

# DON'T FORGET

OR,

# THE LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

JOHN STRANGE & WINTER

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**CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)**  
 Then there was an old gentleman who walked up and down in front of her windows every morning from half-past nine to ten o'clock, and again every afternoon from half-past two to three. He looked like an old general, and Dorothy felt quite friendly toward him because he belonged to her darling Dick's profession. But even an old general can get monotonous in time, particularly when he does the same things day after day—and this one always did. After his early morning constitutional he invariably went in to his house and was seen no more until he came out to do his half hour of regular tramping again at half-past two. But after his second dose he always looked at his watch when an adjacent clock struck the hour, and then shook himself together and toddled off as if he were going to town—going to his club, Dorothy thought.  
 But oh! dear, dear, it was all dreadfully slow, and before she had been a month in her new home Dorothy was pining, pining for some woman friend to talk to, to confide in, to be friends with.  
 Of course, to set off against this, there were the gay and glorious times when Dick came home, sometimes only between afternoon parade and morning stables, which meant a little dinner somewhere, a theater after it, and a wild scramble and rush to catch a train leaving Liverpool street at some unearthly hour in the morning. At other times, however, Dick managed to squeeze a two-days' leave out of his colonel, and then Dorothy felt—ay, and said, poor child—that life was worth living, and that she would not change her lot for that of any other woman in all the wide world.  
 So, poor child, her life slipped by in a continual change from grave to gay, with bright spots of deepest and tenderest love set in a large surface of unutterable dullness and wearying depression.  
 "I wonder," she said one day to Dick, "whether, when we are able to be always together, you will get tired of me and if I shall bore you?"  
 "No," said Dick, promptly.  
 "You really think not?" eagerly.  
 "I don't think at all," he said, tenderly, "because I am sure of it. What makes you ask me that, dearest? Have I ever looked bored or as if I were tired of you?"  
 "Oh, no, Dick, no!" she burst out; "only you were so good and kind to me, and it seems so wonderful that you who have been in the world all your life, should take so much trouble for a little nobody like me—I mean that I know nothing; how should I, after living all my life at Graveleigh?"  
 Dick laughed aloud at the earnestness of her face and tone.  
 "My darling," he said, holding her close to his heart, "I have been no more kind and tender to you than you have been to me. You don't set half enough value on your dear self, the most precious self in the world. Believe me, a man does not care so much what his wife knows as what she is—and you forget, what I always re-

child, I shall love it most because of you."

