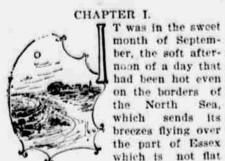


INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.



T was in the sweet month of September, the soft afternoon of a day that had been hot even on the borders of the North Sea, which sends its

which is not flat and marshy, but undulating, and fair rich pleasant to look upon, In but for breath.

London the people were gasphere. though the day had been fairly hot, it was now at six o'clock soft and balmy, her. and by nightfall the air would be sharp and fresh. It was such a fair day and such a fair

view! Behind on the higher ground stood a rambling old house, half hall, half farm-house—a house with a long red-brick front, and a sort of terracegarden from which you might look across the fields and the long green stretches of land over which the bold sea came and went at ebb and flow of the tides. It was a quaint old garden, with turf like velvet, and raised beds cut in it here and there, gay with blazing scarlet geraniums and blue lobelias, and kept neat and tidy by a quaint bordering of red tiles set edgeways into the ground. There were tall trees, too, about this domain, which hid the farm-buildings from sight, and also helped to shield the house from the fierce winter blasts, and in front there lay a rich and verdant meadow sloping gently down to the high-road, where just then a man and a young girl had stopped for a moment as they walked along together.

"Mayn't I come in?" the man said, imploringly.

"No, I don't think you must," the girl answered. "You see, auntle has gone to Colchester, and she wouldn't like me to ask you in when I knew she wasn't there. No, I don't think you must come in this time."

Perhaps she will be back by this time," he urged; but the girl shook her head resolutely.

"No; for the train does not get to Wrabness til twenty-four minutes past seven-it is not as much past six yet." she said, simply. "But," he said, finding that there

was no chance of his effecting an entrance within the fortress, "are you bound to go in just yet?" "No, I am not; but you are bound

to go back to Lady Jane's for your dog-cart. She knows that you came with me, and she knows that auntle is in Colchester."

"Lady Jane knows too much," he said, vexedly. "Yes, I suppose I must back. But I may carry your racket

as far as the door, eh?" "Oh, I think you may do that," answered the girl, demurely.

So together they turned and walked on. The road took a curve to the right, skirting the sloping meadow and rising gradually until they reached the gates of the old house, with its quaint red front and its many gables and dormer windows, and at the gate Dorothy Strode stopped and held out her hand for the racket.

"Thank you very much for bringing me home," she said, shyly, but with an upward glance of her blue eyes that went straight to the man's perhaps rather susceptible heart; "it was very good of you."

"Yes, but tell me," he answered, not letting go his hold of the racket, "the aunt has gone to Colchester, you say?" "Yes."

"Does she often go?"

"Oh, no; not often." "But how often? Once a week?"

"Once a week-oh, no; not once a month. Why do you ask?"

"Because for the present I live in Colchester. I am quartered there, you know, and I thought that perhaps sometimes when the auntie was coming you might be coming, too, and I might show you round a little-the lions and all that, you know. That

"But I don't think," said Dorothy Strode, taking him literally, "that



TURNED AND WALKED ON. auntie would ever want to be shown round Colchester, or the lions, or anything. You see, she has lived at the Hall for more than fifty years, and probably knows Colchester a thousand times as well as you do."

"True! I might have thought of

like to come and have afternoon tea in my quarters? Old ladies generally love a bachelor tea."

" I don't think she would," said Dorothy, honestly, "You see, Mr. Harris, my aunt is rather strict, and she never does anything unusual, and-" At that moment she broke off short as a fairly smart dog-cart driven by a young man passed them, and returned the salute of the occupant, who had lifted his hat as soon as he saw her.

"Who is that?" asked the soldier, father jealously, frowning a little as he noticed the girl's heightened color. "That is Mr. Stevenson," she an-

swered, looking straight in front of "Oh, Mr. Stevenson. And who is he when he's at home?" the soldier de-

"Very much the same as when he is not at home," answered Dorothy,

with a gay laugh. He laughed, too. "But tell me, who

is he?" "Oh, one of the gentlemen farmers

round about." It was evident that she did not want to talk about the owner of the dogcart, but the soldier went on without heeding: "And you know him well?"

said, with studied carelessness. In the face of her evident unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, the soldier had no choice but to let her take the racket from him.

"I have known him all my life," she

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"Good-by," he answered, holding it good deal longer than was necessary; 'but tell me I may come and call?"

"Yes, I think you might do that." "You will tell your aunt that you met me, and that I am coming to call tomorrow?"

"That is a little soon, isn't it?" she said, laughing. "Besides, tomorrow there is a sewing-meeting."

"And you go?" "Always."

"And you like it?" incredulously. "No, candidly I don't; but in this world, at least in Graveleigh, one has to do a great many things that one

does not like." "And you might have to do worse things than go to a sewing-meeting, eh?" he suggested, for it suddenly flashed into his mind that there would be no gentlemen farmers in smart dogcarts at such feminine functions as sewing-meetings.

