



CHAPTER XXII.—(CONTINUED.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again she was a proud, passionate girl, reckless in her comings and goings, caring for nothing in the world but the smiles of one man, and fearing nothing but the anger of her avenging brother, in whom the tigerish blood of the male Hetheringtons ran twice fiercer 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 she, with characteristic stubbornness, had loved him better for the feud that might have kept them asunder. And 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 sanction of clergyman or priest.

Then, to the terror and amaze of both, came the knowledge that she was about to become a mother.

Not till she confessed her situation to him did she discover that the hate of her family was justified, and that she 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, and he scarcely took the trouble to deny 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 lover and faced him with wild up-braidings, 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, then a blow, and she saw her lover's face livid and bleeding as she swooned away.

Later that night, when Hugh Hetherington sought her in that very chamber where she was now sitting, he had wrong 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 for many days, and how, just after he 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, somewhere abroad. There was no 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 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 upon the English border, she had hidden her shame among the poorest of the poor. No one knew her; no one suspected but that she was some lowly woman who had gone astray in the manner only too common among her class. Then at last her little one was born.

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

flashing and fading before her, like colors ever changing in a kaleidoscope, Miss Hetherington felt again that wild, murderous thrill which hunted creatures, animal and human, often feel, and which tempts them—despairingly, deliciously—to destroy their young. She shuddered and covered, remembering her first impulse. But the child had lived; and one night, holding it to her heart, the mother had disappeared from the strange town as mysteriously as she had come, leaving no trace or clue.

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

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

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

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

It was all over, then; he had lost Marjorie forever. Of what avail was it now to follow and attempt to save her?

Dazed and despairing, he found his way back to the railway station. He found the telegraph office still open, and at once dispatched a telegram to Dumfries, paying for a special messenger to take it on to Annandale Castle. The message was as follows: "They were married here this morning, and are gone south together. What am I to do?"

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

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

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

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

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

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 almost brushed.

Sutherland's first impulse was to rush forward and confront the Frenchman, his next to drop back, to remain unobserved behind and follow him.

The latter course he followed. Where he went he could not tell, being unversed in the ways and the byways of the great city, but he was taken in and out of by-streets and slums—mostly inhabited by French refugees; presently the two men entered a house, from which, after a lapse of an hour, which to Sutherland seemed an eternity, the Frenchman emerged alone. He called up a hansom; Sutherland called up one also, and they rattled away after each other.

The Frenchman's hansom stopped

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

By this time both Causidiers and his hansom had disappeared, but Sutherland recognized the place. He walked up and down on the opposite side of the way, examining the houses, starting 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 Causidiers."

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

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

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

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

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

He found Marjorie in tears, and John Sutherland by her side. At sight of the latter he started, looking the reverse of pleased; the presence of the young painter, by no means desirable at any time, was at that moment particularly embarrassing. But Causidiers was not easily abashed; his presence of mind only deserted him for a moment; then he came forward with a sinister smile.

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

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

Marjorie rushed forward and took her husband's arm.

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

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

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

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

"Positively."

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

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

"Then you did not know of it, and you never uttered a word; you never told me, Leon!"

"Told you! certainly not, mon amie! It was not my province to reveal the 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 and her friends," cried Sutherland hotly; "yet you have done it."

The Frenchman flushed angrily. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN AND THE CAMERA. Photographs as a Profession Should Appeal to the Fair Sex.

KILLED BY MINERS. A Constable Meets Death by an Inadvertent Fall.

Fort Smith, Ark., Dec. 9.—The dead body of James Murray, constable at Jenny Lind, a small coal mining town in the southern portion of Sebastian county, was found Monday morning lying by the roadside, a short distance from Bonanza, a mining town a little way from Jenny Lind. It was at first supposed that Murray had been the victim of a common murder, but it has since developed that the officer was lynched by a mob of coal miners.

