

Donna FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
In a moment the kitten, a little the worse for wear and tear, was safely in her mistress' arms, and a great fuss did she make over it. In the midst of it, Dick Alymer, knowing that his fretful horse was dancing about on the other side of the house, said good-by again and escaped. "And, by Jove!" he said, as he turned out of the gates, "she does not know my name either. I seem bound to be mysterious today, somehow or other. Evidently she mistook me for the other in the matter of names. Ah, well, she's going away tomorrow, and I don't suppose I shall see her again, or that it matters in the least whether she calls me Harris, or Haines, or Alymer," and then he added to the horse, "Get along, old man, will you?"

He slackened the pace, however, when he got to the turn of the road which skirted the sloping meadow in front of the Hall where "she" lived, and the horse crawled up the side of the hill as if it had been an Alpine height instead of a mere bend of the road. But there was no sign of her. As he passed he caught a glimpse of the gay flower-beds and a big tabby cat walking leisurely across the terrace, but Dorothy Strode was not to be seen, and when Richard Alymer recognized that fact he gave a jerk to the reins and sent the horse flying along in the direction of Colchester as fast as his four good legs would carry him.

CHAPTER III.

DOROTHY STRODE said very little to her aunt about the gentleman who had brought her home from Lady Jane's tennis party. Not that she voluntarily kept anything back, but in truth there was very little for her to tell. The language of love is an eloquent one, but when you are one of the principal persons concerned you cannot give to another the history of a pressure of the hand or a look of the eyes, and still less of a tone of the voice which tells you all too eloquently of the state of feelings which you cause in that other one.

Yet when Miss Dimsdale came home from Colchester, having been fetched from Wrabness Station in an ancient victoria which had seen better days, drawn by a pair of cobs which, let use mercifully hope, would never see worse than they enjoyed in sleek comfort at present, she dutifully—ay, and with pleasure—gave her an animated description of the party. How Lady Jane had specially asked for her and had sent her dear love to her; how sorry she was, and everybody else, that Miss Dimsdale had had to go and see that tiresome lawyer on that particular afternoon; how Lady Jane had told her that her new white frock was exquisite, and that she ought always to wear full sleeves because they became her so well, and finally how there had been one of the officers from Colchester at the party and she had been his partner in several games of tennis, and finally that Lady Jane had sent him to see her safely to the gate. "Our gate, I mean, Auntie," said Dorothy, not wishing to convey a false impression. "And David Stevenson, he wasn't there, I suppose?" said Miss Dimsdale, as she sipped her claret.

"No, Auntie, he wasn't," Dorothy answered. "You see, Lady Jane does not like David Stevenson very much." "I know that," said Miss Dimsdale shortly.

On the whole Miss Dimsdale would have liked Dorothy to marry David Stevenson, who was young and a good enough fellow to make a good husband. He had a well-kept valuable farm of four hundred acres a mile or two from Graveleigh, with a convenient and spacious house thereon, of which he was very anxious to make Dorothy mistress. But Dorothy had, with a strange perversity, said nay over and over again, and she seemed in no desire to change her mind now. Miss Dimsdale gave a sigh as she thought of it—for David Stevenson's mother had been her dearest friend—but all the same, she was not the woman to try to force the child's inclination.

"Mr. Harris asked me if he might call—if he might come and see me," said Dorothy presently, after a pause. "Mr. Harris! and who is Mr. Harris?" asked Miss Dimsdale, startled out of a reverie about David Stevenson's mother, who, by-the-by, unconsciously and dear friend as she was of Marion Dimsdale's, had stepped in and married the man of Marion's heart.

"Mr. Harris! He is the officer I told you about, Auntie, the one who brought me home," said Dorothy, in surprise that her aunt should not remember.

"Oh, yes—yes. And what did you say?" "I told him that I thought he might." "And when?" "Oh, I told him to take his chance," Dorothy answered. "Quite right," said Miss Dimsdale, who had no notion of making the way

of a gallant too easy and pleasant to him. "Well, we shall see what he is like when he comes, if we happen to be at home."

She began then to tell Dorothy all about her day in Colchester. What the lawyer had said, how she had been to the bank, and looked in at the saddler's to say that the harness of the little cob which ran in the village cart must be overhauled and generally looked to. Then how she had found time to go in the fancy-work shop and had bought one or two new things in that line, and last of all how she had been in to the jeweler's to get a new watch-key and had there seen a wonderful belt of silver coins which some one had sold for melting down, and this had been offered to her at such a reasonable price that she had been tempted to buy it.

"Auntie!" cried Dorothy. "Oh, I did not say it was for you, child," said Miss Dimsdale promptly. Dorothy's face fell, and Miss Dimsdale laughed. "There, child, there, I won't tease you about it. There it is on the chimney-shelf."

And Dorothy naturally enough jumped up and ran to open the box in which the belt was packed, opening it eagerly, and uttering a cry of delight when she saw the beautiful ornament lying within. It was a lovely thing, and in her pleasure and pride at the possession of it Dorothy almost forgot her new admirer, Mr. Harris.