"That is so. Well, good-by." "But you haven't said when I may

come," he cried. "No; say one day next week," with a gay laugh.

"But which day?"

"Oh, you must take your chance of that. Good-by," and then she passed in at the wide old gate, and disappeared among the bushes and shrubs which lined the short and crooked carriagedrive leading to the house.

CHAPTER II.

OR a moment he stood there looking after her, then turned on his heel and retraced the steps which he had taken in Dorothy Strode's company. and as he went along he went again over all that she had said,

thought of her beauty, her soft blue eyes, and fair, wind-tossed hair, of the grace of her movements, the strength and skill of her play, the sweet, halfshy voice, the gentle manner with now and then just a touch of roguish fun to relieve its softness. Then he recalled how she had looked up at him. and how softly she had spoken his name, "Mr. Harris," just as that farmer-fellow came along to distract her attention and bring the bright color into her cheeks, and, by Jove! he had come away and never told her that his name was not Harris at all, but Aylmer-Richard Aylmer, commonly known as "Dick," not only in his regiment, but in every place where he was known at all. Now how, his thoughts ran, could the little woman have got hold of an idea that his name was Harris? Dick Harris! Well, to be sure, it didn't sound bad, but then it did not suit him. Dick Aylmer he was and Dick Aylmer he would be to the end of the chapter except-except, ah, well, well, that was a contingency he need not trouble himself about at present. It was but a contingency and a remote one, and he could let it take care of itself until the time came for him to fairly look it in the face, when probably matters would conveniently and comfortably arrange themselves.

And then he fell to thinking about her again, and what a pretty name hers was-Dorothy Strode! Such a pretty name, only Dorothy Aylmer would look even prettier-Mrs. Richard Aylmer the prettiest of them all, except, perhaps, to hear his men friends calling her "Mrs. Dick."

And then he pulled himself up with a laugh to think how fast his thoughts had been running on-why, he had actually married himself already, after that," and he laughed a little at his an hour and a half's acquaintance and own mistake, then added suddenly: before even he had begun his wooing! "But don't you think your aunt might | And with another laugh he turned in

at the gates of Lady Jane's place, where he must say his farewells and get his dog-cart.

Lady Jane was still on the lawn, and welcomed him with a smile. She was a stout, motherly woman, still young enough to be sympathetic.

"Ah, you are back," she said. "Now, is not that a nice girl?"

"Charming," returned Dick, sitting down beside her and answering in his most conventional manner.

Lady Jane frowned a little, being quite deceived by the tone. She was fond of Dorothy herself and would dearly like to make a match for her. She had seen with joy that Mr. Aylmer seemed very attentive to her, and had encouraged him in his offer to escort her down the road to her aunt's house-and now he had come back again with his cold, conventional tones as if Dorothy was the tenth charming girl he had taken home that afternoon. and he had not cared much about the

"I heard you say a little time ago that you were going away," he remarked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, we are off tonight by the boat from Harwich," she answered, "Yes, it is rather a long passage-twelve hours-but the boats are big and the weather is smooth, and it is a great convenience being able to drive from from one's own door to the boat itself one starts so much fresher, you know."

"Yes, that must be so," he replied, though I never went over by this route. And how long do you stay?"

"All the winter," Lady Jane an-



SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER. t is a trifle late for the place. Then on by the Engadine, Italian Lakes. and to Marseilles. After that to Algiers for several months."

"Algiers," he said in surprise, really?"

"Yes, I need a warm climate in the winter, and it gives Mr. Sturt a chance both of life and of sport, so that he does not really feel being out of England for so long."

"And you come back next spring?" "Yes; some time next spring," she answered.

Dick Alymer got up then and began to make his adjeux.

"Then good-by, Mr. Harris," said Lady Jane, with much cordiality, "and I hope to find you still at Colchester when we come back again. If not, you must come and see me in London dur-

ing the season." "Thanks, very many," he said, "but "Oh!" cried Lady Jane, in dismay, look, look! the fox-terrier is worry-

ing the Persian kitten. Do rescue it somebody, do, do!"

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY. Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Off from the World.

(To be continued.)

Various, indeed, are the ways in which eccentric people indulge their little peculiarities, but a decidedly original manner has been adopted by an old lady living here, says a Paris letter to the London Telegraph. On one of the grand boulevards stands a

house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there gress. He became during the next 14 brought forward. He upheld his opinabout the place and the house has remained in a similiar state over a quarter of a century.

