INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.-(Continued.) mer mistress' arms, and a great fuss did she make over it. In the midst of it. Dick Alymer, knowing that his fretful horse was dancing about on the other side of the house, said goodby again and escaped. "And, by Jove!" he said as he turned out of the gates, "she does not know my name either. I seem bound to be mysterious today. somebow or other. Evidently she mistook me for Halbes-or; rather, she mistook me for the other in the matter of names. Ah, well, she's going Away tomorrow, and I don't suppose Wantil see her again, or that it matters In the least whether she calls me Har-Ms. or Haines, or Alymer," and then

man, will you?" He slackened the pace, however, when he got to the turn of the road front of the Hall where "she" lived. and the horse crawled up the side of the hill as if it had been an Alpine hight instead of a mere bend of the road. But there was no sign of her. As he passed he caught a glimpse of the gay flower-beds and a big tabby cat walking leisurely across the terrace, but Dorothy Strode was not to be seen and when Richard Aylmer recognized that fact he gave a jerk to the reins and sent the horse flying along in the direction of Colchester as fast as his four good legs would carry him.

he added to the horse, "Get along, old

CHAPTER III.



OROTHY STRODE said very little to her aunt about the gentleman who had brought her home from Lady Jane's templs party. Not that she voluntarily kept anything back, but in truth there was very little for her to tell,

Internage of love in an bloquent one. and self at the principal

from Colchester, having been fetched wieteria which had seen better days, me mercifully hope, would never see were than mey enjoyed in aleek combet at present, she dutifully—ay, and scription of the party. How Lady Jane had specially asked for her and had sent her dear love to her; how Mine Dimedale had had to go and see that tiresome lawyer on that particular afternoon; how Lady Jane had told er that her new white frock was exwith and that she ought always to war full sleeves because they became her so well, and finally how there had enions of the officers from Colchester at the party and she had been his partner in several games of tennis, and dually that Lady Jane had sent him to see her safely to the gate. "Our gate, I mean, Auntie," said Dorothy, not righting to convey a false impression. "And David Stevenson, he wasn't there, I suppose?" said Miss Dimsdale, as she sipped her claret.

"No, Auntie, he wasn't," Dorothy answered. "You see, Lady Jane does not like David Stevenson very much." "I know that," said Miss Dimedale

the whole Miks Dimsdale would bet Denoticy to marry David s, who was young and a good follow to make a good husband. had a well-kapt valuable farm o or hundred scree a mile or two from waveleigh, with a convenient and ious house thereon, of which he very anxious to make Dorothy But Dorothy had, with te perversity, said may over and gain, and she seemed in no desire se her mind now. Miss Dimeand a sigh as she thought of the David Stevenson's mother had dearest friend but all the me was not the woman to try

Harris asked me if he migh If he might come and see me." Dorothy presently, after

Harrist and who is Mr. Har-

of a gallant too easy and pleasant to In a moment the kitten, a little the him. "Well, we shall see what he is worse for wear and tear, was safely in like when he comes, if we happen to be at home."

> She began then to tell Dorothy all about her day in Colchester. What the lawyer had said, how she had been to the bank, and looked in at the saddler's to say that the harness of the little cob which ran in the village cart must be overhauled and generally looked to. Then how she had found time to go in the fancy-work shop and had bought one or two new things in that line, and last of all how she had been in to the jeweler's to get a new watch-key and had there seen a wonderful belt of silver coins which some one had sold for melting down, and this had been offered to her at such a reasonable price that she had been tempted to buy it.

"Auntie!" cried Dorothy.

"Oh, I did not say it was for you. which skirted the sloping meadow in | child," said Miss Dimsdale promptly. Dorothy's face fell, and Miss Dimsdale laughed, "There, child, there, won't tease you about it. There it is on the chimney-shelf."

> And Dorothy naturally enough jumped up and ran to open the box in which the belt was packed, opening it eagerly, and uttering a cry of delight when she saw the beautiful ornament lying within. It was a lovely thing. and in her pleasure and pride at the possession of it Durothy almost forgot her new admirer, Mr. Harris, #

Not quite though, for when she slipped it on over her pretty white dress and ran to the pier-glass between the windows of the drawing-room to see the effect of it, she suddenly found herself wondering how he would think she looked in it, and instantly the swift color flashed into her checks, so that she hardly liked to turn back to face the gaze of her aunt's calm, farseeing eyes.

Miss Dimsdale meanwhile had walked to the window, and was looking out into the soft evening dusk.

