

DON'T FORGET OR, LIGHT OUT OF JOHN'S STRANGE WINTER BARNESS

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"You frighten me," she cried, trembling still. "And I am so alone now. I used to have Auntie. I could have borne anything then, but now I feel like a poor little rudderless boat going out on an unknown sea."

"Not rudderless while I live," he replied tenderly.

"Well, Dorothy, my darling, I may as well make a clean breast of the worst at once and get it over. Don't be frightened, dear, but my name is not Harris at all."

"Dick?" she cried, then sat staring at him as if she could not believe her own ears. "Dick?"

"Yes, I know. But wait till you hear all, dear, and then you will see that it was not my fault, to begin with, and that I never meant really to deceive either of you."

And then he told her everything—how Lady Jane must have mistaken him for his friend Haines; how unconscious he had been that the mistake had been made until she—Dorothy, that is—had called him Mr. Harris; how that fellow Stevenson had passed just as she spoke, and he had forgotten until he got back to Lady Jane's, nearly, that he had parted from her leaving her under a wrong impression about him; how, oddly enough, almost the same thing had happened at Lady Jane's. Then he told her all about his uncle's letter—gave it to her to read, in fact—and told her how he had come to call on Miss Dimsdale, and had been prevented from giving his real name to Barbara by Dorothy's coming to meet him and introducing him to her aunt as "Mr. Harris," and, finally, how he let the mistake pass, feeling that the whole situation was a very awkward one for him, but having always the full intention of making a clean breast of it to Miss Dimsdale sooner or later. "And the fact was," he ended, half apologetically, "I thought if you both got to like me you wouldn't care whether my name was Tom, Dick or Harry."

"But it is Dick?" she cried quite piteously.

"It is Dick—Dick Aylmer, at my darling's service," he answered, "and, after all, Aylmer is a better name than Harris any day."

"And you will be Lord Aylmer one day?" she said, her soft eyes filled with wonder to think of it.

"Yes, always supposing the old savage does not contrive to carry his

you and take care of you when I am absent. There, that is my idea. I know that it is a great sacrifice to ask of you, and I hardly like to ask it, but you see I am in this old savage's hands, so to speak. Then, on the other hand, if you don't feel that you ought to do this, or that your aunt would have objected very strongly to it, I will write at once and tell Lord Aylmer what I have done, and he must make himself as disagreeable as he pleases. Only, my dearest, that will mean India."

"Dick, dear," said Dorothy, slipping her hand within his, "we will be married privately. I don't think Auntie would have minded a bit. If she knew a thing was right, she never cared what the world had to say about it."

CHAPTER X.

AND so it was settled. When Dick had gone again, Dorothy rang the bell for Barbara. "Come in here Barbara," she said, "I have something to tell you. Listen—sit down, Barbara, and promise me that what I tell you shall be a dead secret for ever until I release you from your promise."

"Miss Dorothy," said Barbara, sniffing. "I promise, but surely you know it isn't necessary."

"No, Barbara, no," soothingly, "but it is best to say all first, isn't it? First, do you know that this house all belongs to Mr. David Stevenson?"

"To David Stevenson?" burst out Barbara, indignantly (she had known David from a little boy and detested him always). "But, Miss Dorothy, surely the dear mistress never let him get round her to that extent?"

"No, no," cried Dorothy, "but Auntie had to sell the Hall to somebody, and she sold it to David, and I never knew it till he told me yesterday."

"Then I think, Miss Dorothy," cried Barbara, in dignified disgust, "that he might have had the decency to wait a day or two before he told you."

"No, Barbara, you are too hard on David. He has been very kind and considerate to me—most kind and considerate, indeed. But he just had to tell me, he couldn't very well help himself. Of course, he does not want to turn us out—he wouldn't mind if we stopped here for years; but then, you see, Barbara, I am engaged to Mr. Harris, and—said this no place for me."

"Does Mr. David know?" Barbara inquired.

"Not yet; and that is what I wanted to tell you. You see, Barbara, Mr. Harris is very awkwardly placed. He has a relation who insists that he does not get married because he would not marry some rich girl or other that they wanted him to marry. And, of course, he wants to marry me, and he means to."

"Yes?" said Barbara, intensely interested in this very romantic situation. "Yes, Miss Dorothy; well?"

"Well, Barbara dear, we are going to be married quietly," said Dorothy, edging her chair a trifle nearer to the elderly woman's chair, "without letting anybody know, do you see?"

"Without any of the folk round about knowing?" Barbara asked.

"Just so. It won't be for always, you know, Barbara—only until Dick comes into his property; and he hasn't asked me to do anything but exactly what he had made up his mind to explain to Auntie, and ask her to give her consent to. And I feel sure she would have done so, dear Auntie, for she did get so fond of Dick."

