

# Don't Forget OR, LIGHT OUT OF JOHN STRANGE WINTER DARKNESS

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## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Then there was an old gentleman who walked up and down in front of her windows every morning from half-past nine to ten o'clock, and again every afternoon from half-past two to three. He looked like an old general, and Dorothy felt quite friendly toward him because he belonged to her darling Dick's profession. But even an old general can get monotonous in time, particularly when he does the same things day after day—and this one always did. After his early morning constitutional he invariably went in to his house and was seen no more until he came out to do his half hour of regular tramping again at half-past two. But after his second dose he always looked at his watch when an adjacent clock struck the hour, and then shook himself together and toddled off as if he were going to town—going to his club, Dorothy thought.

But oh! dear, dear, it was all dreadfully slow, and before she had been a month in her new home Dorothy was pining, pining for some woman friend to talk to, to confide in, to be friends with.

Of course, to set off against this, there were the gay and glorious times when Dick came home, sometimes only between afternoon parade and morning stables, which meant a little dinner somewhere, a theater after it, and a wild scramble and rush to catch a train leaving Liverpool street at some unearthly hour in the morning. At other times, however, Dick managed to squeeze a two-days' leave out of his colonel, and then Dorothy felt—ay, and said, poor child—that life was worth living, and that she would not change her lot for that of any other woman in all the wide world.

So, poor child, her life slipped by in a continual change from grave to gay, with bright spots of deepest and tenderest love set in a large surface of unutterable dullness and wearying depression.

"I wonder," she said one day to Dick, "whether, when we are able to be always together, you will get tired of me and if I shall bore you?"

"No," said Dick, promptly.

"You really think not?" eagerly.

"I don't think at all," he said, tenderly, "because I am sure of it. What makes you ask me that, dearest? Have I ever looked bored or as if I were tired of you?"

"Oh, no, Dick, no!" she burst out; "only you were so good and kind to me, and it seems so wonderful that you who have been in the world all your life, should take so much trouble for a little nobody like me—I mean that I know nothing; how should I, after living all my life at Graveling?"

Dick laughed aloud at the earnestness of her face and tone.

"My darling," he said, holding her close to his heart, "I have been no more kind and tender to you than you have been to me. You don't set half enough value on your dear self, the most precious self in the world. Believe me, a man does not care so much what his wife knows as what she is—and you forget, what I always re-



"I LOVE YOU."

member, that you might have liked the other fellow best, and you didn't."

"The other fellow?" Dorothy faltered. "You mean David Stevenson?"

"Yes, I mean David Stevenson," Dick answered. "Many a girl would have taken him before a poor pauper devil, who had to ask his wife to live in a poor little hole like this. Do you know, I went round to have a look at Stevenson's place, Holroyd, the other day, and when I saw it—shall I tell you what I did, my sweetheart?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy, in a whisper.

"I went round to the churchyard where she lies, our best friend, and I thanked God and her, if she could hear me, that my dear little love had given me her pure love in exchange for mine, and that Miss Fensale's wishes had never been to part us. Don't hurt me again by asking me doubting questions, my darling. Don't, Dorothy; don't, my dear."

"Dick, Dick," Dorothy cried, "I never will. I love you, love you, love you!"

"And you will always love me?" teasingly.

"Oh, Dick!" reproachfully.

"Even when—?"

Dorothy blushed, but she put her arm round his neck, and drew his mouth down to hers. "I shall always love you best of all, Dick," she said, "and however much I may love the

child, I shall love it most because of you."

## CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT two months after this a sort of avalanche fell upon the little household in Palace Mansions. It took the form of a letter from Lord Aylmer, the old savage at Aylmer's Field, and Dick in his first surprise exclaimed, "Now, who the devil was to expect the old savage would be up to this sort of game?"

It began by assuring his nephew that he was enjoying the very best of health, that he had not had a touch of gout for something over three months, but that her ladyship was in exceedingly queer health—that she was indeed thoroughly out of sorts, and at present giving both himself and her medical adviser cause for the gravest anxiety. Then he went on to say that he had just had a visit of nearly a week from his old friend Barry Boynton—"That's Lord Skeversleigh," said Dick, as he read the letter aloud—and that Barry Boynton had just been appointed Governor-General of Madras, and that as he—"the old savage"—felt his nephew could not lose by advancement in his profession, whether he ever happened to come in for the Aylmer title or not, he had put in a good word for him with his old friend, with the result that Barry Boynton had promised to appoint him as his military secretary.

