

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.



O LADY AYLMER took the letter and read it. "H'm." she muttered, "I'm efraid the wish is father to the thought, my dear buy," she said, dryly. "It's true I had a touch of

week ago, entirely because he was consumed with goot-though, mind, he declares stoutly that he hasn't had the still keeping Lady Aylmer's advice in gout for more than three months-and | his mind, butpersisted in having the window open all the way from Lelcester. But as for ed the old man, losing his temper almy health or any one's health but his | together, own giving him a moment's anxietywhy, the idea is Indicrons, simply ludicrous. The gravest anxiety, indeed. death, his lordship might be anxious till the breath was out of my body."

myself," said Dick, who had been on very glad to find that you are all right and in good health."

holding out her hand to him; then, after a moment's silence, she suddenly burst out, "Dick, what is he after?" "Lord Aylmer? I don't know," Dick

answered.

it for weeks, but I cannot make out what," Lady Aylmer went on, "First, by his persistence that he has not got. Skeyversleigh and ask him to considthe gout. I have been married to him a great many years, but I never knew him deliberately deny himself the pleasure of gloating over his gout before. He must mean something by it. I thought, of course," she went on, with a nonchalant air, "that there was somebody else. But his anxiety about my health, and his desire to pack you off to India, where he knows you don't want to go, make one think differently. In any case, go to the library and see him, and whatever you do, my dearest boy, don't irritate him. Don't con- and all the return I get for it is that tradict him; tell him at once that you don't want to go to India-that is, if case me of second-hand motives, you really don't want to do so; but if Damme, sir, it's intolerable-simply he insists, take my most serious advice and temporize-put the time on 1 don't know why you want to shirk anyhow-tell him you must have a week in which to consider the idea."

"Yes, I'll do that," said Dick, rising. Dick, with icy civility. "Stay, we had better send to him button of the bell. "Yes. Jenkins, at the Criterion, and mopping your tell Lord Aylmer that Mr. Aylmer is here and wishes to see him."

"Best to treat him in the imperial way that satisfies him," said her ladyship to Dick, as the man closed the door behind him. "I always do it when I want to make him a little more human than usual. I don't do it at other times, because he is eminently a person with whom familiarity breeds con-

Dick laughed outright. "Very well, I will be most careful," he replied; then added, "it's awfully good of you to give me a good tip out of your experience. I have never been able to hit it off with his lerdship yet. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate this time."

"You may be. You know, of course, Dick, that it was your steady refusal to marry Mary Annandale that set him so thoroughly against you."

"Mary Annaudale's money," corrected Dick.

"Ah! yes, it is the same thing," carelessly. "But I don't believe Mary Annandale

would have had me," Dick declared. "Perhaps not, Still, you never gave her a chance, did you? Now, of course,

it is too late." "Very much too late," returned Dick, premptly, and grinning goodhumoredly at the remembrance of how very much too late it was for him to build up the fortunes of the house of Aylmer by means of a rich

He turned as the door opened again. "His lordship will be pleased to see you in the library, sir," said Jenkins. "I will come," said Dick.

"And good luck go with you," said Lady Aylmer, kindly, as he went, "Come back and tell me how you get

Poor Dick! he did not get on very well. He found Lord Aylmer sitting in a big chair in the library, looking

ominously bland. "Good morning, sir," said Dick.

"Oh, good morning, Dick; sit down, my boy," rejoined Lord Aylmer, quite tenderly.

Dick gave himself up for lost at once, but he sat down and waited for "the old savage" to go on with the Aylmer did not speak; he moved his left foot uneasily, in a way distinctly suggestive of gouty twinges, and fidgeted a little with his rings and his finger-nails.

"You got my letter," he remarked at

"Yes, I did, sir; that brought me here," Dick answered.

