

LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER I.

DICK AND DOROTHY.

"With you, my infernal young idiot, I haven't got the patience of a mouse. I hope I'll live to repent it. Meantime keep me of my way, and don't expect more than four hundred a year, because you've got it. And if I hear of your marrying anybody under a hundred thousand pounds I'll cut off your allowance. After that you are free we can think about it. It is just to tell you that if I have a chance I shall marry again in the hope of having a heir of my own. Yours, AYLMER."

When she received from Lieutenant Dick the letter that his amiable uncle, Lord, had written to her, she was in a state of mind which she never before received from a young man to receive when he contemplated marrying a girl with a fortune of a thousand pounds! But he made up his mind that would marry Dorothy Strode, in spite of all the angry uncles in the world, and marry her he did privately, just as if that letter had never been written.

It was as Mr. and Mrs. Harris that Dick and Dorothy went out hand in hand to face the world together.

Fortunately, under the circumstances, there was no one to interfere with Dorothy's plans. Her aunt, Miss Dimsdale, was dead, and a distant cousin, who lived in Egypt, was the only surviving relative.

It was not likely that she would meet David Stevenson again. She had left him behind her with her old life at Graveleigh, miserable enough, she was sure, for his love had been very strong and sincere, and would probably haunt his life to the end.

There was no one, in short, to remind her of the past but Barbara, an old retainer of her aunt's, who adored her young mistress and would not be parted from her.

Six months had gone by—six glorious and blissfully happy months, during which Mr. and Mrs. Harris kept their secret well, and Dick was all the world to his wife, Dorothy.

During two of these months they remained abroad, living in the smaller towns on the Riviera, seeking no interest beyond themselves, but leading a quiet, peaceful life of love, of which neither had become the least weary when Dick's leave was up and it was time for him to go back to his duty.

Now, as the forty-third were still quartered at Colchester, it became a question of some importance for them to decide where Dorothy should take up her abode after this. Colchester or its immediate neighborhood was, of course, an impossibility, as her whereabouts might at any moment be discovered, and also Dick's real name. Dick suggested that she might go to Chelmsford and take rooms there for the time; but Dorothy had stayed more than once in that sleepy little town, and it was therefore almost as impossible as Colchester itself. So finally they agreed that there was no place to hide oneself and have a good time all the same, and therefore they came back to town during the last week of Dick's leave, and they took a little flat in Kensington, just where Dorothy and Barbara could get on very comfortably without any other servant, and yet could be near to good shops and a tolerably lively street.

"I'm afraid you'll be awfully dull, darling," he said to her when they had taken possession, and their last evening had come, "because, of course, you won't know any one, and you are not at all likely to get to know people."

"I shall have Barbara," said Dorothy, smiling bravely.

"Yes, you'll have Barbara, but Barbara won't be much company for you," he answered. "I do hate all this concealing. I hate leaving you at all, and I hate having to live, as it were, on the sly, and I'm afraid always that some one you know or one of the fellows will be seeing you, and that they may get hold of a wrong idea altogether, and—and—I sometimes feel as if I should like to kill that old savage at Aylmer's Field."

"But, Dick dear, nobody will see me and if they do they will think I am Dorothy Strode still. Remember, I don't know many people in all the world, and none of your officers know me at all, and if they even happened to see me with you they wouldn't think anything of it. Really I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, dearest, and as for my being dull—why, I never am dull. I never have been used to having more than one person at a time—Auntie all my life, and now you. I shall get on splendidly with Barbara, and I shall always be able to look forward to the days when you will be coming home."

"And I shall come like a bird whenever I get the ghost of a chance," he cried, tenderly.

"And I," cried Dorothy, "am going to make a study of gowns, I have always been used to make my ordinary gowns, and I shall have lots of time, and I am going to begin as soon as you are gone. I am going to make myself some beautiful tea-gowns; they will make me look married and dignified—they will make you respect me sir."

