



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)
Caussidiere started in surprise; he was not accustomed to such plain speaking.
"Madame is severe," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "She does not approve of the morals of my nation? No? Yet parbleu! they compare not unfavorably with those of pious Scotland!"
This rebuff rather disconcerted the plain spoken lady, who turned up the path impatiently, while the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and looked loftily indignant. Marjorie, who had watched the preceding passage at arms with no little anxiety, not quite following the conversation, glanced imploringly at Caussidiere.
"Don't mind Miss Hetherington," she said, when the lady was out of hearing. "What Mr. Lorraine says of her is true; her bark's waur than her bite, and she means no offense."
"Who is she, my child? Oh, I remember, the eccentric old lady whom you visited yesterday."
Marjorie nodded; and at that moment Mr. Lorraine came down the path, followed by Solomon, and met Miss Hetherington, who began talking to him vehemently.
"Is she not very polite," muttered Caussidiere; "and see, she is already abusing me to your guardian."
He held out his hand.
"Good-bye! I shall see you, perhaps, later in the day."
"Perhaps, Oh, monsieur, you are not offended?"
"Not at all," replied Caussidiere, though the look with which he regarded his late antagonist rather belied his words. "I forgive her for your sake, my child!"
Marjorie did not go to church again that day. She had a headache and kept her room. It was altogether a gloomy afternoon. Mr. Lorraine, secretly troubled in his mind, had difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on his religious duties, and Solomon preserved an invincible taciturnity. So the day passed away, and evening came.
There was no evening service, for Mr. Lorraine was too infirm to conduct three services in one day. After a dismal tea, to which Marjorie came down, the minister sat reading a volume of sermons, and presently Marjorie left the room, put on her hat, and strolled into the garden.
It was a beautiful evening, and the moon was rising over the far-off hills. With her head still aching wearily, the girl wandered out upon the road and into the churchyard. She crept close to the western wall and looked for a long time at one of the tombstones. Then, sighing deeply, she came out and strolled up the village.
The bright weather and the fresh air enticed her on and on till she came to the rural bridge above the Annan Water.
All was still and peaceful; not a sound, not a breath disturbed the Sabbath silence. She leaned over the stone parapet and looked sadly down.
Her thoughts were wandering far away—flowing, flowing with the murmuring stream. She had fallen into a waking dream, when she heard a footstep behind her. She started and uttered a low cry as she saw a dark figure approaching in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XII.

HE figure advanced rapidly, and in a moment Marjorie recognized her tutor.
"Monsieur Caussidiere!" she cried.
"Yes," returned the Frenchman quietly, "it is I!"
"He took her hand in his, and found it cold and trembling.
"I have frightened you," he said.
"Yes, monsieur; I was startled because I did not hear you coming, and I seemed to be far away."
She seemed strangely sad and preoccupied tonight. After the Frenchman had joined her she related into her former dream; she folded her arms upon the bridge again, and fixed her sad eyes upon the flowing river. Caussidiere, partaking of the mood, looked downward, too.
"You love the water, Marjorie?"
"Yes; it is my kith and kin."
"You have been here for hours, have you not? I thought you at the manse in vain."
"I was not here, monsieur, I was in the kirkyard among the graves."
"Among the graves?" returned the Frenchman, looking anxiously at her. "A strange place for you to wander in, my child! It is only when we have seen trouble and lost friends that we seek such places. For me it would be fitting, perhaps, but for you it is distressing. You are so young and should be so happy!"
"Ah, yes," sighed Marjorie. "I am happy enough."
"Answer me, when I ask you, the days that passed by the brightest by wandering near the dead. Why did you go to the churchyard, little one?"
"Why, monsieur? To see my mother's grave."
"Your mother's grave?" thought Caussidiere, "she is dead?"
"Dead?" she said, "as my mother,"

