CHAPTER XXXI-Continued. Both accepted the invitation. For ome moments after Mr. Hawkins had doubly congratulated."

Burt and James Blake. Each was

left no word was spoken between John

the silence. "When is Miss Carden expected to

return?" he asked, quietly. "I'll try to find out to-night," said

Blake, looking his partner full in the eyes. "My head has been so full of stocks that I've thought of nothing else. But I'll know all about it, John, before I meet you and Hawkins at dinner. Perhaps Jessie-or rather, Miss Carden-is back now. Who fellow, and all kinds of things may prise you have planned. Well, I must be going. Hope I'll have good news

for you when I see you later." Early in the evening Blake rang the bell of the Bishop mansion, and was greeted by General Carden.

"It is a pleasure, General Carden, tender you this check, which repsents your share of the profits. on't say a word of thanks to me, for do not deserve any credit. Is Miss Carden at home, and may I see her or a moment?"

"She will be delighted to see you. | many, many times. will call her."

The general disappeared, and James

here was something wistful in the and I have mine yet. We-" mile; a blending of happiness, retraint and pity. The eyes dropped far-off look in his eyes. for a moment as they met his frank ! "He has! How do you know, Mr. gaze, but her voice was clear and Blake? Have you-

know that any one was here. You are to be congratulated, Mr. Blake;

There was a tremor in the voice, but a proud flash of the lovely eyes as busy with his thoughts, but John broke | Edith bowed slightly, and, brushing the portieres aside, left the room.

"Don't go, Edith!" cried Jessie. There was no response, and Jessie was too wise to follow her fair cousin. For some moments no words were spoken.

"I am going to tell you the story of that portrait," said Jessie. The crimson touched her cheeks and a light. such as Blake had never seen, was in her eyes. "Do you remember what knows? This is your lucky day, old you said last night? You said that it seemed as if we had been friends happen before midnight. Wouldn't it for years, and the same thought has be great if I went up to the Bishop occurred to me. I'm going to prehouse and found her there? Of course sume on that occult friendship, and I wouldn't say a word to spoil the sur- | tell you a secret. That portrait belongs to John Burt!"

"John Burt? The John Burt I knew as a boy? What do you mean, Jessie?",

She opened an album and handed it to him. On one page was the faded duplicate of the photograph from which had been painted the por- Promoter's Comparison of Himself trait he had seen so often in John Burt's study room in San Francisco. Opposite it was a photograph of John Burt. The album opened naturally to these pages-sure proof that certain white fingers had sought them out

"It was only a week before he wer.t away," said Jessie, softly, "that these Blake lay back in his chair, with his pictures were taken. It was a glorieyes fixed on the portrait of Jessie ous day in autumn, and our horses had galloped miles and miles. Near He heard the faint rustle of a gar- the bay shore in Hingham we saw a ment and turned to see Jessie Carden traveling photographer, and I sugshe entered the room. A tender gested that we have our pictures ght glowed in her brown eyes, but taken. We each gave the other one, "And he has his yet," said Blake, a



sweet as she offered her hand and |

said: "You have made this the happiest day of our lives, Mr. Blake. I-" "Not another word," interrupted James Blake. "You must not thank me. Please don't, Jessie. It's the

only favor I ask." "Why not?" The parted lips and questioning eyes were eloquent with surprise. "Because I don't want you to," he

said, releasing the little hand. His heart beat fast as he gazed into her face, but in that moment he gained the final victory, and only the numbing pain of wounded passion re-

Less than a day had passed since ne had resolved to surrender all hope for the love of Jessie Carden. Why had he done so? James Blake could got answer that question. He had ot calmly weighed his chances of uccess against those of failure.

Like a flash it dawned upon him that he could not—that he must not be disloyal to John Burt. He did not reason it out-it was told to him in that voiceless, wordless language which has no name or key.

