

DIRNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

For a long time Lord Aylmer sat lost in angry thought. So this was the meaning of Dick's sudden surrender...

But somebody else had to be dealt with, the old lord's grim thoughts ran—somebody else with a brain a good deal shrewder than Dick's...

He roused himself presently, and went to the table, where writing materials were lying. Then he forced himself to write an ordinary letter to Dick...

"P. S.—By-the-by, you will be in-



WROTE A COMMONPLACE LETTER, rested to hear that your little friend, Mrs. Harris, has consoled herself for your absence, without loss of time...

CHAPTER XXX.

WHOLE month had gone by and still no word had come from Dick to the anxious heart so fondly waiting for news in Palace Mansions...

"I can't make out why your husband has never written, why he never answered the telegram. I think I shall go into the post-office and find out if it really went."

"Amelia said it went," Dorothy replied. She, poor child, had never admitted as much to her cousin, but she was prepared for the worst that could possibly happen...

And after all, she told herself, it was not to be wondered at if Dick had got a little tired of her—a stupid little thing like her, as ignorant as a child...

stretched between them? And then her eyes fell upon the bangle, which she always wore upon her left wrist...

"Don't worry about it, dear Esther," she said bravely. "Dick would not leave me without a letter without some good reason for it..."

"No, I don't," said Esther, dryly; then with an outburst of tenderness very rare in one of her serene and composed nature, she cried: "Oh, don't look at me in that reproachful way, darling..."

Dorothy did not speak for a long time, but sat tracing the words on her bangle with a very thin and fragile-looking finger.

"I know what you must think," she said at last. "And I know what Dick's silence must seem to you; but I promised to trust him whatever happens, and I always will..."

The piteous appeal went straight to Esther's heart. "Well, I won't mention him again, Dorothy, dear, not for another month. We will talk about other things. Are you going for a drive to-day?"

"Just as you please, dear," Dorothy answered listlessly. "I think you ought to go. It is good for you, and good for the boy, too, and of course you won't have a carriage—at least, not such a carriage—always."

Esther was busy making a wonderful bonnet for the wonderful boy, and she pinned in several folds of lace and tried several effects before she spoke again...

Almost immediately Amelia Harris came in, bringing a bag filled with little vases of fresh flowers. "Oh!" said Dorothy, "those are lovely. Is it a pretty place, Amelia? I suppose you have often been there?"

"Yes, madam; I have been there once or twice," Amelia replied. "It is a fine place, is it not?" Dorothy asked.

"A very grand place, madam," said Amelia, apparently giving all her attention to the flower vases. "And Lady Aylmer—what is she like?"

"My lady is very handsome, madam," said Amelia, putting the last vase in its place, and coming to put a fold of the window curtain straight. "Very haughty and hard-like, but very handsome for all that."

"Ah!" Dorothy sat in silence for a minute or two. Amelia Harris began to tidy up the table between the window and the fireplace.

"It seems such a pity that—" Dorothy began, intending to say, "such a pity that Lord and Lady Aylmer did not get on well together." Then she broke off short, suddenly remembering that it would not do to speak of Lord Aylmer's private affairs to his valet's wife...

JUST AS YOU PLEASE, DEAR, the little table between the window and the fireplace. "It seems such a pity that—" Dorothy began, intending to say, "such a pity that Lord and Lady Aylmer did not get on well together..."

"It seems such a pity that Lord Aylmer has no heir," she said confusedly. Amelia Harris not unnaturally perhaps misunderstood her.

"Lord Aylmer has an heir, madam," she said quickly, thinking that Mrs. Harris was giving a keen eye to the future. "His nephew, Mr. Richard Aylmer, is the heir—he is in India."

"Ah! yes, really," said Dorothy. She felt very sick and faint as she leaned back among the cushions. Amelia Harris thought she was disappointed, whereas, in truth, Dorothy was only nervous and upset at the sudden mention of her husband's name.

"Mr. Aylmer," Amelia continued, "is in the army—in the 4th Dragoons. A handsome young gentleman, but wild—very wild."

