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CHAPTER V. tempted to rush off the door open. home and dress himself and go off Dick, but he resisted the temptation with a hopeless feeling that he by it, that he would only vex himself

by the sight of the other fellow philandering after the girl he had loved all his life. "She'll find him out after a bit," he said to himself, "and then and it turned its head back at the she'll know how to value a man who sight of Dorothy, and purred loudly, means every word-ay, and more than every word-that he says."

In the meantime Dick Aylmer went on and turned in at the hospitably open gate of Graveleigh Hall, with the assured air of one who knows beforehand what his welcome would be. "Is Miss Dimsdale at home?" he asked of Barbara, who came to the door in answer to his knock.

"I am not sure, sir," Barbara answered. "But she may be in the garden-I'll find out, sir, in a minute."

She disappeared again, leaving him there, and then a man ran out from the side of the house, to take the horse's head; and before Barbara appeared again, Dick heard a light footstep on the gravel, and Dorothy herself, wearing a blue dress and a white sailor hat, came into sight. "Oh! Mr. Harris," she cried, in such a joyous tone that Dick's heart fairly thumped in response. "I had no idea that you were here. I wonder how it was I did not hear the wheels. Come and be introduced to my aunt; she is here, round this shrubbery-we always sit here in the hot weather; the sight of the sea helps to keep one cool. Auntie," she continued, not giving him time to say a word, "this is Mr. Harris, whom I met at Lady Jane's, who brought me home that day, you know;" then, turning to Dick, she said, "This is my aunt, Miss Dimsdale."

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I am very pleased to see you, Mr. Harris," said Miss Dimsdale, holding out her hand in a frank and gracious welcome. Miss Dimsdale had the somewhat stiff manners of the last generation, or, I might say, of the first half of the century, but in her own house she was always more genial than in any other place, and Dick Aylmer shook hands with her and felt-well, that a very fate was following him in his acquaintance with Dorothy Strode, for here he was again forced, as it were, to be known as Harris, when all the time his real name was Aylmer, and how was he to tell the old lady that some one or other had made a mistake-that is, without giving himself the look of an imposter? Like lightning there flashed through his mind an idea that if Lady Jane had mistaken him for somebody else, she had really no guarantee of his respectability, and with equal rapidity there shot through his brain a remembrance of his uncle's letter, his uncle's threats and his uncle's unyielding, unbendable-yes, I must be honest and finish up the sentence as Dick thought it-his uncle's unyielding, unbendable, devil of a temper. And so. not from any contrivance or wish of his own. Dick, in that awkward moment, let the mistake pass, and allowed the two ladies at Graveleigh Hall to believe that his name was, as they had imagined. Harris. In behavior he was very judicious; he talked more to the aunt than to the nicce, although his eyes followed her wherever she went in a way which told Miss Dimsdale all too plainly what had brought him there. But, judging by his serene and sober conversation with Miss Dimsdale, you might have thought that Dick was naturedly-he could afford to be goodsixty instead or six-and-twenty, and natured, for he had realized what this Miss Dimsdale was charmed with him. girl's real feelings for "some one" "Such a thoughtful, sensible fellow," she said to herself as she watched got a liking for a cat, but I should him presently go across the lawn with | hardly class a beauty like this with Dorothy to see her Persian kittens, ordinary cats. She is not only a beaujust at that time the very pride and ty to look at, but she is evidently af- times met Huxley in company with joy of her heart. Ay, but men were fectionate, and-and-and she's yours, deceivers ever, sometimes quite un- you know." conscious though it be. At that moment Dick was saying to Dorothy, "And I thought the week would never just at that moment. get over-the very longest week I ever lived." "Then why didn't you come before?" she asked, with innocent audacity. "Come before! But you cald that I wasn't to come till this week," he answered. "Hesides, I didn't know-1 wasn't sure that I mightn't get bundied out neck and crop when I did come. Oh no, I didn't want to run the rish of that." "Do you often get bundled out neck and grop when you go to call at houses *** Dorothy inquired demuraly, and with a sancy twinkle in her eye. "No, I don't," he replied with a "Hut I have known what it Insigh. was to have a decided cold shoulder, or a dance or two are all that Dorothy carried almost too far. A man met the best circles of succesty in this counand I didn't want to find it here." Bas been particularly nice to you," she know," with a smile, "are difficult to tated. "Never mind," said the surgeon, knowledged gatablers. said, as she opened the door leading transplant." mto the stable. "I think," said he, in a danger- mattery. bers. ously tender tone, which would great-"bat she is a delightful woman; she tone, and then she gave a little sigh awear first.

is fit to be your aunt;" and then E was strongly Dorothy laughed a little, and pushed

"See, this is my Lorna Doone;" she said, going into the nearest stall, and to the Hall after showing him a ball of white fluff colled up in a deep bed of hay. "Isn't she lovely?"

