

# DIRNA FORGET

## OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

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**CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)**  
 "Tell me," he said persuasively.  
 "No—not now—some day, perhaps," she answered.  
 "You shall tell me now," said Lord Aylmer, steadily.  
 He looked so handsome and so determined that possibly in another moment Dorothy would have given in and the mischief would have been out, but fortunately at that moment Esther Brand came in.  
 "Oh! is that you, Lord Aylmer?" she said pleasantly.  
 Lord Aylmer dropped Dorothy's hands with an inward curse; but he turned to greet Miss Brand with his blindest smile and most amicable voice. So the opportunity was lost for that day.  
 "May I join you in your drive?" he said, after a few minutes.  
 "Why, surely; it is your carriage," answered Dorothy.  
 "Whenever you care to use it, it is yours," said Lord Aylmer gallantly.  
 So it happened that the two ladies and Lord Aylmer went for a drive together. And whilst they were driving along Kensington Gore, a young man who was walking with a lady and a little girl recognized Lord Aylmer, and lifted his hat. Lord Aylmer looked annoyed, but he had no other choice than to raise his hat in return.  
 "Who is that?" asked Esther.  
 "Oh, some young man or other—I really cannot tell you," he answered.  
 And Dorothy sat back in the carriage not feeling sorry that the young man had recognized Lord Aylmer, because in the lady walking beside him she recognized the lady with the cold.

Why did you come out, then, eh? You got the post that was meant for me."  
 "Lord Aylmer got the appointment, and I had to come—I had no choice. I shouldn't be here if I had, you may be sure," Dick answered.  
 "Ah! Lord Aylmer, queer old chap, eh?"  
 "Awful old brute," said Dick, with a sigh; "but he happens for the present to be the ruler of my fortunes, and a thorough-going old martinet he is, too."  
 "Ah! I saw him the other day."  
 Dick looked up with some interest. "Did you, though? In town?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Now, town to Dick meant where Dorothy was, and for half an instant he had a wild idea that this man might be able to give him news of her. It died almost in his birth, however, and he said, indifferently enough, "Were you in town long?"  
 "A fortnight altogether. My sister lives in town, you know."  
 "No, I didn't—didn't know you had a sister."  
 "Oh, yes; she's a widow—had a little flat."  
 "A flat?" Dick pricked up his ears.  
 "Yes, where?"  
 "In Kensington, Palace Mansions—they're called."  
 "In Palace Mansions?" Dick managed to repeat.  
 The whole world seemed to be blotting out in a strange and insidious fashion, and it was two or three minutes before Dick came to his full senses again.  
 "I don't think she ought to live there," Marston went on, not looking at Dick, but attending to his pipe. "Lying alone except for the child. You never know what the other people are, don't you know. Now, there's a pretty little woman living in the flat below her—"

"What number is your sister's?" Dick asked in a harsh, strained voice.  
 "No, 6," Marston answered.  
 In the flash of an instant Dick had made a wild calculation. Yes, he meant Dorothy by "a pretty little woman." "Well?" he said.  
 He felt sick and faint and cold; he knew that now he was on the eve of news, and Marston's tone had made him dread to hear it.  
 Marston, all in ignorance, went on speaking. "Such a pretty girl. I saw her several times—fairish hair and delicate-looking, almost like a lady. Well, she went to live in the flat below my sister's and was very quiet. Husband came and went. My sister fancied it was a bit suspicious, and was careful to get no acquaintance with her. Well, for some months all went smoothly and quietly enough, then she heard, through her servants, I suppose, that Mrs. Harris's husband had gone off to India, and that she was going out later when the child was born."  
 "Was there a child?" Dick asked. He was trembling so that he could scarcely force his lips to frame the words.  
 Marston noticed nothing, but went on with the story. "A child, I don't know if there was one then—there's one now. I've seen it."  
 Dick sat still by a mighty effort. "Well," he said.  
 "Well, only a few days after the poor chap had gone my sister saw her handed into a smart carriage by an old gentleman—heard the footman call him 'my lord'—pair of highestepping horses—all in grand style. And now that carriage is always there, and who do you think the old gentleman is?"  
 "How should I know?" answered Dick, who was going over and over the postscript of his uncle's letter.  
 "You'll know when I tell you," said