Dorothy got up. "Yes, I dare say, but I ought not to talk about him," she said, her voice trembling, and her eyes misty with tears. "I must go and dress for our drive."

CHAPTER XXXI. HE was sobbing passionately by the time she got into her own room. "Dick, Dick," she cried passionately, "it is hard to deny you like this, for it was denying you, though I said nothing. Why are you leaving me to fight my way through all these difficulties alone?"

"I won't believe that you are false to me—not until you tell me so; but if it is so, you ought to tell me!" She was sobbing passionately, and the scalding tears ran down her poor, pale face and over her little cold hands. They recalled her to herself. "No, I will be brave, I won't doubt you, my darling. There is something I don't understand. I will wait a little longer."

She unlocked a drawer in her wardrobe, and took out the large picture of Dick which she had hidden out of Lord Aylmer's way. "My love, my dear love, I will trust you and believe you," she murmured fondly. "I will not give way again—I will be brave."

She heard the carriage draw up with the usual jingle and dash, and hastily locked the portrait away again. Then she bathed her face in cold water, and tried to remove the, alas! unmistakable signs of tears from her eyes. Not very successfully, though she went out immediately afterwards, walked into the drawing room and found there—Lord Aylmer.

"Lord Aylmer?" she cried, then went quickly across the room to him. "Oh! I am so very glad to see you," she cried. "I did not know you were in town."

"I came up last night, dear lady," he said, taking both her hands in his and speaking in a very soft and tender voice. "But you are ill, you are not recovered, you are unhappy about something."

"I?" murmured Dorothy, evasively. "Oh! I am not so very well—but—" "But you have been crying," said Lord Aylmer, still keeping her hands in his.

"Perhaps," Dorothy admitted. "Perhaps! I am sure of it," he returned. "But what is the matter? If there is anything that I can do, you know that you have only to command me."

He laid stress on the words "you know," which in any other circumstances would have been enough to put Dorothy on her guard. Now, however, with her thoughts filled with Dick and his strange and inexplicable silence, she did not notice the unusual tone. "Oh!" she cried impulsively, "there is something you could do for me if you would."

"What?" he said eagerly. "Tell me." But Dorothy did not tell him. She wanted to say, "I am Dick's wife, I am so wretched and so unhappy at his absence. Let him come home, and I will love and reverence you forever."

That was what she wanted to say; but when she was face to face with the opportunity, her courage failed her, and she was afraid. (To be Continued.)

CORONETS AT AUCTION. And the Bidding Was Not at All Brisk. Some queer commodities find their way into the auction room, but it is not every day that a coronet may be picked up at a bargain in a sales-room, says the London Chronicle...

It was all over in a minute. The men landed safely on the sand, and tried to assist the women, but I saw Miss Martin make the jump and fall back before Mr. Russell could assist her. As for myself I tripped over the seat and went down between the boats. As I struck the water I had presence of mind enough to force a corner of the shawl into my mouth, and press my hand firmly against it to keep out the water...

After floating some distance away I rose to the surface for a moment, but no boat was in sight, nothing but the silvery waves shimmering in the resplendent moonlight, and once more I slowly sank down. My whole life now seemed to pass before me in a few brief seconds, and the singing in my ears seemed like the mermaid's lullaby, and I fancied I was floating on a silvery sea. Then reason once more asserted her sway, and I seemed to hear my father's voice. When quite a child I had asked him how it was possible to swim, and he had answered me, pointing to Carlo: "Watch the dog swimming. See how he paddles with his forepaws."

With one hand I still clutched the

A MOONLIGHT SAIL.

This story was related by a lady friend whose narrow escape from drowning I give below in her own words. Several years ago in the month of June, while on a visit to a friend's house, situated in a New England village, I met with an accident, from the effects of which my nerves have never fully recovered.

This village overlooked a large navigable river, where crafts of different kinds plied during the day, and sometimes far into the evening. I often set for hours on the cool broad veranda, watching them pass and re-pass, admiring the graceful elms on its banks, whose green foliage was reflected in the depths below.

