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CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.) Once safe on English soil Caussidiere 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.

This time forgotten all about the child, and Marjorie, too. He went through a procession of by-streets to the police station, saw the inspector—a grim, bearded Scotchman—and demanded from him police protection. "Protection! What's your danger?" asked the man, politely. "I am in danger of my life!" said Caussidiere. He was very excited and very nervous, and the peculiarity of his manner struck the man at once. "Who's threatening ye?" he asked, quietly. The repose of the stranger irritated Caussidiere, who trembled more and more. "I tell you I am in mortal peril. I am pursued. I shall be killed if I do not have protection, therefore I demand assistance, do you hear?"

His plans were soon laid. He determined to see Marjorie alone, and if she was obstinate and unforbearing, 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.

After a short but stormy scene with the inspector he walked away, revolving in his mind what he must do to make himself secure. Of one thing he was certain; he must leave Dumfries, and resign all hopes of obtaining further assistance from Marjorie or her friends. He must remain in hiding until political events veered round again and he could return to France. He hurried back to his hotel and locked himself again in his room. He drew down the blinds and lit the gas; then he turned out all the money he was possessed of, counted it carefully over, and disposed of it about his person.

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, Caussidiere 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.

He listened; he could hear nothing. He walked boldly out of the room, and having quietly locked the door and put the key in his pocket, strolled leisurely out of the inn and down the street unrecognized by a soul. He went straight down to the railway station, took a ticket for the north and entered the train, which was about to start. He had a carriage to himself; the first thing he did, therefore, was to throw the key which he had taken from the room door out of the window; then he traveled on in comparative peace.

"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 waging, how was he to subsist?

It was somewhat late in the evening and quite dark when he reached his destination—a lonely village, not far from Edinburgh. He walked to the nearest and quietest inn, and took a bedroom on the third floor. That night he slept in peace. He remained in the village for several days, and during that time he kept mostly to his room. On the night of the fourth day, however, he rang for the maid, who, on answering the bell, found him in a state of intense excitement. "Bring me a time-table," he said, "or tell me when there is a train from this place."

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. Indeed, look which way he might, he saw no means of succor or revenge.

"There is none to-night, sir." "None to-night!" "No, sir; the last train is gone; but the morn's morn."

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. "Caussidiere!" 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 Caussidiere 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.

"Then I will go by it—do you hear? At six you will call me, and I leave at seven!" The girl nodded and retired, fully under the impression, as the inspector of police had been, that the man was mad. At six o'clock in the morning the maid, with a jug of hot water in her hand, tripped up the stairs and knocked gently at Caussidiere's bedroom door. There was no reply. She knocked louder and louder, but could elicit no sound, and the door was locked. Leaving the jug of water on the mat, she retired. In half an hour she returned again. The water was cold. She knocked louder and louder, with no result. Thinking now that something might be wrong, she called upon her master. After some consultation the door was forced. All recoiled in horror. There lay Caussidiere dead in bed, with his false beard beside him, and his eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. CAUSSIDIÈRE 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 room. He was still very pale, and gazed at the floor with a stare, as if he had

As there were no marks of violence upon him, it was generally believed by those who stood looking upon him that his death had been a natural one. How he met his death was never known. It was discovered long after, however, that he was a member of many secret societies; that he had betrayed in almost every case the trust reposed in him; and was marked in their black list as a "traitor"—appointed to dis-

CHAPTER XXXIX. IT WAS not until after Caussidiere 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 Caussidiere'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 conceal 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 CAUSSIDIÈRE, 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.

WHITE-HAIRED ORACLE. Rules Over a Tribe That Is Centuries Behind the Times. From the Two Republics: As is well known to all who have looked into the matter carefully—for instance, such men as Lumholtz, Starr and Soville—there are in remote parts of Mexico today to be found portions of tribes of Indians who are practically as much given to idolatry, superstition and witchcraft as were their forbears in the vanished years when the gleaming banner of Castile and Aragon glanced amid the peaks and valleys of Mexico, announcing the advent of a stronger race and more victorious faith. The other day, while making a little trip over the Interoceanic, that runs through so many picturesque Indian towns, I happened to meet in one of these villages a very intelligent Indian, who told me the following. Whether it is true or not I do not know—"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." He said that on the northern slope of Popocateptl, near the foot, there is a large cave almost unknown to the outside world. In this cave lives an old white-haired Indian who is the oracle of a small tribe of Indians in that vicinity, whose language is unlike that of any of the neighboring towns. This little tribe has never been conquered either by the Spaniards or by the church, or by the modern government of the republic. The Indians have preserved all their old customs and traditions until this day, and are practically as they were 400 years ago. One of the very curious institutions among them is that of the oracle, or seer, who dwells in the above-mentioned cave all alone. He is always the oldest and wisest man of the tribe. He is looked upon with the same superstitious reverence as were the oracles of Dodona and Delphi in the boyhood of the world. In that cave are preserved rare gems of curiously carved emeralds, such as the great "Malinche" sent home to Spain; idols of gold and silver and copper and stone, pearl necklaces from the far-off Gulf of California, and strange robes of feather work, of which but very few examples are known to-day outside the pages of Sabagun, Prescott or Clavigero. There are also ranged in fitting order the ancient gods of this strange people, of whom this old man is the high priest. Once a month a commission of the oldest men of the tribe visits the cave and takes with it, in the name of the people, offerings of fruit and flowers and eatables and incense in honor of the gods and their oracle. Upon all affairs of importance to the tribe this old man is consulted, and his judgments are as those of the Medes and the Persians. I asked whether it would be possible to visit him or not and was told no one, not even members of the same tribe, outside the before-mentioned "commission," had ever seen the inside of that strange and mysterious cave. My informant told me that at a certain point all persons are stopped by a guard and told that they can proceed no further upon pain of death. And this is not a tale of 400 years ago, but of today. The tribe and the cave are at the north side of Popocateptl and every Saturday in Atlixco members of this tribe are at the market to buy and sell their simple necessities of life. It is enough to see them to realize at once the great difference between them and the other Mexican Indians who are to be seen there at that time. Not only is their style of clothing very different, but also their language.