Dick Aylmer groaned within himself; he had fallen from a paradise would gain nothing of tenderness to the comparative personality of a cat-commonplace even though it was a Persian cat which bore the name of Lorna Doone, and she loved it.

It was a beautiful cat without doubt, and with evident satisfaction.

"I want to know just what you think of her." said Dorothy to Dick-"truly and honestly. Don't flatter me about her. Lorna and I don't like flattery-we want to know the truth about ourselves-the brutal truth if you will, but truth at any price. Now what do you think of her?"

kind.

"I can't see her properly," answered Dick.

"Lorna dearie, get up and show yourself off," said Dorothy to the cat; then finding that the great white Persian did not move, she turned her out of her bed, and took the four kits into her own lap.

"I think she is lovely." said Dick. "Isn't she an enormous size?"

"Immense," Dorothy answered, "and a great beauty too."

By this time Dick had begun to tickle Lorna Doone's ear, and that lady began to respond after the manner of cats when they are not shythat is to say, she had put her two forepaws upon his knee as he sat on the bed of hay, and was vigorously rubbing her cheeks, first one side and then the other, against his hand. "She has taken to you," cried Do-

rothy gladly. "Of course she has; Lorna Doone knows a good thing when she sees

it," he answered, laughing. "Besides, why shouldn't she take to me?" "Some people don't like cats," said

Dorothy, "especially men." She had not forgotten how, the very last time he was in the house, David Stevenson had kicked her favorite out of his way, not brutally or to hurt her-for David, whatever his faults, was not a brute-but because he was so jealous of Dorothy that he could not endure to see her care for anything. "How can you waste your love



which set Dick wondering what it could mean.

Well, after this it very soon became an established custom that Dick should find his way over to Graveleigh at least twice in every week, and sometimes Miss Dimsdale asked him to stay to share their dinner, for she was a woman of very hospitable nature, though she was quiet and somewhat stiff in manner, and a little oldfashioned in her ideas. And although David Stevenson had all her wishes on his side, she really grew to like Dick the better of the two, for Dick was gentle and kind in his manner to each and all alike, content to let his wooing do itself-if the truth between you and me be told, happy in the present, and a little inclined to leave the future to be as long the future as might be because of the terrible old uncle in the background. Then, too, there was always present in his mind the knowledge that, sooner or later, he would have to make a clean breast of his identity to Miss Dimsdale and to Dorothy, and to cast himself upon their mercy as regards the deception which had really been no fault of his. and to persuade them to consent to a secret marriage. And whenever poor Dick reached this point in his reflections, he invariably gave a groan of utter despair, for he had a dreadful foreboding that never, never would Dorothy's aunt give even the most reluctant consent to anything of the

So the sweet autumn days skipped over-September died and October was born, lived its alloted time, and in turn passed away, and wintry November came in. The last tinted leaves fell from the trees of the great oaks and horse chestnuts, and the tall poplars which shrouded the hall were now but gaunt and shivering skeletons, only a memory of their old luxuriance and glory. But to Dorothy Strode the bare and leafless trees were more beautiful than they were either in their summer gowns of green or in all the manyhued loveliness of their autumn frocks for to Dorothy all the world was lighted and beautified by the warmth and fire of radiant love-better to her the leafless branches of November with love than the fairest blooms of springtime into which love had not yet come. During this autumn she had seen but little of her old admirer, David Stevenson. He had gone to the Hall once or twice after he knew that "the man from Colchester" had become a frequent visitor there-gone with a savage assertion of his rights as an old friend and a life-long intimate of the house. But when he found that Miss Dimsdale had, as he put it, "gone over to the enemy." he gave up even that much intercourse, and gave all his energies to his farming, content, as he told himself, to bide his time.

At last about the middle of November when half the officers of the regiment were on leave, and soldiering and Colchester alike were as flat and dull as ditch water, Dick Aylmer got into his dog-cart and turned the horse's head toward the big gates.

