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CHAPTER XIII.



gone by-six glorious and blissfully happy months, dur-Mrs. Harris kept their secret well, and Dick was all the world to his wife Dorothy.

During two of these months they remained abroad, living in the smaller towns on the Riviera, seeking no ina quiet, peaceful life of love, of which neither had become the least weary when Dick's leave was up and it was time for him to go back to his duty.

Now, as the 43d were still quartered at Colchester, it became a question of some importance for them to decide where Dorothy should take up her abode after this. Colchester or its immediate neighborhood was, of course, an impossibility, as her whereabouts might at any moment be discovered. and also Dick's real name. Dick suggested that she might go to Chelmsford and take rooms there for the time; but Dorothy had stayed more than once in that sleepy little town, and it was therefore almost as impossible as Colchester itself. So finally they agreed that there was no place in the world like London in which to hide oneself and have a good time all back to town during the last week of Dick's leave, and they took a little flat In Kensington, just where Dorothy and Barbara could get on very comfortably without any servant, and yet could be near to good shops and a tolerably lively street.

"I'm afraid you'll be awfully dull, darling," he said to her when they had taken possession, and his last evening had come, "because, of course, you won't know any one, and you are not at all likely to get to know people." "I shall have Barbara," said Doro-

thy, smiling bravely. 'Yes, you'll have Barbara, but Barbara won't be much company for you," he answered. "I do hate all this concealment. I hate leaving you at all, and I hate having to live, as it were. on the sly, and I'm afraid always that some one you know or one of the fellows will be seeing you, and that they may get hold of a wrong idea altogether, and-and-I sometimes feel as if I should like to kill that old savage

at Avlmer's Field."

"But, Dick dear, nobody will see me, and if they do they will think I am Dorothy Strode still. Remember, I don't know many people in all the world, and none of your officers know me at all, and if they happened to see me with you they wouldn't think anything of it. Really, I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, dearest, and as for my being dull-why, I am never dull. I never have been used to having more than one person at a time-Auntie all my life, and now you. I shall get on splendidly with Barbara, and I shall always be able to look forward to the days when you will be coming home."

"And I shall come like a bird whenever I get the ghost of a chance," he cried, tenderly.

"And I," cried Dorothy, "am going to make a study of gowns. I have always been used to making my ordinary gowns, and I shall have lots of time. and I am going to begin as soon as you are gone. I am going to make myself some beautiful tea-gowns; they will make me look married and dignified-they will make you respect me, sir,"

"But you don't want to look married and dignified," he cried, half alarmed. "Suppose you meet some one you know, and-"

"I shall not be wearing a tea-gown, Dick," cried Dorothy, with a gay laugh.

"Ah! no, no, of course not," he answered, relieved. "All the same, though, did you not tell me the other day that you had a cousin somewhere or other?"

"Oh, Esther! Yes, but she," carelessly, "she is in Egypt."

"But, my dear child, she won't be in Egypt always," he rejoined: "and if she comes back to London, which she is sure to do---'

"By no means, Dick," interrupted Dorothy, quietly. "Esther is just as likely to go off for the summer to New Zealand or Finland as to come to London. And she would not specially hunt me up if she did come here. She is beautiful and rich and very independent in her mind, but she is six years older than I am and thinks very little of family ties. In any case, supposing that I met her in London tomorrow, she would certainly not try to pry into my affairs, and even if I had your leave to tell her part of the truth she is perfectly safe. I assure you that you need never worry yourself for a single moment about my cousin Esther."

So Dick was pacified, and the fol-

trust to Fate and the old savage." "Dick, Dica!" she cried, "how can | have your revenge on the rats.

you be so foolish? Supposing that the IX months had 'old savage' did turn round on you and stopped your allowance, where would you be then? If you are in the army you have always the chance of going ing which Mr. and to India, and I don't know that I would not rather be in Indic as Mrs. Almer than have these dreadful partings here."

> "No, no?" he cried hastily, "I couldn't take you out there. I've always had a sort of horror of the east, and I would do anything to avoid running any such risk."

So he went away with a lump in terests beyond themselves, but leading his throat which made him glad that he was safe in a cab, leaving Dorothy to face the next week by heself-that is to say, except for Barbara, who was jubilant at having got her long holiday over and delighted to be at work again.

