

DIDNA FORGET

OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXII.

BUT he was greatly tickled by Charles' remarks, and more than once on the way home repeated to himself with a chuckle, "Dook of Middlesex! I must encourage Charles a little. 'Pon my soul, uncommonly neat—Dook of Middlesex!"

Meantime I must confess that Dorothy had gone home in what Barbara was accustomed to call "a boiling passion." Barbara happened to be coming across the little hall when she let herself in at the front door. "Miss Dorothy—my dear, what is it?" the old servant cried, her heart jumping fairly into her mouth as a dreadful idea flashed into her mind that the young mistress' hour had come.

"Barbara," said Dorothy, in a voice shaking with passion. "I take back everything that I have ever said in defense of David Stevenson—every word."

"What! have you seen him?" cried Barbara.

"I used to feel," Dorothy went on, in the same trembling tones, and without taking the smallest notice of Barbara's question, "very sorry that I could never fall in with auntie's wishes concerning him. And then, after auntie got so fond of my Dick, I wasn't sorry for David, because I thought circumstances had been a little hard for him, so I have stood up for him with all of you. But you were all right, and I take back now every word that ever I have said in his favor."

Barbara drew her into the pretty drawing room. "Sit down, my dear young mistress," she said, tenderly, "and tell me all about it."

So Dorothy sat down on the sofa and told Barbara everything about her meeting with David—what he had said and what she had said; what he had looked and what she had felt; how he had turned old Isaac out of his place and had put a grand new-fangled gardener to be Isaac's master at the Hall; and finally, how he had asked her to go back and the past would be forgotten, and he had insisted—nay, had told her plainly—but, no, Dorothy's composure did not hold out long enough for her to tell that part of her story, for when she reached that point she gave way and broke down into violent sobbing.

Barbara sat down beside her and took her into her arms, so that she might lay her head upon the old servant's ample breast and cry her heart-ache away.

"Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, presently, curiosity getting the best of her at last, "did David Stevenson dare to tell you that you wasn't married?"

"Not in so many words, Barbara," Dorothy answered, sitting up now and drying her flushed face, "but he asked me to go back and marry him," with unutterable contempt, "and he would show me what love meant—he, that turned my old friend out of his place directly Auntie died—and he said something about my turning my back on all my friends for the sake of a fellow who had brought me to this."

"David Stevenson all over," remarked Barbara, dryly. "But, my dear young mistress, you didn't let him go away thinking what he had said was true?"

"I told him I had been married for months," Dorothy replied, "and then I just said, 'Good morning' in a tone of ice, and I walked straight in without even looking at him again."

"And he saw you come in here?" Barbara cried.

"Yes," Dorothy answered. "How could I help it?"

"No, I suppose not; but, depend on it, he will go gabbling back to Grave-

out on the rubbish heap," Bell answered.

"Nay, I'll take 'em down to mine," said Isaac, in a quivering voice.

"As you like about that," said Bell, all unknowing of the tumult in the old man's breast.

And the day following that David Stevenson ordered his horse and rode away from Holroyd through Graveleigh and past the old Hall to a large and prosperous-looking farm, about a mile beyond the house where Dorothy's old friend, Lady Jane Sturt, lived. He turned in at the gates and gave his horse into the care of a man who came running out. "Is Miss Elsie at home?" he asked.

"I believe she is, sir," the man replied; "but if you'll knock at the door they'll tell you for certain."

A nice-looking country girl in a neat apron and cap came to the door.

Yes, Miss Elsie was at home, the mistress had gone into Dovecourt. Would Mr. Stevenson come this way?

He followed her into a pretty enough sitting-room, though it had but few of the little touches which had made Miss Dimsdale's drawing-room so pretty and so restful. There were shades over wax flowers, and a plaster of Paris vase containing some artificial orange-

"Yes, but he didn't look a bit as if he believed me," Dorothy returned.

"Then just let him come here and try it on," cried Barbara valiantly, and really as she stood there, a stout and comfortable figure with her arms akimbo, she looked more than a match for any ordinary man, and nobody would have believed, except such as knew her well, how utterly her courage always deserted her at a critical moment. "Let him try it on, that's all. I can give him a bit of information he won't find very much to his liking—I can tell his high and mightiness that I see you married with my own eyes."

But David Stevenson stood in need of no such information; he had not believed that Dorothy was married—she was right enough there. Still, he had realized at last that she was not for him, and that afternoon, whilst he was idly turning over the papers in the reading-room of the hotel, and wishing himself with all his heart down at Holroyd, it suddenly occurred to him that if Dorothy really was married, he would be able to get evidence of the fact by walking down the street and spending an hour and half a crown at Somerset House.

