

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER NXVIII, (Continued.) The mere mention of a lord was sufdoor in a bustle; perhaps the good wo- I hope?" he inquired, tenderly, man scented a tip in the near future. the great man, he was assonished to and quiet after I got here." see a stout, comfortable-looking body ta. "Yes, my lord; walk this way, my ther of the baby: "A very fine-looking old gentleman, Miss." she remarked.

"Is he?" said Esther. "No, I've never seen him."

Meantime Lord Aylmer, " pecting nothing of what had instanding at the window, watching ats horses, his keen and wicked old eyes having noticed during the few moments that he had been in the room heard the sound of the door opening, and turned to meet, not Dorothy, in her flowing blue draperies, with her aweet, shy gray eyes uplifted to his, but a tall, dark-eyed young woman in was considered herself his social equal. were by hook or crook.

"Good morning, Lord Aylmer," she said, cordially. "I must thank you very much for all your kindness to my little cousin, who is very lonely just now, My name is Brand Esther Brand."

Lord Aylmer could not help starting a little, but he covered it by a profound bow and a protestation that he was delighted-enchanted, in fact to have the honor of making Miss Brand's acquaintance.

So this was the Esther of whom she had spoken in her letter-Esther Brand; ay, and likely to prove a brand between him and her. He looked with jostled one another in his heart the while, at Esther's pale, resolute face, her firm, white, capable hands, noted her fearless manner, and admitted that she was unmistakably a woman of education and good breeding. And it is only fair to say that Lord Aylmer positively cursed his ill-luck even while he kept a smooth and smiling front to the enemy.

"And shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Mrs.-er-Harris this morning?" he asked, finding presently that there was no sign of Dorothy's appear-

Miss Brand laughed, "Well, hardly." she answered. "My cousin is as well as could possibly be expected under the circumstances."

asked, thinking that Miss Brand was ed. alluding to Barbara's accident

'The circumstances of a baby," said Esther, smiling. "Of what? Forgive me, but I do not

follow you," he said. "My cousin has got a baby, Lord Ayl-

mer," said Esther, smiling still more Lord Aylmer jumped to his feet. Esther, not a littled startled, sprang to

"What?" he cried.

"Mrs. Harris had a little son born at



"WHAT?" HE CRIED.

four o'clock this morning." said Esther, who neither understood nor particularly admired this unlooked-for and uncalled-for display of feeling.

"Good God!" burst from the old lord's

For a few moments they stood staring right into one another's eyes, he astounded, disgusted, baffled; she puzzled and a little angry at his unusual and extraordinary behavior. Of the two the old lord was the first to recover himself.

"'Pon my soul, my dear lady," he said, with an immense attempt to seem jovial and even amused, "I never was so surprised in all my life before -never. You might have knocked me down with a feather, 'pon my word, dian mail all the morning." you might. A baby-a little son-and I left Mrs. Harris late yesterday afterthat anything of the kind was in the wind."

Miss Brand raised her eyebrows and smiled rather coldly, "That is not very surprising, Lord Aylmer," she observfore yesterday, you could not be expected to have suspicions."

"Oh, no, no; but you surprised me as much er-so very much. And she is

"Oh! yes, thanks; as well as we

I could possibly wish." Esther answered. "And not too much upset by the neficient to send the nurse off to the cident to the poor old lady yesterday.

Anyway, when the door was opened to the time, but she was wonderfully calm

standing, smiling and curtseying with ris how does she like her?" he at ked, little white cat? Ah! we must see if "Weil, really, Lord Aylmer, she we can't make a change in that prolord," and forthwith she ashered him hardly knows. Amelia came in, and I gram. into the dressing-room to relieve Es- had to send her off for the doctor almost before my cousin saw her. But letter an old gentleman, who was I like her and find her very useful; in peacefully slumbering over the Mornfact, we should be but very badly off but for her."

"That is good," Lord Aylmer said, with his most fatherly manner.

