

DINNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

"Your wife, Dick!" cried Lady Aylmer, opening her eyes wider than ever.

"That is awfully good of you," said Dick. "I can tell you the whole story as we go along. But first tell me where is he?"

"My lord? In town, with a significant nod. "There is somebody, and I don't think he has been successful this time. Something is going on, and his temper is fiendish, and I'm afraid, my dear Dick, he will take your return badly."

"I don't think, Lady Aylmer," answered Dick, steadily, "that he will find himself in a position to make any remarks on the subject. Then you don't know what he is after just now?"

"Not in the least. And I don't choose to ask the servants, though I dare say they know all about it," she answered.

"Then," Dick said, "I will tell you. May I close this window? I feel the change of climate a little. Thanks, Well, Lady Aylmer, I have been married more than a year, and he saw my wife, and—did her the honor to admire her. He sent me out of the way to India, and look at this," opening his pocket-book and showing her a



"YOU SCOUNDREL!" scarp of newspaper. "I have not heard from my wife for more than three months, and then I found this—a pitiful message from her to me. I have written, telegraphed, eaten my very heart out, and he has stepped all communication between us. She is breaking her heart, believing that I am false to her—I, who only live for her."

"And when you meet my lord—there will be a reckoning?" Lady Aylmer said inquiringly.

"Yes," answered Dick grimly, "there will be a reckoning, and I don't think Lord Aylmer will venture to question me about my return home."

They very soon reached the road in which Palace Mansions may be found; and as the brougham drew up at the entrance to the building Lady Aylmer uttered an exclamation of surprise. "My dear boy, you will catch him in the act—that is our carriage."

The servants were huddled up in furs over their gorgeous liveries, but Dick knew them instantly. They, too, recognized Lady Aylmer, and touched their hats.

"Go straight in," she said. "Which are the windows?"

"To the right of the door," Dick answered.

They were scarcely an instant, and Dick felt in his pocket. "I took my latch-key by accident," he whispered. "I little thought I should find it so useful."

The next moment he had opened the door, when Amelia Harris, hearing him, came quickly out from the kitchen and fell back agast to see her ladyship and my lord's heir, Mr. Aylmer.

"You," said Dick, in disgust. "Not one word—at your peril!"

"Mr. Aylmer—my lady—" she began, when Lady Aylmer stopped her by a wave of her hand.

"Go back to your kitchen, woman," she said coldly. "Dick, is there any other entrance to this house? No? Then lock that door. We shall require that woman later, probably."

She pouted imperiously to the door out of which Amelia had just come, and there was no choice but obedience. All this had passed in a whisper, and Lady Aylmer said in the same tone to Dick: "Which is the drawing-room?"

"That—the door is not closed."

"Is there a screen?"

"Yes."

"Push it open," she said.

And even as Dick cautiously did so they heard Lord Aylmer's voice speaking to some one within.

"But, Dorothy, my darling, my dear little love, do you refuse me? Is there nothing I can do to propitiate you?"

"Nothing," Dorothy's sad, soft voice replied. "I wish you would go away—I have mistaken you all along. I thought you were so kind and good and fatherly; but I see my mistake now. I suppose I ought to be angry with you, only it seems ridiculous to be angry in that way with an old gentleman like you."

"I am not old, Dorothy. I should always be young if you cared for me," he replied.

"Oh, I dare say," answered Dorothy, indifferently; "but I am married, and I am very miserable."

"Let me make you happy," he urged. "Could you give me the moon if I cried for it?" she asked with soft coyness. "Do not talk nonsense, Lord Aylmer. Go home and try to realize that you

have mistaken a good woman and a faithful wife for something else; and try to remember, too, that if you persist in your useless attentions you become my persecutor."

"I shall never give you up," he cried. "No," said Dorothy, wearily, "because you cannot—you cannot give up what you have never had. I am nothing, and have never been anything but a wish to you. I never shall be—never, with a sudden gust of passion. "Not if you stayed on your knees from now till crack of doom."

"And you think I shall take this answer?" he cried, furiously.

