



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"Dear Dick," murmured Dorothy. "Yes, he is perfection. He did hate to go and leave me, but he had to go—he had such a good appointment offered him, he did not dare refuse it. Still, he hated to go and leave me, just now especially. What he would say if he knew about Barbara, I can't think. I don't think I would tell him, would you?"

"Not till all is over," answered Esther. "It would only worry him for nothing. By-the-bye, what is he like?"

"Oh," and Dorothy looked round for Dick's portrait. "Oh, here he is," holding it out to her cousin.

Esther Brand took it and looked at it attentively for a long time, sipped her tea, and looked again and yet again.

"Well," said Dorothy, impatiently. "I like him," said Esther, "he looks good and true, and he is a handsome man, too—a fine, honest-looking, manly man. Yes, I like him—you're a lucky little girl, Dorothy."

"So I think," answered Dorothy, proudly, "and Dick is just what he looks—honest as the day, and as good as gold."

Esther laughed. "Well, you are a lucky little woman to have won such a husband. I never met a man like that, or I should have been tempted to give up my liberty long ago. Do you know, dearie, I always had a horrible conviction that you would end by marrying David Stevenson, and I always did dislike David Stevenson with all my heart and soul."

"So did I," answered Dorothy, promptly.

For a moment she was tempted to tell Esther all about her meeting with David, then a feeling that it would be scarcely fair to him held her back, and she kept her own counsel about that matter.

"Of course there is no knowing what I might or might not have done if dear Auntie had lived," she said, wishing to explain everything as far as possible and yet avoid saying much about David's feelings for her, "and if I had never seen Dick; but then, you see, I did meet Dick, and Dick liked me, and—"

"And David Stevenson went to the wall," Esther said, finishing the sentence for her, "and a very proper and suitable place for him, too, my dear child," with a laugh.

Dorothy laughed, too. "Ah! you are all very hard on poor David," she said softly.

"Now, how shall we do about dinner? Hadn't we better wait a little and see if this woman comes, and then go into town and dine somewhere?" she said. "I can't offer to cook a dinner for you. If I did, it would probably kill you to eat it."

"Just as you like. Then, couldn't we call at St. George's and leave a note to tell Barbara you have come?" Dorothy asked. "It will be such a load off her mind."

"To be sure," Esther answered; and then they settled down to their chat again, and Esther heard a great deal more about Dick, and learned a great many of Dorothy's hopes and wishes about the baby that was to come before long.

And presently there came some one to the door who rang gently and knocked softly.

"I will go; sit still," cried Esther. She went to the door, where she found a handsome, neatly dressed woman, about forty years old. "Mrs. Harris?" she said inquiringly.

"No," said Esther, "I am not Mrs. Harris, but this is her house. Will you come in? I suppose Lord Aylmer sent you?"

"Yes, madam," said the stranger respectfully.

It struck Esther as a little odd that she should use the term "madam," but she put the thought away from her almost as soon as it had taken shape in her mind. "Of course, she is a married woman, and perhaps has never been a servant at all," she said to herself; then said aloud: "Well, come in and see Mrs. Harris. I am sure she will be very glad that you have come. By-the-bye, what is your name?"

"My name is Harris, too, madam," the stranger answered, with a deprecating look, as if she had rather taken a liberty in having married a man of the name of Harris.

"Dear me, how odd! Well, I suppose my cousin will like to call you by your Christian name. And that is—"

"Amelia, madam," she answered quietly.

"Oh, yes." Then Esther opened the drawing-room door and bade Amelia Harris follow her.

"Dorothy, here is Lord Aylmer's—Why, my dear child, what is the matter?" for Dorothy was lying back in the chair with a face as white as chalk and pinched with pain.

"I am so ill," she gasped. "Oh, Esther! Esther!"

Esther took firm ground at once. "Now, don't give way, my dear; all will be well," she asserted. "Here is our help, and we will have the doctor here in next to no time if you will only tell me where to send for him."

"Dr. Franklin, in Victoria road," Dorothy answered. "But don't leave me, Esther; don't."

