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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.) "Oh, weeding and toddling about picking up stones and—doing odd jobs generally," answered David, who was beginning to get rather uncomfortable under the fire of her truthful eyes and the terrible directness of her questions.

"Well, I'm afraid it is," said David, with a great air of making a clean breast of the whole matter. "You see, Dorothy, the old fellow never was much of a hand at gardening—"

"He was good enough for us," sighed Dorothy, in heart broken voice. "Yes; but indeed he really was past his work, or I should never have thought of displacing him. And if it hadn't been for you—that he was a good many years your gardener—"

"Nearly forty years," put in Dorothy. "Well, of course, if it hadn't been for that I should just have replaced him without troubling any further about him. As it was, I made a place for him, and I gave him ten shillings a week for what I could get better done by a boy for six."

"And the cottage?" asked she. "Oh, well, of course, the cottage goes with the situation," answered David, who was getting rather sulky.

There was a moment's silence; then Dorothy suddenly stopped and turned to face him. "David," she flashed out, "you may be a good farmer, but you are a hard man, a hard man. One of these days you'll come to be—but, there, what is the good of talking to you? If long and faithful service will not touch your heart, what else will?"

"There is one thing which will always have power to touch my heart," he said, eagerly. "Shall I tell you what?"

leman closely. Don't lose sight of him." "Yes, m' lord," said the servant, and hopped up onto the box, giving the order to the coachman.

"All right," murmured that dignitary in reply, then added in a lower voice still, "What's the old codger up to now, I wonder?"

"Uncommon pretty girl," answered Charles, in an equally low tone. "We've been after her some time." "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Arris. Lives in Palace Mansions," with a wink. "H'm! I wishes her joy of 'im," said the coachman, screwing his face up into a thousand expressive wrinkles.

"Me, too," said the footman, sniggering. "Hi, he's going into the Park," whereat the coachman turned his horses in at Prince's Gate, also, and they drove in abreast of David Stevenson, who was looking no more at peace with the world or with himself than he had been when he turned into the High street, out of the quiet road in which Palace Mansions may be found.

"Still faithful to Master Dick, or else the new-comer not attractive enough," thought Lord Aylmer, with a sneer, as he gave a sharp, keen look at the tall young man's lowering face.

CHAPTER XXI. THINK that David Stevenson had never been in such a towering rage in his life as when he turned in at the Park gates and went swinging along in the direction of the Achillea. For during these few moments when he watched her after she left him and before she disappeared into Palace Mansions, he had realized that she had gone from him forever. He realized that whether she was actually married or not, she was not for him, and he had suddenly become aware, almost without knowing why, that there was a cause for her altered looks—a cause which would be forever a bar to the fond hopes which he had cherished during nearly all his life, certainly ever since Dorothy as a wee, toddling, soft-eyed child had come, fatherless and motherless, to be the light and life of the old Hall and the very joy of Miss Dimsdale's lonely hearth.

So that fellow had got round her, after all—his bitter thoughts ran, as he strode along—and all the worship and devotion of his life had been flung

see that the smart victoria had turned into that road also. "Confound him, he must be watching me," he thought, irritably, "and yet what should he want to watch me for? Oh, hang it, I'll go home!"

Without a moment's hesitation he turned his steps toward Apsley House and made his way out at the big gates, where he hailed a cab and gave the man the address of his hotel, and forgot about the white-haired old gentleman in the smart victoria.

But the victoria was there, nevertheless, following immediately behind the modest cab; and when David got out and went into the Grand Hotel, Lord Aylmer called to the footman: "Charles, I want you to take a message. Barker, stop."

"I say, porter," said he, "my master, the Duke of Middlesex, wants to know the name of a gentleman just come in—came in a 'ansom—tall, fairish chap, looks like a country gentleman."

"I year mean that one?" asked the house porter, taking Charles to a glass door leading to the reading room and pointing out David. "Yes, that's the one," Charles answered.

"Oh, yes; that's Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd," said the house porter. "And where's Holroyd?"

"A mile or two from Harwich," answered the other. "At least, I heard him say so last night. His post-town is Harwich."

"Ah! yes—thanks. The Duke fancied he knew him, but I fancy he was mistaken. Good day to you, porter."

"Good-day to you, my fine cock-pheasant," returned the big house porter, contemptuously; but Charles had already reached the door and was going back, serene in the power of his own impudence, to impart the information which he had gathered to his master.

"The gentleman's name is Stevenson, my lord," he said. "Mr. David Stevenson, of Holroyd, Harwich."

"Ah, yes," and then the old savage pulled out his notebook and jotted the name down without comment. "How did you find out?"

