

**DINNA FORGET**  
OR,  
**LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.**  
JOHN STRANGE  
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**—(Continued.)  
She was staring at him in utter consternation, her light-blue eyes filled with wonder, her white brow wrinkled, some of the color blawed from her cheeks, and her lips parted. "I don't quite understand, David," she said at last.

He drew a long breath of impatience. "Look here, Elsie," he said. "I am young, rich, decent-looking, and not a bad sort as fellows go. But it's no use my coming and offering you the devotion of a lifetime; you wouldn't believe me if I did—you'd know it was a lie, and I don't want to begin by lying to you. But I can offer you all the rest of my life, and I swear I'll do my level best to be a good husband to you—I swear that."

Elsie fairly gasped. "You are asking me to marry you, David?" she cried.  
"Of course I am," he answered.  
There was a dead silence for a few moments. David, sore and hurt, desperately anxious to get his future settled so that looking back would be a folly, and repining nothing short of a sin, stood waiting for her decision, while Elsie turned away to the window and looked out over the fields, a thousand bitter thoughts chasing each other through her brain. It was all over with Dorothy, and Dorothy had evidently chosen another; Elsie was sure of that, though David had not said so. And David had turned to her in his trouble—there was comfort in that. But Dorothy had his love still, she was certain of that. You could see it in his haggard face, his nervous manner; hear it in his defiant voice. Many and many a time she had pictured him coming wooing her. She had let her hands fall idle in her lap, and her sewing lie neglected, while in fancy she had seen him turning in at the gate or coming in at the door, with his mouth half smiling (as she had seen it for Dorothy's sake), his cold eyes lit up with a tenderness as dear as it was rare; but in all her dreams Elsie had never pictured him coming like this, haggard, nervous, brusque, impatient, brutally truthful and just, to ask her to make a bargain, in which love should be left out of the reckoning! To offer her his body—while she knew his heart was all Dorothy's! Oh! it was a dreary wooing, a hard, hard bargain for her to make or mar.

"Well," said he, after a minute or two, "what do you say?"  
"Is Dorothy going to be married?" she asked suddenly.  
He winced at the question, but he answered it readily enough. "Dorothy is married," he said steadily.  
"Oh!" and then she gave a great sigh and looked at him with piteous, yearning eyes.  
"Well?" he said. "I am waiting."  
"I don't know what to say," she burst out.  
"No! And yet I fancied you liked me better than the other fellows round about."  
His tone was half-bitter, half-reproachful, as if his last hope was leaving him. The girl was touched by it instantly, and turned quickly to him with both her hands outstretched. "Oh! David," she cried in a voice of pain, "you know that I have always—always—liked you—but—"

"But what?" he asked coldly and without taking the outstretched hands.  
Elsie let them fall to her side again.  
"You have not said one word about caring for me," she said, in a trembling, timid voice.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**  
DAVID began to feel that his wooing, which he had fancied would be so easy, was going to prove more difficult than he had any idea of. He had believed always that he had only to hold up the prospect of being mistress of Holroyd for Elsie to simply jump at the chance, and here, to his intense surprise, was Elsie demurring to take him because he had said nothing of love.  
"If I were a liar," he said roughly, "I should have come and made love to you. I should have pretended that I had been mistaken in thinking I had cared for Dorothy. I should have sworn I had never loved any one but you. And by-and-by you would have found me out, and then we should both be wretched. As it is, I came and told you honestly all that was in my heart, I—I asked you to help me over this bad time, because I thought you loved me and would bear with me because of your love. As it is, never mind, there are plenty of women who will marry me willingly enough, to be the mistress of Holroyd."  
"David," she cried, as he turned toward the door.  
He looked back—his hand still upon the handle.  
"Well?" he asked, "is it not so?"  
In that one moment a dozen thoughts seemed to go crowding through the girl's distracted brain—a vision of Holroyd, with its rich red gables, its stately avenue of horse-chestnuts, its pretty lodge, its velvet lawns, and wide-spreading view across the great sheet of water running up from the sea, then

