

# Dinna Forget OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

JOHN STRANGE'S WINTER

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)  
 "Mr. Harris will walk with me," faltered Dorothy, shrinking back.  
 "By what right?" demanded David, in a bitter undertone.  
 "By the right of Miss Strode's wish, sir," put in Dick, icily, "and in some measure by the right of having been the last person to whom Miss Dimsdale spoke in this world, and in some measure by the right of having been one of the three persons who saw her die."

It was all over in a minute or two, and only those standing very near to them heard a word at all. Dick took hold of Dorothy's hand and drew her out of the room, and the rest of the company followed as they would—David Stevenson among them, his head well up in the air, but his eyes gleaming with anger, and his face as white as chalk.  
 However, it was useless to show anger about such a matter, and the incident passed by. And when the last sad office was over, the large company separated, only the lawyer from Colchester returning to the Hall to make the usual explanations and to read the will to Dorothy.

"And are you going to remain here for the present?" he asked the girl stidly.

"Oh, no, I am going away at once," she answered.

"But may I ask where?" he inquired.  
 "Yes; we are going away, Barbara and I, for a change—I must get away; it is dreadful here. I hope I shall never come back again."

"You will feel differently after a time," said the lawyer, kindly; he knew how things were with David Stevenson, though not what Dorothy's feelings towards him were.

The three were alone then, Dick Aylmer having purposely abstained from appearing at the house after their return from the churchyard; he was, indeed, at that very moment, sitting by the fire in Barbara's little room at the back of the house.

"Yes, perhaps, after a time," she answered feverishly. "But, Mr. Marks, I wanted to ask you a question—Mr. Stevenson told me that I should have about a thousand pounds?"

"About that, I should think; but we cannot tell exactly until Miss Dimsdale's affairs are settled."

"But will you get them settled at once? I want to have everything settled," she said anxiously. "You see, I cannot arrange anything for myself until I know just how I stand, and I should like to know just what I shall be able to do as soon as possible."

"Very well, we will hurry everything on as much as possible," said Mr. Marks to David; "Miss Dimsdale's affairs are in perfect order."

"Oh! yes, it will be easy enough," said David; then as the lawyer was gathering his papers together, he said in an undertone to her: "You are very anxious to shake the dust of Graveleigh off your feet, Dorothy?"

The great tears welled into her eyes, and for a moment she could not speak. "I don't think you give me much encouragement to do anything else, David," she said, reproachfully.

"I am very anxious to go away, because it is dreadful living in this house without Auntie—dreadful; and I am very unhappy, David, and I don't think it is very kind of you to be so—so—" but there she sobbed choked her and she stopped. "I never thought you would be unkind to me," she said under her breath.

"I'm a brute," he answered. "There, don't cry, Dorothy. You shall have everything as you want it."

The result of all this was that, two days later, Dorothy and Barbara went off to Bournemouth, accompanied by Lorne Doone in a big basket, and there they remained, quietly and gradually recovering from the great shock of Miss Dimsdale's death. If they were not very happy in their simple lodgings they were very peaceful, and once Dick came and stayed at the hotel near

