

SOMETHING TO FORGIVE.

You say: "Such ardent friendship is mistaken; if you knew—"
There! Close your lips and listen: When the sky is clear and blue,
When sun and birds and dew drops make the big world glad and bright,
Would all be half so precious had there been no clouds or night?
Would flowers seem so beautiful if sent from heaven above—
Does not their earthly origin add sympathy to love?
So friendships must be human if on earth they'd thrive and live—
For what does friendship feed on when there's nothing to forgive?
How could my heart be gentle to a heart that knew no pain?
Could friendship go on living if its proffered help were vain?
Could I, were I not certain you were only human, feel
The tender, sweet compassion that my words to you reveal?
Oh, say not: "If you only knew—"
The Father knows I know;
He left His blessed impress on each human soul; and so
My loved one must be human while upon this earth I live—
For earthly love grows stronger when there's nothing to forgive.
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Yes, Beldon—Mr. Beldon—came in from the vestibule and down that central aisle, and as he was coming the door opened again, and you came in with that tiresome old Dr. Wynne."
"My dear," said I, excusing her in my heart, because she was so like my little Amaranthe—"my dear, don't speak so. He is a dear old gentleman. Highly recommended by President Smith, of the Galtersville college."
"Well, if he bored me with the Lost Tribes as he bores you, I'd get rid of him mighty sud—I mean as soon as possible. But to go on, where was I? Oh, yes, I crouched down behind the front pew and that man, Beldon, I think, you said, came down the aisle. Then you came in and I heard you all talking. I then felt sure from the sound of your voices that you were coming along to the chancel, so I simply crawled round the corner, up the side aisle, and while you were still talking with the officious man in the back room I was out of the door and off. Johnny opened the door for himself, so that I could get out without it being very apparent."
"I don't see why you hid," said I.
"Why, from Mr. Beldon. I told you I was averse to meeting him. I don't like his looks at all. I won't know him—simply won't! I never saw many old churches," continued Miss Dacres, musingly. "Out in India they are mostly temples, and such things, but—"
"So you have been in India," I said.
"You have traveled a great deal for so young a—"
"Did I say India, really? How careless I am. I didn't mean to tell you now. Perhaps I will sometime, all about it. In our Wisconsin home we hadn't, of course, any old churches, and after mother died father took me abroad with him."
"When you came here you said that your mother was in town—in the city, I mean—and that your brother brought out your slippers."
"Yes, you dear old thing," said she, stroking my knees with her thin brown hand. "I know I did. I was so afraid that you would turn me adrift, and I had really nowhere to go. I said I was married, too, at least I spoke of my little chap at school! No such good luck for me. Can you forgive me?"
"Poor child!" As I spoke a tear dropped from my eye upon her yellow curls.
"Don't cry," she said. "Don't cry for me." She got up on her knees and stroked my cheeks. "It may be better some day." She winked very hard and bit her lip. "I really haven't any mother. That is just a good woman who took me in, but her married daughter came home with two children and I had to leave. I could send you to her any time. She would tell you the same. And that man—well, his name was Waldemar, but he wasn't my brother. I am going to confess all about it. He is that kind woman's daughter's husband. She sent him out here with my slippers. They are plain people, and queer sort of people, but I'd trust them as I would myself. I knew you would not like it, and, in fact, I didn't like it any too well myself. What do you think he did? He threw gravel against my windows. Now, did you ever hear of such a thing?—calling a respectable girl in that way? Did you hear anything?"
"I didn't hear the gravel," said I.

