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CHAPTER XXII. UT he was greatly tickled by Charles' remarks, and more than once on the way home repeated to himself with a chuckle, "Dook of Middlesex! 1 must encourage Charles little. 'Pen my soul, uncommonly neat-Dook of Mid-

d'esex!"

Meantime I must confess that Dorothy had gone home in what Barbara was accustomed to call "a boiling passicn." Barbara happened to be coming across the little hall when she lot herself in at the front door, "Miss Dorothy-my dear, what is it?" the old servant cried, her heart jumping fairly into her mouth as a dreadful idea flashed into her mind that the young mistress' hour had come.

"Barbara," said Dorothy, in a voice shaking with passion. "I take back efense of David Stevenson-every word.

"What! have you seen him?" cried Barbara.

"I used to feel," Dorothy went on, in the same trembling tones, and without taking the smallest notice of Barbara's him. And then, after auntie got so fond of my Dick, I wasn't sorry for David, because I thought circumstances had been a little hard for him, so I have stood up for him with all of you. But you were all right, and I take back now every word that ever I have said in his favor.'

Barbara drew her into the pretty drawing room. "Sit down, my dear young mistress," she said, tenderly, "and tell me all about it."

So Dorothy sat down on the sofa and told Barbara everything about her meeting with David-what he had said and what she had said; what he had looked and what she had felt; how he had turned old Isaac out of his place and had put a grand new-fangled gardener to be Isaac's master at the Hall; and finally, how he had asked her to go back and the past would be forgotten, and he had insinuated-nay. had told her plainly-but, no. Dorothy's composure did not hold out long enough for her to tell that part of her story, for when she reached that point she gave way and broke down into violent sobbing.

Barbara sat down beside her and took her into her arms, so that she might lay her head upon the old servant's ample breast and cry her heartache away.

"Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, presently, curiosity getting the best of her at last, "did David Stevenson dare to tell you that you wasn't married?"

"Not in so many words, Barbara," Dorothy answered, sitting up now and drying her flushed face, "but he asked me to go back and marry him," with unutterable contempt, "and he would show me what love meant-he, that turned my old friend out of his place directly Auntie died-and he said something about my turning my back on all my friends for the sake of a fellow who had brought me to this."

"David Stevenson all over," remarked Barbara, dryly, "But, my dear young mistress, you didn't let him go away thinking what he had said was true?"

"I told him I had been married for months," Dorothy replied, "and then I just said, 'Good morning' in a tone of ice, and I walked straight in without even looking at him again."

"And he saw you come in here?" Barbara cried.

"Yes," Dorothy answered. "How could I help it?"

"No, I suppose not; but, depend on it, he will go gabbling back to Grave-



SHAKING WITH PASSION. leigh and set her ladyship and all the rest of them on to you." "Never mind if he does," Dorothy

cried.

"But you wanted to keep it dark, my dear." Barbara reminded her.

"Yes; but it doesn't matter so much now that Dick is gone," Dorothy replied. "And, anyway, Esther will be here, and Esther will be able to ward off everybody and keep them from asking me too closely about anything. I only hope that David Stevenson won't upon it with tear-filled eyes, "Brute!" try to force his way in here before he ground out between his teeth, Esther comes."

"What would be the good?" Barbara asked. "You told him you were he came across his superior.

"Yes, but he didn't look a bit as if

he believed me," Dorothy returned. "Then just let him come here and try it on," cried Barbara valiantly, and really as she stood there, a stout and comfortable figure with her arms akimbo, she looked more than a match for any ordinary man, and nobody would have believed, except such as knew her well, how utterly her courage always deserted her at a critical moment. "Let him try it on, that's all. I can give him a bit of information he won't find very much to his liking -1 can tell his high and mightiness that I see you married with my own

But David Stevenson stood in need of no such information; he had not believed that Dorothy was marriedshe was right enough there. Still, he had realized at last that she was not for him, and that afternoon, whilst he was idly turning over the papers in the reading-room of the botel, and wishing himself with all his heart everything that I have ever said in down at Holroyd, it suddenly occurred to him that if Dorothy really was married, he would be able to get evidence of the fact by walking down the street and spending an hour and half a crown at Somerset House.

And there, sure enough, he found the record that was the death-blow of his question, "very sorry that I could never last little feeble hope-the record of fall in with auntie's wishes concerning the marriage between Richard Harris. bachelor, and Dorothy Strode, spinster, bearing date now a little more than nine months old.

"Barbara Potter, witness," read David to himself between his teeth, then clenched his hand hard as it rested upon his knee, so that the glove which covered it was burst in several places. 'Damn that old woman! she must have a hand in it, of course,"

Then he put the great book back upon the table, and strode out along the empty echoing corridors and across the street. After a moment's hesitation, caused by the noise and throng of the street, he made up his mind.