"I am sure of it," said Dorothy, quietly. "You cannot help yourself. I have no other to give you."

"You think I will leave you—to go dreaming on about the fellow who betrayed you and deserted you, who has left you for months without sign or name, who—"

"Married me," cried Dorothy, goaded into betraying her secret at last. "I am Dick's wife—I shall be Lady Aylmer some day."

"Damnation!" cried the old savage, in a fury.

"My boy is your heir, my lord," she cried, triumphantly, "so you see how likely, how very likely, the other arrangement is."

Then she broke down and began to cry piteously. Dick went a step further into the room.

"Dorothy," said the old lord, "I beg of you not to cry like that. I will do anything, everything, to make you happy—I will settle five thousand a year on you," at which Lady Aylmer spread out her hands expressively to Dick, for the old lord had "cried poor" for many and many a year. "What! still no? Dorothy, be reasonably, think! You have compromised yourself with me—I have been here continually—my carriage stands at your door for hours, Dick will never come back, never—I know him so well; and even if he did, he would never believe you against all the evidence which could be brought against you. Why, think of your position now—you are alone in the house with me, except for a woman who is my servant—my tool. Your cousin has gone away for two days. Your old servant is away, too. At this moment you are absolutely at my mercy."

"Oh! no, no," Dorothy cried, as if struggling against him.

"At my mercy," went on the wicked, sneering voice, "and I have no mercy—"

"Nor I," thundered Dick, dashing the screen aside.

He had his uncle by the throat ere Dorothy, in her surprise, could gasp out his name. "You scoundrel! you villain!" he cried, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, flinging him backward on to a lounge.

"My love! my sweetheart!" he cried, tenderly, turning to Dorothy. "I got your poor little pitiful message at last. My poor little love, dear little wife, there has been nothing worse between us than that wicked old sinner there."

"Dick! Dick!" was all that she could say.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TRULY a more miserable woman than Amelia Dresser, otherwise Harris, did not live in London town that day.

"Dick," said Lady Aylmer, walking into the little dining-room, while the doctor, Charles and Dresser were carrying the unconscious old lord into Dorothy's bedroom, "your wife cannot in any case stop here. Oh, is that the baby? What a love! But, tell me, would it not be best for her to take the child to Belgrave Square? I suppose you have a nurse, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, Esther would make me have a nurse," Dorothy answered.

"Then just take what you are likely to want for the night and let the nurse pack up a few things for the child, and take her now, Dick. The carriage is still here. Tell them who she is, of course; and see that they make her comfortable. It is better for her to be out of the way of this."

"I would rather stop, Lady Aylmer," cried Dorothy. "Don't part me from

PRAYED WITH HEART AND SOUL. Dick so soon, for he would have to come back here. I will stay in this room. I will keep quite out of the way; indeed I will."

"Very well—very well," said my lady, smiling.

She was very considerate and tender with Dorothy, yet her heart was heavy at the disclosures of the past hour. It

was a terrible end, even to an unhappy marriage, and Lady Aylmer, remember, had been married for love.

Well, that exciting day dragged it self away. Dorothy would have Dick send off a telegram to Esther and Barbara, announcing his return home, for Barbara had recovered very slowly from her accident, and having taken a chill, which was followed by an attack of bronchitis, had been peremptorily ordered off to Bournemouth, whither Esther had taken her.

There was so much to tell Dick, so much for Dick to tell her, and they sat almost all the afternoon by the fire talking. And Lady Aylmer kept watch by the bed of him who had lived so wicked a life, and prayed with heart and soul for that mercy which he had never troubled to ask for himself, and could not ask, now that it was too late.

For it was too late. Lord Aylmer never opened his eyes consciously on this world again. For several hours he lay breathing hard and unconscious of all the remedies applied to him, and of the means by which the doctors tried to arouse him from his stupor. All in vain! The life which might have been a noble one, but which had been given over to all manner of evil, slipped away, and about 6 o'clock, while Dick and his wife were still sitting by the fire talking, with the lights turned low, Lady Aylmer came gently in. Dick knew in a moment from her manner what had happened.