"Then I needn't have told you," she laughed. "I was so ashamed when you discovered it, I wrote to his mother that when she had anything more to send or any message, or anything, she must send her son out in the daytime; but he is employed in an automobile factory, as I told you—that is all true—and he can't very well get away in the day."
I started, for just here I thought I heard a faint rumbling sound beneath the place where we were sitting. "What is that noise?" I exclaimed.
"Noise? I don't hear any."
"Yes, underneath us, in the cellar. It sounds like a rumbling."
"Dear me! Dear me!" she jumped up from the floor and began to scream nervously. "Perhaps we're going to have an earthquake. We had one out in—"
She ran to the cellar door, making a great deal of noise as she went, and flung it wide. "Is there anyone there?" she called. "Come and listen for yourself, Mrs. Brathwaite. Come and listen for yourself." The rumbling had ceased.
"I certainly heard a noise," said I.
"Well, you ought to know your own cellar. You will make me afraid to sleep if you say such things."
"Let us go down and see," I suggested.
She hesitated, and then said: "Well, if you wish, but it's very draughty. O-o-o! I'm shivering already."
Now, I had the beginning of a cold, caught suddenly, I feared, in the old church, and for that reason I hesitated also to go down into that gloomy vault. I did, however, push myself a little way down, and then, as if I had seen them for the first time, "Why! what is this?" said I, and I reached out my hand and took from the wall the suit of men's clothes.
At this my boarder seated herself upon the top step, put her hands over her face, and burst into tears.
"They're Jim's," she said. "They're Jim's."
"Don't, my dear, don't. Do not agitate yourself so terribly."
She shook all over her spare form. Her voice came muffled from between her fingers. There was no doubt about her grief being serious. "It seems as if I were suspected and hounded every step I take. I'm sure I have only good intentions. I have no wish to do anything wrong, but, dear Mrs. Brathwaite, just remember that I have had no mother. You know what that means to a girl—no mother! Poor Jim! It might not have happened if she had not died and left us. Jim's clothes are all that I have left of him, and I kept them. I could not bear to give them away. I have heard of women being blamed for not giving away their baby's clothes, after they died, to poor people. I feel as if Jim had been my baby, my dead baby. Jim! dear, dear Jim!" Her tears were very honest tears.
I came to the top step and gathered the girl in my arms. "There! don't cry," said I. "Don't cry."
"Stop, dear lady," said she, brushing away her tears hurriedly. "I must hang up poor Jim's clothes again. I didn't think you'd mind. I hung them there to keep them free from moths." I wanted to take her in my arms and say "Little Amaranthe, little Amaranthe." She looked so thin and helpless and woe-begone. She hung the clothes upon their nail with many a sigh and heave of the breast. Her sorrow was so real that my heart ached for her. I went back into the room, and in a moment she joined me.
"How good you are to me," she said. "My own eyes were brimming as I put my hands on her shoulders and looked into hers, and I said it:
"Little Amaranthe! little Amaranthe!"
"What do you mean?" said she suddenly, the color flushing her cheeks. She stared at me like one seeing an apparition.
"Ah, little Amaranthe, you don't remember me. You don't remember Wibby, who used to teach you when you were a little tot."
She put her hand to her head. "Say that again," said she.
"Wibby, Wibby, who used to teach you."
"Let me think," said she. "Let me think. I seem to see—oh! was it a great white house? Was there a riotously lovely garden? Did we do lessons out under a tree? Was there a great dog, and a cow that I used to fondle? Were there two ladies there, and a little one, who always came with the books—"
"Yes, yes," whispered I, as my tears streamed fast. "It was like that. What you say is proof enough for me. I am Sophronia Willoughby who used to teach you, my dearest little girl."
"So you are Wibby?" said she. "Is it a wonder that I did not know you? How you have changed?"
"Yes," said I, with a sigh. "I have indeed changed. How could I help it in 16 years? Do you remember your aunts?"
"Yes," said she. "They were my aunts, were they not, those two ladies? Then there was mother and an uncle. Was his name—"

