



CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.) "Folk think ye'er gentle," she continued, "but I've ailed you because I was sure ye had a stubborn will when your conscience told you that the right was on your side. If that man has wronged Marjorie Annan, would you be feared to face him and avenge her?"

"If he has played the villain," answered Sutherland, deadly pale, but determined, "I would hunt him down and punish him, though I had to follow him round and round the world."

As the young man spoke, his face wore an expression which few had ever noticed there before; all the softness and sweetness disappeared, the lines deepened, the eyes hardened, and the entire aspect grew hard as granite, and as unrelenting.

"I was right," said the old lady, noting the change. "Ye have the Hetherington temper, Johnnie Sutherland. Oh, that I were a man to gang in your place! But ye shall follow them with the swiftness of youth and the keenness of injured love."

A few minutes later, Sutherland left the Castle, fully authorized to bring Marjorie back if possible, and armed with ample means, in the shape of a large sum of money, which Miss Hetherington thrust upon him.

Left to herself in the lonely Castle, the lady retired to her private suite of apartments, and there gave way to the wild tempest of her sorrow and despair. Pride and self-reproach contended together for the mastery of her heart; but love was there, too—the intense love of maternity, which for nearly eighteen years had been flickering secretly like a feeble fire.

Sitting in her arm-chair, her head lying back and her eyes fixed wildly on the window's glimmering square and the dreary prospect beyond, she fell into a troubled dream of the past.

Bashing and fading before her, like colors ever changing in a kaleidoscope, Miss Hetherington felt again that wild, murderous thrill which hunted creatures, animal and human, often feel, and which tempts them—despairingly, deliciously—to destroy their young.

Fascinated and afraid, she had returned to Annandale, hiding herself by day, traveling in the darkness only. How dark it had been, how the wind had roared, that night when she flitted like a ghost round the manse, and saw the gentle old pastor counting his sonnets within! Her intention had been to go right on to the Castle with her burden; but the sight of the good man decided her, and she acted as the reader knows—leaving the infant on the doorstep, and flitting silently away.

That night the brother and sister stood face to face. What was said and done no one knew; but after a stormy scene the lady remained at the Castle. No one dreamed of connecting her with the wail just discovered at the manse door, for no one but her brother knew the secret of her fall; and as if by a special providence the corpse of a woman was washed up some days later on the Solway sands, and suspicion pointed to this woman as the mother of the little castaway.

From that time forth, till the day (which came so soon) when her brother died, Miss Hetherington had little or no communion with him; and when he passed away, as wildly and darkly as he had lived, she shed no tears. She had never forgiven him, would never forgive him this side the grave, for slaying the only man she had ever loved, and who, perhaps, might have made amends. She brooded over her wrongs till she grew prematurely old, and dwelt in the lonely house, of which she was now sole mistress, like a ghost in a sepulcher, from dismal day to day.

John Sutherland lost no time in the pursuit. He hastened to Dumfries at once, and, by questioning the railway officials, soon discovered that the train which had gone southward by the mail the previous night. Further inquiry led him to Carlisle, and the very inn they had stopped at. Here he learned from the landlady that the young couple had been married and had taken the one o'clock train for London.

It was all over, then; he had lost Marjorie forever. Of what avail was it now to follow and attempt to save her? Dazed and despairing, he found his way back to the railway station. He found the telegraph office still open, and at once dispatched a telegram to Dumfries, paying for a special messenger to take it on to Annandale Castle. The message was as follows:

"They were married here this morning, and are gone south together. What am I to do?"

To this came the answer: "Do not come back. Follow her; hear the truth from her own lips. Spare no expense, but find her. I leave it all to you."

It seemed a useless errand, but he was in no mood to argue or disobey. So he took the first train that was going southward, and before mid-day was far on his way to London.

CHAPTER XXIII. FOR days Sutherland searched London in vain for a trace of the fugitive couple; then accident revealed to him what a search of months might never have done.

He was walking along moodily, with his eyes on the ground; he had passed into the neighborhood of Leicester Square, when suddenly he started and trembled from head to foot. A voice, it seemed to him a familiar voice, struck upon his ear. It was speaking volubly in the French tongue.

