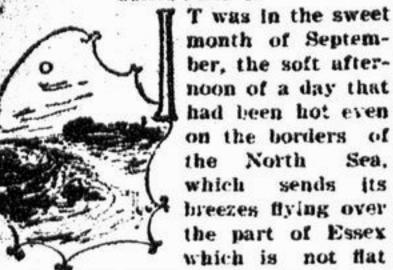


INTERNATIONAL PRISS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.



and marshy, but undulating. and to look upon. London the people were gaspbreath. but though the day had been Lairly hot, it was now at six o'clock soft and balmy. 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, haif 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 binzing scarlet geraniums and blue Jobelias, and kept neat and tidy by a qualit 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 flerce 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, auntie has gone to Colchester, and she wouldn't fike me to ask you in when I knew she wasn't there. No, I don't think you must come in this time."

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

"No; for the train does not get to Wrabness til twenty-four minutes past seven—it is not as much past six yet," abe 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 so go back to Lady Jane's for your ve flog-eart. She knows that you came with me, and she knows that auntle in Colchester."

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

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

So together they turned and walked drive leading to the house. The read 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 end drowt 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," ahe 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 aust has gone to Colchester, you say?"

"Does she often go?"

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

"Once a week-oh, no; not once a menth. 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 commg you might be coming, too, and I whi show you round, a little—the one and all that, you know. That

was all." "But I don't think," said Dorothy taking him literally, "that



like to come and have afternoon tea If T was in the sweet 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 soldler de-

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

with a gay laugh.

He laughed, too. "But tell me, who

"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 beeding: "And you know him well?" "I have known him all my life," she

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.

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

"Good-by," he answered, holding it a 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 carriage-



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

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 rogulah 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 farmar-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 Aylcommonly mer-Richard Aylmer, 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 sure, it dien't sound bad, but then it did not suit him. Dick Aylmer he was and Dick Arlmer-he would be to the end of the chapter except—except, an, well, well, that was a contingency he need not trouble himself about at present. It was bitt 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! pretty name, only Dorothy Aylmer and himself none the wiser for his would look even prettier—Mrs. Richard curiosity. Aylmer the prettiest of them all, except, perhaps, to hear his men triend

and then he pulled himself up with

ling her "Mrn. Dick."

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.

"Ab, 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 task.

"I heard you say a little time ago that you were going away," he marked, 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. it 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, 'realty?"

"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 adieux.

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

"Thanks, very many," he said, "but

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, in dismay, "look, look! the fox-terrier is worrying the Persian kitten. Do rescue it somebody, do, do!"

(To be continued.)

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY. Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Uff

from the World. 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 s house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there about the place and the house has remained in a similiar state over a quar-

ter of a century. The owner is an old lady, who, on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was proclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the threshold 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 partic ularly gracious, but at the death o 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 vigilance, and the would-be intruder soon finds the portals slammed in his face Similar, but Different.

Landlord (to, delinquent tenant) well, what do you propose to do now fast his thoughts torn trumbers; "On the hot so bad.

ALONG ICELAND'S GATHER ROCKY COAST.

Nesting Grounds of the Hirds - How the Eggs Are Protected by the Fluffy Feathers That Are So Prized in Every Country.

(Special Letter.) T was near Reykjavik, the capitol of Iceland, that first made the acquaintance of eider ducks, says Elizabeth Taylor. half-hour's brisk row brought us to Engey, one of the eider-farm islands. In front of the

turf-roofed little buildings, on the stony ground, a quantity of down was drying-fluffy masses of brownish-gray looking as if the first puff of wind would blow them out to sea. But Valla, my maid, told me that the down was so interwoven with blades of dried grass that an ordinary wind would not stir it. Following a rough trail we soon reached the low pastures near the sea. By the action of frost and damp the surface had been upheaved into hillocks about 18 inches high, and between these the ducks were nesting. was toiling over the uneven ground, when suddenly a large grayish-brown duck burst like a bomb from almos: under my feet, and I balanced to and fro on my hillock, fearing to advance. lest I crushed the eggs. Looking carefully about me I soon found them; seven great eggs, as large as those of a goose, peeping out from the down which swelled up around them in thick roll. A little farther on, I was surrounded by excited, perturbed mothers, some still brooding, and others with ducklings hardly out of the shell. The mottled and low-toned plumage so



GATHERING DOWN.

harmonized with the gray rocks and dead grasses around me that I could hardly distinguish the ducks at a distance of a few paces. Just then I saw a young woman coming with her apron full of down. Gudron-that was ber name-was on terms of pleasant intimacy with her ducks, and they stayed tranquilly on their eggs at her approach, and even allowed her to stroke their beads and see if the eggs were hatching. Of Valla, too, the seemed to have little fear, though she was a stranger to them.