What the Fool Said. It was where the motor cars pass in a certain city. An old gentleman alighted, and the conductor told him to look out for the other car. The passenger did not understand him, and turning around, asked: "What did you say?" Just then the motor struck him and knocked him without serious damage toward the curb on the opposite side from which he wanted to go. As he got up, he was heard to mutter, "I wonder what the fool said."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR. To woo a woman properly a man must first win her. Love is like a butterfly—it was probably a lot more comfortable when it was a worm. Before a girl is 20 you can never tell whether she is in love or her stomach is out of order. The average woman doesn't want her husband to be just; what she wants is for him to love her. A man without any religion at all may not be manly, but a woman without any religion at all isn't even feminine. If there are women who can make a fool of every man, there are other women who can make a man of every fool. At the age of 25 a man must be either engaged or married, or else the women begin to wonder why he doesn't behave himself. To be fascinating to a young man a woman must never admit that she is not in love; to be fascinating to an old man she must never admit that she is. Before a man falls in love he wonders how a woman would suit him for a wife; after he falls in love he wonders how he would suit a woman for a husband. The best imitation of a woman hurrying through some shopping in a department store is a girl for about five minutes after she has lit with all four feet on a hot stove by mistake.—New York Press.

In China a wife is never seen by her husband before marriage. In this country some wives seldom see their husbands after marriage.

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 81,833,000,000 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 400 years to our coal-mines. Within this period, then, an enormous readjustment of social conditions and probably of commercial conditions is bound to occur.

After-Effects of the GRIP

Grip is a treacherous disease. You think it is cured and the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are always left in a weakened condition—blood impure and impoverished; nerves shattered. Pneumonia, heart disease and nervous prostration are often the result. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. A trial will prove this. Read the evidence: When the grip last visited this section Herman H. Eweler, of 511 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well-known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and he has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. A year ago his health began to fall, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation decided to give them a trial. "After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased ambition. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and any one suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific." H. H. EWELER. Mr. Eweler will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.—From Cole Co. Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo. Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.

Uncle Joshua's Theory. Nephew from the City—Why do you have those lightning rods on your house and barn, Uncle Joshua? Don't you know the theory that they afford protection has long since been exploded? Uncle Josh—Well, kin tell you, they dew act as perfecter, they or no they. Nephew—Do you mean to tell me you believe they protect you from lightning? Uncle Josh—Mebbe not, young'un; mebbe not; but they perctect me from them pesky lightning' rod peddlers.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Welling, Kimball & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When France's President Travels. The French president travels free on the railways during his official tour in France, but when the return journey is concluded his secretary calculates what it would have cost if paid for at regular prices, and this amount is handed over to be distributed among the poorest-paid of the railway men. According to the Bible, there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven—probably because there won't be enough men to go around.—Chicago News. The watch wouldn't say: "Unhand me!" if it wanted you to let it go.

Health for Ten Cents. Cascarets make bowels and kidneys act naturally, destroy microbes, cure headache, biliousness and constipation. All druggists. If the pugilist is a man of mark, even his unsuccessful rival will hit the mark.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream
BAKING
POWDER

HOW CREAM TARTAR IS MADE. Cream of Tartar—which enters so largely into the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder—is obtained from the tart lines of France, Germany, Austria, etc. The Crude Tartar, called Argemone, is deposited on the sides of the wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. After the wine is drawn off, this crystal deposit is removed, dried and exported to America where the elaborate process of refining takes place, producing the snow-white crystals of Cream of Tartar.

In singling out Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder from all its competitors and bestowing upon it a special Gold Medal, the California Midwinter Fair concurred in the verdict given by the World's Fair jury, which awarded both medal and diploma to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, declaring it superior to every other brand. The victories won by it at all the great fairs, and its wonderful growth in popular favor, due to its purity, uniformity, wholesomeness, keeping qualities and excellence, have confirmed and emphasized it as "The Foremost Baking Powder in all the World."

Notes.—The Cream of Tartar Refinery, controlled by the Price Baking Powder Company, is the most complete and extensive in the World.