"Ah, that's all right," said the old for any one else; in fact, I rather fan- | you want with love?" cy Barry Boynton had somebody else | "I believe you married for love your- about right."-Tid-Bits.

course, I had to tell him you were devilish auxious for the appointment." "But I'm not devilish auxious for the appointment," Dick broke in at last,

in his eye, though, of course, he

couldn't very well refuse me. Still, of

"I'm not anxious for it at all." For a minute or two the old man looked at him in profound amazement. "Damme, sir, do you mean to say you're going to turn round on me after toothache or neu- all the trouble I've taken for you? ralgia about a Damme, sir, do you mean to tell me

"Not exactly that," answered Dick,

"Then what do you mean, sir?" roar-

"I mean this," said Dick, firmly; "up to now I have, as you know, always set my face against going to India. I II'm! If I were lying at the point of hate and loathe the very idea of it. England is good enough for me, and I went into the Forty-third on purpose "That was just what I said to-to | that I might not have to go to India, or lose a lot of seniority. What I the very point of uttering his wife's want to know is this: What has made name. "However, Lady Aylmer, I am | you take a lot of trouble, and put yourself under an obligation to Lord Skeyversleigh, in order to bring about what "Thank you, Dick," she replied, you know would be utterly distanteful to me?"

Lord Aylmer tooked at Dick as if words had failed him, but presently he found his tongue and used it freely. "Damme, sir," he roared, "do you "He is after sometaing: I've known | mean to accuse me of any sneaking, second-hand motives? 'Pon my soul, sir, I've a good mind to write to Lord er the appointment refused. But say," as he saw by Dick's face that this would be the most desirable course he could take, "I will do no such thing. Damme, sir. I've had about enough of your airs and graces. Hark you, and mark what I say! To India you go, without another word; or I cut off your allowance from this day week, every penny of it. As you yourself said just now, I go to a lot of trouble for you, put myself under a great obligation to a friend in order to serve you, you get on your high horse and acintolerable. And I suppose you think a year or two in India ch?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said

"No, no, of course not. And you first," said Lady Aylmer, touching the | think I didn't see you the other night eyes over 'David Garrick' afterward. Bah! you must think I'm a fool."

For a moment Dick was startled, but he did not show it by his manner in the least. "Well, sir," he said quietly.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?" I have never been in the habit of asking your permission to take a lady to a theater."

"No," the old savage snarled in return; "nor when you wanted to start housekeeping in Palace Mansions,

"No, sir." said Dick, firmly; "nor when I wanted to start housekeeping, either."

"And that was why you refused to marry Mary Annandale?" Lord Aylmer snapped. "Not at all. I refused to ask Miss

Annandale to marry me because I did not care about Miss Annandale." "Bah!" grunted the old man, in a

fury. "I suppose you believe in all that rot about marrying for love." "Most certainly I do."

"And you mean to do it?"

"I don't mean to marry anybody at present," said Dick, coolly. He felt more of a sneak than he had ever felt in all his life, to leave the old man in his belief that his dear little Dorothy was less to him than she was. yet he knew that for her sake, for the sake of her actual bodily welfare, he could not afford to have an open declaration of war just then. Sneak or no sneak, he must manage to put the conversation. For a minute or so Lord | time on a little until the child had come, and all was well with Dorothy.

Lord Aylmer rose from his chair in a rage of tottering fury. "Listen to me, sir," he thundered; "it may be all very pretty and idville and all that, but you wouldn't marry the woman I | means of conveyance, but must be dechose for you, and now you shall go livered by the purchaser. It is sugto India to pay for it. It's no use your thinking you have any choice in the matter-you haven't. I had enough of table affairs. ford, in a self-satisfied tone. "Great | your excuses and your shilly-shallying, piece of luck for you, my boy, great and all your puling sentimentality, piece of luck. I couldn't have got it love, and all the rest of it. What do

sett, ett," suggested Dick, in his mits- FOR WOMEN AND HOME, est tones.

"And repeated it before three months had gone over my head, and have gone ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS on repenting ever aloce," the old man snarled. "Damme, sir, that woman is I'd married her for her money sho couldn't very well have thrown that at me-been a fool if she had."

There was a moment's silence: then the old lord went on again, "Look here, Dick, you've got to make up your mind to one thing-I mean you go to India, so you may as well go with a good grace."

"I'll think it over," said Dick.

"I want an answer now," irritably. "That's impossible, sir, unless you like to take no for an answer, right away," Dick replied firmly.

"I suppose you want to talk the matter over with the young lady in Palace Mansions," said the old lord, in his most savage tones.