**CHAPTER XV.**  
**B**OUT two months after this a sort of avalanche fell upon the little household in Palace Mansions. It took the form of a letter from Lord Aylmer, the old savage at Aymer's Field, and Dick in his first surprise exclaimed, "Now, who the devil was to expect the old savage would be up to this sort of game?"  
 It began by assuring his nephew that he was enjoying the very best of health, that he had not had a touch of gout for something over three months, but that her ladyship was in exceedingly queer health—that she was indeed thoroughly out of sorts, and at present giving both himself and her medical adviser cause for the gravest anxiety. Then he went on to say that he had just had a visit of nearly a week from his old friend Barry Boynton—that "that's Lord Skeversleigh," said Dick, as he read the letter aloud—and that Barry Boynton had just been appointed Governor-General of Madras, and that as he—"the old savage"—felt his nephew could not lose by advancement in his profession, whether he ever happened to come in for the Aylmer title or not, he had put in a good word for him with his old friend, with the result that Barry Boynton had promised to appoint him as his military secretary.  
 "But, Dick," Dorothy cried, "that means India."  
 "Not a bit of it, my darling," Dick cried; "I'll see the old savage at perdition before I accept it. I only go to India on one condition that I go as a free man; that is, with you as my acknowledged wife."  
 Then they read the letter over again and made their comments upon it—she with her sweet face pressed against his cheek, he with his arm close about her waist.  
 "The amount of delicate information he conveys is really remarkable," Dick laughed. Dick, by-the-by, was on a ten days' leave, and was jovial and inclined to view the whole world through rose colored glasses in consequence; "this is to let me know that I needn't expect to step into his shoes for many a day yet. Bless me, if he knew how little I care about it, one way or the other!"  
 "Nor I!" Dorothy chimed in; "except—except that we should always be together then, Dick," with a soft touch of yearning in her voice.  
 "But we are always together in heart, my dearest," cried Dick, fondly. "And my lady's health is causing him the gravest anxiety—h'm! We may take that with a grain of salt. Gravest anxiety! Why, if my lady were lying at death's door, that old savage wouldn't be anxious, unless for fear that she should get better. However, as they are in town I must go and inquire after her ladyship. She's a hard nail enough, but she has always been good to me in her way, and she's worth a thousand of him any day. And then I can tell the old savage that he may use his influence with his dear old friend Barry Boynton for somebody else."  
 "But you won't do anything rash, Dick?" Dorothy cried.  
 "Certainly not—why should I? But I shall tell him I have no fancy for India, and that I'd rather stop at home."  
 "But supposing that he says no," said Dorothy, who in her heart regarded Dick's "old savage" as an all-powerful being who had it in his power to make or mar her very existence.  
 "Oh, I think he will hardly insist, one way or the other," he answered, easily. "Anyway, I must go and be civil to my lady, who isn't half a bad sort, and gently intimate my decision to my lord."  
 "When will you go, Dick?" Dorothy asked.  
 "Today, I think, dearest," he replied; "just after lunch will be a good time. The savage is never quite so savage after a meal as at any other time."  
 A strange and sickly faintness began to creep over Dorothy, a dull and indefinite sense of foreboding rose in her heart and threatened to suffocate her. "Shall you be long there?"  
 "Well, if I am," returned Dick, with a laugh, "it will be a new experience for my delightful uncle, for I never stopped a single minute longer in his house than I could help since I can remember."  
 Then he happened—attracted by her silence, and the absence of the sweet laugh which generally echoed his to turn and look at her. The next moment he had caught her in his arms, and was kissing her as a man only kisses the one woman that he loves in all the world.  
 "My love, my love," he cried, "my dear, sweet little love, don't look like that. What is it you fear? Not that I shall ever change toward you, or be different in any way, so far as you are concerned?"  
 "They are your people," she faltered—and—  
 "My people!" he echoed contemptuously. "Yes, so they are; but you—

you are my life—my very soul—the light of my eyes; why, you are myself. Why, to put my love and care for you in comparison for one instant with what I feel for all my people together would be too funny for words, if you were not distressed about it. But when I see you look like that, darling, it hurts me so awfully—it cuts me up, so that I can hardly talk or think sensibly. My dear little love, there is nobody in all the wide world that I could ever put beside you, or ever shall."

"You are sure?" she cried.  
 "I am quite sure," he answered, looking in her straight and true in the eyes. "And now, my dearest, it is half-past eleven; let me take you out for a turn before lunch time."  
 He always found it an easy matter to comfort and reassure the little wife who loved him so dearly, and although, by living so much alone and without proper companionship, she was apt to brood over the circumstances of her life and to conjure up all sorts of gloomy fancies and dread shadows which might come to pass at some future time, these mists always yielded before the irresistible sunshine of his love, and they were happier, if possible, than they had been afortime.  
 In his innermost heart, however, Dick was not so easy about his approaching interview with Lord Aylmer as he made Dorothy believe; and he knocked at the door of the old savage's town house with rather a quaking heart, and something of the vague dread which he had coaxed and soothed away from his wife's tender heart.  
 Yes, Lord Aylmer was at home, and her ladyship also! and the servant, having no special orders about Mr. Aylmer, at once showed him into the pretty little room off the smallest of the two drawing rooms, and told him that he would inform her ladyship of his presence. And in less than three minutes Lady Aylmer came.  
 "My dear Dick," she said, "I am most pleased to see you. I did not know that you were in town. Is it true that Lord Skeversleigh has made you his military secretary? I quite thought you had set your face against India at any price."  
 Dick Aylmer was so surprised that he sat staring at his uncle's wife in speechless wonder. She noticed his look, and asked with a laugh, "What is the matter, Dick? You look as if you had seen a ghost."  
 "Not a ghost, Lady Aylmer," he said, recovering himself; "but I certainly expected to see more of a ghost than you are at this moment."  
 "Why, how do you mean?"  
 "I had a letter from Lord Aylmer this morning, and he said that you were ill."  
 "Ill? I?" she echoed. "Nonsense! You must have mistaken him. I was never better in my life."  
 "I couldn't possibly mistake him,"  
 "MY DEAR DICK,"  
 said Dick, firmly. "However, I'll show you the letter; there is nothing at all private in it."  
 (To be Continued.)