"Lady Aylmer, is it—?"

And, in answer, Lady Aylmer took Dorothy in her arms and kissed her. "My dear," she said, "you are Lady Aylmer now."

THE END.

Some Great Memories.

Scaliger, the philologist of the sixteenth century, who edited several of the classics, was so certain of his memory, says the London Standard, that he undertook to repeat long passages from Latin works with a dagger at his breast, which was to be used against him in the event of his memory failing; while Seneca, the tutor of Nero, could repeat two thousand words exactly as he heard them. Pope could turn at once to any passage, which had struck him when reading, and Leyden, the Scottish poet, who died in the early part of the century, was also remarkable for his memory. Leyden is credited with having been able to repeat an act of parliament or a lengthy legal document after having heard it once. The newspapers of January, 1829, contain frequent allusions to the case of a man named Thomson, who drew plans of a dozen London parishes, including every church, chapel, yard, court, monument, lamp post, and innumerable trees and pumps, without reference to a single book and without asking a single question; and an English clergyman mentions a man of weak intellect who lived about the same time who could remember the names and ages of every man, woman and child who had been buried in the parish during thirty-five years, together with the dates of burial and the names of the mourners present at the funeral. That great memories are not the product of civilization is proved by an instance recorded by Dr. Moffatt, the great African missionary. Dr. Moffatt once preached a sermon to a group of negroes, and was shortly afterward attracted by the restlessness of a young savage addressing a number of blacks. On going up to the group he was amazed to hear the savage reproducing his own sermon word for word.

Two Missionary Heroes.

Among the almost innumerable acts of heroism recorded of missionaries in various parts of the world, two stand out very prominently—namely the performances of Joseph de Venster (Father Damien), the missionary who devoted his life to the service of the lepers of the Sandwich Islands; and Samuel Marsden, the missionary to and friend of the Maori. One of the most heroic deeds of the latter was on the occasion of his first landing amongst them at the Bay of Islands on the 23d of December, 1811. On seeing the hordes of yelling, armed savages upon the beach, his crew tried to dissuade him from landing, but Marsden was determined, and stepped alone, and unarmed, from the boat. That night he slept in the open air under a great tree, surrounded by hundreds of the fiercest beings that men could well conceive. Marsden, however, had no fear, and lived to see his work successful. On the 13th of May, 1873, Father Damien sailed from Honolulu for the Island of Mookai, the leper settlement, where, on landing, he was met by 700 wretched beings with limbs twisted out of all shape, flesh rotting from their bones, and all hope dead within them; yet he went among them with a smiling face and cheerful spirit, although he knew the certainty that sooner or later he would be infected with the same horrible disease from which they suffered. For twelve years he escaped the fatal disease, though in constant contact with the sick and dying, but in 1885 the malady appeared in him and though his doom was sealed, he continued his labors unabated. His whole life from May, 1873, until his death was one long-continued series of heroic deeds.

Athletic Exercise of Poor Sort.

Circumstances connected with the issuing of a liquor license have brought out the fact that an "athletic club" in Philadelphia consumes twenty-five barrels of beer a month. The process of disposing of that quantity of beer glass by glass, necessarily involves a good deal of physical exercise, but it was not exercise of that description that brought Gladstone to his 90 years.

A poor man never knows how many relations he has until he becomes suddenly rich.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Dire consternation seized upon the members of the Hillview Base Ball Club, when it became known that Charles Pike would not be able to pitch for them on the momentous 4th of August.

"He's got to," cried Tom Andrews, excitedly; "why, fellows, it will break us all up if he don't."

"Can't be helped," said Jack Rodgers, dismally. "His folks are going to move a long way off, and, of course, he's got to go with 'em. He's just as much cut-up about it as we are."

They looked at each other with blank, lengthening faces. They had been working hard for three years to win the county championship, and had always been cleared out of the contest before the season was half over. But this year the fortunes of the Hillviews seemed to be on the rise. They had played better, and one by one had beaten all the clubs except the Watersides; and with this crack, champion club of the county their score was even. No wonder that every Hillview heart thrilled at the thought of the 4th of August, and of possible victory; and no wonder that there was consternation and dismay on every face when it was learned that their only good pitcher was going to leave.