"But, Dick," Dorothy cried, "that means India."

"Not a bit of it, my darling," Dick cried; "I'll see the old savage at perdition before I accept it. I only go to India on one condition that I go as a free man; that is, with you as my acknowledged wife."

Then they read the letter over again and made their comments upon it—she with her sweet face pressed against his cheek, he with his arm close about her waist.

"The amount of delicate information he conveys is really remarkable," Dick laughed. Dick, by-the-by, was on a ten days' leave, and was jovial and inclined to view the whole world through rose colored glasses in consequence; "this is to let me know that I needn't expect to step into his shoes for many a day yet. Bless me, if he knew how little I care about it, one way or the other!"

"Nor I!" Dorothy chimed in; "except—except that we should always be together then, Dick, with a soft touch of yearning in her voice."

"But we are always together in heart, my dearest," cried Dick, fondly. "And my lady's health is causing him the gravest anxiety—b'm! We may take that with a grain of salt. Gravest anxiety! Why, if my lady were lying at death's door, that old savage wouldn't be anxious, unless for fear that she should get better. However, as they are in town I must go and inquire after her ladyship. She's a hard nail enough, but she has always been good to me in her way, and she's worth a thousand of him any day. And then I can tell the old savage that he may use his influence with his dear old friend Barry Boynton for somebody else."

"But you won't do anything rash, Dick?" Dorothy cried.

"Certainly not—why should I? But I shall tell him I have no fancy for India, and that I'd rather stop at home."

"But supposing that he says no," said Dorothy, who in her heart regarded Dick's "old savage" as an all-powerful being who had it in his power to make or mar her very existence.

"Oh, I think he will hardly insist, one way or the other," he answered, easily. "Anyway, I must go and be civil to my lady, who isn't half a bad sort, and gently intimate my decision to my lord."

"When will you go, Dick?" Dorothy asked.

"Today, I think, dearest," he replied; "just after lunch will be a good time. The savage is never quite so savage after a meal as at any other time."

A strange and sickly faintness began to creep over Dorothy, a dull and indefinite sense of foreboding rose in her heart and threatened to suffocate her. "Shall you be long there?"

"Well, if I am," returned Dick, with a laugh, "it will be a new experience for my delightful uncle, for I never stopped a single minute longer in his house than I could help since I can remember."

Then he happened—attracted by her silence, and the absence of the sweet laugh which generally echoed his—to turn and look at her. The next moment he had caught her in his arms, and was kissing her as a man only kisses the one woman that he loves in all the world.

"My love, my love," he cried, "my dear, sweet little love, don't look like that. What is it you fear? Not that I shall ever change toward you, or be different in any way, so far as you are concerned?"

"They are your people," she faltered—and—

"My people!" he echoed contemptuously. "Yes, so they are; but you—"

you are my life—my very soul—the light of my eyes; why, you are myself. Why, to put my love and care for you in comparison for one instant with what I feel for all my people together would be too funny for words, if you were not distressed about it. But when I see you look like that, darling, it hurts me so awfully—it cuts me up, so that I can hardly talk or think sensibly. My dear little dove, there is nobody in all the wide world that I could ever put beside you, or ever shall."

"You are sure?" she cried.

"I am quite sure," he answered, looking at her straight and true in the eyes. "And now, my dearest, it is half-past eleven; let me take you out for a turn before lunch time."

He always found it an easy matter to comfort and reassure the little wife who loved him so dearly, and although, by living so much alone and without proper companionship, she was apt to brood over the circumstances of her life and to conjure up all sorts of gloomy fancies and dread shadows which might come to pass at some future time, these mists always yielded before the irresistible sunshine of his love, and they were happier, if possible, than they had been aforetime.

In his innermost heart, however, Dick was not so easy about his approaching interview with Lord Aylmer as he made Dorothy believe; and he knocked at the door of the old savage's town house with rather a quaking heart, and something of the vague dread which he had coaxed and soothed away from his wife's tender heart.

