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CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) Janet's unutterable dismay," Miss I'm not to marry before I'm forty-Dimsdale replied.

softly.

dale asked.

"Yes, he does." "I wonder could you do something? Poor Janet is in the most dreadful Dick Aylmer aloud, "what did the trouble about him."

"Well, I'll go round and see if you can get held of to the end of the chapsomehow it seems to me that almost invariably the women prefer to marry keep it." the wrong men, and vice versa. Look at my own mother, for instance; a and nobody knew it better than himself. Yes, and she knew it, too. She

"Past Graveleigh Hall, you mean, dare say he knew very well what he was about, and took the one because he could not get the other."

"My dears, my dears," cried Miss Dimsdale, to whom all this was untold penny in the world. Somehow, alagony, "let bygones be bygones. I am though he had never been within the sure, David, that your father was in love with your mother to the very end. an idea that it was a place without Really, the young people of today take | much money behind it. True, the beds too much upon themselves and settle the affairs of their elders in an off- flowers and the house was large and hand way which is positively indecent."

There was a sound of tears in Miss Dimsdale's voice which went near to betraying that this subject had more than a common interest for her. Dorothy recognized dimly that her aunt was pained by something that had been said, and never sorry to have an excuse for finding fault with David, she turned sharply upon him.

"Really, David," she cried, "it is very dishonorable of you to come telling us what your mother used to say to your father-it could never have been meant for us to hear, probably not for you, either. They are both dead, and their mistakes are at an end. We don't want to know anything about them. For my part, David," she went on, severely eyeing the young man, who had turned a fine scarlet hue at her rather pointed remarks, "I must say that I am surprised to find you are capable either of listening or of tat-'ling about it afterwards."

He tried hard to laugh it off as if she had uttered some wonderful joke, but his face was burning with shame and anger, too, and as soon as he conveniently could he betook himself away.

"Dorothy, dear, you are a little hard on him," said Miss Dimsdale, with a sigh; after all, he was her old love's son, and his mother had been her dearest friend.

"Not at all," said Dorothy, sharply. 'David should keep his reminiscences to himself." "I wish you liked David better," said

Miss Dimsdale, rather wistfully. "So do I, auntie, for your sake," answered Dorothy. "You know I do. But I don't like him at all: I never did-I never shall. I can't bear him, and if David was a man," with withering posterous, and Dick put it aside at once scorn, "he would take no for an answer and leave me alone."

It happened that two days later than this our friend Dick Aylmer received

a letter, which ran thus: "Your cousin"-there was no affectionate prefix-"Mary Annandale, writes to me this morning to announce her engagement and approaching marriage to Prince Louis Lorinoif -so there is half a million of money lost to the family and thrown clean out of the country. I sent wire of congratulation, being too disgusted to write a letter. With you, you infernal young idiot, I haven't got the patience of a mouse-I hope you will live to out of my way till I've got over it a bit, and don't expect a penny beyond your four hundred a year, because you won't get it. And if I hear of your marrying anybody under a hundred thousand pounds, I'll cut off your allowance. After you're forty we can think about it, and you need never expect me to fall in very quickly with your views, as you have not troubled yourit only just to tell you that if I have a chance I shall marry again, in the hope of having an heir of my own. "AYLMER." Yours.

Dick read it and read it sgain and then tossed it aside with a short laugh.

"Nice letter to have from one's nearest relative," he said to himself. "He'll | him. marry again in the hope of having an heir of his own. Aye, but her ladyship is as tough as leather and as hard as nails and she'll take good care he

| Princess Louis Lorinoff! By Jove, I "Oh, poor thing! Joe came home don't envy Monsieur le Prince! Not a drunk and knocked her about, and one bit of it-not even for half a million of of the neighbors, who couldn't bear it mosey. And I'm to keep out of his any longer, went and fetched a police- way. Well, I'll obey that command man, and Joe was marched off, to poor | with all the pleasure in life. And that's what it amounts to practically, "Poor Janet!" murmured Dorothy, Well, I don't know that I mind that very much-do I? Ah! well, I don't "By the by, Joe Benham works for so much know about that-I-- " and you, David, does he not?" Miss Dims- then he stopped short and fell into a sort of dream, a dream of himself walking along a country road and beside him-"and, oh! damnation," said

old brute want to write to me for?" He struck a match and set fire to the fike," David answered; "but Benham's | letter; then a sudden thought occurred an awful brute, and will drink all he to him and he crushed the flame out and locked the letter carefully away in ter. I don't know whether you have his dispatch box. "I may find that reever noticed it, Miss Dimsdale, but mark about marrying again useful," he said to himself, "Anyway, best to