Constable Murray left his home at Jenny Lind late Sunday afternoon to go to Bonanza, to arrest a man named Grant McDoom, for whom he had a warrant. McDoom was a miner at Bonanza. He formerly worked in the mines at Jenny Lind, and during that time Constable Murray and a companion were held up and robbed by highwaymen one night. Murray recognized McDoom as one of the robbers, and swore out a warrant for his arrest, but the latter disappeared. The constable finally located his man at Bonanza, and went there Sunday night to arrest him. He captured McDoom without trouble, and started with his prisoner for Jenny Lind about midnight. That was the last seen of Murray alive. The constable's body was found lying by the roadside next morning, about thirty yards from the shaft of the Bonanza mine. His hands were tied securely behind his body, and his neck was black and blue, showing plainly the imprint of a rope, which had choked the life out of the body. The eyeballs had burst from their sockets and hung upon the officer's brown cheeks. Blood oozed from a dozen bullet wounds in the officer's body, and his clothing was torn into shreds. There was no rope around the dead man's neck, but the imprints and laceration of the cuticle showed unmistakably how he had met his death. Yet there were no indications anywhere around of a death struggle having taken place. The ground upon which the body lay was covered with fallen leaves, and there was not even any footprints to be seen anywhere around.

Fifty feet away lay the apparently unconscious form of Grant McDoom. The ghastly discovery had been made by two casual passers-by, and when they saw that Murray was dead beyond a doubt, they turned their attention to McDoom. He was breathing heavily, and was to all appearances totally unconscious. They made a hasty examination of the body, but could discover no wounds. An alarm was quickly given, and friends of McDoom placed him in a wagon and drove away. The body of Murray was left for the coroner. The report was spread that officer and prisoner had been waylaid and murdered, the officer robbed and the prisoner left for dead.

Steamers Collide. New York, Dec. 9.—The Atlantic Transport line steamer Mobile, Capt. Layland, which arrived yesterday from London, had a collision with an unknown steamer on the banks of Newfoundland at 3 o'clock Sunday morning during a thick fog. There is no doubt that the other steamer was the Allan liner Coruna, which put into Halifax bound from New York to Glasgow, with her bow damaged above the water line and which reported having been in a collision with an unknown steamer in about the same locality and time.

The Mobile had five plates damaged on her port bow, but fortunately above the water line. The greatest excitement prevailed on board the steamer immediately after the collision. Many of the saloon passengers ran wildly about the ship, thinking she was about to sink. Several of the gentlemen were thrown from their bunks by the force of the collision, but as far as can be learned no one was injured. The passengers were promptly reassured of the vessel's safety and quiet was restored. The other steamer backed away after the collision, and was heard repeatedly blowing her whistle during the prevailing fog. The Mobile had on board fifty-nine saloon passengers and nineteen returning citizens besides a cargo of merchandise.

National Guard Association. St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 9.—Yesterday's session of the Interstate National Guard association, Gen. Bell president, announced the following executive committee: Gen. Reese of Illinois; Gen. Bend of Minnesota; Gen. Snowden of Pennsylvania and Col. Curtis of Indiana. This committee will go to Washington to urge upon congress the necessity of appropriating \$2,000,000 annually for the national guard. A number of resolutions were passed, among them being one asking the secretary of war to detail one officer from each branch of the regular service to attend future meetings of the association.

Woolen Mills Burned. Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 9.—The Knoxville woolen mills, largest manufacturers of jeans and other woolen goods in the south, suffered a \$10,000 loss by fire last night. The blaze was discovered in the stock room and spread rapidly. The company's own fire department attempted to extinguish the flames, but the entire city department was required and it was by hard work that the entire mill was prevented from burning. The loss is fully covered by insurance.

Washington News. Washington, Dec. 9.—In his invocation at the opening of the senate yesterday, Rev. V. H. Milburn, the chaplain, delivered a brief but touching eulogy on the late Senator George of Mississippi.

Mr. Davis of Minnesota reported from the committee on foreign relations a bill prohibiting the killing of fur seals in the north Pacific ocean. He asked immediate consideration for the bill, but Mr. Hale of Maine objected on the ground of the importance of the measure, and asked that the bill be printed.