**OH! IS THAT YOU?**

her eyes who occupied the flat above her own. But Esther, who had a dumb and indefinable sense of something wrong, and had seen the look of intense annoyance on his face, chose that moment, of all others, to ask Lord Aylmer the one question which, though she did not know it, was the most awkward of any that she could have asked him.  
 "Is Lady Aylmer in town?" she asked abruptly.  
 "Yes," he was positively surprised into making the admission.  
 "Oh! then I suppose she will be calling on my cousin before long?"  
 Esther scarcely put the remark in the form of a question, and yet it was a question. Lord Aylmer found himself in the face of a difficulty for which he was not prepared. Yet he made haste to answer, for Dorothy's cousin was emphatically a young woman who could not be ignored. "I do not think I can answer for Lady Aylmer in that respect," he said, with his most punctilious air. "She and I do not in any way live the same life, do not visit in the same society, except so much as is unavoidable at Aylmer's Field. In fact, we do not get on very well together—more is the pity—and she goes her way and I go mine, without one in any way trying to influence the other. It is just possible that Lady Aylmer may call on Mrs. Harris; but, again, it is exceedingly probable that nothing would induce her to do so. Really, I cannot answer for her one way or the other."

**CHAPTER XXXII.**

IN a veranda of the Government House at Madras, Dick Aylmer sat smoking—smoking and brooding over the inexplicable tangle which we call life.  
 He had now been three months without one word from Dorothy. He did not know if the child had been born or not, if mother or child were living or dead, if Dorothy, his dear little wife, were false or true. He had heard from her once after reaching India, when she had written in good spirits and with many words of love for him, and in fondest anticipation of their meeting in a few months' time.  
 While he was sitting there brooding over his thoughts, a young man dressed in white garments came through a doorway behind him, and pulled up a big chair a little nearer to Dick's, in which he carefully disposed himself.  
 "Really, Dick," he remarked, "I don't call this half a bad place. Not so jolly as London, of course, but still not half bad."  
 "I hate it," answered Dick, shortly.  
 The other, fresh from home, looked at him with amused pity. "Poor old chap! like town better. Yes, of course,

see my Dorothy, and wanted me out of the way, and he got me out of the way, and my darling—but no, no—I will believe nothing—noting until I have seen her."  
 As soon as Lord Skeververleigh returned to the house Dick sent to ask if he could see him, and to him he explained something of the position of affairs, ending with "I must go home, if it costs me all I have in the world."  
 Now, it happened that Lord Skeververleigh, though he liked Dick very well, had particularly wished to make Marston his literary secretary, and had been able to refuse his old friend Aylmer he would certainly have done so. There were, however, certain pages of past history which practically precluded this possibility, but they did not preclude him from allowing Dick to throw up his appointment and betake himself home as soon as he liked; and with the very next steamer Dick said good-bye to India and to Government House and set sail for his native country, hurrying off the boat at Brindist and journeying homeward overland like an avenging spirit with whom the wicked old man who was the head of his house would have a very hard reckoning and but scant quarter.  
 For always in his heart there was that piteous appeal: "This long silence is killing me—for God's sake put me out of suspense, one way or the other."

**CHAPTER XXXIII.**  
 Y dunt of hard traveling day and night Dick accomplished his journey home from India in fifteen days—a short time in which to traverse such a distance; but oh, how long it seemed to Dick's anxious heart and feverish imagination! The fast P. and O. boat seemed to be standing still, the passage through the Suez Canal was maddening, although they went straight through, which was as lucky as unusual. Then there were the seemingly endless delays in getting off the steamer and into the train at Brindist, and when at last they were fairly off the train seemed to crawl along no faster than the boat. Yet, in spite of all this impatient and vexatious anxiety, Dick made an unusually quick journey home, and in fifteen days from touching at Bombay he found himself walking along the platform of the Victoria station.

