

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.-(Continued.) "You frighten me," she cried, trem- absent. There, that is my idea. bling still, "And I am so alone now. I used to have Auntie. I could have borne anything then, but now I feel like a poor little radderless boat going | hands, so to speak. Then, on the other

out to an unknown sea." "Not rudderless while I live," he replied tenderly.

"Well, Dorothy, my darling, I may

as well make a clean breast of the worst at once and get it over. Don't be frightened, dear, but my name is not Harris at all."

"Dick!" she cried, then sat staring at him as if she could not believe her own ears. "Dick!"

"Yes, I know. But wait till you hear all, dear, and then you will see that it was not my fault, to begin with, and that I never meant really to deceive either of you."

And then he told her everythinghow Lady Jane must have mistaken him for his friend Haines; how unconsclous he had been that the mistake had been made until she-Dorothy, that is-had called him Mr. Harris; how that fellow Stevenson had passed just as she spoke, and he had forgotten until he got back to Lady Jane's, nearly, that he had parted from her leaving her under a wrong impression about him; how, oddly enough, almost the same thing had happened at Lady Jane's. Then he told her all about his uncle's letter-gave it to

her to read, in fact-and told her how he had come to call on Miss Dimsdale, and had been prevented from giving his real name to Barbara by Dorothy's coming to meet him and introducing him to her aunt as "Mr. Harris," and, finally, how he let the mistake pass, feeling that the whole situation was a very awkward one for him, but having always the full intention of making a clean breast of it to Miss Dimsdale sooner or later. "And the fact was," he ended, half apologetically, "I thought if you both got to like me you wouldn't care whether my name was

Tom, Dick or Harry." "But it is Dick?" she cried quite piteously.

"It is Dick-Dick Aylmer, at my darling's service," he answered, "and, after all, Aylmer is a better name than Harris any day."

"And you will be Lord Aylmer one

day!" she said, her soft eyes filled with wonder to think of it.

"Yes, always supposing the old savave does not contrive to carry his



"DICK," SHE CRIED

threat about an heir of his own into actual fact," Dick replied. "But then you won't like me any the less for that, I hope."

"Oh, no, I was not thinking of that," she said. "I was only thinking how wonderful it was that you should want to marry me. But, Dick, what will your uncle say when he finds out about it?"

"He will cut off my allowance promptly," Dick answered.

"Oh, Dick!" she said. "Well, now, my darling, that is what I want to talk to you about. You see, nobody about here, not even Lady Jane, knows me except as Harris, regiment vague. And if the old savage finds out that I am married he will make it a necessity for me to go to India, which I don't want to do if I can help it. But if you would consent to marry me privately under the name of Richard Harris, we should be perfectly safe, so long as you were not known by any of the people in the regiment—that is, if you lived a mile or two away, or in the next town."

"It would be quite legal?" said Doro-

thy, in a trembling voice. "It would be perfectly legal," he answered. "Oh, my dear!" he burst out, "do you think I would be such a villain as to make a suggestion which would not be legal, while your aunt, who took care of you all her life, and who left you in my charge, lay dead in the house? Listen-I have thought it all out. We shall be married, if you consent, as soon as we possibly can be. Barbara will witness the marriage, but will not know my real name. I will at once make a deed declaring that I was married on such a day, under the name of Harris, and leave it sealed in some place of safety, so that there can never be any trouble about the identification of the Richard Harris who was married to Dorothy Strode. We will tell Barbara that it is necessary the marriage should be kept se-

you and take care of you when I am know that it is a great sacrifice to ask of you, and I hardly like to ask it, but you see I am in this old savage's

mean India." "Dick, dear," said Dorothy, slipping her hand within his, " we will be married privately. I don't think Auntle would have minded a bit. If she knew a thing was right, she never cared what the world had to say about it."

hand, if you don't feel that you ought

to do this, or that your aunt would

have objected very strongly to it, I

will write at once and tell Lord Ayl-

mer what I have done, and he must

make himself as disagreeable as he

pleases. Only, my dearest, that will

CHAPTER X. ND so it was settled. When Dick had gone again, Dorothy rang the bell for Barbara. "Come in here Barbara," she said, "I have something to tell you. Listensit down, Barbara, and promise me

what I tell that you shall be a dead secret for ever until I release you from your promise." "Miss Dorothy," said Barbara, sniffing, "I promise, but surely you know it isn't necessary."

