

Don't FORGET
OR,
Light Out of
JOHN STRANGE WINTER
DARKNESS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
In a moment the kitten, a little the worse for wear and tear, was safely in her 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 good-by 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, somehow or other. Evidently she mistook me for Haines—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 I shall see her again, or that it matters in the least whether she calls me Harris, or Haines, or Alymer," and then he added to the horse, "Get along, old man, will you?"

He slackened the pace, however, when he got to the turn of the road which skirted the sloping meadow in front of the Hall where "she" lived, and the horse crawled up the side of the hill as if it had been an Alpine height 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 Alymer 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.

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHY STRODE said very little to her aunt about the gentleman who had brought her home from Lady Jane's tennis party. Not that she voluntarily kept anything back, but in truth there was very little for her to tell, very little that she could tell. The language of love is an eloquent one, but when you are one of the principal persons concerned you cannot give to another the history of a pressure of the hand or a look of the eyes, and still less of a tone of the voice which tells you all too eloquently of the state of feelings which you cause in that other one.

Yet when Miss Dimsdale came home from Colchester, having been fetched from Wrabness Station in an ancient victoria which had seen better days, drawn by a pair of cobs which, let use mercifully hope, would never see worse than they enjoyed in sleek comfort at present, she dutifully—ay, and with pleasure—gave her an animated description of the party. How Lady Jane had specially asked for her and had sent her dear love to her; how sorry she was, and everybody else, that Miss Dimsdale had had to go and see that tiresome lawyer on that particular afternoon; how Lady Jane had told her that her new white frock was exquisite, and that she ought always to wear full sleeves because they became her so well, and finally how there had been one of the officers from Colchester at the party and she had been his partner in several games of tennis, and finally that Lady Jane had sent him to see her safely to the gate. "Our gate, I mean, Auntie," said Dorothy, not wishing to convey a false impression. "And David Stevenson, he wasn't there, I suppose?" said Miss Dimsdale, as she slipped 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 Dimsdale shortly.

On the whole Miss Dimsdale would have liked Dorothy to marry David Stevenson, who was young and a good enough fellow to make a good husband. He had a well-kept valuable farm of four hundred acres a mile or two from Graveling, with a convenient and spacious house thereon, of which he was very anxious to make Dorothy mistress. But Dorothy had, with a strange perversity, said nay over and over again, and she seemed in no desire to change her mind now. Miss Dimsdale gave a sigh as she thought of it—David Stevenson's mother had been her dearest friend—but all the same, she was not the woman to try to force the child's inclination.

"Mr. Harris asked me if he might call—if he might come and see me," said Dorothy presently, after a pause.

"Mr. Harris! and who is Mr. Harris?" asked Miss Dimsdale, started out of a reverie about David Stevenson's mother, who, by-the-by, unconsciously and dear friend as she was of Marion Dimsdale's, had stepped in and married the man of Marion's heart.

"Mr. Harris! He is the officer I told you about, Auntie, the one who brought me home," said Dorothy, in surprise that her aunt should not remember.

"Oh, yes—yes. And what did you say?"

"I told him that I thought he might."

"And when?"

"Oh, I told him to take his chance," Dorothy answered.

"Quite right," said Miss Dimsdale, who had no notion of making the way

of a gallant too easy and pleasant to him. "Well, we shall see what he is 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, child," said Miss Dimsdale promptly.

Dorothy's face fell, and Miss Dimsdale laughed. "There, child, there, I 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 Dorothy 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 cheeks, so that she hardly liked to turn back to face the gaze of her aunt's calm, far-seeing eyes.

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

"Some one is coming along the drive," she said. "I think it is David Stevenson."

A gesture of impatience was Dorothy's answer, a gesture accompanied by an equally impatient sound, but she never thought of making good use of her time and escaping out of the room, as a girl brought up in a town might have done. No, she left the glass and went across the room to the table where her work-basket stood, and took up an elaborate table-cover which she had been working at in a more or less desultory fashion for six months past, and by the time David Stevenson was shown in she was stitching away as if for dear life. Miss Dimsdale, on the contrary, did not 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 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 matter of that. But I hadn't seen 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.
bell and rang it. "We will have a light; the evenings are closing in very fast."

"Yes," he answered.

Then he went across where already his eyes had wandered to Dorothy, who was bravely sewing away in the dusk.

"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 took your hat off to me."

He was a fine-grown, good-looking fellow, big and strong and young, with the unmistakable air of a man who is his 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 Stevenson.

