

FORGET-ME-NOT.

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CHAPTER III.

In point of artistic beauty and delicacy of floral arrangement throughout Arlington Street, No. 281 certainly bore away the palm; for Miss Dene, like most country girls, had a positive passion for flowers—a graceful fancy she was fortunately in a position to gratify. Many an envious eye fell upon that cool facade with its wealth of glorious bloom; and a darling of fashion paused as he passed on his listless way, and forgot his betting-book and other mundane speculations, to wonder lazily who might some day be the fortunate man to call that perfectly-appointed mansion and its beautiful mistress his own. For Vere Dene could have picked and chosen from the best of them, and graced their ancestral homes; but now she was five-and-twenty; so they came at last to think it was hopeless, and that a heart of marble pulsed languidly in that beautiful bosom.

The hall-door stood invitingly open; more, perhaps, in reality to catch the faint summer breeze, for the afternoon was hot, and inside, the place looked cool, dim and deliciously inviting. On a table there lay a pair of long slim gauntlets, thrown carelessly upon a gold-mounted riding-whip; and coming down the shallow stairs, against a background of feathery fern and pale gleaming statuary, was Miss Dene herself. A stray gleam of sunshine, streaming through a painted window, lighted up her face and dusky hair; a beautiful face, with creamy pallor, overlaid by a rosy flush of health. The dark-brown eyes were somewhat large; a trifle hard, too, a stern critic of beauty might have been justified in saying; the tall graceful figure drawn up perhaps too proudly. Vere Dene was, however, no blushing debutante, but a woman who knew her alphabet of life from alpha to omega; who was fully conscious of her power, and the value of her position well enough to discern between honest admiration and studied flattery, and to gather up the scanty grains of truth without mistaking chaff for golden corn. There was no reflection of wistful memory on the heiress's face as she rode slowly down the street some time later, the cynosure of admiring eyes. There was a rush and glitter of carriages hurrying parkwards, as she rode on her way alone, bowing to one acquaintance or another, and dividing her favours impartially.

"A beautiful face," murmured a bronzed soldierly-looking man to his companion as they lounged listlessly against the rails of the Row, watching the light tide of fashion sweeping by. "A perfect face, wanting only soul to make it peerless. Who is she, Leslie?"

"Who is she?" laughed the other. "Is it possible you do not know Miss Dene? But I forgot you had been so long in India. You remember old Vavasour Dene, of course, and his son, the poetical genius, who married some demure little country maiden, unknown to Debbert or Burke, and who was cut off with the traditional shilling accordingly. You can imagine the rest of the story; a life-long feud between father and son, ending, as it usually does, in the parent's dying and cheating condemnation by an act of tardy justice. That handsome girl is old Dene's heiress, a woman with all London at her feet, a quarter of a million in her own right, and never a heart in the whole of her perfect anatomy."

Wholly unconscious of this storiette, and apparently of the admiration she naturally excited, Miss Dene rode on down the Mile, with many a shake of her shapely head as one gloved hand after another beckoned her to range alongside barouche or mail phaeton; till at length a slight crush brought her to a standstill. Almost in front of her was an open stanhope, wherein was seated a delicate fragile-looking lady, exquisitely dressed, and apparently serenely indifferent to the glances and smiles in her direction. By her side sat a child of six or seven, a diminutive counterpart of herself, to her fair golden hair and melting pansy-blue eyes. Vere would fain have pushed her way through the crowd and passed on; but the child had seen her, and uttered her name with a cry of innocent delight; and Vere, like many another who is credited with want of heart, had a tender love for children.

"Really, I owe Violet my grateful thanks," murmured the owner of the stanhope as Vere ranged alongside. "Positively, I began to fear that you meant to cut me. I should never have forgiven my brother, if you had. My dear child, I warned him it was useless; I did indeed. And now he says that his heart is broken, and that he shall never believe a woman any more."

Vere looked down into the Marchioness of Hurlingham's fair demure face with a little smile.

"So Lord Bearhaven has been abusing me?" she said. "I am disappointed. I did not think he would have carried his woes into the boudoir."

"My dear Diana, he has done nothing of the kind. Surely a man might be allowed to bewail his hard lot with his only sister. Violet, my darling child, do be careful how you cross the road."

