

DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
"I know it. But then you must remember that she had always been accustomed to live up to her full income—to keep her carriage and pair, her gardener and her maids. Indeed, Miss Dimsdale never had any money to spare, and it was in the hope of making me of the loose money that she had, money that was apart from her estate and her settled annuity, that she unfortunately bought, among other things, two shares in a bank which was not safe, which, indeed, failed and left her liable for nearly as much money as the Hall and the lands were worth."

"Then was my aunt a pensioner on your bounty?" Dorothy cried, her face all aflame at the idea.

"Certainly not," with a bitter smile at the pride on the soft little face. "I was not to take possession until her death, and she had always her annuity; but after that loss she never lived in the same comfort quite as she had done before."

"I never noticed it," Dorothy put in. "Perhaps not. She was most anxious that you should not do so."

"Then this is your house?" said Dorothy, rising. "Stay, let me speak. I will not keep you out of your rights. The day after she—her voice trembling—"is taken away, I, too, will go," and then she turned away, to hide alike her anger and her tears.

David Stevenson rose also, his face hard and set in response to the bitterness of the girl's tones, his hands trembling, and his heart as heavy as lead. A sharp reply rose to his tongue, but it went no further, for all at once the sight of Dorothy's grief touched and softened him.

"Dorothy! Dorothy!" he said, "what

spring of his life. If he had made any improvement in his house, it had been for Dorothy. If he had planted a shrub or a young tree, it had been for Dorothy. He had bought a smart little village cart, thinking that it was just what Dorothy would like to drive herself about the lanes in—but it had all been for nothing; and in that bitter hour of realization he knew that he would live out his life alone, and that Dorothy Strode would never come, except in dreams, vain, hopeless dreams, to be the mistress of Holroyd.

CHAPTER VIII.
A COUPLE of hours passed before he remembered that he had ever mentioned the subject of Miss Dimsdale's funeral to Dorothy, or actually told her in what precise circumstances she had been left.

"I have lost my head over all this business," he said, with a grim laugh to himself; "and she, poor little girl, is probably worrying herself to know whether she can afford to buy herself a black gown. I must send her a line down at once."

Dorothy therefore, in something less than an hour's time, received the following note:

"My Dear Dorothy: I quite forgot this morning to mention several matters of importance just now. First, to tell you that when everything is settled there will be at least a thousand pounds for you. Your aunt has left you everything. Therefore I have sent into Colchester for Mawson to come out and see you about the funeral, which will be, of course, in every respect as you wish to have it. May I suggest to you that you shall carry out Miss Dimsdale's often expressed views on this subject—plain and good and without ostentation? With regard to your mourning, it will be best for you to employ your regular dress people. I am obliged to mention this, as, not being of age, you cannot legally pay for necessary bills. After next month you will be the absolute mistress of whatever the property will realize. Always your true friend,
"DAVID."

This Dorothy received soon after four in the afternoon, just after Barbara had lighted the lamps in the drawing-room and drawn the crimson curtains closely over the windows.

"There is a letter, Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, glad of anything that would help to break the loneliness and monotony of that awful day, "and while you read it I'll go and see if your cup of tea isn't ready; you have had nothing this day, and a cup of tea and a bit of hot buttered toast'll be better than nothing for you."

"Thanks, Barbara," said Dorothy, listlessly.
Poor child! she cried a little over the note, because the subject brought back the remembrance of her sorrow again, but her tears did not last long; indeed, she had wept so violently during most of the day that her tears seemed to be almost exhausted now. And then she put it back on the little table at her elbow. "Poor David!" she said, softly, "it is too bad for him. I wish I could have liked him; Auntie wished it too. Dear Auntie! But I can't, I can't, and Auntie liked Dick best afterward. It made her so peaceful and happy to know that I was going to be Dick's wife—that Dick was going to take care of me always. And yet, poor David! Oh! I wish he would marry someone else. Elsie Carrington likes him so much—Elsie always thought David was perfect. I wonder when I am safely out of the way and married to Dick, whether David could

