

Don't Forget OR, LIGHT OUT OF JOHN STRANGE WINTER DARNLESS

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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 screw 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 in 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, and he tried again.

"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 to-morrow, 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 sentence 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," and "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."

IS A GREAT JUMPER.

WHY HIGGINS IS CALLED THE HUMAN KANGAROO.

Some of His Extraordinary Feats Described and Illustrated—Into a Case of Eggs Without Breaking a Single One.

In the Strand Magazine Oswald North writes of the extraordinary jumping feats of John Higgins, "The Human Kangaroo." From this article we quote:

The curious thing about Mr. Higgins is that he is considerably below medium stature, being but 5 feet 3 3/4 inches in height. He is not yet twenty-six years of age, and comes from Blackburn—a district famous for the number and variety of athletes it has produced. Higgins' various feats are truly remarkable, whether considered merely as jumps, or as dramatic spectacles, ingeniously contrived and brilliantly executed. The photographs reproduced here were specially taken on the stage of the Pavilion theater, in Piccadilly Circus.

One of the feats which Mr. Higgins is shown performing is one of a number of very extraordinary trick jumps. Clutching his dumb-bells, the wonderful little man gives a few kangaroo-like leaps, and then rises into the air and alights right in the middle of a case of eggs! And yet not an egg is cracked, although the athlete is seen to linger in their midst for a moment and then rise gracefully over the back of the chair. We asked him how this was done. He said he couldn't tell; it was partly an effort of will. When he alighted for that fraction of a second on the eggs, he did not, of course, exercise a single ounce of his weight, but completed the jump by certain strenuous move-



INTO A BASKET OF EGGS.

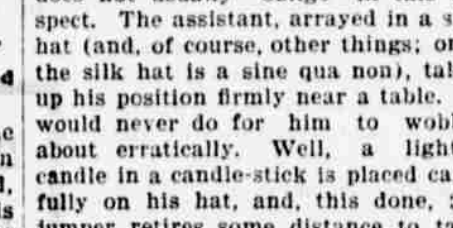
ments of his shoulders and the upper part of his body generally.

Often people in the audience have doubted that the eggs were real eggs. But such persons are always courteously invited on to the stage, not merely to examine the eggs after the jump, but before, and during its accomplishment. Beyond all doubt the thing is genuine—a really graceful and beautiful feat, calling for extraordinary agility and suppleness, and extremely careful judgment.

A very curious trick jump is seen in another picture given. The subject is Mr. Frank Munro, Mr. Higgins' manager and agent, who, of course, does not usually "oblige" in this respect. The assistant, arrayed in a silk hat (and, of course, other things; only the silk hat is a sine qua non), takes up his position firmly near a table. It would never do for him to wobble about erratically. Well, a lighted candle in a candle-stick is placed carefully on his hat, and, in this done, the jumper retires some distance to take measurements with his eye.

The reproduction of the photo, fully explains this remarkable performance. It is, indeed, a tremendous jump from the other side of the table right up on to the candle with both feet together. The flame is extinguished with a quick movement of the foot from the ankle, and then the athlete sails gracefully down on to the stage.

In the photo, one dumb-bell dropped by Higgins in his flight is just about to drop on to the table. And these missiles certainly do fall around with alarming promiscuity. The stage



RINGING A BELL IN FLIGHT.

however, won the cross by one and a half inches, and the jumps by nine feet!

What may be called the athlete's most sensational jump is also shown. His victim for this occasion only was Mr. Frank Munro. As a rule Higgins has to content himself with a paid underling as corpus vile, unless there happens to be some one in the audience burning for distinction. A chair is placed on the table, and the assistant leans back with his elbows on the table and the back of his head resting on the seat of the chair.

When all is in readiness, and the audience suitably worked up, Higgins retires slowly to the other end of the stage. Here he dips his shoes into a preparation of lampblack and oil, so that "his mark" may be proof positive of successful accomplishment. Then giving the usual preliminary leaps, and carefully calculating distances with his eye, he bounds into the air, lingers for an infinitesimal period on his subject's face, and then descends to the stage on the other side. The ordinal past, the subject rises bashfully to take that share of applause to which the big smut on his nose and eyes entitle him.

ON TO A MAN'S FACE.

At the Pavilion was fairly corrugated with deep dents from them, and they often disabled a chair or scared an incautious attendant nearly out of his wits.

Yet another candle-extinguishing feat forms the subject of another production. Six chairs are placed close

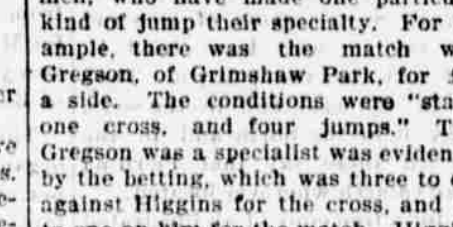
together in a row and on the seat of the 6th are deposited two lighted candles in candle-sticks. Taking his dumb-bells and bounding hither and thither like a veritable Spring-heeled Jack (he does this to keep himself in form), Higgins stands well away from the chair most remote from the candles, and takes in the situation with his keen eye. He next gives a few more skittish frolics, and then one, two, and up over the chairs with indescribable elan. He passes through the air with curious slowness, and actually alights gingerly on the lighted candles which he carefully extinguishes, one with each foot. Having successfully accomplished this, the jumper seems to rise off the tips of the candles and alights gracefully on the ground, boxing to his admiring audience. Of course, the whole of the jump takes only two or three seconds, but it calls



EXTINGUISHING A CANDLE.

for marvelous nicety of judgment and delicacy of movement. Now and then it happens that Higgins only extinguishes one candle. In such cases he always performs the feat over again.

