

DIDNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

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CHAPTER V.

He was strongly tempted to rush off home and dress himself and go off to the hall after Dick, but he resisted the temptation with a hopeless feeling that he would gain nothing by it, that he would only vex himself

by the sight of the other fellow philandering after the girl he had loved all his life. "She'll find him out after a bit," he said to himself, "and then she'll know how to value a man who means every word—ay, and more than every word—that he says."

In the meantime Dick Aylmer went on and turned in at the hospitably open gate of Graveleigh Hall, with the assured air of one who knows beforehand what his welcome would be. "Is Miss Dimsdale at home?" he asked of Barbara, who came to the door in answer to his knock.

"I am not sure, sir," Barbara answered. "But she may be in the garden—I'll find out, sir, in a minute."

She disappeared again, leaving him there, and then a man ran out from the side of the house, to take the horse's head; and before Barbara appeared again, Dick heard a light footstep on the gravel, and Dorothy herself, wearing a blue dress and a white sailor-hat, came into sight. "Oh! Mr. Harris," she cried, in such a joyous tone that Dick's heart fairly thumped in response. "I had no idea that you were here. I wonder how it was I did not hear the wheels. Come and be introduced to my aunt; she is here, round this shrubbery—we always sit here in the hot weather; the sight of the sea helps to keep one cool. Auntie," she continued, not giving him time to say a word, "this is Mr. Harris, whom I met at Lady Jane's, who brought me home that day, you know;" then, turning to Dick, she said, "This is my aunt, Miss Dimsdale."

I am very pleased to see you, Mr. Harris," said Miss Dimsdale, holding out her hand in a frank and gracious welcome. Miss Dimsdale had the somewhat stiff manners of the last generation, or, I might say, of the first half of the century, but in her own house she was always more genial than in any other place, and Dick Aylmer shook hands with her and felt—well, that a very fate was following him in his acquaintance with Dorothy Strode, for here he was again forced, as it were, to be known as Harris, when all the time his real name was Aylmer, and how was he to tell the old lady that some one or other had made a mistake—that is, without giving himself the look of an impostor? Like lightning there flashed through his mind an idea that if Lady Jane had mistaken him for somebody else, she had really no guarantee of his respectability, and with equal rapidity there shot through his brain a remembrance of his uncle's letter, his uncle's threats and his uncle's unyielding, unbendable—yes, I must be honest and finish up the sentence as Dick thought it—his uncle's unyielding, unbendable, devil of a temper. And so, not from any contrivance or wish of his own, Dick, in that awkward moment, let the mistake pass, and allowed the two ladies at Graveleigh Hall to believe that his name was, as they had imagined, Harris.

In behavior he was very judicious; he talked more to the aunt than to the niece, although his eyes followed her wherever she went in a way which told Miss Dimsdale all too plainly what had brought him there.

But, judging by his serene and sober conversation with Miss Dimsdale, you might have thought that Dick was sixty instead of six-and-twenty, and Miss Dimsdale was charmed with him. "Such a thoughtful, sensible fellow," she said to herself as she watched him presently go across the lawn with Dorothy to see her Persian kittens, just at that time the very pride and joy of her heart. Ay, but men were deceivers ever, sometimes quite unconscious though it be. At that moment Dick was saying to Dorothy, "And I thought the week would never get over—the very longest week I ever lived."

"Then why didn't you come before?" she asked, with innocent audacity. "Come before! But you said that I wasn't to come till this week," he answered. "Besides, I didn't know—I wasn't sure that I mightn't get bundled out neck and crop when I did come. Oh, no, I didn't want to run the risk of that."

"Do you often get bundled out neck and crop when you go to call at houses?" Dorothy inquired demurely, and with a saucy twinkle in her eye. "No, I don't," he replied with a laugh. "But I have known what it was to have a decided cold shoulder, and I didn't want to find it here."

is fit to be your aunt," and then Dorothy laughed a little, and pushed the door open. "See, this is my Lorna Doone," she said, going into the nearest stall, and showing him a ball of white stuff coiled up in a deep bed of hay. "Isn't she lovely?"