"Why is it, Gudrun," I asked, "that the ducks are so afraid of me?" Gudrup smiled shyly, and replied "I think, Froken, that they do not like

your hat!" That was the trouble! Accustomer as they were to the simple kerchief or the small black "hufa" worn by Icelandic women, with its heavy silk tassel hanging down on one side, they had taken umbrage at my straw traveling hat with its "perky" ribbon bows However, the ducks were not unreasonable. When they saw that Valla and Gudrun talked amicably with me. they waived their objections to my headgear, and finally permitted me

to caress their sleek heads and wings. All the accounts I have read about eider ducks say that nests are robbed of their down twice, the duck supplying it each time from her ov a body. the third time the drake gives his white down, and this is allowed to remain. But I was told by farmers in Iceland that now they never take the down until the little ones are hatched. It has been found that the birds thrive better and increase faster when they are allowed to live as nature meant them to do. So now the poor mothers are no longer obliged to strip themselves of all their down to furnish their despoiled nests. Elder ducks are found along the seacoast of Arctic America and Siberia, Greenland, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. They are true ocean birds, living during the winter out at sea. and diving for their food, which consists of small fish, shellfish and crabs. In April they begin to gather in little groups near the shores. Often on bird will visit the nesting grounds. and if his report is favorable, his companions soon return to their old haunts and nest-building begins. Both ducks and drakes work together, laying a foundation of seaweed or coarse grasses, and upon this the bed of down is arranged, and heaped up around the margin. About May 20 the ducks begin to lay, six or seven eggs being the usual clutch, although 10 are sometimes seen. A few of these are taken by the farmer for his own use, but the sale of eggs is forbidden. Often two ducks will lay side by side in one nest. each furnishing her own quota of down. and doing her part in the hatching

and rearing of the double family, Elder

They live in a wild state in every part of Iceland where they can find suitable breeding places. Often a prosperous "varpet," as the nesting grounds are called, can be formed by the farmers whose land possesses the proper attractions. A small island that slopes to the sea is the best place, but a cape, or neck of land, is often chosen. If the land has many hillocks there is no ueed of making artificial nests, otherwise the turi must be cut in blocks and set up on end to form small oblong compartments. These are often roofed over, with pieces of turf or wood. Everything must be in readiness before it is time for the birds to come from the sea. The ducks sem to like to have some life or movement on the neighboring farm lands, as they probably feel more secure from their natural enemies, foxes and ravens; but on the varpet itself all must be peace and serenity.

WINTER CYCLE COSTUMES.

Since bleyeling has become so pop-

How Parisiennes Are Rigged for Cold Weather Spins.

ular in Paris modistes and man milliners are devoting much attention to the matter of correct costume for fair riders. A correspondent says on this subject: "The new winter suits are very handsome, being of rich cloth of velvet, trimmed with bands of fur. is far too warm to wear a fur coat while exercising, and so one must be satisfied merely with fur trimmings. The Parisian riders carry mutts their wheels in midwinter, guiding with one hand while the other is being warmed in the muff, although some of the expert riders guide their wheels with the finely trained muscles of the body, while they sit up smartly, holdlog their muffs before them. In the same fashion some of the smart Frenchwomer carried parasols last summer. Sometimes the must is hung about the neck on a broad ribbon or a jeweled chain. A stunning costume for winter wear, which is being made for a belle of the theater, was of white cloth, trimmed with dark brown sable, with braiding in ecrn. The fur was set on about the bottom in a deep band, and above this was a deal of rich braiding. The corsage was a blouse, wadded slightly and belted with a front was covered with masses the front and all about the little and the wrists were edged with it also. caps of the sable, with a cockade pt and the gloves, of cream-white dogskin, were the prettlest part of the costume, for they were of cream leather, laced up in front and finished at the tops with for. They reached hulfway up the calf of the leg, and above were brilliant scarlet stockings. The whole costume was essentially Russian, from top to toe."

EXPERTS AT BILLIARDS. How Two English titris Are tisining

Renows in Leader. Billiard playing is becoming popular among the fair sex in England. Two English girls recently appeared London as professiona! billiard playweather and Miss Ella Collins. The former hails from Newcastle and has been an enthusiastic player since she was 16 years old. The late Affred Bennett wished to introduce her to the public, but it remained for John Roberts to do so. When he had seen her play he invited her to study under himself, and so well has she progressed is expected to win the suits. that on occasions she has compiled breaks of 81, 76, 59 and 56. Miss Collins, who comes from Wimbledon, h 21 years of age and is the daughter ? the well-known retired billiardist the same name. Her first introduction to the game was only eighteen months ago. Miss Collins' sister bids fair to be even a better player, as sim is tallen and stronger, and so may carry on her father's name in the bil

HANDY WITH AX AND HATCHE

liard world.

Some three-quarters of a mile from Berryville, Clark county, Va., there stands a little log cabin which was



WASHINGTON'S HOME FOR FOUR YEARS.

built and occupied by George Washington between the years of 1748 and 1752, when he made his first step into public life and served as a young surveyor under Lord Fairfax.

For four years of his life Washington made his home in this hut, with no white face near. No relic could speak more eloquently of Washington's perseverance than this cabin, built literally by his own hands. It was here, living among the Indians, that he became master of their ways and of their country and learned the tricks of war which later made history.