"You must not imagine," he said, "that your father is under the slightest obligations to me. On the contrary, our firm is indebted to him. The stock which he held was the key o the situation. Without it we could een able to verify the general's condence in its value, and he is the one o be congratulated on the outcome." "I don't believe a word you say." Jessie Carden, laughing. "I'm ot stupid about these Wall street fairs as you imagine. If it had not en for you, Mr. Morris would have efrauded pap out of all his property." about that portrait. The first me I ever met Arthur Morris I saw our portrait in his library room. It always puzzled me. Some time

tell you why." 'My portrait in Mr. Morris' room!" her cheeks. "Surely you are jest-

. Mr. Blake!" ld me it was the original," replied | to-morrow evening?" ake. "He said you had it painted him in Berlin, and that you preted it to him. The first time I

remarkable coincidence." here is no mystery about it," said e, her eyes flashing with anger. Morris saw fit to take advantage pa's bankruptcy, which gave him ssion of our Boston residence. portrait hung on its walls, and he tless had a copy made from it. strolled through the hotel safe and is consistent with other acts thence into the lobby. The babble of

portieres parted and Edith atmosphere were not in harmony ck entered the room. Her eyes | with Blake's feelings. first on Blake and then on

don this intrusion," she said.

"Of course he has it. I'll wager dear old John has never parted with that little gift. Excuse my interrup-

tion, Jessie; I'm greatly interested.' "You spoke as if you knew," said Jessie, her heart beating wildly. "The last day I saw him he spoke of you. We sailed out to Black Reef and we talked of many things. John said he was going to California, and wondered if you were there and if he would see you. That seems ages ago. but it's only five years. And then we sailed back to the grove and he quarreled with Arthur Morris. You have heard the story. That night we parted, and a thousand times I have heard the hoofs of his horse as he galloped away in the darkness."

She paused, but Blake, with his eyes on the portrait, said nothing. "When you told me that you were John Burt's friend I liked you," she said, in a voice which thrilled his very being. "You have been all that he said in your favor, and many times more. I would that it were in my power to repay you, Mr. Blake. You have at your command everything which money can furnish, and I and my prayer for your happiness." He took her hand and impulsively

pressed it to his lips. "You have made me very, very happy," he said, rising to his feet as she tenderly withdrew her hand. "I should like to tell you something lave done nothing. We have simply | which-which-but I must not tell it. Some day you will know me better. Will you promise not to be angry with me, then? Will you promise,

> "Angry with you? I am sure I shall never be angry with you."

"That is your promise?" "That is my promise."

He laughed gaily as she repeated "Speaking of Morris reminds me of the words, but his lips quivered and mething which has often puzzled his eyes glistened suspiciously. In e." said Blake, changing the subject. a moment he was the careless, happy

"I must keep an engagement." he said, looking at his watch. "A friend of mine is here from California, and I'm to take dinner with him. He's a claimed Jessie, the color mounting royal good fellow, rich, handsome, cultivated, and-and everything which a good fellow should be. I'd like to 'It was probably a copy, though he introduce him. May I call with him

"Any friend of yours is welcome. especially a paragon with such bewildering attractions," laughed Jese here I saw this one and thought | sie. "Good-bye, until to-morrow evening."

# CHAPTER XXXII.

Through the Heart.

It lacked several minutes of the hour fixed for dinner when Blake which we have suffered at his voices, the gesticulations and the cervous energy which pervaded the

> "Jessie was afraid I was going to say something to-night, and so she healing that she is regarded as quite

cigar. "Dear old John! Lucky old John! Hello, what's the row? That sounds like Morris! I suppose he's drunk. If he had a spark of decency he'd be with his father. Here he comes!'

Morris pushed his way through the crowd and was followed by young Kingsley. Not until he was within a few feet of Blake did he recognize his rival. Though anxious to avoid a meeting, Blake scorned to retreat or to turn his back.

Morris stopped squarely in front of him. His lips parted with a sneer and his fingers toyed with a small walking stick. Blake leaned carelessly against a marble column, his eyes fixed on the man who confronted him. Had Blake been in a Western min-From the boat as she sails through the ing camp his fingers would have reached for the feel of a gun, but in a Whisper of wind in the wheat? metropolitan hotel he had no sense of danger. The incident was trivial, The cricket's comforting chirp Telling of welcome and home? but disagreeable.

"Lend me a thousand, Blake," de Hot winds bearing the noise manded Morris.

A whisper passed around the room and many turned to watch these two men, whose names had filled the public prints of the day.

smile lighting up his handsome face. "Is a thousand enough, Morris?" Blake took a wallet from his inner pocket and handed Morris a bill. "And a match," ordered Morris, ad-

vancing a step nearer. (To be continued.)

### HE TALKED TOO MUCH.

With Bird Was Good. ..

He is of light step, carries a cane impressively, dresses in faultless taste and lives at the Waldorf-Astoria.