"Some one is coming along the wery little that she could tell. The drive," she said. "I think it is David Stevenson."

A gesture of impatience was Dordecerned you cannot give to othy's answer, a gesture accompanied mother the history of a pressure of by an equally impatient sound, but she the hand or a look of the eyes, and still never thought of making good use of her of a tone of the voice which tells her time and escaping out of the room, all too elequently of the state of as a girl brought up in a town might sellings which you cause in that other | have done. No, she left the glass and went across the room to the table Tet when Miss Dimedale came home | where her work-basket stood, and took up an elaborate table-cover which from Wrabness Station in an ancient she had been working at in a more or less desultory fashion for six drawn by a pair of cobs which, let | months past, and by the time David Stevenson was shown in she was stitching away as if for dear life, Miss Dimedale, on the contrary, did not with pleasure gave her an animated move from the window until she heard the door open, then she went a few steps to meet him.

"Good evening, David," she said very sorry she was, and everybody else, that | kindly. "How very nice of you to come in tonight! We have not seen you for a long time."

> "No. I've been dreadfully busy." he answered, "and I am still, for the mat ter of that. But I hadn't men you for a long time, and I thought I'd come over and see how you were getting on."

"That was very good of you," said Miss Dimsdale; then she moved to the



SOME ONE IS COMING. and rang it. "We will have light; the evenings are closing in very

"Yes," he answered. Then he went across where already his eyes had wandered to Derothy who was bravely sewing away in the

"How are you, Dorothy?" he asked "I am quite well, thank you, David," she replied, just letting her hand rest

for a moment in his "I saw you this afternoon," he went on, seating himself on a chair just in

front of her. "Why, yes," said Dorothy; "you tool your hat off to me."

He was fine-grown, good-looking fellow, big and strong and young, with the unmintakable air of a minn who is own master; but In Dorothy's mind a vision rose up at that moment of another young man, who was also big and strong, and very unlike David ild servant can

Miss Dimedale, in dismay. "Oh, I will come at once. Dorothy, stay and talk to David," she added, for Dorothy had made a movement as if she, too, wanted to go and hear more about Janet's trouble.

CHAPTER IV.

OWEVER, in the face of her aunt's distinct command, she had no choice to remain where she was, and she took up the work again and began a-stitching vehemently as if she would fain sew her vexation into the

pretty pattern. David Stevenson, on the contrary, was more than well satisfied at the way in which matters had fallen, and inwardly blessed that trouble of Janet Benham's as much as Dorothy did the contrary. He jerked his chair an inch or so nearer to hers, and leaned forward with his elbows upon his knees. Dorothy sat up very straight indeed, and kept her attention strictly upon her work.

"Who was that fellow I saw you talking to this afternoon, Dorothy?" he

"A man that Lady Jane asked to see me home," answered Dorothy, promptly.

"Oh, you have been to Lady Jane's?" in a distinctly modified tone.

"Yes, I had been to Lady Jane's," returned Dorothy, matching a bit of yellow silk with minute care. "Why didn't you go?" "Because I wasn't asked," said he

curtly. "Lady Jane never asks me now -she's taken a dislike to me." "Well, I can't help that," said Dor-

othy, indifferently. "I don't know so much about that,"

he said, rather gloomily. "I think you might if you liked. Not that I want you to trouble about it, or that I care a single brass farthing about Lady Jane or her parties. In any case, should only go because I might meet you there."

"Oh, that's a poor enough reason," cried Dorothy, flippantly.

There was very little of the mute lover about David Stevenson, and whenever he found that Dorothy was, in spite of good opportunities, slipping further and further away from him. he always got impatient and angry.

"Well I don't know that you're far wrong there," he retorted, in a tone which he tried with the most indifferent success to make cool and slighting. "However, her ladyship has left of asking me to her entertainments of late, and I don't know that I feel any the worse man for that. So you met that fellow there, did you?"

"You don't suppose I picked him up on the road, do you?" demanded Dorothy, who was getting angry, too.

David drew in his borns a little. 'No, no, of course not," he said soothingly. "I had no right to ask anything about him, only everything you do and everyone you speak to interests me. I wanted to know who he was, that was all,"

"Then," said Dorothy, with a very dignified air, "you had better go and ask Lady Jane herself. She can tell you, and I am sure to will. I know very little about the gentleman-just his name and very little besides."