One particular day the weather had been warmer than usual, and the hours had been passed indoors away from the glare of the sun, but the evening came in cooler, with a breeze off the water, and the bright radiance of a full moon transforming the scene into fairy land.

My husband came hastily up from the wharf with the proposal of a sail by moonlight, for which purpose he had procured a boat. Our hostess was engaged, but Miss Martin and Mr. Russell (also visitors) were only too happy and consented with pleasure. I was delighted, but wished to wait long enough to change my thin muslin waist for a thicker one, but my husband objected to the delay and begged me to show just as I was, so catching up a shawl from the veranda chair, I hastily threw it over my shoulders and declared myself ready.

We were soon hastening down the road to the wharf, a merry party of four. In a few moments we had boarded the boat and shoved it out into the stream.

I don't think I ever saw a more perfect night. In the brilliant light of the moon everything looked different from the common light of day, and we laughed and joked, and thought ourselves both fortunate and happy to be the participants of so much pleasure.

The boat just moved fast enough to create a pleasant motion as we glided gracefully along, the white sail set to the refreshing breeze. The coast seemed comparatively clear, and with nothing to hinder our progress, we sailed on and over an enchanted sea.

We had grown strangely quiet, each seeming to realize that though "speech was silver, silence was golden," and each one seemed busy with his, or her, own thoughts. For my part I was thinking of home and friends far away. Many of them had passed over the mystic bridge that spans this world and the next, but somehow they seemed strangely near me on this night. The very air seemed people with spirits bright and beautiful from out the dead past.

I was awakened from my reverie by a dark object coming unexpectedly into view as we rounded the river bend.

A HAND APPEARED. It was only a small steamer puffing along, but coming nearer to us with every stroke of the paddles that churned the water with a rushing sound. From the first I felt that there was danger, but Clifford bade me not to worry we would soon pass it in safety.

I drew my shawl closer around my shoulders and waited, for what—We were drawing rapidly nearer, when I thought the steamer cast an extremely dark shadow before it, and I think the sense of danger occurred to us all at the same time. The dense shadow was a sand barge, heavily loaded and being propelled forward by the larger craft.

Our little boat, under full sail, was too close before we discovered it, to change her course, and my husband, seeing the peril we were in from a collision, called out for each one to jump on to the barge as she struck.

It was all over in a minute. The men landed safely on the sand, and tried to assist the women, but I saw Miss Martin make the jump and fall back before Mr. Russell could assist her. As for myself I tripped over the seat and went down between the boats. As I struck the water I had presence of mind enough to force a corner of the shawl into my mouth, and press my hand firmly against it to keep out the water, and then I went down, down to the bottom of the river, but seemed propelled on, and on, by some force, which I found out afterwards to be the motion of the steamer's wheel under which I must have passed, and which kept me in motion.

After floating some distance away I rose to the surface for a moment, but no boat was in sight, nothing but the silvery waves shimmering in the resplendent moonlight, and once more I slowly sank down.

My whole life now seemed to pass before me in a few brief seconds, and the singing in my ears seemed like the mermaid's lullaby, and I fancied I was floating on a silvery sea. Then reason once more asserted her sway, and I seemed to hear my father's voice. When quite a child I had asked him how it was possible to swim, and he had answered me, pointing to Carlo: "Watch the dog swimming. See how he paddles with his forepaws."

With one hand I still clutched the

shawl against my mouth, but with the other I began to paddle feebly, and to my surprise, began to rise. Then I paddled quicker, and I soon knew by the cool air that my hand and arm were above the water, and I waved my hand wildly, and tried to call out, but no sound coming from my lips, and as the waters closed over me once more I lost all consciousness.

Afterwards my husband told me that the steamer was stopped as soon as the accident occurred, and every effort made to find Miss Martin and myself, but all to no purpose, when the captain, who was scanning the water from the deck of his vessel, noticed at some distance a hand raised above the surface, and then disappear. He at once threw himself overboard, reaching upon the boat to follow, and swam to the spot, and dived to the bottom of the river, but rose without success, but at the second diving, after being under the water some moments, reappeared dragging what seemed to be a bundle of clothes to the surface. Luckily the boat was near and took us both in, as the captain was then in an exhausted condition. As for myself, they thought it was my body only they were bearing to the steamer, and to all intents and purposes I appeared dead, but the usual restoratives were applied, and life was discovered to be not quite extinct.

