't be angry-don't turn away-for

I'm not going to presume again upon

death has come our way, and all the

future seems clouding, I want to say

time to give me what you've maybe

to be sure, whatever happens, that

you've one faithful friend at least in

the world, who would die to serve you,

for the sake of what you were to him

The words were so gentle, the tone so

low and tender, the manner of the man

so full of melancholy sympathy and

"Oh, Johnnie," she said, "you know

"As your brother, then, let it be," an-

swered Sutherland sadly. "I don't care

what title it is, so long as it gives me

To this Marjorie said nothing. She

continued to walk quietly onward, and

churchyard and came to the spot where

Mr. Lorraine was at rest. Here she

fell upon her knees and quietly kissed

Had Sutherland been less moved by

his own grief, he might have noticed

something strange in the girl's man-

ner, for she kissed the ground almost

passionately, and murmured between

"Don't cry, Marjorle," he said.

She was recalled to herself by Suth-

"Ah, I can't help it," she sobbed

You are all so good to me-far better

They left the churchyard together

When they paused again, Sutherland

"No, not good-by. I may come and

"Yes," she returned, "if-if you

"And, Marjorie, maybe the next time

"What do you wish?" said Marjorie,

"Only this, that as you've given me a

sister's lot), you'll give me also a sis-

ter's trust; I want to think when I'm

away in the great city that if you were

in trouble you'd send right away to me.

Just think always, Marjorie, that I'm

He paused, but Marjorie did not an-

swer; she felt she could not speak.

The unselfish devotion of the young

"Marjorie, will you promise me

to let me be your brother indeed."

"No; good-night, Marjorie."

"To send to me if you're in trouble-

She hesitated for a moment; then

"Yes, Johnnie, I promise," she said.

"Good-night," she repeated, as she

About ten o'clock that night, when

all the inmates of the manse had re-

tired to rest, and Marjorie was in her

room about to prepare for bed, she was

startled by hearing a sharp, shrill whis-

tle just beneath her window. She start-

ed, trembling, sat on the side of her

left his side and entered the manse.

ardent love-making had done.

"Promise what?"

she gave him her hand.

bed and listened.

"Good-by."

there'll be folk by, so that we cannot

speak. I want you to promise me one

thing before we part this night."

shrinking buff fearfully away.

see you again, Murjorie, mayn't I, be-

and wandered back to the manse gate.

her sobs, "Good-by, good-by!"

took her hand and kissed it.

"Good-by, Johnnie."

the right to watch over you."

I have always loved you-always trust-

respect that Marjorie was deeply

"You've aye been very good to

there? I shan't be long in Annandale.

In a few weeks I am going back to Lon-

relief; and Mr. Menteith led the great

till I can stay no more.'

lady back to her carriage.

talking in the road.

not?"

ply.

me.

lang syne."

touched.

the grave.

erland's voice.

than I deserve."

fore I go away?"

"I'm not sure; maybe."

CHAPTER XVIII - (CONTINUED.) "You are very unjust, my lady," an- But I cannot come with you to-day," swered the Frenchman. "Believe me,

I am your friend." She lay back, moaning for some seconds; then, struck by a new thought,

she looked up wearlly. "I see how it is! You want money!" "I am not a rich man, madame," an-

swered Caussidiere, smiling, "If I give you a hundred pounds will you leave this place, and never let me see your face rgain?"

Caussidiere mused.

eagerly.

"One hundred pounds. It is not much. "Two hundred!" exclaimed the lady,

"Two hundred is better, but still not much. With two hundred pounds-and fifty-I might even deny myself the at the Castle. Is that so, Marjorie?" pleasure of your charming acquaintance."

Miss Hetherington turned toward her esk, and reached her trembling hand ward her check-book, which lay there

"If I give ve two hundred and fifty pounds will you do as I bid ye? Leave this place forever, and speak no word away. 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

"Can I trust ye?" she muttered. "I knew it was siller ye sought, and not the lassie, but-

"You may rely upon my promise that I shall return forthwith to France. where a great political career lies open L fore me."

Will you put it in writing?"

"It is needless. I have given you my word. Besides, madame, it is better that such arrangements as these should not be written in black and white. Papers may fall into strange hands, as you are aware, and the result might be unfortunate-for you."

She shuddered and groaned as he spoke, and forthwith handed him the check. He glanced at it, folded it up, and put it in his waistcoat pocket. Then he rose to go.