"No, Barbara, no," soothingly, "but it is best to say all first, isn't it? First, do you know that this house all belongs to Mr. David Stevenson?"

"To David Stevenson!" burst out Barbara, indignantly (she had known David from a liittle boy and detested him always). "But, Miss Dorothy, surely the dear mistress never let him get round her to that extent?"

"No, no," cried Dorothy, "but Auntle had to sell the Hall to somebody, and she sold it to David, and I never knew it till he told me yesterday."

"Then I think, Miss Dorothy," cried Barbara, in dignified disgust, "that he might have had the decency to wait a day or two before he told you."

"No, Barbara, you are too hard on David. He has been very kind and considerate to me-most kind and considerate, indeed. But he just had to tell me, he couldn't very well help himself. Of course, he does not want to turn us out-he-he wouldn't mind if we stopped here for years; but then, you see, Barbara, I am engaged to Mr. Harris, and—and this no place for

"Does Mr. David know?" Barbara inquired.

"Not yet; and that is what I wanted to tell you. You see, Barbara, Mr. Harris is very awkwardly placed. He has a relation who insists that he does not get married because he would not marry some rich girl or other that they wanted him to marry. And, of course, he wants to marry me, and he means

"Yes?" said Barbara, intensely interested in this very romantic situation. "Yes, Miss Dorothy; well?"

"Well, Barbara dear, we are going to be married quietly," said Dorothy, edging her chair a trifle nearer to the elderly woman's chair, "without letting anybody know, do you see?"

"Without any of the folk round about knowing?" Barbara asked.

"Just so. It won't be for always, you know, Barbara-only until Dick comes into his property; and he hasn't asked me to do anything but exactly what he had made up his mind to explain to Auntie, and ask her to give her consent to. And I feel sure she would have done so, dear Auntie, for she did get so fond of Dick."

"Yes, she did," Barbara agreed. "But Miss Dorothy, you are sure it will be done properly-that you'll be married in church and have your lines, and all that?"

"You are to see me married, Barbara." Dorothy answered, simply; "Mr. Harris says so."

And after that Barbara gave her consent, so to speak, and promised to be true to her trust and stand by her



A BURST OF GRIEF. dear Miss Dorothy as long as she lived.

"I think the dear mistress would be glad if she knew, Miss Dorothy," "She did know, Barbara," said Doro-

thy, with a tender smile shining through her tears.

So the two sat together for a long cret for a time, and she will live with time, talking long, and now and then the great industrial centers.

weeping as some word brought back CAREER OF A BANDIT. the memory of their loss. And Dorothy told the faithful servant all the the strange and almost unknown fu- WROTE HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY ture, which seemed so terrible to her who had lived an her life-all that she could remember, at least-under He Was Extremely Religious - Describes the same roof and guarded by the same tender care.

It was so sad to have so little joy in her engagement and her coming marriage, and yet, "You mustn't think that I don't love Dick," she cried to Bar- that has ever been published recently bara, when she had another passionate appeared at Fossari in Sardinia. It is burst of grief over the dead woman nothing less than the autobiography of lying above. "I do love him with all a bandit, the title being "Life History my heart, and I know that I shall be of Giovanni Tolu, Related by Himself, quite, quite happy by-and-by. But it It is published by a lawyer named E. is all so sudden, so strange and new; Costa, in compliance with the bandit's everything is going from me at one stroke, and after we go away from As Costa was sunning himself in his Graveleigh I shall have nothing but garden some time ago old Tolu, who you to remind me of the past at all. Why, I den't know. I am not at all sure that everything here does not belong to David. Perhaps he can even story to the world. take my Lorna Doone away and-and even drown her."

