"Don't go, dear we shall miss you,

oh, so much ! Kind, gentle Aunt Priscilla placed a pleading hand on the fair golden head of her favorite niece, Jessica, as she spoke. Jessica loved her as everybody else did. She clung to her now, but

still she murmured pleadingly: "I shall miss you, too, dearest aunt, but, oh! I do so want to see what life is like away from this quiet, bundrum village. Cousin Marcia has written me so much about the bright, brilliant life she leads. They have asked me to come so often. Marcia says that Uncle and Aunt Williston feel quite offended at my constant refusal to accept their invitation, so-so-"

"My poor, wilful child, my dear, in nocent lamb!" murmured Aunt Priscilla indulgently. "I will not say another word. I must not forget that youth yearns for a change,"

"I must finish my packing if I expect to catch the train, mustn't I, aunty?" asked Jessica. "And there is dear Robert to say good-by to-"

"Robert had to go out into the country with his father," again interrupted Aunt Priscilla. "He was here with some flowers for you long before you were awake."

"How kind he is, the dear, dear fellow!" murmured Jessica.

Robert Liston, the son of their nearest neighbor, had been a true and loyal knight errant since the summer before. It was he who had built the pretty vine-enclosed bower where Jessica rend and did fancy work on pleasant afternoons. It was Robert who had marked out and cultivated a little garden patch that was the delight of everybody who visited it.

It seemed that a day could not pass but that Robert did some thoughtful act in her behalf. They had been famous friends. Jessica actually shed one or two tears as she thought of leaving Newton without an opportunity to say good-by to the best friend she had ever known

Aunt Priscilla found the forgotten box of flowers and sighed. She loved the frank, bandsome, light-hearted youth who had been the life of the

All through a month Aunt Priscilla received letters from Jessica. They bubbled over with all the evanescence of a girl whose life had become one constant round of pleasures. Then they became briefer and briefer.

Then there was a whole month dur ing which no word came from the distant niece. At its end, however, there arrived a brief note from Jessica. It and two mornings later Jessica arrived at the pretty little cottage to throw her arms around her aunt's neck and seb out her worries.

"Oh, Aunt Priscilla," she cried, "I never want to go nway again! It was grand at hest. It was parties, matiperay-automobile picnics, but it all ended in a crash. A foreign count Marcia expected to marry turned out to be an impostor. One night some of the men drank too much wine, were offensive to the ladies, and it ended in a disgraceful scene. Then uncle lost all be had on the stock exchange, the creditors seized everything there was for debt, and-oh, I must see Robert, and the garden!"

The dear old garden! Every blushing bud so carefully nurtured reproached Jessica as she ran out from the house. She buried her face luto a plump of tilles and kissed them fervently, like old dear friends. She went nto the bower.

The quaint old conceit drew Jessica to step toward it, to fancy herself back in the sunlit past. It seemed as If her city experience somehow had clouded the pure serenity of those old dear days. Fairly unconsciously she placed her hand in the hollow. Her fingers touched something. It was a letter. The truth flashed across herthe one that Robert had written her probably the morning she left home, to which her aunt had referred.

Her sweet face flushed crimson as she read the manly avowal of love of her old true friend, the tears came to her eyes as she realized how cruelly she had neglected him.

"If I had found this that morning long ago," she murmured, "I am afraid I would have said, 'Wait, let me see life before I answer.' Now-'

She paused. She pressed her lips to the damp mildewed sheet that had held its fond secret so close for so many months.

"Yes, now, dear Jessica?" asked an eager, radiant voice behind her, and she turned to face the writer of the

"Oh, Robert! Robert!" cried Jessica, her hands extended like the winning. wilful child she was, "I have come

back to home and peace and-love!"

"Blue Blood."

To belong to the "caste of Vere de Vere" is synonymous to being all that is honorable and illustrious, of pure and ancient lineage, among the noblest of the land. Macaulay, the historian, extolled the family of de Vere as "the longest and most illustrious line of noeles that England has seen," while Tennyson has immortalized the name of the race as of pure and ancient appearante Domesday, book (1086) as he holder of a great flef in Essexi-Cambridgeshire and Sussex, and his descendants have figured in English sistory for cepturies.

The Owner of "Silver King"

Matter de le constant de la constant

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS

Danbury saw that the man was

lying in the middle of the road, in Imminent danger of being run down by the whirling automobiles that followed each other in a never-ending stream. He shook him, but the man did not respond. Then, lifting him in his arms, the young American carried him to the side of the highway and laid him down under a tree.

Automobiles and carriages streamed past them, but no one stopped to notice the recumbent man. For this was at Kempton Park, and one of the classic races of the year was to be run.

The man had evidently fainted. He was elderly, thin, gaunt, wild-looking. Leaving him there, Danbury bought some sandwiches.

The man ate the sandwiches greedfly, and presently seemed so far recovered as to sit up. He stared at his

"Have they run the Victoria stakes yet?" he implored. "Not, I believe, till three o'clock,"

Danbury answered. "Then help me to the course. It's

a matter of thousands," He looked at Danbury thoughtfully, "Help me there and I'll show you what an old man's gratitude menns."

Half an hour later they were seated by the side as near the track as they could get.

"There!" the old man cried, as a poor-looking animal went by, "That's Silver King, He's being quoted at forty to one-a rank outsider. And he'll win-he's mine." "That horse is yours?" ejaculated

Danbury. "Mine, every inch of him. And now

I'm going to make your fortune," replied the other, "Listen!"