And there, sure enough, he found the record that was the death-blow of his last little feeble hope—the record of the marriage between Richard Harris, bachelor, and Dorothy Storde, spinster, bearing date now a little more than nine months old.

"Barbara Potter, witness," read David to himself between his teeth, then clenched his hand hard as it rested upon his knee, so that the glove which covered it was burst in several places. "Damn that old woman! she must have a hand in it, of course."

Then he put the great book back upon the table, and strode out along the empty echoing corridors and across the street. After a moment's hesitation, caused by the noise and throng of the street, he made up his mind.

"Hang it all, what's the good of stopping here? I'll go back home; I shan't feel it so badly there."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THREE days had gone, and still Esther Brand had not arrived in London. Each day Dorothy got more and more impatient for her presence, because, although she had never once seen David Stevenson since that morning when she had almost walked into his arms in the Kensington High street, she was so afraid that he might be lurking about the neighborhood that she never set foot outside her own door. If she had known that he was safely down at Holroyd, dividing his life between riding hard from one point of his property to another, and sitting moodily staring into the empty fire-grate, his thoughts all busily occupied in cursing at fate! However, that phase of feeling did not last long with him, for one fine September morning he went over to the Hall and wandered round the quiet old garden—a good deal of its especial charm of quaint beauty "improved" away now—where she had spent her happy childhood.

"I'll have that bed done away with," he said to old Isaac, pointing out a small, neat bed in the velvet turf, just in front of the dining-room window. "It spoils the look of the lawn; dig it up, and we'll have it turfed over."

Old Isaac looked at him hesitatingly—the old man had felt bitterly his degradation from fender to odd man, yet ten shillings a week is not to be sneezed at when its almost certain alternative is the workhouse. He hardly dared to say what was in his mind; still, the old feudal instinct, the habit of forty years was strong in him, and he ventured a timid protest.

"That were Miss Dorothy's own bed, sir," he began; "she dug it her little self, and then she'd take a turn round and have another spell o' digging after. And then, in the springtime, when the violets came out, she was werry proud of the fust bunch she took to the mistress."

"H'm," muttered David, and moved away.

"Took it better nor I thought he would," mused old Isaac, rather elated at his own boldness.

But Isaac had counted his chickens too early, for later in the day the head gardener came round to him.

"By the bye, Isaac," he said, after mentioning one or two little matters, "the gov'nor wants that little bed under the dining-room window leveled and turfed over—wants it done at once."

"I hear," said Isaac.

The old man was trembling as he turned away, and when the other was gone he stood by the little flower-bed as if it were a grave, looking down upon it with tear-filled eyes. "It's true!" he ground out between his teeth, "brute! What be I to do w' the violets, Bell?" he asked, the next time he came across his superior.

"Guv'nor said you was to chuck 'em

THAT WERE MISS DOROTHY'S BED

blossoms, which had once adorned the wedding cake of the married daughter of the house, and there were white crochet-work rags over some of the chairs, and others with fearful and wonderful designs in crewels tied up with its bits of gay-colored ribbons. Yes, it was pretty enough, but not bearable to him after the quaint and dignified air which had pervaded everything at the Hall where she had lived.

In two minutes Elsie Carrington came in, a tall, wholesome-looking girl, with fair hair that was too yellow and cheeks that were too red, and as David's eyes fell upon her I am bound to say that his very soul seemed to turn sick within him. Not that he flinched, oh, no, David Stevenson was not of the kind that flinches.

"I've come on a queer enough errand, Elsie," he began.

"Yes?" she said in a questioning tone.

"Yes! But it's no use beating about the bush; it's best to be honest and true, isn't it?"

"Of course it is." She was very much flushed and puzzled, too, but as yet she had no idea of his meaning.

"You must know as well as I do," he went on, not attempting to go a step nearer to her or even to take her hand, "that I've cared for Dorothy Storde all my life."

"Yes," said the girl, faintly.

"Well," standing up very straight and still, and with a face like marble, "that's all over now, and I want to get my life settled into shape. Holroyd wants a mistress, and I've kept the place open so long, with a piteous attempt at making fun, 'that I hardly like to offer it to any one else. Well," finding that she did not speak, "what do you say, Elsie?"

(To be continued.)

World's Most Stupendous Ruins.