"Nay, nay, Mr. David won't want to do that," returned Barbara, soothingly. Besides, Lorna never did belong to the mistress. Her ladyship gave her to you-the dear mistress had naught to do in the matter. Then, Miss Dorothy, dear, aren't you going to tell her ladyship about it?"

"Lady Jane last of anybody," cried Barbara-"last of anybody."

"I see," said Barbara, with an air of wisdom; but all the same, Barbara did not see anything. She thought the whole arrangement very strange and unusual, and she reminded herself that she had never been mixed up with anything of the kind in her life before, and now that she was being drawn into something distinctly clandestine she did not at all like it. Still, on the other hand, there was only the prospect of remaining at Graveleigh Hall under David Stevenson, and Barbara cordially detested David, as she had always done. So, between her dislike of David Stevenson and Dorothy's promise and Mr. Harris' wish that she should see the marriage take place, Barbara graciously gave her sanction to the private union, and did not try to place any obstacles in the young folks' way.



ISS DIMSDALE was laid away in Graveleigh churchyard three days la-Everyone, ter. high, low, rich and poor for several miles around the Hall, came to pay the last token of affection and respect to her, and

bitter were the tears that fell that day for the just and kind friend who was

was felt about Dorothy's future, and many were the speculations as to whether she would remain at the Hall alone with Miss Barbara or whether advice to the Madonna and the whole she would eventually decide to go to army of saints. One day he decided to Holroyd, or to take the good-looking murder a certain Salvatore Moro. "As officer who had been so frequent a vis- I went to his house," he tells us. "I

With regard to Dick, there was almost a quarrel, for Dorothy, as a mat- really deserved death. I also comter of course, had invited him to the mended my soul to God in case I should funeral, as indeed she had asked all surprised and killed by my enemy. Afher aunt's friends who would be like- ter I had slain Moro I loaded my gun ly to attend it.

the world, excepting one cousin, at parted soul. In this way I learned that that time wintering in Egypt, and I had killed the body but not the soul of therefore unable to attend the ceremony. She did not enter the large offered Dorothy his arm.

(To be continued.)

Natural Perfumes and Essences.

The preparation of natural essences, according to the Popular Science Monthly, is still a genuine agricultural industry. Flowers and leaves are the raw material, and they have to be treated fresh. The original laboratories are therefore generally established very near where the plants can enjoy the most favorable climatic conditions. Hence the crude essences generally When such mistakes are made, is it any come to us from various distant regions-essence of llang from Manila, of | farce?" geranium from Reunion and Algeria, of lemon and citron from Ceylon and China, etc. But as the imported materials are generally scandaiously adulterated, European manufacturers have sis of his character would be very inbeen impelled to bring home such of teresting. A brutal murderer one mothe crude material as will bear trans- ment, a fawning penitent the next, he portation. So sandalwood, cloves, pat- was assuredly a strange mixture of chouli leaves and vetivert grass roots contrarieties. And the most amazing brought dried, and with their scents fact about his career is that he never unimpaired are distilled in France and seems to have looked upon himself as Germany rather than in the countries a guilty man or deserving of any punof their origin. The most important ishment. center of this manufacture is the little city of Grasse, near Nice and Cannes. which, besides being a large center of production for the distillation of lumbia, S. C., to make a fire in the plants and woods, is the chief place furnace. He didn't make it, for he where these special processes, which nearly stepped upon a 19-foot boa conhave been transmitted through ages, strictor. He yelled and help came and and are the only ones for the extrac- the snake finally was chloroformed tion of the perfumes of flowers, are in and put in a box. The snake escaped use. The only chemical agents em- from a show early last summer, but ployed in these processes are vapor the event had been forgotten. and fat. The manufactories of artificial perfumes, on the other hand, are real laboratories of chemical products where the habitual agents of chemical industry are enaployed, requiring the doctor calls electric spasms. She was intervention of chemists and engineers, shocked by lightning last summer, and and are established by preference at these spasms affect her in just the

plans that Dick and she had made for ITALY'S NOTORIOUS OUTLAW

the Way He Murdered His Companion Rossa - Makes Fun of the Physicians Who Conducted the Inquest.