"Certainly not, dearest. Amelia will go and fetch him," Esther returned. "I had better go at once, madam," said Amelia, quietly.

"Yes, say Mrs. Harris is very ill—that is urgent."

"Yes, madam," answered Amelia. She walked off to the Victoria road at a pretty quick pace, thinking hard as she went. "H'm; from what he told me, he never spoke to her before today. Queer. I wonder if he knows about this baby. Shall I wire him, or shall I keep the news as a little surprise for tomorrow? I'll keep it. The sight of his lordship's face will be worth something."

She knocked at Dr. Franklin's door and asked to see him in exactly the same quiet, self-possessed way that she had spoken to Miss Brand, and all the time her thoughts were running on this new fancy of his lordship.

"A little sickly-looking girl, little better than a child," she was thinking as she followed the neat maid into a waiting-room. "Not, I dare say, that she's looking her best just now; but still, what he can fancy in her after a woman like me—but there— Yes, sir," she said aloud, "Mrs. Harris has been taken suddenly ill, and Miss Brand wished me to come and fetch you at once."

"Miss Brand?" said the doctor, inquiringly. "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Harris' cousin, sir."

"Oh, yes, yes. I see. I'll be round in three minutes—in three minutes."

"Very well, sir."

Amelia Harris went quickly away, her thoughts still with the old lord. "Some women wouldn't do the things he asked of them—the things he asks



"OH, ESTHER! ESTHER!"

of me," she said to herself; "and if they promised to they'd play him false in the end and be jealous, and all that. Nor me, though! Lord Aylmer can do what he likes, and think what he likes, and go where he likes; it's all one to me so long as I'm paid for my trouble. My! he must be in earnest over this business. Five hundred for a month's work—five hundred pounds!"

By that time she had reached the Mansions, and she went in, took off her bonnet and cloak, and bustled about as only a thoroughly good worker can do, getting ready for the great event which seemed imminent, which indeed was imminent, for by the time morning light shone over London town there were two more inmates of the little flat in Palace Mansions—a stout motherly nurse, who hushed upon her ample bosom a wee fragment of humanity, a very small and soft pinkish person, who had grunted and squallered already in quite an alarming fashion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MELIA Harris proved herself to be all that Lord Aylmer had said she was; a strong, active and capable woman, quiet and quick, a good cook, neat in appearance and respectful in manner. She took the orders for the day from Miss Brand and went off about 11 o'clock to get various things that were wanted, and among other errands she had a telegraph form to hand in at the postoffice.

It was from Esther Brand to Richard Harris, and announced briefly, but to the point, "Son; both well."

"It will cost a good bit, Amelia," Miss Brand said. "I don't know exactly what, but they will tell you at the postoffice. And, by the way, you might bring back a dozen stamps for India. We shall be writing to Mr. Harris by each mail."

"Yes, madam," Amelia Harris answered.

She was a clever woman, that same Amelia, for she went to the office and handed in the telegram, saying, "Will you tell me, please, what that will cost?"

The clerk added it up and told her the amount. "Thank you," she said. "I will tell my mistress."

She did so; but only that the telegram had cost so much, and the money which Miss Brand had given her was short of exactly that sum.

"Oh, not so very much after all," remarked Miss Brand. "We will send him another wire in a week or so to let him know how they are going on."

"It will be a great relief to the gentleman to know all is satisfactorily over, madam," answered Amelia Harris, in her smoothest voice.

"Oh, yes, indeed," returned Miss Brand.

She went then to sit beside her cousin's bed, to bid her follow the doctor's directions and keep perfectly quiet, as if poor little delicate Dorothy would be likely to do anything else. Then she just told her that she had sent off a wire to Dick, and that as soon as she had put things in trim for lunch Amelia was going to run down to St. George's Hospital to carry the great news to Barbara.

"Oh, that is good! Barbara will be so anxious," murmured Dorothy, in her sweet voice. "And Dick, too, how proud he will be! You'll write at once, Esther, to tell him everything, to tell him how exactly like him the boy is. He will be so pleased."

