

flashing and fading before her. like

deliriously-to destroy their young.

bering her first impulse. But the child

as she had come, leaving no trace or

Fascinated and afraid, she had re-

How dark it had been, how the wind

had roared, that night when she flitted

like a ghost round the manse, and

souvenirs within! Her latention had

been to go right on to the Castle with

her burden; but the sight of the good

the doorstep, and flitting silently away.

stood face to face. What was said and

scene the lady remained at the Castle.

No one dreamed of connecting her with

the waif just discovered at the manse

door, for no one but her brother knew

From that time forth, till the day

er died. Miss Hetherington had little or

passed away, as wildly and darkly as

he had lived, she shed no tears. She

had never forgiven him, would never

slaying the only man she had ever

loved, and who, perhaps, might have

made amends. She brooded over her

and dwelt in the lonely house, of which

in a seculcher, from dismal day to day,

He hastened to Du. . ' at once,

and, by questioning the rail. . offi-

cials, soon discovered that the to !

the previous night. Further inquiry

couple had been married and had tak-

It was all over, then; he had lost Mar-

en the one o'clock train for London.

to follow and attempt to save her?

The message was as follows:

To this came the answer:

far on his way to London

it all to you."

"They were married here this morn-

"Do not come back. Follow her:

It seemed a useless errand, but he

was in no mood to argue or disobey.

So he took the first train that was go-

CHAPTER XXIII.

when suddealy he started and trembled

from head to foot. A voice, it seemed

Hurriedly he drew aside to allow the

Yes, it certainly was he, beyond all

manner of doubt! He was carrying on

such an excited conversation with his

companion that he not even noticed

Sutherland, whose sleeve he had al-

Sutherland's first impulse was to

rush forward and confront the French-

man, his next to drop back, to remain

Where he went he could not tell, be-

ing unversed in the ways and the by-

en in and out of by-streets and slums-

presently the two men entered a house,

which to Sutherland seemed an eterni-

up one also, and they rattled away aft-

The Frenchman's bansom stopped

ways of the great city, but he was tak-

unobserved behind and follow him.

The latter course he followed.

most brushed.

er each other.

up, he recognized the French teacher-

OR days Suther-

land searched Lon-

don in vain for a

trace of the fugitive

couple; then acci-

of months might

He was walking

his eyes on the

never have done,

hear the truth from her own lips.

pursuit.

That night the brother and sister

CHAPTER XXII - (CONTINUED.)

"Folk think ye o'er-gentle," she con- colors ever changing in a kaleidoscope, thrued, "but I've are liked you because Miss Hetherington felt again that wild, I was sure ye had a stubborn will when | murderous thrill which hunted creat- thing Sutherland was fortunate-Causyour conscience told you that the right | mes, animal and human, often feel, was on your side. If that man has and which tempts them-despairingly, wronged Marjorie Annan, would you be

feared to face him and avenge her?" "If he has played the villian," answered Sutherland, deadly pale, but determined, "I would hunt him down and her heart, the mother had disappeared punish him, though I had to follow him round and round the world."

As the young man spoke, his face clew, wore an expression which few had ever noticed there before; all the softness | turned to Annandale, hiding herself by and sweetness disappeared, the lines day, traveling in the darkness only, deepened, the eyes hardened, and the entire aspect grew hard as granite, and as unrelenting

ticing the change. "Ye have the Hetherington temper, Johnnie Sutherland. Oh, that I were a man to gang in your place! But you shall follow them with man decided her, and she acted as the the swiftness o' youth and the keenness o' injured love."

A few minutes later, Sutherland left the Castle, fully authorized to bring Marjorie back if possible, and armed | done no one knew; but after a stormy 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. apartments, and there gave way to the special providence the corpse of a womwild tempest of her sorrow and de- an was washed up some days later on spair. Pride and self-reproach con- the Solway sands, and suspicion point- tears in her eyes." tended together for the mastery of her | ed to this woman as the mother of the heart; but love was there, too-the in- little castaway. ense love of maternity, which for nearly eighteen years had been flickering (which came so soon) when her brothsecretly like a feeble fire.

Sitting in her arm-chair, her head ly- no communion with him; and when he leg back and her eyes fixed wildly on the window's glimmering square and the drany prospect beyond, she fell into a troubled dream of the past.

Again she was a proud, passionate girl, reckless in her comings and golags, caring for nothing in . e world but the smiles of one man, and taring wrongs till she grew prematurely old, nothing but the anger of her savage brother, in whom the tigerish blood of ske vas now sole mistress, like a ghost the male Hetheringtons ran twice flery through lust and wine.

So haughty and unlovable had she seemed, so stubborn and capricious, that only one man had dared to woo her-that man her father's and her brother's enemy, the enemy of all her house. They had met in secret, and tives had gone southward by the mail she, with characteristic stubbornness, had loved him better for the feud that led him to Carlisle, and the very inn might have kept them asunder. And they had stopped at. Here he learned at last, in a wild moment of impulse. she had placed herself at his mercy. and had loved him without God's blessing or the sauction of clergyman or priest.

both, came the knowledge that she was about to become a mother,

Not till she confessed her situation found the telegraph office still open, to him did she discover that the hate and at once dispatched a telegram to of her family was justified, and that Dumfries, paying for a special messenshe had loved a villain; for almost simultaneously came the news that he was about to marry the daughter of an English earl. She taxed him with it, ing, and are gone south together. What and he scarcely took the trouble to de- am I to do?" ny it. He could never, he said, unite himself with one of her house.

