

DINNA FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the sweet month of September, the soft afternoon of a day that had been hot even on the borders of the North Sea, which sends its breezes flying over the part of Essex which is not flat and marshy, but rich and undulating, and fair and pleasant to look upon. In London the people were gasping for breath, but here, though the day had been fairly hot, it was now at six o'clock soft and balmy, and by nightfall the air would be sharp and fresh.

It was such a fair day and such a fair view! Behind on the higher ground stood a rambling old house, half hall, half farm-house—a house with a long red-brick front, and a sort of terrace-garden from which you might look across the fields and the long green stretches of land over which the bold sea came and went at ebb and flow of the tides. It was a quaint old garden, with turf like velvet, and raised beds cut in it here and there, gay with blazing scarlet geraniums and blue lobelias, and kept neat and tidy by a quaint bordering of red tiles set edgewise into the ground. There were tall trees, too, about this domain, which hid the farm-buildings from sight, and also helped to shield the house from the fierce winter blasts, and in front there lay a rich and verdant meadow sloping gently down to the high-road, where just then a man and a young girl had stopped for a moment as they walked along together.

"Mayn't I come in?" the man said, imploringly.

"No, I don't think you must," the girl answered. "You see, auntie has gone to Colchester, and she wouldn't like me to ask you in when I know she wasn't there. No, I don't think you must come in this time."

"Perhaps she will be back by this time," he urged; but the girl shook her head resolutely.

"No; for the train does not get to Wratness till twenty-four minutes past seven—it is not as much past six yet," she said, simply.

"But," he said, finding that there was no chance of his effecting an entrance within the fortress, "are you bound to go in just yet?"

"No, I am not; but you are bound to go back to Lady Jane's for your dog-cart. She knows that you came with me, and she knows that auntie is in Colchester."

"Lady Jane knows too much," he said, vexedly. "Yes, I suppose I must go back. But I may carry your racket as far as the door, eh?"

"Oh, I think you may do that," answered the girl, demurely.

So together they turned and walked on. The road took a curve to the right, skirting the sloping meadow and rising gradually until they reached the gates of the old house, with its quaint red front and its many gables and dormer windows, and at the gate Dorothy Strode stopped and held out her hand for the racket.

"Thank you very much for bringing me home," she said, shyly, but with an upward glance of her blue eyes that went straight to the man's perhaps rather susceptible heart; "it was very good of you."

"Yes, but tell me," he answered, not letting go his hold of the racket, "the aunt has gone to Colchester, you say?"

"Yes."

"Does she often go?"

"Oh, no; not often."

"But how often? Once a week?"

"Once a week—oh, no; not once a month. Why do you ask?"

"Because for the present I live in Colchester. I am quartered there, you know, and I thought that perhaps sometimes when the auntie was coming you might be coming, too, and I might show you round a little—the lions and all that, you know. That was all."

"But I don't think," said Dorothy Strode, taking him literally, "that

like to come and have afternoon tea in my quarters? Old ladies generally love a bachelor tea."

"I don't think she would," said Dorothy, honestly. "You see, Mr. Harris, my aunt is rather strict, and she never does anything unusual, and—" At that moment she broke off short as a fairly smart dog-cart driven by a young man passed them, and returned the salute of the occupant, who had lifted his hat as soon as he saw her.

"Who is that?" asked the soldier, father jealously, frowning a little as he noticed the girl's heightened color.

"That is Mr. Stevenson," she answered, looking straight in front of her.

"Oh, Mr. Stevenson. And who is he when he's at home?" the soldier demanded.

"Very much the same as when he is not at home," answered Dorothy, with a gay laugh.

He laughed, too. "But tell me, who is he?"

"Oh, one of the gentlemen farmers round about."

It was evident that she did not want to talk about the owner of the dog-cart, but the soldier went on without heeding: "And you know him well?"

"I have known him all my life," she said, with studied carelessness.

In the face of her evident unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, the soldier had no choice but to let her take the racket from him.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"Good-by," he answered, holding it a good deal longer than was necessary; "but tell me I may come and call?"

"Yes, I think you might do that."

"You will tell your aunt that you met me, and that I am coming to call tomorrow?"