can I ever have said or done to you that you should treat me like this? I have loved you all my life, just as I love you now, but there is no crime in that, surely? By writing and asking you to be my wife, I certainly never meant to insult you, and yet you seem to think I have done you some deadly wrong to offer you what most men consider the highest compliment they can pay to any woman. The idea of your talking of my rights here, when your aunt is still lying in the house, is too cruel, too unkind. I am not an interloper, who cheated my friend out of her dues; on the contrary, I saved her from all the unpleasantness and the expense of exposure. She never looked upon me as you do now. I don't think, Dorothy," he ended reproachfully, "that I have deserved this from you."

Dorothy had hidden her face upon the chimney-shelf. "I am very miserable," she said, in a choking voice. "I'm very sorry."
David Stevenson drew his own conclusions from the admission; then after a minute or two of silence, he said, "There is one thing I should like to tell you before I go, Dorothy—"
"Yes," very meekly.
"It is—don't think I am trying to force myself on you when you are in trouble, for it is because you are alone and in trouble that I must tell you. It is that I think now about you as I always have thought, and as I believe I always shall think. And I want you to remember, Dorothy, that if ever you feel any differently toward me than you have done lately, you have only to send a line and say, 'David, I want you.' Or if you choose to go away into the world altogether, to marry, to do anything, you know that, whatever ways open for you, one lover always ready to call you mistress, one man always ready to lie down under your feet. That was what I came to say to-day."

There was a death-like silence. Dorothy struggled to speak, but could not. Then she put out her hand in a blind sort of way toward him, and David bent down and kissed it.

Neither of them said a word more, and after a moment or so he released her hand, and went out of the room, knowing as surely as if she said it in plain words, that Dorothy Strode had given her heart away, and that she would never send for him in this world; that it was all over, and at an end between them forever.

So he went home to his own handsome, lonely house, and looked around as a condemned man may look around the cell which is to be his white life lasts. He was quietly and utterly miserable, for until a few months ago Dorothy had been the life and main-

"Now, my dear," said Barbara, coming in, "here is a nice cup of tea and a plate of toast. Try to eat it, my dear; it will help you to bear it."

"Yes, Barbara," said Dorothy, her eyes filling with tears again.

CHAPTER IX.
THE following morning Dick Aylmer made his appearance at the Hall quite early.
"How have you been getting on, my darling?" he said, when Dorothy fairly ran into his arms.

"Oh! it was such a miserable day yesterday," she answered mournfully. "I sat here alone all day crying and thinking about Auntie, except when—"
"Yes? When—"
"When David Stevenson came to see me."

Dick could not help frowning a little. "David Stevenson? Why did he come?"

"Well, because he is Auntie's executor—he has to do everything; and oh! Dick, everything belongs to him now—the very house is his."

"His, this house! Why, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you," she said. "You know; but no, of course you don't know, but I will tell you. You see, Auntie had this house and all the farm and so on, and also an annuity of eight hundred a year, which was bought for her by a very queer old aunt of hers. Well, David told me yesterday that Auntie had also what he called some loose money, and with this she speculated a little, and did pretty well with it. I dare say she was thinking of me, poor darling. Well, two years ago a bank in which she had a couple of shares failed, and she had to pay up a great deal more money than she had, so she sold the Hall to David, for they both thought then that I should end by marrying him, and they thought nobody would ever know anything about it. David says he gave her much more than anybody else would have done, and that she was never to be disturbed while she lived. But it is all David's now, and he says that there will be only about a thousand pounds for me when everything is settled. But I never knew a word till yesterday."

"And the fellow came and told all this!" cried Dick, in disgust. "Why, 'pon my word, it isn't decent. Can't he even let the mistress be carried out of the house before he claims it?"

"No, Dick, it wasn't like that," Dorothy protested meekly, anxious to do even David justice. "But, you see, he is executor, and nobody can do anything without him. So he was obliged to tell me that, and then I insisted on hearing everything else."