This warning, addressed to the diminutive little lady, who had succeeded unseen in opening the carriage door came too late; for by this time the volatile child had recognised some beloved acquaintance over the way, and indeed was already beyond the reach of warning. Vere watched the somewhat hazardous passage breathlessly, then, satisfied that her small favourite had made the dangerous journey in safety, turned to her companion again.

"I have a genuine regard for Lord Bearhaven," said she, speaking with an effort, "too great a regard to take advantage of his friendship under false pretences. I shall never forget the kindness he once did me in the hour of my great trouble. Will you tell him so, please? and say that perhaps for the present it will be well for us not to meet."

"Now, that is so like both of you," Lady Hurlingham cried, fanning herself in some little heat. "Why will you both persist in making so serious a business of life? at any rate you might have some consideration for us more frivolous-minded mortals. Vere, if you do not come to my Jewel Ball on Thursday, I—I—well, I will never speak to you again."

"So I am to be coerced, then. I am morally bound to be present since the Society papers have promised the world a sight of the Vere diamonds; besides which, I simply dare not incur your ladyship's displeasure."

"I wonder if you have a heart at all,"

said the other. "Sometimes I almost doubt it; and the times I generally doubt it most are immediately after those moments when I have flattered myself that I really have begun to detect symptoms of that organ. The romantic ones have been libelling again. Would you like to hear the latest story?"

"You stopped me for this, I presume. Positively, you will not know a moment's peace till you have told me. I am all attention."

"They are saying you have no heart, because it was given away long ago; they say there is a rustic lover somewhere in hobnails and gaiters who won your affections, and is afraid to speak since you became a great lady."

Vere did not reply or glance for a moment into her friend's sparkling mischievous face. A deeper tinge of colour flushed the creamy whiteness of neck and brow, like the pink hue upon a snowy rose.

"They do me too much honour," she replied. "Such a model of constancy in this world of ours would indeed be a pearl amongst women. Pray, do they give a name to this bashful Corydon of mine?"

"Naturally, nothing but the traditional second cousin, *ma chere*. Really, it is quite a pretty romance—the struggling artistic genius who is too proud to speak, now you are in another sphere. Surely you are not offended?"

In spite of her babyish affectations and infantine innocence, mere mannerisms overlying a tender kindly heart, Helena, Marchioness of Hurlingham, was not entirely without an underlying vein of natural shrewdness. She was clever enough to see now that the innocently-directed shaft of a bow drawn at a venture had penetrated between the joints of Vere's armour, in spite of her reputation for being perhaps the most invulnerable woman in London.

"I am not offended," Vere answered, recovering her chill composure at length; "only such frivolity annoys me at times. What a lot of idle scandal poor woman-kind has to endure!—What is that?"

Gradually above the rattle of carriages, the clatter of hoofs, the subdued murmur of voices and light laughter, a louder, sterner hum arose. Borne down on the breeze came distant sounds of strife, and now and then a shriek in a woman's shrill notes; it seemed to swell as if some panic had stricken the heedless crowd farther down the drive. Every face restless and uneasy with the sudden consciousness of some coming danger, was turned in the direction whence the evidence of trouble arose, as a carriage and pair of horses, coming along at lightning speed, scattered pedestrians and riders right and left, like a flock of helpless sheep, in a wild medley of confusion.

As if by magic, a lane seemed to have opened and coming along the open space to a pair of fiery chestnuts, dragging after them in their fear and fright a mail phaeton as if it had been match-wood. With a feeling of relief, the helpless spectators noticed that the vehicle was empty, save for its driver, who, with bare head and face white as death, essayed manfully to steer the maddened animals straight down the roadway, a task rendered doubly dangerous and difficult from the crowded state of the Row, and the inability of certain tyros to keep the path sufficiently clear.