a vision of Holroyd with a strange woman as mistress, a vision of that strange woman's children breaking the serene stillness of the place—ah! no, she could not lose him for the sake of the one thing wanting which would make her cup of happiness full—in time that might come—and even if it did not, she would at least be spared the agony of seeing another woman taking up the place of the one she loved. In that brief space of time, the true instinct of feminine dignity, which always lives in a woman's heart, called for notice, but in vain—it was stifled in the pangs of love which consumed her. "David, don't go," she cried, in an appealing voice, as he turned the handle of the door. "I only hesitated because—because I have always loved you so, and—and I thought that I should break my heart—"  
"She stopped short there, ashamed to end her sentence.  
David Stevenson shut the door and came across the room to her side. "You thought what would break your heart?" he asked.  
But Elsie shook her head. "Never mind," she said bravely. "We won't talk about that. I will come to Holroyd, and—and help you forget the past if I can."  
"Then that's a bargain," said he, drawing a long breath.

He did not say a word beside, did not attempt to touch her, to kiss her, or act in any way different to his usual manner to her, excepting, perhaps, that he was less polite than ordinary custom considers necessary between persons who are not bound together by ties of blood.  
"By-the-bye," he said, suddenly, "I have bought something to seal our contract. No, you need not look like that. I only bought it yesterday. I went over to Ipswich on purpose."

He had taken a little case out of his pocket, and now held his hand out to her with a ring lying upon the palm. It was a beautiful ring—diamond and sapphire—a ring fit for a princess.  
"Won't you have it?" he asked, in surprise, as she made no effort to take it.  
"Yes, if you will give it to me," she answered.  
He took the ring in his other hand and held it toward her. Elsie took it with an inward groan, a wild cry rising up in her heart. "Oh! my God, will it be like this for always?" and then she put it on her left hand, whence it seemed to strike cold to her very heart.

"I must go now," David said, after looking at her hand for a moment. "I'll come back this evening. I must go now. Will you tell your people, and then I'll speak to your father when I come? And I shall ask for an early wedding, Elsie; the sooner it is over and we get settled down, the better."  
"Yes," she said, faintly.  
There was none too much color in her cheeks now, poor child, and her blue eyes were dark with pain.  
David looked at her uneasily. "I must get away for an hour or two and think it all over," he said, half nervously. "I must have a clear story ready for your father."  
"Yes."  
"Then—good-by."  
"David," she said, in an almost inaudible voice, "you have not told me that you are glad or anything. Have you not one kind word for me? Has Dorothy got everything still?"  
He started as if he had been shot, but he turned back at once and took her in his arms and kissed her passionately half a dozen times. "Oh! my poor girl, it is rough on you," he said, regretfully. "I'm a brute to let you do it."  
"No, no," cried she, winding her arms about his neck; "no, no. I would rather be your slave than any other man's queen. Kiss me again, David."  
And David shuddered. Why? With the perversity of love! The heart that beat against him was beating for him alone. The blue eyes looking so yearningly into his were pretty and true. The clinging arms were fond and loving, but not Dorothy's eyes; it was not Dorothy's heart; and he shuddered. And the next moment he was on his horse again and tearing homewards, while Elsie lay in a frenzy of grief on

the floor, just where he had left her standing looking mournfully after him. Poor child! poor child! dimly and vaguely she realized what she had done. She realized that if she had held out firmly against him and had said, "I have loved you all my life, and as soon as you will come and tell me you really want me for myself I will gladly come to Holroyd; but I will not marry any man whose heart is filled full of another woman—I would rather live and die alone than that"—that then she would have had a fair chance of winning his heart as entirely as even she could wish. She realized this without actually putting her thoughts into language, and she dimly grasped, too, that by fearing to let him go she had made herself David Stevenson's slave forever.