Not quite though, for when she slipped it on over her pretty white dress and ran to the pier-glass between the windows of the drawing-room to see the effect of it, she suddenly found herself wondering how he would think she looked in it, and instantly the swift color flashed into her cheeks, so that she hardly liked to turn back to face the gaze of her aunt's calm, far-seeing eyes.

Miss Dimsdale meanwhile had walked to the window, and was looking out into the soft evening dusk.

"Some one is coming along the drive," she said. "I think it is David Stevenson."

A gesture of impatience was Dorothy's answer, a gesture accompanied by an equally impatient sound, but she never thought of making good use of her time and escaping out of the room, as a girl brought up in a town might have done. No, she left the glass and went across the room to the table where her work-basket stood, and took up an elaborate table-cover which she had been working at in a more or less desultory fashion for six months past, and by the time David Stevenson was shown in she was stitching away as if for dear life. Miss Dimsdale, on the contrary, did not move from the window until she heard the door open, then she went a few steps to meet him.

"Good evening, David," she said very kindly. "How very nice of you to come in tonight! We have not seen you for a long time."

"No, I've been dreadfully busy," he answered, "and I am still, for the matter of that. But I hadn't seen you for a long time, and I thought I'd come over and see how you were getting on."

"That was very good of you," said Miss Dimsdale; then she moved to the



SOME ONE IS COMING.

bell and rang it. "We will have a light; the evenings are closing in very fast."

"Yes," he answered. Then he went across where already his eyes had wandered to Dorothy, who was bravely sewing away in the dusk.

"How are you, Dorothy?" he asked. "I am quite well, thank you, David," she replied, just letting her hand rest for a moment in his.

"I saw you this afternoon," he went on, seating himself on a chair just in front of her.

"Why, yes," said Dorothy; "you took your hat off to me."

He was fine-grown, good-looking fellow, big and strong and young, with the unmistakable air of a man who is his own master; but in Dorothy's mind a vision rose up at that moment of another young man, who was also big and strong, and very unlike David Stevenson.

David frowned at the remembrance of the afternoon and of her companion, and just then a neat maid servant came in with a lamp, and the dusk vanished. She set the lamp down beside Dorothy, so that David Stevenson was enabled to see her face clearly.

"If you please, ma'am," said Barbara to her mistress, "Janet Benham has come up to speak to you. She's in great trouble about something."

"Janet Benham in trouble?" cried

Miss Dimsdale, in dismay. "Oh, I will come at once. Dorothy, stay and talk to David," she added, for Dorothy had made a movement as if she, too, wanted to go and hear more about Janet's trouble.

CHAPTER IV.

OWEVER, in the face of her aunt's distinct command, she had no choice but to remain where she was, and she took up the work again and began stitching vehemently as if she would fain sew her vexation into the pretty pattern.

David Stevenson, on the contrary, was more than well satisfied at the way in which matters had fallen, and inwardly blessed that trouble of Janet Benham's as much as Dorothy did the contrary. He jerked his chair an inch or so nearer to hers, and leaned forward with his elbows upon his knees. Dorothy sat up very straight indeed, and kept her attention strictly upon her work.

"Who was that fellow I saw you talking to this afternoon, Dorothy?" he asked.

"A man that Lady Jane asked to see me home," answered Dorothy, promptly.

"Oh, you have been to Lady Jane's?" in a distinctly modified tone.

"Yes, I had been to Lady Jane's," returned Dorothy, matching a bit of yellow silk with minute care. "Why didn't you go?"

"Because I wasn't asked," said he curtly. "Lady Jane never asks me now—she's taken a dislike to me."

"Well, I can't help that," said Dorothy, indifferently.

"I don't know so much about that," he said, rather gloomily. "I think you might if you liked. Not that I want you to trouble about it, or that I care a single brass farthing about Lady Jane or her parties. In any case, I should only go because I might meet you there."

"Oh, that's a poor enough reason," cried Dorothy, flippantly.

There was very little of the mute lover about David Stevenson, and whenever he found that Dorothy was, in spite of good opportunities, slipping further and further away from him, he always got impatient and angry.

"Well I don't know that you're far wrong there," he retorted, in a tone which he tried with the most indifferent success to make cool and slighting. "However, her ladyship has left off asking me to her entertainments of late, and I don't know that I feel any the worse man for that. So you met that fellow there, did you?"

"You don't suppose I picked him up on the road, do you?" demanded Dorothy, who was getting angry, too.

David drew in his horns a little. "No, no, of course not," he said soothingly. "I had no right to ask anything about him, only everything you do and everyone you speak to interests me. I wanted to know who he was, that was all."

"Then," said Dorothy, with a very dignified air, "you had better go and ask Lady Jane herself. She can tell you, and I am sure she will. I know very little about the gentleman—just his name and very little besides."