turned Marjorie, quickly. "She was found drowned in Annan Water—as it not dreadful, monsieur?—and she was buried yonder in the kirkyard when I was a little child."
"And you think she was your mother?"
"They say so, monsieur, but I do not think it is true."
"No?"
"I have gone to her grave and stayed by it, and tried to think they are right, but I cannot—I aye come away as I did tonight and look at Annan Water, and feel it more my kin."
"Marjorie!"
"Yes, monsieur!"
"I fancy you are right, child; perhaps your mother lives."
"Ah, you think that?"
"More; she is perhaps watching over you, though she cannot speak. She may reveal herself some day."
"You believe so, monsieur?" repeated Marjorie, her face brightening with joy.
"It is very probable, my child. You are not of the canaille, Marjorie. When I first saw you I knew that; then I heard your story, and it interested me. I thought, 'We are strangely alike—we are like two of a country cast adrift in a foreign land, but our destinies seem to be one. She is exiled from her kindred; I am exiled from my home. She has a kindly heart and will understand me; we must be friends, Marjorie, will we not?'"
He held out his hand, and the girl took it.
"You are very good, monsieur," she answered simply.
"Then you must treat me as a friend, indeed, little one!" he answered. "I will take no money for your lessons. It is a pleasure for me to teach you, and—and Mr. Lorraine is not rich."
"Mr. Lorraine?" said Marjorie, opening her blue eyes; "it is not Mr. Lorraine who pays for my schooling, but Miss Hetherington."
"Is that so?"
"Yes; that is so. Mr. Lorraine did not wish to have me taught beyond my station; but Miss Hetherington said I must learn."
Caussidiere seemed to reflect profoundly.
"Miss Hetherington is a philanthropic lady, then?"
"Do you think so, monsieur?"
"Do not you think so, Marjorie, since she is universally kind and generous?"
"Ah," returned Marjorie, "I do not think she is always generous, monsieur; but she is very kind to me. Why she has almost kept me ever since I was a child."
To this the Frenchman did not reply; he seemed somewhat disturbed; he lit a cigar and watched Marjorie through the clouds of smoke. Presently the clock in the church tower struck the hour, and Marjorie started.
"I must be walking home," she said. She began to move across the bridge, the Frenchman keeping beside her.
They walked steadily onward, and now they reached the door of the inn. Marjorie paused and held forth her hand.
"Good-night, monsieur," she said.
"Good-night!—shall I not walk with you to the manse, little one?"
Marjorie shook her head.
"I would rather walk there alone."
The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.
"Et bien! since you wish it I will think you are right. Good-night, my little friend, and au revoir!"
He took the hand which she had extended toward him, raised it toward his lips, then patted it as if he had been patting the fingers of a child; it was this air of fatherly friendliness which made her trust him, and which won for him all the sympathy of her affectionate heart.
When Caussidiere imprinted a kiss upon her hand she neither blushed nor drew it away, but she said softly:
"Good-night, monsieur, God bless you!" at which the Frenchman kissed her hand again, then, turning quickly, entered the inn.
Marjorie turned, too, feeling her kind little heart overflowing, and walked away down the moonlit road. She had not gone many steps when she was abruptly joined by a man. She did not start nor seem surprised; indeed, while she was parting with the Frenchman she had seen John Sutherland watching her from the opposite side of the road.
"Good-evening, Johnnie," said Marjorie, quietly. "Why did you not come forward to speak to Monsieur Caussidiere?"
The young man started, but made no answer.
"Johnnie, what is wrong?" she asked. He paused, and looked at her.
"Marjorie," he said, "tell me what you were doing with that man?"
It was no time for his reproaches; her whole soul rose in revolt.
"With that man?" she repeated, angrily. "Do you mean with Monsieur Caussidiere?"
"Yes, with that villainous Frenchman," he returned, driver recklessly onward by his anger. "Why are you always in his company, Marjorie Annan?"
Marjorie drew herself proudly up. Had the Frenchman seen her then, he would have little doubt as to the stock whence she came.
"I am in his company because I am