My half frantic husband began chafing my hands, and hot blankets, hot baths and every means were used to resuscitate me and I slowly regained consciousness. But, oh, the agony of returning life. I begged of them to let me die in peace, but it was not to be. Very feebly, life came back to me, and it took weeks of nursing before I was able to leave my bed.

My life had been saved, they told me, by my presence of mind in keeping the shawl pressed against my mouth, which prevented the water from smothering me.

Poor Miss Martin was less fortunate. Her body was not recovered till the next morning, when it was laid in a casket and forwarded to her friends in New Brunswick, accompanied by Mr. Russell, whose fiancée she was. The poor man was almost heartbroken.

And now I never see the moonlight shining on the water without a shudder, when I think of the golden sheen of the river on that memorable night.—Mignon.

HOW BLOKER ECONOMIZED. Undertook to Dye Easter Eggs and Came to Grief. After Bloker had looked through his bills for the month he went home with blood in his eye.

"Mrs. Bloker," he began, as soon as the evening meal was over, "this family's got to put on the hold-back straps. It is just possible that you may agree with me when I say that it is really difficult for a man to lay up money when he's required to spend more than he makes. Judging from precedent, you intend buying a lot of dye stuffs to color Easter eggs for the children. You'll do no such thing. Having had an economical mother, I know just how to prepare the eggs. Have the rag bag brought down, give me a needle and thread and then let me have the kitchen some Easter eggs that will make their eyes stick out."

After there was time for Bloker to awkwardly sew a dozen eggs into calico bags and give them a good boiling, there came a yell and a crash from the kitchen. The family rushed out to find him dancing about on one foot, while he was trying to get the other under the cold water tap in the sink. The water that scalded him was running over the floor, and the varied colors of the family calico were running with it. There was not a whole egg in sight, and the kitchen was hotter than a caucian in a river precinct. Mrs. Bloker hustled the children upstairs that they might not hear what "papa" was saying. An hour later he was helped to bed with his injured foot wrapped up like a case of gout. Next morning he sought to diplomatically close the incident by ordering a half-bushel of eggs of all colors and every possible combination of colors. The bigger the bill the easier he will feel.—Exchange.

True Story of Othello. Rome—A diary kept in 1542 by the representative in Candia of the republic of Venice has just been discovered in a Venetian convent. It is stated that the document contains the whole history of Othello and completely contradicts the version given by Shakespeare. The writer describes Othello's arrival in Venice, his marriage and subsequent career and death, the latter event occurring while Desdemona was still alive. It may be, therefore, that the palace in Venice pointed out to the tourist as that occupied by Desdemona is actually the one. Still, there is a doubt about it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Observe His Delicate Flattery. Weman of the House—"I don't know much about politics, but I don't think any the more of you, my poor man, for boasting of being a free silverite." Tramp (with his mouth full)—"I ain't boastin' of it, ma'am. I said I happened to be born that way. We was natchally a free silver family. They was sixteen of us and one gal."—Chicago Tribune.

Method. Tod—"What made you tell Dolly you would give up drinking during Lent?" Ned—"Because every time I call to see her she kisses me to find out if I have been doing so."—New York World.

A Void. He—"Such a thing never entered my head." She—"Probably it couldn't stand solitude."—New York World.

MR. VEST'S DEAL IN EGGS.

cook Tin Cans of "Solid Meats" to the Yukon—Brought Back \$6,321. Nearly every man who has come out of Dawson during the last two months or more has had something to say of the "frozen-egg man." They met him at various points between the Chilkoot summit and the Yukon river trudging along with one companion and four dogs, pulling a cargo of frozen eggs bound for the Klondike, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Eggs at Dawson are worth \$1.67 more each and this high price proved such an incentive to a Portland man that he resolved to freeze a lot of them and take them in.