But though he had locked the letter away he could not put the thought's of sweeter creature did not live, but she it away from him as easily. Indeed, it was never the right wife for my father. kept coming back to him again and again, particularly that one unpalatable sentence about him waiting till he was always used to tell father that when forty before he need expect his uncle he went from Graveleigh Hall to Dov- to hear of his marrying under a cerercourt he made the greatest mistake tain amount of dower with the bride.

Now, Dick Aylmer was utterly ignorant of the circumstances in which David," put in Dorothy, sharply. "I the little girl of his dream was placed. She might have a dower, it might be large or small, he did not know; and on the other hand, it was more than likely that she had not so much as a precincts of Graveleigh Hall, he had in front of the house were gay with of a certain appearance. But the hedges which skirted the sloping meadow were none too well kept; the entrance gates needed a coat of paint badly, and had apparently got well used to the necessity; the drive was not very well kept, and altogether he fancied that Dorothy Strode's dower would be but a thing of small importance compared with his uncle's idea of what Dick's wife ought to be pessessed of.

Now, I may as well say here that Dick Alymer had made up his mind to to tear, to their heart's content, his marry the little girl of his dream. It might be sooner or it might be later, but he meant to do it all the same. If stroy my chairs; if I have them mendhe could get her sooner-why, he ed today, they would be torn again would; and if he could not get her as soon as he wanted her-why, he would with the inconvenience." One of



SET FIRE TO THE LETTER. have to wait; but as for waiting till his savage old uncle chose to say "yea or nay"-why, the idea was simply preas a contingency which could not be considered for a moment. After all. his marriage was his business, his and nobody else's on his side; he meant to marry to please himself, and his uncle could go to the deuce if he liked. After all, if he did marry her or any othor girl that he chose to marry, and his uncle cut up rough over it, what could he do? He could, and probably would, stop his allowance immediately. But then he had absolutely no guarantee that the old savage might not from mere caprice do that at any moment, when he would have no other course open to him but to exchange into a regiment serving in India, and live on his pay. So that, after all, what was bitterly repent it. Meantime keep the good of his depending too much on his uncle, who would, if his wife happened to die, assuredly marry again on the chance of having an heir who would cut him out of his heritage?

All the same, Dick Alymer did not think that there was the remotest chance of his uncle's wife leaving the way clear for a successor-her lady hip was at least fifteen years younger than her lord, and was a woman of aggresself to fall in with mine. And I think | sively good health, which she kept in perfect order by living by line and rule; and he reminded himself that beyond stopping his allowance and possibly having another heir, Lord Aylmer was absolutely powerless to leave one stick or stone away from him-the property must go with the title to the heir who was to follow

A couple of days went by, and Dick Aylmer had almost forgotten his uncle's letter in the pleasure of anticipation, and by the time he turned out of doesn't have that chance, Well, with the barrack gates, bound for Gravea long beach that was half weigh and leigh Hall to make his formal call up-half only an expression of relief, so on Dorothy Strode's aunt, he was in as now use 13,400 different kinds of post trying to be a minister, for instance. Mary Annandale is going to be the gay and lightsome a mood as he had age stamps.

ever been in in all his life. And, oh! GGOD FOR MRS. GREEN by Jove, he reminded himself that he had forgotten, or more correctly he had never known, what the old lady's name was. Dorothy had called her "auntie," and he had naturally said "your aunt," and he had come away without knowing what her name and state were

whether she was wife, widow or maid. However, he did not let that trouble him much, and he drove gayly along between the sweet wild hedgerows,feeling as if the soft September air, just tempered with a breeze off the sea was air of an Arcadian land, and such objectionable persons as aristocratic relations did not exist in all the world. And then when he reached Graveleigh the long straggling village street with its quaint old-world shops and its odd little postoffice, he pulled up the good horse and stopped to make inquiries. "Can you tell me where Graveleigh Hall is?" he asked of a respectable woman.

road and take the first turn to the right honorable and men of integrity. I and then yo do come to it," she re- don't give much time to thought about

the name of the lady who lives there?" any rate, I think those things come he asked, carelessly.