One of the most sensational books request, says the New York Herald. had for years been one of the most notorious brigands in Italy, appeared before him and begged him to give his

"I want," said the 74-year-old bandit, "to give in this way a warning to my colleagues, a lesson to flighty young men and a word of advice as to the manner in which the government should treat the poor people."

With these words he handed over his manuscript and went to his home, where he died a few weeks later.

Strange is the story which he tells He began his inquitous career by a murderous assault on a priest who had used his influence to prevent a respectable young girl from marrying him. After that exploit he fled to the woods and there he lived for thirty long years. No ordinary bandit was he. Lust of gold was not his besetting sin. He attacked only those whom he believed to be his enemies. Thus he was ever ready to deal a blow against police officers and spies, but on the other hand he was a stout champion of the poor and needy. The latter, indeed, looked up to him as their leader and willingly contributed to his support.

Strange to say, this redoubtable outlaw, who feared no man, was the abject slave of many childish superstitions. Fer example, he was convinced that a priest who said more than three prayers during the mass was bent on some evil deed and would surely bewitch some member of his congregation. Being once attacked with severe illness in Florines, his native place, he felt certain that a hostile priest, aided by several others, had afflicted him. "I betook myself," he says in his book. "to a worthy priest and he took his breviary and began to exorcise me. Thereupon the pain left me and I had rest for several weeks. Later I went to the curate of Orsi, who was said to be especially skilled at exorcising. He me with water and prayed a long time. Three times I went to him, but when I told him on the third occasion that the pain was worse than ever he frankly confessed that he, too, was bewitch-

Tolu never ventured to take any one's life until he had first appealed for itor at the Hall for three months past. | begged the Mother of God to enlighten me and to show me whether this man afresh, after which I said a 'Hail Mary' Now, Dorothy had not a relation in and prayed for the repose of the de-

my enemy." This extraordinary bandit spent his drawing-room until the last moment leisure in reading devotional books, his before starting, and then only spoke favorite being Mgr. Diodati's version a few words to those nearest the door. of the Bible. "Although I was an out-And when the time came for them to law," he tells us, "I never neglected my go, David Stevenson came forward, religious duties. Morning and evening and, with a very authoritative air, I said my prayers without fail; aye, I solely due to the presence of his rival, prayed for the dead and I visited many churches and I confessed several times each year. Through the kindness of the abbot of Florines, I was enabled to get into his church by way of a secret stairway which connected the church with his dwelling."

In regard to the murder of his companion, Rossa, who betrayed him, he says, naively: "I killed him at the first shot, and therefore I had to laugh when I read, some days later, an account of the inquest. The worthy physicians gravely testified that Rossa had been assaulted by at least four men! wonder that inquests are often a

Criminologists and psychologists will find this book well worthy of study. Not often is a man like Tolu to be found, and therefore a thorough analy-

Snake in the Cellar.

A fireman went into a cellar in Co-

Girl Has Electric Spasms.

Ohio, has daily convulsions which the same way as did the lightning.

A CASE OF MIND CURE.

The Christian Scientists Ought to Enjoy This Story,

They were two women and they were going to visit a winter resort, but for different reasons, says the Philadelphia Times. One of them was III, and she was going away to get well; the other was well, and she was going away to take care of the invalid. "Oh, dear," said the invalid, "if anybody finds out that I'm ill and begins to pity and 'poor' me, and above all to recommend what I ought to do and to take, I shall come home feeling twice as ill as I do now. I just simply couldn't stand it." "I tell you what," said the other. "Let me pose as the invalid. It'll be the easiest thing in the world, for you don't look a bit ill; as a matter of fact, you look better than I do. It can't do me any harm; it may do you a lot of good, and in such a good cause it won't be so very wicked." The invalid consented and the two arrived at the winter resort with their plans well laid. There was no need openly to fib about the thing. All that the other woman had to do was to draw her mouth down a bit at the corners and now and then to pass her hand across her forehead, and pose I ought to eat that? And the took up the topic of doctors. The well purposes. woman couldn't stir a peg without some solicitous guest calling after her DARKIES OF EASTERN SHORE. to be sure to (or not to) do this, that or the other. Still, it was all directed | Their at the well woman. She was the object of all the care and anxiety. Mean-

NOVEL TRADING.

constitution of Hebe herself."