"That is a little soon, isn't it?" she said, laughing. "Besides, tomorrow there is a sewing-meeting."

"And you go?"

"Always."

"And you like it?" incredulously.

"No, candidly I don't; but in this world, at least in Graveleigh, one has to do a great many things that one does not like."

"And you might have to do worse things than go to a sewing-meeting, eh?" he suggested, for it suddenly flashed into his mind that there would be no gentlemen farmers in smart dog-carts at such feminine functions as sewing-meetings.

"That is so. Well, good-by."

"But you haven't said when I may come," he cried.

"No; say one day next week," with a gay laugh.

"But which day?"

"Oh, you must take your chance of that. Good-by," and then she passed in at the wide old gate, and disappeared among the bushes and shrubs which lined the short and crooked carriage-drive leading to the house.

CHAPTER II.

FOR a moment he stood there looking after her, then turned on his heel and retraced the steps which he had taken in Dorothy Strode's company, and as he went along he went again over all that she had said, thought of her beauty, her soft blue eyes, and fair, wind-tossed hair, of the grace of her movements, the strength and skill of her play, the sweet, half-shy voice, the gentle manner with now and then just a touch of roguish fun to relieve its softness. Then he recalled how she had looked up at him, and how softly she had spoken his name, "Mr. Harris," just as that farmer-fellow came along to distract her attention and bring the bright color into her cheeks, and, by Jove! he had come away and never told her that his name was not Harris at all, but Aylmer—Richard Aylmer, commonly known as "Dick," not only in his regiment, but in every place where he was known at all. Now how, his thoughts ran, could the little woman have got hold of an idea that his name was Harris? Dick Harris! Well, to be sure, it didn't sound bad, but then it did not suit him. Dick Aylmer he was, and Dick Aylmer he would be to the end of the chapter except, ah, well, well, that was a contingency he need not trouble himself about at present. It was but a contingency and a remote one, and he could let it take care of itself until the time came for him to fairly look it in the face, when probably matters would conveniently and comfortably arrange themselves.

And then he fell to thinking about her again, and what a pretty name hers was—Dorothy Strode! Such a pretty name, only Dorothy Aylmer would look even prettier—Mrs. Richard Aylmer the prettiest of them all, except, perhaps, to hear his men friends calling her "Mrs. Dick."

And then he pulled himself up with a laugh to think how fast his thoughts had been running on—why, he had actually married himself already, after an hour and a half's acquaintance and before even he had begun his wooing! And with another laugh he turned in

at the gates of Lady Jane's place, where he must say his farewells and get his dog-cart.

Lady Jane was still on the lawn, and welcomed him with a smile. She was a stout, motherly woman, still young enough to be sympathetic.

"Ah, you are back," she said. "Now, is not that a nice girl?"

"Charming," returned Dick, sitting down beside her and answering in his most conventional manner.

Lady Jane frowned a little, being quite deceived by the tone. She was fond of Dorothy herself and would dearly like to make a match for her. She had seen with joy that Mr. Aylmer seemed very attentive to her, and had encouraged him in his offer to escort her down the road to her aunt's house—and now he had come back again with his cold, conventional tones as if Dorothy was the tenth charming girl he had taken home that afternoon, and he had not cared much about the task.

"I heard you say a little time ago that you were going away," he remarked, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, we are off tonight by the boat from Harwich," she answered. "Yes, it is rather a long passage—twelve hours—but the boat is big and the weather is smooth, and it is a great convenience being able to drive from from one's own door to the boat itself—one starts so much fresher, you know."

"Yes, that must be so," he replied, "though I never went over by this route. And how long do you stay?"

"All the winter," Lady Jane answered. "We go to Kissingen, though



SITTING DOWN BESIDE HER.
It is a trifle late for the place. Then on by the Engadine, Italian Lakes, and to Marselles. After that to Algiers for several months.

"Algiers," he said in surprise, "really?"

"Yes, I need a warm climate in the winter, and it gives Mr. Sturt a chance both of life and of sport, so that he does not really feel being out of England for so long."

"And you come back next spring?"

"Yes; some time next spring," she answered.

Dick Aylmer got up then and began to make his adieux.