"Might as well give up," granted Bill Grove, as he spitefully kicked a stone from his path; "we can't do anything without a crack pitcher to put up against Hopkins, of the Watersides; and most of the members agreed with him.

"Who is the best pitcher among us?" asked Rodgers, feeling that his position as captain demanded an extra effort to rally the club. "We want a hard-handed, quick-eyed fellow, who can send in a ball like a thunderbolt."

Bill granted derisively.

"If you'll drop the hard-handed and thunderbolt," he said, "I guess maybe the club can furnish a few quick eyes. But what's the matter with Snaggles? I've seen him split an inch board with his fist."

Most of them laughed and glanced at a queer figure sitting on the fence, a few yards away. Snaggles had come down from a remote part of the mountains a month or two before, and as yet had apparently been unable to assimilate all the wonders around him, for his mouth was continually open, as though trying to grasp the flood of new ideas that was surging toward him. He was very tall and ungainly, and very prone to make himself the laughing-stock of whoever he came in contact with; but he was gentle, obliging, and invariably good-natured. None of the boys associated with him, except occasionally as a joke, and to make him the butt of their ridicule. The idea that he should be admitted to the select membership of the Hillview Baseball Club was something that none of them had ever entertained.

"Now, I wouldn't wonder if he was just the man you want, Rodgers," Bill went on, sarcastically. "He can throw a stone straighter than some of us can shoot. I've seen him knock a squirrel off the top of a tree a hundred feet high; and as for running—gee whizz! once he gets them legs to going, nothing short of a rifle ball can catch him. And he would be a prime ad. We could have a baseball club and circus all in one."

As he expected, most of the boys laughed again; only Jack Rodgers seemed to take the banter seriously, for a sudden gleam came into his eyes and he glanced across to where Snaggles was intently watching them.

"I believe you've struck the nail on the head this time, Bill, if you never did before," he exclaimed, emphatically. "If I'm not mistaken, Snaggles is just the man we want."

"Oh, pshaw! Come, now!" "Get out!" "You're joking!" "Why, he's a regular scarecrow!" rose an indignant chorus on all sides.

"Can't help it, fellows," Rodgers said, sturdily, "we're in a tight place. We've worked for that championship three years, and now that it's in sight it would be bad policy to let it slip away. I don't know a fellow who can take Blake's place, unless it's Snaggles."

"But he don't know how," protested the disconcerted Bill.

"I'm not so sure. He's been on that fence watching us every practice day for the last six weeks. If he has never played, he must have a pretty good idea how it is done. Hello, Snaggles!"

The caricature on the fence sprang lightly down, and came toward them, with a peculiar, loping gait that carried him rapidly over the ground. But he paused six or eight yards away, as though suspicious of their intentions.

"Oh, come on," called Rodgers, impatiently, "nobody's up to any game. Ever play ball?"

Snaggles grinned and shook his head.

"Think you could learn?"

The red head bobbed vigorously, and a quick, wondering glow spread over the cadaverous, good-natured face. Evidently to play ball was just now the height of Snaggles' ambition.

"We want somebody who can pitch just where he aims for, and who can run fast, and who ain't afraid of red-hot balls."

Snaggles grinned and held up his big, horny hands.

"I guess they won't be 'feared to grab anything in reach," he chuckled, "an' I've often watched you fellows who couldn't strike a ball, an' thought if I was pitchin' I'd throw so's to hit the bat an' save you the bother o' strikin'."

"An' for runnin'—well, I've chased rabbits on the mountain, an' cotched 'em, too."

"Brag's a good dog," muttered Bill.

"Go out into the field and I will send you up a few flies," ordered Rodgers, "and then we'll practice some regular games. We'll soon see what you're made of."