**CHAPTER XXV.**  
ELLI, it happened the very day after this, that Lord Aylmer made up his mind that he would wait no longer in effecting an entrance into the little flat in Palace Mansions.  
To do him justice, he never for one moment suspected that his nephew and Mrs. Harris were married. He imagined that the little establishment was kept up in a way which is not an uncommon one in London, and that now Dick was safely packed off to India, he could go and make friends with the loveliest girl he had seen for many a day, without any more difficulty than that of starting an acquaintance.  
To tell the truth plainly, Lord Aylmer had seen Dorothy with Dick several months before he carried out the plan which had got his nephew safely out of the road, and had left him, as he believed, poor, conceited, deluded old man, a fair field; and to tell the truth further and more plainly still, Lord Aylmer had fallen desperately in love with her! So desperately that he had put himself under great obligations to his old friend Barry Boynton, had set my lady's suspicions working, and had made Dick detest him more than ever, in order that he might possibly be able by hook or by crook to find favor in Dorothy's eyes. Poor deluded old man, if he had only known all! If he could only have listened to the young husband and wife discussing "the old savage," and have known all that had its home in Dorothy's faithful and tender heart!  
But then, you see, he did not, and so I have a longer story to tell you than I should have had it all gone smoothly and well with our young couple, and they had started their married life at the tail of a marching regiment, on an increased allowance kindly given them by a liberal and indulgent uncle.  
The old lord had not found it an easy matter to effect an acquaintance with the young lady in Palace Mansions; and really, when you think of it, it is not always an easy thing to accomplish, especially when there is no help on the other side! However, this morning, after having spent many hours reconnoitering the block of buildings called Palace Mansions, after having driven slowly up and down High street, after making many more or less useless purchases in the High street shops, and after fretting his impatient old soul into a fever, he made up his mind that he would go boldly up to the house, ask for "Mrs. Harris," claim a friendship with the departed Dick, and gradually work into a position of friendliness with the object of his present admiration.  
This admirable plan was, however, destined never to be carried out—not because Lord Aylmer changed his mind, not a bit of it! He carried out his part of it so far as to order his carriage for a certain hour, and when that hour came get into it and to give an order to Charles.  
(To be continued.)

**DRYING DAMP WHEAT.**  
New Process for Extracting Moisture From Grain Under a Vacuum.  
From the London Times: A new process for artificially extracting moisture from wheat was put to a careful test in Berlin recently. The trial was carried out at the instance of Mr. Yerburgh, M. P., who sent over fifty quarters of English wheat to be submitted to the process. The result was entirely satisfactory, over 6 per cent of moisture being taken from the wheat—which was a very dry sample in excellent condition—while the heat to which it was subjected could not possibly affect it injuriously. The principle of the process—viz., that of drying under a vacuum—has been applied to many articles of commerce, and the result of this trial is to show that it is equally well adapted to wheat. It is hardly necessary to point out that the subject is one of great interest to British farmers, who would be greatly benefited by the provision of facilities for getting their wheat into condition, particularly in a wet season. The full details of the trial will be laid before the agricultural committee on corn stores.

**Smoke as a Lightning Rod.**  
On the approach of a thunder-storm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed a superstition, but Schuster shows that the custom is based on reason, inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity slowly and safely. He points out that in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 63 churches and 85 mills have been struck, while the number of factory chimneys has only been 3.

**THE WHITE WOLF.**  
FIFTY years ago a family of Cattaraugus Indians lived on the Cornplanter Reserve, Pennsylvania. They were known as the "Jacobs," and the males were all tall, powerful men and stark hunters, who followed game clear to the Canadian frontier. Jim, the youngest, was the best known. He killed the last elk ever seen in that state, and is credited with bringing into Byers' trading post, on the Allegheny, the skins of forty-one full-grown bears, all taken in one winter's hunt.  
In 1863 he was guiding a party of gentlemen from New York, among whom was the late Roscoe Conkling, through the wilds of Elk county. A camp was made on the head waters of the Clarion, and the party made preparations to hunt for deer the next day. Jacobs had been ranging around the camp and came in late. He was more than usually silent and sullen. After a time passed in smoking he startled the others by declaring that he intended leaving them at once, and gave directions to find McCarty's trading post, three miles down river, where another guide would be had. After some questioning as to his sudden resolution, he explained "he had seen a big white wolf, and it was bad medicine for Indians," so, gathering up his traps and calling his two dogs, he disappeared in the darkness of the woods.  
Next morning McCarty's post was found without any difficulty, and the party hospitably received. They told their story, and McCarty, a man of 65, who had passed his life on the frontier, said: "So Jim sees the white wolf again. I've heard of the varmint fifty years ago, but never seen it, nor do I know of any white man who has, but Jim has, no doubt, for he ain't a liar or boaster, and all the Indians think it bad luck. They are full of notions. Why, do you know, if they miss a good shot they think their guns bewitched and the barrel made crooked, so they will spend a day hunting certain yarks, take the gun apart, load the barrel, and then drive down these yarks till it's full, then stick the breech in the fire and the charge goes off. The barrel is all right, and they can shoot as well as ever. Of course, all timber wolves is more or less white, specially the old ones, but one plum white I never see, and don't expect to."  
Twenty miles east of McCarty's, on Beaver Creek, lived Ruth Kemble. He was a hunter and trapper, cultivating enough land to raise corn for the family. He had a small flock of sheep that he had succeeded in raising, although bear and panthers were plenty in the country around. But his luck changed. The sheep began to disappear. He set traps, watched at night, while his son scouted around with his powerful bear dogs. It was no use; the sheep were taken. One day he found on the soft mud on the bank of the creek a num-