Yes, Lord Aylmer was at home, and her ladyship also; and the servant, having no special orders about Mr. Aylmer, at once showed him into the pretty little room off the smallest of the two drawing rooms, and told him that he would inform her ladyship of his presence. And in less than three minutes Lady Aylmer came.

"My dear Dick," she said, "I am most pleased to see you. I did not know that you were in town. Is it true that Lord Skeversleigh has made you his military secretary? I quite thought you had set your face against India at any price."

Dick Aylmer was so surprised that he sat staring at his wife in speechless wonder. She noticed his look, and asked with a laugh, "What is the matter, Dick? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Not a ghost, Lady Aylmer," he said, recovering himself; "but I certainly expected to see more of a ghost than you are at this moment."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I had a letter from Lord Aylmer this morning, and he said that you were ill."

"Ill? I?" she echoed. "Nonsense! You must have mistaken him. I was never better in my life."

"I couldn't possibly mistake him,"



"MY DEAR DICK," said Dick, firmly. "However, I'll show you the letter; there is nothing at all private in it."

(To be Continued.)

## RUN OVER A SCARECROW.

Engineer of a Fast Train Receives a Fright Which He Can't Forget. (From the Detroit Free Press.)

"The nervous strain on the engineer of a fast train is something enormous," said one of them the other day. "Not only the lives of the passengers are at stake, but there is constant fear of running over someone on the track. An accident, no matter how innocent the engineer, is always a kind of a hoodoo. What was my first accident? I shall never forget it. If it had been traced on my mind with a streak of lightning it couldn't have made a more lasting impression. It happened one bright moonlight night in November. We were spinning over the rails at full speed across the country where there were few people passing at that time of night, when I looked out and saw the figure of a man lying across the track not ten feet in front of the engine. I stopped quick as possible, but too late, of course. We had run over him and the lifeless body was under the wheels. We got out to look for him and found his hat, a piece of his coat sleeve and one of his shoes, but the rest seemed to be further back under the train. I backed up the engine and got out to look again. There lay the body. I nearly fainted when I saw its distorted form. I felt like a murderer. Did I know the man? No, not personally. He was a scarecrow from a neighboring corn field."

A man of Torrington, Conn., who has become an expert hypnotist, put himself to sleep the other day, remained unconscious while a dentist pulled a tooth, and woke up when the dentist counted five.

## THE CUBAN JUNTA.

MEN AT HEAD OF THE AMERICAN END.

Delicate Duties Imposed on Them—President Palma Has Shown Remarkable Sagacity and Has Become Known as the Cuban Franklin.

The Cuban Junta, with its headquarters in New York, represents the legation of the Cuban republic abroad, and the head of the junta, as it is called, is T. Estrada Palma. Properly speaking he is the delegate, and with members of his ministerial and diplomatic household constitutes the delegation of the Cuban republic.

The term "Junta" has been applied because such a body or council was attached to the diplomatic department of Cuba during the ten years' war. As the authority of the junta frequently restricted the action of the delegate the promoters of the present revolution decided to eliminate it; yet the name remains, and is used and accepted to designate Mr. Palma and his associates.

This junta, as the representatives of the Cuban republic, acts on high authority, for the delegation was appointed on Sept. 19, 1895, by the constituent assembly that formed the government and commissioned Maximo Gomez chief commander of the Cuban army. At the same time it made Mr. Palma delegate and Cuban representative abroad, with authority to appoint ministers to all governments and to have control of all of Cuba's diplomatic relations and representatives throughout the world. Besides this, Mr. Palma is the duly accredited minister from Cuba to the United States, and in the event of the Cuban republic being recognized would be received as such.