In the midst of the turmoil and confusion there arose another cry, a shout of fear and unheeded expostulation, for, crossing the roadway smilingly, without the semblance of a fear, came a little child, bearing in her hand a bunch of roses; a little girl, with sunny golden curls and laughing blue eyes, standing like a butterfly before a sweeping avalanche. There was another shout, and again the tiny passenger failed to note her danger as nearer and nearer came the horses, till through the now paralyzed, helpless crowd burst the figure of a man, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang forward and caught the child just as the pole of the carriage threatened to strike her to the ground. There was no longer time for an escape, a fact of which the heroic stranger was perfectly aware; and grasping the laughing maiden with one powerful arm, with the other he made a grab for the off-horse's head, and clung to the bridle with the bulldog tenacity of despair. For a moment the animals, checked in their headlong career, swerved to the right; there was a crashing sound of broken panels, and a moment later child, rescuer, horses, and driver lay in an inextricable struggling confusion.

For a second or two there followed a dread intense silence, as each butterfly of fashion contemplated in fascinated horror the struggling mass; then, before the nearest could interfere, it was seen that the stranger had risen to his feet, his garment soiled and stained, and a stream of ruddy crimson slowly trickling down his face. Just for a brief instant he reeled from very faintness, till, dashing the blinding blood from his eyes, he stooped swiftly, and at the imminent risk of his brains, drew the now thoroughly frightened child right from under those terrible hoofs, and taking her in his arms, staggered rather than walked to a seat.

Meanwhile, Lady Hurlingham, beside herself with grief and terror, the lady of fashion merged for the moment into the mother, had descended from her carriage, her face pale and haggard, and hurried with Vere to the seat where the stranger reclined. It was no time for ceremony or class distinction. With a gesture motherly and natural, as if she had been moulded of meaner clay, she snatched little Violet from the arms still mechanically holding her, with a great gush of thankfulness to find that, with the exception of the fright, not one single hair of that golden head had been injured.

By this time the crowd had sufficiently recovered from the threatened realization of sudden death, and, with regained wit, sufficient society veneer to murmur the usual polite condolences and congratulations to the now elated mother. Still the rescuer sat, his face buried in his hands, a whirling, maddening pain in his head, and a mist before his eyes as if the world had suddenly lost its sunshine. Vere, with tears in her eyes and a tremble in her voice, pushed her way through the too sympathetic crush and laid her hand gently on the sufferer's arm. "I am afraid you are hurt," she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

Winchester, for heit was looked up vaguely, the words coming to his ears like the roar of the sea singing in a dream, a dream which was not all from the

land of visions. He wondered dreamily where he had heard that voice before. With an effort he looked up again. For the first time in five years their eyes met in the full light of day.

She knew him now, recognized him in a moment. But it was scarcely the same Winchester who had restored her lost ornament a fortnight ago. The old shabby raiment had disappeared, giving place to a neat suit, such as no gentleman had been ashamed to wear. Fourteen days' steady work, inspired by a worthy object, had met an equal reward. It was no longer Winchester the outcast that Vere was addressing, but Winchester the gentleman, and in his heart he rejoiced that it was so.

For a moment they were no longer the centre of a glittering host of fashion; their thoughts together had gone back to the vanished past, as they looked into each other's eyes, neither daring to trust to words.

"Jack," said Vere at length—"Jack, is it really you?"

"Yes, dear, it is I," Winchester responded faintly. "You did not expect to meet me like this if—you ever expected to meet me at all."

"Do you think I forget, as—as some people do? You did not always judge me so harshly. How could we meet better; how could I feel more proud of you than I do at this moment?"

Gradually the crowd fell back. There was not much mischief done after all; nothing that a clothes-brush and a little warm water would not rectify. Besides, Miss Dene seemed to know the stranger, and from one or two expressions, would apparently prefer to be left alone.

Winchester's answering smile had no trace of its accustomed bitterness. After all, there was something in the soft music of Vere's tones, a charm in the reckless abandonment of self which fell upon his troubled heart like balm in Gilead. There was something sweet also in the consciousness that he had played the man so recently in her sight, under the very eyes whose brightness alone he had only valued. There was a stimulant worth all the tonics in the pharmacopoeia.

He would have spoken again, but he was suffering still from a great rush of pain and giddiness, as if the whole universe was slipping into space. Directly after, the feeling passed away, and he was himself once more. By this time Lady Hurlingham had driven away, while some one, more thoughtful than the rest, had remained to place his carriage at Winchester's disposal.