Dick Aylmer groaned within himself; he had fallen from a paradise of tenderness to the comparative personality of a cat—commonplace even though it was a Persian cat which bore the name of Lorna Doone, and she loved it.

It was a beautiful cat without doubt, and it turned its head back at the sight of Dorothy, and purred loudly, and with evident satisfaction.

"I want to know just what you think of her," said Dorothy to Dick—"truly and honestly. Don't flatter me about her. Lorna and I don't like flattery—we want to know the truth about ourselves—the brutal truth if you will, but truth at any price. Now what do you think of her?"

"I can't see her properly," answered Dick. "Lorna dearie, get up and show yourself off," said Dorothy to the cat; then finding that the great white Persian did not move, she turned her out of her bed, and took the four kits into her own lap.

"I think she is lovely," said Dick. "Isn't she an enormous size?"

"Immense," Dorothy answered, "and a great beauty too."

By this time Dick had begun to tinkle Lorna Doone's ear, and that lady began to respond after the manner of cats when they are not shy—that is to say, she had put her two forepaws upon his knee as he sat on the bed of hay, and was vigorously rubbing her cheeks, first one side and then the other, against his hand.

"She has taken to you," cried Dorothy gladly. "Of course she has; Lorna Doone knows a good thing when she sees it," he answered, laughing. "Besides, why shouldn't she take to me?"

"Some people don't like cats," said Dorothy, "especially men."

She had not forgotten how, the very last time he was in the house, David Stevenson had kicked her favorite out of his way, not brutally or to hurt her—for David, whatever his faults, was not a brute—but because he was so jealous of Dorothy that he could not endure to see her care for anything. "How can you waste your love



WASTE YOUR LOVE ON A CAT. on a brute of a cat?" he had burst out, when Dorothy had caught up Lorna and held her to her cheek.

"Some men hate cats—a man who comes here sometimes loathes her," she said to Dick, and Dick knew by a sort of instinct who the "some one" was.

"Oh, some men are cross-grained enough for anything," he said good-naturedly—he could afford to be good-natured, for he had realized what this girl's real feelings for "some one" were. "For my part, I must say I've got a liking for a cat, but I should hardly class a beauty like this with ordinary cats. She is not only a beauty to look at, but she is evidently affectionate, and—and—she's yours, you know."

"The tea is waiting, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara, appearing at the door just at that moment.

"Come," said Dorothy gently.

CHAPTER VI.

MAY come over and see you again?" said Dick to Miss Dimsdale, when he took leave of her that afternoon.

"Oh, yes," she answered. She was quite conquered by the delightful modesty of his manner. "You will generally find us in about four o'clock, for we are very quiet people, and a few tennis parties or a dance or two are all that Dorothy sees of life. Sometimes I wish that it was different; but old trees, you know," with a smile, "are difficult to transplant."

"And Miss Dorothy does not look as if she found life at Graveleigh insupportable," said Dick, with delicate flattery.

"No; Dorothy is a good girl," Miss Dimsdale replied in a tender undertone, and then she gave a little sigh

which set Dick wondering what it could mean.

Well, after this it very soon became an established custom that Dick should find his way over to Graveleigh at least twice in every week, and sometimes Miss Dimsdale asked him to stay to share their dinner, for she was a woman of very hospitable nature, though she was quiet and somewhat stiff in manner, and a little old-fashioned in her ideas. And although David Stevenson had all her wishes on his side, she really grew to like Dick the better of the two, for Dick was gentle and kind in his manner to each and all alike, content to let his wooing do itself—if the truth between you and me be told, happy in the present, and a little inclined to leave the future to be as long the future as might be because of the terrible old uncle in the background. Then, too, there was always present in his mind the knowledge that, sooner or later, he would have to make a clean breast of his identity to Miss Dimsdale and to Dorothy, and to cast himself upon their mercy as regards the deception which had really been no fault of his, and to persuade them to consent to a secret marriage. And whenever poor Dick reached this point in his reflections, he invariably gave a groan of utter despair, for he had a dreadful foreboding that never, never would Dorothy's aunt give even the most reluctant consent to anything of the kind.