Mr. Allen of Nebraska presented a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the senate that congress should with all due and convenient speed acknowledge by appropriate act the independence of Cuba. Mr. Allen said that he had long urged the United States to recognize the independence of the Cuban insurgents. He would not be content with the recognition of belligerency, but would insist on the acknowledgement of absolute political liberty. He was satisfied that the people would not be content with the course advised by the administration, inasmuch as the Cubans for more than two years on many battlefields had demonstrated their valor and love for liberty. He felt that they had earned recognition of their political liberty and that it ought to be accorded to them without further temporizing. If necessary this recognition should be backed by a fleet of American vessels in Cuban waters. He expressed a belief that owners of Spanish bonds in this country, American citizens holding property in Cuba which had been injured or destroyed by the country which might be affected by such a step, had joined to prevent the recognition of Cuba's political independence.

Mr. Allen expressed the belief that Mr. McKinley's statement in his message that recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents is now unwise and therefore inadvisable would be a great disappointment to the members of the Republican party throughout the United States. The national convention of that party had declared in favor of the independence of Cuba going farther than the simple recognition of belligerency. He thought that the president was under obligations to carry out the pledge which his party had made—a pledge which had been made to 73,000,000 of people. The president, Mr. Allen thought, had been lulled to sleep by the declaration of Spain that she would "Cuba a semi-political existence. He expressed the belief that the president's neglect to take such action as would insure the political independence of Cuba was an exhibition of "rank hypocrisy" and "a flagrant neglect of public duty" which would be corrected by the all-ruling power in his own good time. At the conclusion of Mr. Allen's remarks, Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts presented a resolution expressing the regret of the senate at the news of the death of Representative Ashley B. Wright of Massachusetts, and providing for an adjournment as a further mark of respect. At 12:55 the senate was adjourned.

Washington, Dec. 9.—The session of the house yesterday lasted only fifteen minutes. Mr. W. A. Stone (rep.) of Pennsylvania reported the pension appropriation bill, the first of the appropriation bills, and gave notice that he should call it up immediately after the reading of the journal to-day. The committee on election and currency were given leave to sit during the sessions of the house. Then at 12:15 the house adjourned.

DURRANT TO HANG. The Supreme Court Affirmed the Decision of the Lower Courts.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 9.—Late yesterday afternoon the supreme court dispelled the last hope of W. H. T. Durrant, the murderer of Blanche Lamoni and Minnie Williams, by disposing in a summary manner of his two appeals. In a written opinion from the pen of Chief Justice Beatty, which is concurred in by all but one of his associates, the court affirms the judgment of Judge Fishers in remanding the prisoner to St. Quentin until the date set for his execution, but reverses the sentencing of Durrant to be hanged on Nov. 11, and remands the case to the supreme court with instructions to proceed according to law. As the remittitur was ordered issued forthwith, and the court holds that execution can only be stayed now by the issuance of a certificate of probable cause, it only remains to resentence the condemned murderer, which will probably be done to-day. Justice Garroue dissented from this opinion, maintaining that Durrant's appeals should have been dismissed, as the time required by law for their perfection had been allowed to lapse.

Cotton Mill Strike. Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 9.—The strike at the Fulton bag and cotton mills of this city assumed what seems to be a serious aspect last night when the executive committee of the Atlanta Federation of Trades, after a meeting of four hours, issued a notice to all members of organized labor affiliated with the Federation of Trades to cease and discontinue labor at the Fulton bag and cotton mills until the present trouble is settled.

RACED WITH FIRE. Sinking Ship Counted in Time to Save her Crew.

Chicago, Dec. 8.—With deck, engine room and bilgeen must in flames, her crew revolting furiously and the crew of ten huddled forward, the propeller George W. Morley was run aground off Evanston at 8 o'clock last night. The sailors were taken from the burning vessel by the Evanston life-saving crew, the city fire department was notified, and the battle began to save the craft from total destruction. Despite all the firemen could do the Morley burned to the water's edge. Chief Engineer John Chapman was severely burned about the arms, but no one else was injured.