"I don't think that would interest you, whether I did or not," said Dick, The thoughts in thine own breast that coldly; "but one thing is very certain, which is that I am not going to India without thinking the whys and wherefores thoroughly over. I will come again on Friday and tell you my intentions."

"And you'll bear in mind that a refusal of the appointment cuts off your allowance at once."

"I will bear everything in mind," said Dick, stendily; and then he shut the door, leaving the old man alone.

"Well?" cried Lady Aylmer, when be looked into the little boudoir again. 'How did you get on?" "We didn't get on at all," Dick an-

wered. "He means me to go to India by hook or by crook." "And I wonder," said my lady

thoughtfully, "what it is that he has in his mind. No good, I'm afraid."

CHAPTER XVII.



FTER this interview it was Dick's pleasant task to go home and tell the news to his wife. It had to be done; it was useless his trying to shirk it. because Dorothy knew why and where he had gone, and was too eager

to hear the result of his visit to his uncle to let him even light a cigarette in peace, until she had heard all that there was to hear; in fact, as soon as he put his key into the door she flew out to meet him. "Dick, is it good news?" she cried eagerly.

Now Dick could not honestly say that it was good news, but then he did not wish to tell her how bad it was all at once; so he gently prevaricated, kissed her with even more than his usual tenderness, and asked her if she had been very dull without him and whether he had been too long

His well-meaning prevarieation had vactly the opposite which he had intended. Dorothy's sensitive heart went down to zero at once, and the corners of her sweet lips drooped ominously. "Oh, Dick, it is bad news," she said, mournfully, "and you are trying to hide it from me."

"No, no, I am not," he said, hurriedly, "but there's no need to tell all our private affairs out here for everybody to hear."

"But there isn't any everybody," said Dorothy; "there's only Barbara."

In spite of his anxiety Dick burst out laughing, "Come in here, my darling," he said, drawing her toward the drawing-room; "and you shall give me a cup of tea while I tell you all about

"And you've not promised to go?" she asked, as she began to make the tea. "No. don't trouble, Dick, dear, it is lighted, and the water will boil in two minutes,"

(To be Continued.)

A NOVEL HEN PARTY.

Each Guest Brought as a Contribution n Real Live Chicken.

The Boston Traveler tells of a new kind of hen party that has found favor in that city. It bears no resemblance to the time-honored idea that tea and chitchat, gossip and smart hats, constitute the necessary adjuncts to these particular gatherings. The interest centers about a real live hen of feathers, her chicks and her eggs. The party originated in this fashion: A young bride and groom took a house in the suburbs and went to housekeeping. A mischievous friend called to see them and discovered on the premises a deserted hennery, which suggested an idea to his fertile brain, He at once communicated his idea to other friends, who arranged secretly for a genuine hen party. On a pleasant day the invited guests met at the railway station and proceeded in a body to the new home. Each one carried a live hen, a chick or a dozen eggs for hatching purposes. 'The scene which occurred when thirty-six guests arrived with thirty-six installments for the hennery was decidedly ludicrous. When the little hostess recovered breath she produced her chocolate cups and tea biscuits and the groom showed himself a man of resources by offering a prize for the most laughable incident connected with the purchase of the fowls. One of the rules of this new game is that the hens must not be sent by express, porter or other gested that these feathered donations would prove a great success in chari-

Hibson-"How much did Daubre get for his academy canvas?" Garner-Don't know. Three years would be

AND MATRONS. never tired of throwing it at me. If Corinna, a Form of Long Ago Trials of

the Professional Woman - Mouentag Gowns - How to Dress the Back - Eve-

HE depths of man's dark soul. Fer thou coulds: tell of passions. tierce. O'er which its willd waves roll: And all too deeply

Intrued

hadst thou Jenraed The love of woman's heart-

Taught thee that mouraful part, Thine never was a woman's dower Of tenderness and love, Thou, who couldst chain the eagle's

power, Could never tame the dove: Oh, Love is not for such as thee: The gentle and the mild, The beautiful thus blest may be, But never Fame's proud child.