All is not gold that glitters. He is having considerable difficulty in organizing an outdoor club, which golf and other sports for the ultra fashionables.

"What I need," said he, "is a wellwritten prospectus. The boys must be dazzled a little."

He made his remark to an impe cunious writer, who was duly impress ed, because the boys referred to were George Gould, Alfred Vanderbilt and Clarence Mackay.

"Just sit at my table here in these rooms," continued the promoter "Write out anything that comes in your mind. Let it be descriptive. Never mind facts-they don't convince anybody. Be gorgeous. Anything you would like to have in the way of refreshments or dinner you can get by ringing for it. So, I will

leave you to your inspirations." Accordingly the promoter retired, and the writer became absorbed in his passed.

Gasping and excited, the promoter shot into the room again. He quickly need. These are a silver half dollar, surveyed the apartment and drew a a large wire hairpin, a heavy ring, big breath of relief. No empty glasses and a long hatpin or "stickpin." or significant dinner service were expenses.

writer.

The promoter mopped his brow.

# Ice Made in Open Air.

Dr. Wells, a London physician, in hand. 1818, in his published essay on dew, was the first to draw attention to the curious artificial production of ice in India. Shallow pits are dug, which are partially filled with perfectly dry straw; on the straw board, flat pans containing water are exposed to the clear sky. The water, being a wonderful radiant, sends off its heat abundantly into space.

The heat thus lost cannot be replaced from the earth, for this source is excluded by the straw. Before sunrise a cake of ice is formed in each vessel. To produce this ice in quantities clear nights are advantageous, and particularly those on which practically no dew falls.

Should the straw get wet, it becomes more matted and compact, and consequently a better conductor of heat, for the vapor acts as a screen over the pans, checks the cold, and retards freezing .- Pearson's Weekly.

# Indians of Jewish Strain.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie had an idea that the Indians of the far Northwest were partly Jewish in origin. From Lake Athabasca in 1794 he set out at the head of an expedition "in a birch-bark canoe, 25 feet long, 4% feet beam and 26 inches hold, with 3,000 pounds of baggage and provision and a crew of nine French Canadians." He reached the Pacific coast and returned. The aborigines he met were "for the most part possessed of strongly religious instincts," said he in his report. "With regard to their origin all we are prepared to state. after a careful survey of their languages, manners and customs, is that they are undoubtedly of a mixed origin; come from the North-northwest and had commerce in their early history, perhaps, through intermarriage with people of Jewish persuasion or origin."

William Hayes acted as umpire at a

ball game near Washington, Pa., last Sunday, and his decisions did not seem to give unmixed satisfaction. Toward the close of the game he gave one decision which evidently gave great pain to the players on both sides. Half a dozen of them seized and carried him to a near-by river and tossed him in. Umpire Hayes scrambled out in a hurry, whereupon the indignant athletes threw him back and held him under water until he was nearly drowned. Then they rolled him on a beer keg until he recovered, belt that jangles briskly. when they volunteered the information that he was not cut out for an umpire. On reflection Mr. Hayes is prepared to agree with this idea. However, he means to sue a dozen of his assallants.

German Empress Studies Medicine. One of the most studious queens in Europe is the German empress, who cares very little indeed for pomp and ceremony. Her majesty's favorite study is medicine and she has inaway all day, while Don, the dog, ed to hold the sections. structed herself so well in the art of told me that she loved John." he an efficient advisor



By the Playground. Is sweetest to tired hearts?— The low, unwearying hum Of the bee in the clover bed? The hymn of the thrush at dusk? Robins that call in the rain?

Or, from the fresh-smelling field When the heaven is thick with her stars,

Of a city's traffic and cries, And from the little square voices of children in song. Hundreds of children at play.
Circling and singing their glee;
Glad in the gift of to-day.
The sunshine and warmth of the earth,
The joy of youth but begun! "Certainly," said Blake, a strange Childhood's treble of hope This is the summer sound The sweetest the tired heart knows. -Mary White Ovington in the Outlook.

## Hidden Telegrams.

In this game you are to imagine you have a distant friend with whom you have an understanding about an expected message. It might be that there are two or three contestants for a certain prize of honor. The name of one might be Jenkins, that of another Harrison, and that of the third Sheldon. Suppose Jenkins is the successful contestant, and that you wish to telegraph to your friend simply the name of Jenkins. However, you wish to conceal the message as much as is designed to provide racing, polo, the first letters of the words you telepossible, so the understanding is that graph will spell the name.