Frank Devore of Arcola, Ill., was the owner of a horse, wagon and harness which he had used for doing odd jobs of hauling, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. A few nights ago Devore drove the rig up in front of John Shea's came out and jokingly bantered Devore for a trade or offered to purchase the outfit outright, providing a catisfactory property was exchanged. During the earth. night the horse got loose, broke into the corn bin and ate more than his cash value, putting corn at 20 cents. his bargain, sent for Devore, and offered him 25 cents to take the animal off his hands. Devore was condeon and 25 cents. Shortly afterward he drove the outfit around on Main street dollar.

"Wardrobes Purchased,"

tion invited."-Cornhill Magazine.

No Improvement.

to think and operate the typewriter at ity with which the engines reached the the same time." Editor-"Then you fire was no measure of their speed in Ida Stahl, aged 13, of Winesburg, are no better off than when you used opening their attack. It was stated

is not external; it is heart work .- J. R. was he eat." It is hoped that this

CIVILIZED CROW INDIANS.

The Tribe Really Seems to Be Making Progress.

William C. Evans, a retired farmer and stockman and prominent citizen of West Liberty, Iowa, found time the other day between trains to call on a few former citizens of West Liberty, who now live in Lincoln, says the Nebraska State Journal. He was returning from a visit to a son who is storekeeper at the Crow agency in Wyoming. Mr. Evans went all through the Big Horn region in 1884 and he was much interested this trip in observing the progress the Crow Indians had made toward civilization since that time. The Crows, he said, were always a dull race, almost non-resistant, and so had not so much warlikeness to get rid of as some other tribes. A number of them have taken land in severalty and till it quite successfully. It is, of course, with the younger generation that most has been attempted and accomplished. Mr. Evans attended Sunday school there, and found the children bright and well instructed. The day schools have had about 120 pupils and should have about 200 if all attended who are the proper age. The families get off hunting, however, and when things were passed her at the back. Just at present the schools are it is hard to get some of the children table to say: "Oh, dear, do you sup- dismissed on account of an epidemic of measles. The teacher is thoroughly other guests at the winter resort at qualified and doing much good. A once pounced upon her as the invalid. number of Crow men wear the civil-The only entertainment that guests at ized costume in its entirety and others such places have consists in wondering partially. The women, however, cling about each other, and as most such to their tribal dress. The children at guests are there for their health they the school must all wear clothes like soon learn to know the earmarks of the white people, but when they return the invalid. The woman who was not to their wigwams they often go back ill accordingly became the heroine of to the more primitive styles. A few such condition-"the latest invalid." women who are graduates of Carlisle She wes condoled with and advised set an example of civilized dress. The and criticised for not doing this and Crows are a fine race physically. Many extolled for doing the other. Every of the men are more than six feet high variety of preventive and remedy was and straight as the traditional redman. recommended to her and in some in- The women, through burden bearing stances thrust upon her. Each guest and hard work, are less attractive in had known or had heard of some doc- appearance. On the whole, Mr. Evans tor who would be infallible in her par- ! thought that the tribe was really movticular case. The only time that table ing forward and that after awhile they talk wandered from the subject of ail- might become really self-supporting ments and their cures was when it and civilized enough for all practical

> Happy-Go-Lucky, Idle, Easy Careless Life.