They remained in the field until it was too dark to play, and by that time

all the members had acquiesced in Rodgers' views. Even Bill acknowledged that being in a circus was not too much to pay for a possible victory over the Watersides. Snaggles had acquiesced himself gloriously, and he walked with them down the street, proudly conscious that he had been admitted to the charmed circle of his most ambitious dreams.

It lacked but two weeks to the 4th of August, and all their spare time was now devoted to practice. Snaggles was given the position of pitcher, and watched anxiously, for on his play would depend much of their possible success. At first he was a little awkward and self-conscious, but within a week had established himself in the boys' confidence, and thoroughly familiarized himself with the game. Evidently he made baseball the study of his thoughts by day and dreams by night. He was seldom seen without a ball, which was incessantly making experimental trips into the air in all manner of curves and twists. One day he invented a peculiar curve, which filled the boys with enthusiastic delight. If the Watersides did not catch on to it, was the unanimous verdict, they would have no objection to the championship.

At last the momentous day arrived, and the Hillviews and Watersides met on the field, the one eager and hopeful, and the other confident and supercilious. The visiting club went to the bat first, and there were many broad smiles exchanged among them as the ungainly Snaggles hurried expectantly to the pitcher's position.

But for a time the Hillviews labored under a disadvantage; they were nervous and excited, while their opponents were calm and nonchalant. The close of the fifth inning found the score 6 to 4 in favor of the Watersides.

"This won't do," remonstrated Rodgers, as the Hillviews scattered toward their respective positions in the field. "We've got to brace up. You made an awful miff that last time, Bill. Just take the balls easy and don't get excited. And you, Green, don't stand so far from your base. You've already let two men in by that carelessness. Let's see if we can't keep them from getting a run this inning. Give them some more of your twisters, Snaggles, and don't be afraid of powder. And now, fellows, all of you remember that on the next four innings depends the championship. Break your fingers and legs if you want to, but don't make any more muffs or wild throws."

This admonition, or the fact that the members of the visiting club were beginning to have a just-as-we-expected

expression, appeared to have a marked effect. The Hillviews played better, and were more concerted in action. A hot ball, sent by Snaggles to the second base, and from there passed on to the third, and then home, made a double play, and put out two men. A moment later Williams, the catcher, adroitly took a foul tip from the striker's bat, and so the Watersides went back into the field without adding to their score.

It was now Bill's turn at the bat, and the apprehension of his companions was presently justified by his being caught out on a foul. Then came Snaggles, and as he awkwardly took his position, the pitcher of the Watersides delivered his ball with more confidence than usual. It would be easy to put that fellow out, he thought.

The first ball was passed, but the second was met by a quick, sharp blow, which sent it over the head of the short-stop, and over the head of the left-fielder, who was running backward with his arms raised frantically in the air, and far out into the grass, beyond the limits of the ball ground. Before it could be recovered and thrown to the pitcher Snaggles had made the circuit of the bases and was back receiving the congratulations of his friends.

"Whew!" Rodgers heard one of the Watersides ejaculate, "I wonder where they picked up that streak of lightning."

After Snaggles came Andrews, with a base-hit, which carried him to the second; and Green, who was sent to his first on called balls. Then a short, muscular fellow, named Thompson, made a hit, which took him to the first, and Green to the second, and let Andrews in. But the next batter made another foul, and by some miscalculation both Thompson and Green were put out before they could regain the bases they had vacated. That closed the sixth inning, and the score was even.

The seventh and eighth innings were ties, and when the Watersides went to the bat on the ninth there was little said by either side. This inning would probably decide the championship.

Those in the field were now silent and watchful. The basemen leaned slightly forward, with their eyes fixed on the batsmen; and the short-stop and left-fielder advanced or receded, according to their estimate of the different batsmen. Snaggles had ceased grinning and chucking, but his long, cadaverous face was even more grotesque in its solemnity than in its mirth. He sent in his balls with studied care and force, and imparted to them all the puzzling curves he was master of.

But, in spite of all their watchfulness, and care, the Watersides made a run, which brought their score to seven.

"We must do some tall playing in fellows," said Rodgers, gravely, as the Hillviews came in from the field. "It is our very last chance."