The egg man is in Seattle. He has sold his eggs and returned with a sack which many a Klondiker might well envy. His name is Charles Vest.

Vest left Portland last October on the steamer Elder. Before leaving he obtained 1,743 dozen eggs. He broke and packed them in tin cans holding one gallon each or six dozen. The cans were sealed, frozen and put on ice. They weighed 2,925 pounds in cold storage.

With one man to help him and his dogs Vest hurried the eggs up to Sheep camp and buried them in the snow. He put four cans in a sack and tied the sack over the dogs' backs. Each dog carried twenty-eight pounds in this way. Once over the summit the cans were piled on sleds, pulled by the dogs, and the journey continued.

Dec. 21 they stopped at a cabin and bought supper and lodging. In the morning one can of the eggs, now becoming more and more precious was gone. Vest had his suspicions but had no evidence. There were others camping in the cabin and from these two or three days later Vest obtained corroborative evidence as to the guilt of the suspect.

The thief had gone toward the coast but Vest followed him and took him before the police. Confronted with the evidence of his crime the fellow confessed. The police decreed that the man should be punished by giving up his outfit to the man he had wronged. This was done and Vest got \$185 per dozen for the can of eggs, or \$1,110 in all.

Vest reached the Big Salmon, where Major Walsh was camping and bought Vest's eggs at \$3 per dozen. The eggs yielded \$5,211, which, added to the \$1,110, amounted to \$6,321, as the total product of Vest's undertaking.

THEY TOOK HIM BACK. How the Professor Turned Tables on the Jokers. A story is told of the head of a college who was the possessor of a very clumsy, old-fashioned vehicle, to which he was very partial, and which he constantly used in riding through the streets of the town, to the disgust of most of the students.

A plan was formed among some of the boys that on a certain night they would remove this offensive vehicle from the coachhouse to a wood about half a mile from the college. Their intention was to run the carriage into the thickest of the woods and underbrush and leave it there.

But the principal by some means learned or suspected their intention. Accordingly, in the evening, he quietly went out to the coachhouse, and, well wrapped up, crouched in a corner of the carriage and waited.

Soon the boys came, very stealthily, and without looking into the vehicle, began their operations very quietly; and in whispers, and with many a "Hush," and "Take care," and "Look out," they succeeded in getting it out of the house and yard and into the road.

There they were all right, but they were puzzled to find the thing so heavy to haul; and, amid grumblings and puffings and pantings, varied occasionally with a strong expression of disgust, they succeeded in reaching the woods, the principal listening to their complaints and rather enjoying the situation.

Having with some difficulty backed the carriage into the brush, they began to congratulate each other on the success of their maneuver. The old gentleman, letting down the window, to their utter surprise and alarm, very quietly said:

"Now, young gentlemen, just take me back very carefully, if you please."—Spare Moments.

Outsharpening a Sharper. Mr. Hardacre (proudly)—"Say, Rube! I was down in town yistiddy, an' I done one o' them bunco-steerer fellows out'n \$50." Reuben (in admiration)—"Yeou did?" Mr. Hardacre—"Yes, I had a hundred dollars in my clothes, and he only got fifty of it."—Puck.

CONCERNING EATING. Gratings of dry cheese, kept in well-corked bottles, will be found useful for omelettes, macaroni, etc.

When making an omelette never let it cook long enough to be hard inside. An omelette to be good should "run" when cut open.

The dinner hour abroad. In London society it is 8 to 9 p. m.; England in general, 1 to 2 p. m.; France, 6 to 7 p. m.; Germany, 1 to 2 p. m.; Austria, 1:30 to 3 p. m.; Switzerland, 1 to 2 p. m.; Italy, 6 to 8 p. m.

A pretty dish is made by peeling potatoes, after the outer paring is removed, in long ribbons, says What To Eat. Lay them in cold water and dry them with a soft cloth, then fry in boiling fat. Pile the ribbons high on a dish, dust salt over them, and stick tufts of parsley about them.

Don't forget that when you confide in a married woman you are probably confiding in her husband also.