It is worth while to see them drive while the real invalid throve apace into one of the villages, say on a Satunder such wholesome neglect. She urday when the country people are knew that the other guests must con- gathering to do their shopping, says demn her for taking so little interest Lippincott's. One will see many an old in the health of the supposed invalid, negro come driving in at a snail's pace, but, so far as possible, she kept aloof clad in ill-fitting garments too big or from all that would remind her of ill- too small, of any color or no color, ness. Not only her own mind but the ragged and patched. He slouches on bade me kneel and then he sprinkled | minds of others had been side-tracked the seat of his tumble down wagon, as from the fact that she was an invalid if it were too much trouble to sit erect, and her recuperation was rapid. Long or as if he were about to fall over inbefore she had expected to be able to to the bottom of the vehicle and go to do so she was ready to depart. But sleep. His steed is a mule, small, bony, as the two set out upon the homeward starved looking, wabbling in gait, a ed, having been 'bound' by another journey the one-time invalid noticed very caricature of its kind. One ex-Naturally a good deal of curiosity priest, who was much stronger than that a change had come over her com- pects him every moment to stop and go panion. She was pale, dull-eyed and feeding on the grass that grows near tired-looking. Her voice was languid, the gutter. The wagon rattles from her movements listless. She looked ill, afar; every bolt and screw is loose, What could it mean? Can you guess?" the wheels seem about to fall entirely said the one-time well woman; "I'm off; the sideboards sway, and the seat no longer a make-believe invalid; I'm moves from side to side, apparently at the real thing. Such an ordeal as I've the peril of the occupant. The harbeen through would undermine the ness is composed largely of rope and twine; the lines are innocent of all accusation of being leather. One would be willing to risk his life on a venture that such a team would never get down Arcola Man Who Exchanged Sandwiches the street to the hitching place by the pump; but the zigzag journey is safely made, with no sign of anxiety on the part of the driver. As he hails his lounging comrades on the pavement with a guffaw that can be heard a mile; the voice of the ill-clad but haprestaurant on North Oak street. Shea py group sound mellow and sweet and good natured, as they chaff each other. These voices are the very expression of the happy-go-lucky, idle, easy, careagreement could be reached. Devore less life of these people, too indolent to asked Shea to make him an offer, which sound all the syllables of their words. he did. "I will give you five ham Yet they are happy; to see and hear sandwiches off my lunch counter for them one would think there was no the outfit," said Shea. "It's a trade," tomorrow, nothing to be done in the was Devore's laconic rejoinder, and the world and no such thing as care upon

London's Great Fire.

The city authorities show a laudable The next morning Shea became sick of disposition to take the lesson of the great fire to heart, says the London News. At the meeting of the commissioners of sewers suggestions were scending and took the horse and wag- made for laying out the devastated area in wider thoroughfares and for improving the quality of the buildings. and disposed of it to a peddler for one Two main causes of the spread of the fire were the narrowness of the streets and the jerry building of some of the It is better, I think, to give them houses-and these by no means the away than to sell them. Those that oldest. The moral as to the laying out have tried to sell clothes know that of new sites is one for all London. not even books descend in value quite As a rule the old lines are rigorously so rapidly. Five minutes' wear makes adhered to and streets which have been a coat second hand and reduces its rebuilt again and again are no wider worth by some 90 per cent. Nothing than they were centuries ago. Chanis quite so disenchanting as the offer of cery lane and Fetter lane are cases in the dealer who looks over one's war- point. They are wholly inadequate to drobe. It is cataclysmic in its pau- their present traffic but they might city. Finding a dealer should be an easily have been widened at any time easy matter to the peruser of adver- short of the last half-century. They tisements. "Wardrobes purchased" is are now so incumbered with costly one of the commonest lines to catch the property that nothing can be done with eyc, and every one knows the ambigu- them. Between Farringdon street and ous wording of the announcement: Charing Cross there is no good line "Mr. and Mrs. Resartus respectfully in- of northerly approach. The traffic form the public that they have left-off threads its way through as best it can, clothing of every description. Inspec- up one street and down another, rarely exceeding the proportions of a country lane. Another matter of supreme importance was mentioned. It now Humorist-"It is impossible for me seems generally known that the rapidthat "there was a delay of twelve minates la'me the streamers got to work The true culture of personal beauty and when they did the water supply time the aldert lesson will serve.