



CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Once safe on English soil Causidiere became himself again. He forgot his abject terror and resumed his old manner. Then, before he had been in London many days, arose the question: How was he to subsist? He had little or no money, and such talents as he possessed were not at that time in much demand. A happy thought struck him—he would go down to Scotland, hunt out the rich mistress of Annandale Castle, and perhaps secure some help from her sympathy—or her fear.

Thus it befell that he arrived quietly one day in the town of Dumfries, and within a few hours of his arrival heard that Marjorie was alive and dwelling with her mother at the Castle. Up to that moment he had been in doubt whether the woman he had betrayed was alive or dead—indeed, he had scarcely given her a thought, and cared not what fate had befallen her. But now it was very different. She lived, and by the law of the land was his lawful wife.

His plans were soon laid. He determined to see Marjorie alone, and if she was obstinate and unyielding, to use what power he had over her to the utmost, with the view of securing present and future help. On reflection, he had not much doubt that he would soon regain his old influence over her; for in the old days she had been as wax in his hands, and her character had seemed altogether gentle and unresisting.

He reckoned without his host. These seemingly feeble and too faithful natures, when once they gain the strength of indignation and the courage of despair, assume a force of determination sometimes unknown and foreign to the strongest and most passionate men.

As matters had turned out, however, it was not with Marjorie herself that the Frenchman had had to reckon, but with her life-long friend and protector, John Sutherland. This pertinacious young hero whom he had always hated, had now fully asserted his authority in giving him the first sound thrashing he had ever received in his life.

Battered, bruised and bleeding, livid with mortified rage, Causidiere remained for some time where Sutherland left him, and when he at last found speech, cursed freely in his own tongue. Then he paced about madly, calling Heaven to witness that he would have full and fierce revenge.

"I will kill him," he cried, gnashing his teeth. "I will destroy him—I will tear him limb from limb! He has outraged me—he has profaned my person—but he shall pay dearly for it, and so shall she—so shall they all! I was right—he is her lover; but he shall find that I am master, and she my slave."

Presently he cooled a little and sat down to think. What should he, what could he do? Of his power over Marjorie and the child there was no question; by the laws of both England and Scotland he could claim them both. But suppose they continued to set his authority at defiance, what then? They were comparatively rich, he was poor. He knew that in legal strife the richest is generally the conqueror; and, besides, while the war was raging, how was he to subsist?

Then he bethought him of his old hold upon Miss Hetherington, of his knowledge of the secret of Marjorie's birth. It was useless to him now, for the scandal was common property, and Mother Rumor had cried it from house to house till she was hoarse. The proud lady had faced her shame, and had overcome it; everyone knew her secret now, and many regarded her with sympathy and compassion. For the rest, she set public opinion at defiance, and knowing the worst the world could say or do, breathed more freely than she had done for years.

Thus there was no hope for her. In need, look which way he might, he saw no means of succor or revenge.

As he sat there, haggard and furious, he looked years older, but his face still preserved a certain comeliness.

Suddenly he sprang up again as if resolved on immediate action. As he did so he seemed to hear a voice murmuring his name.

"Causidiere!" He looked toward the window, and saw there, or seemed to see, close pressed against the pane, a bearded human countenance gazing in upon him.

He struggled like a drunken man, glaring back at the face.

Was it reality, or dream? Two wild eyes met his, then vanished, and the face was gone.

If Causidiere had looked old and worn before, he looked death-like now. Trembling like a leaf he sank back into the shadow of the room, held his hand upon his heart, like a man who had received a mortal blow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CAUSIDIÈRE remained in the room for some time, but as the face did not reappear, his courage in a measure returned to him. At last he took up his hat and left the house.

He was still very pale and glanced anxiously from side to side; he had by

CHAPTER XXXIX.



IT WAS NOT until after Causidiere was laid in his grave that the news of his decease reached Marjorie. She read in a Scottish newspaper a description of the mysterious death of a French gentleman in a village

near Edinburgh, and suspicious of the truth she traveled to the place in Sutherland's company. The truth was speedily made clear, for among the loose articles found on the dead man's person were several letters in Causidiere's handwriting, and an old photograph of herself taken in Dumfries.

It would be false to say that Marjorie rejoiced at her husband's death; it would be equally false to say that it caused her much abiding pain. She was deeply shocked by his sudden end, that was all. Nevertheless, she could not grieve from herself that his removal meant life and freedom to herself and to her child. While he lived there would have been no peace for her in this world.

He was buried in a peaceful place, a quiet kirkyard not far from the sea; and there, some little time afterward, a plain tombstone was erected over his grave, with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of LEON CAUSIDIÈRE, Who Died Suddenly in This Village, June 15, 18—.

"May he rest in peace."

Marjorie had it placed there, in perfect forgiveness and tenderness of heart. And now our tale is almost told. The figures that have moved upon our little stage begin slowly to fade away, and the curtain is about to fall. What little more there is to say may be added by way of epilogue in a few words as possible.