"Oh, see," somewhat mollified. "Then you didn't tell him anything about me?"

"We never mentioned you, Dick," she answered quickly.

He did not speak for a minute, but sat holding one of her hands in his, and tugging at his mustache with the other. "Darling," he burst out at last, "I've got such a lot to tell you, and a good deal to confess to you, that I don't know where to begin. But you will hear all I've got to say—you won't be frightened or angry, will you?"

"Dick," she said, beginning to tremble, "you are not going to throw me over?"

"Throw you over!" he repeated, half amused. "My dear, I worship the very ground you tread on. Throw you over! no, more likely you will be the one to do that."

(To be continued.)

CURED HIS WIFE OF "GADDING"
Connecticut Husband Locked Her in a Room for Six Weeks.
Husbands in New Haven, Conn., have a very effective method of curing wives of the habit of "gadding around." One man named Bates, who was afflicted with a gadding wife, essayed to cure her by locking her up in a room. He was driven to this act because his helpmeet was rarely home when she was wanted, and in consequence he seldom had a well-cooked meal or a tidy house to come home to. Instead of having a family row he thought he would lock her up so that he would know where to find her when wanted. He fitted up an iron-barred and padlocked door, and every day before leaving the house he locked his wife in. This was done day after day. Soon the neighbors began to miss Mrs. Bates, and there was much speculation as to the cause. When the neighbors went to the door to call there was no response to their raps and the house seemed deserted. This seemed remarkable, for there was a time when Mrs. Bates was seen abroad every day. Finally the mystery was explained. The neighborhood was startled one day at the sight of Mrs. Bates leaning out of a third-story window of her house shouting for help. Soon a group of neighbors gathered and to them the woman related a startling story. She claimed that for six weeks her husband had kept her locked up in the house, and under no circumstances would so much as give her the liberty of stepping outside the door in his absence. She had stood the treatment as long as she could and had decided to rebel. The excited neighbors told the police the story, and in a few minutes an officer was sent to investigate. He found the woman's story true. The door of her room was fastened with a huge iron bar padlocked to the door casing. The police sent at once for the woman's husband and made him unlock the door and remove the bar and padlock.

IT WILL HELP YOU.
be brought to think of Elsie a little. It would be such a good thing for her, and she is pretty and good, and oh! so fond of him. I wonder if I were to give David just a little hint, just a suspicion of a hint that Elsie has always liked him. If he wouldn't—why, Elsie would never know that I had said anything, and then if he knew he might soon get to like her better than me. I am sure if Dick had not cared for me as he does, and had married somebody else, I would marry David at once, and Auntie would be glad, too, if she knew. David used to be her favorite, and she always liked Elsie, always."

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

The Polish Actress, Alexandra Viarda Winning New York—Romantic Story of Her Life—A Famous European Soprano—Other Players.



(New York Letter.)
IN the dearth of foreign attractions this winter, two women stand out with unusual prominence: Alexandra Viarda, the Polish actress, who made her American debut at the Fifth Avenue Theater, November 29, and Marcella Sembrich, the famous soprano, who, now that Patti's day is passed, is one of the few singers, pure and simple, left in the world. With the critical estimate of these two women I shall not meddle here. Mme. Sembrich's continental reputation was indorsed in America thirteen years ago, and the verdict on Madam Viarda was pronounced after this was written. But the lives of these artists are sufficiently interesting, quite apart from their achievements, to inspire enthusiasm for them and encourage other aspirants.