Clearing the Season "At any rate, my wheel,

"I have noticed that ncks though often very tame, can it amally gets in last," -indianap

ILLINOIS.

BRIEF DISPATCHES FROM VARL OUS POINTS.

Coach Huff is New a Benedict-Doputies for the Discose of Springfield-A Sensational Suit is Chicago-Coueral Itoms.

Coach Huff a Benedict.

Champaign Special: Emanuel Epis-

copal church was crowded tonight by the many friends of the contracting parties to witness the marriage of Mr. George A. Huff and Miss Katheryne Naughton. The groom is best known as head coach of the University of Illinois football and baseball teams, and has hosts of friends here and elsewhere, while the bride is a graduate of the University of Illinois, and one of Champagne's best known young women. The groom's best man was Frank H. Cornell of Chicago, a classmate and fraternity brother, and the ushers were Mr. Frank Arms of Chicago and Messra. Dan Morrissey, Chas. Naughton and John Howard Trevett of this city. The bride was supported by two matrons of honor, Mrs. Robert D. Burnham and Mrs. Ross L. Trevett, and was given away by her father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Dresser, using the Episcopal service. Special guests of honor were the members of the Illinois chapter of the bride's sorority, Pi Beta Phi, and the members of the groom's fraternity, Kappa Sigma. The couple left tonight for a short bridal trip, going first to Chicago.

Diocese of Springfield.

Springfield Telegram: At today's session of the diocesan convention of the diocese of Springfield of the Episcopal church Bishop Seymour delivered his annual address, which was mainly devoted to a discussion of "The Lambeth Conference and Its Relation to the Organization of the Anglican Church." The following standing committee was elected: Rev. Dr. D. W. Dresser of Champaign, Rev. Dr. Frederick W. Taylor of Springfield, Rev. Johannes Rockstroh of Belleville, Hon. Charles E. Hay of Springfield, Judge brown kid belt, edged with fur. The W. J. Atlen of Springfield and Rev. Dr. Wakely of Jacksonville. The followbraiding, and the fur extended down ing deputies were elected to the general convention, to be held in Was basque of the blouse, which stuck out | ington, D. C., next October: Rev. over the hips below the belt. There Frederick W. Taylor of Springfield, was a great bea of the for at the throat, Rev. W. D. Dresser of Champaign, Rev. F. A. De Rossett of Cairo, Rev. There was the smartest of little fur J. G. Wright of Greenville, M. F. Gilbert of Cairo, Judge W. J. Allga of one side, held by a jeweled ornament, | Springfield, Judge Thomas W. Foley of Lincoln, and Major Blueford Wilhad fur gnantlet tops. But the boots son of this city. The next convention will be held in Cairo the second Tuesday in December, 1898.

Mrs. Flone Van Schanck Sucs.

Mrs. "Flone" Van Schanck, the wife of John Van Schaack, begun two suits in the Cook circuit court against Peter Van Schaack, her father-in-law. In one of them she asks for \$75,000 damages and in the other \$50,000. The suit for the larger amount is brought for alleged alienation of the affections of the plaintiff's husband. In the other the plaintiff charges Peter Van Schaack with libel. Nov. 16 last Mrs. "Flone" Van Schaack obtained a ers. Their names are Miss Grace Fair. Judgment in Brooklyn against Peter Van Schaack for \$65,000. The supreme (court refused to affirm the decision. No declarations were filed in the suits begun. Attorney Mack, Mrs. Van Schaack's counsel, says he has a large tin case full of letters and documents of the existence of which he says Mr. Van Schaack is aware, upon which it

> General State Items. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad is encouraging the establishment of a beet sugar factory at Quincy. Industrial Commissioner Ross of the "Q" is said to have found one-half of the capital necessary to build a plant. and the citizens of the town will meet the proposition half-way, financially. Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has imported seed from the great beet producing countries of Europe, and Quincy will be supplied with a large quantity with which experi-

Waukegan.-Mayor Pearce has received a circular letter from the secretary of the navy asking for bids on the proposed government armor plate plant. The bids are to be for site. buildings or machinery, either or all, and must be received by Jan. 29 next. The site is to include about 160 acres of land. There are to be ten steel buildings of various sizes erected. The factory is expected to cost over \$3,-909,000 and to employ 1,000 men.

ments will be made next summer.

Odin-St. Louis parties have purchased 400 acres of land on the Hurd farm here, on which it is proposed to engage in the cultivation of chicory, the roots of which are extensively amployed as a substitute for coffee, and is also cultivated for feeding cattle, the blanched leaves sometimes being used as salad. Capital has been of tained to carry on the culture, the se having been found to be well adapted for the purpose.

H. W. Tiernan, a publisher at 180 Monroe street, Chicago, was held up and robbed of \$20 and a diamond ring. worth \$150, the other morning in daylight by two armed men at 31st street and Lake Park avenue. Mr. Tiernan le a cripple and was unable to re-

Peorla.-John G. Hilgers, a prominent German citizen, died here at the age of 77. He was compelled to leave Germany on account of his participation in the revolution of 1848. lived for a time in Chicago late years in Peorle.