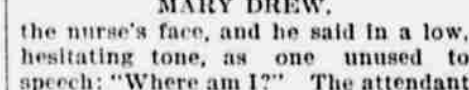
**RUN OVER A SCARECROW.**  
 Engineer of a Fast Train Receives a Fright Which He Can't Forget.  
 (From the Detroit Free Press.)  
 "The nervous strain on the engineer of a fast train is something enormous," said one of them the other day. "Not only the lives of the passengers are at stake, but there is constant fear of running over someone on the track. An accident, no matter how innocent the engineer, is always a kind of a hoodoo. What was my first accident? I shall never forget it. If it had been traced on my mind with a streak of lightning it couldn't have made a more lasting impression. It happened one bright moonlight night in November. We were spinning over the rails at full speed across the country where there were few people passing at that time of night, when I looked out and saw the figure of a man lying across the track not ten feet in front of the engine. I stopped quick as possible, but too late, of course. We had run over him and the lifeless body was under the wheels. We got out to look for him and found his hat, a piece of his coat sleeve and one of his shoes, but the rest seemed to be further back under the train. I backed up the engine and got out to look again. There lay the body. I nearly fainted when I saw its distorted form. I felt like a murderer. Did I know the man? No, not personally. He was a scarecrow from a neighboring corn field."  
 A man of Torrington, Conn., who has become an expert hypnotist, put himself to sleep the other day, remained unconscious while a dentist pulled a tooth, and woke up when the dentist courted five.

**ASLEEP THREE YEARS**  
**STRANGE CASE OF A BUFFALO MURDERER.**  
 Placed in an Asylum He Remained Motionless for Three Years—Awoke the Other Day but Soon Lapsed into Sleep Again.

**W**ILLIAM GIPP, of Buffalo, was practically dead for more than three years, and when he awoke the other day from the long, dreamless sleep, which was so near an approach to dissolution memory brought back to him no suggestion of the terrible day when he murdered his mother, shot his father, and became a child, a simple child, who had lost his hat, and was crying because he could not find it. "Willie" Gipp was twenty years old when something in his brain went wrong, three years ago, and when he awoke recently he believed he was only twenty still. As far as he can be learned there is no taint of insanity or epilepsy in the family. Well reared by loving parents, the boy, when he was grown, obtained employment as a car inspector for the Lehigh Valley railroad. He worked hard and steadily and assisted in supporting the home which he shared with his parents. So far commonplace. But the boy of twenty fell in love with Miss Mary Drews, who was twenty-three. There was some talk at home about his being too young to devote serious attention to a woman, but the boy was determined to marry, and knowing his parents thought he was too young, he anticipated a row when he told them of his decision. The matter weighed upon his mind. He was firmly determined to marry, but he feared the consequences of announcing it to his parents. He was but twenty. It stood thus when he went to his work on November 1, 1894. It was cold, and at 1 o'clock on the following morning he told his companions that he would go home and get his heavy overcoat. His mother left her bed to admit him, and when he had the coat and was going she followed him into the kitchen, intending to lock the door after him. Up to that moment he was the loving, stalwart son. Then, as she moved into the kitchen behind him, something in his brain worked abnormally, as when a well-ordered machine is destroyed by a defective bolt or cog. Suddenly he turned, drawing a pistol, and without a word shot her through the head. So suddenly was it done that the woman was dead before she could scream at the horror of reading murder on her boy's face. The noise of the pistol brought the father to the kitchen. His son stood above the mother's body, pistol in hand, silent, ready for another crime. One glance, and the elder Gipp ran straight at the pistol. The maniac's aim was true, and a bullet penetrated the father's cheek, but he closed and seized the weapon. The maniac seemed capable of fear. There was a brief struggle, in which he lost the pistol. Then he dashed through the kitchen door, scaled a fence and was gone in the darkness. The father gave the alarm and the city was searched, the police by hundreds looking for a desperate murderer. They found, after twenty-four hours, a forlorn human being crouching in a barn, a man in frame, a child in intellect. Murder frenzy, fear, childishness—these had come in turn as the poor, wrecked brain worked on like a crippled engine. "I've lost my hat," he said piteously, as they rushed upon him. "Please find it for me." And he fell to mumbling incoherently. The expression on his face was that of a troubled child. Later it