The owner is an old lady, who, on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was preclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the threshold ful eloquence, emphasized with his of her dwelling. To avoid any such contingency she simply declined to allow any one inside and has refused all offers to hire either apartments or the shop below. The only time she breaks through her hard and fast rule is when workmen are permitted to enter in order to carry out repairs. Painters, carpenters, locksmiths and masons once a year in turn invade her privacy and make good any damage. To relatives whose political tendencies are the same as her own she is particularly gracious, but at the death of each one an apartment in the building is sealed up and now all are closed barring the very small one at the back of the house, which the anti-republican hermit reserves for her own use and that of her three servants. This strange behavior on the part of an old lady has repeatedly excited comment and numerous have been the attempts of people to gain an entrance by some ruse or other. All their efforts are folled by an aged servant, who guards the front door with dragon-like visilance, and the would-be intruder soon finds the portals slammed in his face and himself none the wiser for his curiosity.

Similar, but Different,

Landlord (to delinquent tenant) -Well, what do you propose to do about the rent?" Tenant (examining torn trousers)-"Oh, it's not so bad, My tailor can fix it all right."

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

PICTURESQUE PUBLIC FIG-URE IN HISTORY.

Typical Virginia Statesman One of the Most Remarkable and Talented Characters Ever Produced in America-A Marvelous Power of Eloquence.



(Special Letter.) OHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke was one of the most remarkable characters ever produced by this country There are yet, after all these years. numbers of ancedotes told and printed of the eccentricity, the power of sarcasm and the wonderful elo-

quence of the man who was perhaps, the most unique figure of this century. For more than thirty years Randolph was constantly in public life. serving as congressman, senator, and minister to Russia, during which time he was called the political meteor of his day, and attracted the attention of the public in a way that no other man ever did. He was known by many, but comprehended by none; his brilllancy was equaled only by his eccentricity; and his mirth mingled with a sadness not untouched by bitterness. His whole life was tinged with that morbid unhappiness and love of soliswered. "We go to Kissingen, though tude which characterized his later years. He believed himself to be the child of destiny, and would often assert in toues of anguish that he felt "the curse" cleaving to him. In early youth he acquired great knowledge of politics and an extensive acquaintance with the leading characters of the country which served him well in 1799. when he found himself elected to con-

advocated the English law of prime- on being lifted into his coach and geniture, and believed so firmly in keeping property intact that he could never be persuaded to part with a foot of his large landed estates. Randolph's trict immediately adopted resolutions habit of withdrawing from his fellowmen caused him to make few friends, but those friends felt for him a depth of attachment seldom equaled. One of them was Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," with whom he kept up a long and voluminous correspondence, which was published some time since. In the life of John Randolph was a romance, around which has always hovered a mystery quite in accord with the rest of his strange career. On a plantation near his mother's home lived Maria Ward. a young girl of wonderful beauty, famed as the belle of her day in the state. All the wild devotion in Randolph's nature was concentrated on this beautiful neighbor, and finally they became betrothed. One day, however, they parted after a long, solemn interview, and from that time never met when possible to avoid it, though their interest in each other seemed unabated. Neither of them could ever be induced to explain the strange occurrence. In after years Miss Ward married his cousin, Peyton Randolph, and at her death left a sealed package of letters, with solemn injunctions that it should be kept unopened and given to her daughter, then three years old, when she should be of age. This package, it is thought, explained the reason of the broken engagement, but the executors concluded the papers were too sacred to chance the uncertainties of so many years and burned them unopened, destroying at the same time all chances of ever solving the mystery John Randolph re-entered Congress in 1815, and though the III-health from which he suffered all his life had increased to an alarming extent, he took a prominent part in politics. He opposed the national bank bill, the tariff, the Missouri compromise and numerous other important measures which were

driven from county to county, where he addressed the people with all the earnestness of a dying man. His discondemning the proclamation as an infringement upon the rights of the states, and the effect of his eloquence spreading abroad had great influence in bringing about the compromise bill of 1833. This last powerful stroke for the cause for which the powers of his genius and eloquence had been so constantly exerted seemed to form a fitting end to the life of John Randolph. He died June 24, 1833, at the City Hotel in Philadelphia, where he had gone to set sail for England, On his way he passed through Washington, and dragging his emaciated body with difficulty to the senate chamber again met Henry Clay. The former enemies had a touching interview and parted, for the last time, in peace and good will. Randolph was carried to Virginia and buried under the pines of Roanoke in the midst of that solitude which he had always craved in life. Many years later his remains were removed to Hollywood cemetery in Richmond, and a handsome monument placed over them by John Randolph Bryan. In making the removal it was found that his body was buried ao less than eight feet in the ground; the triple lead coffin was with difficulty removed, as the roots or an old oak hal burst it asunder and wrapped round and round his body, holding him in a long embrace close to the state he had leved so well.

SAILORS FOND OF COUNTRY. Invariably Upon Rettring They Stok a Farm to End Their Days.