Dorothy, she do live with her." pleasantly.

Miss Dorothy," she said to herself.

more and more light hearted as he nor any other girl to marry for money. went; for was he not getting nearer The people who marry from any other and nearer with every stride of old motive than love are not respectable. Derby's legs to her? But he did not The one thing I would insist upon in timid girl, but her fears have been so get to the hall without being further t son-in-law is that he be an honorable watched. Scarce was he past the end man. I would want proof that he was venson, wearing the light clothes and gaiters of a country gentleman who looks after his own farming, and David scowled at him murderously. Happily Dick neither saw his rival nor his black looks, and drove on, flicking like a schoolboy at the hedges as he passed.

"Brutal interloper!" David growled out between his strong teeth, as he stood leaning over the gate, watching the retreating dog-cart. "Going there of course."

(To be continued.)

Frederick the Great and His Dogs.

Frederick the Great's fondness for dogs amounted to a passion. He always had five or six Italian greyhounds about him, leaping upon chairs and sleeping on the couches in his room. During his last illness he used to sit on the terrace at Sans Souci and always had a dog at his side occupying another chair. He fed them himself, played with them and permitted them damask chairs and otherwise injure the furniture, saying: "My dogs detomorrow, so I suppose I must bear Frederick's dogs, Biche, attained historic celebrity. It is stated that the king took Biche with him on the campaign of 1745. One day the king, advancing on a reconnoissance, was curprised and pursued by the Austrians. He took refuge under a bridge, and wrapping Biche in his cloak, held him to his breast. The sagacious dog seemed fully conscious of the peril of his master, and though of a nervous temperament and disposed to bark at the slightest disturbance, he remained perfectly quiet until the Austrians had passed. At the battle of Sohr, Biche was taken captive with the king's baggage. So much joy did the dog manifest upon being restored to his master that the king's eyes were flooded with tears. Travelers visit the tombs of these famous dogs. In front of the palace at Sans Souci are flat stones each having engraved upon it the name of a dog.

Bolting Our Food. There is undoubtedly a great deal to be said in favor of the opinion that a considerable portion of the illness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. Of course we all know, and have at times a very painful experience of, the fact that this is a high pressure age, and all is done at express speed but this surely ought not to be the case with our meals. It is interesting but not pretty, to watch the business man when he goes into a restaurant for his luncheon. It is with him looked upon in the light of a duty and not a pleasure. He must eat, and he feels that he has only a few minutes to devote to the operation, so that he may be back at his office with all possible speed. He attacks his food savagely, gulps down his beer or wine and when the last sad rites are over of bolting from beginning to end. Ev. clubman is not necessarily objection-Ledger,

The Scot's View.

Dr. Pitcairn, being in a church ir Edinburgh, where the preacher was not only emphatic, but shed tears coisously, was moved to inquire of a countryman, who sat by him, what it was all about. "What the devil made him greet?" was the inquiry, "Faith," said the man, slowly turning around "ye had may be greet yoursel' if ye was up there and had as little to say.' -Argonaut.

Work for the Philatellists.

TELLS THE KIND OF SON-IN-LAW SHE WANTS.

And Incidentally Shows the Women of the Country How to Bring Up Their Daughters - "The Home Is the Daughter's Heaven."