In due time, but not till nearly a year had passed, Marjorie married her old lover, John Sutherland. It was a quiet wedding, and after it over the pair went away together to the Highlands, where they spent a peaceful honeymoon. During their absence little Leon remained at the Castle with his grandmother, who idolized him as the heir of the Hetheringtons. On their return they found the old lady had taken a new lease of life, and was moving about the house with much of her old strength and a little of her old temper. But her heart was softened and sweetened once and forever, and till the day of her death, which took place several years afterward, she was a happy woman. She sleeps now in the quiet kirkyard, not far from her old friend, the minister, close to the foot of whose grave is yet another, where old Solomon, the faithful servant, lies quietly at rest.

Marjorie Annan—or shall we call her Marjorie Sutherland?—is now a gentle matron, with other children, boys and girls, besides the beloved child born to her first husband. She hears them crying in the Castle garden, as she walks through the ancestral rooms where her mother dwelt so long in sorrow. She is a rich woman, for by her mother's will she inherited all the property, which was found to be greater than anyone supposed. She is proud of her husband, whom all the world knows as a charming painter, and whose pictures adorn every year the Scottish Academy walls; she loves her children, and she is beloved by all the people of the pastoral district where she dwells.

The Annan flows along, as it has flowed for centuries past, and as it will flow for centuries to come. Often Marjorie wanders on its banks, and looking in its peaceful waters, sees the old faces come and go, like spirits in a dream. The gentle river gave her the name she loves best, and by which many old folk call her still—Marjorie Annan; and when her time comes, she hopes to rest not far from the side of Annan Water.

THE END.

ENGLAND'S COAL SUPPLY.

Mines Will Last About Four Hundred Years.

It may now be accepted as geologically certain that between Dover and Bath there occurs a more or less interrupted trough of coal measures of 150 miles in length, and of a breadth varying from two to four miles, measured from north to south. Dr. Hull believes, however, that this trough is interrupted by many flexures and disturbances and that it cannot be expected to compensate for the possible exhaustion of the Lancashire and midland areas, says the Spectator. Nor, though he considers that it must extend under the channel toward Dover, does he think that it could be worked under the sea to any extent with profit; as, except at an enormous depth, the difficulties of intruding water would be too great. Taking each coal field separately, Dr. Hull discusses its probable lateral extension under overlying strata, and on the basis that about 4,000 feet represent the downward limit of practical working, he arrives at estimates in round numbers of the amount of coal that will be available at the end of the century. The total for the United Kingdom is \$1,683,000,000 tons. As the output of coal for 1896 was over 195,000,000 tons, on the extremely improbable assumption that the rate of production, which has more than doubled since 1860, will remain practically stationary, these figures of Dr. Hull would give a life of about 460 years to our coal mines. Within this period, then, an enormous readjustment of social conditions and probably of commercial conditions is bound to occur.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Women of Afghanistan With a Few Hints Last Year's Gowns May Be Worn Without Misgivings Some Answers to Correspondents.

The Parting. DON'T want to leave you, my little boy said, As into the pillow he buried his head; But the sand-maid came creeping soon into his room, Sweeping out memory with his gauze broom, And my child grew unconscious as Death in the tomb.

And the whole world shrank up to the size of a bed. I watched him sleeping, with his arms thrown above His dear, curly head, like a cupid in love; And his small bosom swelling, and sinking again, Slowly and softly—no sighing, no pain; His ears never hearing the "twish" of the rain, Nor the loud, roaring thunderbolts hurled down by Jove.

They shattered a walnut tree out near the shed, And two resting cattle were stricken down dead; But the child remained sleeping through all that great storm; The earth shook and trembled, but still no alarm; His dream, if he had one, showed no fear of harm; But he lay with his arms clasped over his head. And I thought of the long eternity years Of rest, dust and silence; no pain, and no tears. And I thought, how like sleep to a child in his bed, Are the long years of silence to those who are dead. But we all fear Eternity's sleep, I then said, As I wiped from my eyes the gathering tears.

How we cry against going, and leaving behind The friends who are anchored by love in our mind; And I rested my head on the pillow, beside My sleeping darling, and tried, and I tried To think out and reason; but soon I was tied. By the same mystic power—no death-like and kind.

Women of Afghanistan.

Miss Hamilton, or, rather, Dr. Hamilton, the Englishwoman who has



AFGHAN LADIES.

been court physician of Afghanistan for many years, says it is totally impossible for a westerner to understand an oriental. "As far as the east is from the west," so different the two modes of thought.