his friend," she answered, proudly. "Yes, his friend; and as his friend I will not hear him insulted. Good-night."
She walked quickly away, but in a moment he was again beside her.
"Marjorie, will you not listen to me?"
"No, I will not," returned the girl, angrily. "Whatever you have to say against Monsieur Caussidiere you shall not say to me. He was right; you are all against him, and you are the worst of all. Do you think it is just or kind to abuse a man simply because he is a stranger and unfortunate? What has Monsieur Caussidiere ever done to you that you should dislike him so much?"
The young man stared at her flushed cheeks and angry eyes; then he exclaimed:
"Marjorie, answer me! Tell me it's not possible, that you care for your man?"
She flushed crimson and turned away.
"I care for anyone," she answered, evasively, "who is alone and who wants a friend. Monsieur Caussidiere has been very kind to me—and I am sorry for him."
"You are more than that, Marjorie—but take care, for I know he is a scoundrel."
"How dare you say so?" returned Marjorie. "You are a coward, Johnnie Sutherland. If he were here you would not speak like that."
"I would say the same to him as to you. If he were not a scoundrel he would not entice you from your home."
This was too much for Marjorie. She uttered an indignant exclamation, and, without deigning to reply, hastened rapidly away. This time he did not hasten after her; and almost before he could recover from his surprise she had entered the manse door.
CHAPTER XIII.
AFTER the scene with Marjorie on Sunday night, Sutherland was in a state of despair; for two days he walked about in misery; on the third day his resolution was fixed and he determined to act. He went up to the Castle and sought an interview with Miss Hetherington, to whom he told of the scene which he had had with Marjorie, of her anger against himself, and of her constant meetings with the stranger. Miss Hetherington listened with averted head, and laughed grimly when he had done.
"I see how it is," she said; "'tis the old tale; two lads and a lassie. But I dinna like the French man, Johnnie, no more than yourself. I'll speak with Mr. Lorraine; maybe 'tis his work to keep the bairnie right, though he does his work ill, I'm thinking. You're a good lad, Johnnie, and as to Marjorie, she's a short-sighted eedict not to see what's her friend."
She spoke lightly and cheerfully; but the moment Sutherland disappeared both her face and manner changed.
"The lad was right," she said. "Love has made him keen sighted, and he has told me the truth. Marjorie is in danger. Now is the time when she needs the care o' kind folk to keep her frae the one false step that ruins all. Marjorie Annan, what shall I do for you, my bairn?"
She stood for a time meditating; then she looked at her watch and found it was still early in the day; she summoned her old servant, ordered her carriage, and a quarter of an hour later was driving away toward the town of Dumfries.
Hardly had she left when the Frenchman came to the castle, and by dint of bribing the old serving man, Sandy Sloan, with a golden sovereign, was permitted to view the different rooms. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE WORKS OF ART.

Treasures of the Goncourt Brothers Bring Great Prices.
All the great pictures in the Goncourt collection have now been sold at the Hotel Drouot and have realized 696,000 francs, or £27,540, says a Paris letter. It is to be noted that the brothers Goncourt, as related in the famous diary, often pinched themselves in order to purchase pictures and art objects for their collection. They would undoubtedly be surprised if they were alive to read the prices obtained at the recent sale for old drawings and engravings which they picked up years ago at the Paris quays and elsewhere for a few gold or silver pieces. They were keen dilettanti and knew good works of art when they saw them, but they could hardly have realized that a sketch by the younger Mofeau, for which they paid about a dollar, would be purchased years afterwards for hundreds of dollars. There is now every prospect that the Goncourt academy may become an accomplished fact, and that the literary legacies, as well as the poor relations, may receive something worth having out of the estate. When Edmond de Goncourt died it was generally asserted by many that his artistic collections would not realize \$5,000, whereas his pictures and engravings alone have already brought in more than triple that amount.
Only a Little Premature.
"I can't hear a suit that isn't pending," said a judge to a young lawyer who was seeking advice.
"Am I not pending," replied the young man, in some confusion, "but it is about to pend."—The Green Bag.
The Indian population of the Dominion of Canada is said to be 122,000, of whom about 33,000 are Roman Catholics, and the same number Protestants

MONKEYS IN GANGS.