"This gentleman is a friend of yours, Miss Dene?" he asked. "Allow me to suggest that your groom takes your horse, and that you drive likewise. You will pardon my sister's apparent heedlessness, but you see Violet is an only child, and—"

Vere looked gratefully into Lord Bearhaven's grave, handsome face, and extended her hand in an impulse of gratitude. The meeting she had so much dreaded was made smooth and pleasant by his kindly courtesy.

"I might have expected this from you," she answered warmly. "Believe me, I am deeply obliged. Mr. Winchester is not only a friend, but a relation."

Lord Bearhaven gave Jack a hand-grip which said more than the most carefully chosen words. But what an effort this magnanimity cost him, only Vere, who saw that he had heard everything, alone could tell.

"I am forgiven, then?" asked Winchester as they drove along Oxford Street. "Well, it is worth playing the poor part I have played to-day to hear that. Vere, Vere, what a sorry self-opinionated fool I have been! Do you know that for the last week I have been screwing up my courage to the sticking-point? But whenever I found myself near you, my pluck failed."

"You do not deserve to be spoken to," Vere replied, her cheeks aflame, her eyes laden with unshed tears, though the thrilling tenderness of her voice robbed the words of their sting. "How dare you venture to treat me as if I should be ashamed of my old friends?"

Up to this point, Winchester had scarcely dared to analyse his sensations. Now that all the impenetrable barriers of restraint were broken down between them, he found himself talking in the old familiar strain, and wondering of the last five years was merely a phantasm of his own creation.

"And Chris," Vere ventured at length, though the question had long been trembling on her tongue, "do you ever hear anything of him?"

Winchester told her everything, disguising nothing except the part of good Samaritan he himself had played towards the unfortunate Ashton. It must have been an interesting conversation, for Vere's face as she listened grew very soft and tender, her eyes sweet and luminous. When at length the end of Arlington Street was reached, Winchester stopped the coachman, and insisted upon alighting, a step which Vere vehemently opposed.

"You are coming home with me," she said. "Have you any idea who you will find waiting there to welcome you?"

"No; the slightest; unless you have persuaded—but that is impossible. Still, you must have a chaperon of some sort. Is it possible that you have our dear old Aunt Lucy at Arlington Street?"

"Not only possible, but an actual fact. Come; you cannot refuse now."

Winchester hesitated for a moment, then, with a sudden impulse, complied. Of all his relations, the "Aunt Lucy" in question was the only one who kept a green spot in his recollection. A few moments later he passed a welcome guest through the very portals outside which so short a time before he stood a wretched outcast and useless member of society.

Two hours later, when he descended the steps again, with a bright eager look of exultation on his face, a servant loitering in the hall saw and wondered if it was the same man whom his mistress had brought home so recently. He lingered for a moment for a few parting words with Vere.

"So that is settled," he said; "and if you should feel afraid?"

"Afraid!" she echoed scornfully. "I shall not be afraid."

"I do not think you will. Now, remember you have promised. And above all things, Lord Bearhaven must know everything."

"I promise," she answered. "If I could only see Chris!"

"But you can't do anything of the kind—for the present, at least. You must have perfect faith in me."

"I have," Vere replied, looking into his glowing eyes. "Had I not always?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELECTRICAL.

An instrument which can hardly be looked upon with a kindly eye by unpunctual watchmen and other employees, a part of whose duty it is to place themselves on record at stated times, is the insumgraph. This device, by the aid of electric currents, presents at a pre-determined time a clear space of paper for signatures at an opening in a suitable desk, and at the end of the time of grace allowed moves it past the opening. The tell-tale and time-checking systems hitherto used, owing to the fact that the necessary signals are made by electric currents set in motion by discs, or plugs, or press buttons, are to a certain extent inefficient, as they allow of the possibility of a false register being made while the employee is absent. The insumgraph, however, by making an autograph at a particular moment of time necessary, minimizes the possibility of fraud.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world will soon be seen in India. The unparalleled beauty of the Taj Mahal will be made visible at night, and still further idealized by electric light illumination. Within the next month powerful arc lights will be placed in each of the front minarets, on each of the back minarets, and on the Musjid and Jawab. The effect will be all the more striking from the fact that the main building will have no light stationed upon it, so that the points mentioned will be thrown into magnificent relief.