"But you don't want to look married and dignified," he cried, half alarmed. "Suppose you meet some one you know, and—"

"I shall not be wearing a tea-gown, Dick," cried Dorothy, with a gay laugh. "Ah! no, no, of course not," he answered relieved. "All the same, though, did you not tell me the other day that you had a cousin somewhere or other?"

"Oh, Esther! Yes, but she," carelessly, "is in Egypt."

"But, my dear child she won't be in Egypt always," he rejoined; "and if she comes back to London, which she is sure to do—"

"By no means, Dick," interrupted Dorothy, quietly. "Esther is just as likely to go off for the summer to New Zealand or Finland as to come to London. And she would not specially hunt me up if she did come here. She is beautiful, and rich, and very independent in her mind, but she is six years older than I am, and thinks very little of family ties. In any case, supposing

that I met her in London to-morrow, she would certainly not try to pry into my affairs, and even if I had your leave to tell her part of the truth, she is perfectly safe. I assure you that you never need worry yourself for a single moment about my cousin Esther."

So Dick was pacified, and the following day went off to Colchester—not in a very happy frame of mind, all the same. "I hate leaving you, Dolly," he said vexedly. "I hate it. I've a good mind to throw up my commission and trust to Fate and the old savage."

"Dick, Dick!" she cried, "how can you be so foolish? Supposing that the old savage did turn round on you and stopped your allowance, where would you be then? If you are in the army you have always the chance of going to India, and I don't know that I would not rather be in India as Mrs. Aylmer than have these dreadful partings here."

"No, no," he cried, hastily. "I couldn't take you out there. I've always had a sort of horror of the East, and I would do anything to avoid running any such risk."

So he went away, with a lump in his throat which made him glad he was safe in a cab, leaving Dorothy to face the next week by herself—that is to say, except for Barbara, who was jubilant at having got her long holiday over and delighted to be at work again.

To Dorothy, Barbara at this time was a wonderful study, of which she was never tired. For Barbara had been born and bred in the country, and had lived more years at Graveleigh Hall than Dorothy could remember, and her comments on town people and town ways were more than amusing.

"Ah; they did things in a queer sort of fashion at Holloway. My cousin Joe lives at Holloway—you know, Miss Dorothy—he's a plumber in quite a large way of business, and has money in the bank and two children at boarding-school learning French and music and Heaven knows what beside. Mrs. Joe used to go out every Saturday night to get her stores in for the week, as she always said—'for Sunday, I used to think. Never did I see such marketings! A quarter of a pound of butter and four fresh eggs. She regularly prided herself on these fresh eggs. 'My dear,' said I one night to her, 'them eggs have been laid at least a week, and I doubt if I should be far out if I went as far as ten days.'"

"You see, Barbara," says she, "you've been used to a country life, with newly-laid eggs, and gallons of milk and butter by the stone, and I dare say you feel a bit pinched-like here. But if I'd let myself go in butter and live on new-laid eggs at twopence a penny each—well, all I can say is, I should have had to rest content without any boarding-schools or anything put by in the bank."

"I don't say, Miss Dorothy—Mrs. Harris, ma'am, I should say," Barbara went on, in her wisest tones—"that I wish to go against my cousin Joe's wife in that respect—a thrifty wife is a crown of gold to a man that has to work for a living; but at eggs that have never seen a hen for nearly a fortnight, I do draw the line—to call 'em fresh, that is."

But although on most evenings Dorothy used to tell the old servant to bring her sewing and come and sit with her in the pretty little drawing-room. It must be confessed that at this time she found her life dreadfully dull, and as each day went by she seemed to miss Dick in her daily life more and more. For though she had been used to a quiet country home and a quiet country existence, there had always been plenty to interest her.