> To Dorothy Barbara at this time was a wonderful study of which she was never tired. For Barbara had been born and bred in the country, and had lived more years at Graveleigh Hall than Dorothy could remember, and her comments on town people and town ways were something more than amus-

"Ah! they did things in a queer sort of fashion at Halloway. My cousin Joe lives at Halloway-yo., know, Miss Dorothy-he's a plumber in quite a large way of business and has money in the bank and two children at boarding school learning French and music the same, and therefore they came and Heaven knows what besides. Mrs. Joe used to go out every Saturday night to get her stores in for the week. as she always said-for Sunday, I used to think. Never did I see such marketings! A quarter of a pound of butter and four fresh eggs. She regular prided herself on those fresh eggs. 'My dear,' said I one night to her, 'them eggs have been laid at least a week, and I doubt if I should be far out if I went as far as ten days."

"'You see, Barbara,' says she, 'you've been used to a country life, with newlaid eggs, and gallons of milk and butter by the stone, and I dare say you feel a bit pinched-like here. But if I'd let myself go in butter and live on new-laid eggs at twopence-ha'penny each-well all I can say is, I should have had to rest content without any boarding schools or anything put by

"I don't say, Miss Dorothy-Mra. Harris, ma'am, I should say," Bar-



I DRAW THE LINE.

bara went on, in her wisest tones-"that I should wish to go against my cousin Joe's wife in that respecta thrifty wife is a crown of gold to a man that has to work for a living; but at eggs that have never seen a hen for nearly a fortnight I do draw the line -to call 'em fresh, that is."

Bul although on most evenings Dorothy used to tell the old servant to bring her sewing and come and zit with her in the pretty little drawing room, it must be confessed that at this time she found her life dreadfully dull. and as each day went by she seemed to miss Dick in her daily life more and more. For though she had been used to a quiet country home and a quiet country existence, there had always been plenty to interest her. Miss Dimsdale, if somewhat old fashioned, in her ideas and strict in her notions, had been both tender and indulgent to her little orphan niece, and had, moreover, always been a clever and capable woman with whom to associate. Then, about a country house there are always so many different points of interest. Either the moles have worked at last from the meadow under the hedge and below the very best bit of the velvet lawn which is the very pride and delight of your eyes, or the rats have suddenly acquired a pert measure of audacity and have scraped and bitten a new hole in the corn-bin or the newly filled potato bags, or have gone further and found their way into the principal pantry and created a regular stampede among your servants. Or day, And yet this girl of intelligence perhaps you catch one of the sinners in a new trap which cost five and sixpence, and when you go to see its wicked, hoary old occupant you feel that if it never catches another, this one is well worth the money. Or if lowing day went to Colchester-not in traps and other means, consisting of a very happy frame of mind, all the horribly smelling poisons suggestive of same. "I hate leaving you, Dolly," he the infernal regions, fail you, perhaps said vexedly, "I hate it. I've a good you have the professional rat-catcher mind to throw up my commission and up from the village with his box of sinuous, red-eyed ferrets, and then you

CHAPTER XIV. HERE is no end to



of the unexpected in a country life. Perhaps the speckled hen starts laying, or she shows unmistakable signs of a stronger instinct of maternity

than usual. Or one of the cobs casts a shoe, or a wind get a branch off the great weeping willow which shelters the most easterly corner of your garden, where the wind sweeps up the keenest, straight from the great North Sea. Or maybe the corner of the shrubbery, where the mushrooms have always grown, nobody ever knew why, has suddenly bloomed out with broad, pinkish fungi, and you feel as if you had found a fortune, although you know perfectly well that the market value of what you have discovered is not, at the outside, more than threepence. Still, that does not lessen your pleasure in the least, and you carry them indoors and present them to every member of your household, your visitors if you have any, your family, and, finally, to your cook, as if-well, as if you were a second Columbus and had discovered a new America.