How it came about she scarcely knew; but one night, when she met her | Spare no expense, but find her. I leave lover and faced him with wild upbraidings a hand like iron was laid upon her arm, and turning, she saw her brother Hugh. The two men faced each other; there were a few words, ing southward, and before mid-day was then a blow, and she saw her lover's face livid and bleeding as she swooned

Later that night, when Hugh Hetherington sought her in that very chamber where she was now sitting, he had wrung the whole truth from her, and, hearing it, had struck her, too, with his clinched fist in the face.

As she thought of that time, she rose feebly and looked into the glass. Yes, the mark was there yet; she would carry it to her grave. Her worn face went ghastlier yet as she remembered what had followed. How her wild brother left the place and was absent ground; he had passed into the returned and drove her forth, she read in a newspaper that Lord Lochmaben, of the great Lochmabens of the Border. had just died suddenly in his 35th year, his ear. It was speaking volubly in the somewhere abroad. There was no French tongue, scandal; the world did not even know how Lochmaben perished, but she knew that he had fallen by the hand of Hugh Hetherington, in a duel fought | Caussidiere. with swords on foreign soil.

Ah, the darkness, the horror, the desolation of the next few months! No one but her brother knew her secret, and he kept it well, so that all the world heard was that the brother and sister had quarreled, and that she had left the Castle to dwell, temporarily at least, apart. No one wondered. The Hetherington temper was well known. a by-word; it was as natural that such a brother and sister should hate each other as that swords should clash, or fire and torrent disagree.

Creeping in secret to a town apon the English border, she had hidden her mostly inhabited by French refugees; shante among the poorest of the poor. No one knew her; no one suspected but from which, after a lapse of an hour that she was some lowly woman who had gone astray in the manner only ty, the Frenchman emerged alone. He too common among her class. Then at | called up a hansom; Sutherland called | about 35 cents a day. Half of this they At her little one was born.

Sitting and reviewing it all darkly. seeing memory's phantom images

presently at a house in Gower street. Sutherland, after noting the number of the house in passing, pulled up his hinsom at the corner of the next street and walked quietly back again. By this time both Caussidiere and his

hausom 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 Caussidiere.

The servant admitted him, and he was at once shown upstairs. In one sidiere was not at home.

He had entered the house only for a moment to give his hurried instruc-She shuddered and cowered, remem- tions to Marjorie,

"Pack up your things at once," he had lived; and one night, holding it to had said; "prepare yourself by the hour of my return. We leave for Paris tofrom the strange town as mysteriously night."

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

Just an hour later the hansom containing Caussidiere stopped again before the house. This time the man received his fare, and the cab drove away empty, while Caussidiere entered "I was right," said the old lady, no- saw the gentle old pastor counting his the house and went up to his rooms.

He found Mariorie in tears, and John Sutherland by her side

At sight of the latter he started, looking the reverse of pleased; the presence reader knows-leaving the infant on of the young painter, by no means destrable at any time, was at that moment particularly embarrassing. But Caussidiere was not easily abashed; his presence of mind only deserted him for a moment; then he came forward with a sinister amile.

"So it is you, monsieur," he said. "I am amazed, but I cannot say that I am the lady retired to her private suite of the secret of her fall; and as if by a altogether pleased, since through finding Mariorie in your presence, I see her with a sorrowful face, and with

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 forgive him this side the grave, for love for you is not less; and he has told me such strange news."

Caussidiere 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 John Sutue, and lest no time in the you?"

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

"Positively." "Do you understand, Leon, that Miss ietherington is my-

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

"Then you did not know of it, and you never uttered a word; you never jorie forever. Of what avail was it now | told me, Leon!"

Told you! certainly not, mon amie Dazed and despairing, he found his It was not my province to reveal the way back to the railway station. He dark spots on the fame of the proud old lady of the Castle."

"It was not your province to tempt an innocent girl away from her home ger to take it on to Annandale Castle. and her friends," cried Sutherland hotly: "yet you have done it."

The Frenchman flushed angrily. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN AND THE CAMERA.