He felt, this wicked and wily old man, that he would have to be continually on his guard with this steadyeyed young lady. By her advent the that Dick's portrait had gone. He difficulties of the situation would be greatly increased; if he succeeded now in ousting Dick and getting hold of Dorothy, it would be in spite of Miss Esther Brand. Yet the difficulties of the situation only made him the more a plain gray gown, who came forward anxious to come off victor in the end, and held out her hand in what was only made him more determined to commistakably the fashion of a woman win Dorothy if possible, whether it

CHAPTER XXIX.



E rose to go then. and held out his hand to his enemy "I am not only glad, but greatly relieved, that Amelia Harris is able to make herself useful, because I feet that I am in a measure responsible for the accident

to your consin's own servant. I shall be quite anxious to hear how she goes disgust, and a thousand bad words on-your cousin, I mean. I wonder if you would send me a line now and again to Aylmer's Field, near Norwich? I should be so much obliged."

> "Oh, certainly I will let you know; it is very good of you to be so interested," Esther answered.

"Ah! that is good of you. I am an old man now, and it is the distressing habit of old people to worry themselves about everything. I shall worry more or less about your cousin until I know she is about again."

"Oh, you mustat do that," said Esther, laughing. "Then you are going out of town?"

"Yes, I am going to Aylmer's Field for a few days," he replied. "By-thebye, I shall be charmed to place my carriage at your disposal during my absence-for as long as you like after-"What circumstances?" Lord Aylmer | ward, for the matter of that," he add-

> "That is really very kind of you. said Esther, "but-it seems rather taking an advantage of you."

"Not at all-not the least in the world," put in the old lord, quickly. "I will tell them to send round every morning for orders."

He went hastily away after this chuckling at the success of his visit. "I thought she was going to be difficult" his thoughts ran; "but she's a woman, and, after all, the same baits catch all of them-all of them. There are two things a woman never seems able to resist-diamonds and a really smart turnout."

He sat still for a few minutes after they turned into the High street, then called to Charles.

"Charles, drive slowly from here to St. George's Hospital," he said.

"Yes, m' lord," answered Charles. "Never knoo 'm take such a heap of the coachman.

"Ain't it wonderful?" returned that

functionary, with a wink. The old lord was in luck's way, for just as they reached the corner of the hospital Amelia Harris came out of the big building. She saw him in a moment, and Lord Aylmer called out for the carriage to stop. The carriage drew up close beside the curb, and Amelia Harris stood quite close to the door, so that not a word of her conversation could be heard by the two stiff and solemn figures who sat with their heads carefully turned away from the wicked old man behind them.

Well?" he said. "Well," she said, looking at him in a hard, dry kind of way, "have you been there?"

"Yes." "H'm-nice little surprise for you, I

should fancy." "Oh, a devil of a surprise," irritably Amelia Harris laughed cynically Ah, I've been wondering all the morning what you'd think. Well," sharply, 'does it make any difference, or are you going on, because if it does-

"Well" "Well, I'll send on this telegram and give her this letter. Poor little fool! she has been worrying about the In-

"You will do nothing of the kindof course I am going on," cried Lord Ezry! What in time are you tryin' to noon, and hadn't the faintest suspicion Aylmer, sharply, under his breath. git off?" Farmer Hornbeak-"Why, I beatific state of mind. That which "Give them to me-what are they? There—that will do. Go back—take a cab—and look after my interests as if | Jang, Dang; or, whatever it is..." -this-this-creature had not come at Hornbeak-"Great day, Ezry! What tion day morning she seemed unusualall to interfere with my plans. If any- nonsense are you tryin' to recite? You ed. "As you never saw my cousin be- thing of importance occurs write to talk like a dinner-bell!" Farmer Hornme at Aylmer's Field. If you need to beak—"I guess I do, for a fact. I was use the telegraph, be very careful how tryin' to say the name of that great you word your message."

"On the old plan, I suppose?" she

Being September, the old lord found his favorite clab almost deserted not

"Yes, m' lord.

that he minded: in fact, he wanted the club to himself, and practically he had it. He did not waste time, but read the telegram at once, "Boy-both well." with a sneer, and fore it into a thousand fragments, which he flung into the grate. Then he opened the letter, in Dick's well-known writing, bearing the Madras postmark.