Under his authority Mr. Palma has appointed sub-delegates, or diplomatic agents, in France, Italy, Mexico, and the Central and South American republics. Cuba's independence not being acknowledged by these nations, her ministers are not officially recognized, but are often unofficially received at the "back door," and exert an influence for the benefit of Cuba in the countries for which they are appointed. Mr. Palma is in reality the head of the Cuban revolutionary party abroad, which is one of three departments of the Cuban revolutionary government, the two others being the civil government and the army of liberation. This Cuban revolutionary branch was founded by Jose Marti, who is regarded by Cubans as the apostle and master mind of the Cuban revolution. Mr. Palma is not only the head and front of the junta, but he is the one person in whom its authority is centered. He was born in Cuba about sixty years ago, and in his youth imbibed the spirit of liberty for the island, a spirit which grew with him until it influenced his every word and act, and finally received his entire devotion. So direct, gentle, yet determined are his methods, and so unassuming and plain is he in speech and manner that he soon became known as the "Cuban Franklin," and more firmly has the name become attached to him since the potent influence of his diplomacy has been felt throughout the world. During the ten years' war Mr. Palma was president of the Cuban republic; was made prisoner by Spanish troops, and sent to Spain, where he was imprisoned until the close of the conflict. While in Spain, absolutely suffering under the hardships of imprisonment, he was offered freedom if he would swear allegiance to the Spanish crown. "No!" was his answer. "You may shoot me if you will, but if I am shot it will be as the president of the Cuban republic."

Besides Mr. Palma, the only member of the delegation appointed by the Cuban government are: Dr. Joaquin D. Castillo, the sub-delegate; Benjamin J. Guerra, treasurer of the republic abroad, and Gonzalo de Quesada, charge d'affaires at Washington. Doctor Castillo is vice delegate and would take Mr. Palma's place in case of his death or inability to act. Before entering actively into the Cuban revolution he was a surgeon in the United States navy and was aboard the cutter Rodgers on her northern expedition to the relief of the Jeannette. He was a leading physician in Cuba, and wrote a treatise on yellow fever that gained for him the title of member of the Academy of Science in Havana. When the present revolution broke out Doctor Castillo was appointed surgeon general of the Cuban army, with the title of brigadier general. He was afterward transferred to

his present post in the United States. Mr. Guerra, treasurer of the republic abroad, who has charge of all the foreign funds raised for the revolution, is a tobacco merchant of New York, who has been one of the most active spirits in the Cuban revolutionary party since its formation. He was intimately associated with and much relied upon by Jose Marti in his great work of organization. Gonzalo de Quesada, charge d'affaires, is a lawyer, a graduate of the Columbia law school, and a writer of note.

Mr. Horatio S. Rubens, who was an intimate friend to Jose Marti, gives his services free as counsel to the junta. He is the head of its law department. He and the assistant counsel, Mr. Leon J. Benoit, are graduates of the Columbia law school. With them is associated Mr. Charles Richmond, chief clerk of the department.



MEMBERS OF THE JUNTA IN CONSULTATION. (1—J. Antonio Gonzalez Lanuza, LL.D., Secretary to the Cuban Delegation; 2—Jose Nicolas Hernandez, Private Secretary; 3—Francisco Chenard, Secretary to the Council of the Cuban Revolutionary Party; 4—Tomas Estrada Palma, Delegate; 5—Diego Timayo, President of the Council of the Cuban Revolutionary Party; 6—Manuel Ros, Secretary to Mr. Palma; 7—D. M. Moya, Purchasing Agent; 8—Dr. Joaquin D. Castillo, Sub-Delegate.)

Besides these, there are as secretaries to the delegation Dr. J. A. Gonzales Lanuza, Eduardo Yero Buduen, Federico Perez Carbo, Luiz M. Garzon, J. Nicholas Hernandez, Manuel Ros, Octavio A. de Zayas, D. M. Mayo and B. Giberia. Doctor Lanuza was judge of the supreme court at Havana and professor of penal law in the Havana university. Shortly after the war broke out he was sent to Ceuta, the Spanish penal colony in Africa, on account of his connection with the revolution, and was afterward released under an amnesty decree. He came to New York and was appointed secretary of the delegation. Mr. Hernandez was chancellor of the Cuban republic during the ten years' war, was made a prisoner at the same time Mr. Palma was captured, and, with him, was sent to Spain, where he remained until the close of that revolution. At the beginning of the present



B. J. GUERRA. (Treasurer of the Cuban Republic.)

war he attached himself to Mr. Palma, his friend in peace and war, as his secretary. With the exception of Doctor Castillo, Treasurer Guerra and the charge d'affaires at Washington, who were commissioned by the home government on nominations by Mr. Palma, all others received their appointment from Mr. Palma, who made his selections on account of special fitness, in nearly all cases made evident in previous service on the field or in the council chamber.