"I expect he would rather it were like you, dearie," said Esther, smiling.

"Oh, no. But you mustn't call my boy 'it,' Esther," Dorothy declared, "and you'll be sure to tell him that Lord Aylmer has been kindness itself to me, won't you?"

"But, my dear, I thought we were not to tell him about Barbara's accident?" Esther exclaimed.

"No—true," and Dorothy for a few minutes lay thinking deeply. Then she turned her eyes back again to her cousin's face. "Oh, I think you may as well tell him; you see, you are here, and the baby is here, too. Dick will know that I am in good hands. I think I would rather that you told him, after all."

"My dear child, take my advice—don't mention the accident or Lord Aylmer at all," Esther urged. "He will worry, and a worrying man is an awful nuisance."

"I didn't like deceiving Dick," Dorothy protested.

"No, dear, no; but one could hardly call that deceit," Esther answered. "Anyway, will you leave it to me? I will write on Wednesday morning, and bring you the letter to read."

"Very well, Esther," said Dorothy. "That is better. Now, if I go away you will rest a little, and I have various odds and ends to do," said Esther, tenderly.

One of her various "odds and ends" was to send Amelia off to St. George's to inform Barbara that the long-expected event had happened, and that a fine bouncing boy, the very image of Dick—of his father, she said—was now flourishing at Palace Mansions. And if the truth be told, Amelia Harris went off on this errand without any great feeling of satisfaction, for just at that moment she particularly wished to remain in the house, having a great desire to be the person to impart the news to Lord Aylmer, when he should care to inquire for Mrs. Harris' welfare.

Of course, she argued with her thoughts as she went up the road, it was just possible that he might wait until after lunch time; but then, on the other hand, there was not very much going on at this time of year to occupy his lordship, and she was afraid his impatient soul would bring him to look after his prey as early as he conveniently could.

And Amelia Harris was perfectly right, for just as she was passing the Kingsbridge Barracks on her way citywards, Lord Aylmer's carriage stopped at the door of Palace Mansions. Esther saw it draw up.

"Nurse," she said, going softly into the little dressing-room where the nurse sat crooning over the baby by the fire, "will you answer the door for me? Amelia has gone. It is Lord Aylmer." (To be Continued.)

Diagnosing Disease.

A medical man, far ahead of his pathy and his training, unable accurately to diagnose a disease which had for a long time baffled him, tried an experiment. Being an expert bacteriologist, and knowing by sight the infinitesimal atoms that live to destroy human life, he put the patient into a Russian bath, allowed him to remain until he was drenched with perspiration, and then scraped his skin to secure, if possible, through the exudation a sufficient number of bacilli to enable him to determine the nature of the ailment from which his patient suffered. So many to the square inch meant danger, and by a simple process of mathematical calculation, he soon discovered the enemy that was sapping the strongholds of life. He estimated that millions of bacilli were washed out of the body by those streams of perspiration. Having established this as a fact, he made it his practice to examine all obscure cases in the same way. If the system is overcharged with bacilli and the perspiration furnishes courses upon which they float from the body, surely this ought to be one of the most accurate methods of diagnosing doubtful cases. That the perspiration of human beings is poisonous is an admitted fact. Small animals are readily killed by subcutaneous injections of perspiration collected after violent exercise.

Like Home, Sweet Home.

Magistrate—You admit that you entered the house of the prosecuting witness by the door at 2 o'clock in the morning? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Magistrate—What business had you there at that time of night? Prisoner—I thought it was my own house. Magistrate—Then why did you, when this lady approached, leap through the window, jump into the elstern, and hide yourself? Prisoner—Your honor, I thought it was my wife.—Tit-Bits.

He Owed It to Him.

"What a distinguished looking man, your father is! His white hair gives him such an aristocratic look!" The Dissipated Son—"Yes, and he can thank me for it."—Tit-Bits.

LAYING THE BLAME.