The most stupendous ruin in the world is the great temple at Baalbec, an ancient city of Syria. It seems to have been a kind of Pantheon, and is situated on a magnificent platform, which rises it high above the level of the ground, and extends from east to west a distance of about 1,000 feet. The portico is at the east, and must have been reached by a grand flight of steps. It is 180 feet, or, including the pavilions 260 feet from north to south. The threefold entrance leads into the first court, hexagonal in shape, and measuring about 250 feet from corner to corner. A portal 50 feet wide gives admittance to a grand quadrangle, which extends from east to west for 440 feet, and has a breadth of 370 feet, thus including an area of between three and four acres. The peristyle of the temple proper was composed of fifty-four columns; the height of their shafts was about 62 feet, and the diameter 7 feet at the base and about 5 feet at the top. That part of the great platform on which the peristyle rests consists of immense walls built up about 50 feet from the ground and formed of thirteen courses of beveled stones. Another marvelous ruin is the Coliseum at Rome, which encloses a space of about five acres, and is said to have been capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators. Both of these are ruins of a single building. If we take into consideration groups of ruins we shall be confronted with the wonderful masses of ancient Babylon, of Memphis, of Thebes, and of the temple of Luxor and the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the cities which were buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

If a man isn't sober he should never attempt to walk a tight rope.

SANTIAGO HARD PINCHED.

Spanish Lieutenant Draws Gloomy Picture of Conditions There.

FOOD AND AMMUNITION SHORT

The Insurgents Have Cut Off Almost Every Source of Supplies—Spaniards Troops Openly Clamor for Surrender, Claiming That the War Is Simply Murder

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 27.—In letters to a Spanish friend here, received a few days ago, Ferdinand Miller, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy and second in command of the port of Santiago, says the town is in no position to withstand a long blockade. Food is scarce and ammunition is running short. Many families have left the town for the interior to escape privations, the insurgents having cut off almost every source of supplies. The troops are disheartened and disaffected and openly clamor for surrender, expressing the opinion that the war is simply murder, and saying that Spain should never have entered on the contest. They say they were morally defeated from the first and that the campaign will only result in the loss of blood, etc. Many of the Spaniards are passing over to the insurgents. Colonel Anipiano Sanchez, commanding a regiment in the Santa Clara district, has escaped in disguise and joined Garcia.

From information Sampson has received the attention of the Vesuvius will next be directed to Cayo Ramones, where is situated the powder magazine. Santiago is within range and if the magazine were exploded by a dynamite shell the occurrence would seriously embarrass the operations of Cervera's squadron.

From an authentic source it is learned that Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, has cabled for a vessel to take him off with other British subjects. The government will give no information on the matter, but the Alert, which is lying at Port Royal, has received sealed orders to proceed here. Six Cuban families in Santiago have cabled urgent messages to friends to endeavor to get them out of town, as they fear their lives are in danger from the Spanish troops when Americans attack.

These officers were wounded: Major Brodie, shot through the right forearm. Captain McClintock, Troop B, shot through the right leg. Lieutenant J. R. Thomas, Troop L, shot through the right leg. His condition is serious. All of the foregoing officers were rough riders. Other officers wounded are: Captain Knox, whose condition is serious; Major Bell, Lieutenant Byram. These officers are of the first cavalry. The following are among the soldiers wounded. Rough riders: Troop B—Privates E. M. Hill, Shelley, Fisher, M. S. Newcomb, Fred N. Beale and Corporal Rhoads. Troop E—Corporal James F. Bean, Privates Frank B. Booth, Albert C. Hartley, R. G. Bailey, H. Alvers, E. J. Atherton, Clifford Reed and Sergeant G. W. Aringo.

Troop G—Sergeant Thomas F. Cavanaugh, Corporal L. L. Stewart, Privates George Rowland, H. J. Haefer, Michael Coyle, R. M. Reid and M. Russell.

Troop L—Privates J. R. Kean, John P. Darnap, Thomas F. Meagher, Edward Calberst and Nathaniel Poe.

Tenth cavalry: Troop B—Privates Russell, Gaines, Miller, Cross, Braxton and Wheeler.

Troop I—Privates Ridd and Mayberry.

Edward Marshall, correspondent of the New York Journal and Advertiser, was seriously wounded in the small of the back.

It is probable that at least ten in the list of wounded will die.

Captain Alyn K. Capron of Troop L, Roosevelt's rough riders, who is among the killed, was a son of Captain Alyn Capron of the First artillery, and was well known in Washington. He was a second lieutenant of the Seventh cavalry, and was recently promoted to be captain in the volunteer service and was given command of Troop L of the rough riders. He was a young and dashing officer, and regarded by his superiors as one of the most promising cavalry officers in the service.