"Then good-by, Mr. Harris," said Lady Jane, with much cordiality, "and I hope to find you still at Colchester when we come back again. If not, you must come and see me in London during the season."

"Thanks, very many," he said, "but my—"

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, in dismay, "look, look! the fox-terrier is worrying the Persian kitten. Do rescue it somebody, do, do!"

(To be continued.)

HERMIT IN A BIG CITY.

Why an Old Lady Has Shut Herself Out from the World.

Various, indeed, are the ways in which eccentric people indulge their little peculiarities, but a decidedly original manner has been adopted by an old lady living here, says a Paris letter to the London Telegraph. On one of the grand boulevards stands a house with closed shutters and fastened door. Scarcely a sign of life is there about the place and the house has remained in a similar state over a quarter of a century.

The owner is an old lady, who, on Sept. 4, 1870, the day on which the republic was proclaimed, resolutely determined that no one affected by republican ideas should ever cross the threshold of her dwelling. To avoid any such contingency she simply declined to allow any one inside and has refused all offers to hire either apartments or the shop below. The only time she breaks through her hard and fast rule is when workmen are permitted to enter in order to carry out repairs. Painters, carpenters, locksmiths and masons once a year in turn invade her privacy and make good any damage. To relatives whose political tendencies are the same as her own she is particularly gracious, but at the death of each one an apartment in the building is sealed up and now all are closed barring the very small one at the back of the house, which the anti-republican hermit reserves for her own use and that of her three servants. This strange behavior on the part of an old lady has repeatedly excited comment and numerous have been the attempts of people to gain an entrance by some ruse or other. All their efforts are foiled by an aged servant, who guards the front door with dragon-like vigilance, and the would-be intruder soon finds the portals slammed in his face and himself none the wiser for his curiosity.

Similar, but Different.

Landlord (to delinquent tenant): "Well, what do you propose to do about the rent?" Tenant (examining torn trousers): "Oh, it's not so bad. My tailor can fix it all right."

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. But there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.

MRS. GLADSTONE AT HOME.

Tennyson's Tribute to Her Written Twenty-Seven Years Ago.

Mrs. Gladstone recently celebrated her 83th birthday, and every one wished her all possible happiness, says the London Chronicle. She has been a veritable "angel in the house" and her loving care for her distinguished husband has passed into a proverb. Mrs. Gladstone's vitality is marvelous and she preserves an active interest in her many philanthropic works as of old. The eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, Catharine Glynne and her sister attracted great admiration when they appeared in London society. When the Glynnes were on the continent in 1839 they met very frequently Mr. Gladstone, who was even then a notable politician, having already filled the office of under secretary for the colonies and also that of vice-president of the board of trade. Mr. Gladstone's closest friend, Lord Lyttleton, had made a favorable impression on the younger Miss Glynne as Mr. Gladstone had made on her eldest sister, with the result that all fashionable London was shortly after this visit to Italy interested to hear of the betrothal of the two young politicians to the two lovely sisters. The weddings took place on the same day, July 25, 1839. Mrs. Gladstone's good works began at a period when it was not so fashionable as to-day for gentlemen to frequent the slums, intent on ameliorating the condition of the poor. She was especially busy at the time of a devastating epidemic which scourged the east end of London many years ago, and she was very frequently a visitor to the London hospital. Many a poor convalescent has had reason to bless the name of Mrs. Gladstone in connection with the home which bears her name. At Harwarden one sees at once how large a part philanthropy plays in Mrs. Gladstone's beneficent life. There is her boys' home close to the castle and not far from it is the home in which some old ladies are, thanks to her kindness, spending the evening of their days in peace. Tennyson's words will find echo in many a heart to-day: "One could not but feel humbled in the presence of those whose life was evidently one long self-sacrifice, and, one would hope, quickened to more of it in one's own life. Mrs. Gladstone wears herself out by all her hospital work in addition to the work of a prime minister's wife." That tribute was written twenty-seven years ago, and Mrs. Gladstone is still able to enjoy fairly good health in her old age.

TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

One Will Be Seen by the People of America on May 28, 1900.