Hurriedly he drew aside to allow the person to pass him by; then, looking up, he recognized the French teacher—Causidiere.

presently at a house in Gower street. Sutherland, after noting the number of the house in passing, pulled up his blouse at the corner of the next street and walked quietly back again.

By this time both Causidiere and his hansom had disappeared, but Sutherland recognized the place. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the way, examining the house, staring at it as if he would fain penetrate those dark walls and see the fair face which he suspected to be within.

Then he calmly walked over, knocked at the door and inquired for "Madame Causidiere."

The servant admitted him, and he was at once shown upstairs. In one thing Sutherland was fortunate—Causidiere was not at home.

He had entered the house only for a moment to give his hurried instructions to Marjorie.

"Pack up your things at once," he had said; "prepare yourself by the hour of my return. We leave for Paris to-night."

Then he had hastened down again, entered the hansom, and driven away.

Just an hour later the hansom containing Causidiere stopped again before the house. This time the man received his fare, and the cab drove away empty, while Causidiere entered the house and went up to his rooms.

He found Marjorie in tears, and John Sutherland by her side.

At sight of the latter he started, looking the reverse of pleased; the presence of the young painter, by no means desirable at any time, was at that moment particularly embarrassing. But Causidiere was not easily abashed; his presence of mind only deserted him for a moment; then he came forward with a sinister smile.

"So it is you, monsieur," he said. "I am amazed, but I cannot say that I am altogether pleased, since through finding Marjorie in your presence, I see her with a sorrowful face, and with tears in her eyes."

He came forward as he spoke, and held forth his hand, but Sutherland did not take it. He rose from his seat, and stood awkwardly looking at the two.

Marjorie rushed forward and took her husband's arm.

"Ah, Leon," she said, "do not be angry because I cried a little at seeing an old friend. Though I love the past, my love for you is not less; and he has told me such strange news."

Causidiere smiled down upon her and patted her cheek. It was wonderful how self-possessed he felt now he knew that no one could step between him and his prize.

"Well, my child," he said, "and what is this great news which he has told you?"

"He has told me of my mother, Leon—of my dear mother."

"Positively."

"Do you understand, Leon, that Miss Hetherington is my—"

"Assuredly I understand, little one. If I remember rightly, it fell to my share to tax the lady with the fact some time ago, and she could not deny it."

SCORNS GROSS GOLD. GEORGE SPEAREN SOLVES A PROBLEM IN LOVE.

Former Is Not the More Beautiful So the Handsome Young Widow Wins in Contest—Threat of a Breach of Promise Suit Decides Wavering Lover.



REPORT, Ill. is the center of a matrimonial romance that has a few novel features in it. According to a correspondent in that town, the other morning two young women anxiously awaited the coming of George Spearen;

one in Batavia, Ill., with all preparations made for a wedding, and the other in Freeport, armed with a summons in a breach of promise suit. They were both named Mary, and both expected to marry Mr. Spearen, but there all similarity between them ended.

The first Mary's name is Urch, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Urch, who make their home just outside of Batavia on a fine 280-acre farm. She is reported to be an heiress, but not more than passably pretty.

The second who bears the sweet old-fashioned name is Mrs. Mary Dunning Schroeder, but, "her face is her fortune, sir," she said, and it is no inconsiderable one at that. She is a widow, whose husband is still above grass, however, and is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Dunning, an old and well-known family of Warren.

This tale of one man and two women had its beginning in Batavia, was continued in Warren, and concluded in Freeport. George Spearen is a young Englishman, who was born, brought up and educated as a civil engineer in London, but afterward came with his family to London, Ont., and then drifted into the United States. He is a well put up young fellow, good to look upon and pleasant to know. He took charge of the Warren waterworks at the time they were completed, about a year ago, and has been the superintendent ever since. Previously he had spent a year or so at Batavia, and while there had met, courted and become engaged to the Mary who had a dowry, but, according to his own statement, lacked beauty and something of her youth, Miss Urch.

