

Don't Forget OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE
WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"The devil take those fellows," Dick was saying to himself at that moment, as he drove along. "They have either got a clue or they've turned suspicious. Snooks the other day and Laurence now. I shall have to make up my mind to scrow things up to a climax."

But he had not now much fear that the climax would be a disagreeable one for him; and he drove along over the muddy roads as gayly as ever he had done between the sweet September hedgerows. Yet when he drew up in front of the Hall it struck him that there was something strange about the place. For one thing, the usual neat and well-kept gravel was cut up, and in one place the low box-hedge which skirted the now empty flower beds was cut and crushed as if a careless driver had driven over it.

He was not long left in doubt. Old Adam came to take his horse and led him off to the stable, shaking his head with ominous sadness, and muttering something indistinctly about a bad job; and then Barbara opened the door with scared, white face, and quivering lips which could not command themselves sufficiently to tell him anything.

"Good God, what is it?" exclaimed Dick; his thoughts flying straightway to Dorothy.

But it was not Dorothy, for in two minutes she came running into the room, tried to speak, and then, scared and trembling and sobbing, she found herself somehow or other in his arms.

Dick was almost beside himself with anxiety, but he soothed her tenderly, and patted her shoulder with a gentle, "There, there, darling, don't cry like that. What is it, dear? Tell me."

But for a little time Dorothy simply could not tell him. "I've been longing for you to come," she said at last. "Oh, poor Auntie! and she is all I have in the world—in the world."

"But is she ill?" asked he. "Remember that I know nothing."

"But you got my telegram," she said, ceasing her sobs to look at him. "Your telegram? No! What telegram?"

"I sent one early this morning to you at Colchester," she answered—"To R. Harris, 40th Dragoons, Colchester." Was not that direction enough?"

"Well, scarcely," said Dick, half smiling at his own knowledge. "But about your aunt—is she ill?"

Dorothy's tears broke out afresh. "She is dying—dying," she sobbed. "The doctor says there is no hope—no hope whatever."

"But tell me all about it," he urged. "What is the matter with her? She was all right yesterday afternoon when I left. It must have been very sudden. Was it a fit?"

"Paralysis," answered Dorothy mournfully. "We were just going to bed, and Auntie got up, and all at once she said, 'I feel so strange, Dorothy; fetch Barbara; and when I came back a minute afterward she had slipped down on the floor by the sofa there and could hardly speak. We put a pillow under her head, and got Adam up, and Adam drove into Dovercourt and brought the doctor out as fast as he could; but Auntie did not know him at all. And as soon as he came in, Barbara and I knew it was all over with her, for he shook his head, and said, 'We had better get her to bed. Oh, no, it won't disturb her, she feels nothing.' But she did feel something," Dorothy added, "for when we were undressing her she spoke several times, and always the same. 'My poor little girl—Dorothy—all alone,' and here, poor child, she broke down again, sobbing over her own desolation. 'I begged and prayed her not to worry about me, but it was no good. Dr. Stanley said she couldn't hear me, and so she kept on all night, 'My poor little girl—all alone.'"

For some minutes Dick said never a word. "Dorothy," he said at last, "I should like to see her. Where is she?" "In her own bed," said Dorothy wonderingly.

"Then take me up there. Perhaps she will understand me if I tell her something."

So Dorothy took him up to the large darkened room where the mistress of the house lay dying. Barbara, filled with grief and dismay, sat keeping watch beside her, and she stared with surprise to see Dorothy come in, followed by the tall soldier, who entered with a soft tread and went up to the bed, where he stood for a moment watching the dying woman, and listening to the incoherent, mumbling words that fell from her lips. "Dorothy—little girl—no one—alone—ah!"—and then a long sigh, enough to break the hearts that heard it.

"Just pull up that blind for a minute, Barbara," said Dick to the weeping woman. "I want to speak to your mistress, and I can't tell whether she will understand me unless I can see her face."

Then as Barbara drew up the blind and let the feeble November daylight fall upon the pallid face lying so stiffly among the pillows, he laid his hand upon the nerveless one lying upon the bed-cover.

"Miss Dimsdale," he said, "do you know me?" But there was no sign.

"Miss Dimsdale, don't you know me, Dick Harris?"

For a moment there was a death-like silence, then the dying woman muttered, "Dorothy—girl—alone."

"You are troubling about Dorothy," said Dick, slowly and clearly, "and I have something to tell you about Dorothy. Can you hear me? Cannot you make me some sign that you hear me? Can you move your hand?"

But no, the hand remained perfectly still, still and cold, as if it were dead already.

"Can you make me no sign that you hear me?" Dick urged. "I must tell you this about Dorothy. It will make you quite easy in your mind about her."