"David," said I. "Don't you remember your Uncle David, David Darlington?"
"Was it David?" she asked. "Was it my Uncle David? I knew that my name was Darlington. It was the name we had in Madras. After father died I had to do something. Father died very poor."
"But how was that?" I asked. "He was a rich man."
"I don't like to say things against dear daddy," she laughed—a sad little laugh—"but to tell you the truth, Mrs. Brathwaite dear, father was a confirmed gambler. He died when I was 15 years old, and I have been supporting myself ever since."
"With the great house standing up there on the hill," I cried, "and enough and to spare."
"Are those my Darlingtons?" she asked in an awe-struck voice. "Are those my people? I cannot believe it. Oh, to be at home at last! Not to have to work any more, to be taken care of!" and she burst into hysterical tears.
"And why did you never write?"
"I did write after father died, but I never received any answer. Then the consul wrote, but he was unsuccessful also. I thought that they must all have died. Father had told me that he had taken all that belonged to him, and I felt that I had no rights, that perhaps they did not want me, would not welcome me."
"Why did you change your name?" I cried—"oh, why?"
"Oh, to Dacres? If you had known my father."
"You forget, my dear, I did know your father."
"Very well, then, you know how he hated the idea of one of his family working for a living. He had very grand ideas, had daddy. He said often and often that no one of the Darlington family should disgrace his name or him by working for a living."
"Yes," said I, "those were exactly Eugene Darlington's ideas. I have heard him express himself in that way fifty times or more."
"But what was I to do? I had no friends—no one to take care of me. I went first to England with an English family as nursery governess. When I left them I went into an English hospital. I learned to be a trained nurse. I took the name of Dacres. It came into my head, I don't know how. Father had been persistent about the honor of his name, and here I am, as Josephine Dacres, at your service."
"Josephine Amaranthe Dacres," I corrected her.
"Yes, Josephine Amaranthe, but not Dacres—Darlington at last, thank God!"
As I lay thinking of it all, after I was in bed, I remembered that I had not asked her how she came to have a brother. I had never heard of any son having been born to Eugene Darlington. I must ask her about it in the morning.
And now it seemed to me that the time had come when I should take the ladies into my confidence. I began a series of visits to them.
Each time that I went to the Hall I took with me a copy of a letter, the words traced in the hand of Miss Elizabeth, Miss Evelyn, or their dead brother David. How Miss Elizabeth wept over them, and how sweet Miss Evelyn sobbed over them, until the ink in which I had copied them was faded and blurred with their remissent tears.
And now the summer flowers were bursting into bloom. The country was, I thought, at its best. Everything gave promise of a delightful season. It was the latter part of June, about a week, perhaps, after my interview with Miss Dacres, that there came a sudden change from warm to hot weather. My room was not under the attic, which acted as an air chamber, and it became so heated that one would have thought it was midsummer.
On the hottest night of all, I lay on my bed fanning myself and trying to fall into a doze. It was useless, and remembering the cool horsehair of our old sofa in the parlor, I got up, opened my door very gently, so as not to disturb Aunt Jane Mary, and went down the stairs. The parlor door was open, and I slipped into the room. There was enough of glimmer from the moon to show me my way. I groped past the table to the sofa. Ah, how invitingly cool it was! I lay down under the window fanning myself for a half hour or so, and finally awoke to the fact that I was not growing cool but chilly. I was just about to get up and take a shawl from the hall hat-rack when I heard a step upon the piazza. Now, the window was open, and I felt sure that in another moment some midnight marauder would be crawling over me and into the room. I was terribly frightened. He might show a dark lantern at any instant. Then what would be my fate? I slid softly from the sofa and crept to the inner side of the room, to the recess behind the organ, which stood across the corner. Here I crouched and waited.
"Jo!" I heard, "Jo!" and then in a little louder tone, "Jo, are you here?" Then a light streamed into

the room. There was a grunt of annoyance on account, I knew, of the discovered nature of the room, and the light was withdrawn. I heard the footsteps go along the piazza and past the hall door. I hardly knew what to do. I thought of running to Mr. Beldon's room and knocking on the door, and then I remembered suddenly that which I was always forgetting, that he spent his nights at the newspaper office. There was no one to protect us but an old and feeble man upstairs, locked in his room, difficult to awaken perhaps, or Baldy Towner, who was sound asleep over the stable. To reach him I must unlock the back door and cross the open yard. I might meet this midnight prowler anywhere outside of the house.
As I listened, I heard a tapping on the window farther along the piazza. He was not trying the front door, then? I crept out from my place of concealment, and, kneeling on the sofa, I leaned out of the window as far as I could and watched. Then I heard a second tapping, and after a few minutes the window was gently