"Yes, she did," Barbara agreed. "But Miss Dorothy, you are sure it will be done properly—that you'll be married in church and have your lines, and all that?"

"You are to see me married, Barbara," Dorothy answered, simply. "Mr. Harris says so."

And after that Barbara gave her consent, so to speak, and promised to be true to her trust and stand by her

weeping as some word brought back the memory of their loss. And Dorothy told the faithful servant all the plans that Dick and she had made for the strange and almost unknown future, which seemed so terrible to her who had lived all her life—all that she could remember, at least—under the same roof and guarded by the same tender care.

It was so sad to have so little joy in her engagement and her coming marriage, and yet, "You mustn't think that I don't love Dick," she cried to Barbara, when she had another passionate burst of grief over the dead woman lying above. "I do love him with all my heart, and I know that I shall be quite, quite happy by-and-by. But it is all so sudden, so strange and new; everything is going from me at one stroke, and after we go away from Graveligh I shall have nothing but you to remind me of the past at all. Why, I don't know. I am not at all sure that everything here does not belong to David. Perhaps he can even take my Lorna Doone away and— and even drown her."

"Nay, nay, Mr. David won't want to do that," returned Barbara, soothingly. "Besides, Lorna never did belong to the mistress. Her ladyship gave her to you—the dear mistress had naught to do in the matter. Then, Miss Dorothy, dear, aren't you going to tell her ladyship about it?"

"Lady Jane last of anybody," cried Barbara—"last of anybody."

"I see," said Barbara, with an air of wisdom; but all the same, Barbara did not see anything. She thought the whole arrangement very strange and unusual, and she reminded herself that she had never been mixed up with anything of the kind in her life before, and now that she was being drawn into something distinctly clandestine she did not at all like it. Still, on the other hand, there was only the prospect of remaining at Graveligh Hall under David Stevenson, and Barbara cordially detested David, as she had always done. So, between her dislike of David Stevenson and Dorothy's promise and Mr. Harris' wish that she should see the marriage take place Barbara graciously gave her sanction to the private union, and did not try to place any obstacles in the young folks' way.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS DIMSDALE was laid away in Graveligh churchyard three days later. Everyone, high, low, rich and poor for several miles around the Hall, came to pay the last token of affection and respect to her, and bitter were the tears that fell that day for the just and kind friend who was gone.

Naturally a good deal of curiosity was felt about Dorothy's future, and many were the speculations as to whether she would remain at the Hall alone with Miss Barbara or whether she would eventually decide to go to Holroyd, or to take the good-looking officer who had been so frequent a visitor at the Hall for three months past.

With regard to Dick, there was almost a quarrel, for Dorothy, as a matter of course, had invited him to the funeral, as indeed she had asked all her aunt's friends who would be likely to attend it.

Now, Dorothy had not a relation in the world, excepting one cousin, at that time wintering in Egypt, and therefore unable to attend the ceremony. She did not enter the large drawing-room until the last moment before starting, and then only spoke a few words to those nearest the door. And when the time came for them to go, David Stevenson came forward, and with a very authoritative air solely due to the presence of his rival offered Dorothy his arm.

(To be continued.)

Natural Perfumes and Essences.

The preparation of natural essences, according to the Popular Science Monthly, is still a genuine agricultural industry. Flowers and leaves are the raw material, and they have to be treated fresh. The original laboratories are therefore generally established very near where the plants can enjoy the most favorable climatic conditions. Hence the crude essences generally come to us from various distant regions—essence of Ylang from Manila, of geranium from Reunion and Algeria, of lemon and citron from Ceylon and China, etc. But as the imported materials are generally scandalously adulterated, European manufacturers have been impelled to bring home such of the crude material as will bear transportation. So sandalwood, cloves, patchouli leaves and vetiver grass roots brought dried and with their scents impaired are distilled in France and Germany rather than in the countries of their origin. The most important center of this manufacture is the little city of Grasse, near Nice and Cannes, which, besides being a large center of production for the distillation of plants and woods, is the chief place where these special processes, which have been transmitted through ages, and are the only ones for the extraction of the perfumes of flowers, are in use. The only chemical agents employed in these processes are vapor and fat. The manufactures of artificial perfumes, on the other hand, are real laboratories of chemical products where the habitual agents of chemical industry are employed, requiring the intervention of chemists and engineers, and are established by preference at the great industrial centers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"STORM CLOUDS BRIGHTENED" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text Job 37:21 as Follows:
"And Now Men See Not the Bright Light Which Is in the Clouds"—Comfort of Christian Teachings.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after a while he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words there are a hundred men looking for storm when there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over 19,000 people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over 20,000 people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in the most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of government securities, what does that man know of prayer. "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety! You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortexes of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh, you say, 'I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot have a competence for my children.' My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, 'Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want.' You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with \$49,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen. Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to breed over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, 'Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the war and tear and sobbing of

this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besotted and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years, they reached at a flash? If the last ten thousand children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those ten thousand children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, and joy and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains he ever made he hung around this planet, and all the flowers he ever grew he has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No, this world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of the year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctic of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrel and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the sharp cobble-stones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hoppers on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new border. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his. Payson will go to Portland to get his. President Edwards will go to Princeton

to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments, and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

GLADSTONE PICTURES.