fixed upon the ceiling, but with vacant gaze. A child would have followed with his eyes the strategic marchings of flies upon that ceiling, vaguely, but consciously.  
 Wonderful, as it appeared to the doctors, who expected that he would waste away and die, he neither lost nor gained weight. Physically he remained what he was when they carried him to his cot. In the matter of food he swallowed what was placed in his mouth and ceased to swallow when they put in no more. That he had any feeling in the matter no one could say. Some who saw him held the theory that his sense of motion and speech was chained, but that he was aware of all that passed about him, remembered the killing of his mother, and lay there day after day, month after month, going over and over the terrible events, unable to do anything but think. This the doctors said was not possible under the circumstances. He did not think at all, they said, his condition being one of anaesthesia, due to shock. And then, three years and two months after the tragedy, "Willie" Gipp awoke. The brain for a time almost readjusted itself into the perfect machine it had been before his crime. An attendant busy in the dormitory at five o'clock in the morning heard an unexpected noise behind him, and, turning suddenly, saw Gipp walking toward him. His face wore a bewildered expression. His hands ran through his hair and rubbed his eyes. His glance swept the room wonderingly, as one never seen before. The attendant gazed at him in wonder and fear, he was so like one risen from the dead. The boy's eyes fixed themselves upon



MARY DREWS.

the nurse's face, and he said in a low, hesitating tone, as one unused to speech: "Where am I?" The attendant made no reply, but ran in search of Drs. Frost and Bowerman. All three returned in a minute and found Gipp walking about the room, examining its contents with interest. The physicians led him to his cot and seated him upon it.  
 "Do you know where you are?" a doctor asked. "No, but I guess I am sick," he replied. "What is your name?" Rubbing his head as if to refresh his memory Gipp looked at the doctors for a few seconds and then replied, "Willie Gipp." "How old are you, Willie?" "Why," he said, "I'm twenty." He appeared to wonder why they should ask him those things, and yet he had difficulty in finding a reply. He is twenty-three, but his mind had taken a life time before the tragedy when he was twenty—before the sequel of events in his life was broken by the brain lesion which made him an insane maniac.  
 The music of the zither died and Willie Gipp appeared to sleep. The physicians issued orders that no one should disturb him or attempt to test his memory further lest what nature herself had done and the hope built upon the momentary lifting of the cloud be destroyed by untimely interference. But on January 19 the doctors thought it well to admit the boy's anxious sister, Gussie, and she was allowed to go to his bedside. He lay on his back, staring at the ceiling, in complete apathy. "Willie" the girl said, eagerly. He looked at her, but in his eyes there was no gleam of recognition. "Don't you know me, Willie?" she asked, brokenly. He did not know her, and the fact seemed to trouble him. He searched her face long and sadly with questioning eyes. Then he shook his head. "I am your sister, Gussie," she said. "I am your sister," he repeated, monotonously, as a child repeating part of a lesson beyond its comprehension. He could talk, but memory had fled again. His father and brother came, but he did not know them. To the relatives the physicians said they could not decide for a week or more whether there was a chance of permanent recovery. As medical men they have been keenly interested in the case. I asked several physicians concerning it. What puzzled them most is the prolongation of the state of anaesthesia, for it was their belief that the boy would recover complete consciousness or die in three or four months, at most, after the first seizure. Dr. William C. Krauss, an eminent alienist, who has watched this case with interest, said of it: "Gipp was undoubtedly insane when he killed his mother. It was a sudden seizure, probably brought about by worry over the interference he expected from his parents in the marriage upon which he proposed to enter. He passed from the violent state into anaesthesia, a condition usually due to some injury or great shock. The shock may have been a momentary realization of his crime. That would be sufficient to throw him into the condition in which he has existed ever since. I think it is questionable whether he will ever recover control of his faculties, and he seems to be relapsing into a state of coma once more."  
 A child of 2 having on several occasions had vaseline applied to some little burns, exclaimed to the cook, who was in dismay over some scorching pastry: "Oh, doe and det the doad vaseline."