I LEANED OUT AS FAR AS I COULD AND WATCHED.

raised. There was a short conversation, and the figure disappeared within the opening. I leaned out as far as I could, wondering where Bill could be. He had always slept with one eye open just in front of the hall door, and no one could so much as lay a finger on the gate latch without his deep growl sounding in my ear. I strained my eyes; Bill certainly was not there.
Bill, dear old Bill! They knew your faithfulness, but they also knew your greediness, as the following morning showed me, when Baldy Towner, with real tears in his eyes, came and beckoned me to the back door. There lay my dear old dog, stiff and cold, a meat bone stained with green powder lying near, proof of his too trusting nature.
I crept out through the dark hall, and going close to Miss Dacres' door, put my ear to the keyhole and listened. I heard voices talking, though hardly above a whisper; there were more than two; it seemed to me that I heard three, but so nervous had I become that I could not place them or say if I had ever heard them before. Sometimes I thought that one of them sounded like Mr. Beldon's. I fancied that I heard Miss Dacres' soft tones, and my heart sank like lead! Perhaps, though, she was pleading for her life. Of course, I knew that Mr. Beldon could not be there, that he was away in the city, working over his articles for the next day's paper. Then I heard a movement within, and a door was unbolted and a light streamed from under the door of Mr. Beldon's room. So this was the way in which Miss Dacres disposed of her midnight visitors! Such was my sudden change of mind. She used Mr. Beldon's room while he was away!
I started up and went swiftly to the door of my lower-back. As I reached it, I saw that a figure was there before me. It came suddenly upon my sight. It stood on the farther side of the door and leaned down with its ear to the keyhole. As I came close, it raised its head, and at the same time clasped my wrist with a wiry grip of iron.
[To Be Continued.]
A Gentleman Beast.
Representative Lacey, of Iowa, has contributed to the Congressional Record the following essay on the Buffalo:
"The buffalo was the noblest of all the wild animals that inhabited this continent when America was discovered.
"The ages in which this wonderful creature was evolved into his peculiar form and size are inconceivable in duration. How admirably he was adapted to life upon the western plains. When he had fed he traveled with his fellows in long lines, single file to the favorite watering place. The herd did not spread abroad and trample down and destroy the grass in such a journey, but in long and narrow trails the journey was made, and when the drinking place was reached and thirst was sated, the buffalo never defiled the pool in which he drank.
"He was a gentleman among beasts, just as the game hog is a beast among gentlemen."—Cleveland Leader.

IN FOREIGN CITIES.

The number of marriages recorded in Berlin in 1901 was 19,838.
Outdoor musical performances are not permitted in St. Petersburg.
The street passenger traffic of London gives employment to 50,000 persons.
There are 102 centenarians in Connaught, Ireland, and 1,160 persons over 90 years old.
It is estimated that about 3,000 women and girls are employed in flower-selling in the streets of London.
As a precaution against infection small silver currency is now being distributed by the municipal authorities at St. Petersburg.
Swarms of plague-infected rats which infest the stone wall along the sea shore at Yokohama have been entombed alive, the authorities having had every hole and crevice in the wall filled with cement and pebbles.
St. Petersburg is fighting a rat plague of tremendous proportions. For three successive days rats wandering to the river to drink stopped early morning trains on the suburban Newski railway. The police are distributing rat poison to all householders free of charge, and soldiers armed with sticks watch the road to the river where rats procure their morning drink.

INDUSTRIAL AND MECHANICAL.

