

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIX .- (Continued.) the East, no burning of his beats be- something had happened to keep him hird him. Not a bit of it! Not the from writing. young gentleman had quietly ay, and very eleverly-made the best of what to him was a very bad and very distasteful business, and intended to carry on the Palace Mansions arrangement in Madras just as he had done in London.

But somebody else had to be dealt somebody else with a brain a good deal shrewder than Dick's, and a will like cold steel. Lord Aylmer would have something to do and say in the matter of Mrs. Harris' intended voyage to India, and he had no notion whatever of allowing his nephew, whom he cordially detested, to carry out all his arrangements in triumph, and in spite of him.

He roused himself presently, and went to the table, where writing muterials were lying. Then he forced himself to write an ordinary letter to Dick. telling nim he was in town for a few days, but was off to Aylmer's Field tomoreow; that my lady was better and he trusted Dick would bear in mind that he had to reinstate himself in his uncle's good graces, that he might get over the disappointment caused by his refusal to marry Mary Annandale, and pains to make himself indispensable to his old friend, Barry Boynton. And at the end of this meaningless and an addition, which, like the scorpion's tall, contained the sting:

"P. S .- By-the-bye, you will be in-



WROTE A COMMONPLACE LETTER. terested to hear that your little friend, Mrs. Harris, has consoled herself for your absence, without loss of time. I saw her yesterday, with a gentleman, in an uncommonly well turned out open carriage-splendid horses, smart servants, in white liveries, cockades, and all the rest of it. After a long and intimate acquaintance with the world I have come to the conclusion that softeyed little women of that type have marvelous wisdom-they forget the past, give no thought to the future, take the hour as it comes and make the best of it. Sensible creatures!"

And this most dangerous of all lies. the lie which was half a truth, Lord Aylmer dropped into the post-box, and in due time it went speeding over sea and land in place of Esther Brand's telegram, "Boy-both well."

CHAPTER XXX



WHOLEmonth had gone by and still no word had come from Dick to the anxious heart so fondly waiting for news in Palace Mansions. Or stay. that is not quite correct, for a long letter from Dick had come by each

mail, but they had never reached Dorothy, each one of them having fallen in Lord Aylmer's possession.

"I can't made out why your husband has never written, why he never answered the telegram. I think I shall go into the post-office and find out if it really went."

"Amelia said it went," Dorothy replied. She, poor child, had never admitted as much to her cousin, but -e was prepared for the worst that could possibly happen. Dick's long silence was beginning to tell upon her, and she was not recovering as quickly as might be desired; indeed, her doctor and her cousin, too, were for the most part thoroughly uneasy about her. And yet, she had now been nearly six weeks without a line from Dick-Dick, who had left her with such fond words of love on his lips-ay, and in his eyes; Dick, who knew that now, of all times, letters would be of greater value than ever they had been, when she was left alone in her hour of trial. Yet he had not written, there was no answer to the telegram announcing the boy's birth, there had come no word nor sign out of the dark blankness of hope and fear, doubt and despair, which was gradually creeping over her.

And after all, she told herself, it was not to be wondered at if Dick had got a little tired of her-a stupid little thing like her, as ignorant as a child. What was there in her to keep such a man as Dick faithful and true when the width of half the world was haps misunderstood her.

t stretched between them? And then For a long time Lord Aylmer sat lost her eyes fell upon the bangle, which n angry thought. So this was the she always were upon her left wrist, meaning of Dick's sudden sutrender, with its bright beacon of hope and his dutiful acquiercence with his un- trust, Dick's last message to her "Din- said, her voice trembling, and her eyes ing the graceful class on its banks, face, and then disappear. He at once and take them in cle's wishes. There had been no break- na Forget." No, nothing should make misty with tears. "I must go and dress whose green foliage was reflected in the threw himself overheard tealling uping of his chains when he set sail for her doubt him he was overworked. III for our drive."

> "Don't worry about it, dear Eather," she said bravely. "Dick would not leave me without a letter without some good reason for it. Please don't doubt him; you don't know how good and kind and thoughtful he is, you don't, indeed, Esther.