From the Washington Star: "Naval officers always settle in the country when they can," remarked a prominent officer to a Star reporter. ing their active careers-that is, during the time they are at sea-they are necessarily cramped for room, and while some of them on the large, modern ships have elegant and sumptuous quarters there is necessarily a limit to it. This thing grows on a man to such an extent that the first thing he does when he is retired, and in hundreds of cases long before retirement, he hunts up a farm. Three of the admirals on the retired list, headed by Admiral Ammen, are the owners of farms in the immediate vicinity of Washington, and a number of other officers are similarly provided for, though their farms are not extensive. They seem to want stretching room, and it will be noticed that when they do they secure big places. Their minds run into stock and chicken raising. The officers of the marine corps have been noted for years as the owners of the speedlest horses owned or driven about Washington, and they have been always prominent in connection with our racing associations or organizations. Naval officers have been similarly prominent. It is diffferent with army officers. Their ambition seems to be for nice houses in the cities. The naval officers' ideas all run toward the country. I don't like to give names, but I could give dozens of illustrations to prove what I say, if it were necessary. Take a look at the incoming cars from any of the suburban places around Washington any morning and there will be sufficient proof of what I say.'

HAVE FAITH IN FETISHES. Many Colored People Believe That Snake Skin Will Ward Off Evil.

From the Philadelphia Record: Belief in the efficacy of fetishes is still prevalent among a certain class of colored people in this city, and probably no one has the superstition brought so forcibly to his attention as Head Keeper Manley of the Zoo. Constant applications are made to him for materials for love charms by both sexes. Most often the request is for a little piece of snake skin, which, when powdered by a witch doctor and put in a locket, to be suspended from the possessor's neck, is considered to be a sure winner of affections. To supply the demand a number of skins taken from the reptiles that die in captivity are always kept on hand. The soft breast feathers from the African gray parrots are saved for other wooers, who prize them just as highly. Keeper Manley is called upon to supply fetishes to insure success in combat as well as in love. Several negro prize fighters well known in the local ring carry a little bunch of hair clipped from the tuft on the end of the old lion's tail. These bristles are thought to give the wearer unbounded courage and strength.

Women's Pockets. Ladies fifty years ago, when going

on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their underpockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chase. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on those occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bedticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.-Notes and Queries.

Kangaroo Tail for Soup. Kangarco tails for soup have been sent to London from Australia. shipment of twenty-five hundred weight was sold at the rate of \$3 a dozen tails. In Australia they are con-



ions in defiance of everyone, caring

little for the approval or disapproval

of those around him. The sentiment

which ruled him was a passionate de-

votion to his state, which even his en-

emies could but admire; his chief polit-

ical efforts were exerted for state's

rights in opposition to most of the

party leaders of the day, who favored

strong central government. In study-

ing his life one finds that his most

flery shafts and bitterest taunts were

directed not so much against his own

THE TOMB OF RANDOLPH.

years the most prominent figure in

congress. Crowds flocked to the house

whenever it was announced he would

speak, and a lasting impression was

made upon them by the tall, gaunt

man who, with dark eyes flashing and

sallow face lighted up by his wonder-

long, bony forefinger some of the most

cutting barbs of irony and sarcasm

which ever fell from mortal lips. Some-

times, but not often, he made use of

the wonderful power of pathos he pos-

sessed and swayed his audience which-

soever way he would. In 1813 he re-

tired from congress and returned to

his estate on the Staunton river, the

celebrated Roanoke, which is never

separated from the mention of his

name. Here he dwelt alone, save for

his slaves, in a house built of logs. It

would be difficult, indeed, to discover

a more lonely spot, where day after

day not a sound was heard but the

rustling and sighing of the wind

through the trees. He never permitted

a twig to be cut on the place, and the

dense undergrowth and unpruned trees

seemed to form a fitting retreat for the

wild nature of this descendant of Po-

cahontas. Humble as his dwelling

place was in appearance, it contained

some fine paintings and engravings.

and a magnificent library of more than

a thousand volumes, most of which he

had imported from England. Many of

these books were rare editions, beau-

tifully bound, and in numbers of them

were marginal notes, evidencing pro-

found thought and research. Of a

conservative nature. Randolph clung

to the traditions of his ancestors, and

traveled in a coach and four long after

others had abandoned that clumsy

mode of locomotion. In his dress, too.

he adhered to the fashions of the past to

such a degree that his queer figure was

often the subject of much notoriety.

This annoyed him, but had no effect in

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE. turn him from his all-absorbing theme. Randolph took a brilliant part in the famous Virginia convention of 1829, where the greatness of his intellect and eloquence was conspicuous even in an assembly composed of such me's as Monroe, Madison and John Marshall. A few months before his death the country was thrown into great excitement by Andrew Jackson's proclamation to enforce the tariff law. Randolph, though ill in bed at the time. producing an alteration of costume. He opposed this so bitterly that he insisted sidered a great delicacy.