**HEIFER WAS RESTLESS.**  
And She Made It Exceedingly Lively for a Time.  
The other night the big clock on the city hall tower had just sounded the hour of midnight and all was peace and quietness at union station. Just then, however, a half-grown heifer which was stabled in the milk shed of the station decided to live up matters, says the Pittsburg Leader. The immature bovine for some reason or other became discontented with its surroundings and wandered out into the yards. Once free, the frisky animal betrayed startling proclivities as to a train dodger and proceeded to give a number of freight engineers heart trouble by skipping nimbly back and forth across the tracks with an evident desire to flirt with the headlights of the different locomotives. Tiring of this, the animal developed an exceedingly bad temper and proceeded to chase everybody in sight up and down the tracks. For a while pandemonium reigned in the erstwhile peaceful yards and the employees organized themselves into an offensive and defensive body with the idea of capturing the now infuriated bovine. Among the employees were several who had recently returned from Mexico, where they witnessed several bull fights. The yardmaster was one of these, and he took command, with one of the stationmaster's assistants as lieutenant. The running back and forth of the animal made the operation of freight trains through the yard dangerous and accordingly all the signals were blazing forth the danger signal. These red discs did not tend to pacify the heifer, which gaily charged at them as they appeared. After some trouble the yardmaster succeeded in "rounding up" the animal in the roundhouse, where, after a few ineffectual attempts to butt the big locomotives off the rails, the heifer quieted down and was secured and returned to the milkshed.

**Spectacles for Horses.**  
Spectacles for horses have been patented by an inventor, and are being used with considerable success. Their object is not so much to magnify objects as to make the ground in front of the horse appear nearer to his head than it really is. The result is continual high stepping, which, after a while, becomes natural and gives to a horse an aristocratic gait, which he will retain for many years.

**Total Darkness Not Wanted.**  
Mrs. Burleigh—How is it that your daughter never seems to have any steady company? Dear me! I wish it was that way with my Beatrice. Mrs. Sharpson—The mystery is easily explained. We use electricity in our house. You know you can't turn that down without extinguishing it.

**Changes His Skin in Spring.**  
John Drehsing, a Cincinnati barber, is shedding his skin. The skin cracks every spring and curls up like small pieces of bark. The process is quite painful.

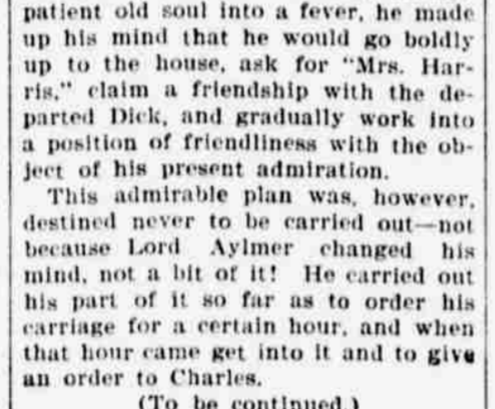
**Even when a poor cripple is unable to work he has a lame excuse for begging.**