HORSES FOR CIRCUS. ENTERING EQUINES MUST BE CAREFULLY SELECTED.

Oblivious to All About Him—The Old-Time Custom of Having Only One Steed in the Ring at a Time Is Almost Passed.

To the ordinary spectator the ring horse is a comparatively uninteresting animal; he goes around at a steady canter, while the rider goes through more or less difficult feats; but the circus proprietor would tell us that a really good ring horse is one of the most valuable properties, says the London Field. In order that the performer may execute his feats with accuracy the horse must travel at one even speed; for if he were to make a start or slacken his pace the rider would come to the ground. He must also be well accustomed to the business of the ring, for neither the music of the band, the action of the clown, nor, as in the case of the jockey act, the running up to him of the rider, must cause him to alter his speed; and it may surprise some people to learn that a horse is seldom perfect for the ring until he has had about three years' experience. The ring horse is, perhaps, entitled to our sympathy, for the continuous canter must become very monotonous, and not only have horses to appear once or twice in the day at public exhibitions, but they are also requisitioned for rehearsals, in order that new tricks may be practiced, and fresh hands taught their business, while in bareback acts their coats are freely rubbed with resin in order that the performer may have a good foothold. It is perhaps somewhat of a feather in the cap of military equitation that Philip Astley—who was probably one of the most successful of the early trainers—learned much of his business while a trooper in a cavalry regiment; so that even in those days (somewhere about the year 1770) the cavalry riding master would appear to have been more conversant than other people with the breaking and training of horses. During recent years the greatest advance has perhaps been in the training of what are called "liberty" horses; that is to say, horses which are "introduced" instead of being ridden. Within the memory of people who are scarcely more than middle-aged, more than one horse was seldom, if ever, seen in the ring at once. He was brought in and went through his performance to the great delight of the assembled spectators, whereas now we

find fifty or sixty horses in the ring at one time, and their performance must be regarded as a triumph of the trainer's art. Here Wolff, in his earlier visits to England, considerably astonished his visitors by the introduction of something like fifty horses in the ring at one time, and he made no secret of the fact that one of the most difficult tasks was to make the ponies trot along the ring fence while the bigger horses were going through their evolutions inside the ring. The ponies used to tumble off, they became frightened and eventually had to be held up; but patience at last proved victorious and the whole effect was extremely good. It is universally admitted that memory is a horse's strong point and it is on this that trainers work. A remarkable example of a horse's memory occurred in the case of a pony once owned by an Englishman who for many years was at a famous circus. In the early days of his career he owned a small pony, which he sold when his establishment increased. Nearly a dozen years later he was tenting near Bristol, when a man came to him to ask whether he was open to buy a small pony. He said he was, and, on inquiring how old the pony might be, he was told five years. On the steed being brought to him he at once recognized it as the old pony and suggested to the man that it was a little more than five years old. The would-be vender was indignant at his words being doubted. "Well," said the prospective buyer, "I had this pony something like ten or twelve years ago, and I think I can prove it to you." He then gave the pony his cues, and the little fellow went through the performances as though he had been doing them daily, though possibly in the interval he had never been asked to perform.

Railroad Building in Corea. United States capital is invested in the railroad now building between Seoul and Chemulpo, in Corea. The Coreans were supposed to furnish timber for ties, but, having proven their inability to do so, Japan has been called upon for such as are needed immediately. A million and a quarter feet, the first ever used there from this country, has been sent from Puget Sound, and further orders have been placed.

A Poser. Johnny—Pop, may I ask you a question in arithmetic? Happy Father (proud of his son's love for study)—Certainly, my boy; certainly, Johnny—How many times what makes seven?

DELIVERING LETTERS ON STILTS.



The modern postman has been mounted on a bicycle, has been given a horse to ride, sometimes a horse draws him about, but the queerest of all methods of locomotion of postmen is that which is utilized in France, where men of letters—and papers—move about on stilts. It is not meant that all the French postmen make their rounds in this fashion. Only those who serve the country and the post-office officials through the great stretch of land that lies between Bordeaux and Bayonne are so distinguished. All this land is covered by a growth of gorse and broom which makes walking a very difficult matter. The postmen, however, have found that there is a way to render it much easier for themselves and that is by taking stilts. To walk about in this fashion is not as easy as walking on one's feet in the ordinary way. The stilts are fastened to the feet of the postmen, and are not unlike those with which the small boy makes annual detours. To stand still any length of time on them is of course impossible without support, and so a pole is carried in much the same way that the yeoman once lugged about his quarterstaff. On this pole the postman leans when he wishes to rest, and in this way manages to get along very comfortably. There is another proposition to face when winter comes, as of necessity the stilts sink deeply into the