J. R. HALLOWELL NO MORE.

Once Prominent Kansan Dies at Crawfordville, Ind.

WICHITA, Kan., June 27.—Word was received here yesterday that Colonel James R. Hallowell, for ten years the leading lawyer and Republican politician of southwest Kansas, was dead at the home of his son in Crawfordville, Ind.

JUDGE FOSTER TO BE RETIRED.

The Senate Agrees to Put the Kansas Judge on Full Pay.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—A bill was passed in the Senate yesterday providing for the retirement on full pay of Cassius G. Foster, United States district judge of the district of Kansas, and the appointment of another judge.

BRITAIN EXPECTS A NEW TURN.

A Battleship Ordered to Lisbon to Protect English Interests.

LONDON, June 27.—The British first class battleship Illustrious, of 14,900 tons, sailed this morning for Lisbon under sudden orders received last night to protect British interests in view of possible war developments.

Athlone Tired of the Curfew Bell.

ALBANY, N.Y., June 27.—The city council has ordered a stop to ringing the curfew bell at 9:30 p. m., which has been done for nearly two years. There has never been an arrest for violating the curfew ordinance and no attention has been paid to the bell for a long time.

Spanish Must Be Taught in New Mexico.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 27.—The superintendent of public instruction has decided that under the statutes the teaching of the Spanish language in the public schools of the territory is compulsory.

BATTLE NEAR SANTIAGO.

Thirteen Americans Killed and Fifty Wounded—Spaniards Routed.

PLAYA DEL ESTE, CUBA, June 27.—Yesterday four troops of the First cavalry, four troops of the Tenth cavalry and eight troops of Roosevelt's rough riders, less than 1,000 men in all, dismounted and attacked 2,000 Spanish soldiers in the thickets within five miles of Santiago de Cuba.

The Americans beat the enemy back into the city, but left the following dead upon the field:

Rough riders—Captain Alyn K. Capron, Troop L. Sergeant Hamilton Fish, jr. Privates Tilman and Dawson, both of Troop L.

Private Dougherty of Troop A. Private W. T. Erwin of Troop F. First cavalry—Privates Dix, York, Bejork, Kolbe, Berlin and Lemcock. Tenth cavalry—Corporal White.

At least fifty Americans were wounded, including six officers. Several of the wounded will die.

Twelve dead Spaniards were found in the brush after the fight, but their loss was doubtless far in excess of that.

General Young commanded the expedition and was with the regulars, while Colonel Wood directed the operations of the rough riders, several miles west.

Both parties struck the Spaniards about the same time, and the fight lasted an hour. The Spaniards opened fire from the thick brush and had every advantage of numbers and position, but the troops drove them back from the start, stormed the blockhouse, around which they made a final stand, and sent them scattering over the mountains.

The cavalymen were afterwards reinforced by the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth infantry, part of the Ninth cavalry, the Second Massachusetts and the Seventy-first New York.

The Americans now hold the position at the threshold of Santiago de Cuba with more troops going forward constantly, and they are preparing for a final assault upon the city.

These officers were wounded: Major Brodie, shot through the right forearm. Captain McClintock, Troop B, shot through the right leg.

Lieutenant J. R. Thomas, Troop L, shot through the right leg. His condition is serious. All of the foregoing officers were rough riders.

Other officers wounded are: Captain Knox, whose condition is serious; Major Bell, Lieutenant Byram. These officers are of the first cavalry.

The following are among the soldiers wounded. Rough riders: Troop B—Privates E. M. Hill, Shelley, Fisher, M. S. Newcomb, Fred N. Beale and Corporal Rhoads.

Troop E—Corporal James F. Bean, Privates Frank B. Booth, Albert C. Hartley, R. G. Bailey, H. Alvers, E. J. Atherton, Clifford Reed and Sergeant G. W. Aringo.

Troop G—Sergeant Thomas F. Cavanaugh, Corporal L. L. Stewart, Privates George Rowland, H. J. Haefer, Michael Coyle, R. M. Reid and M. Russell.

Troop L—Privates J. R. Kean, John P. Darnap, Thomas F. Meagher, Edward Calberst and Nathaniel Poe.

Tenth cavalry: Troop B—Privates Russell, Gaines, Miller, Cross, Braxton and Wheeler.

Troop I—Privates Ridd and Mayberry.

Edward Marshall, correspondent of the New York Journal and Advertiser, was seriously wounded in the small of the back.