It was a long and tender letter, full of solicitude for her welfare and giving her amusing description of his every-day life.

"Madras isn't much of a place, my darling," Dick said, "but I shall like "Oh! no. Of course, she was upset at it well enough when you are out here."

"Good God!" Lord Aylmer cried aloud, "then she means going out to "And my valet's wife Amelia Here him. So that's your game, is it, my

As he sat there muttering over the ing Post, started violently and began to make profuse apologies.

"Heg your pardon, I'm sure-afraid 1 was nodding over the paper ten thousand pardons, and why, it's Aylmer! Bless my soul, Aylmer, are you in town? How do you do?

"Yes, I am in town I'm quite well, thank you, and I don't want the paper because I'm reading letters of great importance," said Lord Aylmer, rudely and pointedly, and with an utter absence of the delightful fatherly manner which he found so effectual at

"Oh! really. Deuced unpleasant letters, too, I should think," said the old. gentleman, who was a Zouch more important personage than Lord Aylmer, and did not care a snap of his finger for him.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The most of builties has rolled away;

Peace gherous peace is our to-day And added stars in our hanner glow. The dear old flag of the long ago

And listen still as the vertices tell

Well

treat.

We think of the founders of this blist land,

Our grandeless brave in Stern com-

Of the ries won, though the for fought

Then turn where our childianol's before

White gentle functes southe the breast,

Then while we place on each soldier's

On each hallowest stave, the forget-ine-

Thankful to thid for the courage shown

That Right, triumphant, may closer bital

With the inward prayer: May all wars

And men be skilled with the skill of

George Bancroft Griffith in Woman's

The ties of royalty all mankind.

"Good morning, Aunt Ruth.

sec I'm on hand bright and early for

my lilacs. Aren't we going to have a

beautiful day?" said Antoinette, cheer-

ily, seeming to have caught the con-

"I am so glad it is pleasant, for I

well remember how rainy it was last

are a little backward this year; still

I think we shall find enough for a fair

"I did. The self-same one that has

With that they started for the gar-

Miss Bosworth, "Aunt Ruth," as she

Everybody knew Aunt Ruth, and

was one of those elderly women-shall

we say rare?-who had preserved a

manner. Although over 60 years old.

she still possessed that blessed faculty

of adaptability which made her a cov-

eted companion of both young and old.

Children were attracted by her cookie

jar and a fund of delightful stories,

while those of maturer years were

charmed with her personality and her

entertaining conversation, which ever

unmistakable undercurrent of sadness,

Antoinette Rathbun was particularly

fond of Aunt Ruth, and many happy

Antoinette was just now in a most

thusiasm and delight, and this Decora-

"After all, Aunt Ruth," she said,

"there is no season of the year quite

so beautiful to me as the springtime,

when everything seems fairly bursting

"Ah, my dear, it is because you are

with life and delighting in life."

ly happy.

done service for the last three years.

tagion of the bright May morning.

By those we were promi to call our

He got up from the chair where he had been sitting, and waddled off to a somewhat easier one in the big bowwindow, where he sat down, and began diligently studying the paper, only presently to go fast asleep again with or retrieved disasters of great defeat, the paper defiantly clasped in his arms. The onward march and the forced re-Lord Aylmer went on studying Dick's letter, feeling better for the small passage of words, much as one often feels when a thunderstorm has cleared the atmosphere on a hot summer's day.

"All the same," the letter continued. I have got most comfortable quarters here, and I have seen a jolly little house about a mile from the town where I think you will be as happy as possible. I am looking out for a first-rate ayah for you, but really it will be the easiest if you get an ayah for the child in town-there are always some who have taken children over and want their return passage. You see, my darling, I have not been idle about you, nor forgotten to make the best of my opportunities in gathering information which may make you more comfortable, though I think sometimes that people must wonder why I want to know about ayahs and nurses."

(To be Continued.)