snow and this makes walking a very difficult matter. This the genius of the postman has proved sufficient to overcome. He accomplishes his undertaking with the aid of a thin wooden skate, with which he skims along the surface of the snow and ice without sinking at all. It is by no means an easy matter to balance one's self on stilts tied to the knees. What then must be the effort of skating on stilts? This French postman makes remarkable speed as he shuffles and glides about from one place to another. Oftentimes the route which one man has to travel on foot in this fashion includes more territory than Greater New York possesses. The skates, therefore, instead of being a hindrance and a danger, really make this work easier, and the postman in the Landes, as this queer tract of country is called, rejoices at the coming of winter, for he realizes that his task will become a considerable percentage lighter. Clad in his capote, or sheepskin cloak, he scurries about over the country until he has been everywhere that his duty calls him. Sometimes postmen of a neighboring territory meet him and challenge his fleetness, the result being a tourney. Many of the postmen who follow this method of transportation are said to make as good time as most people would with a horse and buggy.

POLISHING PRECIOUS STONES.

A Brief Description of a Very Interesting Process. The first thing necessary in polishing a precious stone is to slit it; this is done by means of a thin sheet-iron disk, placed in a horizontal position and made to revolve by very simple machinery, says the Philadelphia Times. Diamond dust is applied to the edge of the disk, and sperm oil is dropped upon it from a can. If properly managed a very small quantity of diamond dust will last all day, and not much of it will be lost. In order to prevent appreciable loss, a table with a raised edge all around it is provided. The diamond dust used in polishing stones is made from bort, or cheap, coarse diamonds. After being all, the stone is ground on horizontal wheels of lead, brass or iron, and sometimes of wood. These wheels are called "laps," and the workman who cuts and polishes stones is a lapidary, from the Latin word lapidarius. Lapidaries acquire great facility in shaping and polishing stones, and from a given pattern are able to produce any object required with great dexterity. Diamond, emery, agate or corundum powder is spread on the laps; gradually the powder becomes imbedded in the laps and the stone yields to them. The stone is held either with the fingers or by wax in the hollow at the end of a stock, and is pressed against the revolving laps. For the last polish the laps are covered with cloth, leather or hard brushes. The facets, or flat surfaces which give brilliancy to transparent stones, are cut by means of a horizontal grinding wheel by the side of which is placed an upright, club-like piece of wood. Into this heavy piece of wood, in different places, a rod is stuck, at one end of which the stone is fixed with cement. As the wheel revolves the stone is pressed against it and a facet is cut; to make a new facet the rod holding the stone is simply stuck in another hole in the club-like piece of wood and is thus given a new inclination or angle.

PARTITION MUST COME.

Why the Celestial Empire Hides Fair to Go to Pieces.

February Review of Reviews: The situation on the Chinese coast that has followed Germany's seizure of Kiaochow has continued to hold the foremost place in the attention of the world. Nobody knows what will happen eventually, but it is not likely that the great game of Chinese partition is to begin at once. In due time, however, the Chinese empire bids fair to go to pieces. We have been accustomed in times past to think of the Chinese as several hundred millions of perfectly homogenous people. As a matter of fact, although they belong to the great yellow division of the human race, the diversities of type in the different parts of China are greater than the diversities among white men of Europe, and there is less connection and by far less sympathy among them than among the discordant population elements that make up the present day conglomerate that we know as the Austro-Hungarian empire. There is an immense range of dialects in China, and it often happens that the people of one neighborhood cannot talk with those who live in another four or five miles away. There is no such thing in China as a pervasive national feeling or an imperial patriotism. The various provincial governments are not under firm control by the central government, and such military and naval forces as exist are provincial rather than imperial. The Chinese of different provinces and sections hate each other worse than they hate the foreigners of other races. When the moment arrives for a partition of China upon a plan that would not injure European peace, the thing can be carried out as easily as was the German landing and conquest at Kiaochow.

Hairy Races of Mankind.

The Ainu, who inhabit the northernmost islands of the Japan archipelago, are the hairiest people in the world. Amongst them, the hair over the shoulders and on the back and limbs is sometimes so thick and long as to deserve the name of fur. The Australians and the Todas of the Nilgeries are distinguished for their hairiness. In Brazil there is a tribe called the Cafuzos, who possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicular from the head in close, curly masses, and forms a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.

ABOUT HUMAN LIFE.

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 32,033,033 die every year, 91.87 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. Of 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; of every 100 six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 600 lives to 80 years. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor, previous to 50 years of age, than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to 1,000 individuals. People born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.