happened to meet him in the street, not a little to his relief.  
 And Mr. Marks meantime worked away, and, for a lawyer, really hurried things up in a wonderful way, so that by the time Dorothy's twenty-first birthday came everything was settled, and he was ready to hand over to her the money to which she was entitled under her aunt's will. Mr. Marks therefore wrote to her, telling her that he was ready to hand over to Barbara the sum of one hundred pounds; to her, Dorothy, a sum of thirteen hundred and forty-five pounds, the sum left over and above after all expenses had been paid. He asked her also when she and Barbara would be able to meet him and Mr. Stevenson, the executor of Miss Dimsdale's will.  
 Dorothy replied at once that she would be in London two days later, and if it suited them both would meet them there—would he write to Mr. Morley's Hotel, to say if that would be convenient? And eventually they did meet at Morley's Hotel, and Dorothy and Barbara signed the necessary papers, heard the necessary explanations, and from that moment were absolutely free of all connection with Graveleigh for ever, if they so wished.  
 "You will put that check into a proper bank," said Mr. Marks to Dorothy.  
 "Yes," Dorothy answered, "It will go to the bank before three o'clock."  
 "And remember, if at any time there is any little matter that I can do for you or any advice I can give you, you can write to me as a friend, and I will always do my best for you," the old lawyer said.  
 "Thank you so much," cried Dorothy, pressing his hand affectionately.  
 The old man blinked his eyes a little, patted her shoulder and coughed, and then took himself rather noisily away, with a kindly hand-shake to Barbara. Then it was David's turn to say goodbye.  
 "I wanted to tell you, Dorothy," he said, huskily, "that I bought the old cobs, as you wished, and they will have an easy berth in my stables as long as they live. And I wanted to tell you, too, that I meant every word of what I said to you the day after Miss Dimsdale died: if ever you want me you have only to say a single word and I shall come."  
 "You are very good, David," said she, with trembling lips.  
 "I don't know what you are going to do or what your plans are," he went on, "but I hope you will be happy, and that God will bless you, wherever you are and whatever you do;" and then he bent down and kissed her little, slender hands, and, without looking at her again, rushed out of the room.

## CHAPTER XII.

**D**OROTHY fell sobbing into Barbara's arms. "Oh! Barbara, it is all so dreadful; it is all so dreadful; it brings it all back again," she wailed.

"Nay, nay, my dearie, think of what's going to be tomorrow," Barbara murmured, tenderly. "Don't grieve like this, my dearie; don't, now."

"But I can't help grieving a little, Barbara," Dorothy cried, impatiently. "You forget what they have been all my life to me until just now. And Auntie wanted me to marry David almost to the last, and though I couldn't do that, he has been very kind and generous to me, and I hate not to be friends with him, after all. And then I meant to tell him a little about Elsie Carrington, and then each time I've seen him I have felt so miserable and so guilty, Barbara, that I could have cried of shame. Yes, indeed, I could."

"Well, but, my dearie, it's over now, and David Stevenson would not have been satisfied to have you friends with him. Men never are when they want love. And, after all, it wasn't your fault that you never liked David, I never could abide him myself, and I'm sure, Miss Dorothy, dear, that you detested him long enough before you ever set eyes on Mr. Harris."

"But, Auntie—" Dorothy sobbed.  
 "I'm sure the dear mistress was the last one in all the world to have knowingly made you miserable about David Stevenson or any other gentleman on earth," Barbara answered, positively.  
 "But what did you want to tell me about Miss Carrington, dearie?"  
 "Elsie always liked him," Dorothy began, when the old servant interrupted her.

"Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, take my advice and don't you be meddling between David Stevenson and Miss Carrington. They wouldn't either of them thank you for it if they knew it, and if you was to mention her name even it would set Mr. David against her forever. Never you trouble your head about him; he's no worse off than he's always been—better, in fact, for he is richer now than before the Hall fell to him. I dare say he'll feel bad about you for a bit, but remember, Miss Dorothy, that it's harder to lose what you have than what you haven't got and never had."

"Perhaps you are right, Barbara," said Dorothy, a little comforted.  
 "Ay, I am right there," said Barbara, wisely.

Well, the next day Dick Aylmer came up from Colchester with all the delight of a long leave before him, and in the wildest and most joyous spirits, so that Dorothy was fairly infected by his gaiety. That evening he took her and Barbara to dine at Simpson's, and then to a theater to finish up the evening. And the morning following that, Dorothy, dressed in a quiet gray gown, with her silver belt around her waist, got into a cab with the old servant and drove to the church where their banns had been "cried," and there they met Dick, and the two were made man and wife.

It was a very quiet and solemn wedding in the gloomy, empty church, with its dark, frowning galleries and its long, echoing aisles, down which their voices seemed to travel as into the ages of eternity.