David frowned at the remembrance of the afternoon and of her companion, and just then a neat maid servant came in with a lamp, and the dusk vanished. She set the lamp down beside Dorothy, so that David Stevenson was enabled to see her face clearly.

"If you please, ma'am," said Barbara to her mistress, "Janet Benham has come up to speak to you. She's in great trouble about something."

"Janet Benham in trouble?" cried

Miss Dimsdale, 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.

HOWEVER, in the face of her aunt's distinct command, she had no choice but to remain where she was, and she took up the work again and began a stitching vehemently as if she would fain see 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 asked.

"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 Dorothy, 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, I 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 off 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 horns 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 she 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, auntie?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

HOW BISMARCK BECAME RICH

German Writer Says the Chancellor Speculated 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 at 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 150,000,000 marks.

Proof Positive.

Dasherly—"Too bad Mrs. Swift doesn't like her husband." Flasherly—"Why, I thought she did." Dasherly—"Oh, no—she gives him cigars for Christmas presents."—The Yellow Book.

After His Time.

Airtight—"In one way Adam had a snap." Dewell—"What was that?" Airtight—"Christmas presents weren't in vogue then."—The Yellow Book.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

CURIOUS LITTLE NATIVE OF THE WEST.

Looks Like a Monster Rat and Bears No Resemblance to the Canine Race—Is a Very Difficult Animal to Kill.



THE curious little animal known as the prairie dog is not much of a dog, says a writer in Golden Days; he looks very much like a monstrous rat, his yelp has more squirrel than dog in it, and he behaves like a woodchuck. So that while we call this ancient builder of "cities" west of the Missouri River a dog, it is well to remember that his bushy little tail would wag as well under several other names.

By his pertness, shyness and innocence, he is a pet with travelers and ranchmen and others who do not need those parts of the great plains where he and his tribe have long been "squatter sovereigns" when, however, the farmer comes along and wants to plough and sow and reap where the dog has made himself a home, he becomes a pest. He stubbornly refuses to yield to the newer civilization. He and his neighbors are too numerous to kill, and they are so skillful at dropping into their sandpits when an enemy comes near, that their army seldom loses a "man."

If the farmer attempts to plough a section of the prairie where they burrow, the chances are his horses will break their legs, for the dogs have bored the ground full of holes running straight down for eight or ten feet, and about the size of a horse's leg.

And if the legs come out whole, the ground isn't half ploughed, for between the holes are mounds built with the sand or soil, thrown out until it looks as if there had been a shower of large-sized chopping-bowls, all fallen bottom side up. Over these the team stumbles and the plough plunges in and out.

While the farmer, thus aggravated, is losing his temper, the dog sits safely in his basement parlor, possibly smiling over the folly of man. For no sooner has the farmer left the field at sunset than the dog sets himself to spoil man's earth-works and rebuild his own, and the next morning's



THE DOG OF THE PRAIRIES.

sun shines on the city of hillocks restored, each inhabitant sitting upright on the roof and calling "good-morning" to his neighbors.

If the farmer repeats his work, so do the dogs, and while he grows poor at it, they seem to make a living by it. They are not disposed to "move on" before white men.

In the midst of a fine farming section in Nebraska, and near a city of three thousand people, there is large prairie-dog town, which was settled when the "oldest inhabitant" pitched his tent in that section, thirty years ago.

But, ordinarily, they manifest a respect for agriculture by locating on sandy sterile tracts.

The prairie-dog's head is half flat, his ears small and pretty, his eye bright, his nose hawk-billed, his jaws broad and his front teeth wide and sharp. These teeth he makes a mowing machine of, clipping blades of grass for his breakfast as neatly as any one can with scissors. His legs are short and his paws broad, making regular dirt paddles.

Each member of the community has his or her own cellar-door to the underground city, but, ten feet below the surface, each citizen's private apartment opens into his neighbor's; so that if the city contains ten thousand dogs, one pursued into his hole by smoke water or other enemy, has ten thousand avenues for escape. Their escape is inward and invariably successful for pursuit is impossible.

Even the most skillful hunters find it difficult to kill these animals. They scent danger afar off, and seem to have a pretty correct idea of rifle range.

Ingenious Street Lamp.

Street lamps can be mounted on a new telescopic post to make them easy to reach for trimming and filling, a set screw engaging the central shaft to hold it in position with pulleys and weights set in the post to counterbalance the lamp.

America exports more carriages and vehicles of all sorts than any other country on earth.

NO ONIONS IN HER SCHOOL.