Then in the country you are a neighbor of everybody! If you live as Dorothy Strode had been used to live all your life, you know why Janet Wenham was not at church on Sunday, and why Elizabeth Middleham's girl left that nice place at Whittington, and how Elizabeth Middleham cried for days over it, and her girl's intention to take service in London and see life. And you know all about it when Mrs. Jones has her mauve dinner gown dyed chestnut brown, and how it is that the rectory curtains keep clean year after year, although white silk with a delicately tinted stripe would be ruined in three months in some houses. Yes, you know everything about everybody in the country, al-

But in town, in London town, it is all so different. It is true when you get known in London, the gossiping is nearly as bad as if you were the center of a small village set; but to a girl situated as Dorothy was, London is a social blank. She knew nobody, and nobody knew her. She did not want to know any one, and apparently the inhabitants of the metropolis returned the compliment. Yet, nevertheless, it was terribly dull. Her pretty little flat was on the ground floor of the block of buildings which was dignified with the name of Palace Mansions, so she had people above and people below her. But Dorothy knew them not. There was a sweet-faced lady on the first floor immediately above her, a lady who dressed well and had a sweet-faced little child with her sometimes, and Dorothy fairly yearned over her and longed to say "Good morning" when they met in the common hall of the Mansion. But the sweet-faced lady did not know the exact standing of Mrs. Harris, was lived at No. 4, and in her dread of even rubbing elbows with "a person" she resolutely made her eyes shone and her lips steel whenever she saw the slight, girlish figure approaching

Then there was a lady at No. 2that was the basement, a sort of Welbeck Abbey in minature. She, being a stout and buxom widow, whose grandchildren came running in at all times from a house on the other side of the High street, might have ventured a kindly word even to "a person," but she never did. No, on the contrary, whenever she came across poor Dorothy she invariably sniffed. which was rude, to say the least of

(To be continued.)

WON'T FOLLOW HIS ORDERS. Ansemic and Dyspeptic Girls Make the Physicians Angry.

"When anaemic girls, sleepless women and dyspeptic children are brought to me, I feel like going out of business," declared a bluff, brusque, wellknown physician, in a burst of indignation over a case that he had just been called to attend, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. "I have one patient, a girl of 18, who might as well go to a fortune teller for advice for all the benefit she will ever get from a doctor. I give her a scolding and draw up a set of rules for her to live by, prescribing certain things to eat, certain times to sleep, certain hours for exercise, give her a tonic and dismiss her. Do you think that girl improves? Not she. In a fortnight she trails into my office, pallid and melancholy. I haven't the heart to scold her, but I anticipate her answers to my questions, "Has she taken the tonic? Oh, yes, she hasn't missed a dose. Has she eaten pastry or lobsters or drank ice water or icecream soda? Well-er-once or twice. Has she eaten the oatmeal and raw beef and drank the hot water and bee! tea? Yes. She doesn't add 'once o! twice,' but her pale face adds it. And has she gone to bed early, got up early and slept after lunch? Well, not every and apparent common sense wonders why she doesn't get well. Why does she think I give her special instructions? To amuse myself? To have them disobeyed? I am going to try once more. If she doesn't obey me then I shall positively refuse to attend her further," and the doctor banged the big paperweight that some fair "hysteria case" had given him for Christmas and looked so good-naturedly feroclous that one could not blame the girl for being ind'fferent to his wrath.

NEGROES RANK HIGH, lest banking institution of the race.

the interest which hourly crops up sut LEADERS AT THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

> Many Are in Public Office H. P. Cheatham, E. E. Cooper, John R. Lynch. John P. Green, B. K. Bruce and George II. White.

If in each city a roll should be made of eminent colored men who have atup in the night and tears a large tained to national prominence, Washington would present a larger list than any other city in the Union, says the Odd-Fellows' Journal, All of these distinguished citizens formerly resided in various states, and with but a few exceptions began their residence here in the capacity of government of- register of the treasury, and ex-reficials. Some have abandoned their former abodes and have become a part of the capital's permanent population; others still retain a residence in the states and when their terms of office expire will return to their homes again and take up the labor they left in the cities or towns whence they came. If you want to meet some of the men who are known throughout the nation we can readily find them in a morning's stroll. If we step down the street we will be at the city hall. Right this way and in here. The gentleman writing at that large desk is H. P. Cheathan. He is affixing his name, but it will do for our present signature to the recorded deeds. Twice | purpose), the rag and bone gatherer, member of congress, he is now recorder of deeds by President McKinley's ishes of North Devon some forty or square south of here on Four-and-a- of Dick, his donkey and his cart, were atives or a solitary footman. They