"Hullo, Dick!" called out a brother officer to him, "where are you going?" "Oh, a drive," returned Dick prompt-

"Oh, a drive," repeated the other, noting the evasion instantly-trust a soldier for that. "Got any room for a

"THE FIELD OF BLOOD" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Acts 1. Verse 19, as Follows: "Aceldama, That Is to Say, of the Gamester Pointed Out.

The money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was bloodmoney, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue. "Aceldama," meaning "the field of blood.' Well, there is one word I want to write today over every race-course where wagers are staked, and every poolroom, and every gambling saloon, and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnadined with the life of innumerable victims-Aceldama.'

The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns and cities are now suffering.

While among my hearers and readers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life, and the shadows are lengthening, and the sky crimsons with the glow of the setting sup, a large number of them are in early life ,and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, gleaming and glancing, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns, as clerks and bookkeepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the fiery war horse. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you; nay, some of you already have buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age and calling, the subject of gambling about which I speak today is pertinent.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: 'No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by the evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in a famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only \$4,000, was losing from \$50 to \$100 per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying: . "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three mights of each week at faro tables in New Yerk. Directly or indirectly this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope

with this evil.

Men wishing to gamble will find only in the underground oyster cellar. the Field of Blood"-Downward Fath or at the table back of the curtain. house of worship, and I have as much covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the the devil is right. We do not read that bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack, and winks in the church at Corinth, or at Antioch, or unsuspecting traveler-providing free drinks all around-but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings. This sin works ruin, first, by providing an unhealthful stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiriting. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back in a terrific reaction, is deplorable and wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument! God never made a man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitements.

What dull work is plowing to the farmer when in the village saloon in one night he makes and loses the value of a summer harvest! Who will want to sell capes and measure nankcen and cut garments and weigh sugar, when in a night's game he makes and loses, and makes again and loses again, the profits of a season?

John Borack was sent as a mercantile agent from Bremen to England and this country. After two years his employers mistrusted that all was not right. He was a defaulter for \$87,000. It was found that he had lost in Lombard street, London, \$29,000; in Fulton street, New York, \$10,000, and in New Orleans \$3,000. He was imprisoned. but afterwards escaped, and went into the gambling profession. He died in a lunatic asylum. This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly 325,000,000

francs. of age, received a fortune of one hun- speak of what I have seen with my own dred and twenty thousand dollars, and eyes. To a gambler's deathbed there through gambling in three years was comes no hope. He will probably die thrown on his mother for support. An alone. His former associates come not only son went to New Orleans. He nigh his dwelling. When the hour was rich, intellectual and elegant in comes, his miserable soul will go out manners. His parents gave him, on of a miserable life into a miserable eterhis departure from home, their last nity. As his poor remains pass the blessing. The sharpers got hold of house where he was ruined, old comhim. They flattered him. They fured panions may look out for a moment and him to the gaming table and let him | sny "There goes the old carcase-dead win almost every time for a good while, at last;" but they will not get up from and patted him on the back and said, the table. Let him down now into his "First rate player." But fully in their | grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade grasp, they fleeced him, and his thirty | there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom thousand dollars was lost. Last of that settles there is shadow enough. all, he put up his watch and lost that. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglan-Then he began to think of his home, and of his old father and mother, and not made to grow on such a blasted wrote thus:

less feel a momentary joy at the recep- dismal night, when no stars are out, tion of this letter from the child of and the spirit of darkness comes down. your bosom, on whom you have lay- horsed on the wind, then visit the ished all the favors of your declining grave of the gambler. years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts, when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep, never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have henored and protected I shall bring down in sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but, oh, may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the anwary, in a way that shall best please him! This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive a serious matter? To a certain extent from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you will have received this from warm the air before passing it, into the come into the same category. Bazaars me, the cold grave will have closed upfor the founding of hospitals, schools on me forever. Life to me is insupand churches, conducted on the raffling portable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you, cous membranes), which are colled upination. Do not, therefore, associate Forget and forgive is the dying prayer on themselves like scrolls. Through