"As I informed you before," he said, "you have nothing to fear from me. My only wish is to secure your good es-

"When will you gang?" demanded ed you, as if you were my brother."

Miss Hetherington. "In the course of the next few days, I have some little arrangements, a few bills to settle, and then-en route to

He bowed again, and gracefully retired. Passing downstairs, and out at Sutherland kept by her side. Thus the front door, he again hummed gaily they passed together through the to himself. As he strolled down the

avenue he drew forth the check and inspected it again. "Two hundred and fifty pounds!" he said, laughing. "How good of her, how liberal, to pay our traveling expenses!" Meantime, Miss Hetherington sat in

of misery and despair. Her eyes worked wildly, her lips trembled convulsively. "Oh, Hugh, my brother Hugh," she cried, wringing her hands; "if ye were living, to take this scoundrel by the throat! Will he keep his word? Maybe I am mad to trust him! I must wait and wait till he's awa'. I'll send

CHAPTER XIX.

her gloomy boudoir, looking the picture

down for the bairn this day! She's safer here with me!"



MMEDIATELY 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

While she was waiting and debating, she received a visit from the lady of your brother and be sure there isn't the Castle, who drove down, post-haste, a thing in this world I wouldn't do for and stalked into the manse full of evi- you." dent determination. Marjorie was sent for at once, and coming down-stairs, found Miss Hetherington and Mr. Menteith 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.

Menteith 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."

"Just so," said the lady, decisively. "Pack your things, and come awa' wi' me in the carriage."

"I know you are very kind," returned Marjorie, "and maybe you'll be thinking I'm ungrateful, Mr. Lorraina al

peated. This time she ran to the yindow, opened it and put out herhead, "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 pext 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

"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 te-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

"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. full, I can hardly find my tongue. It Only bring me your own sweet self, Marjorie that will be enough."

With such flattery as this the French man 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 our old acquaintance. But now that times and sat for hours beside her foster-father's grave. She even cast regretful looks towards Annandale Casjust this-that come what may, I shall tle, and her eyes were constantly filled never change. I'm not asking you to care for me-I'm not begging you this

At length it was all over. The day was spent; the whole household had regiven to another man; but I want you tired, 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. Whither 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 yearshow 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 offces of Charles Kingsley he was provided with writing materials. Mixing them "with brains," he speedily man touched her more than any of his produced a number of short poems and stories, a "History of Mind," and, most important of all, a vigorous and imaginative peem in the Spenzerian stanza, "The Purgatory c. Suicides," which has gone through several editions. It is just about four years since Thomas

he would have lived longer."

Cooper died, at the age of 87. He had

outlived his fame, as he had outlived

his Chartism. Indeed, we might say

of him what an American critic said

of Beccher, that, had he died sooner

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 l'eople of the French Republic.



FTER having received at least a score of challenges from as many Italian officers of varted ranks to meet them one at a time upon the bloodstained 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 French-Prince Henri's name has been con-

stantly in the mouths of the Paris pub- 'Let us embrace,' whereupon the Italian lie 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 tried to show themselves haughty in believe that he was lending aid to their | defeat. They made proposals which upenemies. There were a number of set our ideas of honor. A certain

Henri's letter with epithets that were too low for reproduction in the Parision 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 du 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. pockets his revolver and embraces the Abyssinian, who takes him. Several Italian soldiers were taken by women.

"Humble in battle, many Italians

DRESSED IN MALE ATTIRE. A Brooklyn wirl 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 jall 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.



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, a 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.



Henri was the central figure. The af- ers who were brought to him in rags fair culminated when a letter written and barefooted, and when he strove to by the prince was published by the aid them he was dumbfounded to hear these words from an Italian mouth What swine the Italians are! What have they brought us to!" "

She Loves a Lineman.

N. Y., is a social favorite and a lover

of sports. She can row a boat, play

ball, run a foot race, fire a gun, and

hold her own in an argument. About

a month ago a gang of men came onto

her property to place poles and wires

Company. One of the gang was Percy

Cunningham. He met Miss Stockton.

and it proved a case of love at first

sight. They became engaged and the

wedding day set, but before it arrived

Percy's father came and took him

home.

Migs Irene Stockton of Lambertville

Prince Henri, after describing an interview between himself and the negus, continued:

Paris Figaro.

"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 for the Western Union Telegraph

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

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 boll. 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 bad been put on the entire Italian army such as required blood to wipe out. Certain Italian papers replied to Prince

coast."



PRINCE HENRY.