"No, I don't," said Esther, dryly; with, the old lord's grim thoughts ran then with an outburst of tenderness very rare in one of her serene and composed nature, she cried: "Oh, don't look at me in that reproachful way, darling. I want to believe this Dick of yours perfect - I do, dear. But when we alone? I won't believe that you are enough to change my thin muslin waist go on day after day, week after week. and I see your anxious eyes, see your face getting whiter and whiter-why. I can't help feeling angry at times, and to kill somebody," she ended passionately.

time, but sat tracing the words on her bangle with a very thin and fragilelooking finger.

silence must seem to you; but I promised to trust him whatever happens and | marmured fondly. "I will not give way | from the common light of day, and we I always will. He gave me this the again-I will be brave." very last of all," she cried, holding out therefore he trusted he would spare no her wrist -ch! so much too small for the usual fingle and dash, and hastily the participants of so much pleasure. the pretty bangle now towards hercommonplace letter Lord Aylmer made | will all be right by-and-by, Esther, I | able signs of tears from her eyes. Not before you condemn him, just a little longer.

The piteous appeal went straight to Lord Aylmer. Esther's heart. "Well, I won't mention him again, Dorothy, dear, not for another month. We will talk about other things. Are you going for a drive today? The carriage will be here at 3 o'clock."

"Just as you please, dear," Dorothy answered listlessly.

"I think you ought to go. It is good for you, and good for the boy, too, and of course you won't have a carriageat least, not such a carriage-always." "No." said Derothy.

Esther was busy making a wonderful bonnet for the wonderful boy, and she pinned in several folds of lace and tried several effects before she spoke again. "Isn't it odd," she remarked at last, "that Lord Aylmer has left his own all this time, when he is away. · Perhaps he never takes them out of

town," suggested Dorothy. "Perhaps not. Anyway, it is very pleasant for us as it is," Esther replied. Well, I shall go and get ready," and, gathering up her bonnet and materials. she went out of the room, leaving Dorothy alone.

Almost immediately Amelia Harris came in, bringing a bag filled with little vases of fresh flowers. "Oh!" said Dorothy, "those are lovely. Is it a pretty place, Amelia? I suppose you have often been there,"

"Yes, madam; I have been there once or twice," Amelia replied. "It is a fine place, is it not?" Dorothy

asked. "A very grand place, madam," said

Amelia, apparently giving all her attention to the flower vases.

'And Lady Aylmer-what is she like?" Is she nice-handsome?"

"My lady is very handsome, madam." said Amelia, putting the last vase in its place, and coming to put a fold of the window curtain straight. "Very haughty and hard-like, but very handsome for all that." "Ah!"

Dorothy sat in silence for a minute



JUST AS YOU PLEASE, DEAR. the little table between the window and the fireplace.

"It seems such a pity that-" Dorothy began, intending to say, "such a pity that Lord and Lady Aylmer did not get on well together." Then she broke off short, suddenly remembering that it would not do to speak of Lord Aylmer's private affairs to his valet's wife, and also that she was not supposed to know more of them than Lord Aylmer himself would be likely to tell so new an acquaintance as she was. Amelia was looking at her with an expectant expression, and Dorothy made haste to finish her sentence.

"It seems such a pity that Lord Aylmer has no heir," she said confusedly. Amelia Harris not unnaturally per-

"Lord Ayimer has an heir, madam," she said quickly, thinking that Mrs. Harris was giving a keen eye to the future, "His nephew, Mr. Richard Ayl-

mer, is the heir he is in India." "Ah! yes, really," said Dorothy. She felt very sick and faint as she leaned back among the cushions. Amelia Harris thought she was disappointed, friend's house, situated in a New Engwhereas, in truth, Dorothy was only land village, I met with an accident. I lost all consciousness. nervous and upset at the sudden mention of her husband's name.