And then when the short ceremony was over—and oh! what a lifetime of mischief a clergyman can do in twenty minutes—Dick kissed his wife and then Dorothy kissed Barbara, and they all went in to sign the registers.

"You'll have your lines, Miss Dorothy," urged Barbara.  
 "No, they are safe enough here," Dorothy replied.

"But I would have them, my dear," Barbara entreated in a whisper.

"Yes, we will have our lines," said Dick; he would agree to have carried the church along if it would have given them pleasure, he was so happy just then.

And then they went off to Dick's hotel, where they had a champagne



KISSED HIS WIFE.

lunch in a private room, and Dick drank to his bride's health and Dorothy drank to his, and Barbara drank to them both, and then insisted that the wine had got into her head.

And after that they parted for a short time, Dorothy and Barbara going off to Morley's to fetch their luggage and pay their bill, and meeting Dick again with his belongings at Victoria Station, where they parted in earnest from Barbara, who was going to spend the two months with various friends and relations in or around London.

"And Barbara, this will keep you going till we get back," said Dick, slipping twenty pounds into her hand.

"But, Mr. Harris," cried Barbara, feeling that there were four notes, "it's too much; I shan't need it."

"Take it while you can get it, Barbara," he laughed; "I dare say you shall be desperately hard up by the time we get back again;" and then the train began to move, and he pushed her hand back. "Good-bye, you have the address; Mrs. Harris will write every week;" and then the train had slipped away beyond speaking distance.

"Poor old Barbara!" she cried.  
 Dick caught hold of her hand. "My darling, I have got you all to myself at last," he murmured passionately.

They were soon away from London and off to Dover, for Dick had foreign leave, and they had agreed to spend the next two months by the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.  
 (To be Continued.)

## ABOUT SAFFRON.

Its High Price Has Led to a Peculiar Form of Adulteration.

Saffron would strike an ordinary observer as decidedly expensive at 56 shillings per pound, until told that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a species of crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound, says Chambers' Journal. The wonder then becomes that it is so cheap, that it can pay to grow and gather it at the price. As a matter of fact, it has failed to pay the English grower—by this retaining, in the name of his town of Suffron-Walden, but a hint of former importance in this particular direction; French and Spanish soils being more suitable to the full growth of the flowers, and foreign labor cheaper in the work of picking. Its use in medicine has practically died out, bar, perhaps, the popular belief that, steeped in hot milk or cider, it helps the eruption of measles to fully appear. As a dye in creaming curtains and to give a rich appearance to cake it is still, however, in general demand, for which purpose it is well suited in being both harmless and strong, one grain, composed of the style and stigmas of nine flowers, being sufficient to give a distinct yellow tint to ten gallons of water. Its high price, by the way, has led to a peculiar form of adulteration, for, apart from the crude and commonplace one of dusting with a heavy powder, such as gypsum, to give weight, the similar portions of other and commoner flowers have been specially dyed and worked thoroughly in among the genuine ones.

## FOR WOMEN AND HOME

### ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Notes for the Household—Dresses Worn This Winter and Spring—A Resourceful Bride—Taxing the Bachelors—Novelty in a Christening.

#### I Sing to Him.

SING to him! I dress as he hears  
 The song he used to love,  
 And oft that blessed fancy cheers  
 And bears my thought above.  
 Ye say 'tis idle thus to dream—  
 But why believe it so?  
 It is the spirit's meteor gleam  
 To soothe the pang of woe.

Love gives to nature's voice a tone  
 That true hearts understand—  
 The sky, the earth, the forest lone,  
 Are peopled by his wand;  
 Sweet fancies all our pulses thrill  
 While gazing on a flower,  
 And from the gently whispering rill  
 Is heard the words of power.