So the sweet autumn days skipped over—September died and October was born, lived its allotted time, and in turn passed away, and wintry November came in. The last tinted leaves fell from the trees of the great oaks and horse chestnuts, and the tall poplars which shrouded the hall were now but gaunt and shivering skeletons, only a memory of their old luxuriance and glory. But to Dorothy Strode the bare and leafless trees were more beautiful than they were either in their summer gowns of green or in all the many-hued loveliness of their autumn frocks, for to Dorothy all the world was lighted and beautified by the warmth and fire of radiant love—better to her the leafless branches of November with love than the fairest blooms of spring-time into which love had not yet come.

During this autumn she had seen but little of her old admirer, David Stevenson. He had gone to the Hall once or twice after he knew that "the man from Colchester" had become a frequent visitor there—gone with a savage assertion of his rights as an old friend and a life-long intimate of the house. But when he found that Miss Dimsdale had, as he put it, "gone over to the enemy," he gave up even that much intercourse, and gave all his energies to his farming, content, as he told himself, to bide his time.

At last about the middle of November when half the officers of the regiment were on leave, and soldiering and Colchester alike were as flat and dull as ditch water, Dick Aylmer got into his dog-cart and turned the horse's head toward the big gates.

"Hullo, Dick!" called out a brother officer to him, "where are you going?" "Oh, a drive," returned Dick promptly. "Oh, a drive," repeated the other, noting the evasion instantly—trust a soldier for that. "Got any room for a fellow?"

"Take you as far as the town if you like," said Dick good-naturedly. "No, never mind," answered the other. "I'll walk down with Snooks presently."

"Didn't want a lift, you know," he explained to Snooks, who in polite society was known as Lord William Veryl, "but I did want to find out where old Dick was going. But Dick was ready for me, and as close as wax."

"Yes, I know—tried it on myself with him the other day," said Snooks reflectively. "Dick informed me he was making a careful study of mare's nests for the benefit of the British Association."

(To be continued.)

Huxley and Arnold.

Dean Farrar records in his "Men I Have Known" an amusing and perfectly good-natured retort which Mr. Matthew Arnold provoked from Professor Huxley, for the better appreciation of which it may be added that "the sweetness and light" of which Mr. Arnold wrote were exemplified in his own very airy and charming manners: I sometimes met Huxley in company with Matthew Arnold, and nothing could be more delightful than the conversation elicited by their contrasted individualities. I remember a walk which I once took with them both through the pleasant grounds of Paris Hill, where Mr. Arnold's cottage was. He was asking Huxley whether he liked going out to dinner parties, and the professor answered that as a rule he did not like it at all. "Ah," said Mr. Arnold, "I rather like it. It is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, "but we are not all such everlasting cupids as you are!"

Unreasonable.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep up the spirits of his patient, since hopefulness is often the best of medicine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer cites a case in which encouragement was carried almost too far. A man met with a frightful accident, as a result of which both his legs had to be amputated. "Never mind," said the surgeon, a few days afterward, finding the poor man despondent; "never mind, we shall have you on your feet again within three weeks."

Don't swear before a lady. A gentleman will always permit a lady to swear first.

FLORIDA LIZARDS.

FACTS ABOUT THE FAMOUS AMERICAN CHAMELEON.

Description of the Method by Which They Change Their Hue—A Mysterious and an Uncanny Proceeding to Witness.

These little creatures were about five inches in length, of a general dark green hue shading to gray, assimilating the various objects upon which they rested slowly but very decidedly. I arranged several little corals, one with a white base, another with a gray, another with a green and changed the occupants about. In ten or fifteen minutes they very materially would adapt themselves to the new tint, though they never became white, the change then being merely a fading out of all lines, leaving the body a faint gray. At night they become a beautiful green, which may be considered their normal color. The changes made in confinement I am confident were not so rapid as those when lizards were in their native Florida, where moisture and hot days and nights gave them the exact temperature necessary for their best display.