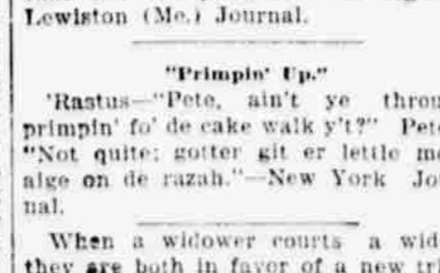
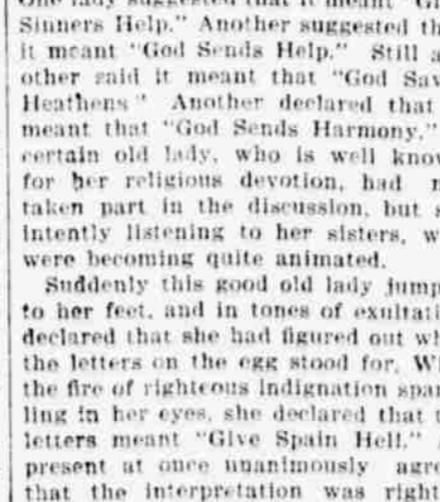
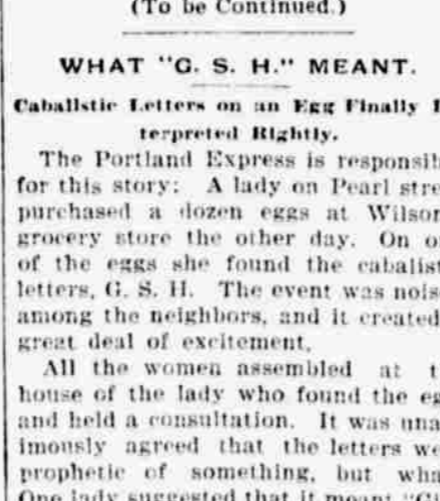
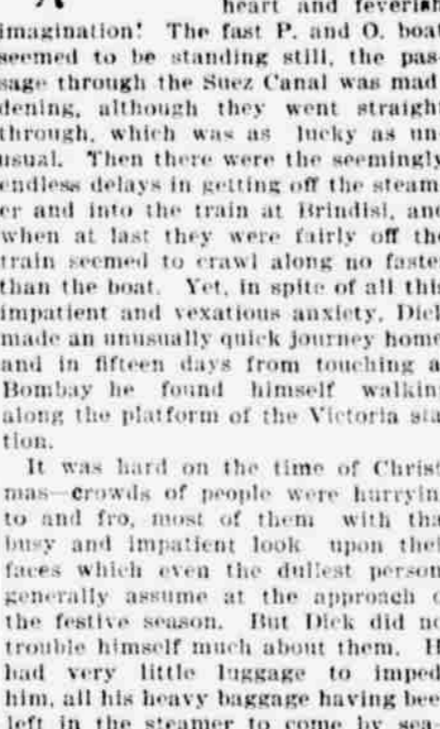
It was hard on the time of Christmas—crowds of people were hurrying to and fro, most of them with that busy and impatient look upon their faces which even the dullest persons generally assume at the approach of the festive season. But Dick did not trouble himself much about them. He had very little luggage to impede him, all his heavy baggage having been left in the steamer to come by sea—in fact, he had only his ordinary portmanteau and his hat-box, a couple of rugs and his stick; all of these he had with him in the carriage, so that he was almost the first passenger to get his luggage passed.  
 "Cab, sir?" asked his porter.  
 "Yes, hansom," Dick answered.  
 The man shouldered the portmanteau and went off to the cab rank, Dick following; but he was not destined to reach it without interruption, for as he crossed the less crowded part of the platform he heard an exclamation of surprise and found himself face to face with Lady Aylmer.  
 "Dick, Dick, is it you?" she cried, staring at him.  
 Dick put out his hands to her. "Yes, Lady Aylmer," he said; "I've come back. I'm in trouble—horrid trouble!"  
 "My dear boy, how?" she cried.  
 Dick looked about him; he was anxious not to waste a moment in getting to Palace Mansions. "You are going away," he said, uneasily. "I am keeping you. It is a long story, and I am anxious to get home to my wife."  
 (To be Continued.)