Marcella Sembrich was the daughter of a poor, wandering musician and teacher. She was born in the tiny hamlet of Wiszinowzyk, in Galicia, the most eastern province of the part of Poland now in Austro-Hungary. Her father, Casimir Kochanski—Sembrich was her mother's maiden name—was, beyond question, a very gifted man. He mastered every instrument he could procure or make and earned a mean livelihood, teaching wherever, in a poverty-stricken land, he could find pupils. From her babyhood, Marcella was the companion of his wanderings. Before she could walk he carried her with him, and by the time she was four years old she had learned to stretch her baby fingers over the strings of a violin, and by the time she was six she could play the piano and play it well. There was absolutely no play time for

Oddly enough, he could not bear to bear her sing, and she was to have devoted herself to the violin or piano. At the age of twelve she tried for admission to the conservatory of Lemberg—and failed. Tanowitz was not discouraged. Indeed, later the failure proved every way for the best. It resulted in her being taken to William Stengel, a young professor, who at once recognized her ability, entered her in his own class, and devoted himself unselfishly to her education. When she was sixteen, Professor Stengel decided that he could teach her no more, and, although he was a poor man, he determined that out of his slender means she should have the advantages of the Vienna Conservatory. He took her to Professor Epstein, and it was during that examination, when she displayed a truly remarkable mastery of the piano and violin, that, on hearing her sing, Epstein advised her to give up everything and cultivate her voice. Two years were devoted to studying in Milan with Lampert and other teachers.

It was in 1879 that Mme. Sembrich sang with success in Dresden, and her first London success was made in 1880. Her first American tour was made in 1883-4, in opera, and was a great triumph. Those who remember the success of her operatic appearances cannot but regret that the artist's present visit is only a concert tour.

Struggling students who are ambitious of singing may well study the career of Marcella Sembrich. No singer was ever more tirelessly trained, no great career ever owed its triumph to nobler sacrifices than hers. There are singers gifted by nature, like Melba, to whom triumphs come easier, but not until a career is ended is all told or the result to be set down.

Personally Mme. Sembrich is a charming woman. Years ago—before she ever appeared in operas—she married Herr Stengel, to whose devotion to her gifts she owes her success, and she has not found being a great artist incompatible with being a good wife and mother. These things are of no moment in art, but they are, nevertheless, pleasant to know.

Alexandra Viarda's career is more romantic but less inspiring. While Mme. Sembrich rose from the ranks of a gifted humble father, Mme. Viar-

AT A QUAKER WEDDING.

Ceremony in Which There Was No Civil

Without civil red tape or ministerial rites a marriage ceremony was performed yesterday as binding as any such solemn contract possibly could be. It was a Quaker wedding, and took place in the House of Friends in East Twentieth street, near Third avenue. The bridegroom was Russell Benjamin Hodson of London and the bride Miss Edith Haydock, daughter of Sarah A. Haydock, a minister of the Society of Friends in this city. The little meeting house was crowded with relatives and friends, while many curious persons attended to see a man and woman marry themselves. Before the two entered the building a period of silence prevailed; that silence so beloved by Quakers. Annie S. Knight, a minister of the society, made a brief prayer, and silence again fell on all. Then, from a side door, the bridal party entered together and unaccompanied. He was conventionally dressed, while the bride wore a modest gray traveling gown. She was an unusually sweet-faced girl, and every detail of her dress, from her hat to the lace-edged hem of her gown, was simplicity itself, making her natural beauty and grace far more striking than if she were covered with glittering jewels and rustling silks. The two advanced to a center table, where a garland of pure white roses lay. Then, turning and looking up into the eyes of her chosen husband, the bride said in a clear, musical voice, that sounded like a golden wedding bell in the silent church, "I take thee, Russell Benjamin Hodson, to be my husband, in the presence of God and this assembly, and I promise to be a faithful and loving wife until God shall separate us in death." The deep voiced bridegroom then repeated the words, substituting her name, and only changed the words that were necessary. Then he took one end of the garland of white roses, she the other, and they tied the nuptial knot, figuratively and literally. Her half of it was done before the smiling husband had completed his. Both then signed the marriage certificate, and Herbert S. Tuttle, as best man, and Amelia Haydock, a sister of the bride, as bridesmaid, also signed. Charles W. Lawrence, clerk of the society, read the certificate aloud, and the pair clasped hands. The nuptial prayer was intoned and the two were one. After that all persons in the place, relatives, friends or those there out of mere curiosity, were invited to go forward and sign the marriage certificate.—New York Press.