The oat and sugar crop of the United States have each increased sixfold in 50 years.
The most economical processes are used in the lake region for the recovery of copper, so that it is found that ore yielding 1 1/2 per cent. will pay costs.
A French industry is the conversion of old shoes in a paste which is transformed into morocco like imitation leather. This is used for wall papers, trunk coverings, etc.
A gigantic shoe trust exists in Russia. Nearly all the shoes sold in that country are manufactured by one firm in St. Petersburg, which is one of the most prosperous stock companies in the world.
Screw propellers, it is pointed out, have not followed the usual course of improvement from accumulated experience, and, while great numbers of new blades have been brought out, there has been no tendency to evolve an accurate theory on scientific design. Such anomalies are the variable running of duplicate propellers are still unexplained. The lack of progress is attributed to the reticence of sea-going engineers, whose practical observations seldom reach constructors.

IN SUNNY ITALY.

The International Historical Congress, which had to be postponed last year, will open its sittings in Rome on April 2.
When the last fragments of the ruined campanile in Venice were removed 30 bottles of wine were found unbroken in the custodian's room.
Two arctic dogs brought back by the duke of Abruzzi from the polar regions, have been bitten by a mad dog and are being treated for hydrophobia.
A beautiful villa on Lago Maggiore is one of the prizes offered by a Milan newspaper to regular subscribers. Many Italian journals have organized regular lotteries, with prizes of \$100 to \$5,000. The Messagero, of Rome, sends out men who distribute money prizes to persons whom they meet with a copy of that newspaper

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

| Kansas City, Feb. 10. | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| CATTLE—Beef steers | 3 75 @ 5 06 |
| Native stockers | 3 25 @ 4 50 |
| Western steers | 2 65 @ 3 00 |
| HOGS | 5 00 @ 6 25 |
| SHEEP | 3 50 @ 4 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 hard | 68 |
| No. 2 red | 69 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | 35 1/2 @ 39 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 mixed | 35 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 45 |
| FLOUR—Hard winter pat. | 3 25 @ 3 50 |
| Soft winter patents | 3 30 @ 3 50 |
| HAY—Timothy | 9 50 @ 13 50 |
| Prairie | 4 75 @ 9 00 |
| BRAN | 75 |
| BUTTER—Choice to fancy | 13 @ 23 |
| EGGS | 15 |
| CHEESE—Full cream | 13 @ 14 1/2 |
| POTATOES—Home grown | 45 @ 50 |
| ST. LOUIS. | |
| CATTLE—Beef steers | 4 00 @ 5 50 |
| Texas steers | 3 00 @ 4 30 |
| HOGS—Butchers | 6 75 @ 7 00 |
| SHEEP—Natives | 4 20 @ 5 25 |
| FLOUR—Red winter pat. | 3 45 @ 3 55 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 76 @ 76 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 42 @ 44 1/2 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 37 @ 37 1/2 |
| RYE | 49 1/2 |
| BUTTER—Creamery | 19 @ 26 |
| DRY SALT MEATS | 9 12 1/2 @ 9 37 1/2 |
| BACON | 10 00 @ 10 37 1/2 |
| CHICAGO. | |
| CATTLE—Steers | 3 00 @ 5 75 |
| HOGS—Mixed and butchers | 6 50 @ 6 85 |
| SHEEP—Western | 4 25 @ 5 25 |
| FLOUR—Winter patents | 3 00 @ 3 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 76 @ 77 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 44 1/2 @ 45 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 34 1/2 @ 35 |
| RYE—May | 51 @ 51 1/2 |
| LARD—May | 9 40 @ 9 50 |
| PORK—May | 16 87 1/2 @ 16 95 |
| NEW YORK. | |
| CATTLE—Steers | 4 10 @ 5 50 |
| HOGS | 7 25 |
| SHEEP | 3 00 @ 5 00 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 red | 82 1/4 @ 82 1/2 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 58 @ 62 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 43 1/2 |