Recent investigations by Capt. J. P. Maclear have brought out some new and important facts concerning the behavior of lightning under certain conditions. After examining a number of trees which had been struck by lightning, he found that those which were struck before the falling of rain were shattered, while those which were struck after the rain began were simply scored, and had the bark more or less blown off. These phenomena point to the fact that during rain every tree is conducting electricity. Other considerations affecting the issue are the position of the cloud, the amount of foliage on the tree, its conditions of moisture, and its connection with running water.

In reference to a recent suggestion that an electrical tricycle would have a large sphere of usefulness, the superintendent of an electric light station writes: "I have often wished for an electrical tricycle, as I could make it very useful for lamp inspectors on street circuits, and replace a defective lamp on very short notice." He also states that he could make an electrical tricycle to carry two persons that would be of the greatest service in hunting breaks, and be preferable in many ways to the horse and hack which are now necessary on a long street circuit for expeditions and effective repairs.

An enthusiastic entomologist is receiving daily from the local linenman the moths which find their way into the arc lamp globe in an adjacent street during the night. Birds are fearlessly building their nests in the hoods of the lamps, and we are told that an electric light superintendent in Nashville received a unique present from a colored workman in the form of a sack full of honey bees. The swarm was found in the hood of an electric lamp, where it had settled the day before.

A singular wrinkle, which will be appreciated by electricians, is given in an Australian electrical journal. A correspondent describes the visit of the electric inspector to his station, and says that after a battery which had got out of order had been fixed up, the inspector asked for a little sugar. After some demur the apparently queer request was granted. The inspector then began to wash his hands in the usual way with soap and water, but after rubbing on the soap he added the sugar, and a good lather was immediately produced. He said this was an excellent plan when working with magnesia or copper solutions, and completely prevented the disagreeable dry feeling experienced in battery work. The operator confirmed this, having found that, after washing, the hands came out clean and soft.

The storage battery is destined to play such an important part in the future of electric traction that any addition to the resources which will increase its efficiency is worthy of notice. The desideratum in the storage battery is reduced weight and increased delivery, and the problem is being now attacked with a determination and enthusiasm which, judging from the progress made in the last two years, will soon establish the storage battery on a firm commercial basis. One of the pioneers in this work, as well as one of the first authorities in the country on the subject, is C. O. Mailloux, one of the results of whose experience has just been given to the public in a new application of the accumulator. A common source of inconvenience and difficulty in electric lighting and power circuits is the variation in load, which may in an instant jump from nothing to the full capacity of the machines. This produces not only a very undesirable fluctuation in the electro-motive force, but also sudden and severe strains in the engine, dynamo, and entire machinery, by which the cost of repairs is materially increased. Mr. Mailloux's device consists of a novel application of the storage battery for the purpose of lessening the load of the dynamo by re-energizing them at the proper time from the battery. The invention is as ingenious as it is useful, and it is likely to be largely and promptly adopted.

A singular phenomenon is recorded on the authority of a German scientific paper. It is stated that one evening in a stearine and ceresin factory in Italy some vats of white ceresin, which is a paraffine obtained from ozokerite, were cooling down, and when they had nearly become solid the electric light that illuminated the room went out. The ceresin immediately became luminous whenever it was touched, and if the hand was brought near, long sparks of nearly two inches were obtained. This remarkable luminosity is said to have lasted over half an hour.

An invention which is designed to be of special use in snow storms, fogs, and cases of color blindness is an audible electric signal, which was tried in this city last week with most satisfactory results. When one train is on a block of track protected by the contrivance and another enters, a warn-

ing is given to the engineer of the on coming train in the shape of a flat iron disk of bright red color, and the ringing at the same time of a gong. These operations are effected by an electric current along a wire, one end of which is attached to the body of the locomotive and the other to the first truck of the first car. The circuit is made as the locomotive wheels touch one rail at a magnetized point and the car wheels another.