I respect it. Miss Sylvia has reached an age when I consider it proper for her to receive attentions. I have no objections to her "Why, yes, sir-you do go along that receiving callers if the young men are marriage for Sylvia. 1 certainly have "Ah, thanks. By-the-bye, what is not much time to consider it, and, at naturally without any aid or interfac-"Miss Dimsdale, she do live at the ence from parents, I believe that young Hall," the woman replied. "And Miss people should be permitted to make

their choice, independent of their el-"Thank you very much," said Dick, ders. Of course, if one of my children contemplated an unwise match I would The good woman watched him as he advise them as seemed to me best, but frove along. "Another of 'em after I can't say that I would expect them to govern their actions by that ad-And Dick drove gally along, getting vice. I would not wish my daughter good principles and who lives up to

istry might to advantage become law- has, therefore, grown to womanhood yers, but I never knew a lawyer who the type of woman I wished her to be, seemed to me prepared to enter the studious, fond of home, of quiet manministry. A title needn't stand in a ners and devotional habits of thought. church calls 'the world.' I don't believe a woman's life is a blank if she doesn't choose to marry. Sometimes that course saves her from drawing a blank. Girls should be allowed to follow their own inclinations in the matter. If they prefer marriage the parto advise strongly that the girl must man of honor. That is the only essential. Because I have been harassed by sham law suits ever since her birth I have had neither time nor opportunity for Sylvia's 'coming out.' A brownstone front on Fifth avenue would be needed for such a function. My business cares and responsibilities do not admit of such a life as that kind of a home implies. We enjoy life quietly in the summer at Bellow's Falls. In the winter we live at hotels. This arrangement is not favorable to a society life, and so it happens that my daughter has never 'come out.' I do not know that she will ever enter society. Her quiet tastes indicate not; but she shall do as she likes. It is hard for me to imagine Sylvia a society girl, for she is fonder of quiet and books and a few old-time friends than any display. She is not naturally a wrought upon stories of the simples and cranks who threaten us for the of the village before he met David Ste- 10norable. I regard the man who has sake of extertion than she is in constant dread of a tragedy. She tremhem as an honorable man. He is not, bles if a strange knock is heard on

man's way if he wants to marry a girl. I am glad she does not go about with Neither should it be any recommenda- the airs of a grand duchess. I would tion. It is only the question whether feel that my training was in vain if it is a man who wears it that need she were not modest and retiring. It concern us. The best men are not al- is not an inspiring, but a depressing ways found in the churches. Some sight to me, that of a woman in the good ones are found there, to be sure, | front ranks and under the fierce glare but they are also found in what the of public life. I have made what I think is a strong point in my rearing of Sylvia. I have discouraged novel reading, and she has never, to my knowledge, read a work of fiction in her life. She likes poetry and history. She likes old-fashioned songs, and especially sacred music of the old style. ents should not interfere further than | One of her favorites, of which she never wearies, and which she often consider whether she is marrying a sings to me in the evening is "Swanee River.' I hope no one will think I am beastful when I say that no part of the trouble I have had in life has come through my children. My son seems to me forceful and generous; my daughter gentle and affectionate. To me they are admirable types of manhood and womanhood. They form a remarkable contrast. These are my ideas as a mother of one son and one daughter on the training of children. I am proud of mine."

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

Orthoform Does Wonders for Ulcera Cancers and Wounds.

Two German investigators, MM. Einhorn and Heinz, have discovered a, new anaesthetic agent to which they have given the name orthoform, says the Paris Temps. This substance belongs to the chemical group of aromatic amido-ethers. It consists of a white crystalline powder, without taste or odor. It does not readily dissolve and its action is slow. But this fact is compensated for by the duration of the influence of the substance. Orthoform is produced with acids from soluble salts which possess anaesthetic properties. Applied to the surface of a wound or an irritated mucous membrane, orthoform, in a powder or ointment, produces insensibility. Many observations of sufferers bring this fact to light boldly. With bad burns in particular-and every one knows how distressing these are-orthoform subdues the liveliest pain in a few minutes, and its effect lasts for hours. Inasmuch as orthoform is not a poison (rabbits and dogs may take with impunity from two to six grains a day), one may safely make a fresh application when the anaesthetic influence has begun to diminish. One discovers how great is the toleration of it by the organism, for instance, in a case of cancerous ulcer of the face, which is the seat of such intense pain as to render sleep impossible. The ulcer is sprinkled with orthoform for a week and the quantity applied may amount to fifty grains. The patient ceases to suffer and no inconvenience follows the experiment. For the torture of cancer of the stomach Messrs. Einhorn and Heinz have administered many doses of a gram in the course of a single day. It affords great satisfaction in all cases of wounds or ulcers of the mucous membrane, and, as it is strongly antiseptic, it hastens recovery from bacterial ravages. It has no action on unbroken skin, but its powerful influence permits one to regard it as suitable for a local anesthetic in cases where one is to operate on a mucous surface. Experiments of this kind have, indeed, been made in Munich.