TALMAGE'S SERMON. of this country reeks with sin. In some munion set. But you may depend on of those eitles every third or fourth | it, that as far as morality is concerned, source in many of the streets is a gam- you might as well have won by the ing place, and it may be truthfully crack of the billiard ball or the turn of averred that each of our cities is cursed the dice-box. Do you wonder that churches built, lighted, or upholstered by such processes as that come to great places just suited to their capacity, not financial and spirituni decrepitude? The devfl says: "I helped to build that right there as you have;" and for once they had a lottery for building the for getting up an embroidered surplice for St. Paul. All this I style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who is destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

The gambling spirit has not stopped for any indecency. There transpired in Maryland a lottery in which people drew for lots in a burying-ground! The modern habit of betting about everything is productive of immense mischief. The most healthful and innocent amusements of yachting and baseball playing have been the occasion of putting up excited and extravagant wagers. That which to many has been advantageous to body and mind, has been to others the means of financial and moral loss. The custom is perniclous in the extreme, where scores of men in respectable life give themselves up to betting, now on this boat, now on that; now on this ball club, now on that. Betting that once was chiefly the accompaniment of the racecourse, is fast becoming a national habit, and in some circles any opinion advanced on finance or politics is accosted with the interrogation: "How much will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal to slow, lethargic temperaments, but there are in the country tens of thousands of quick, nervous, sanguine, excitable temperaments, ready to be acted upon, and their feet will soon take hold on death. For some months, and perhaps for years, they will linger in the more polite and elegant circle of gamesters. but, after awhile their pathway will come to the fatal plunge.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This read is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Splint hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, toss-A young man in London, on coming ing unwary craft into the Hell-gate. I tines around the spot, for flowers were heath. Visit it not in the sanshine, "My beloved parents, you will doubt- for that would be mockery, but in the

on a brute of a cat?" he had burst out, when Dorothy had caught up Lorna and held her to her cheek.

"Some men hate cats-a man who comes here sometimes loathes her." she said to Dick, and Dick knew by a sort of instinct who the "some one" WDE

"Oh, some men are cross-grained enough for anything." he said good-"For my part, I must say I've were.

"The tea is waiting, Miss Dorothy." said Barbara, appearing at the door

"Come," said Dorothy gently

and the



MAY come over and see YOU. again?" said Dick to Miss Dimsdale. when he took 312 a leave of her that afternoon. "Oh, yes," she

by the delightful

in about four o'clock, for we are very cine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer thes toally adjourns on Derby day that quiet people, and a few tennis parties a case in which encouragement was members may attend the races; and in sees of life. Sometimes I wish that with a frightful accident, as a result try today are many hundreds of pro-"And you have not. I think Auntio it was different; hut ald trees. you of which both his legs had to be anapu-

Dick put his hand out to open the if she found life at Graveleigh insup- shall have you on your feet again door also, and in doing so just touched portable," said Dick, with delicate within three weeks."

Ir have cultghtened Miss Dimedale, Dimedale replied in a tender under- tieman will always cermit a lady it

fellow?

ly.

"Take you as far as the town if you like," said Dick good-naturedly. "No, never mind," answered the othtr. "I'll walk down with Snooks presently."

"Didn't want a lift, you know," he explained to Snooks, who in polite soclety was known as Lord William Veryl, "but I did want to find out where old Dick was going. But Dick was ready for me, and as close as WBX.

"Yes, I know-tried it on myself what men call "luck" is a gambler. with him the other day," said Snooks reflectively. "Dick informed me he was making a careful study of mare'snests for the benefit of the British Agsociation. (To be continued.)

Huxley and Arnold.

Dean Farrar records in his "Men 1 Have Known" an amusing and perfectly good natured retort which Mr. Matthew Arnold provoked from Professor Huxley, for the better appreciation of which it may be added that the "sweet- or one hundred shares of railroad first, but they brushed back the white are associated with the sense of smell, ness and light" of which Mr. Arnold stock. Whether you patronize "aucwrote were exemplified in his own very tion pools," "French mutuals," or He had only fainted. "Aceidama, the ple, as the dog, they are much more airy and charming manners: I some-Matthew Arnold, and nothing could be more delightful than the conversation elicited by their contrasted individualities. I remember a walk which I once took with them both through the pleasant grounds of Paris Hill, where Mr. Arnold's cottage was. He was asking Huxley whether he liked going out to dinner parties, and the professor answered that as a rule he did not like it at all. "Ah." said Mr. Arnold, "I | ized world demounce the system. rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people," "On, yes," replied Huxiey, but we are not all such everlasting cupids as you are!"