Mr. Higgins is next seen in the very act of ringing a bell in his flight—one of those bells you push down sharply. It is placed on a chair, which stands on a table, so that the mere jump, to say nothing about the bell ringing, is worthy of notice. Of course, doubting Thomases have their say about this remarkably clever feat—"It is an electric bell rung from the wings at the proper moment," and so on. Nothing but a close examination of the bell in situ will convince such people. A curious thing is that Higgins never practices. He considers his evening's work before the public quite enough practice. Another remarkable thing is the way in which he has attained, after years of perseverance, his present position as champion all-around jumper. Fearlessly he has attacked professional and semi-professional men, who have made one particular kind of jump their specialty. For example, there was the match with Gregson, of Grimshaw Park, for £50 a side. The conditions were "stand, one cross, and four jumps." That Gregson was a specialist was evidenced by the betting, which was three to one against Higgins for the cross, and ten to one on him for the match. Higgins,



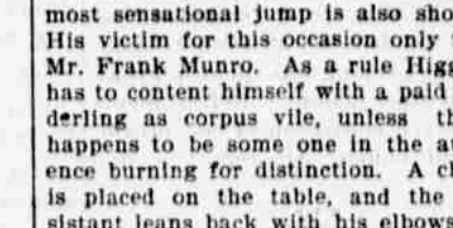
RINGING A BELL IN FLIGHT.

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Another illustration depicts Mr. Higgins' showiest feat—jumping over an ordinary brougham. Of course, Higgins does not leap off the ground clean over the carriage; no human being could do that. Observe the small table 2 ft. 3 in. high, which is placed close



EXTINGUISHING A CANDLE.

to the near hind wheel. Taking as great a run as the stage will allow Higgins springs lightly on to the table, pauses for a moment, then rises with an extraordinary bound right over—and across—the top of the brougham. One opines that the value of the carriage deteriorates nightly, mainly on account of those dumb-bells, which are discarded in flight. Often they fall on the carriage and knock it about. Or one will fall on a lamp, and batter it somewhat. But it is a grand feat this jumping over a full-sized brougham—splendidly engineered so as to bring down the house the moment the "Human Kangaroo" alights on the carpets placed on the other side.

SIGHT SEEING IN DELHI.

Some of the Wonders of the Indian City Described by a Visitor.

You may like to have an account of the day I spent at Delhi. I went down on Sunday by the morning train, arriving about a quarter to 11, and had a hard day's sight-seeing that would have done credit to a yankee. I went to the Jama Masjid, which is, I think, the finest mosque of its kind I have seen. It has two minarets, each 130 feet high, so I had an opportunity of gratifying my taste for bird's eye views again, and certainly this was the best I have ever seen, for, apart from a magnificent view of the city, I could see many of the famous ruins which cluster profusely for miles round Delhi. A little to the south, near the Jumna, stands a tall shaft, surrounded by ruins, which was set up by the Emperor Feroz Shah, who reigned at Delhi the fourteenth century. Then, three miles to the east, I could see the ruins of the old fort, and not far from it the tomb of Humayun, the second Mogul emperor. Scores of other ruins could be seen in the distance and I much regretted that I had not time to drive around and see some of them, but no doubt I shall have another opportunity. When I came down I was shown some relics of Mohammed, including his foot print in stone and a hair of his beard. The keeper of the relics, who kept them very carefully locked up in a small casket, could not explain why his hair was red. I then drove to the palace, which contains much less to see than the fort at Agra, and I had not much time to see what there was. The private hall of audience is very fine, all in white marble, and you can see the place where the peacock throne used to stand, which was valued, if I remember rightly at £5,000,000. It was carried off by a Persian gentleman named Nadir Shah, who is said to have possessed himself of a few trifles, amounting in all to the value of £142,000,000. The pearl mosque is extremely beautiful and of the purest white marble, but it is not equal to the pearl mosque in the Agra fort.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Extremities.

She—"Every one says she has such very small feet." He—"Yes; she's heard it so often that it's given her the big head."—Yonkers Statesman.

Recent Inventions.

To prevent rubber boots from wearing out quickly a protecting slipper of woven wire is made to cover the sole and extend a short distance up the sides of the boot.

To prevent cutting the hide of an animal when skinning it, a new knife has a dull blade lying parallel with the cutting blade, which keeps the latter away from the hide.

Electricity is used to operate a new railway gate, a small motor being geared to the rocking shaft on which the gate arm is mounted, to be operated by a controller in the gateman's shelter.

A western man has patented a grain elevator in which compressed air is used to carry the grain, a receiving vessel being mounted at the end of a suction pipe, which draws the grain into a blast pipe and forces it with the air to the top of the elevator.

A combined spring shackle and oil ejector is attached to anchor cables and towing hawsers to lessen the liability of breakage, the spring being set in an oil-containing casing with an eyelet at each end to which the cable in a storm depresses the spring and forces oil through the perforations in the casing.

Expansion pulleys are to be used on machine lathes, the new pulley consisting of a flat disk, in which are set a series of short shafts, with a second disk having slots in it to adjust the shafts so as to increase the circumference of the circle in which they move. Two pulleys can be operated by one lever to increase and decrease in an opposite equal ratio.

Shrubs and small trees can be protected in winter by a straw rope, which is easily made in a newly designed box of oblong shape, having transverse notches cut in its sides at short intervals. A cord is placed in the box with short strings attached to it to fit the notches, so they can be drawn together and tied around the straw which forms the rope.

To catch queen bees and drones as they attempt to leave a hive a frame is placed over the opening, having a depending screen with openings large enough to permit the passage of the worker bees, a number of open-end cones being set on a partition in the center of the frame and opening into a removable chamber. The large bees crawl through the cones into the trap and can then be taken out.

A Kentucky man has married the granddaughter of the girl who refused him, and she has refused him. All the world practices the art of acting.