**WHAT "G. S. H." MEANT.**

**Cabalistic Letters on an Egg Finally Interpreted Rightly.**  
 The Portland Express is responsible for this story: A lady on Pearl street purchased a dozen eggs at Wilson's grocery store the other day. On one of the eggs she found the cabalistic letters, G. S. H. The event was noised among the neighbors, and it created a great deal of excitement.  
 All the women assembled at the house of the lady who found the egg, and held a consultation. It was unanimously agreed that the letters were prophetic of something, but what? One lady suggested that it meant "Give Sinners Help." Another suggested that it meant "God Sends Help." Still another said it meant that "God Saves Heathens." Another declared that it meant that "God Sends Harmony." A certain old lady, who is well known for her religious devotion, had not taken part in the discussion, but sat intently listening to her sisters, who were becoming quite animated.  
 Suddenly this good old lady jumped to her feet, and in tones of exultation declared that she had figured out what the letters on the egg stood for. With the fire of righteous indignation sparkling in her eyes, she declared that the letters meant "Give Spain Hell." All present at once unanimously agreed that the interpretation was right.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

"Primpin' Up."  
 "Rastus—'Pete, ain't ye through primpin' fo' de cake walk y'?"  
 "Not quite; zotter git er little more aige on de razah."—New York Journal.

When a widower courts a widow they are both in favor of a new trial.



**CUT IN HAIL OF SHOT.**

**BRAVE SEAMEN FROM AMERICAN SHIPS DID DARING AT CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.**

Spaniards Shot from Masked Batteries and Rifle Pits upon the Heroic of Bluejackets Ordered to Sever the Wires Leading into the City.

Amid a perfect storm of shot from Spanish rifles and batteries the American forces cut the cables at Cienfuegos Wednesday morning, May 11.

Four determined boat crews, under command of Lieutenant Winslow and Ensign Maxruder, from the cruiser Marblehead and the gunboat Nashville, put out from the ships, the coast having previously been shelled. The work of the volunteers was perilous, and one was killed while bravely doing his duty, six others being seriously wounded. The man instantly killed was Patrick Reagan. None of the ships was damaged to any extent. The cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville and the auxiliary cruiser Windom drew up 1,000 yards from shore with their guns manned for desperate duty.

One cable had already been cut and the work was in progress on the other when the Spaniards in rifle pits and a battery in an old lighthouse, standing out in the bay, opened fire. The warships poured in a thunderous volley, their great guns belching forth massive shells into the swarms of the enemy. The crews of the boats calmly proceeded with their desperate work, notwithstanding the fact that a number had fallen, and finished it, returning to the ships through a blinding smoke and a heavy fire.

More than 1,000 infantrymen on shore kept up a continuous fire and the bullets from the machine guns struck the warships a hundred times, but did no great damage. Commander Maynard of the gunboat Nashville was slightly wounded by a rifle bullet that before striking him passed through the arm of an ensign, whose name is unknown. Lieutenant Winslow was shot in the hand, making three officers wounded in all. After the Spaniards had been driven from the rifle pits many of them took refuge in the lighthouse fortress.

**Called It Furniture Medicine.**

"The secret of never wanting new things is to keep the old ones well mended," said a wise housekeeper, as she exhibited the shelf where she kept

**GARTERS ARE GAYER.**

Than Ever Before, and Starting in Their Brillancy.