WHERE TOMORROW BEGINS. Point in the Pacific Where Travelers Lose One Day.

Out in the Pacific ocean, somewhere about midway between San Francisco and Yokohama, is a place where tomorrow is born and the traveler skips from yesterday to to-morrow without being able to get a grip on to-day. One day is absolutely stolen out of his life. for if it be Tuesday on one side of the line, it is either Thursday or Tuesday is repeated on the other. No matted which direction the ship may be sailing, the passenger is shy one whole day when he gets to that point. The weekly calendar operates from different sides of the sea, and the result is this conflict. In crossing the Atlantic Decoration day. I'm sorry the Illacs from London to New York the paggenger gains slightly over half an hour a day. From New York to Chicago showing. Did you bring a basket?" he adds another hour to the three or four crossing the ocean, another in reaching Donver, and still another on Ralph is coming for me about 11 o'trouble before," murmured Charles to reaching San Francisco. The latter clock." city reckons time eight hours later than London, and the better portion of a day later than Shanghai or Yokohama. In crossing the Pacific the trav- was more familiarly known-was one eler comes to the time when he catches of the oldest inhabitants of Pleasantup with the procession and drops a ville, a sleepy little town nestling whole day out of his life as easily as among the Berkshire hills, its quiet he glides through the water, driven by undisturbed save by the buzz of the the ship's powerful screws. This line sawmill, and, in summer, the busy of demarkation is not a perpendicular hive of workers at the canning facone from north to south. The islands tory. in the Pacific take their time reckonings from the continent with which none knew her but to love her. She they do the bulk of their trading. This causes the line to zigzag down the ocean in a very ragged manner. It sweet, happy nature, free from disamight happen that the boat would greeable habits both of speech and strike an island which clings to San Francisco time, the vessel having already skipped a day. In such a case it would be Monday on shore and Tuesday aboard ship. These features illustrate the ease with which the days get tangled up in the Pacific.

A Lingual Tangle. Farmer Hornbeak-"While I was at sparkled with subtle humor, despite an the village this afternoon I heard a drummer in Hopper's store say he had which at times betrayed itself in her just read that Hi Ching Lang-h'm- face. that don't sound right; Hang Ling Chi -no; Lang Chung Hi-er-h'm!lemme see! It's Hang--no; Chi Lung hours they spent together, reading or Hang-oh. pshaw!-Ching-no, Lung discussing the various questions of the Mrs. Hornbeak-"Mercy on us, day. was jest goin' to say that Hing Lung makes the world go round had touched Chi-oh, drat it! Chang, Lang, Hang, her life and imparted to it fresh en-Mrs Japaness or Chinese statesman." Mrs. Hornbeak-"Oh! you mean Li Hung Caang. Well, what about him?" Farm-"Yes; now go. Charles, to my club." er Hornbeak-"I-I dunno."-Judge.

little shrub yonder, the buds just peepthe perfect flower. So do I see in you ble womanhood. But haven't we enough Blacs? The sun is so warm!" "Yes, indeed, we have and I don't

MORIAL

care to rob you even for a good cause, I am relying upon the girls for a goodly supply.

"It's your Sunday school class, isn't

"Yes," answered Antoinette, "Aunt would make our party complete. Do Sity yes.

"No. I would rather go alone. I am glad, though, that you are interesting your class in this way, for it seems to me that children in these days have too little patriotic spirit, and too little appreciation of the cost of liberty. The decoration of the soldiers' graves means little more to them than a half holiday from school and a happy time gathering flowers. After all, I guess it is better so. Let them have all the sunshine possible; the shadows come soon enough to all of us."

"Aunt Ruth," said Antoinette, tenderly, "I've wanted to ask you something for a long time, but I don't know that I ought."

"Certainly you may. What is it?"

"Will you tell me whose grave you visit so much, and on which you always put such lovely flowers Decoration day?"

when I tell you that I don't know. It a happy face. All honor to them!" is an unknown grave, but all I needed to know was that he was a soldier. When did you say Ralph was com-

"Not till 11."