"Mr. Aylmer," Amelia continued, "is in the army in the 40th Dragoons. A handsome young gentleman, but wild very wild."

but I ought not to talk about him," she

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cried passionately.

but if it is so, you ought to tell me!" They recalled her to herself, "No, I ed myself ready, will be brave, I won't doubt you, my We were soon hastening down the understand. I will walt a little longer."

robe, and took out the large pleture of stream. "I know what you must think," she Dick which she had hidden out of Lord I will trust you and believe you," she the moon everything looked different

locked the portrait away again. Then tween us; 'Dinna Forget.' I know it tried to remove the, alas! unmistakknow it will; but walt a little longer, very successfully, though she went out | cd comparatively clear, and with noththe drawing room and found there-

"Lord Aylmer!" she cried, then went quickly across the room to him. "Oh! I am so very glad to see you,"she cried. "I did not know you were in town."

"I came up last night, dear lady," he said, taking both her hands in his and speaking in a very soft and tender voice, "But you are ill, you are not recovered, you are unhappy about something.

"I?" murmured Dorothy, evasively. 'Oh! I am not so very well-but-"But you have been crying," said

"Perhaps." Dorothy admitted

"Perhaps! I am sure of it," he returned. "But what is the matter? If there is anything that I can do, you carriage and horses and servants in know that you have only to command

> He laid stress on the words "you know," which in any other circumstances would have been enough to put Dorothy on her guard. Now, however, with her thoughts filled with Dick and his strange and inexplicable silence, she did not notice the unusual tone. 'Oh!" she cried impulsively, "there is something you could do for me if you would."

> "What?" he said eagerly. "Tell me." But Dorothy did not tell him. She wanted to say, "I am Dick's wife, I am so wretched and so unhappy at his absence. Let him come home, and I will

love and reverence you forever." That was what she wanted to say:

she was afraid. (To be Continued.)

CORONETS AT AUCTION.

And the Bidding Was Not at All

Brisk. way into the auction room, but it is I think the sense of danger occurred not every day that a coronet may be to us all at the same time. The picked up at a bargain in a salesroom, dense shadow was a sand barge, heavsays the London Chronicle. This was ily loaded and being propelled forward what happened yesterday, when a mar- by the larger craft, quis' coronet was put up and knocked down by a Conduit street auctioneer, too close before we discovered it, to It is odd enough that such an adorn- change her course, and my husband, ment should find its way into the vul- seeing the peril we were in from a colgar atmosphere of furniture dealers lision, called out for each one to jump and brokers' men, but that anybody on to the barge as she struck. should want to buy a second-hand coronet is odder still. The biddings, it is true, were not keen. They began at a couple of guineas and went up to £5, at which the coronet went into the possession of some apparently plebelan person-certainly not a marquis. But then the article was no longer "practicable," as they say on the stage. The original owner, or possibly "an heir or an assignee," had so little use for it that he had cut it in two and mounted it as a pair of wall brackets. It is commonly supposed that peers' coronets, like royal diadems, are of gold. That is not so. They are of silver, "richly gilt," as in the case of yesterday's bauble. This particular one bore the hall mark of 1831, which suggests that it may have been made for the no boat was in sight, nothing but the pened to be born that way. We was coronation of William IV. That there slivery waves shimmering in the reshould be so little competition for coro- splendent moonlight, and once more I nets in their material form is ex- slowly sank down. plained by the rarity with which they are worn. There are probably not half before me in a few brief seconds, and

badge of their rank.

A MOONLIGHT SAILS

friend whose narrow escape from the cool air that my hand and arm were frowning I give below in her own words. Several years ago in the wildly, and tried to call out, but no month of June, while on a visit to a from the effects of which my nerves have tever fully recovered.

This village overlooked a large navigable river, where crafts of different kinds plyed during the day, and sometimes far into the evening. I often set Dorothy got up. "Yes, I dare say, for hours on the cool broad veranda, the deck of his vessel, noticed at some watching them pass and repass, admirdepths below.

been warmer than usual, and the hours the river, but rose without success, but envy. His name is Charles Vest. HE was sobbing had been passed indoors away from the at the second diving, after being under time she got into in cooler, with a breeze off the water. her own room, and the bright radiance of a full moon 'Dick. Dick." she transforming the scene into fairy land.