Then besides these there is a corps of journalists under the direction of the junta that has charge of the Patria, the official organ of the delegation. This corps is headed by Enrique J. Varona, Eduardo Yero Buduen and Manuel Mora. Mr. Varona was a deputy to the Spanish cortes, and is a well known writer of philosophical treatises that have become text books in Spanish and Spanish-American uni-

versities. He has also written much on Spanish national and colonial politics and political economy, and his words carry no little weight throughout Spanish speaking countries. Eduardo Yero Buduen is an old journalist of the aggressive school, who has been in prison more times for political offenses than any man who was ever in Cuba. He was very active prior to the ten years' war, but was arrested early in that conflict and spent most of its exciting years behind prison bars. War was no sooner over than he began preparing for the present revolution by keeping up an unceasing agitation, and he has not rested from his labors since. The junta is the organization through which Cuba's friends reach the Cubans in the field. In many places these friends are banded together and work for the Cuban cause as organizations. In the United States and



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Europe there are 300 revolutionary clubs, with a membership of more than 50,000. These clubs were the outcome of a suggestion originating with Jose Marti, and their organization has been accomplished by the delegation, with whom they were all in closest touch, to whom they all account, and through whom they all make contributions in money, clothing, provisions, arms and munitions for those who are enduring the hardships of the war. Before the revolution began these clubs had \$100,000 in bank as a war fund. These most vital contributions must reach the army in the field, and it is the business of the delegation to see that they get there. And they have been getting there under the most adverse and trying circumstances, and amid perils of land and sea where enemies are watching and where a friendly government has had to guard against the violation of neutrality laws.

For accomplishing its work the junta has in no way been restricted in authority.

## THREE QUEER CITIES.

All Built on Islands Connected by Many Bridges.

The city of Ghent, in Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands. These islands are connected with each other by eighty bridges. The city has three hundred streets and thirty public squares. It is noted for being the birthplace of Charles V and of John of Gaunt, whom Shakespeare called "time honored Lancaster;" and as the scene of the pacification of Ghent, Nov. 8, 1576, and of several insurrections, sieges, and executions of well-known personages. It is associated with American history by the treaty made there December 24, 1814, terminating the second war between England and the United States, known as the war of 1812. Amsterdam, in Holland, is built on piles driven far below the water into the earth. The city is intersected by many canals, which are spanned by nearly three hundred bridges, and resembles Venice in the mingling of land and water, though it is considerably larger than that city. The canals divide the city, which is about ten miles in circumference, into about ninety islands. The city of Venice is built on eighty islets, which are connected by nearly four hundred bridges. Canals serve as streets in Venice, and boats, called gondolas, for carriages. The bridges are, as a rule, very steep, rising considerably in the middle, but have easy steps. The circumference of the city is about eight miles. The Venetians joined the Lombard league against the German emperor, and, in 1177, gained a great victory, in defense of Alexander III, over the fleet of war vessels headed by Otto, son of Frederic Barbarossa. In gratitude for this victory the Pope gave the Doge Ziani a ring, and instituted the world-famous ceremony of "Venice marrying the Adriatic sea." In this ceremony the Doge, as the chief ruler of Venice used to be termed, with appropriate ceremonies dropped a ring into the sea every year in recognition of the wealth and trade carried to Venice by the Adriatic.

Thought He Had to Marry.

Judge—"Now, old man, you are brought before me for misdemeanor. What have you to say?"

Uncle Eph—"Judge, for Miss De-meonor? I'm mighty sorry for de gal, but I can't marry her, 'vase I've already married."

Neither Had Been There.

"Billinger is going to lecture on the Klondike."

"Fudge! he has never been there."

"Well, neither have the people who will hear him lecture."—Black and White.



RECEPTION ROOM OF THE CUBAN DELEGATION. (Members of Junta Portrayed: 1—Horatio S. Rubens, Counsel; 2—Leon J. Benoit, Assistant Counsel; 3—Joaquin D. Castillo, LL.D., M. D.; 4—Eduardo Yero Buduen, Secretary; 5—Diego Timayo, President of the Council of the Cuban Revolutionary Party; 6—Manuel Ros, Secretary to Mr. Palma; 7—D. M. Moya, Purchasing Agent; 8—Dr. Joaquin D. Castillo, Sub-Delegate.)