Photography as a Profession Should Appeal to the Fair Sex.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, the photographic artist, writes, in the Ladles' Home Journal, on "What a Woman Can Do With a Camera," telling the requisites for artistic and financial success in the pursuit of photography as a profession. "It is a profession," she contends, "that should strongly appeal particularly to women, and in it there are great opportunities for a good-paying business-but only under very well-defined conquions. The prime requisites—as summed up in dent revealed to my mind after long experience and him what a search thought are these: The woman who makes photography profitable must have, as to personal qualities, good common sense, unlimited patience to along moodily, with carry her through endless failures, equally unlimited tact, good taste, a quick eye, a talent for detail, and a for many days; and how, just after he neighborhood of Leicester Square, genius for hard work. In addition, she needs training, experience, some capital, and a field to exploit. This may to him a familiar voice, struck upon seem, at first glance, an appaling list but it is incomplete rather than exaggerated; although to an energetic, ambitious woman, with even ordinary opperson to pass him by: then, looking portunities, success is always possible, and hard, intelligent and conscientious

> work seldom fails to develop small beginnings into large results. "Good work should command good prices and the wise woman will place a paying value upon her best efforts. It is a mistaken business policy to try and build up to de by doing something badly cheaper than some body else. As to your personal attitude, be business-like in all your methods; cultivate tact, an affable manner, and an unfailing courtesy. It costs nothing but a little self-control and determination to be patient and good-natured under most circumstances. A pleasant, obliging and business-like bearing will often prove the most important part of a clever woman's capital."

Many of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor, and earn are allowed to spend for extra food, postage, etc., and the rest is saved, to

GEORGE SPEAREN SOLVES 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.



REEPORT, III., 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 yourg women anxiously awaited the coming of George Spearen; one in Batavia, Ill., with all prepara-

tions 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 heires. but not more than passably pretty The second who bears the sweet oldfashioned 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

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 measares 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 filed 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



GEORGE SPEAREN.

but, 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.

Finally, it seems, the weightier arzuments were made on the money side of the issue and it is said the parents of the man put forward some of them. A dower to accompany a daughter-inlaw is a thing very much desired by the average Englishman, and Spearen, Sr., wrote his son that fact, so the man who knows all about it says. The son apparently heeded his father's wishes. for one evening he quarreled with the Warren sweetheart and the next day he wrote her a letter saying if they were to have rows they might as well end the engagement then. The same day Spearen wrote the Batavia Mary that if she wanted to marry him the wedding would have to be in the second week of August. After that the house furnishing went forward again, but the material all came from Batavia, and even the personal wardrobe of the be given to them on their discharge. I lady was forwarded to Warren. The avenge.-Ex.

SCORNS GROSS GOLD, morning of the day on which the wed- M'KINLEY'S ding was to have occurred the bride groom 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 reck oning, and that is where he made a

> 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 check." She hired a lawyer. Judge Marvin, an old friend of the family, was her solicitor when she freed herself of her first incumbrance 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 summous issued commanding Spearen to appea: 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 start ed 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 honeymeon with the young man's par-



MRS. SPEAREN. ents. They will probably remain there,

the bridegroom told Judge Marvin. While Mr. Spearen was getting mar-

ried 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 guesta and the minister, but no bridegroom. While she waited in her room and the friends who had gathered wondered at the delay a te 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 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 Sholuder. 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 counterfell presentment, 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 mine in Leadville, was discovered by C to be tattoed on her shoulder. This stood out so boldly in the photograph as a Chimay hall mark that the French Republican police, in sympathy with the sentimental claims of outraged no- bank and hired a man for \$20 to dig bility, took strong measures for stopping the sale. This is rather hard on a popular lady, who loses the fair in- mine instead of a grave. While excacome of 6 cents royalty on every on€ of many thousand photographs, which were being eagerly caught up by scandal-loving visitors to Paris.-Chicage

Insect Multitudes.

gets a lively sense of the immensity of the insect population of the earth.

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 watermellons, but his captors were unanimous in

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



CCORDING to the New York World. Mr. J. L. Bittinger. the StJoseph editor just appointed to be consul at Montreal, owes his distinction to a series of singular incidents that occurred during an exciting campaign in Mis-

touri several years ago. Mr. McKinley, then a congressman, was stumping 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 weat to New York to plead the cause of a friend who desired to be postmaster of St. Joseph. The appointment prom-



MR. JOHN L. BITTINGER.

ised to arouse a factional fight, and the President urged him to take the posttion 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, hearts for the man who had turned his 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 grace. 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 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 snowa grave. The grave digger, after three days' absence, was found digging a vating he had struck gold. Forgetting the corpse and his bargain, he thought only of the fact that he had "struck it

Queer Church Etiquette.

A novel case was tried in the circuit In the report of the Museum Asso- court at Dixon, Ky. Jesse White, a ciation for 1896, Mr. F. A. Bather, of minister of the gospel, was fined \$29 the natural history branch of the Brit- for disturbing religious worship. White ish Museum, quotes a leading English was conducting a sanctified meeting entomologist as having informed him at Chalybeate church. The church had that "new species of insects are being made a rule that no young man should described at the rate of about six sit on the woman's side of the house, thousand per annum." On thinking of and when one Mr. Crooks came in with the thousands of species already de- a girl and took a seat beside her the scribed, and the multitudes of individ- minister left the pulpit and arrested uals belonging to each species, one him. Crooks made some resistance, which caused a disturbance, for which White was fined.

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 eventhe belief that such a death would in- ing, when there is not too much dew, volve no punishment, and that it was for a few hours. Care must be taken not their purpose to reward, but to to keep the garment from becoming more wrinkled while it is still damp.