HE rich, but a few folds of Mrs. Claverton's new morning gown trailed after her, as she wore it down stairs for the first time, with an elegance that put its wearer in a fine mood. She had risen in anything but a blithe humor, for her dinner last night had proved a disastrous failure, thanks to the fact that her guest of honor had failed her at the last moment. There had been no good reason for the thing having fallen flat even then, for the rest of the people she had asked were certainly most congenial. But it was toward the end of the season and, perhaps, they were getting weary of each other. Moreover, when they were going to meet a lion it certainly was a disappointment to find only the same men and women whom they had met everywhere for the last three months.

Hence Mrs. Claverton had fretted her maid, scorned her toast and finally ended in a frightful pet, till her eyes happened to light on the last new tea gown. That was a diversion, at least, and the lovely creation of shimmery satin and billows of creamy lace succeeded in smoothing away the fretful lines about its mistress' forehead with a marvelous suddenness.

The gown was particularly fortunate in the way it trailed in the back, and Mrs. Claverton, with a cautious peep to see that the butler was not in the lower hall, went down step after step, with her head turned back in rapt contemplation of the luxurious folds, gliding gracefully over the rich, old, polished oak of the staircase. In the library she stepped with stately tread up and down over the soft, deep rugs, each moment growing more and more convinced that, even though her cheeks were losing a little of their color, her shoulders and the line at her waist were as distinguished as ever. And then, just when the salve of contentment promised to soothe the lacerated feelings of my lady, poor Mrs. Claverton was unfortunate enough to pull all her happiness down in a ruin over her ears; for, as she stopped to lean her arm against the mantel in front of the open fireplace, in order to get a closer peep at her treasure of a dressmaker's skillful arrangement of becoming lace close about her long neck, the flounce edging of the sleeve of the precious new gown fell back, with a cruel lack of appreciation of the situation, and left reflected there in the mirror just beyond a poor, thin, red elbow, with its knotty point all too vivid to leave any room in its owner's mind for the hope that she was not growing older after all.

Mrs. Claverton set her teeth with a vicious snap, and she tugged so savagely at the hateful lace frill that it

parted in her impatient fingers and revealed the poor elbow staring out in all its denuded ugliness.

"That settles that," snapped Mrs. Claverton to herself, as she threw herself into a chair and cuddled her helpless arm down in the charity of a big silk pillow; "any woman who doesn't know enough to make a sleeve long enough to be—right can't expect any more work from me. What kind of a dressmaker is she, anyway. If she hasn't sense enough to put on an extra inch if a woman's arm is getting a trifle thin? I've been going too much and sleeping too little this winter. I must get away this Lent, and live on milk and porridge till Easter. It's a shame that Providence made a woman out of a bone in the beginning, and then keeps on reminding her of it through all the ages."

There came a light click on the polished floor without, and Mrs. Claverton looked up to see Nannie, her new maid, stop irresolutely in the doorway.

"I—I didn't know you had come down, ma'am," stammered the girl, as she turned all rosy in that exasperatingly becoming way the girl had.

"I was going to clean the chandelier," Mrs. Claverton hesitated. It wasn't pleasant to sit in a room while a servant manipulated a lot of soap suds, brushes and old cloths before one's eyes. She had decided to spend the long, rainy morning there in the library before the wood fire. Yes, the girl could do it some other time—it was such a nuisance, anyway, that maids and butlers always did their work in such an ostentatious way. It would have been so much better if they would have got through with it when the family was in bed, or out of town. A woman never knew when she might come into her own house without running against a man with a feather duster in his hand, or a girl with an odor of gasoline about her. Still, Mrs. Claverton sighed resignedly; and informed the maid she might as well do it then as any other inopportune time. It had been neglected long enough.

Nannie flushed again, but dragged her little set of steps to the middle of the room and began in her apologetic, timid manner the polishing of the glittering arrangement of brass and crystal above her head. Mrs. Claverton watched her dreamily. She didn't confess it even to herself, but some way,

down in her heart of hearts, she wondered why it was that housemaids were born with such becoming ankles, and why even their pink print gowns could not conceal the fresh, young roundness of their waists. The mistress of the house was rapidly becoming a moral anarchist, with a mighty feminine desire to tear into bits any law of nature which allowed menials to have plump cheeks and snowy throats, while all the millions of her husband couldn't eradicate the tell-tale lines in front of ears and across her throat.

