

BRIEF DISPATCHES FROM VARIOUS POINTS.

Couch Huff Is Now a Benedict—Deputy for the Diocese of Springfield—A Seasonal Visit to Chicago—General Items.

Couch Huff a Benedict. Champaign Special: Emanuel Episcopal church was crowded tonight by the many friends of the contracting parties to witness the marriage of Mr. George A. Huff and Miss Katherine Naughton.

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."

Mrs. Fione Van Schaack Dies. Mrs. "Fione" Van Schaack, the wife of John Van Schaack, began two suits in the Cook circuit court against Peter Van Schaack, her father-in-law.

General State Items. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad is encouraging the establishment of a beet sugar factory at Quincy.

Waukegan—Mayor Pearce has received a circular letter from the secretary of the navy asking for bids on the proposed government armor plate plant.

Peoria.—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.

AN EIDER DUCK FARM

GATHER ALONG ICELAND'S ROCKY COAST.

Nesting Grounds of the Birds—How the Eggs Are Protected by the Fluffy Feathers That Are So Priced in Every Country.

(Special Letter.) T was near Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, that I first made the acquaintance of eider ducks, says Elizabeth Taylor.



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.



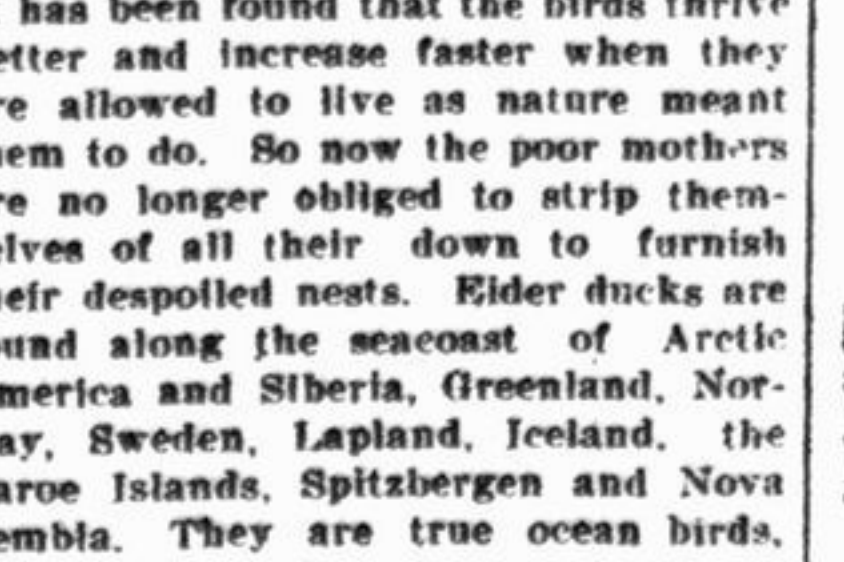
GATHERING DOWN.

harmonized with the gray rocks and dead grasses around me that I could hardly distinguish the ducks at a distance of a few paces.

That was the trouble! Accustomed as they were to the simple kerchief, or the small black "hufa" worn by Icelandic women, with its heavy silk tassels hanging down on one side, they had taken umbrage at my straw traveling hat with its "perky" ribbon bows.

HANDY WITH AX AND HATCHET

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.

Closing the Season.

"At any rate, my wheel is of the latest pattern." "I have noticed that it really gets in last."—Hilltop Journal.

THE GATES OF LADY JANE'S PLACE.

When 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.

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.

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

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



SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER.

It is a trifle late for the place. Then on by the Engadine, Italian Lakes, and to Marsailles. After that to Algiers for several months.

"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 adieu.

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

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

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

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY.

Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Out 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.

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.

"Well, what do you propose to do about the rent?" "Constant tax-paying from tomorrow—oh, she's not so bad, my father can fix it all right."

DO NOT FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF

JOHN STRANGE WINTERS INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

T was in the sweet month of September, the soft afternoon of a day that had been hot even on the borders of the North Sea, which sends its breezes flying over the part of Essex which is not flat and marshy, but

rich and undulating, and fair and pleasant to look upon. In London the people were gasping for breath, but here, though the day had been fairly 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, half hall, half farm-house—a house with a long red-brick front, and a sort of terrace-garden 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 evident that she did not want to talk about the owner of the dog-cart, but the soldier went on without heeding: "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 "T" suddenly flashed into his mind that there would be no gentlemen farmers in smart dog-carts 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-drive leading to the house.

CHAPTER II.

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

thought of her beauty, her soft blue eyes, and fair, wind-tossed hair, of the grace of her movements, the strength and skill of her play, the sweet, half-shy voice, the gentle manner with now and then just a touch of roguish fun to relieve its softness.

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

And then he pulled himself up with a laugh to think how fast his thoughts had been running on—why, he had scarcely noticed himself already, and he had been thinking of her so long!

TURNED AND WALKED ON. "I should ever want to be shown round Colchester, or the lions, or any of the things that they show you."