There is something mysterious and even uncanny in watching the change of color. When placed upon a green twig the little creature would immediately draw itself out, extend its front and hind legs at full length and become to all intents a part of the twig or branch, so that it was difficult to distinguish it. Meanwhile the mysterious blush of green was deepening and stealing over its back and sides, making the resemblance still more striking. The natural assumption of one who had given the subject no especial attention might be that the anolis had glanced around, and perceiving that it was presenting a contrast not favorable to its personal safety had assumed a color more protective. In other words, that there was some intelligent act associated with the change. When the little creature was blind-folded it assumed the same tint as at night, and did not change when placed upon the most striking colors, showing that the eye was the involuntary medium by which the different tints were obtained. The act of adaptation is perfectly involuntary, or made without the knowledge of the animal, being the effect which certain colors have upon the pigment cells of the animal. At least this is the generally accepted explanation, and the experiments which have been made with blind animals seem to show beyond question that the eye is the medium.

These peculiar changes which are so well known in fishes and reptiles can be understood by glancing at the pigment cells of a frog. The skin is seen to consist of two portions, the cutis

and delicate study. Thus, in a little fish (Gobius Ruthensparri), Heineke, the German naturalist, while watching its yellow pigment cells, saw them gradually expand and become black.

These cells are distributed all over the body with more or less regularity, and upon their contraction and expansion depends the prevailing color of the animal. Thus, if the pigment cells or chromatophores expand, the prevailing color will become black and the very light spots in the animal dull. On the other hand, if they contract, a reverse effect obtains. Exactly how these wonderful changes in all animals which adapt themselves to their environments are produced is not known, but it is assumed that certain colors through the medium of the optic nerve produce contraction or expansion, and the result is a protective tint or one which assimilates that upon which the animal is resting. The eye receives the stimulus or impression, which passes from the optic nerve to the sympathetic nerve, so reaching the various series of chromatophores.

ANCIENT POLITICAL "RINGS."

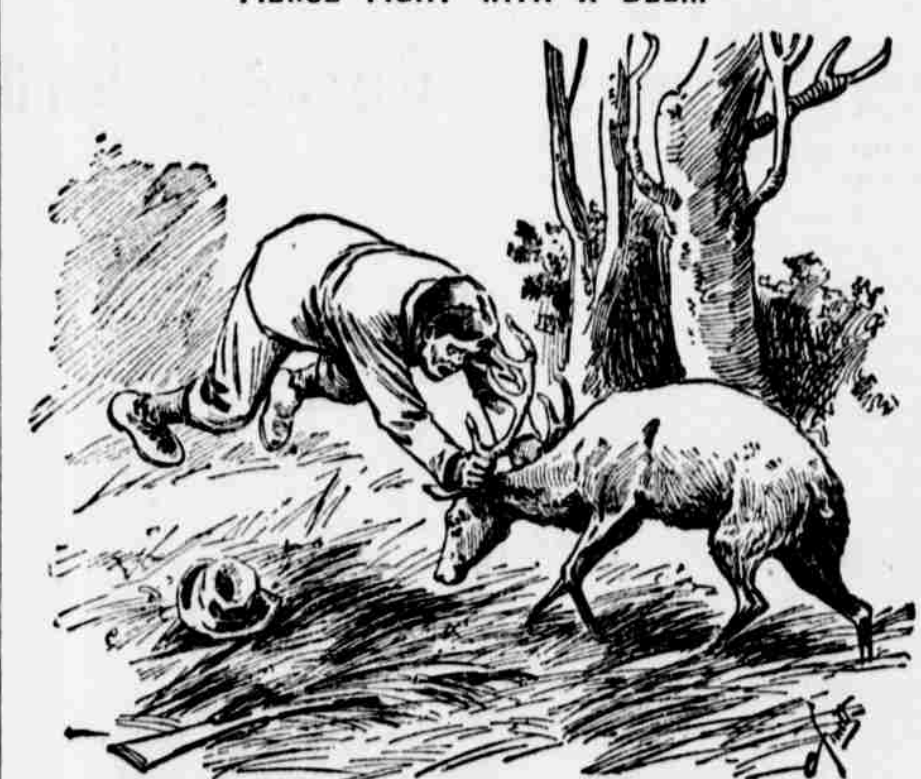
Some Old-Time Schemes for Wealth and Power.