David Stevenson sat back in his chair with a groan; Dorothy Strode stitched away furiously, and so they sat until Miss Dimsdale came back again. "H'm," her thoughts ran, 'quarreling again."

Dorothy looked up at her aunt and spoke in her softest voice. "What was the matter with Janet, auntle?" she

(To be continued.)

HOW BISMARCK BECAME RICH German Writer Says the Chanceller

Appeniated on State Secrets. From London Truth: A pamphlet has recently appeared in Germany entitled "Bismarck and Bleichroeder." Its author is a member of the old Junker party of the name of Diebat Daher, and it professes to give some curious details in regard to the present fortune of the ex-chancellor and how it was acquired. After the German war of 1870 the prince received from the country two estates of no great value, which coupled with his own paternal estate, brought him in a fair revenue. He then left Bleichroeder to look after his private monetary affairs, with the result that he now has a fortune amounting to 150,000,000 marks, This, the author contends, can only have been made by stock exchange speculations, based on the knowledge that the prince derived from his position a the head of the German government, and which he confided to Bleichroeder. That, with the cares of empire on his shoulders, he left his monetary affairs in the hands of his banker is very possible, and equally possible is it that his banker did the best for his client But I should require a good deal more evidence than is afforded in this pamphlet to believe that the prince speculated on state secrets in partnership with a Hebrew financier or that his fortune is now anything like 150,000,

Proof Positive. Dasherly---"Too loesn't like her husband." Why, I thought she did,"



UNDER THE MISTLETOE! TO THEIR CHEEKS THE WARM BLOOD FLIES AS INTO HER EYES LOOK HIS, BUT-THERE ARE OTHER EYES.



ago was a different affair from what | self and stay without, And the King- | a book of forty pages entitled "Chats it is now. I never think of Christmas dom of Heaven is like the child-like, with Mothers," which every mother in those days without thinking of a of those who are easy to please, who should read. They desire agents lovely winter day, bright with sun- love and who give pleasure. Mighty and the right person (woman preferred) shine, and snow everywhere; large men of their hands, the smiters and can secure exclusive agency in their drifts, through which the horses flour- | the builders and the judges, have lived town.-Chicago Opinion. dered as they drew the stout sled, on long and done sternly, and yet prewhich was the wagon-bed filled with served this lovely character; and hay, and covered with blankets and among our carpet interests and twobuffalo-robes, where we cuddled down, penny concerns, the shame were inas we rode merrily away to spend delible if we should lose it .- From a Christmas at grandpa's. We could Christmas Sermon by Robert Louis hardly wait till the horses stopped, so Stevenson, eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of 'Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us; but a kiss all around was usually the way we paid off our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and

A bright fire burned in the fireplace, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen, where a cooking stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffeeboiler sent out an odor of coffee strong

merry jokes.



A BRIGHT FIRE BURNED.

and fragrant, while a long table cover ed with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were called to dinner. No one was left to wait and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with manner of good things in the way vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosycheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's are unbealthy. On the northern shore

The Childilke Mind.

Christmas is not only the mile mark

of another year moving us to thought of self-examination, it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of every ill, however slight, especially it deavors is a man tempted to sadness. or cold, and thus, in many instances, And in the midst of the winter, when prevent diphtheria or some other sehis life runs lowest and he is remind- rlous ailment the presence of which is ed of the empty chairs of his beloved, not even suspected. Pleasant to it is well be should be condemned to take. It can be procured by this fashion of the smiling face. Noble | sending the price \$1.00 per botdisappointment, noble self-denial are the to the Muco-Solvent Company. not to be admired, not even to be par- | 356 Dearborn street. Chicago, upon doned, if they bring bitterness. It is receipt of which they will send it, one thing to enter the Kingdom of charges prepaid. Christmas in the country forty years | Heaven maim; another to maim your-



From every spire on Christmas eve. The Christmas bells ring clearly out Their message of good will and peace, With many a call and silver shout, For faithful hearts, the angels' song Still echoes in the frosty air, And by the altar low they bow In adoration and in prayer,

The stars are holy signs to them. And from the eyes of every child Looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem But there are others, not like these,

are crossed. To whom the season brings no cheer. And life's most gracious charm is

Whose brows are sad, whose hopes

To whom that story, old and sweet, Is but a fable at the best; The Christmas music mecks their eara, And life has naught of joy or rest. Oh! for an angel's voice to pierce

The clouds of grief that o'er them

The mists of doubt and unbelief That veil the blue of Christmas skies,

That they, at last, may see the light

For Christ the treasures of their hearts Richer than spicery or gold. Hope of the ages, draw Thou near,

Till all the earth shall own Thy sway, in time to chase the snakes out of And when Thou reign'st in every heart, Eden. It will indeed be Christmas day, -Eleanor A. Hunter.