If you live as Dorothy Strode had been used to live all her life, you know why Janet Wennan was not at church on Sunday, and why Elizabeth Middleham's girl left that nice place at Whittington, and how Elizabeth Middleham cried for days over it, and her girl's intention to take service in London and see life. And you know all about it when Mrs. Jones has her mauve dinner-gown dyed chestnut-brown, and how it is that the rectory curtains keep clean year after year, although white silk with a delicately-tinted stripe would be ruined in three months in some houses. Yes, you know everything about everybody in the country, almost without knowing why you know it.

But in town, in London town, it is all so different. It is true that when you get known in London the gossiping is nearly as bad as if you were the centre of a small village set; but to a girl situated as Dorothy was, London is a social blank. Oh, dear, dear, it was all dreadfully slow, and before she had been a month in her new home Dorothy was pining, pining for some woman friend to talk to, to confide in, to be friends with.

Oh, course, to set off against this, there were the gay and glorious times when Dick came home, sometimes only between afternoon parade and morning stables, which meant a little dinner somewhere, a theatre after it, and a wild scramble and rush to catch a train leaving Liverpool street at some unearthly hour in the morning. At other times, however, Dick managed to squeeze a two-days' leave out of his colonel, and then Dorothy felt—ay, and said, poor child—that life was worth living, and that she would not change her lot for that of any other woman in all the wide world.

So, poor child, her life slipped by in a continual change from grave to gay, with bright spots of love set in a large surface of unutterable dullness and wearying depression.

"I wonder," she said one day to Dick, "whether, when we are tired to be always together, you will get tired of me and if I shall bore you?"

"No," said Dick, promptly. "You really think not?" eagerly.

"I don't think at all," he said, tenderly, "because I am sure of it. What makes you ask me that dearest? Have I ever looked bored or as if I was tired of you?"

"Oh, no, Dick, no!" she burst out. "Only you are so good and kind to me, and it seems so wonderful that you, who have been in the world all your life, should take so much trouble for a little nobody like me—I mean that I know nothing, how should I, after living all my life at Graveleigh?"

Dick laughed aloud at the earnestness of her face and tone.

"My darling," he said, holding her close to his heart, "I have been no more kind

and tender to you than you have been to me. You don't set half enough value on your dear self, the most precious self to me in all the world. Believe me a man does not care so much what his wife knows as what she is—and you forget what I always remember, that you might have liked the other fellow best, and you didn't."

"The other fellow," Dorothy faltered. "You mean David Stevenson?"

"Yes, I mean David Stevenson," Dick answered. "Many a girl would have taken him before a poor pauper devil, who had to ask his wife to live in a poor little hole like this. Do you know, I went round to have a look at Stevenson's place, Holiday, the other day, and when I saw it—shall I tell you what I did, my sweet-heart?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy, in a whisper. "I went round to the churchyard where she lies, our best friend, and I thanked God and her, if she could hear me, that my dear little love had given me her pure love in exchange for mine, and that Miss Dimsdale's wishes had never been to part us. Don't hurt me again by asking me doubting questions, my darling. Don't, Dorothy, don't, my dear."

"Dick, Dick!" Dorothy cried, "I never will. I love you, love you, love you!"

"And you will always love me?" teasingly.

"Oh, Dick!" reproachfully.

"Even when?"

Dorothy blushed, but she put her arm round his neck and drew his mouth down to hers. "I shall always love you best of all, Dick," she said; "and however much I may love the child, I shall love it most because of you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPEED OF WILD DUCKS AND GESE.

The Ducks Made Sixty-Six and Two-Thirds Miles an Hour, and Outfly the Geese.

Of all the migratory birds the American wild pigeon and black duck are well up towards the front as regards long and rapid flight. The speed of the pigeons can be estimated, while that of the ducks can be established by observation. Some years ago the writer and a scientific friend measured off on the shore of a large western river a line exactly three three miles long, and each took a station at opposite ends of the line. The object was to note, by means of preconcerted signals, the time a flock of wild ducks took in passing up or down the river, near the stations.