Still she did not move or speak, but after a moment or so her eyes slowly opened and she looked at him.

"I see that you hear me and know me," said Dick. "You are troubling to know what will happen to Dorothy if you should die in this illness. Is that it?"

"Yes," she had managed to speak intelligibly at last, and Dick pressed the cold, nerveless hand still covered by his own.

"I want to marry Dorothy at once," he said very clearly and gently. "I should have asked you soon in any case. But you will be quite satisfied to know that she is safe with me, won't you?"

There was another silence; then the poor tied tongue tried to speak, tried again, and at last mumbled something which the three listeners knew was, "Bless you."

"Auntie, auntie," sobbed Dorothy, in an agony, "say one word to me—to me and poor Barbara, do."

The dying eyes turned toward the faithful servant, and a flickering smile passed across the worn, gray face.

"Old friends," she said more clearly than she had yet spoken. "Very happy," and the eyes turned toward Dick.

"Auntie!" cried Dorothy.

"My little girl," said the dying woman.



DO YOU KNOW ME?

an, almost clearly now. "My dear, good child, I am quite happy."

There was a moment's silence, broken only by the girl's wild sobs, and when Dick looked up again, the gray shadows had fallen over the worn face, and he knew that her mind was at rest now.

And in the quiet watches of that night Marion Dimsdale passed quietly away, just as the tide turned backward to the great North Sea.

CHAPTER VII.

DICK stayed at Graveleigh Hall until the end came, after which he bade Dorothy go to bed; and he put his horse in and drove back to Colchester, which he reached in time for the day's duty, being orderly officer for the day.

"I must stay in the barracks all tomorrow, darling; I am on duty," he explained to her; "but I'll get leave the next day and come out here in the morning. Meanwhile, will you and Barbara say nothing of the engagement between us—I want to have a long talk to you before any one else knows a single word."

And Dorothy, of course, promised, and Barbara promised too, believing quite that Mr. Harris wished to say nothing about marrying and giving in marriage while the dear mistress of the house lay cold and still within it.

It was a sad and wretched day. The news spread quickly through the neighborhood, and every few minutes inquirers came to the door to hear the details from Barbara and ask kindly for Dorothy. And about noon, by the time Dorothy had dragged herself out of bed and was sitting miserably beside the drawing-room fire, David Stevenson rode along the avenue and told Barbara that he wanted to see Miss Dorothy.

"Miss Dorothy is very poorly and upset, sir," said Barbara, who had a sort of instinct that Dorothy would rather not see this particular visitor.

"Yes, but I must see her all the same," said David, curtly. "Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room, sir," said Barbara. "But I don't think I can let

you go in without asking Miss Dorothy—"

"Do you know," asked David, with exasperating calmness, "that I am Miss Dimsdale's sole executor? No, I thought not. Then you will understand now, perhaps, that it is necessary that I should see her—to find out her wishes with regard to the funeral for one thing, and to give her authority to have her black frocks made for another;—and then, poor Barbara having shrunk away scared and trembling from this new and strange David Stevenson, whom she did not seem to know at all, he went straight to the drawing-room, going in and shutting the door behind him.

Dorothy jumped up with a cry almost of alarm when she saw who had thus entered. "There," said he, coldly, motioning her back to her chair, "don't be afraid; I shall not hurt you," and then he got himself a chair and set it a little way from hers.

"I was obliged to come and see you at once, Dorothy," he said, in a cold and formal way, "because your poor aunt made me the sole executor under her will. But first let me say how very, very sorry I am that I have to come like this. I have known Miss Dimsdale all my life, and loved her always."

Dorothy had softened a little at this, and before he had ended his sentences began to cry piteously. David Stevenson went on:

"I don't want to speak about the reason why she left me in charge of everything," he said—"at least, not just now. Of course, she thought that everything would be very different with us. And then, too, she was a good deal mixed up with me in business matters, and I believe she wished that the outside world should know as little of her affairs as possible. Now, Dorothy, it shall be as you wish; I will either simply hear your wishes about the funeral and the mourning and all that, and tell you how your affairs stand by-and-by, or I will tell you now, whichever you like."

"I would rather know the worst now," said Dorothy, in a very low voice. She knew from his manner that he had no comforting news to tell her.

"Then I will tell you," said he, in a strained tone; "and first I must ask you, did Miss Dimsdale ever tell you that she had great losses during the past two years?"

"Losses?" cried Dorothy, with open eyes. "No; I don't know what you mean."

"I feared not. Well, she had several terrible losses of money, and—and, to cut a long story short, Dorothy, I advanced her several large sums on—the security of this property."

"Then this—go on," said Dorothy.