Unreasonable.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep manner. "You will generally find us hopefulness is often the best of medi- The house of commons of England asa few days afterward, finding the post And Miss Dorothy does not look as man despondent; "never mind, we

"No: Dorothy is a good girl." Mics Don't awear before a hely. A gen-

of winning more than you h instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or bilflards, or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, or elections, on battles, the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation but dependent upon

Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies system, come under the same denomgambling necessarily with any instru- of your unfortunate son." ment, or game, or time, or place, or 'book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno.

to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent. This crime is no newborn sprite, but a haggard transgression that comeastaggering down under a mantie of All curses through many centuries. nations, barbarous and civilized, have been addicted to it.

the thing is dishonest; for it professes

But now the laws of the whole civil-Enactments have been passed, but only partially enforced, and at times not en forced at all. The men laterested in gaming houses, and in jockey clubs, wield such influence by their numbers. and affluonce, that the judge, the jury and the police officer must he bold indeed who would array thomselves modesty of his up the spirits of his patient, since against these infamous establishments. feasedly respectable men who are ac

> Hundreds of thousands of dollars in upon the western waters, and neen

think the principle depends upon office, got the letter, and fell to the warmed and strained than would othhair from his brow and fanned him, and in some animals, such, for examfield of blood!"

When things go wrong at a gamingcards or bagatelle, the very idea of table they shout: "Foul! foul!" Over keener in the former. What is catarrh? all the gaming-tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! infinitely feal!"

> out the country. With a book or knife, definition. Sometimes the discharge or sewing-machine, or cost, or carriage, is mucous, and whitish or nearly colthere goes a prize. At these stores peo- orless; and, again, it is purulent and ple get something thrown in with their yellowish, and sometimes streaked with purchase. It may be a gold watch, or blood. The condition known as caa set of silver, a ring, or a farm. Sharp | tarch is one in which the tissues heway to get off unsalable goods. It has some permeated with extraneous cells, filled the land with fictizious articles, and in which the tissue elements themand covered up our population with selves seem to have but one potential brass finger-rings, and despoiled the property, viz., that of dying. Catarrh moral sense of the community, and is af the nose passages may extend along

willing to allow the world to have all threat, in turn, it is alleged, may exthe advantage of these games of chance, ! tend down ward until it cause bron-A church bazaar opens, and toward the chial or gastric disease, and even in close it is found that some of the more | the end consumption. The case with valuable articles are unsalable. Forth- which satarrh may frequently be cured with, the conductors of the enterprise | renders it all the more remarkable that, conclude that they will raffle for some as many should be troubled with it au of the valuable articles, and, under pro- long. for we have known it to init tense of anxiety to make their miniater for many years. If an atmatute error a present or please some popular mem- is to be effected, abviously the mitrous her of the church, fascinating persons membrane must be cleared of inflamthis land are every day being won and are dispatched through the room, pencil matury deposite, when the thickening tost through sheer gambling. Hays a in hand, to "sollell shares," or per- | will unlesly vanish. traveler through the West: "I have haps each draws for his own advantage, I traveled a thousand miles at a time | and scores of people go home with their troplates, thinking that it is all vight. sambling at every waking moment for Christian ladies did the embroidery from the commencement to the termi- and Christian men did the raffing, and ; mation of the journey." The southwest the proceeds went toward a new com-

NASAL CATARRH.

There is no more prevalent disease than catarrh of the nose passages. The reason of this is not far to seek. It is mainly because the lining membrane is subjected to cold air, hot air. warm air, dust and all the evil influences the atmosphere can exert; and so after a time becomes chronically inflamed and thickened. But is all this -yes. The chief office, he it noted, of the interior of the nose is to strain and lungs. To do this work offectually there are situate within each nostril three sets of bones (covered with muthese scrolls it is really that the air The old father came to the post. has to pass. By far more air is thus whether you play for a glass of wine floor. They thought he was dead at erwise be possible. These bony scralts elaborately developed than in men; and thus we find the sense of smell much An inflammation of a mucous membrane, accompanied with more or less "Gift stores" are abundant through- discharge, is perhaps a good popular fast making us a nation of gamblers. | the passages until it has produced ea-The Church of God has not seemed tarrh of the throat. Catarrh of the

> How It Was Avenupliched. How doth the brany little trust. Stath large dividends acquire? Why, competition it does has. Then marks the prices higher.