Slaves in Afghanistan are not degraded. The Afghan women, Miss Hamilton says, are indolent and useless, and absolutely neglect their children. To the slaves falls the management of all things. In a rich family the head slave is the housekeeper, a grand personage one is wise to conciliate. She has much authority, and dresses richly. Another important personage is the slave who performs the duties both of maid and valet. The wife, however, has the proud privilege of pouring water over the hands and feet of her husband when he is making his toilet or spreading his praying rug, and preparing his favorite dishes. The women are never jealous of each other. Miss Hamilton asked an intelligent wife, who was devoted to her husband, what she would do if he married again. "I shouldn't mind," she said. "Proper-minded women think it a disgrace to be jealous and fight over any man. What difference could the

presence of another woman make in his feelings toward me? A man's heart is like a river; what change is there in the current if here a dog satisfies its thirst on the banks, and there a camel; does it flow any the less steadily on its appointed way?" Women are not regarded as the men's equals. This is seen even in the attitude of boys of twelve. Though their mothers have cared for them in sickness and slaved for them, as soon as a boy escapes from the mother's arms to school he speaks roughly, orders her about, and exhibits no feeling whatever, and the mother has no redress, and, indeed, is servile to her son. The women of the upper class lead an aimless life. They think it beneath their dignity to sew; they do not cook or look after the children, and cannot read or write.

Disappointment in Love. Arthur has been for some months paying the most marked attention to a most charming and attractive young woman. She has been his almost constant companion, and they have grown very fond of each other. But it so happens that the lady in the case is engaged to a man whom she respects and has learned to look upon with a great deal of favor. Arthur has but just learned of the existence of this person, and feels very badly treated and somewhat bitter over the situation. He feels sure that the lady would be the gainer by giving up the other man and taking him for better or worse. But she will not, and that is the end of it. Arthur wants the editor's opinion on the matter, and asks if he has not good cause for complaint. Answer: The question of marrying for love is to be answered in but one way. There is no other ground for marriage but a genuine affection. If Arthur can win the young woman's heart and hand, her hand will not be so difficult to secure. But by all means, Arthur, be sure that it is a sentiment that is lasting, and be signally sure that you are quite as good as the other fellow before you attempt to supplant him. Winning a love that one cannot keep is but a poor conquest. As to the question of the right of any individual to conceal an engagement, that is a mere matter of fancy. One need not proclaim it, neither should it be kept a secret if there is likely to be any injurious consequences.

Heavy Embroidery.

Awkward Needlewoman asks what she can do to make her embroidery look well. It will draw and pucker. She has tried all sorts of ways without avail. Answer: The trouble is that you make your first threads too tight. Begin with a great deal of care and do not pull or draw the work. Perfect accuracy is learned only after long practice. Indeed, it appears to be impossible for some workers to finish a piece of work without puckering it all out of shape. Fine embroidery is best done over a hoop, which may be had of any dealer in fancy goods. Care must be taken in putting the material in the hoop that it is not too much wrinkled or creased. Almost all embroidery is improved by being pressed with a moderately warm iron.

Wedding Trousseaus.

A handsome bridal gown sent out by a leading modiste is of ivory duchesse satin, the bodice embroidered in silver and pearls and draped with white chiffon. Sleeves and sash are of chiffon and orange blossoms and white feather further decorate the waist. A veil of old Brussels point is worn. The bridesmaids wore frocks of white striped satin, bodices draped with chiffon and finished with flecuss of white transparent net bordered with plaited

chiffon frills. Sashes of colored chiffon—two of the maids wearing green, two blue and two pink, with hats to match—completed these fetching toilets. An English bride's traveling gown was of electric-blue satin cloth, embroidered with silver and ornamented with a very effective velvet applique. The vest of this gown was of white satin, veiled with white chiffon. A mantle of electric blue satin cloth was provided to correspond, lined with white broche, while the bride's hat was of blue velvet with plumes of white ostrich feathers.

Last Year's Gowns.

Variety is the spice of life and also of fashions this season. It's such a comfort to those who must wear their last winter's gowns to know that those same gowns, although of not the newest modes, are yet sufficiently up to date to be worn without any misgivings. Rarely is so much remodeling countenanced as is this year—in fact, it is done quite openly and with a



frankness that we would have considered appalling in other years. Old silk shirt waists that are too cool and too shabby for present wear may be made serviceable by the insertion of a lining in the yoke to give it additional warmth. The silk may then be entirely covered with black or some other colored chiffon to conceal its shabbiness, and it will be ready for a little longer wear. One of the prettiest of new gowns is of steel gray cloth, trimmed with festoons of sable about eight inches from the bottom. The tight-fitting bodice, with loose front draped to the left, ending there in a fur-edged drapery, and tight sleeves, with three fur-edged shoulder flounces.

Inheritance of Property.

W. A. M. writes for advice on the following points: A woman who is the mother of three daughters, one of whom is dead, owns property to a considerable amount. She dies and leaves by will her estate to the two living daughters, leaving out the children of the daughter who died. Can the will be broken in favor of the grandchildren? But a few months before her death she married and nothing is left to the husband. What can be done? Answer: Such a problem would furnish a hard nut for a good lawyer to crack. In some of the states a husband can inherit from the wife and no law can prevent it. On general principles all children must be provided for in a will. It would appear to be an easy matter to break a will made under such circumstances, but a doubtful undertaking to try to keep the husband out of his rights under the will.

THE BRIDAL GOWN.