During three hours on the morning of a bright October day, observations were made of the times of passing the stations of nine different flocks. Upon comparing watches it was found that the average time was two minutes and forty-two seconds, thus showing the speed per hour to be sixty-six and two-thirds miles, or one mile in fifty-four seconds. As showing how uniform was their flight a difference was found of only five seconds between the greatest and the least intervals of time.

As numerous flocks of wild geese were daily flying in the same neighborhood observations were also taken to test their hourly speed. Two points twenty-nine and one-third miles apart were selected, both of which were connected by telegraph. We succeeded in identifying four out of seven flocks which passed over both places during the four days we were on the watch. The mean hourly speed was found to be a fraction over fifty-four miles. The wild geese has been long supposed to be the swiftest of all water fowl, but this experiment shows that he is far behind the wild duck.

Brains and Longevity.

When Bismarck and Gladstone, both beyond fourscore, are able to see the truth and to tell it better than ever before in their lives; when Prof. Blackie, the greatest student of Great Britain, lives to 85, the question of whether hard thinking shortens life is presented in a striking way. It can be answered in one way at any rate from the tables of vital statistics, which show that those who think least are apt to die soonest. It would be easy, too, to fill a column with the names of great intellectual workers who have outlived two generations of ordinary men. It against these are offset the brilliant geniuses who have died young, it will be easy enough to answer that they need not have died at all as a result of genius. It was not genius that killed Byron or Pope or Burns or Chatterton. They died of lack of self-control, which is not a necessary concomitant of great intellect. But even if it were admitted that genius is a condition of high nervous tension, apt to result in fatal reaction, it is still true that the men who do the thinking for the rest of the world nearly always outlive those who have to have their thinking done for them. The thinker who is a man of slender physique and nervous organization, so sensitive that he is almost an invalid, may still outlast two generations of stalwart beefeaters, and survive into the third, as a living illustration of the fact that the use of brains which gives so many other things, gives long life also.

A Medical Discovery.

From Germany comes the first official news of a great discovery said to cure the most dreaded of diseases, consumption and cancer. The discovery, which was announced late in March in the most serious and trustworthy medical school in Germany, is likely to receive considerable attention at the coming Medical congress in Munich. The discovery was made by Dr. Louis Waldstein, of New York, a brother of the famous archaeologist, Dr. Charles Waldstein. The new treatment, which has been perfected by studies abroad, consists of injecting minute doses of plocairpene until the lymphatic system is stimulated and the white corpuscles of the blood overcome the poisonous particles which produce disease. Dr. Waldstein's researches have gone to the fountain spring, and by enlivening its action and productiveness restores the condition of the blood, destroying poisonous germs. The importance of the discovery is thought to be far beyond those of Pasteur, Koch and others.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronically Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Berlin has no slums.
Krupp is worth \$2,000,000.
Aluminum yachts multiply.
Japan has 200 trained nurses.
China has no telegraph poles.
Zante has a petroleum spring.
Brussels will become a seaport.
Japan has a 300-year-old bank.

In parts of Peru taxes are paid in cocoa leaves and Peruvian bark.
During the last 35 years more than 1,000 varieties of postal cards have been issued.

The clothing of the women of the Sultan of Turkey costs \$7,000,000 a year, so it is said.

A physician at Copenhagen has a collection of Australian stamps for which he has refused \$25,000.
A Paris newspaper is organizing a competition of self-moving waggons, to take place on June 1.

Lady Napier, whilst skating on the ornamental water at Hampton Court Palace, fell down and broke her wrist in two places.

A fashionable dress designer in the west end of London is computed to make on an average between \$25,000 and \$30,000 a year.

The Princess of Wales has in the hall at Sandringham a pet parrot which salutes visitors by crying out, "God save the Queen!"

M. Purvis de Chavannes, the distinguished French artist, is to receive \$50,000 for decorating one room in the Boston public library.