"It is hard to deny the wharf with the proposal of a sail condition. As far myself, they thought. They weighed 2,025 pounds in cold you like this, for it by moonlight, for which purpose he was denying you, had procured a boat. Our hostess was ing to the steamer, and to all intents though I said noth- engaged, but Miss Martin and Mr. Rusing. Why are you sell (also visitors) were only too happy leaving me to fight and consented with pleasure. I was life was discovered to be not quite exmy way through all these difficulties delighted, but wished to wait long tinct. false to me not until you tell me so; for a thicker one, but my husband objected to the delay and begged me to She was sobbing passionately, and come just as I was, so catching up a the scalding tears ran down her poor, shawl from the veranda chair. I hastily suspicious, and and as if I should like | pale face and over her little cold hands. | threw it over my shoulders and declar-

four. In a few moments we had board-She unlocked a drawer in her ward- ed the boat and shoved it out into the

I don't think I ever saw a more perlaughed and joked, and thought our-She heard the carriage draw up with selves both fortunate and happy to be

The boat just moved fast enough to gracefully along, the white sail set to the refreshing breeze. The coast seemimmediately afterwards, walked into ing to hinder our progress, we sailed

on and out over an enchanted sea. We had grown strangely quiet, each seeming to realize that though "speech was silver, silence was golden," and each one seemed busy with his, or her. own thoughts. For my part I was thinking of home and friends far away. Many of them had passed over the mystic bridge that spans this world and the next, but somehow they seemed strangely near me on this night. The very air seemed people with spirits bright and beautiful from out the dear dead past.

I was awakened from my reverie by Lord Aylmer, still keeping her hands in a dark object coming unexpectedly into view as we rounded the river bend,



A HAND APPEARED

It was only a small steamer puffing along, but coming nearer to us with but when she was face to face with the every stroke of the paddles that churnopportunity, her courage failed her, and ed the water with a rushing sound. From the first I felt that there was danger, but Clifford bade me not to worry we would soon pass it in safety.

I drew my shawl closer around my

shoulders and waited, for what-We were drawing rapidly nearer, when I thought the steamer cast an Some queer commodities find their extremely dark shadow before it, and

Our little boat, under full sail, was

It was all over in a minute. men landed safely on the sand, and tried to assist the women, but I saw peare. The writer describes Othello's Miss Martin make the jump and fall back before Mr. Russell could assist sequent career and death, the latter seat and went down between the boats, still alive. It may be, therefore, that As I struck the water I had presence | the palace in Venice pointed out to the of mind enough to force a corner of hand firmly against it to keep out the | doubt about it .- Pall Mall Gazette. water, and then I went down, down to the bottom of the river, but seemed propelled on, and on, by some force, which I found out afterwards to be the motion of the steamer's wheel under which I must have passed, and which kept me in motion.

After floating some distance away I rose to the surface for a moment, but

My whole life now seemed to pass a dozen peers living who have ever had the singing in my ears seemed like the one. They are worn only at corona-mermaid's lullaby, and I fancied I was tion, and then, at the moment when the floating on a silvery sea. Then reason archbishop of Canterbury places the once more asserted her sway, and I crown on the sovereign's head, the as- seemed to hear my father's voice. sembled peers and peeresses simulta- When quite a child I had asked him neously put on their silver circlets with how it was possible to swim, and he their crimson velvet caps. Indeed, it had answered me, pointing to Carlo:

may be shrewdly suspected that most "Watch the dog swimming. See how peers do not even possess this tangible he paddles with his forepaws."

shawl against my mouth, but with the other I began to paddle feedly, and to my surprise, began to rise. Then I This story was related by a lady publied quicker, and I soon knew by above the water, and I waved my hand

> the accident occurred, and every effort made to find Miss Martin and myself, but all to no purpose, when the captain, who was scanning the water from distance a hand raised above the surit was my body only they were bearand purposes I appeared dead, but the usual restoratives were applied, and Sheep camp and buried them in the

ing my hands, and hot blankets, hot in this way. Once over the summit baths and every means were used to the cans were piled on sleds, pulled resuscitate me and I slowly regained by the dogs, and the journey conconsciousness. But, oh, the agony of tinued. returning life. I begged of them to let me die in peace, but it was not to be. Very feebly, life came back to me, and morning one can of the eggs, now be-Dorothy did not speak for a long darling. There is something I don't road to the wharf, a merry party of it took weeks of nursing before I was coming more and more precious was able to leave my bed.