Not long after he removed to Warren he saw the second Mary. He sought an introduction, and straightway upon making her acquaintance fell in love with her. She was strikingly fair of face, but was minus a fortune other than a modest stipend that her former husband contributed weekly to her support. Here Spearen also courted, asked her to marry him, and she consented. Their engagement was announced to friends, and the middle of June was the date fixed for the marriage. Extensive arrangements were made for the event, a house was secured and furnished, even to the laying of the carpets; the prospective bride went with the young man to various shops where they selected the furnishings together, and she carried a key to the premises.

About the time all the preparations for the wedding were completed it is told that the Batavia Mary grew tired of waiting for her lover, and took measures to hurry him up a bit, and it is also related that she heard of his attachment for Mrs. Schroeder and his arrangements to marry her, and on account of her prior claim upon his affections fled a demurrer. At any rate the wedding ceremony was postponed, and young Spearen found out that two sweethearts are, under some circumstances, one too many.

Sir George Carlyon, in Sidney Grundy's play of "In Honor Bound," gives some excellent advice to a young man who was in a predicament very similar to Spearen's. "When passion is burnt

out, sweep the hearth clean and clear away the ash before you set alight a new fire," he says. But the Warren young man had either never heard of the admonition, or else thought it not worth consideration, so he hesitated between wealth and beauty.

morning of the day on which the wedding was to have occurred the bridegroom left Warren on the early train with the intention of marrying his first love. But he had not taken the beauty, and what she might do, into his reckoning, and that is where he made a mistake.

When the Warren Mary discovered that she had been jilted she did not sit still and let disappointment, "like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek." She hired a lawyer. Judge Marvin, an old friend of the family, was her solicitor when she freed herself of her first inebriation in the way of a husband and it was to him she appealed to bring back her recreant lover. Under his advice she went to Freeport and he had a summons issued commanding Spearen to appear in the circuit court and show why he should not be compelled to pay damages for breach of his promise to marry Mrs. Schroeder.

When Spearen stepped from the train at Freeport, a change of cars being necessary for him to continue on his way to Batavia, Sheriff Clingman with the summons loomed up in front of him, and after hearing the document read he changed his mind about going to the end of the journey he had started upon. Instead he found his way to Judge Marvin's office. Mrs. Schroeder was sent for and Spearen told her she was the girl he wanted to marry anyway and if she were willing they would end all their differences by having the judge perform the necessary ceremony.

The Warren Mary hesitated but a short time and then she consented. Judge Marvin married them and gave them his blessing, receiving in return two liberal fees, one as a lawyer and the other for the marriage ceremony. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Spearen left for London, Ont., to spend their honeymoon with the young man's par-



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ents. They will probably remain there, the bridegroom told Judge Marvin.

While Mr. Spearen was getting married in Freeport Miss Urch was awaiting his coming at Batavia and wondering how he had missed the train he had said would bring him to her. She did not despair, however, and, taking no news for good news, went on with the arrangements for the evening ceremony. With the evening came the guests and the minister, but no bridegroom. While she waited in her room and the friends who had gathered wondered at the delay a telegram was brought to her. It was from Spearen and said simply that he could not come. The guests were dismissed and went home with hate in their hearts for the man who had turned his back upon one of their best-liked friends almost at the altar. They did not then know the part the breach of promise summons had played in his desertion, and Miss Urch did not learn until the next morning why her lover failed to come to her. The Warren town board has written to Spearen asking him to come back there and take his old position again.

Princess Chimay's Tattooed Shoulder.

The people in Paris have been puzzled by the somewhat arbitrary action of the prefect of police in suppressing at the request of Prince Chimay, the photographs which have been filling the shop fronts with the counterfeit presentation, in absolutely correct ball dress, of the lady who not long ago, as the prince's wife, startled a romantic world. A closer study of the picture revealed the fact that Mme. Rigo, nee Clara Ward, had in her princely days caused the Chimay crown and initial C to be tattooed on her shoulder. This stood out so boldly in the photograph as a Chimay hall mark that the French Republic police, in sympathy with the sentimental claims of outraged nobility, took strong measures for stopping the sale. This is rather hard on a popular lady, who loses the fair income of 6 cents royalty on every one of many thousand photographs, which were being eagerly caught up by scandal-loving visitors to Paris.—Chicago Tribune.