It is probable that at least ten in the list of wounded will die.

Captain Alyn K. Capron of Troop L, Roosevelt's rough riders, who is among the killed, was a son of Captain Alyn Capron of the First artillery, and was well known in Washington. He was a second lieutenant of the Seventh cavalry, and was recently promoted to be captain in the volunteer service and was given command of Troop L of the rough riders. He was a young and dashing officer, and regarded by his superiors as one of the most promising cavalry officers in the service.

J. R. HALLOWELL NO MORE.

Once Prominent Kansan Dies at Crawfordville, Ind.

WICHITA, Kan., June 27.—Word was received here yesterday that Colonel James R. Hallowell, for ten years the leading lawyer and Republican politician of southwest Kansas, was dead at the home of his son in Crawfordville, Ind.

JUDGE FOSTER TO BE RETIRED.

The Senate Agrees to Put the Kansas Judge on Full Pay.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—A bill was passed in the Senate yesterday providing for the retirement on full pay of Cassius G. Foster, United States district judge of the district of Kansas, and the appointment of another judge.

BRITAIN EXPECTS A NEW TURN.

A Battleship Ordered to Lisbon to Protect English Interests.

LONDON, June 27.—The British first class battleship Illustrious, of 14,900 tons, sailed this morning for Lisbon under sudden orders received last night to protect British interests in view of possible war developments.

Athlone Tired of the Curfew Bell.

ALBANY, N.Y., June 27.—The city council has ordered a stop to ringing the curfew bell at 9:30 p. m., which has been done for nearly two years. There has never been an arrest for violating the curfew ordinance and no attention has been paid to the bell for a long time.

Spanish Must Be Taught in New Mexico.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 27.—The superintendent of public instruction has decided that under the statutes the teaching of the Spanish language in the public schools of the territory is compulsory.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer cheerfully and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a withered plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet, the patient is soon again in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents. In the whole of Greece there are only 152 newspapers.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, the largest single subscription to the new government war loan was made by the First National Bankers Life, amounting to \$50,000.

Optimism—The philosophy with which we regard ourselves. 15 cents.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All drugists.

Liberty—The police court judge's equivalent for \$10 or ten days.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic over 1,500 years old has been found in Palestine.

To those visiting Denver we cannot say too much in praise of the American House. The table is one of the best in the country, and the service is unsurpassed any place. The artesian water used throughout the house is known everywhere for its purity. These facts and rate, \$2 per day, make it the most desirable house in Denver.

A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

COSMO BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP makes the skin soft, white and healthy. Sold everywhere.

The obstinate man is usually too weak-minded to give up.

I never used so quick a cure as Fico's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Loss a minute, and the chase of a life-time will not catch it.

Nerves Out of Tune. Just as the strings of a musical instrument get out of tune through lack of care and break out into ear-torturing discord when touched, so the human nerves get out of tune, and make every body miserable that comes in contact with them. Every tobacco-user's nerves are out of tune more or less, and the real tobacco-slave's nerves are relaxed to the utmost. No-To-Bac is the tuning-key which tightens the nerves, makes them respond quickly to the smother, resulting in the happiness of all. No-To-Bac guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong. We advise all tobacco-users to take No-To-Bac.

Who hurts your feelings, may be helping your life.

Mrs. Wm. Wainwright's Soothing Syrup For children teething—softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents bottle.

There are 40 varieties of the tobacco plant.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALL ABOUT TEXAS

A handsomely illustrated book of 200 pages descriptive of Texas and the resources of that great state will be mailed to you upon receipt of eight cents in silver postage.

T. J. PRICE, A. G. P. A., Houston, I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Tex.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use the Big G for catarrhal discharges, indigestion, irritation of bladder, etc. It is a powerful medicine, and will cure you in ten days. It is sold by all druggists.

THE BANKRUPTCY BILL WILL PASS.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—After a long hard fight the conference report upon the bankruptcy bill was agreed to by the Senate today, which practically insures the enactment of the law.



SHAKING WITH PASSION.

leigh and set her ladyship and all the rest of them on to you."

"Never mind if he does," Dorothy cried.

"But you wanted to keep it dark, my dear," Barbara reminded her.

"Yes; but it doesn't matter so much now that Dick is gone," Dorothy replied. "And, anyway, Esther will be here, and Esther will be able to ward off everybody and keep them from asking me too closely about anything. I only hope that David Stevenson won't try to force his way in here before Esther comes."

"What would be the good?" Barbara asked. "You told him you were married."