David Stevenson sat back in his chair with a groan; Dorothy Strode stitched away furiously, and so they sat until Miss Dimsdale came back again. "H'm," her thoughts ran, "quarreling again."

Dorothy looked up at her aunt and spoke in her softest voice. "What was the matter with Janet, Auntie?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

HOW BISMARCK BECAME RICH

German Writer Says the Chancellor Speculated on State Secrets.

From London Truth: A pamphlet has recently appeared in Germany entitled "Bismarck and Bleichroeder." Its author is a member of the old Junker party of the name of Diebat Daher, and it professes to give some curious details in regard to the present fortune of the ex-chancellor and how it was acquired. After the German war of 1870 the prince received from the country two estates of no great value, which coupled with his own paternal estate, brought him in a fair revenue. He then left Bleichroeder to look after his private monetary affairs, with the result that he now has a fortune amounting to 150,000,000 marks. This, the author contends, can only have been made by stock exchange speculations, based on the knowledge that the prince derived from his position at the head of the German government, and which he confided to Bleichroeder. That, with the cares of empire on his shoulders, he left his monetary affairs in the hands of his banker is very possible, and equally possible is it that his banker did the best for his client. But I should require a good deal more evidence than is afforded in this pamphlet to believe that the prince speculated on state secrets in partnership with a Hebrew financier or that his fortune is now anything like 150,000,000 marks.

Proof Positive.

Dasherly—"Too bad Mrs. Swift doesn't like her husband." Flasherly—"Why, I thought she did." Dasherly—"Oh, no—she gives him cigars for Christmas presents."—The Yellow Book.

After His Time.

Airtight—"In one way Adam had a snap." Dewtell—"What was that?" Airtight—"Christmas presents weren't in vogue then."—The Yellow Book.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE! TO THEIR CHEEKS THE WARM BLOOD FLIES AS INTO HER EYES LOOK HIS, BUT—THERE ARE OTHER EYES.

Christmas IN THE Country



Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere; large drifts, through which the horses floundered as they drew the stout sled, on which was the wagon-bed filled with hay, and covered with blankets and buffalo-ropes, where we cuddled down, as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us; but a kiss all around was usually the way we paid off our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fireplace, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen, where a cooking stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee strong



A BRIGHT FIRE BURNED.

and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were called to dinner. No one was left to wait, and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-checked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's buff while the older ones "visited" in the "keplein-room" until the time came to return home.

Bizzley—"You must dislike Newscomb very much." Grizzly—"I hate him as fiercely as a barber hates a bald headed man with a full beard."—Truth.

The Childlike Mind.

Christmas is not only the mile mark of another year moving us to thought of self-examination, it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of the winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well, he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face. Noble disappointment, noble self-denial are not to be admired, not even to be pardoned, if they bring bitterness. It is one thing to enter the Kingdom of Heaven main; another to main yourself and stay without. And the Kingdom of Heaven is like the child-like, of those who are easy to please, who love and who give pleasure. Mighty men of their hands, the smiters and the builders and the judges, have lived long and done sternly, and yet preserved this lovely character; and among our carpet interests and two-penny concerns, the shame were indelible if we should lose it.—From a Christmas Sermon by Robert Louis Stevenson.



From every spire on Christmas eve,
The Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of good will and peace,
With many a call and silver shout.
For faithful hearts, the angels' song
Still echoes in the frosty air,
And by the altar low they bow
In adoration and in prayer.

A thousand blessed memories throng,
The stars are holy signs to them,
And from the eyes of every child
Looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem.
But there are others, not like these,
Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,
To whom the season brings no cheer,
And life's most gracious charm is lost.

To whom that story, old and sweet,
Is but a fable at the best;
The Christmas music mocks their ears,
And life has naught of joy or rest.
Oh! for an angel's voice to pierce
The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
The mists of doubt and unbelief
That veil the blue of Christmas skies.

That they, at last, may see the light
Which shines from Bethlehem and unfolds
For Christ the treasures of their hearts
Richer than spicery or gold.
Hope of the ages, draw Thou near,
Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,
And when Thou reign'st in every heart,
It will indeed be Christmas day.
—Eleanor A. Hunter.

The King Smiled.

King Rooster—"Redcomb!"
Redcomb—"Yes, sire."
K. R.—"What is the cause of this unusual excitement in the court?"
R.—"Tis the preparations for the usual Christmas feast, sire."
K. R.—"The annual feast?"
R.—"Yes, sire."
K. R. (anxiously)—"Are we in any immediate danger?"
R.—"No, sire. It is only the females and young males."
K. R.—"And those 'up-to-date' hens who have been the pest of the court lately with their attempts to imitate me, are they included?"
R.—"All, sire."
K. R.—"Excellent! Perhaps this may serve to teach them that they only deceive themselves by their egotism; that no matter how loud they crow, the world still regards them as hens."—O. A. C.

Reliable Data About California.

An American geography printed in 1812 contains this interesting information: "California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthy. On the northern shores live anthropophagi and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible by trust-worthy travelers.

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