The evil of monopolies and rings was known to ancient Aristotle referring to them in his "Politics," and then, as now, it was found necessary to hold them in check by legislation, says London Answers. The monopolist was in Roman called a Dardanarius and punished under the Lex Julia de Annona. Monopolies of clothing, fish and all articles of food were prohibited by the Emperor Zenon under pain of confiscation and exile; so that it is certain that the "rings" of the ancient days were as mischievous as they are now. At Athens a law limited the amount of corn a man might buy. The earliest recorded instance we have was a corn "ring." There is an ancient tradition that the king who made Joseph his prime minister and committed into his hands the entire administration of Egypt was Apepl. Apepl was one of shepherd kings and ruled over the whole of Egypt, as Joseph's Pharaoh seems to have done. The prime minister, during seven years of remarkable plenty, bought up every bushel of corn beyond the absolute needs of the Egyptians and stored it. During the terrible famine that followed he was able to get his own price and bartered corn successively for the Egyptian money, cattle and land; and taking one-fifth for Pharaoh made him supremely wealthy. It was not merely a provident act, but a very politic one, his policy being to centralize power in the monarch's hands.

Why Pa Swore Off.

A little school girl in the rural districts of Georgia was told to write a composition on "Temperance." She

FIERCE FIGHT WITH A DEER.



Spearfish, S. D., Dec. 18.—While returning from a hunt in the valleys near this city Harvey Wood had a very close round with a big buck which he attempted to shoot. He had nearly reached the city, when he saw in a deep gulch the head and shoulders of a deer. He had ten cartridges in his rifle and fired, at eight, eight of them, which seemed to have done deadly work.

Mr. Wood started on the run toward the wounded animal, firing the two remaining shells on the way. As soon as he got through the dense underbrush he found the animal waiting for a charge, which was made forthwith. The hunter dropped his rifle and grabbed a club, and the combat began in earnest. Several times Mr. Wood was barely saved from death by dodging behind a tree.

In the fight Mr. Wood dropped his hat and the buck stopped long enough to make an attempt at goring it, which gave the hunter a chance to deal the animal a blow over the left eye, which closed it. Mr. Wood thought the deer

could be held by the horns, so, being a heavyweight, he sought an opportunity and seized the prongs of the antlers. The result is told in his own words:

"As soon as I could collect myself I realized that a bucking broncho is not in it with the buck for quick and uncertain moves. At one time it seemed to me my feet would be straight up in the air, the next instant they would strike the ground and sink in five or six inches. I only seemed to know two things—that I had hold of something and that I must hold on. I don't know how long that lasted, but after a while we both stopped and I concluded that I would get off a little to one side, where I could watch what was going on. The same notion seemed to strike us at the same time. It was only by taking advantage of his blind eye that I succeeded in getting a tree between us. I did not try to get hold of his horns any more, but whenever I got a chance I hammered him with my club and finally succeeded in killing him.

and epidermis, the latter apparently being made up of cells. The cutis has large cavities among the nerves, which are commonly filled with pigment and are very sensitive, contrasting and expanding in a remarkable way. The pigment cells are called chromatophores and vary in color in different animals and in the parts of each animal, and may be red, brown, green, yellow, black, or various shades. The color of the chromatophores appears to change during contraction or expansion and constitutes a most compli-

turned out the following: "Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is ten cents a drink, and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full 113 times. One night he came home late and ma went out, and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked his head in a tub of soapsuds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckon he'd swear off."

It's enough to make the pot boil when the kettle calls it black.