"Hang it all, what's the good of stopping here? I'll go back home: I shan't feel it so badly there."

CHAPTER XXIII.



HREE days had gone, and still Esther Brand had not arrived in London. Each day Dorothy got more and more impatient for her presence, because although she had never once seen David Stevenson since that morning

when she had almost walked into his arms in the Kensington High street, she was so afraid that he might be lurking about the neighborhood that she never set foot outside her own door. If she had known that he was safely down at Holroyd, dividing his life between riding hard from one sitting moodily staring into the empty fire-grate, his thoughts all busily occupled in cursing at fate! However, that phase of feeling did not last long with him, for one fine September morning he went over to the Hall and wandered round the quiet old garden-a good deal of its especial charm of quaint beauty "improved" away nowwhere she had spent her happy childhood.

"I'll have that bed done away with." he said to old Isaac, pointing out a small, neat bed cut in the velvet turf. just in front of the dining-room window, "it spoils the look of the lawn; dig it up, and we'll have it turfed over."

Old Isaac looked at him hesitatingly -the old man had felt bitterly his degredation from gardener to odd man, yet ten shillings a week is not to be sneezed at when its almost certain alternative is the workhouse, He hardly dared to say what was in his mind; still, the old feudal instinct, the habit of forty years was strong in him, and he ventured a timid protest.

"That were Miss Dorothy's own bed, sir," he began; "she dug it her little self, and then she'd take a turn round and have another spell o' digging after. And then, in the springtime, when the violets came out, she was werry proud o' the fust bunch she took to the mistress."

"H'm," muttered David, and moved away.

"Took it better nor I thought he would," mused old Isaac, rather elated at his own boldness.

But Isaae had counted his chickens too early, for later in the day the head gardener came round to him. "By the bye, Isaac," he said, after mentioning one or two little matters, 'the gov'nor wants that little bed under the dining-room window leveled and turfed over-wants it done at

once. "I hear," said Isaac. The old man was trembling as he turned away, and when the other was gone he stood by the little flower-bed as if it were a grave, looking down "brute! What he I to do wi' the wiolets, Bell?" he asked, the next time

"Guv'ner said you was to chuck 'em

swered.

"Nay, I'll take 'em down to mir o, said Isaac, in a quivering voice. "As you like about that," said Bell, all unknowing of the tumult in the old

man's breast. And the day following that David Stevenson ordered his horse and rode away from Holroyd through Graveleigh and past the old Hall to a large and prosperous-looking farm, about a mile beyond the house where Dorothy's old friend, Lady Jane Sturt, lived, He turned in at the gates and gave his horse into the sare of a man who came running out. "Is Miss Elsie at home?" he asked,

"I believe she is, sir," the man replied; "but if you'll knock at the door they'll tell you for certain."

A nice-looking country girl in a neat apron and cap came to the door.

Yes, Miss Elsie was at home, the misress had gone into Dovecourt. Would

Mr. Stevenson come this way? He followed her into a pretty enough sitting-room, though it had but few of the little touches which had made Miss Dimedale's drawing-room so pretty and so restful. There were shades over wax flowers, and a plaster of Paris



THAT WERE MISS DOROTHY'S BED blossoms, which had once adorned the wedding cake of the married daughter crochet-work rags over some of the chairs, and others with fearful and wonderful designs in crewels tied up with its bits of gay-colored ribbons. Yes, it was pretty enough, but not bearable to him after the quaint and dignified air which had pervaded everything at the Hall where she had

In two minutes Elsie Carrington came in, a tall, wholesome-looking girl, with fair hair that was too yellow and cheeks that were too red, and as David's eyes fell upon her I am bound to say that his very soul seemed to turn sick within him. Not that he flinched, oh, no, David Stevenson was not of the kind that flinches.

"I've come on a queer enough errand, Elsie," he began.

"Yes?" she said in a questioning tone "Yes! But it's no use beating about

the bush; it's best to be honest and true, isn't it?" "Of course it is." She was very much flushed and puzzled, too, but as

yet she had no idea of his meaning. "You must know as well as I do," he went on, not attempting to go a step nearer to her or even to take her point of his property to another, and hand, "that I've cared for Dorothy Strode all my life."

"Yes," said the girl, faintly,

"Well," standing up very straight and still, and with a face like marble, "that's all over now, and I want to get my life settled into shape. Holroyd wants a mistress, and I've kept the place open so long," with a piteous attempt at making fun, "that I hardly like to offer it to any one else. Well," finding that she did not speak, "what do you say, Elsie?"

(To be continued.)