IN BENGAL THEY ARE AN UNMITIGATED NUISANCE.
Lather and Then Shave Them—After This Amusing Operation the Big Gotha's Wives Cut Him Dead and the Pack is Broken Up.
Monkeys are an unmitigated nuisance, especially in the country. I have often come across in the jungles adjoining the villages of northern Bengal whole troops of them, whose depredations in the fields and orchards were the despair of the unfortunate villagers, says the Strand Magazine. These troops always consist of one huge male and about 100 females. The fact is, when a little monkey is born in the pack it is suffered to live if a female but instantly killed by the father if it happens to be a male. The mother, however, sometimes manages to hide the little one until he is able to get about and then sends him away before the big male catches sight of him. In this way it often happens that individual males are to be found living by themselves in single blessedness. Now, getting tired of solitude after a time, and perhaps believing in union as a source of strength, these bachelors often join together and form a pack of their own—as a sort of a club.
Then the fun begins. They want wives—very naturally. But how are they to get them? All the female monkeys of the country belong to the harem of some big brute or other. Clearly, the only solution is to attack such a harem, kill the gotha (the aforesaid big brute) and then divide the spoils. So an ultimatum is sent—and rejected. War is declared. The battle is a fierce one, and often lasts several days. The party attacked always tries to retreat, and often traverses several jungles, fields and even villages. But the pursuit is hot and vigorous, and at last a stand has to be made—sometimes in a village green or even an orchard of some country mansion. In the actual fight the females generally remain faithful to their lord and master and help him fiercely against his numerous assailants. But the result is a foregone conclusion, and the several widows, after a very short period of mourning—usually manifested by a show of ill-temper—are consoled by the victorious males.
Now, these battles cause sad havoc to the fields and orchards of the country and often prove a positive danger to the people; for, though monkeys seldom attack men, woe to the luckless one who ventures to come near them in their deadly struggle. Moreover, when pressed by hunger these packs are not to be trifled with. You may not mind even the damage done to your orchard by hundreds of monkeys gobbling up everything they can lay their hands on; but it is quite a different matter when you have to suffer your doors and windows and stay in for days at a time because of the army outside.
Consequently the object of the natives is to break up these packs by capturing their leaders. Killing is against the dictates of conscience, but capture is not, especially as the monkey is liberated in a short time, as will appear presently. So when a pack is about the natives employ the following method: Close to an orchard a bit of level space is selected and a hole dug in it about two feet deep and six inches or eight inches in diameter. A noose is made at one end of a long, stout cord and placed over the mouth of the hole. The cord is then passed through a pulley or ring attached to a tree close to the house and the other end held some distance away by a concealed person. The noose and about ten feet or fifteen feet of the cord are covered over with sand. Then a nice tempting banana is placed in the hole and a number of rotten ones—covered, however, with fresh skins—are strewn all over the ground near the hole.
When the pack comes the females are too shy to venture out into the open space near the house. But the big gotha is a brave fellow. He sees the bananas on the ground, leaps down, takes up one—throws it away in disgust. Then another—with the same result. Suddenly he notices the nice, tempting one in the hole and plunges his arm in—immediately the cord is pulled, the noose fastened on the arm close to the shoulder and the monkey dragged willfully to the tree where the pulley or ring is attached. Then the hiding shikari comes forth, and, circling round and round the tree with the cord held tight in his hand, binds the unfortunate monkey safe and fast, all but the head. The pulley or ring is introduced not merely to bind the monkey to the tree, but also because it would be highly dangerous to drag the infuriated brute right up to a person.
The monkey, however, is not killed. Instead, they lather his head and face, no special care being taken in selecting the finest soap or the purest water. The operation is an interesting one and a source of great amusement to the bystanders. The monkey, however, dodges his head about, only to get a good dose of soap in his eyes and mouth. Then he has enough of it, especially as he feels dreadfully achy all over, and the cords cutting into his body every inch—to say nothing of the personal remarks and the highly adjectival language of the bystanders. He submits to his fate with eastern stoicism. His head is shaved clean as a billiard ball, and the face as well, nice and smooth like a baby's. Then they let him go. But, alas! such is the vanity of life! His wiles will not save him now that his beauty is gone! They disown him completely; cut him dead. Nay, they drive him away from the pack with contempt, with the end of