"Then come into the sitting-room where it is cool and let me tell you a bit of my own life. Somehow I feel just like it this morning."

They laid down their flowers and en joyed the restfulness of the cozy room. "I'm going to lie down," said Aunt Ruth, "and you bring the hassock and sit right beside me and let me tell you what is in my heart,

"When you came in this morning so happy and light-hearted my thoughts flew back thirty years, when I was about your age, and had just as much to make me happy as you have now. I was engaged to a noble man. and, strangely enough, his name was Ralph, too. He was a lawyer, and his fine mind gave promise of a brilliant career. We were to have been married in the spring of '63, but when the war broke out his country's call appealed to his noblest manhood. He didn't say much at first, but I knew that the only obstacle in the way of his enlisting was the pain it would give me. He was perfectly well and strong, an added reason for his going. Ah, well do I remember the night we settled it! How earnestly and tenderly he talked about it! In a few days he was gone. It took more courage than I then thought

duty to country would not allow me to

to make that sacrifice, but my sense of

"THE BLOODY ANGLE."

withhold the word. He joined the Fiftleth New York Volunteer Engineers, Company G, and at first had an easy time. The letters were bright and cheery and full of enthusiasm, so that after a time I grew less anxious and more and more glad that he went. But there came a day when the regular letter failed, and a week passed; and greatly admired by her English frien 31

just now in the springtime of life your- | another, and another, and finally zeif. You seem to me very like that one came in an unfamiliar hand and told the story I so much ing out which shall so soon unfold into feared. They thought he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, in the possibilities of a beautiful and no- the desperate charge at the "Bloody Angle," where so many brave men on both sides gave up their lives, but dillgent search brought nothing more definite. I sometimes wonder how I have lived through all these long thirty years, but you know we poor mortals can endure more than we think. I have much that is pleasant to look back upon, and much in the future to Ruth, won't you go with us? That dream of, And now about that lonely grave. He was a soldler, too, and there was no one to care for him, so I love to place my flowers there, and cannot help feeling that perhaps another is doing the same forph."

A whistle interrupted the story and Antoinette stooped to kiss the dear old lady, and in a moment was gone.

Late that afternoon, after Antoinette's class had gone and the cemetery was quite deserted, Ralph and Antoinette lingered at a little distance from that grave, quite unobserved by Aunt Ruth, and watched her arrange the flowers.

"Do you know," said Ralph, "I never saw anything more pathetic. The men who enlisted and fought with courage and fearlessness were indeed brave heroes, but not an atom more heroic than the women who gave their husbands and sons and lovers to die for their country, and have lived on, year after year, bravely and cheerfully hiding "You will be surprised, my dear, their loneliness and heartache behind

> The Memory of the Dead. There are few influences so hallowed



AT GRANT'S TOMB.

dead. They make good men better; sometimes they make bad men good. it is a grateful and beneficent custom which has been established of devoting one day in the year especially to the commemoration of the virtues of the dead. Their memory comes to us, bidden or unbidden. It comes with the morning light; it comes with the evening shades; it comes in the stillness of the night. Whenever it comes it is always welcome and precious. Indeed, one of our chief companionships, which we cultivate and enjoy more almost than any other, is the recollection of those we have loved and lost.

In the formal appropriation of Memcrist day, however, to the decoration of graves, there is a manifest, outward sign of respect which is seemly and in keeping with our ever-present feeling of affection for those who have gone before us. Many improve it by carrying flowers to the spot where their loved ones lie; all improve it by recalling in more vivid fancy the forms and qualities of the sleepers we sigh in vain for the power to awaken .- New York Ledger.

American Roses for England. Rosegrower L. M. Noe of Madison,

N. J., has solved the problem of packing American beauties. Some time ago he had an order for a huge bunch of this variety from a lady who wished to take them to Europe with her. In packing roses Mr. Noe inserts each of the long stems into a potato, and on their arrival after the voyage they were found to be as fresh as if they were just taken from the greenhouse. In a letter the lady said the flowers kept well for a number of days after her arrival, and their beauty was