"At that time Miss Dimsdale and I both thought that everything would be different between you and me, and, in fact, that I was but advancing money to you. We thought that the world—our little world here, I mean—would never know anything about it, and she was obliged to sell the Hall to somebody. I gave her more for it than anybody else in the world would have done, because—well, because I wished to oblige her, and to help her over this difficulty. On no account would I have disturbed her here or have taken a farthing of rent from her, if she had lived to be ninety."

"Then this is your house?" Dorothy asked.

"It is," he answered, quietly.

"But Auntie had a very large annuity," he exclaimed.

(To be continued.)

COMPLETION OF THE BIBLE.

Generally Believed to Have Been Reached About A. D. 130.

Scholars differ in opinion as to the date at which the books now found in the New Testament were completed, says the Review of Reviews, but it is probable that this was accomplished not later than 130. Many centuries have passed since the formation of the old testament, but the new was all written within a single hundred years. The decision as to which books should be received into the new canon was not so quickly reached, for the earliest fathers of the church frequently quote from other gospels, such as one "according to the Egyptians," or "according to the Hebrews," and the Syrian church accepted some books not received by that of North America, or the western church and vice versa. There is a legend that at the first ecumenical council of Nicea, 325, copies of the Christian literature then current were laid beneath the altar and the genuine books leaped out of the mass and ranged themselves on the altar. It probably contains a germ of the truth—that at this convocation it was decided that the books now received were apostolic or written under apostolic direction, and the others were spurious. Be that as it may the judgment of several generations of Christians certainly decided upon the value of these books as distinguished from many others written at about that time or later, and the council of Carthage (397) is said to have fixed the canon. The word "canon" was first used by Athanasius in the fourth century, in the sense of "accepted" or "authorized," and Jerome and Augustine held the present new testament as canonical.

Next to Man in Intelligence.

Sir John Lubbock makes the remarkable statement that "when we consider the habits of ants, their social organization, their large communities, and elaborate habitations; their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE LAW OF SELF-SACRIFICE SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, Heb. 9:22: "Without Shedding of Blood There is No Remission"—An Echo of War Times—Pictures of Carnage.

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious Sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toll. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drugging at business early and late? For fun? No, it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that sea-folding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. It is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock tomorrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on a window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain and nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three departed ones in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started upon the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indigestion; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps a mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, urges

him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she falls. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-eight years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of the honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in the cemetery? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the railroad. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and afflicted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he can not rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum, rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudiced prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense, or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition. Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony spot of obloquy in the Auburn court room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American courtroom than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

It was a most exciting day I spent

on the battle field of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont Chateau, the walls dented, and scratched, and broken, and shattered by grape shot and cannon ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the English, and the two hundred and fifty guns of the French.

Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the maledor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the Highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard twenty-five hundred men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed of a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried, 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battle field.' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French reinforcements, but he came not. Around these woods Blucher was looked for to reinforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon strode, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene of a battle that went on from twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock, on the 18th of June, until 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out, "Boys, you can't think of giving up now? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising, and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Jolly-n, the Captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The Rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the Black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demoniac, and the myriads of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our Chieftain, and battle axes struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life; but he fought on until he gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler, and the commander-in-chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures, not in bronze, or iron, or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.
Part II Might Play in a War with Spain.

Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean, was incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502, but in 1704 fell into the hands of England, who has held it ever since. While it is not a Spanish fortification, it occupies the best strategic point on the southern coast of Spain. By its position Gibraltar must be figured upon either as a strong ally or a dangerous enemy in any attack upon the Spanish seaboard, says the Boston Herald. The rock, which is 1,400 feet high, and about six miles in circumference, is honey-combed with batteries. Strong forts have been built at the water port or north end of the line wall, at Razzed Staff and at Rosia. These are armed with eighteen-ton guns in shielded embrasures. The prince of Wales, in 1876, laid the corner-stone of the Alexandra battery, which carried recently a thirty-eight ton gun. Five years ago thirty heavy guns, including two 100-ton guns, were in position at various points, but since that time the summit of the rock has been thoroughly equipped with modern guns of sufficient power to command the whole circuit of land and sea around Gibraltar. The upper part of the rock cannot be visited by civilians, and only by British officers under strict regulations. The harbor is indifferently good, but contains a dock yard fully equipped for the repairing of men-of-war. The rock is said to be garrisoned with 500 soldiers. On the opposite African shore Spain owns Ceuta, which, with England's Gibraltar, might be made to close the entrance to the Mediterranean and make it impregnable. Ceuta is chiefly used as a penal colony, and is well fortified by position on a jutting rock with projecting forts.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of a cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

It was a most exciting day I spent