Poor Nannie, who wasn't wise enough to discover what was really meant by the spiteful gleam filtering through my lady's half-closed eyes, nevertheless was cruelly conscious that she was under some bitter disapproval, and her fingers all at once grew clumsy and slow. As she felt the relentless eyes bore deeper and deeper into her defenseless self her nervousness increased and she ended by dropping her soap with a splash into her pail of warm water. Mrs. Claverton gave an angry little "Take care!" and made as though some of the loathsome stuff had dashed on to the beautiful gown, although Nannie knew perfectly well that not a drop of it had come within a couple of yards of the fastidious lady. Still, the accident deprived her of her last vestige of composure and, as she climbed to the top of her steps again, she set her foot on the hem of her gown and a snarling little rent tore zigzags through the thin fabric.

"Stupid! What is the matter with you, anyway?" came Mrs. Claverton's quick voice again; that voice which her friends thought so suave and gentle. Poor Nannie's big blue eyes filled and she bit her quivering lip till the snowy teeth threatened to do irreparable injury to the tender red flesh. But without a word she lifted her round arms to their work again and soon there was no sound in the long room beyond the occasional clink of the burnished chandelier, as its prisms, spangles and tiny chains glittered under the nervous fingers.

Peace hovered close above the troubled scene for a few minutes, and all might have gone well if Nannie, in an attempt to reach the highest tip of the glittering rod, had not succeeded in loosening her sleeve, till it fell back halfway to the shoulder, revealing the most captivating elbow ever made; it was so soft, so smooth, with the deepest dimple at the very tip, and a hint of another at the inner bend, where the slight rosininess of the skin began to melt into the flawless white of the upper arm.

Mrs. Claverton herself didn't know what she said, but it relieved her pent-up feelings when the poor little creature crept from the room with her hateful sunny head bowed with sobs. Nannie told her mother that she had been discharged because she had "broke a big chiny lamp shade." But the real cause of her dismissal lay in the fact that Mrs. Claverton's gown-maker wasn't tactful.

Appearances Are Deceitful.

One of our soldier readers sends us a story of one of his comrades, a private, who recently found himself an inmate of a military hospital. Immensely pleased with his altered conditions and blissfully conscious that his pay was steadily running on, he felt positively grieved one morning to find himself feeling as well as ever he did. The doctor paid his usual visit with the clinical thermometer, which found a resting place under Tommy Atkins' tongue. While the physicians' attention was distracted, however, the instrument was gently transferred to a basin of hot tea standing near, and after a few moments deftly returned and finally handed back with the mercury rigid at 120. "Great heavens," exclaimed the doctor, aghast, his professional calmness rudely shattered. "You ought to be stone dead, man. Nobody was ever known to live at anything like that. Get to bed, quick. Your case is a desperate one."—London Telegraph.

Could Not Guide a Plow.

A certain incident connected with the great Napoleon, while he was in exile in Elba, is commemorated in the island, to this hour, by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house: "A man named Giaconci was plowing when the famous exile came along one day, and expressed his interest in the work. Napoleon even took the plowshare out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, turned the plow and spoiled the furrow. The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in MDCCCXIV., took in the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant, and himself tried to run the plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."—Anecdotes."

One Thing Sure.

She—Do you think the north pole will ever be discovered? He—Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find it.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but when the lover bolts there's apt to be a breach of promise.

ASKS FOR ORANGE BITTERS.

Disagreeable Humor Causes a Young Man Trouble in Flaherty's Place.