No Wonder.

Bill-"What's the matter, old man?" Jill-"Oh, I've been to a table d'hote dinner and I've got indigestion for sure." "Nonsense!" "Well, you just ought to have seen the indige itible things on the card." "Oh, excuse me, my boy, but you didn't tell me before that you ate the card."--Yonkers Statesman.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Silk may be restored by sponging, and while quite damp it should be rolled on a broomstick and left until quite dry. This may take twelve hours or more. Silk should never be ironed.

Housekeepers owning big, handsome cut-glass punch bowls may convert them into superb flower holders by means of the wire racks sold for the purpose. These fit across the top of the bowls to hold the blossoms.

When the prudent woman removes her veil she rolls it between newspaper over a rod as long as the veil is wide. A broomstick cut proper length makes a good roller. If the veil has lost its stiffness it may be made like new by dipping it in a very thin solution of rom Arabic, being pulled straight before it dries.

Washing clothes is not wholly a matter of friction, but a great deal more swashing and less friction would be more effectual and more agreeable to the worker. The boiler must be freed from iron rust, and the water as clear as possible, and if necessary put into the boiler one tablespoonful of borax. The clothes should be put on in boiling water, and allowed to come to a boil. This disinfects the fabric and helps to rid it of the soap.

Oatmeal should be cooked slowly and not be stirred, if its best flavor is t obe preserved and it is not to be pasty. It is a good plan to put it on the range in a double boiler, while other things require a fire, and allow it to simmer for several hours. In the morning pour boiling water into the lower boiler and allow the already cooked meal to become hot. This insures perfect oatmeal mush without requiring a long morning wait for its proper preparation. Don't stir it while reheating.

Queen Victoria's chief cook is dead. A good many men who are in the min- ty and happiness for a woman. She He had cooked for her for fifty years.

to my mind, necessarily a man who has none of what are known as the liquor. The man who drinks only occasionally and never to excess seems to me the truly temperate man. There is a great misconception of the word temperance. I do draw the line at swearing. I scorn the man who swears, he pays and bolts-in fact, it is a case at least in the presence of ladies. The ery doctor will tell you that people able. My husband belongs to three should eat slowly, and occupy the clubs and my son to five, and they are time pleasantly with conversation. It both good men. I think the good man this way we shall live longer and en will be a good man anywhere, and the joy better health and greater ability bad man the same. It isn't a matter to cope with the world,-New Yorl of environment, but of good character stuff. True gold remains the same no matter how much dross is about it. I would not care whether a man who wished to become a member of my family was city or country bred. 'A man's a man for a' that.' It does not matter to me whether a man is from America or Russia if he is a man of integrity. I do not think a man who will make a good husband need be a man of business training. I see no advantage of the business man over the professional, or vice versa. It is all a question of a man finding what he is adapted to and seeking that avenue of usefulness. I do not believe in the

SYLVIA GREEN, HEIRESS TO THIRTY MILLIONS. the door, or if a person unknown to her speaks to us on the street. That 'bad habits.' I see no objection to fear has almost ruined her health. I smoking nor to an occasional glass of | have reared Sylvia according to my ideas of the proper training for womanhood. She always went to school at an institution for girls alone. I have had no sectarian bias on the choice of schools. She attended Miss Graham's and Miss Brown's schools, of this city, and schools for girls at Morristown and Flushing. She gave attention to her studies to the exclusion of parties and balls, and I made as much of a companion of her as it was possible to do considering the exactions of business. She was taught that where her family is is home, and that home is the center of her universe. She has been trained to the belief that clothes should always be modest and appropriate. I have impressed upon her that the girl who loves God and her Bible develops right principles, and that the girl who has right principles does not need to be 'matrimonized' or 'chaperoned.' I have told her often that I do not like to see women in the business world, that it is an unnatural life for them, and that they should never go into it unless they are forced to do so. I have not made a business woman of Sylvia. On the other hand, I have held constantly before her that home is the place of safe-