me, by my presence of mind in keeping ing at the cabin and from these two the shawl pressed against my mouth, or three days later Vest obtained corsaid at last. "And I know what Dick's Aylmer's way. "My love, my dear love, feet night. In the brilliant light of which prevented the water from smoth-

ering me

Poor Miss Martin was less fortunate. Her body was not recovered till the next morning, when it was laid in a before the police. Confronted with casket and forwarded to her friends the evidence of his crime the fellow in New Brunswick, accompanied by confessed. The police decreed that the cousin, and he gave it as a token be she bathed her face in cold water, and create a pleasant motion as we glided Mr. Russell, whose fiancee she was man should be punished by giving ap The poor man was almost heartbroken,

shining on the water without a shudder, when I think of the golden sheen of the river on that memorable night.

HOW BLOKER ECONOMIZED.

Undertook to Dye Easter Eggs and Came to Grief.

After Bloker had looked through his bills for the month he went home with blood in his eye.

"Mrs. Bloker," he began, as soon as the evening meal was over, "this family's get to put on the hold-back straps. It is just possible that you may agree with me when I say that it is really difficult for a man to lay up money when he's required to spend more than he makes. Judging from precedent, you intend buying a lot of dye stuffs to color Easter eggs for the children. You'll do no such thing. Having had Have the how to prepare the eggs. rag bag brought down, give me a needle and thread and then let me have the kitchen to myself. I'll show the children some Easter eggs that will make their eyes stick out."

After there was time for Bloker to awkwardly sew a dozen eggs into calico bags and give them a good boiling. there came a yell and a crash from the kitchen. The family rushed out to find him dancing about on one foot, while he was trying to get the other under the cold water tap in the sink. The water that scalded him was running over the floor, and the varied colors of the family calico were running with it. There was not a whole egg in road. sight, and the kitchen was hotter than a caucus in a river precinct. Mrs. Bloker hustled the children upstairs that they might not hear what "papa" was saving. An hour later he was helped to bed with his injured foot wrapped up like a case of gout. Next morning he sought to diplematically close the incident by ordering a halfbushel of eggs of all colors and every possible combination of colors. The bigger the bill the easier he will feel .-Exchange.

True Story of Othello.

Rome-A diary kept in 1542 by the representative in Candia of the republie of Venice has just been discovered in a Venetian convent. It is stated that the document contains the whole history of Othelio and completely contradicts the version given by Shakesarrival in Venice, his marriage and sub-As for myself I tripped over the event occurring while Desdemonia was tourist as that occupied by Disdemonla he shawl into my mouth, and press my is actually the one. Still, there is a

> Observe His Delicate Flattery. Weman of the House-"I don't know

much about politics, but I don't think any the more of you, my poor man for boasting of being a free silverite. Tramp (with his mouth full)-"I ain't boastin' of it, ma'am. I said I hapnatchelly a free silver fam'ly. They was sixteen of us and one gal."-Chiengo Tribune.

Method.

Tod-"What made you tell Dolly you would give up drinking during Lent?" Ned-"Because every time I call to ree her she kisses me to find out if I have been doing so."-New York World.

A Vold.

He-"Such a thing never entered my head." . She-"Probably it couldn't With one hand I still clutched the stand solitude."-New York World,

MR. VEST'S DEAL IN EGGS.

suck Tin Cans, of "solld Meats" to the

Yukon Brought Back \$6,321. Nearly every man who has come our of Dawson during the last two months or more has had something to say sound coming from my tips, and as of the "frozen-egg man." They met him the waters closed over me once more at various points between the Chilkoot summit and the Yukon river trudging Afterwards my husband told me that along with one companion and four the steamer was stopped as soon as dogs, pulling a cargo of frozen eggs bound for the Klondike, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Eggs at Dawson are worth \$1 67 more each and this high price proved such an incentive to a Portland man that he resolved to freeze a lot of them