They tell this St. Patrick's Day story of Dennis Flaherty. Originally a resident as well as a native of County Wicklow, Ireland, Denis is now the keeper of a large saloon over in West Madison street. For the purposes of this story it is also well to add that Dennis is a loyal citizen of the United States and an ardent lover of the emerald isle. Everyone wore the green about Mr. Flaherty's place on St. Patrick's Day. The proprietor was adorned with an artificial shamrock in green silk, each of the two bartenders sported a green ribbon on his vest lapel, and every Irishman who stood long before the bar bore the prevailing color in some manner or had forcible attention drawn to his delinquency before long. It was into this atmosphere of affection for Erin that three young men wandered early in the evening. They were not Irish, but when they looked about them and saw that the green was in favor it occurred to the wag of the trio that he and his companions could make a hit by falling in with the reigning spirit. "Give us some whisky—be sure it is Irish," he said to the bartender nearest him. "Yes, of course, make mine Irish, too," said one of his friends. Proprietor Flaherty looked pleased. He was standing at the end of the bar, beaming along the line of customers. "And I'll have Irish whisky," said the third young fellow. For the space of half a minute he could have secured a gift of half the saloon's stock from the tickled owner. But a fatal humorous flash came to him, and he added: "Throw in a dash of orange bitters." When the crowd pulled Mr. Flaherty and his two bartenders from the upper side of the three young men and the proprietor had dusted off his clothes and recovered his breath, he remarked: "Orange bitters, is it? The stuff would make you sick, young man."

PETTICOATS OF THE SEASON

Fuller Than of Yore, But Pretty and Economical.

The new styles in petticoats are bewilderingly pretty; better still, they are eminently sensible in material and cut. Silk is the favorite material, and as there never was a time when silk could be bought so cheap, it is quite possible, even for the woman who has to consult economy, to have several Fashion requires that linings of the cloth suits this year shall be of contrasting silk, and one of the newest fads is to have a petticoat to wear under the gown of the same color as the gown itself, but just a shade or two lighter. All these are fuller than they were, but the fullness is gathered into a small space at the back, quilt like the skirt of the gowns, and th fit over the stomach and the hips i carefully attended to. A deep Span ish flounce is still the fashion, but th skirt itself extends under the flounc now. One or more ruffles to trim th flounce and just as many inside ruche or little flounces, as can be put o are added.

Lace insertion is very much used—black laces on the flounces of petticoats to wear with street gowns, white lace on those to wear with light gown in the house. In all the petticoat there is some attempt at wiring, eith with a feather bone run through ju above and just below the flounce, o the dress extenders, put into the bac breadths, so that the petticoat hang out full and wide. The objection ofte raised that silk petticoats are too col for winter wear is quite done awa with by lining them with flannel i far as the knee. This does not ad to the weight and yet gives sufficien warmth. In all styles it is most i portant that the petticoats be cut i ft the dress if a "smart" effect is d sired.

A La Wheel.

First Shade—Dorothy's wings a ways look well. What does she do keep them so nice? Second Shade—Trades 'em every season for a ne pair.—Life.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABE:

A little south side girl was standi at the window as a drayload of hid was passing by. Running into the ne room she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma there goes a whole pile of cows' ove coats."

Tommy, aged three, was playing o on the lawn one evening and, happing to see a shooting star for the fir time, he ran into the house exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma; tome her quick; God Jes' let one of his sta fall!"

Little four-year-old Gracie had been sitting very quiet for some time, eer ingly lost in thought. "What are ye thinking about, dear?" asked h mother. "Oh," she replied, "I was ju wondering where the todays go whe they get to be yesterdays."

An observing girl of five was visit ing one of her playmates who own an organette, and she was very mu taken with it. On her return home a described it to her mother as a m chine in which they poked porous pla ters and ground them up into music.

Little Willie disliked to atten school, so one morning he thought I would play off sick. "What is the matter with you, Willie?" asked his mot er. Not knowing a whole vocabulary ailments to select from, on the spur the moment he replied: "Why, n teeth itch."

A bright little fellow of five who ha been engaged in a combat with another boy was reproved by his mother, w told him he ought to have waited u til the other boy commenced it. "Well replied the youthful hero, "if I'd wait for him to begin it there would have been no fight."