

Don't FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued.) The mere mention of a lord was sufficient to send the nurse off to the door in a huddle, perhaps the good woman scented a tip in the near future. Anyway, when the door was opened to the great man, he was astonished to see a stout, comfortable-looking body standing, smiling and curtseying with a grace that was almost perfect. "Yes, my lord; walk this way, my lord," and forthwith she ushered him into the dressing-room to relieve Esther of the baby. "A very fine-looking old gentleman, Miss," she remarked. "Is he?" said Esther. "No, I've never seen him."

CHAPTER XXIX. He 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 feel that I am in a measure responsible for the accident to your cousin's own servant. I shall be quite anxious to hear how she goes 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."

"Yes, my lord." Being September, the old lord found his favorite club almost deserted—not 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 tore 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.



MEMORIAL DAY. The most of battles has rolled away! Peace, glorious peace is ours to-day. And adieu stars in our banner now. The dear old flag of the long ago. We think of the founders of this best land. Our grandfathers have in stern command. And listen still at the veterans' toll. Of victories won through the foe fought with.



Just now in the springtime of life yourself. You seem to me very like that little shrub under the buds just peeping out which shall so soon unfold into the perfect flower. So do I see in you the possibilities of a beautiful and noble womanhood. But haven't we enough blues? The sun is so warm!"

another, and another, and finally one came in an unfamiliar hand and told the story I so much feared. They thought he was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, in the desperate charge at the "Bloody Angle," where so many brave men on both sides gave up their lives, but diligent 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 dream of. And now about that lonely grave. He was a soldier, 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 for us."



"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 lips. 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.

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 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 from London to New York the passenger gains slightly over half an hour a day. From New York to Chicago he adds another hour to the three or four crossing the ocean, another in reaching Denver, and still another in reaching San Francisco. The latter 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 traveler comes to the time when he catches up with the procession and drops a whole day out of his life as easily as he glides through the water, driven by the ship's powerful screws. This line of demarcation is not a perpendicular one from north to south. The islands in the Pacific take their time reckonings from the continent with which they do the bulk of their trading. This causes the line to zigzag down the ocean in a very ragged manner. It might happen that the boat would 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.



AT GRANT'S TOMB. There are few influences so hallowed to the living as the memory of the 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, hidden or unhidden. 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 Memorial 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.



THE BLOODY ANGLE. withhold the word. He joined the Fiftieth 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