A new phonograph has been devised in Germany. The sound waves are recorded in wavy lines on a strip of paper or on smoked glass. As the paper moves along, a straight line is drawn at a short distance from the wavy line. The two lines are then enlarged and made metallic, or, in other words, conductors of electricity. The reproduction is effected by laying a fine platinum wire across the lines and moving it along in a position perpendicular to the straight or base line. As current from a battery is made to pass from the record lines to the platinum wire and as a telephone is in circuit, it will be seen that as the wire is rubbed along over the paper, the length of wire included between the lines, and consequently the resistance of the circuit, will vary. The original sound is thus reproduced in the telephone. There seems no immediate likelihood of this instrument coming into serious rivalry with the Edison phonograph.

Another industry which is destined shortly to be stirred to its very depths by the advent of the electric motor is that of the bootblack. The first blow at what will soon be regarded as the ancient practice of shining by hand has been dealt in Chicago, where electrical blacking machines are now at work on the streets. The outfit is of the simplest description. A small motor is concealed in a box beneath the foot rest of the bootblack's chair; a flexible shaft with one end attached to the armature spindle has the other fitted with a revolving polishing brush. The only other element in the outfit is a small push button, and when this is touched the brush spins round at a speed that laughs to scorn the dearest hand that ever gave the exultant finish to the morning toilet.

An ingenious instrument called the tele-circuit is now used to control any individual signal at any desired point on a main line circuit. It enables a signal to be exhibited at any point without interfering in any way with any other signals on the same circuit. It is worked by the ordinary transmitting key, and the Morse alphabet is used. The instrument can be advantageously used on telephone lines, patrol systems, and for many purposes.

One of the most beneficial ways of purifying rooms in which the atmosphere is especially liable to vitiation, is to produce ozone by electrical sparks, and the practice has been strongly recommended by the highest medical authorities. The delightful freshness and vigor which is perceptible in the air after a series of sparks from an ordinary influence machine is a proof of the salutary and refreshing influence produced. A physician in Philadelphia has taken a very wise step in the introduction of a small electric machine for the production of ozone. It is in a compact form, operated by a small battery, and can be conveniently carried. There is said to be a large demand for the machine for purifying the sick rooms of private patients.

The great importance of telegraphy can be clearly seen from statistics lately published. It is shown that there are 2,000,000 miles of land lines existing, valued at \$210,000,000. The cables belonging to Governments are 13,178 miles long, and are valued at \$20,000,000. The cable companies have 107,000 miles of cable, costing \$180,000,000, and have a total capital of \$20,000,000. The gross expenditure on land lines and cables has been over \$500,000,000. All this has been created during the last fifty years, and most of the submarine cable portion during the last twenty-five years.

A case of considerable interest to electrical engineers is now pending in England. Three of the engineers of a local electric lighting company were summoned by a barrister for damage to trees by wires. At an early period difficulty had existed with the trees, and several poles had been shifted in consequence of the owners giving notice that they would not allow the trees to be cut. The present action arose out of the damage alleged to be done to trees dedicated to the public in the avenue outside the complainant's grounds, and over which he claimed rights. The question is being argued on points of law, it being regarded as a test case, and important interests being involved. It is maintained that the freehold extends to the middle of the road, although the sovereign and subjects have rights to pass.

A novel use for the electric motor is reported from Altoona, where a motor-worked fan is employed in a vault where books are kept in order, to preserve them from the effect of damp.

The prices paid for certain recent inventions are such as to give encouragement to those plucky and undaunted inventors who are still struggling to mature and formulate their ideas. Major Watkin received for his range-finder \$175,000 and \$500,000 has been paid for the Brennan torpedo.

He Wasn't Green.

"Let me have a five, please. I want to go to a church social."
"Why, it's free."
"You don't say so! Then you'd better let me have a ten."

Bound to Maintain the Dignity of the Office at any Cost.

"Yo' Sine! Heah yo' pa jes' lected president ob de Human 'Ciety, an' yo', de son ob de president a-frownin' disgrace on hiz high office by a-pullin' an' a-haulin' poo' Tige 'roun' in de face ob de public! Leg go yo' hole dat dang, ur I beat yo' widin a inch ob yo' life, yo' good-to-nuthin' niggah yo'!"

A Popular Article.

Drug Store Clerk—"How does the fly paper that I sold you go, Mrs. Hendricks?"
Mrs. Hendricks—"The flies are just stuck on it."