Kansas Teacher Deprives Her Pupils of an Ancient Right.

That wholesome article of food, the onion, has had a ban set upon it by a Topeka, Kas., school teacher. Miss Elmore McCoy, a teacher of the Clay street school, has made it a rule of her room that no pupil bearing the odor of onions shall be received. She is receiving the support of the principal and other teachers in the school in her action. All teachers know by experience how unpleasant it is for them and the class to be confined in a room with children whose breath is strongly pervaded with the smell of onions, garlic and other such dishes. Prof. O. P. M. McClintock, principal of the school, fully upholds Miss McCoy, and says a law ought to be passed in every state permitting teachers to send home pupils who are in any way objectionable. "I think the point is covered in the rule of the board of education which gives a teacher the right to send home from school any child who for any reason is objectionable to other children. For instance, if a child came to school with a large supply of asafetida, I imagine that he or she would be sent home. When I was principal of Jackson school last year I remember sending a certain colored girl home regularly because she came to school in such a condition that her presence was objectionable to the other children. While I confess that I rather like onions myself and recognize them as wholesome articles of food, yet I always have sufficient consideration for others to eat them only when I intend to go directly to bed, without seeing anyone." Last week Miss McCoy emphasized her order by sending home two boys for carrying onions in their pockets and another for having partaken of them. "I detest onions," said she, "but my attention was first called to the boys in question by other pupils. Children who were sitting near the two boys who had onions in their pockets, complained of the odor, and I did not think it was right that they should stay in the room and annoy other children. I rather suspected the boy who had eaten them of carrying onions around with him because the odor was strong, but he told me that he had not handled onions and had simply eaten them at dinner. He is a boy I am inclined to believe, but the odor of onions was so strong that I decided he should be sent home for 'fumigation.' In the future, unless Prof. McClintock objects, all children who come to school with the odor of onions so strong as to be offensive I

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Some Good Selections from the Comic Papers and Other Exchanges—Setting the Turco-Grecian Boundary—Likeness Unto a Mop.

When Millie Goes Stumbling.

WHEN Millie goes stumbling it seems that all care drifts lightly away on a breath of fresh air. The dark, squalid streets are as meadowlands fair. Where wild bees are humming.

Of darkening shadow there's never a trace.

Each corner that leers as a growsome old place is lighted and cheered by her sunny face.

When Millie goes stumbling.

The little street arabs they steal up the stairs.

That lead to the portals of poverty's lairs, And cry out, as though taken quite unawares:

"An angel is coming!"

Their hasty conclusions I take to be true, Admitting she's human, between me and you.

She's doing just that which real angels would do—

When Millie goes stumbling.

—Roy Farrell Green.

It Had the Earmarks.

"You don't like my book?" timidly ventured the young author who had invaded the lair of the literary editor for the second time.

"No, miss," he said in his gruffest voice. "It's trash! I have been compelled to handle it without gloves, miss."

"I see it looks like it," faltered the young author, glancing at the volume that lay on the table in front of the terrible editor.—Chicago Tribune.

Setting the Turco-Grecian Boundary.



Dusty Rhodes—Have King George and the Sublime Porte settled the boundary yet between Greece and Turkey?

Tye Walker—I dunno, but if I was bossin' dat sublime port I'd fix de boundary mighty quick.

Dusty Rhodes—How would you fix it?

Tye Walker—I'd put 'bout a quart of dat sublime port between de grease an' de turkey.

Economized His Words.

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a torrent of vituperative epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Are you troo?"

"Yes."

"You aint got nuffin' more to say?"

"No."

"Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is."—Chicago News.

Dangerous Ground.

"That man Loveloves never ceases to be a perfect gentleman," said an admiring acquaintance.

"Yes," was the reply; "he absolutely refuses to be led into conversation about the weather."—Washington Star.

A Noble Lad.

The Teacher (preparing switches)—Now, Will, this is going to hurt me more than it will you.

Willie—Well, dere's nuttin' mean 'bout me. I'll led you my odder book to put in your pants.—New York Journal.

The "Old Man" Objected.



Jimmy—Say, Billy, why don'tcher let yer hair grow long an' look like a football player?

Billy—Well, I started to, but de old man said if I went around de house lookin' like a mop, he'd wipe de floor wid me.

He's Away Off.

Timkins—Isn't old Millyuns a distant relative of yours?

Simkins—Yes; so distant that he isn't able to recognize me.—Chicago News.

Unrliable.

He—if you do not accept me, I shall shoot myself.

She—But you change your mind so often.—Life.