their tails—in the absence of domestic broomsticks. And thus, being without a leader, the pack is soon broken up.
THE ABUSED DISPATCH BOAT.
Innumerable Commissions Given to the Newspaper Correspondents.
Walter Russell, an artist with the fleet, contributes an illustrated article to the Century entitled "Incidents of the Cuban Blockade." Mr. Russell says: Much has been said of the dispatch boat as a nuisance to the fleet. All over the country the newspapers printed a joke purporting to be a conversation between Admiral Sampson and one of his staff, which was in substance as follows: "Admiral Sampson gave orders for the flagship to move northward, and received information that it was impossible, as there were three dispatch boats 'led to the anchor chains. He gave orders to go south, with the result that several others were reported fastened to the rudder and propeller blades. To east and west they were as hopelessly penned in also." I got the impression that the dispatch boat was the navy's source of luxury. Alongside the New York I saw the Somers N. Smith lowering bags of potatoes, sacks of provisions, boxes of vegetables, bread, etc., into the New York's small boat for the ward room mess. These supplies had been brought from Key West by request. When the material was brought aboard, a chicken with its legs tied together bore an envelope addressed to Gunner Morgan. This was a little remembrance in exchange for some excellent photographs taken by that officer.
Each ship that we boarded had a number of errands for us to do in Key West, so we never returned empty handed. One officer would say: "Won't you bring my linen from Key West? See, my white ducks look like coal sieves." Another wished us to inquire for an express package; still another had a craving for some delicacy that the ship could not supply. The caterer of the officers' mess—one chosen by ballot semi-monthly from among their number—would very frequently accept an offer from the dispatch boats to purchase and transport fresh provisions. The sailors also had wants to be filled, such as cigarettes and reading matter. On the whole, the dispatch boats have proved themselves to be very useful additions to the blockading fleet. There is hardly a dispatch boat that has not towed at least one prize to Key West. When I left the ship that day my pockets were bulging with letters and packages to mail; and even when descending the Jacob's ladder, another letter was passed to me from a gun-son by one of the sailors stationed there.
Time to Hurry.
"Thats baby of ours," he said declinively, "is to be christened tomorrow if I have to go to law to have it done. You see, his mother is something of a hero worshiper, and while it has all right at the start, now that it has reached a point where he is to be known as Dewey Bagley Hobson Shafter Schley Sampson Roosevelt Smith I think it is time to put an end to it."—New York World.
Untimely Remarks.
"Miss Blithlee," said the elderly gentleman, "your image is imprinted on my heart—" "Oh, by the way, Mr. Sears," the young woman, who had not been paying attention, interrupted, "did you know that they can now photograph on leather?"—New York Evening Journal.
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES
"Harry," said the teacher, "in your essay on 'George Washington' you say that he never went fishing. What authority have you for making that assertion?" "Why," replied Harry, "haven't we been taught that he never told a lie?"
A little boy had been sent to the corner grocery to get some eggs and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them. "How many did you break?" asked his mother. "Oh, I didn't break any," he replied, "but the bulls came off some of them."
"Nellie, dear," said the indulgent father to his 4-year-old daughter, "if you like your new dolly, you ought to put your arms about my neck and give me a real nice kiss." Nellie complied, but as she did so she remarked: "Oh, papa, I does dest spoil you dweadful!"
"Now, Johnnie," said the Sunday school teacher, "we have just read about Samson and his wonderful strength; can you tell me why he felt so down-hearted at the last?" "Dunno," replied Johnnie, "unless it was 'cause Schley sunked more Spanish boats than he did."
"Papa," said 5-year-old Willie, "I want you to give me 5 cents." "What do you want it for, Willie?" asked his father. "I want to buy a toy monkey," was the answer. "Oh," said the father, "you're monkey enough; we don't need another one in the house." "Well," said the little schemer, "then give me 5 cents to buy the monkey some peanuts."
When the collection was taken up in a north side church recently and the plate reached the pew occupied by a lady, her grown-up daughter and little 5-year-old son, the ladies folded themselves without money. The little fellow, however, reached over and gravely deposited a penny on the plate, and, turning to his sister, said in a loud whisper: "There, I just saved our family from being disgraced!"
It is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value upon no quality but such as any man may arrive at.

Force of Habit.
"Poor Alice had to give up her bicyclo riding. She just could not learn."
"And why not?"
"She was so used to driving a horse that she kept jerking at the handlebars all the time, as if they were a pair of reins."—Indianapolis Journal.
Proposed Alliance With England.
If the United States and England should form an alliance there would be but little chance for enemies to overcome us. When men and women keep up their health with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is but little chance of attacks from disease, as it steadies the nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.
Unlimited.
St. Louis Citizen—I read in the railway notes this morning that the Chicago Limited—
Chicago Citizen—Say, you must have read that in one of your village papers. You ought to know that Chicago has no limit.—Chicago News.
One Victory.
"I see that an American army officer has married a Spanish girl."
"Will?"
"That is one crushing victory for the Dons, anyhow."—Philadelphia North American.
Respectful.
"Pshaw!" he cried.
But his tone was not contemptuous. Indeed, it would have been as much as his life was worth to have addressed the Turkish governor in anything but a reverential manner.—Vim.
Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.
Problem.
"it may be dangerous to drink with a stranger," said Mr. Haddock, "but what in tarnation is a fellow to do, when he can't git nobody he knows to ask him?"—Indianapolis Journal.
Chats With Mothers.
BOOK FREE FOR ASKING. It is a storehouse of information, telling mother in simple language how to be her own family doctor and how she will succeed in treating every kind of throat trouble like Croup, Measles, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Quinsy, Coughs, Colds and all sore throats. It also tells how to cure Catarrh of the Stomach, usually called Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc. Write to Mucosolvent Co., Chicago, Ill.
A Reasonable Deduction.
"Yes," she exclaimed, "I don't believe any lady could listen to him for five minutes without being fascinated."
"Was that a simoleon the fellow must be," he growled.—Chicago News.
Have You Been Sick?
Perhaps you have had the grippe or a hard cold. You may be recovering from malaria or a slow fever; or possibly some of the children are just getting over the measles or whooping cough.
Are you recovering as fast as you should? Has not your old trouble left your blood full of impurities? And isn't this the reason you keep so poorly? Don't delay recovery longer but
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
It will remove all impurities from your blood. It is also a tonic of immense value. Give nature a little help at this time. Aid her by removing all the products of disease from your blood. If your bowels are not just right, Ayer's Pills will make them so. Send for our book on Diet in Constipation.
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. They freely and readily prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.
DYSPEPSIA
For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk, cream or butter, and I could not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASAGRETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life.
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