With this explanation, each player sets to work to write a clever sentence in which the first letters will spell Jenkins. The various players may get sentences like these: Judge Engles never knew I noticed

Sally. Julia's elbow next knocked Irish

Jack expects to kiss in Nova Scotia. Jam eating nearly killed Ikey Natham Saturday.

who can write the cleverest. The telegrams are read aloud, and the players vote to see whose is best. -Unidentified.

## A Neat Parlor Trick.

This is a neat and effective trick literary labors, but only five minutes to perform before a company of men, women and children, from whom you can borrow the few materials you

Bend the hairpin into the shape 'Too parrot, entirely."-New York Now balance the coin at a point near

> You can nearly always make it balance on some point, but to make the trick effective the pin should be very



The Needle, Coin and Ring. near the edge of the coin, so if the and put the knife, standing on its ring is not very heavy you may have to borrow another one and slip it in the hook beside the first. Or you can use a light ring and substitute a the mouse and he will find his way quarter for the half dollar.

Now, if you blow against the ring the whole affair will turn on its pivot, and by giving a good puff every time the ring comes round you can make the knife. Force the cheese into the a long time. If the hatpin is very through a soft coin in this way.

trick before you try it in public. Then, if the ring is a brass one and merry-go-round to the youngsters, who will have lots of fun with it.

# Blind Boys' Football.

Football and many other outdoor games are played by the blind, certain changes being made so that in each game the sense of hearing takes the place of sight, says the Baltimore Her-

In football, for instance, a tiny bell is fastened to the ball, and by the bell's tinkle the ball's location is determined. The blind delight in races of all

sorts. They do not run toward a tape, as the seeing do, but toward a

It is odd to see the blind at their games. They play gravely, and they maintain a profound silence, for if they made a noise the voices of their guiding bells could not be heard. A Peaceful Family.

A parrot, a dog and a cat share the

same quarters and eat from the same

sleeps and watches visitors. Poll

sometimes scolds him at meal time

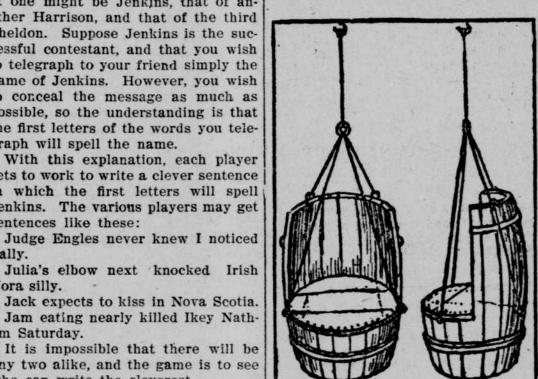
mail to the chief clerk.

voluntarily for the benefit of Don.

each other. Poll sometimes perches a room it will soon be rid of the pests. on Don's head, but the talkative bird has to be careful to keep the claws from scratching. Don objects to that.

### Barrel Swing.

This picture will show you how to make a barrel swing. They are novel and comfortable, and look very quaint hanging from the porch of a country



The Barrel Swing Complete. just above the head of the person sit-

ting in the swing. The barrel head is fitted into the bottom half as a seat, and may be covered with cushions or left bare.

# A Geographical Game.

There must be a leader, someone who is "pretty good in geography" and is capable of doing some quick think ing himself. Any number of players there to appeal to him with a vision of shown in the picture. Force the half may take part in the game. When all dollar into the narrow hook on one are seated the leader takes his place "What is the matter?" asked the end of the hairpin, which hook you in front of them and tells them that have pinched well together so that it he is going to give them the name of will grip the coin tightly, and hang a State and a letter of the alphabet,

"I am too blamed parrot," said he the ring on the other, more open hook. and is then going to count five slowly. While he is counting five all the its edge and in line with the two players must be trying to think of a hooks, on the point of the hatpin, city or town in the State he called which you hold vertically in your left | whose name begins with the given letter. For example: Suppose he gives Maine as the State and F as the letter. Then the players must all try to think of a city or town in Maine the name of which begins with the letter F. It is necessary for them all to do the thinking, for he has a right to ask anyone of them for the answer. and they never know which one of them it is going to be.