Out we go and up the street three squares. Now, a portion of this building is an annex to the government postoffice. Look in the rooms as we go by all are white faces, eh? Well, step in here and notice that colored man dietating letters to that white stenographer; that is John P. Green of Cleveland, O. He was state senator for three terms in Ohio. He is now chief of the stamp agency and the head of this office. Every stamp issued and distributed by the government passes through his bureau. Three squares and a half and we shall be at the office of another prominent man. This large stone building is the Ohio National Bank. We'll take the elevator, stop at this floor, this way; step in here. This is the office of B. K. Bruce, excorder of deeds. There he sits making out a check. He is now a real estate agent and broker. He is said to be prospering. Last month he loaned to the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church \$10,000 at 5 per cent interest. Let us walk to the west. This is the White House and the man leaving is George H. White, the only colored representative in the LVth congress. He has probably been to the President urging the appointment of a constituent.

A Queer Courtship.

Dick Harris (that was not his real was a familiar figure in certain parMANY NOW RIDE ASTRIDE

Eastern Women Now Joining with Nambers of Their Chicago Sisters.

New York is ascribing to the bicycle's influence the practice of riding astride. but Chicago horseback riders of both sexes have become so accustomed to the "rational" method that it no longer excites comment when seen on the boulevards on pleasant days. Last fall a number of New York's smart setladies of modest and retiring habits, as well as of high social position—undertook to introduce the enstom at the cross-country hunts on Long Island and up the state. A special riding costume was ordered from Paris, and this was adopted by all the lady members of one fashionable club, which meets at their country clubhouse not fifty miles from the city. This costume was a modified bleycle bloomer suit, or, rather, a divided skirt, with the bloomers underneath. When dismounted the suit had the appearance of an ordinary skirt and coat, and when astride of the horse the skirt concealed all except the tips of the boots. It was far more modest in appearance than the oldfashioned tight-fitting riding habit, and certainly more artistic. The leaders in the crusade enjoyed their crosscountry rides so thoroughly that they determined to improve their opportunities this winter. Any morning now, before most of New York's population is astir, one can see young and middle aged ladies of wealthy families riding astride in Central or Riverside park, appointment. Now we will go one fifty years ago. The periodical visits accompanied either by their male rel-

most into three hundred feet of wa-

"As the sea rushed into the furn-

SINKING SHIP PHOTOGRAPHED ... 9

THE LAST MOMENTS OF A FOUNDERING STEAMER.

and "Down by the Head." A little I took, just as the ship was disappear-

later a displacement of the vessel's ing. The upward rush of steam car-

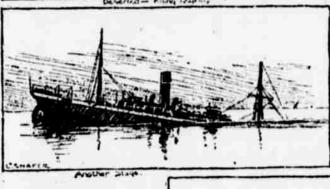
Painters have time and again pic- was sinking. She was noticeably down Plunge"-dived deliberately head foretured the sinking of a ship at sea. by the head. The scenes have usually been the creagraphic presentation of a vessel in the thing quite novel, and that is why the taking the pictures entitled "Descried" very plainly seen in the last photograph series of pictures taken with a camera by Mr. Cecil Lightfoot, who was a passenger on the Tai-Hoku, an ill-fated Japanese steamer, and who watched her from a lifeboat while she went down in the Atlantic off the Portu-

When twenty-two feet was reported ter and was never seen again. 'ion of the artist's imagination and the everybody was ordered into the boats, most without knowing why you know | ceproduction of an impression carried Mr. Lightfoot not forgetting his cam- aces," adds Mr. Lightfoot, "steam and in the memory. An accurate photo- era in the excitement. It was early water gas were generated, and these, morning, and the boats lingered around rushing up through the smokestack, several stages of foundering is some- the ship. Three hours elapsed between caused a kind of explosion which is

> engines occurred which materially

hastened the end. Presently the







guese cosat last July, possess 30 much interest. The photographs were reproduced in the Strand, which contains an account of the disaster.