The egg man is in Scattle. He has on the hoat to follows, and swam to sold his eggs and returned with a sack One particular day the weather 'rad the spot, and dived to the bottom of which many a Klondiker might well

Vest left Portland last October on passionately by the glare of the sun; but the evening came the water some moments, reappeared the steamer Elder. Before leaving he dragging what seemed to be a bundle obtained 1,743 dozen eggs. He broke of clothes to the surface. Luckily the and packed them in tin cans holding boat was near and took us both in, as one gallon each or six dozen. The cans My husband came hastily up from the captain was then in an exhausted were sealed, frozen and put on les, storage

With one man to help him and his dogs Vest hurried the eggs up to snow. He put four cans in a sack and tied the sack over the dogs' backs. My half frantic husband began chaf- Each dog carried twenty-eight pounds

Dec. 21 they stopped at a cabin and bough, supper and lodging. In the gone. Vest had his suspicions but had My life had been saved, they told no evidence. There were others camproborative evidence as to the guilt of The suspect.

The thief had gone toward the coast but Vest followed him and took him his outfit to the man he had wronged. And now I never see the moonlight This was done and Vest got \$185 per dozen for the can of eggs, or \$1,110 in all

Vest reached the Big Salmon, where Major Walsh was camping and bought Vest's eggs at \$3 per dozen. The eggs yielded \$5,211, which, added to the \$1,110, amounted to \$6,321, as the total product of Vest's undertaking.

THEY TOOK HIM BACK. How the Professor Turned Tables on

the Jokers. A story is told of the head of a college who was the possessor of a very

clumsy, old-fashioned vehicle, to which he was very partial, and which he constantly used in riding through the streets of the town, to the disgust of most of the students. A plan was formed among some of

the boys that on a certain night they would remove this offensive vehicle an economical mother, I know just from the coachhouse to a wood about half a mile from the college. Their intention was to run the carriage into, the thickest of the woods and underbrush and leave it there. But the principal by some means

learned or suspected their intention. Accordingly, in the evening, he quietly went out to the coachhouse, and, well wrapped up, crouched in a corner of the carriage and waited.

Soon the boys came, very stealthily, and, without looking into the vehicle. began their operations very quietly; and in whispers, and with many a "Hush," and "Take care," and "Look out," they succeeded in getting it out of the house and yard and into the

There they were all right, but they were puzzled to find the thing so heavy to haul; and, amid grumblings and puffings and pantings, varied occasionally with a strong expression of disgust, they succeeded in reaching the woods, the principal listening to their complaints and rather enjoying the situation.

Having with some difficulty backed the carriage into the brush, they began to congratulate each other on the success of their maneuver. The old gentleman, letting down the window, to their utter surprise and alarm, very quietly said:

"Now, young gentlemen, just take me back very carefully, if you please. Spare Moments.

Outsharpening a Sharper.

Mr. Hardacre (proudly)-"Say, Rube! was deown in teown yistiddy, an' I done one o' them bunco-steerer fellows out'n \$50." Reuben (in admiration)-Yeou did?" Mr. Hardacre-"Yes, I had a hundred dollars in my clothes, and he only got fifty of it."-Puck.

CONCERNING EATING.

Gratings of dry cheese, kept in wellcorked bottles, will be found useful for omelettes, macaroni, etc.

When making an omelette never let t cook long enough to be hard inside. An omelette to be good should "run"

when sat open. The dinner hour abroad: In London society it is 8 to 9 p. m.; England general, 1 to 2 p. m.; France, 6 to p. m.; Germany, 1 to 2 p. m.; Austi :30 to 3 p. m.; Switzerland, 1 to

p. m.; Italy, 6 to 8 p. m. A pretty dish is made by peeling potatoes, after the outer paring is removed, in long ribbons, says What To Eat. Lay them in cold water and dry them with a soft cloth, then fry boiling fat. Pile the ribbons high a dish, dust salt over them, and stick tufts of parsley about them.

Don't forget that when you co in a married woman you are probably confiding in her husband also.