The King Smiled. King Rooster-"Redcomb!" Redcomb-"Yes, sire." K. R .- "What is the cause of this unusual excitement in the court?" R .- "Tis the preparations for the

K. R .- "The annual feast?" R .- "Yes, sire." K. R. (anxiously)-"Are we in any mmediate danger?"

usual Christmas feast, sire."

R .- "No, sire. It is only the females and young males." K. R.-"And those 'up-te-date' hone

who have been the pest of the court lately with their attempts to imitate me, are they included?" R .- "All, sire."

K. R.-"Excellent! Perhaps this may serve to teach them that they only deceive themselves by their egotism: that no matter how loud they crow, the world still regards them as hens."-O.

Reliable Data About California. An American geography printed in 1812 contains this interesting information: "California is a wild and almost amknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they

DIPHTHERIA IN WISCONSIN.

Town in Loss Than Four Wooks. A preventive and cure for diphtheria, croup, tonsilitis, quinsy and all throat troubles recently placed upon the market has achieved such marvelous success as to greatly stir up the medical fraternity. Its power over diphtheria seems almost miraculous, as it stops its spread as if by magic.

Grantsburg, Wisconsin, population less than four hundred, was visited by a terrible epidemic of diphtheria, during which fifty-three of its inhabitants died in less than four weeks. After much urging by the friends of Muco-Solvent, the authorities decided to use it, and thereupon telegraphed for a large supply, which arrived the next day at 4 o'clock, and by 6 o'clock every man, woman and child in Grantsburg were taking Muco-Solvent, with the result that not another death occurred, whereas, up to the very hour its use was commenced, not a day, for two weeks, had passed without from one to five deaths. Many other epidemics have been quickly stamped out by Muco-Solvent, notably at Madison, Polar, Winnecoune and Neenah, Wisconsin.

We earnestly advise every mother to procure Muco-Solvent and keep it U the house ready for prompt use for joy. A man dissatisfied with his en- accompanied with sore throat, cough

They will upon application, send free

Plague Continues.

The plague continues to spread in India, in spite of al sanitary efforts for its extirpation. Its progress slow in comparison with most e demics, but it is the hardest of the all to uproot entirely. It is several years since the present malady started on its course from China, and the history of previous visitations justifies the conjecture that it may yet have a long road to travel. Russia's plague of 1878 hovered about the countries of western Asia for a decade before it advanced northward. In 1867 it appeared at Hagdad; in 1870-71 Kurdistan was invaded; and in 1873 Bagdad suffered anew. In 1877 it appeared at Recht, an important city of northern Persia, near the port of Ensell, from whence it was carried northward in Caspian ships and planted in the populous but malarious and unwholesome deltas of the Volga. Russia did not get rid of it for a number of years. and stray cases of it appeared in other European countries, to which it has been a periodical visitor since their history began. It may come again, but it is not now armed with its old ter-

Salzer Seed Co.'s Great Free Exhibition

This car is making its third annual tour through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and lows, stopping at all principal stations in the rural districts. The rare display of seed products made by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., in this car is well worth going miles to see.

Swedish Expedition.

Owing to the contributions from King Oscar and several private persons, the dispatch of a Swedish expedition to the Polar regions in 1838 is now assured. The leader will be Professor A. G. Nathorse, the geolo-Which shines from Bethlehem and gist. The cost, of the expedition is estimated at 79,900 kroner.

> What a blessing it would have been to humanity had St. Patrick been born

> DROPST treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

> It is the small things of life that are most annoying. Even the little mosquito bores one dreadfully.

> We will forfelt \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be nos THE PISO Co., Warren, Pa.

A man has a rattling old time when he throws dice for the drinks.

To Cure Constinution Forester Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 160 or 25c. if C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

When a man marries a penniless girl he takes her at her face value.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE BATA Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablete.
Druggists refund the money if it fails to pur

A husband is a plaster that cures the ille of girlhood.-Moliere. Oper's Cough Bullents a the oldest and best. It will broug up a call quiet has expended one. It always reliable. By its

It is easier to be good than greatthere is less opposition.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syntal For children teething softens the gums, redness matten, allays pain, cures wind colfe. M dente p There are now 250 granges in ing order in Mak