The propeller cleared from the Northwestern docks in Milwaukee yesterday morning, bound for Chicago, and towing the schooner Moravia of Milwaukee. When, between Highland Park and Wilmette, and five miles from shore a kerosene lamp in the crank pit exploded. In an instant a small barrel of oil in the engine room ignited, the flames caught the woodwork, and Chief Engineer Chapman was forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Springing to the deck, he gave the alarm, and the crew was piped on deck to extinguish the flames. A hurried investigation showed that it was impossible to reach the pumps, located in the engine room, and after a hasty consultation between the captain and engineer, the Moravia was cut loose and every effort made to beach the steamer before she burned to the water's edge.

Orders were given to hold the course for the Evanston light, and Chapman made another attempt to reach his engine room. Pulling open the door which he had slammed when the fire first forced him on deck, he was met by a rush of flame which caused him to stagger back, his left arm badly burned, his clothing singed and his lungs filled with the hot blast from the blazing engine room. For a moment he hesitated, then covering his face with a dampened handkerchief, reached for a lever. His right hand was burned and he stepped back. Again he hesitated, and then a quick run took him to the steam controller.

A turn of the small wheel and the Morley quivered as the screw began to revolve with a rapidity which sent the burning propeller ahead with a speed never before attained. The fire had not yet reached the boiler room and the firemen were sent to the stoke hole with orders to shovel the furnaces full. Quantities of kindling wood soaked with oil were thrown into the furnaces with the coal. Oil saturated waste helped the configuration under the boilers. The gauge indicated the maximum pressure and the screw was churning the water with a vigor that carried the boat toward the light with a terrific rush and sent her deep into the sand 300 yards off shore.

Fourteen miles in forty-five minutes was the record when the Morley's screw began to dig up the sand from the bottom. All this time the fire had been steadily gaining headway. It ate through the heavy timbers of the engine room and made its way into the hold. Around the smokestack was a miniature volcano, the burning woodwork aft being reinforced by the torrents of flame that were pouring out of the stack as it told the efforts of the firemen at the furnaces. Engineers and crew had crowded forward and were grouped about the pilot house. The run was one of life and death, and all anxiously watched for the Evanston light.

When the steamer struck the screw kept revolving with no hand near the engine to stop it. The land had been seen from Evanston, and the life-saving crew put out in time to rescue the sailors before the fire reached them.

TO CUT OFF SOLDIERS' WIDOWS. A Plan to Prevent Young Women Marrying Old Veterans for a Pension.

Washington, Dec. 9.—The House committee on invalid pensions met to-day and took action that is intended to correct the alleged rapidly growing abuse of young women marrying old soldiers and sailors for the purpose of becoming the widows and drawing a pension from the government. This subject has been much discussed in view of the comparatively large number of widow claimants on account of the Revolutionary war of 1812 and Mexican war service of husbands. The committee authorized Chairman Ivey to obtain from the committee on rules an order or rule permitting an amendment to the pension appropriation bill providing that no pension shall hereafter be granted to the widow of a soldier or other person who is married to such soldier or person after the passage of this act, excepting, however, all soldiers, sailors, officers, etc., now in or who may thereafter enter the military or naval service of the United States.

The American University. Washington, Dec. 9.—At the semi-annual meeting of the trustees of the American University, held to-day, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Payne of New York, secretary of the Board of Education, presided. The reports of the chancellor, Bishop John F. Hurst, and the vice chancellor, Dr. Samuel Beller, indicate a growing public interest in the progress of the university, which has now assets aggregating on a conservative basis \$1,000,000. The college of history will be completed in about ten days. Among the first articles of furniture to be placed in the new structure will be a table and set of chairs, once the property of Charles Sumner, a wardrobe that belonged to George Bancroft and the war desk of Edwin M. Stanton, all of which have been recently acquired by the university.

A Irish Iron Trade. Chicago, Dec. 9.—The Industrial World says: December gives early promise of a record breaker in iron and steel in the West. The month's usually quiet and dull. This year it surpasses the expectations of the trade. Orders coming wanting material for immediate consumption. There are also the beginnings of trade for 1908.

Prices are generally steady. Pig iron is firm on the basis of rail for No. 2 foundry. Structural material tends somewhat towards easier quotations, though prices are unchanged.