**EATING IN NEW ORLEANS.**  
Delicious Things Which Are Served in That City.  
The day is begun with a cup of coffee and a roll and an egg, if one wishes it. Then breakfast at 10 or 11 o'clock. It is a city of restaurants, and he who has only lodgings lives at the chef's table, at the epicure's board, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press.  
The flavor and taste of their coffee is different from that gotten north or west of Lake Ponchartrain, unless in the hosteries with French chefs. I watched the most famed cook in the city make it one morning and this is how it was done: It had been partially roasted at the market, but she put about two cupsful in a pan with a lid and roasted it a bit more. Heat brings out the flavor. Into the coffee mill it went and the fresh grounds were put into a tin dripper. This dripper she laid over a brown-stone jar, which was entirely warm, and then poured the boiling water into the dripper. She placed the stone jar in front of, not on, the stove. Only a little water at a time was poured over it, and two or three times the whole contents of the jar were poured through the dripper for extra strength. The result was a coffee that was rich, brown and fragrant. The cup was poured only half-full, the rest made up with hot milk. It was nectar! Liver is a frequent dish, cut very thick and served very hot. Very little, if any, hot bread is seen. The bread is delicious. It is broken, never cut. The crust is thick, the bread is porous and one can eat the most inexcusable amount of it. The concoction of dishes is entirely different. Garlic has touched everything that can be improved by the flavor and mushrooms or truffles are constantly used. Omelets are rarely served plain. Omelet soufflé is the favored way of cooking, and sweet-breads, truffles, oysters and brains are often used. Their omelets are made exceedingly thick and quite brown. Roast beef and mutton are not so favored with them as chicken, turkey, venison and squirrel. These meats are made into a composition dish oftener than served as plain roast. And with everything one drinks claret. Not in a wine glass! Dear me! No! But in a large water tumbler, half filled with ice and diluted with water. Your good Frenchman never gets drunk, but he drinks always!

**A Curious Start in Life.**  
A correspondent writes to the Family Herald and Weekly Star from Macleod, N. W. T., as follows: A slip of your paper (I am unable to give the date), recently fell into my hands, in which was an account of an unique hat, constructed entirely of corn. In this connection the following may not be deemed altogether inappropriate: In the early days of the Soho Works, Birmingham, Eng., a workman called on Messrs. Boulton & Watt requesting to see Matthew Boulton, from whom he unsuccessfully solicited employment. As he was turning away, Boulton, who was a very sharp-sighted man where anything mechanical was about, called him back, and, asking him whence he procured his hat, was told he had made it himself. "What is it made of?" "Wood." "How did you make it?" "Turned it in a lathe," replied the man. "But, man," said Boulton, "that thing is round; you could not turn that in a lathe." He had hit upon the expedient, now well enough known, of causing the lathe spindle to rise and fall once for every revolution it made, as is done today in the invention known as the elliptical chuck. This man was Murdoch, who became the manager of the works, and who was instrumental, above all other men, in giving to the Soho Works the proud position it for so many years enjoyed among mechanics. In another place you mention as a modern invention a fall-down lazy man's bedstead, actuated by the alarm of a clock. This was exhibited at a workman's exhibition held at the Lambeth Baths, London, England, in the year 1864 or 1865.

**Couldn't Stand It.**  
A countryman walked into a newspaper office to advertise the death of a relative. "What is your charge?" he asked of the clerk. "We charge two dollars an inch." "Oh!" said the countryman, "I can't afford that. My friend was six feet three inches."

**IKE SNORT'S AXIOMS.**  
De feller dat is disappointed unless he is disappointed won't have de blues.  
De woman dat esteems a poodle dog better than a rosy-cheeked baby will never succeed as a dishwasher.  
As de nations soar higher on the planes uv ideality de culture uv war roots on de rim uv de horizon.  
Some wimen traduce dair husbands on de evils uv games uv chance of deey lose, but fergit de evils if deey win.  
Laughter is a creature uv education. What one nationality would regard as comical another would call idiotical.  
So long as a feller's kin air poor he ignores the relationship; but ef deey air wealthy he bores them with the appellation uv "Cousin."  
Some men dat wear an old flopped hat five years will help a widdler or orphan quicker dan de feller dat masquerades under a three-foot high hat.  
Some men will grow animated tryin' to entertain people whar they is visitin', den go home an' stick dair feet up side uv de clock on the mantel an' snore whar dair wife knits.  
Roosters crow in about de-same key as when their clarion disturbed Peter so, but dey hev a style now uv doin' all de cacklin' when de hen lays de egg, which was not in vogue in those days.  
Some men air like a wind-laden cloud—dey air full uv fuss and bluster and dat is all.—Nashville American.



DAVID, DON'T GO.



TOOK AIM AND FIRED.