The sinking of the Tai-Hoku was occasioned by a collision with another vessel in a thick fog. An hour later there was five feet of water in the hold. The cap-

Final Plung tain hoped to reach Malta, but bridge fell forward, jerking the cords when two feet more of water was taken communicating with the sirens, causing in another hour he decided to make at them to utter a weird screaming fareonce for Lisbon. Fifteen hours later well. The next moment the Tai-Hoku sixteen feet of water was reported. -as shown in the pictures "The Last and it was then realized that the ship Few Moments" and "The Final

ried a great quantity of soot from the flues, and this caused a dark cloud to hover over the place where the Tai-Hoku sank. There was no whirlpool of any kind. When this great vessel of 3,100 tons took her last dive the little flotilla of boats could not have been more than 150 yards distant. Standing by after her dis-

appearance, we saw pathetic bits of wreckage coming slowly to the top."

A physician says that elgarette smoking causes softening of the brain; but he doesn't say how he found it out.

Half street. This is the Colored Amer- | hailed with pleasure by thrifty houseican building. This first floor leads to wives, anxious to get the accumulated the press and composing rooms, this rags out of the way. And as he gave next one to the office. The man at "tuppence" a pound for white rags, and that farthest desk is E. E. Cooper, the a "ha'penny" a pound for colored, and first negro in the history of the race paid in cash, the money they received to publish an illustrative journal. For four years he was proprietor of the Indianapolis Freedman, and at the head of that sheet commanded national attention. He organized and has for more than four years controlled and edited the Colored American. With this paper, which reaches the race all over the country, he has demonstrated the possibilities of negro journalism. and has risen in the rank of editors until he stands among the leaders of the foremost few. Let us walk around on F street. This large yellow-brick building is the Capital Savings Bank. Come upstairs in the front room on the second floor. This is the office of Lynch & Terrell, attorneys-at-law. This man seated at the desk, with mustache and hair two-thirds grav, is John R. Lynch. For many years he has been before the public eye, attracting attention by his successful ventures in politics. He was speaker of the house of representatives in Mississippi, a member of congress, chairman of the national Republican due time they were married in the vilconvention in 1888, and fourth auditor of the treasury under President Har-

rison's administration. He is now a

for them was not by any means despised. One morning, while on his rounds, Dick called at a certain farmhouse. His knock was answered by Sally, the farm servant, a girl that he had seen on former visits to the farm, but with whom he had no further acquaintance. She told him that the 'missus" was away, and that she didn't know what there was to sell. Now Sally was not a tidy girl at any time, and on this particular morning her dress and apron looked as though they rightly belonged to Dick's stock-intrade. She was a lanky, angular girl. and most people would have thought her very unattractive. But Dick evidently thought otherwise, for his next question was, "What would'st the zay, if I was to offer to take thee rags an' bones an' all, an' marry thee." Just what answer Sally made to this queer way of "popping the question" is not recorded, but its purport may be guessed from the fact that their marriage banns were called shortly after, and in

If the sun had nothing to do but practicing attorney and president of shine on the truly good it wouldn't the Capital Savings Bank, the wealth- have to get up so early.

take their exercise at this unseemly hour because of the publicity that their riding man-fashion would create when the park is full of people. But all of this secrecy will not be observed much longer. An attempt will be made to introduce the custom so generally that by another season no more will be thought of riding a horse astride than of a woman riding a bicycle. The Ladies' club of Horseback Riders has been organized in New York to popularize riding astride. From a hygienic point of view the new method of riding is of great advantage to equestriennes,

Naive Parental Orthography. English board school teachers can all produce charming examples of naive parental orthography. Here are two scraps from the correspondence of certain Australian mothers. The first is an excuse: "Plese, sur, mi kids kant go to skule, as there close is wore hout, an they kant git more till the wheets

sould." The next refers to clothing: "Dear Mr. --: Please send one par of soks to fit a boy of 10 years old one par to fit one 9 years Old one par to fit one 7 years I want the three pars all cast fron stokings."-London Globe.

Bargain Figure. Madge-The man she is going to marry is a millionaire. Marjorie-Yes, and she says he is a bargain. You know he is 69.