The House of Commons has voted to expend \$175,000 for the relief of the distress in Ireland by the purchase of seed potatoes, etc.

A London firm, which has manufactured eight of the eleven cables linking the United States with England, makes 55 miles of cable each 24 hours.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, receives \$150,000 per annum, which is very far from covering her expenses, and she is invariably held over cars in debt.

Chili proposes to try the experiment of state management of railways. The government has announced its intention of buying up all the existing roads.

The late Duchess of Montrose has left £181,325, all of which is willed to her son, the Duke of Montrose, with the exception of £2,000 to London poor.

Over £11,000,000 has been paid in compensation to the Irish clergy. Most of them committed their allowances, and now the annual sum paid is only about £5,000.

Archdeacon Farrar writes to a correspondent: "I am perfectly tired of denying the absolute falseness that I have changed my views about 'Eternal Hope.'"

M. Kite, the new Japanese Minister to England, has been presented at court. He wears English clothes and his tailor has carte blanche as to style, materials and fit.

Cannon, the English jockey, has a boat-house on the Thames, and when not in training keeps himself well by rowing, swimming and hunting. He has an income that might satisfy a duke.

President Faure is still reaching out for popularity in France. He has just paid a bill of \$20,000 for a quarter of a bottle of wine supplied to every soldier in the army, with which to drink his health.

Mr. Balfour, leader of the English Conservatives, is a brilliant talker in private life. His conversation bristles with anecdotes and amusing stories, which are told with an air of drollery and genuine humor.

Westminster Abbey is to have an "Echo" organ. This will be erected in the Triforium, under the superintendence of Prof. Bridge, and it will be played from a fifth manual, connected with the large organ by electricity.

Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average people ought to live that long if they took proper care of themselves.

The Shah of Persia contemplates paying another visit to Europe. He will start in May, and go by way of St. Petersburg, where he will take the opportunity of calling on the Emperor Nicholas II., afterwards proceeding to Berlin and Paris.

Pierre Gnecco, an Italian by birth, who had lived in France for 40 years because of his intense hatred of his native country, left a fortune of \$150,000 at his death the other day. Fearing that it would go to Italy he distributed all his money among his servants.

The new Czar of Russia is a great worker and shows remarkable capacity for taking in and digesting details. He is very methodical about his work and takes up public business at an early hour in the morning, often working steadily until late at night.

The Prince of Wales, as grand master of English Freemasons, has constituted the Transvaal a separate Masonic district, and has appointed George Richards, of Johannesburg, who, for thirty years past, has held a leading position in that quarter, its first grand master.

In 16 months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over 30 miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have \$20,000,000, and they have been fooling with the thing off and on for 300 years.

Vice Admiral Ito of the Japanese navy, and Admiral Ting, of the Chinese navy, were intimate friends, and it is said that a few days before the surrender of the latter at Wei-Hai-Wei the former advised him by a personal letter, to take refuge in Japan until the troubles were over.

A new lighthouse will be built on Pen-march Point, off the coast of Brittany, and will be known as the Ekmuhl light-house. It will contain an electric light of 40,000,000 candle power casting a beam which can be seen a distance, in clear

weather, of 33 miles, and in foggy weather a distance of 21 miles.

One of the deepest spots yet discovered in the Pacific Ocean is near the Friendly Islands in latitude 24 deg. 37 min. south longitude 175 deg. 8 min. west. The depth there found was equal to about five English miles, and is said to be something like 5,000 feet greater depth than had yet been found in that vicinity.

A watch has been invented which measures distance by sound. The inventor, a French officer named Trouvenin, has called the instrument a phonolemeter. To operate it a little button is pressed at the instant of the flash and again at the sound. In the meantime a needle traverses a dial registering time to the one-tenth part of a second. The rest is a mere matter of calculation.

THE DITTY BOY MUTINY.

What Threatened to be a Serious Mutiny Overcome by the Kindness and Tact of the Two Nates.