No Reward Coming.

A Georgia mob recently gave a negro culprit the privilege of choosing the manner of his death. The victim desired to kill himself eating watermelons, but his captors were unanimous in the belief that such a death would involve no punishment, and that it was not their purpose to reward, but to avenge.—Ex.

Smoothing a Wrinkled Dress Skirt.

New York Times: A woolen dress skirt, which has been wrinkled by packing or in any other way, may be straightened by hanging outdoors in the dampness of a damp day or evening, when there is not too much dew, for a few hours. Care must be taken to keep the garment from becoming more wrinkled while it is still damp.

M'KINLEY'S DOUBLE. HE GOES AS OUR CONSUL TO MONTREAL.

Acted as a Substitute for the President During an Exciting Campaign in Missouri—His Present Place is the Reward.



COORDING to the New York World, Mr. J. L. Bittinger, the St. Joseph editor just appointed to be consul at Montreal, owes his distinction to a series of singular incidents that occurred during an exciting campaign in Missouri several years ago.

Mr. McKinley, then a congressman, was stumpng the state, and Mr. Bittinger was a member of the escorting party. There is a strong personal resemblance between the two men, and one is easily mistaken for the other. The fatiguing labor of incessant speech making brought Mr. McKinley to the verge of collapse. It was decided that in the emergency Mr. Bittinger should take his place. This was done, and thousands of applauding farmers wasted their energies on Bittinger under the impression that it was the great apostle of protection. As a result of this substitute work Mr. McKinley always had an unusually warm feeling for the editor, and when mentioning the subject, says that his only complaint is that Bittinger made better speeches than he did.

Last April Mr. Bittinger went to New York to plead the cause of a friend who desired to be postmaster of St. Joseph. The appointment prom-



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ised to arouse a factional fight, and the President urged him to take the position himself. This he refused to do. It was suggested that he select some other place. He declared his disinclination to engage in governmental service. Later, when calling on the President, Mr. Bittinger said that if the disposition to provide for him still existed, and the plum should happen to drop on his head, he would like it to be the consulship to Montreal. It has dropped.

Accidental Gold Discoveries.

From the Boston Post: Many of the gold finds in the Klondyke region have been purely accidental, and some of them were decidedly interesting, though perhaps not more so than many accidental finds in our own west in the '40s and '50s. It was before 1850 that three men while looking for gold in California discovered the dead body of a man who evidently had been "prospecting." "Poor fellow!" said one of the trio. "He has passed in his checks!" "Let's give him a decent burial," said another. "Some wife or mother will be glad if ever she knows it." They began to dig a grave. Three feet below the surface they discovered the signs of gold. The stranger was buried in another place, and where they located a grave they opened a gold mine. An adventurer who had drifted into Leadville awoke one morning without food or money. He went out and shot a deer, which in its dying agonies, kicked up the dirt and disclosed signs of gold. The poor man staked out a "claim," and opened up one of the most profitable mines ever worked in Leadville. "Dead Man's Claim," the name given to another rich mine in Leadville, was discovered by a broken-down miner while digging a grave. A miner died when there were several feet of snow on the ground. His comrades laid his body in a snow-bank and hired a man for \$20 to dig a grave. The grave digger, after three days' absence, was found digging a mine instead of a grave. While excavating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain, he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it rich."

Queer Church Etiquette.

A novel case was tried in the circuit court at Dixon, Ky. Jesse White, a minister of the gospel, was fined \$29 for disturbing religious worship. White was conducting a sanctified meeting at Chalybeate church. The church had made a rule that no young man should sit on the woman's side of the house, and when one Mr. Crooks came in with a girl and took a seat beside her the minister left the pulpit and arrested him. Crooks made some resistance, which caused a disturbance, for which White was fined.

Insect Multitudes.

In the report of the Museum Association for 1896, Mr. F. A. Bather, of the natural history branch of the British Museum, quotes a leading English entomologist as having informed him that "new species of insects are being described at the rate of about six thousand per annum." On thinking of the thousands of species already described, and the multitudes of individuals belonging to each species, one gets a lively sense of the immensity of the insect population of the earth.



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