New York Sun: Garters are gayer than ever before. No woman dreams of wearing plain elastic bands to keep up her stockings nowadays. Indeed, garters are now made so many colored that the rival the fashionable hosiery itself when it comes to startling brilliancy. A garter can come about as near marrying or making a woman's happiness as any trilling accessory to her toilet. Women generally, long ago, gave up the elastic band which held the stocking up below or above the knee. Health culturists first told them that it was injurious, preventing perfect circulation, but the sex clung to it with its bejeweled buckles and beautiful rows of ribbon. Then the culturists told them that the round garter would spoil the shape of the leg, and they dropped it like a hot cake and adopted the suspender garter or stocking supporter, as it is often called. The newest supporters are made of very broad and fancy silk elastic in brilliant Scotch plaids or Roman stripes, or else plain elastic covered with ribbons that would shame Joseph's coat, put on fall. The catches and side buckles are of white metal, silver, silver gilded and pure gold, and some of them are studded with precious and semi-precious gems. One style fastens around the waist of the wearer by means of a satin belt matching in color the predominating color of the elastic; the other fastens at the side of the corset with catch pins. Both methods are unsatisfactory. The waistband is warm in summer, and destroys the lines about the waist. It is, indeed, impossible for a woman inclined to be stout. The other, if of such a length as to keep the stocking up properly, pulls on the corset and gives the wearer a most uncomfortable, tired feeling toward the end of the day. All of these drawbacks have a tendency to make a woman conclude that after all her great grandmother was right in declaring that the most satisfactory garter in the world was a string torn from a selvedge edge of a piece of flannel and wrapped just loose enough for comfort and tight enough for convenience about the stocking above or below the knee. A

upon which the fire of the warships had been centered. A four-inch shell from the Windom tore this structure to pieces, killing many and burying others in the ruins. The Spanish loss is known to have been very heavy, the warships firing hundreds of shells right into their midst.

The United States cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville and the auxiliary cruiser Windom steamed up to the harbor of Cienfuegos early Wednesday morning with orders to cut the cable connecting Havana with Santiago de Cuba. This task was accomplished, but only after a terrific fight between the warships and several thousand Spanish troops, which lined the shore and lay concealed behind improvised breastworks.

Soon after the arrival of the warships off Cienfuegos four boats were launched and proceeded in shore for the purpose of grappling for the cable in order to cut it. The warships lay to about 1,000 yards or more off the harbor.

It was observed that the Spanish troops had assembled ashore, but it was not known that heavy guns had been placed in a masked battery and that the old lighthouse, far out on a neck of land, had been transformed into a formidable fort.

The small boats proceeded cautiously and for more than an hour worked unmolested on the cable. Suddenly, just as the work was about completed, the shore battery fired a shell at the boats. It was followed by others, and the Spanish infantry opened fire with their rifles. Then, like a flash, the Marblehead sent a shell inland, and followed it with a perfect shower of shot. The Nashville was quick to follow suit, and the little Windom cut loose with her four-pounders.

In the meanwhile Spanish bullets fell in every direction around the small boats. Though the attack had come suddenly and fiercely the blue-jackets were not dismayed, and, pro-

what she called "furniture medicine." There were tins of different colors of paints and enamel, brushes of several sizes, a bottle of liquid gilt, some good glue, and remnants of all the different kinds of wall paper. A handsome six-leaved Japanese screen had been badly mutilated by a careless housemaid, so that two of its panels were unsightly. She patched the gashes carefully with court plaster, and with a box of water colors and the liquid gilt so concealed the patches that it was as good as new. A somewhat top-heavy but sturdy little boy made a seat of the handsome Chinese porcelain umbrella jar, when down came both boy and jar, the latter in a dozen pieces. It was not therefore discarded, but piecing it with the greatest care with cement, a crum was dipped in liquid gilt and covered all the cracks, which, from their zig-zag directions, really added to its oriental appearance.—Short Skits.