A curious instance of "how small a matter kindliest strife" was many years back afforded in connection with the boxes in which English seamen keep their needles and such-like things. These same "ditty boxes" were in former days very nearly the cause of a serious mutiny in one of the flagships, in which the not overwise commander, upon newly joining, began the practice of throwing overboard any such boxes he caught sight of on going his morning rounds of inspection, considering that they spoiled the effect of the sets of china with which all the men's mess tables were adorned.

It happened that numerous visitors, generally escorted by this commander, came to see the flagship and, of course, admired the neatness of the crew's mess places, and especially the show of china, which was pointed out with pride by him. One afternoon, however, after there had been during the morning an especial search for and large capture of boxes, which were then thrown overboard, the seamen, justly enraged at this destruction of their little necessities, rose en masse, and smashed the whole of the much-admired crockery. The marines, however, would not follow suit, and effectually resisted the efforts to smash their china made by the sailors, who desired to thus complete their works of destruction. These seamen then rushed up on the forecastle. During the destruction of crockery the overexcited mate of the lower deck kept frantically brandishing his sword, but at the rear of the marines, and quite clear of the flying fragments of crockery.

The noise made roused the commander, who, rushing up to the quarter-deck, called for the marines, and ordered them to load their muskets. At this point the mate of the upper deck and the mate of the main deck, who knew the seamen well from long and close experience, stepped up to the commander and begged him, instead of causing the marines to load, to pipe the crew down, which he did; and then these two mates went forward, and, speaking kindly, induced the seamen to go below and leave the forecastle guns, which they were casting loose, while some of their comrades were endeavoring to break open the powder magazine. Thus what threatened to be a serious mutiny was happily put an end to, leaving the seamen the unpleasant task of sweeping up their broken crockery. As might have been anticipated, nothing further occurred; for all good officers, who have an intimate knowledge of the seamen of the royal navy, can bear witness to their attachment to judicious officers, as well as to their great loyalty to duty.

HERE'S A GORGEOUS PALANQUIN Built for a West African Chief to Ride In.

A Birmingham firm has just completed a palanquin which a firm trading in Central Africa intends as a present for a native chief. The body of the vehicle consists of a spring mattress supported on a frame which is carried by a pair of lancewood shafts sixteen feet long. The mattress is jointed, and there is a well in the centre of the vehicle, so that the occupant of the palanquin may adopt a sitting, reclining or a recumbent attitude, the couch being cushioned with thick horsehair cushions, upholstered in silk taborette. The canopy, consisting of fine blue cloth curtains with a gold and silk border and festoons of terra cotta silk, has a pyramidal roof, surmounted by a crown, while the brasswork of the frame has finials designed from the barbed spearheads in use in the chief's district. The structure would be handsome in its way but for the fact that the woodwork of the body has painted upon it, in large letters, on either side, the name and title of the chief—namely, "Coffee Adam—Iron Bar Duke." This feature, for which the manufacturer is not responsible, is expected to particularly please the dusky potentate, but it is fatal to the artistic pretensions of the design.

The Queen and Precedence.

A London paper tells a story illustrating Queen Victoria's well-known strictness in the matter of precedence. As she was about to take a train with the Empress Frederick at Paddington station recently, she reached the door of her saloon carriage first; she drew back at once, however, and motioned the Empress to go in before her.

The Empress protested, and for a few seconds there was a little argument between mother and daughter as to which should have precedence, and the Queen laughingly insisting, the Empress finally yielded before her mother. This was a striking example of the Queen's punctiliousness in observing of the rank of her daughter and guest. Concerning this matter of precedence it seems a little odd that the Duchess of York, who is the mother of the probable future ruler of England, is yet quite low in the ranks at court. The Queen's daughters and daughters-in-law all have precedence of her; her place at a drawing-room is between the Duchess of Albany and the Duchess of Teck. One wonders, if her son shall reach the throne, whether her rank will be raised.