**Temporary Lapse.**  
 "I shall ask you this morning, brother," said the Rev. Mr. Fourthly, "to be liberal in your contributions. The purpose for which this collection is to be used is one that deserves your hearty encouragement and support. The money will be carefully disbursed and every cent accounted for. By the way, Brother Griffith," continued the good man, turning to the Sunday school superintendent, "will you kindly tell me again what the collection this morning is for? I find I am unable to recall it at the moment."—Chicago Tribune.

**Character Analysis.**  
 "No," said Colonel Stillwell, "I don't fear for his society. Understand me, I don't say for a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character."  
 "What do you know of his previous associations?"  
 "Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be satisfied to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of kyards."—Washington Star.

**Empty Handed.**  
 "Did you get anything?" asked Farmer Cornstossel's wife as he returned from his hunting trip.  
 "Nothin' worth speakin' of."  
 "You surely didn't come home empty-handed?"  
 "No; but it's next thing to it. I haven't anything but a couple more carrier pigeons with messages from the north pole tied to 'em."—Washington Star.

**Ambiguous.**  
 Patient (who has had his eye operated on)—"Doctor, it seems to me ten guineas is a high price to charge for that job. It didn't take you ten seconds."  
 Eminent Oculist—"My dear friend, in learning to perform that operation in ten seconds I have spilt more than two bushels of such eyes as yours."—Pick-Me-Up.

**Always the Case.**  
 Stranger—Which of these papers is the most highly respectable?  
 Newsdealer—This one, I guess. No body buys it.—Up-to-Date.

**Turning the Tables on Him.**  
 Facetious Student—Excuse me, professor, but were any of these cannibals vegetarians?  
 The Professor—Probably not at that time. But I have no doubt if the class before me had visited these flesh eaters the latter might have speedily acquired a taste for cabbage heads and fresh of life, as you always have done.

**Extravagant.**  
 The two gallant soldiers were writing to their bits of skirt.  
 "I say, Bill," says one, pausing in his epistle, "how many 'v's do you put in love?"  
 "I always lets her go with two," answers Bill, "then the donah can see as you loves her twice as much as ordinary."—Punch.

**Too Narrow.**  
 Funnicus—"Did you hear about Measleigh's narrow escape?"  
 Easymeet—"No. What happened?"  
 Funnicus—"It was a fire escape, and it was so narrow that the building inspector made him take it down and put up a wider one."—Facts.

**Not Etiquette.**  
 Mrs. Faddle—"I thought you warranted that dog I bought of you well bred?"  
 Dog Dealer—"So it is, murr."  
 Mrs. Faddle—"Oh, no, it isn't; it bolts its food in the most vulgar manner."—Pick-Me-Up.

**Just Wanted to Know.**  
 Tramp—"Is there anything around here that a poor man could do to earn a meal of vittles?"  
 Lady—"Yes. Step back this—"  
 Tramp—"All right, then; I haven't time to stop."—Cleveland Leader.

**Accounted For.**  
 "What's all this Austrian trouble about, anyway?"  
 "It's all over a question of national language."  
 "Oh, I see; that accounts for the war of words."—North American.

**Sympathy.**  
 Carrie—There goes Miss Serely and her dissipated fiancé. She says she is going to marry him to reform him.  
 Fanny—Poor thing! I suppose she can't get any one who doesn't need reform?—Puck.

**The Female Book Agent.**  
 Timkins—There goes a woman with a history.  
 Simkins—Yes, I know; she was my office yesterday trying to sell me a copy on the installment plan.—Chicago News.

**Crushed.**  
 The Poet—My angel, my guiding star; the light of my—  
 The Lady—Oh, please don't talk shop!—Indianapolis Journal.