The people of America will have a very unusual chance to see a total solar eclipse right here at home on May 28, 1890. Astronomers are even now studying the meteorological tables for past years in order to find the localities promising clearest skies, says the Washington Post. The line of totality first touches the continent on the Pacific coast in Mexico, north of Cape Corrientes, pursuing a northeast course, leaving Mexico at the mouth of the Rio Grande, crossing the gulf of Mexico and entering the United States at Atchafalaya bay, Louisiana. The breadth of the line is about fifty miles. The eclipse will be total at New Orleans at about 8:22 a. m., Washington time. The eclipse will be visible in Macon, Raleigh, Norfolk and intermediate and neighboring points. Crossing the ocean the land first touched is near the port of Coimbra, Spain, passing southeast across southern Europe and the Mediterranean sea. Thus all the astronomers in both hemispheres will be within easy distance and with every facility for using any amount of instrumental equipment. The greatest duration will be two minutes, nine seconds, about the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

No Negro in South Africa.

The word "negro" is not heard in South Africa excepting as a term of opprobrium. Over and over again have Afrikaner Englishmen stopped when speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele and so on as negroes. "You in America only know the blacks who came over as slaves. Our blacks are not to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast."

THEIR ORIGIN.

The cauliflower came from Cyprus. The eggplant is a native of Asia, Africa and South America. Mushrooms are native to all temperate countries in short grass. Potatoes are native to Peru, and the Spaniards discovered them. From Spain they passed into Italy and Belgium. Melons were grown by the old Greeks and Romans and were carried to America by Columbus. The watermelon is native to Africa. The cabbage still grows wild in Greece, where it originated. Radishes were native in China, but have been grown in Europe for centuries. Garlic came from Asia and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt, was used by Greek and Roman soldiers and African peasants. Brussels sprouts came from Belgium; beans are native to the southeast coast of Europe; sage comes from south Europe; rhubarb from China and Tartary. The arrowroot is from South America. Cucumbers are native in the East Indies and are grown in Cashmere, China and Persia. They were much esteemed by the ancients and are common in Egypt, where a drink is prepared from them when they are ripe.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

A Comedy Behind the Scenes in a Washington Theater—A Goethe First Night—Duse at the Age of 14—Florence Stone and Maude Sheridan.

A CERTAIN theatrical company, which has just finished its Washington engagement, says the Washington Post, possesses a perfect horror of telegrams, for almost the only one he ever received informed him of the death of his mother. On Tuesday night, just as the call boy was crying "Overture," a telegram addressed to the leading comedian was delivered at the stage door. The stage manager realized that the sudden announcement of the misfortune, for he divined bad news in the yellow envelope, would unnerve the actor, so, with great presence of mind, he determined to suppress the message till after the play. Word went round quietly that the stage manager had bad news for Mr. Blank. The company betrayed a sympathy for the unfortunate actor which quite surprised him. When the curtain fell on the last act they all gathered around him, as the stage manager, with a solemn face, handed him the telegram. Mr. Blank, gathering a premonition of disaster from the pitying faces around him, hurriedly tore open the envelope. The message was from his young son on the farm in New York. It read: "Only seventeen of the twenty-one eggs I set have hatched out."

The current issue of Literature contains this comment: A "first night" of Goethe must always be interesting.

English comedians carried "Hamlet" to Germany toward the end of the sixteenth century, when a rough German translation of the play was made and left behind. The earliest record of a performance of "Hamlet, a Prinz in Denmark," by "the English actors" must be attributed to the year 1626, but according to Israel Gollanz, it is just possible that we have some portion of the lost pre-Shakespearean "Hamlet" in a German MS. version bearing the date "Pretz, October 27, 1719," which is probably a late and modernized copy of a much older manuscript. This play, "Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark," was first printed in 1781, and has been frequently republished since then.

"It is a long time," says a Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, "since we have had such a theatrical season as this winter. Notwithstanding the hisses—little respectful to Queen Margherita, who was present— that greeted Gabriel d'Annunzio's 'Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera' ('Dream of a Morning Spring'), Eleonora Duse is delighting all Rome; at the Argentine theater the 'Bohème' of Puccini has had a fresh success, and Fregoli, who made such a hit among music hall audiences, provides entertainment of another kind."