Story of His Physiognomy as Told by the Brush.

One of the curious things about Mr. Gladstone is the difference which years have produced both in his appearance and expression. At all times he must have been a handsome man. But strangely enough, when he entered the house of commons in his twenty-second year, it was the beauty that seemed to point to premature death. "His face," said Mr. McCarthy, "was pallid, almost bloodless," and the pallor was brought into greater life by the abundant and intensely black hair and the large, fiery black eyes that blazed upon the world. Different portraits of Mr. Gladstone form an interesting study. The face that looks out from the portrait of 1832 is thin; the features look sharp; the cheeks have the smoothness and the moderate fullness of youth; of the mouth, beautifully shaped, full, and yet not large, the dominant expression is sweetness and tranquillity. In a later picture one sees the cheeks expanding, the chin getting squarer, the brow heavier and the mouth stronger, larger and grimmer. The expression is altogether one of seriousness, strenuousness, almost of frowning earnestness. And then when one comes to the portraits of old age there is another and quite as great a transformation. The heavy, black locks have, of course, disappeared, this brings out the enormous size of the head, large in brow and in back; the mouth appears, again, to be fuller than even in middle age, and the whole face has broadened; but the expression has lost all the stern and strenuous sweetness of middle age, as well as the gray softness of youth, and there is a genial smile, as of the warrior who has done all his fighting and can now look with some detachment, and even with some humor, on the battlefield which knows him no more.—McCarthy's Life of Gladstone.

Died for His Mistress.

A fine instance of canine devotion comes to us from Kansas, through the columns of the Topeka State Journal. Samuel Dodge, a ranchman, living southwest of Topeka, went to Vinita, Indian Territory, on business, and shortly after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered the child's absence about two hours after Mr. Dodge's departure. She made a search of the premises, and failing to find the child, notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force, and scoured the prairies all day, and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the following evening an Indian came upon her fast asleep just south of Post Oak creek, in an old road known as the "whisky trail." Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the bodies of two wolves. Although the little girl's cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, she was quite unharmed. She and her protector were taken home, a distance of twelve miles. The dog died that night. He received a decent burial, and his master at once ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

The Farmer Prosperity's Foundation.

Hunco Bill—"There's no use talking business is improving. The farmers are feeling easier than for four years past." Granger Grip—"No dream, pardner! I can report three gold brick sales, eight checks cashed and sixteen jays shown around town for last week, as against nothing but the sale of a ticket to Central Park for the corresponding week of last year."—Puck.

Modesty.

Washington Evening Star: "It seems harder for men to be really great nowadays than it was years ago," said the student of history. "That's very true," replied Senator Borah; "very true, indeed. But I am inclined to think we get better paid for it nowadays."

Cigars are often referred to as words. The reason is obvious. Scorers and gossip are always running other people down.



"DICK," SHE CRIED, threat about an heir of his own into actual fact," Dick replied. "But then you won't like me any the less for that, I hope."

"Oh, no, I was not thinking of that," she said. "I was only thinking how wonderful it was that you should want to marry me. But, Dick, what will your uncle say when he finds out about it?"

"He will cut off my allowance promptly," Dick answered.

"Oh, Dick!" she said.

"Well, now, my darling, that is what I want to talk to you about. You see, nobody about here, not even Lady Jane, knows me except as Harris, regiment vague. And if the old savage finds out that I am married he will make it a necessity for me to go to India, which I don't want to do if I can help it. But if you would consent to marry me privately under the name of Richard Harris, we should be perfectly safe, so long as you were not known by any of the people in the regiment—that is, if you lived a mile or two away, or in the next town."

"It would be quite legal!" said Dorothy, in a trembling voice.

"It would be perfectly legal," he answered. "Oh, my dear!" he burst out, "do you think I would be such a villain as to make a suggestion which would not be legal, while your aunt, who took care of you all her life, and who left you in my charge, lay dead in the house? Listen—I have thought it all out. We shall be married, if you consent, as soon as we possibly can be. Barbara will witness the marriage, but will not know my real name. I will at once make a deed declaring that I was married on such a day, under the name of Harris, and leave it sealed in some place of safety, so that there can never be any trouble about the identification of the Richard Harris who was married to Dorothy Strode. We will tell Barbara that it is necessary the marriage should be kept secret for a time, and she will live with



A BURST OF GRIEF.
dear Miss Dorothy as long as she lived. "I think the dear mistress would be glad if she knew, Miss Dorothy."