World's Most Stupendous Ruins. The most stupendous ruin in the world is the great temple at Baalbec. an ancient city of Syria. It seems to have been a kind of Pautheon, and is situated on a magnificent platform. which rises it high above the level of the ground, and extends from east to west a distance of about 1,000 feet. The portico is at the east, and must have been reached by a grand flight of steps. It is 180 feet, or, including the pavilions 260 feet from north to south. The threefold entrance leads into the first court, hexagonal in shape, and measuring about 250 feet from corner to cor-

ner. A portal 50 feet wide gives admittance to a grand quadrangle, which extends from east to west for 440 feet. and has a breadth of 370 feet, thus including an area of between three and four acres. The peristyle of the temple proper was composed of fifty-four columns; the height of their shafts was about 62 feet, and the diameter 7 feet at the base and about 5 feet at the top. That part of the great platform on which the peristyle rests consists of immense walls built up about 50 feet from the ground and formed of thirteen courses of beveled stones. Another marvelous ruin is the Coliseum at Rome, which encloses a space of about five acres, and is said to have been capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators. Both of these are ruins of a single building. If we take into consideration groups of ruins we shall be confronted with the wonderful masses of ancient Babylon, of Memphis, of Thebes, and of the temple of Luxor and the remains of Pom-

If a man isn't sober he should never attempt to walk a tight rope.

Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

peil and Herculaneum, the cities which

were buried by an eruption of Mount

## out on the rubbish heap," Belt an- OUR WOMEN IN WAR.

VOICES OF WIVES AND DAUGH-TERS ARE NOW HEARD.

Want to Join the Service as Nurses or as Alds of Any Kind Noble Deeds of Women on Joth Sides During the Civil War.

The president and secretary of war are receiving letters from patriotic women all over the country anxious to be mustered into service.

A letter received at the White House, and addressed "President McKinley.



CLARA BARTON.

Washington, D. C.," reads: "I write asking if I would be of any use to you in this Cuba trouble. I am only a woman, but I can nurse the sick and wounded. I only wish I were a man. I would go and volunteer to take one of our unfortunate enes' place who went down with the Maine. If you need women to nurse, or if in any way I can be of service to you for my country's sake, please let me know. I am strong, weigh 150 pounds, height five feet five and one-half inches, age 27 years, and a good nurse. Hoping to be of service to my God and my country, I am at your command."

Another says: "I was one of the first volunteer nurses during the war of the rebellion; experience on transports and in hospitals. If there is an other war I am ready."

A Canadian woman, who says her brother fought for our flag in the late war, offers her services, and adds in her letter to the president: "Falling of the house, and there were white the position of nurse, I shall be glad to give my services in any other capacity where I may be of use."

From away down in Colorado another woman, who addresses her letter "War Department," offers her services in these words: "Should there be a war between the United States and Spain, would there be any show for us to get transportation. We are nurses, and strong, healthy women. There are two of us, aged 35 years.'

These are but several examples of the correspondence being received from American women.

In the event of an outbreak with Spain positions in the army will be open to many women, the number of course depending upon the extent of capacities with relation to the army, and handiwork, contributed \$100,000. most of them as nurses, some as spies and others as purveyors, laundresses.

Should a great war break out the hospital corps of the army would have to employ a great number of women nurses. Secretary Alger would probably appoint an experienced woman as superintendent of nurses. In 1861, at the beginning of the civil war, Secretary of War Cameron appointed Miss Dorothea Dix for this duty. She offered her services without compensation, and nurses selected by her were to aid upon every battlefield from Bull Run to Appomattox. They were in every Union hospital.

While the typical army nurse is always described by the idealist as a youthful, tender "angel of mercy," with a beautiful face, it is interesting to know that generals in command of ar-



LIEUT.-GEN. PANDO. (One of Spain's Military Leaders in Cuba.)

mies prefer middle-aged and homely women for such service. A circular distributed by the superintendent of nurses in 1861 read:

"No women under 30 need apply. All nurses are required to be very plainlooking women. Their dresses must be either brown or black, with no bows, no curls or jewelry, and no hoop skirts."

The pay given to nurses in the late

war was \$12 a month, but it is said that hundreds of women of social rank and position, without waiting to be formally mustered in served without pay or hope of reward. She who is now volunteering to aid in a conflict with Spain is not the "new woman," but the same patriotic creature who offered herself to her flag in 1861.

General Sherman called "Mother Bickerdyke," the celebrated nurse of the civil war, one of his "best generais."

The woman who would be the most conspicuous of her sex in a great war between the United States and Spain is Miss Clara Barton, president of the American Red Cross, who is now car-

ing for the starving Cubans. Should a war break out with Spain. woman's most valuable military service will be done at home. As soon as the first gun of the civil war was fired, woman's work for both the Union and Confederate causes began in earnest. Within a month after President Lincoln called for the first army of 75,000 volunteers, an association of New York women had chosen from hundreds of candidates 100 competent nurses to be trained by the physicians and surgeons of the city. At the same time women throughout the country organized soldiers' aid societies, sewing circles, fairs and entertainments of various sorts for the purpose of furnishing the brave boys both necessities and delicacies. Trains running into Washington were weighed down with a tremendous accumulation of freight for this purpose. Its distribution was finally turned over to the sanitary commission, which cooperated during the war with women's clubs and societies throughout the entire North. After each battle agenta distributed the supplies as received.