When he has received a correct answer he may ask another player to name some other town beginning with the same letter, or he may change the letter two or three times. Then he names some other State, and continues the game as long as it interests the players.

### Home-Made Traps. In Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping,"

published some years ago, the following effective traps that can be easily made are described: A mouse trap may be made with a bowl and a knife blade. Put a piece of cheese on the end of the blade of a table knife. Lift one edge of the bowl

edge, under it, allowing the bait to be

about an inch and a half beneath the

bowl. The odor of cheese will attract under the edge of the bowl, and a very slight nibble will tip the blade and the bowl will fall over on the prisoner. A thimble may be used in place of it spin very fast and keep on spinning | thimble and put the thimble under the bowl with the open end inward, alsharp and of very hard steel it will lowing about half the length of the fisherman, who must pull hard enough

good-naturedly. If a peddler comes in | exactly fit into the top of the glass, Poll raises a cry, and Don drives out | and in the center of the paper cut a the intruder. Don also meets the let- hole half an inch in diameter. A slice ter carrier at the door and takes the of bread may be used in place of the stiff paper. Smear the under side of Joe, the cat, shows impatience occa- the disc with molasses before insert- he?" sionally, when Poll screeches so loud ing. Flies will find their way downthat he cannot sleep. Joe is a light | ward through the hole, and once beeater, and often gives up his dinner low the paper their doom is sealed. In their efforts to escape they will fall As a rule this little family gets on into the soapsuds and speedily perisu. very well. The three are quite fond of By setting a number of such traps in

# Cat's Paper Boots. Did you ever put paper boots on

your cat? That is what Dick's playmates did to him. I was one of them. and it was great fun, even for Dick himself. His feet were tied up in smooth paper and then he was put down on the floor. Then a spool tied to a string was put before him. Dick All you have to do is to saw away a loved to play with spools, and was part of the barrel, as the picture quick to catch them. He liked to play shows, and screw four stout screwcyes | ball with them, or make believe they into the four sides of the barrel. To were mice, to be tossed or worried. bubs, "don't let him have it." these are fastened ropes, which meet But when Dick tried to catch the above on an iron ring which comes spool with his paper boots on it was a funny sight. His legs went wher- ing. ever they chose. They did not care what we wanted at all. Each foot ing?" went skating by itself, and left poor Dick flat on the floor. He kicked, rolled over and over, and was the most puzzled cat you ever saw. He looked at that lively spool, winked at it, snatched at it, but could never catch it. He thought that it was the queerest spool he had ever seen, and that his feet were the queerest things he had ever owned.-St. Nicholas.

### Two Lively Contests.

For a jolly contest a bottle partly filled with water, and a generous supply of thin nails. Have each guest write down on a piece of paper or a bring your father's gray hairs in sor blackboard the number of nails he row to the grave." thinks it will take to make the water overflow. Each guess should have the incorrigible youngster. "The governor name of the guesser written beside it. When all have guessed, the hostess begins dropping the nails, one by one, into the water. When the first water runs over the edge she stops; and the various guesses are examined. The boy or girl whose prophecy hits or comes closest to the real number of nails wins a point or a prize.

For another lively sport secure a be a mermaid widow?" long-necked vase or pitcher, the opening of which is just large enough to admit a peanut. Give each player three peanuts, and have him (or her) circle the room three times at a good pace. Each time in passing the vase the player attempts to drop a peanut into the vase. The boy or girl "landing" most peanuts wins the point.

A Devoted Cat. One day a little dog, a pet in the nome of a clergyman, disappeared, says The Animals' Defender. After a long search it was found in a medical laboratory in almost a dying condition. It was carefully carried back to its home and placed on a soft bed near the fire. All the family ministered to the sick dog, but the most constant care was given by another household pet-a cat. she made the suffering animal comfortable by stretching out her soft body as a rest. and on one occasion, when the dog staggered to his feet to drink from a dish of milk, the cat rose and went over to the dish, to serve as a support for her feeble charge to lean against while he drank. Kitty was thirsty, too, but not a drop of milk did she touch until she had escorted

# Fishing Trick.

the patient back to his bed.