FLORENCE STONE.



however unworthy the piece may be of the author of "Faust." On Jan. 17 the Royal theater in Berlin produced "Die Aufgeregten," which made its first appearance on the stage since Goethe left it incomplete in 1793. The task of finishing the play had been accomplished by Herr von Stenglin. "Die Aufgeregten" was a parody on the French revolution, with its scene in a German village. A comic hero, the village barber, sets himself at the head of the peasants to rebel against the dominion of the local count and countess. The whole treatment is burlesque, and the sober judgment of Goethe's admirers agreed that it would have been better to leave the comedy in oblivion.

At 4 years of age Duse was on the stage, but at 14, when her mother died, she had not enough money to buy a black dress and was obliged to be satisfied with a crepe band on her sleeves. She was born in 1859 during a journey her mother was taking with her husband to Venice. To convey the infant to church for baptism she was put in a crystal basket, and the procession started, headed by the priest. The Austrian soldiers, then occupying Venetia, thinking it was a procession with the relics of some saint, presented arms, whereupon her father exclaimed: "What an armed force rendering homage to my child! She will have a glorious future." Her father and grandfather were comedians.

Miss Florence Stone, who is playing leads this season, has long been known as foremost among the promising and beautiful young women of her chosen profession. Miss Stone, like so many of her successful sisters in art, evinced a considerable talent and predilection for the stage at a very early age. Her parents were opposed to her entering on a dramatic career, but with the perseverance born of real talent, Miss Stone finally overcame all parental ob-

jections, and secured an engagement with the Foregaugh Stock company of Philadelphia. After doing some efficient work in this well-known company, she was engaged for a leading part in "The Limited Mail," and later appeared in David Belasco's production of the "Main Line." She starred for one season in "A Southern Heiress," and since that time has filled leading parts with "Shenandoah" and other well known attractions. She is a woman possessed of an extremely attractive style of beauty, is graceful in figure, and endowed with a highly artistic taste, as is well evidenced by her refined stage presence.

Oliver Byron is playing his nineteenth tour, and is still a success. Years ago Byron parted his name in the middle, and was known as Oliver Doud Byron. Some time ago a playgoer re-

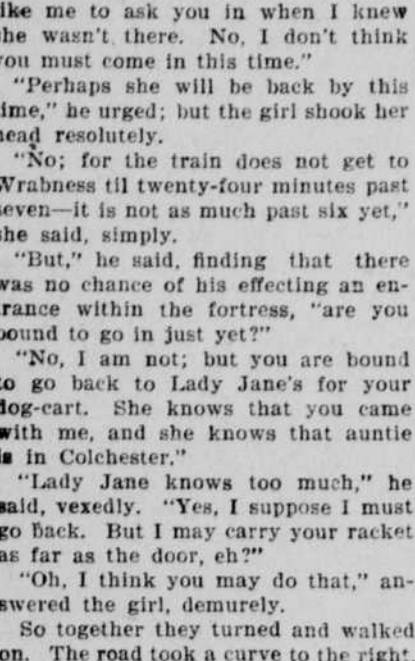
marked to his manager that this Oliver Byron was a better actor than his father. Being told that Mr. Byron was the same actor he had seen sixteen years ago he replied, "Well, then, he has drunk of the fountain of youth, for he looks younger now than he did then." This same dropping of the middle name caused a writer in the Dramatic Magazine to speak of Mr. Byron as "Oliver Doud Byron, who died several years ago."

Maude Sheridan is one of those sou-brettes who, in every way, is entitled



to the name. She is a dainty little woman, with a charming voice, and possessed of a most refreshing originality. She is a niece of the late W. E. Sheridan, the tragedian. Miss Sheridan renders a ballad or a negro melody in a manner showing a pleasing fitness for both. She sings in a most original manner a gobbie lullaby, "Kiss Your Mamma Good-Night," one of Frances Armstrong Woods' best songs. At present she is playing the part of Margie in "The Heart of Chicago."

A salt and pepper costume is always seasonable at a masquerade ball.



TURNED AND WALKED ON.

auntie would ever want to be shown round Colchester, or the lions, or anything. You see, she has lived at the Hall for more than fifty years, and probably knows Colchester a thousand times as well as you do."

"True! I might have thought of that," and he laughed a little at his own mistake, then added suddenly: "But don't you think your aunt might



turn and walk on.