Statistics show that during the late

The "Maine's" Unineky Career. The last was the fourth accident that happened to the Maine. In August, 1896, she tripped her anchor in swinging around while at Key West, and

drifted on a reef and bent ten plates along the port keel, In February, 1897, a one-pound cartidge exploded during target practice,

and seriously injured three men. In July, 1897, she was rammed into an East River pier by her captain in an effort to avoid striking a heavily loaded excursion boat. She sustained only the loss of some bow paint this

It is a Navy yard tradition that the



COMMODORE HOWELL. (Commander of the Squadron at

Hampton Roads, Va.) Maine was hoodoed from her launching day. Rear-Admiral Braine, who superintended her building and whose pride she was, had obtained a bottle of real American wine for her christening. He was then superintendent of the Brooklyn navy yard, and he and Mrs. Braine sent to Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, near the scene of Com-



THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, SHOWING MORRO CASTLE.

cietics in the Northern states, the amount recently appropriated by congress to put the nation upon an effect-



THE STEAMER OLIVETTE. (In the Service of Uncle Sam Between Havana and Key West.)

cannot keep a secret herself or let any one else keep one is not borne out by certain secret archives kept in a large fire-proof safe in the war department. One of the most active and reliable Union spies in the late war was a woman, who worked successfully for a long period. Eventually, however, she was caught by the enemy and hanged to a tree. Martial law, which states that "the spy is punishable by death by hanging by the neck," has no respect for sex.

Had the South Won.

We can measure the value of this commemoration day if we reconsider what would have been had the Confederacy succeeded. Macaulay, in one of those brilliant, haphazard speculations with which he was wont to supplement what Providence had failed to do in the making of the universe, saw in the future of the United States a half dozen federations. England could hold her empire by the power of the sword, but where was the sword in a democracy? Let us suppose, as Macaulay seemed to anticipate, that the United States should have accepted the a neighbor in arms.

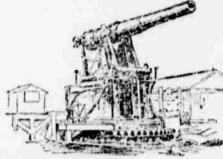
war the women's organizations raised | mander Perry's famous whipping of the altogether \$50,000,000 among their so- British, and secured a quart of champagne, made right there from American grapes.

Miss Alice Wilmerding, a grandthe struggle. During the late war live defensive footing. The little girls | daughter of Secretary of the Navy Trahundreds of women served in many of the North, by their miniature fairs cy, christened the big armored cruiser, and brought with her a bottle of cham-Women might serve this government | pagne from the hills of France. She used this, and it was a severe disappointment to Admiral Braine. He has his bottle of American wine still in a prominent place in his library, and will wish now, more than ever, that it had been the one to have been smashed over the Maine's bow.

Besides her accidents the Maine has wice come in for severe criticism as to top weight and seaworthiness. In September, 1896, it was found that she could not carry on her decks the two torpedo boats designed therefor, and the boats, which cost \$80,000, were sent up to Newport for practice work at the training station.

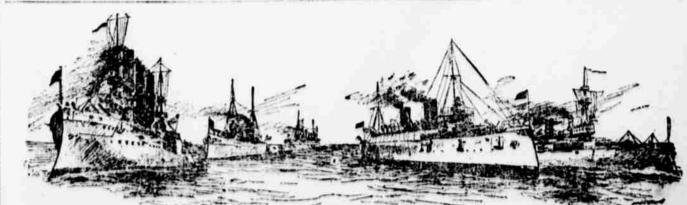
In February of last year Admiral Bunce had to make to Assistant Secretary McAdoo, after his experience with his squadron off Cape Hatteras in the gale of February 5 and 6, the following report:

"The Maine's behavior at sea in heavy weather is bad. Her pitching and rolling is excessive, and is attributed to faulty design in placing too much heavy weight at her extremities, which



GUN AT WILLET'S POINT, N. Y. Can Pierce Four-inch Armor at a Distance of Nineteen Miles.)

was increased by attempting to correct Southern Confederacy. If independ- another error when she was commisence had been conceded to the South sioned. Her battery cannot be used as after Chancellorsville-then the darkest | designed without destruction of boats hour for the North-what then? The and other fittings, and in some inlines of separation would have been stances loss of life, if the crews remain drawn through West Virginia, with at their guns, For this reason there the Rocky Mountains as a western bar- has been no attempt to make such use rier. The French would have held the of the guns as is contemplated in the Rio Grande. Canada would have been design of the ship and arrangemest of her batteries."



THE SQUADRON AT HAMPTON POADS