**Two Natural Foes.**

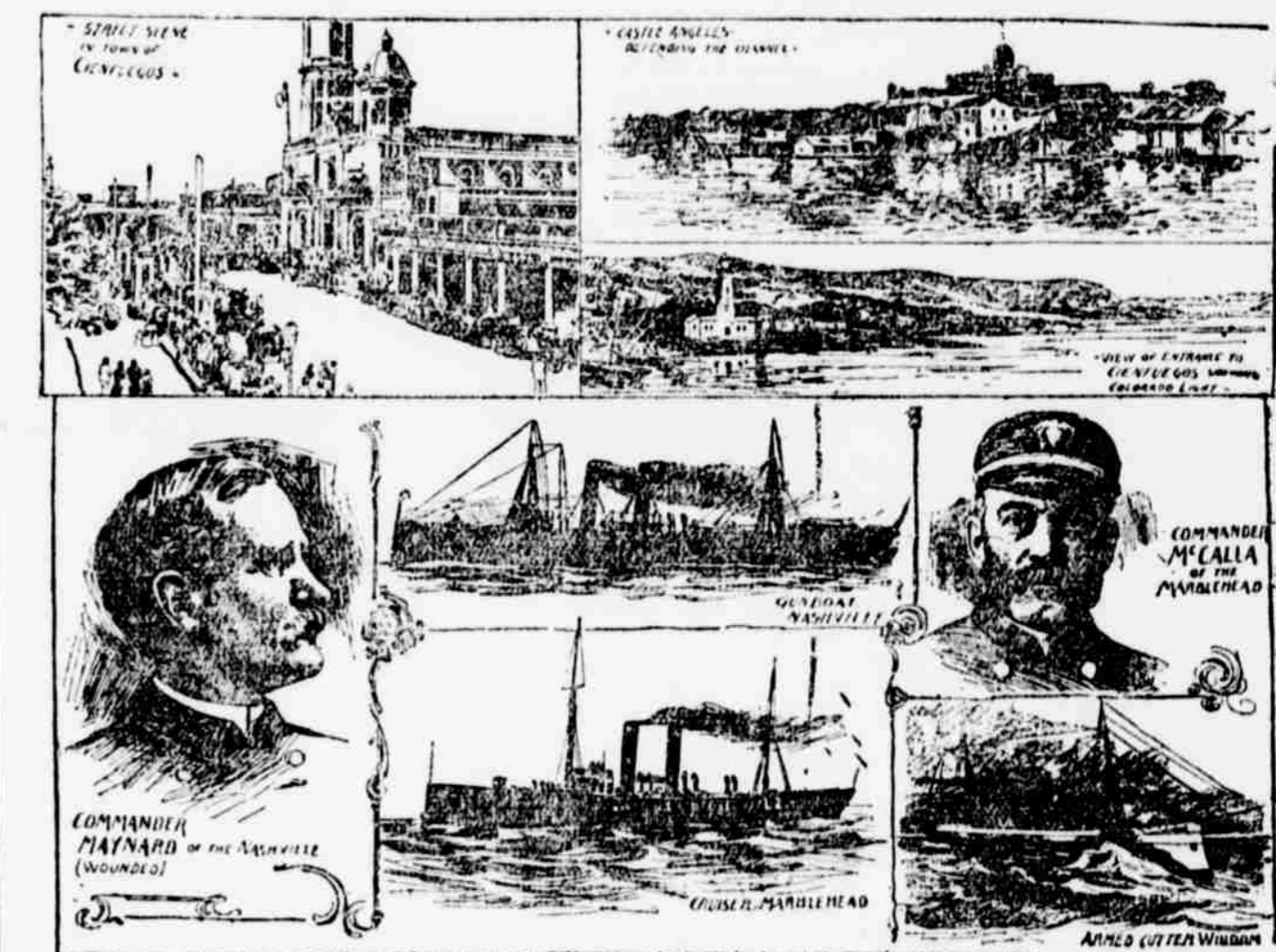
Water will extinguish fire because the water forms a coating over the fuel, which keeps it from the air, and the conversion of water into steam draws off the heat from the burning fuel. A little water makes a fire fiercer, while a large quantity of water puts it out. The explanation is that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When, therefore, the fire can decompose the water into its simple elements it serves as fuel to the flames.

**Refreshments in Scotland.**

In the course of the arguments before the house of lords in a case in which the necessity for additional refreshment accommodation at Oban station arose Lord Watson, himself a Scotchman, interposed and remarked that refreshments in that part of Scotland had only one meaning and that—whisky.

**French Doctors Cut Off.**

One of the provisions of the French code forbids a doctor to inherit property left him by a deceased patient.



SCENE OF THE FIGHT OVER THE CUTTING OF THE CABLES, MAY 11.