When mid the halls of state, alone, In queenly pride of place. The majesty of mind thy throne, Thy sceptre mental grace-Then was thy glory felt, and thou Didst triumph in that hour

When men could turn from beauty's

brow In tribute to thy power.

And yet a woman's heart was thine-No dream of fame could fill The bosom which must valuty pine For sweet affection still; And oh, what pangs thy spirit wrung. E'en in thy hour of pride. When all could list Love's wooing tongue

Save thee, bright Glory's bride. Corinna! thine own hand has traced, Thy melancholy fate, Though by earth's noblest triumphs

graced, Bliss waits not on the great.

ished at the wrist with pointed and braided cuffs of the material, and at the shoulder with short, seart braided flounces. With the gown a crush toque of dull silk, with soft paradise plumes in black, and a dull jet buckle is worn. Nothing more tasteful than this outfit can be imagined.

Drewing the Back.

Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget of New York has been giving some very pretty dances to the younger set in honor of her brother, Captain Payne Whitney



of Yale, and at all these entertainments none is as tastefully dressed as the young hostess herself. Mrs. Paget inherited from her mother, the late Mrs. Whitney, a talent for gowning herself and from her father a good share of Whitney diplomacy. At the last of her

terial selected is drap de'ete, which in them, which, when swallowed, draper and clings so delightfully. The makes the eyes grow dark and large skirt is adorned with a braided de- about the pupils. All these candies are sign, starting at the waist in a single | made in forms that closely resemble line and branching our toward the bot | the other simpler ones, so that only an tom in must graceful scrolls. The expert could tell their hidden charm, budley back is of the material, and so But the girls have some sort of a is the broad vest. At each side of the code by which they become aware of vest, below the arms, is a puffing of the contents of the mysterious ones and black mousseline. The same puffing know how to buy them with the eye appears on the sieeves, which are fin- of the connoiseuse. The wine caudies are hard to carry about and soon perish if they are not speedily consumed. They were originally designed to give the girl a bit of choice refreshment "between the acts."

For Evening Wear.

A particularly graceful evening gown is made of clinging pale-blue liberty satin and adorned with Neapolitan violets and green leaves.

A comfortable evening cloak hange straight from throat to feet and is of deep orange mirror velvet lined with ermine. A small cape goes round the shoulders of a tawpier velvet, having a high collar. This cape, likewise, is ermine lined. Several fluffy frills of pale yellow chiffon encircle the collar and form a jabot down the front, fastened with a diamond clasp.

A short cloak for evening reaches only to the knees. It is made of a rose-colored brocade, with branches of lliac on pale-blue satin and the lining is white-fox fur. A huge white-fox collar with an inner ruffle of cream ce and face ties in the frant, complete

A handsome cloak is of Ivory brode, woven with threads of gold and cub shorter at the back and sides than It is in front, the front being cut in two long points. The lining is first soft pink silk and then white chiffon, the chiffon lining being edged all around with chiffon flounces headed by a ruche of violets. A deep shoulder cape of violet velvet falls over three flounces on pale pink chiffon and a plaited violet velvet collar lined with the pink silk and white chiffon. An incroyable bow of pink chiffon with its ends fringed with violets and fastened with a diamond buckle completes this exquisite evening wrap.

Professional Women's Trials.

While the business and professional women of today go freely if not always joyfully along the line of their chosen work, it is not long since woman was preached to and constantly reminded of her duties, lest she should step outside of the narrow circle known as "woman's sphere." Jane Austin, out of deference to the views of her relatives, concealed her writings from the gaze of chance visitors by laying a handkerchief over the pages of her manuscript. Mrs. Somerville was entreated not to bring disgrace upon her family by persisting in her studies of mathematics; even the clergy was disguleted, and she was condemned from the pulpit. Caroline Herschel's gloricus work in astronomy was done amid discouragements, and there is something pitiful in the thought that her laborious life was embittered by social prejudice. But how thoroughly womanly the most gifted women ever are! Professor Maria Mitchell left the most delightful memories to her pupils, and many a student endured the mathematical work of astronomy for the sake of the professor's personality. One of these pupils said that she had forgotten all she ever learned about the sun. moon and stars, but she never could forget the gatherings where Miss Mitchell was the hostess, and she should always remember the bouquets and souvenirs at every plate, and the poetry, in that print-like handwriting, made for every one of her girls.