An Old Fashioned Judge.
Judge John E. Mann of Milwaukee, who for very nearly one-third of a century has served the people of Wisconsin as judge, was honored the other day in the county courtroom, where he opened a new term of judicial activity. Judge Mann has occupied the county bench for twenty-three years, and prior to that service he was circuit judge for one complete term and for part of another. What made the occasion and the Judge's record all the more remarkable is the fact that he is now 77 years old, and that in spite of that advanced age his faculties are as clear and his acumen as good as they were a score of years ago. The ancient Justice is a New Yorker by birth. He spent two years at Williams College and then went to Union College at Schenectady, where he was graduated with the class of '43. His first law reading was done in the office of Jacob Houck, an eminent attorney of that time, and he was admitted to the bar just fifty-one years ago. In 1854 Judge Mann came west and settled in Washington county, Wisconsin. For eight years he practiced law with his partner, the late L. F. Frisby, and in 1859 he was appointed to the circuit bench to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge Larabee. At the end of the term he was elected, served the full time, and then came to Milwaukee, where he resumed his practice. Judge



GRACE GEORGE.

her in childhood, for when she was not practicing or studying, her father, who was a hard master with himself and equally hard with his daughter, set her to copying music which he borrowed, being too poor to buy.

There was no thought at that time that Marcella would ever be a singer. But for outside interest she would never have reached her present fame. Sturdily her father laid the foundation of her musical education, but her fate might have been as lowly and as sordid as his, but for the intervention of two men. The first was an odd character—half traveling doctor, half musician. He was known in Galicia

da is the daughter of a gallant Polish baron who lost all—hope and courage as well as fortune—in the struggle to preserve the autonomy of Poland. Baron Scheele, whose family name is Viarda, went down in the disaster of 1848, which rent Poland in pieces and forever wiped it out as a nation. With his wife, who was of the noble family of Segenitz, he retired quietly, feeling that the glory of the name of Viarda, as well as that of Poland, was forever past.

Although Auguste Van Biene was no more successful with "A Wandering Minstrel" this season than he was with "The Broken Melody" last, the former play will be remembered by all who saw it for the beautiful performance of Grace George as Gretchen.

It would be interesting, if it were possible, to write up the careers of the actresses who have begun at Daly's Theater. There was a time when his house was the Mecca of hope to all ambitious women. It took some time for players to learn that it was a cul de sac, and that usually those who entered it came out the same as they went in. From Edith Crane to Frances Gaunt, from Creston Clarke's wife, Adelaide Prince, to Anne Calverly, actresses would tell the same story. Indeed, to-day how many who know Frances Gaunt's pretty face—and it was associated all last season with the naughty cause of all the trouble in "The Two Little Vagabonds"—recall that she was two seasons at Daly's? Possibly Miss Gaunt learned much there, but that she achieved honor or had any chance to be seen, is another story. That is the reason why so few know that such a host of players were ever at Daly's.
MAUDE MEREDITH.



MME. VIARDA.

as Grandfather Tanowitz. He traveled about, working cures among the peasants, and, like the minstrel of old, he sang to the people his own compositions, which were full of patriotic fervor. He had been a government official at one time and enjoyed a small pension. He devoted it to assisting the gifted children of a down-trodden race wherever he found them. One day he met Marcella Sembrich Kochanski, and he immediately took her under his protection.



JUDGE MANN.

Mann was sent to the county bench in 1874, and has been county judge ever since.

Aluminum.
This metal is now cheaper for equal volume than brass. Steel and aluminum tubing of equal external diameter and equal weight have been tested against each other. The aluminum tubing had 16 per cent less rigidity, but resisted buckling and crushing better. In France it has been found that a great saving in the weight of railroad cars, one and one-half tons per car, can be effected by substituting aluminum for brass wherever possible.

Not So Skeptical.
First Tramp—"You are the worst I ever see. You won't believe a thing unless you see it."
Second Tramp—"Oh, yes, I will. I know I have a terrible thirst, but I can't see it."—Yonkers Statesman.