It was his turn at the bat, and he made a hit. "I tried him to the second; then I came with his usual luck of a foul and out.

Things began to look serious, and Snaggles went to the bat under a fire of admonitions.

"Just do your prettiest, old fellow," entreated Andrews. "Make a hit that will let Rodgers in, if you can. That will tie us."

Snaggles nodded, and, with body bent and nerves tense, did do his prettiest. The first two balls were passed, but the third seemed to suit him, for there was another of those quick, sharp strokes, which sent it out into the grass, beyond the short-stop and left-fielder. But this time they had made some preparation, for when he went to the bat they had hurried farther out into the field. By the time he reached the second base they had recovered the ball and passed it to the third, and from there it went swiftly to the catcher. But it came in just a second too late. Even as it touched the catcher's hands Rodgers threw himself forward upon the home base. This made the score even.

"Hooray!" yelled the crowd of spectators, enthusiastically, "hooray! hooray!"

If they could get one more run the championship would be theirs, but it was Andrews' turn at bat, and both he and Bill were dubs. However, with long-legged Snaggles on the second, there was good reason to hope.

Andrews passed the first ball, and struck wildly at the second, hitting it so that it flew directly into the hands of the short-stop. Green did better, gaining the first base and giving Snaggles an opportunity to reach the third.

The pitcher of the Watersides now tried to draw the two runners into danger by feigning pitching. Andrews was standing several yards behind the first base, ready to run backward or forward, as occasion demanded; and Snaggles occupied a similar position near the third. The pitcher made a sudden step forward and brought back his arm, as though about to deliver the ball; then whirled quickly, and threw it to the third baseman. But Snaggles was not to be caught. When the ball arrived he was back on the base. Then the ball shot to the second and found Andrews half way between that base and the first. He saw his mistake, and started to run back, but the ball passed over his head and then the two basemen closed in on him.

But the few intervening seconds before the umpire called "Out!" was sufficient for Snaggles. He saw Andrews start down the line, and had an instinctive conviction that he would be put out. As the ball left the hands of the third-baseman, he shot forward like a deer, and before it reached the hands of the first he was receiving the congratulations of his friends, amid the vociferous "hoorays" of the spectators.

"It was a close game," said the captain of the Watersides, grimly, as he shook hands with Rodgers, "and if it hadn't been for that deerhound of yours, would have ended differently."

As the hilarious crowd moved away from the ball ground a tall, portly gentleman approached Snaggles.

"Aren't you the fellow who asked me for a job in my factory the other day?" he asked, graciously.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you call round in the morning. I think I can let you have a job in my factory, and as soon as there is a better place you can have it. Jove! but you played a good game."

Oldest Kind of Money.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The triangular bridge at Croyland, Lincolnshire, is the oldest bridge in England, and one of the greatest curiosities.

Gray horses are the longest lived and cream-colored ones are the most delicate, being unable to stand very warm weather.

The oldest paper in the world is the Kin Pan of Peking. For nearly a thousand years it has been published regularly, first as a monthly, up to the year 1361, when it became a weekly, and for the last ninety years as a daily.

There is a town of 60,000 inhabitants in Syria, not far from Latakia, in which there is not a single physician. The name of this unfortunate place is Hamah. As is the case with most of the towns in that country, diseases of the eyes are exceedingly common, and an oculist who is willing to rough it and to suffer many discomforts could doubtless gather in numerous shakels.

In the twenty-three libraries of Berlin which are either public or belong to official bodies there are over 2,000,000 volumes. The royal library contains over 1,000,000 volumes, the university library 158,000, that of the royal statistical bureau 126,000. The war academy collection consists of 88,000 volumes, that of the general staff of 69,700 and that of the royal chancery 72,600 volumes. The twenty-seven city libraries have only 76,000 volumes between them.

A fire-escape recently patented has a casing containing a shaft, on which a rope is wound, with brake straps to grip the ends of the shaft and a strap suspended below, in which the user sits in convenient position to grasp the brake lever.