Wedding Arrangements.

A reader asks: 1. Is it proper to send announcement cards to the sisters of the groom if they are not at the wedding? 2. Should one wear hat and gloves if married in a traveling dress? 3. Is a bride ever attended by two ladies and no other escort; and if so. where do the ladies stand? Answer: 1. It certainly would be good form to send the cards to all of the relatives. Such little courtesies should never be omitted. 2. If one is married at home the hat and gloves are not needed, but if the ceremony is performed in church good sense demands that they be worn. 3. There is no reason why two ladles may not attend a bride; indeed. It might be a very pretty idea. They should stand just at the side of the bride, and on a line a toifle back of her position.

A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing. Saunter A. Long-Dey may say all dey want ter 'bout de pleasure in being eddicated. I know dat my carly eddication in hygiene has taken away candy is so blameless looking that no nearly half de pleasure in eatin' fer Everett Wrest-Bout all de eddica-

tion a feller really needs is enough ter be able to tell de symptoms of fatigue. Saunter A. Long-Dat's no dream. But now I can't even eat a twisted fried cake wit'out all de joy in de act bein' knocked galley-west by me knowin' dat I've got ter put in t'ree hours stiddy work digestin' de t'ing;

His Finish.

He-Maud Darling will always have something to remind her of her pet She-Have him cremated and save

the ashes? He-No, she had a sausage-maker convert him into Unk cuff-buttons .-To Date.

Both Missing It. Master-Pat, I have been missing my

liquor a great deal lately. Butler-So hov Oi, sir, I t'ink it would be a good oidea to rayplinish



Mourning Gowns. Mourning gowns no longer have the listinctive air which made them so republic. Dame Fashion no longer counto announce your grief. Wear it rather Therefore, it is that the mourning

dress of today has few distinctive fea-



plan as a black gown for any one, Lusterless materials are still selected, but they are not loaded down with a crushing weight of crepe, that material which strikes a chill to one's very heart. Here is a gown which is worn by one of Gotham's daughters, who, while mourning a dearly beloved undue display of gaudiness. The ma- fact that belladonna is carried about the bottle iviry roight, sor."

dinner dances she wore a gown in black brocaded silk, the figures standing out in mauve. The skirt was one do not suggest something apart, a tiny chiffon ruftles around the foot, thing in the world but not of it. They | The bodice was a pointed one, slashed do not parade the grief of the stricken | in points over mauve tulle. The neck before the eyes of an unsympathizing | was finished with a band of black velvet, below which fell a deep ruffle of tenances such garb. She says wear ecru lace. The sleeves of the gown black if you wish, but do not wear it | were mauve tulle over mauve silk. A gown of this kind can be duplicated in because bright colors are incongruous cheaper materials with precisely the with your sorrow and jar upon it, same effect as the expensive one worn by Mrs. Paget.

Gumdrops Are Londed.

Confectioners nowadays are turning

their art to something besides the production of harmless sweets. For instance, there is the new-style gumdrop. It comes in little, fascinating red drops that come forth in the dressing-room or some sly corner to do duty as a rouge pot! Think of the frauds those red candles are! But that's what the red comfit that leads this double life can do and nobody be the wiser for it. It's not so easy to carry a box of red paint and a little rag around, but a one would guess it would ever, in passing between the portals of "pearly teeth," rouge the lips on the route and say nothing to any one about it. There is another use to which the harmless

little bonbon is being put-that of carrying cologne to brighten the eyes. Eat a piece of sugar-common "loaf"-and put a bit of cologne on it and see what happens. They say that it brings tears to the eyes and that the velvet orbs swim in moisture that adds to their brilliency, but it is something of an experiment to try it. However, there are girls who do this sort of thing and | pug that died last week no amount of argument would keep the cologne candy from their lips. Wine comes in for a share of the confectioner's art here. And when it comes to French liquors and all their temptations it does seem hard that the chocolate drop may not be trrusted long with the other things people believe in. Another thing that must be put down mother, knows that an extreme in with the shattered idols of the person somber attire is quite as illbred as an who has lost faith in bonbons is the