There are plenty of patented hooks and devices for catching fish, but when they are not available all sorts of ingenious devices are rigged up by those who tire of sitting in the sun for hours wondering why the fish don't Dead, but Gone Before,' and it's 'Be hook themselves. Here is one of them. It is not recommended when there is a scarcity of bait, but other-

It must be kept in mind, even with this device, that all fish do not bite on a hook and pull anxiously in the hope of being caught. The slightest pull of

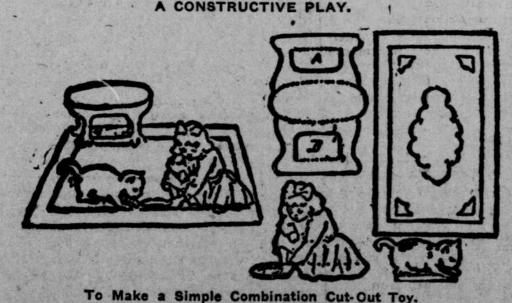
wise it can be used with success.



a line should be responded to by the

gradually bore a hole in the coin. In- thimble to project out of it. The to jerk the barb of the hook through deed, it is possible to bare clear mouse, in trying to get the cheese out the very tough fiber of the mouth. of the thimble, will cause the bowl to With this in mind a fisherman has Of course you should practice this fall. If the thimble be too small to better chances with this device than one else." allow the mouse to pass under the one with the plain hook. edge of the bowl, put a bit of paste-Each hook should carry a very small

the coin your own, you can give your | board or a flat chip under the thimble. | piece of bait, nicely covering the point To make a fly trap, take a tumbler and barb. The bottom hook can carry and half fill it with strong soapsuds. I the attractive bait, but the others are



To Make a Simple Combination Cut-Out Toy. Begin by cutting out the stand (Fig- | other. Then lap them and pin or

ure 1), cutting around the heavy out- paste them together. plate at the headquarters of the So- side lines. Then cut around the two Now cut out the rug, the little girl ciety for Prevention of Cruelty to Ani- inside sections A and B, leaving the and the cat. Bend the girl's dress mals in Philadelphia. Poil chatters dotted lines uncut, as these are intend- down along the dotted line. Also bend the base under cat along dot-Bend the loosened sections down tod line. Fasten both to the rug with

A Domestic Mystery. Teacher was explaining the mean-

ng of the word recuperate. "Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't

"Yes'm."

"Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he

"That's what ma wants to knew."

### Honest Jones. "Jones borrowed a dollar from ma

esterday."

"Yes!" "He paid me back to-day."

"Yes!" "He paid me back with the same dollar I loaned him."

"That's strange." "No, I couldn't pass it, either."

# Found What He Wanted.

"If Crabbe ever comes around your place borrowing anything," said Sub-"You've spoken too late," replied

Newcomer; "he was around this morn-"You're easy. What was he borrow-

"Trouble. He's in the hospital now."

Brotherly Love. "Marie, what do you want for a pirthday present?"

"A piano." "And you, Donald, what do you

"I want an automobile, so as to be able to get out of the way quickly when Marie begins to play."

### No Cause for Alarm. "Such conduct," said the teacher to a rebellious pupil, "will eventually

"Don't you believe it," replied the

# Information Wanted. "Are you going to marry that nava!

captain?" asked five-year-old Margie of her grown up sister. "Yes, dear," was the reply. "And if he should die." continued Margie, "will you wear seaweeds and



Turning the Tables. "Just one kiss before I go, dearest." pleaded the leap-year girl. "No," replied the young man, firm

ly. "Lips that touch hairpins shall never touch mine." An Error of the Types.

"I wonder if old Hiram Skynflynt!

relatives will appreciate that," muse the country editor. "They'd oughter," replied his assist ant, "it certainly was a good big obity ary you wrote of him.'

### low' in the paper." The Doctor's Scrawls. Druggist-But I advertised for a prescription clerk. You say you've

"No, but the head. I wrote it 'No

had no experience in the drug busi-Applicant-No, but I'm just the man for you. My specialty has been Egyp tology, and I'm great at deciphering

hieroglyphics. Too Generous. "Wiggins likes to hear himself

"Yes," answered the sarcastic person: "it wouldn't be so bad if he didn't insist on trying to share the luxury of his conversation with some



The Lady-But, my poor man, you must surely object to the company you meet in the station cells. Gritty George-I do, mum. Dere was a couple of rich chauffeurs locked

up for fast driving last night, an' deir soft talk made me sick .- Philadeiphia Bulletin. Slight Mistake. Singleton-Did you know your wife

Weddely-For twenty years-1

thought; but I didn't. A Frequent Father.

long before you married her?