GUESTS MUST EAT CHICKEN.

Queer Provision of a Will Affecting Roadhouse.

"I know of many wills in which there are some queer provisions," said a well-known lawyer in an uptown hotel the other evening, according to the New York Advertiser, "but the most curious will I ever heard of relates to a small roadhouse I visited while out driving last week. The house is on the Hackensack plank road in New Jersey. Stopping there for dinner, I ordered a good meal, and when it was served a small roast chicken was brought with it. 'I did not order that,' I complained. 'I know you did not,' replied the waiter, 'but you will have to eat it.' I was surprised, but ate the chicken. I noticed that chicken was served to every customer who ordered dinner. Later I asked the proprietress why it was done. 'Well, you see,' she replied, 'my father owned this place for many years. He was indelibly fond of chicken. When he died he put it in his will that whoever succeeded him here must have roast chicken for dinner every day. In case his successor should fail to do so for two consecutive days he ordered that the property go to charity. I took the place after his death, and I have been serving chicken every day since. Several of the charitable organizations that would get the property if the provision of the will were violated watch me closely. To prevent any basis for an action at law I make all of my customers eat chicken. Some of them object, but they give in when I insist.'"

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

One Hundred Thousand of the Gentle Sex in America Are Members.

The last decade of this wonderful nineteenth century has witnessed a remarkable and far-reaching movement, the gathering into one great organization of a rapidly increasing number of women, without regard to class or creed, for the social, intellectual and moral advancement of humanity, says Lippincott's. The General Federation of Women's Clubs was formed at a meeting called by Sorosis in New York city in May, 1889. Its phenomenal growth is perhaps best realized by the consideration of a few cold statistics gathered from the report of the corresponding secretary at the third biennial of the federation, held in Louisville last May. From this report it appears that the 355 clubs and four state federations represented two years ago have increased to 495 clubs and twenty-one state federations, the latter including over 800 clubs. There are, therefore, in round numbers, exclusive of many smaller organizations with a similar purpose, which, for economic or other reasons, have not yet joined the general federation, 1,200 clubs, embracing a membership of 100,000 women. In this might host are many of our best and brightest women from the rocky shores of Maine to the Golden Gate, from the mountains of Idaho to the Florida keys.

A Cat That Likes Elevators.

The Philadelphia bourse is the home of a very intelligent cat. This tabby, which is coal black, without a single spot upon her, has a fondness for traveling in the elevator. She is perfectly at home there, and travels up and down many times daily. She goes to the door of the elevator shaft and mews until the car comes along and takes her on. The various elevator men are very careful of her, for she is a great mouser, and in the bourse, as in other big buildings, mice are troublesome. These little pests frequently destroy valuable documents supposedly safely stowed away in desks and drawers. Tabby notifies the elevator men what floor she desires to get off upon by mewing loudly as the car comes to the particular story. In this way she makes a tour of inspection of the entire building.—Philadelphia Record.

Didn't Know His Ear Was Gone.

Abraham Leys, of Grand Rapids, Mich., lost an ear in a fight but didn't know it until he went to comb his hair next morning. He went to the place where the fight occurred and found the ear and had it stitched to his head.—EX.

How the Head Grows.

The growth of the human head continues until the age of 20 is reached, though it is practically completed at the end of the seventh year.

SOME ADVICE.

- Don't forget that men who marry widows never make miss-takes.
- Don't judge men by their looks. Fast looking men are often slow pay.
- Don't meet trouble half-way. It is capable of making the entire journey.
- Don't think for a moment that the office ever has to seek the man on pay day.
- Don't bother yourself as to a man's meaning when he tells you he has a boss wife.
- Don't forget that it is always better to swallow insult and bitter pills without chewing.
- Don't think because a soft answer turns away wrath that it will turn away book peddlers.
- Don't imagine you are a veritable Sampson, and try to accomplish too much with a jawbone.
- Don't get mad if your poem is returned with the editor's regrets. Preserve the manuscript and read it over ten years later; then you will rejoice that it was thus.—Daily News.