I breathe the dear and cherished name,  
 And long-lost scenes arise;  
 Life's glowing landscape spreads the same;  
 The same hope's kindling skies;  
 The violet-bank, the moss-fringed seat  
 Beneath the drooping tree,  
 The clock that chimed the hour to meet,  
 My buried love, with thee—

Oh, these are all before me, when  
 In fancy's realms I rove;  
 Why urge me to the world again?  
 Why say the tides of love,  
 That death's cold, cruel grasp has given,  
 Unite no more below?  
 I'll sing to him—for though in heaven,  
 He surely hears my woe!

#### Bride Proves Resourceful.

A wedding ceremony where the bride and groom were in one county and the officiating minister in the next was performed near Raleigh, N. C., a few days ago. K. P. Stewart was sick, but what made matters worse he was engaged to get married, and the wedding day was drawing near. His bride-elect, who lived in Harnett county, a beautiful and determined young woman with a soul as full of romance as a veritable Juliet, learning of her lover's dangerous illness, determined to hasten to his bedside and marry him at all hazards. When she arrived on the scene she made haste to declare her intentions and would listen to no proposals or suggestion as to procrastinating the consummation so devoutly wished. The license was procured and the preacher was brought in right speedily, but another serious difficulty arose when it was ascertained that the license was for Harnett county and the residence of the bed-ridden bridegroom was across the line. The preacher said he

tion to make an unusual quest for literary knowledge and experience. Reared in luxury, well educated and refined, she has planned to circumnavigate the globe aboard a small sailing vessel, roughing it as do the common seamen before the mast, and taking the sweets of life on the ocean waves with the sweets of travel. She is the sister of the small craft's skipper. This is not so remarkable as the fact that Miss Bradley's real object in making her long trip around the world is to study the conditions in which the wives and daughters of the poor of every nation live, so that she may write a book when she returns to England.

#### Idea for a Blouse.

The old-time favorite, the blue silk, has fallen a little out of popularity of late because of its sameness. You so soon tire of it.

The new blue silks are made with the stripes running up and down. The trimmings consist of puffings of cream lace, put on the skirt in round and round rows. The lace is gathered up and bottom to make a very full puff.



Mahogany velvet affords a pretty girle and stock to wear with the blue silk dress, but those who like all blue can make them of a shade of blue velvet to exactly match the stripes in the silk.

#### Why Tax the Bachelors?

Men and women alike have been making fun of Delegate S. T. Turner, who has introduced into the Virginia house of delegates or legislature a bill taxing bachelors. Mr. Turner, however, is thoroughly in earnest, and has given out the following signed statement of his reasons and objects for the bill: "My object in offering a bill to tax bachelors was based upon the apparent drifting of our young people to a condition which I consider threatens the ultimate good of our society and menaces the homes, the bulwark of our institutions and the palladium of our hopes. I discern a tendency on the part of our young men to plunge into the vortex of sordid accumulation and to ignore the establishment of permanent homes, in which the youth of the nation may be properly nourished and the succeeding generations inspired by devotion to parents and ennobled by the hallowed influences that emanate from the family altar. Our young women, robbed of proper homage by

petition of the other. I would retrieve as far as it can be done by law the condition of our forefathers, when each home was a stronghold of patriotic devotion and each fireside the proud assembly in which virtue found worshippers and integrity in its loftiest models."

#### Novelty in a Christening.

When Miss Helen Long, daughter of the secretary of the navy, christened the new Japanese cruiser Kasagi Jan. 20, she did not break a bottle of wine over the war vessel's bow, but instead she released a white dove of peace. The ceremony, while in accordance with Japanese custom, was a distinct novelty in this country, and this was the first time a ship of this character was ever launched without the use of the traditional champagne. The cruiser was launched from Cramp's shipyards in Philadelphia. Japanese minister in Washington, desiring to extend every courtesy to the American government, invited Miss Long to christen the ship. Miss Long accepted, but when the secretary heard of the affair he offered some objections, not to having his daughter officiate, but to the use of a bottle of wine as a part of the ceremonies. Secretary Long is a temperance man. Whereupon the Japanese minister, with ready wit, found a way out of the trouble. He suggested releasing a white dove. To this suggestion Secretary and Miss Long enthusiastically responded, and it was therefore settled that when the Kasagi began to slide down the ways a white pigeon should be liberated by the hand of the young woman. The Japanese minister invited all the officials of the government to witness the launching of the Kasagi.

#### Up-to-Date Sashes.

To be in the swim the fashionable woman must have a sash on her new gown, whether it be for indoor or outdoor wear. Even the tailor-made gown has a sash—of plain silk, tied in a four-in-hand knot at the left side and hanging with fringed ends to the feet. If you are a possessor of a genuine Roman sash you are indeed to be envied. These sashes are more highly prized than any other. The colorings selected are very vivid—bright green, blues, yellows and reds. The more delicate colors—pink, pale blue and cream—are not popular. Among the daintiest sashes are those made of mousseline de sole, with belts of the same material shirred at intervals. The sashes themselves are edged with lace and have broad, rounded ends, that taper toward the belt. Other favorites are of silk, in exquisitely flowered Dresden designs. They are usually very delicate in tone and have rich velvet edges in some rich coloring. Sashes for evening dress are long and broad enough to cover the entire train.—The Latest.



She fell upon the icy walk;  
 He rushed unto her side.  
 "And are you hurt, fair maid?" the man  
 Solicitously cried.  
 She took his hand and rose, and then  
 Forgot her pain, for he  
 Had taken her to be a maid—  
 And she was 33!

#### Balm.

He Was Much Astonished.  
 A stranger in Jacksonville the other day was much attracted by a street covered with palmetto fiber. He looked up and down it intently, took some of the stuff in his hand, and exclaimed: "Well, I swan. First town I ever saw in my life where they pave the streets with whiskers."—Florida Times-Union.

#### They Worked in the Dark.

"So burglars got into your house, did they? You don't seem to mind it much. Didn't they get anything?"  
 "Oh, yes; they took a lot of things, but they were all Christmas toys that the children had used for a week."  
 "By jove, old man, you always were a lucky dog."

#### Early American History.

"A door," said Aaron Burr, "is not a door when it is ajar."  
 "There are many points to that joke," was the comment of Alexander Hamilton, as he sipped his port, "because it is a chestnut, Burr."  
 The duel followed.—Indianapolis Journal.

#### A Home Trust.

"No," said the rich old bachelor, "I never could find time to marry."  
 "Well," replied the young woman with the sharp tongue, "I am not surprised to hear you say so. It certainly would have taken a good while to persuade any girl to have you."



TWO ATTRACTIVE BALL GOWNS.

could not perform the ceremony outside of Harnett county and was about to leave the disappointed couple when suddenly the bride, after inquiry, declared that she had mastered this obstacle. The county line was just in front of the house, so the couple stood on the porch and the minister was placed across the county line, where he loudly shouted the marriage vows and listened while the ascending echoes came back to him.

Woman Before the Mast.  
 Anne Bradley has set London to wondering over her announced inten-

the insidious suggestions of mammon, are being compelled to seek employment in the stores, counting rooms and workshops of the country. The song of the lullaby is being lost in the hum of the factory and the wealth garnered by the greed of the bachelor finds no distribution through the channels of a home, which redounds to the moral and financial benefit of every community in Christendom. I would throw a safeguard against selfish and sordid tendencies. I would tax the man who clutches at all that the world and society bestows, yet yields nothing for the betterment of the one or the per-

## RUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM.

for a couple of days, and then Dorothy was very happy indeed.  
 During this time their banns were published in one of the churches at Bournemouth and also in a London church, in the parish of which Dick engaged a room and put therein some of his belongings, so as to make himself a standing in the place. But Dick was only at Bournemouth for those two days, and twice when David Stevenson was in Colchester on business he