"Ten years ago Silver King was a Derby winner. Never mind what his name was then. He was mine, and I won ninety thousand pounds on him. It went in wine, women and songsquandered, sir, as easily as it came. I lost everything; I lost Silver King, He was sold to a millionaire. But his jockey misused him and he wouldn't run. Three months ago, I discovered him breaking his brave heart between the shafts of a hansom cab. I bought him for ten guineas cash. I had just a hundred pounds in the world. I rented a little cottage and barn in a wild part of Essex, and there I trained him. Twelve years old he is today, and at first it was a heart-breaking task. Often I thought the task was impossible, but I persevered. And at last the day came when I knew that I had again one of the swiftest steeds in this country. I hired a jockey and read: "There is trouble, I am coming entered him for the Victoria stakes. I had fifty pounds left, and I borrowed two hundred more. I didn't spend anything on food. A loaf of bread is all I've had the last five days. Because, you see, sir, two hundred and fifty pounds placed on a forty-to-one shot means ten thousand if he wins. A fortune for me and a peaceful old age for Silver King. And he can't

> lose. He started toward a tall man in a white hat who, standing on a stool, was shouting the odds. The horses were at the starting gate.

"Do you want to come in?" asked the old fellow, stopping short, "A hundred pounds will net you four thou-

Danbury had five hundred—the butance of all he bad put aside for his European tour.

"You're dead sure," he queried, "I'll -I'll wager four bundred,"

"And you'll never regret it, son," answered the old man, and dragged him up to the bookmaker,

"Last chance!" the latter yelled. "What's the odds on Silver King?" queried the elder man.

"Fifty to one," answered the bookmaker briskly. "Want to make a bet? It's a sporting chance—there's worse horses has won. Four hundred?" He took the money and scribbled a memorandum in his book, handing Danbury

Danbury turned, tense with excitement, to see the horses racing down the field.

"He's winning," yelled the old man at Danbury's side.

Blackberry had fallen back and Silver King had passed three of his competitors.

A roar went up. Blackberry was in the lead again. And Silver King had fallen to the rear. The horses quickened their stride. Blackberry was edging away from all. And poor old Silver King fell further and further away. He tailed away, his withers rocked like a boat in a storm, and as the yells of thousands showed that Blackberry had remped home Silver King came tolling along, last of the

When Danbury, stunned by his loss, turned round the old fellow was no longer at his side. The bookmaker was also gone. A little mob of winners was hunting for him with yells of rage. But Danbury never saw either of them again.

An Assistant Desired. "Were you sorry when you learned

there wasn't any Santa Claus?" "I'm still sorry about it," answered Senator Sorghum. "Every one of my constituents who wants anything writes and asks me to get it for him."

Coats Surnish Dolls' Hair, The hair on the heads of most of the thousands shop windows is obtained from the

The Park The Parks

SUNG HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS Thomas Moore, Famous Irish Poet, Was Surely Exceptionally Endowed by Nature.

Thomas Moore, Ireland's favorite minstrel poet, was born in rooms over a Dublin corner grocery in 1779, and died a baronet, the "pote of all circles and the darlint of his own," the idol of two continents, in 1852,

For the last thirty years of his life he lived in a cottage at Sloperton, near Devizes, Wiltshire, where he devoted himself to all manner of literary efforts. His works include not only delightful short poems of "The Last Rose of Summer" type, but also poems to form a quarto volume, such as "Lalla Rookh," for which Moore received 3,-000 guineas (\$15,000), and they include prose of all kinds, a series of humorous letters, biographies and

even a "History of Ireland." Moore bimself was a beautiful singer and rendered his own compositions often in public, it is related. After the tragic death of his daughter be refused to sing publicly again. His daughter, the darling of his heart, was leaning over the balustrade one night to throw a kiss to her father as he was going out to dine, when she lost

her balance, fell and was killed. "The Last Rose of Summer" was one of Moore's most exquisite creations. It appears in a collection of "Irish Melodies," written for Power, a London music publisher, on a contract to supply a considerable number of songs for a volume entitled as above. The work was started in 1907 and was not completed till 1834, "The Last Rose of Summer," however, was among the early productions, and is therefore easily more than 100 years old,

LAWYER COULD NOT SEE IT

Legal Luminary Felt Himself Regretfully Compelled to Decline Offered Job of "Spellbinding."

"I want to take time by the forelock," he said as he entered a law-

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" was the reply. 'Always take time by the forelock and you won't get left. What it it, sir " "Well, we are to have an election this fall for city offices, and I wanted to know if I could engage you to make a speech for me the night before election.

"Are you going to be a candidate?" was asked. "I am."

"But what about the speech?"

"Willy, a feller is going to run against me again who beat me by 300 votes last year. In fact, I only got two votes. I want you to come up and give me such a speech that I will beat him worse than he beat me. You will want to lay it right down to him. He killed a horse once, and stole a sawtimes. If you will come up and present the case in a way to knock the

feller out, I will give you \$5." The lawyer respectfully declined to take the case, and somebody will get snowed under again.-Cincinnati En-

Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, American poet and novelist, was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1830. While a youth he went to California, where, several years later he founded the Overland Monthly in San Francisco. In 1870 he was made professor of recent literature in the University of California, but resigned and returned to New York the following year, 13 was United States count at Creford, Cermany, 1878-80, an at Glasgow, 18-0-85, and afterward lived in England. Among his many works are "The Lack of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Condensed Novels, etc.," "The Heathen Chinee," "Poems," "Stories of the Sierras," "Tules of the Argonauts," "Gabriel Conroy," "Thankful Blossom," "Two Men of Sandy Bar," "California Stories, "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," "A, Drift From Redwood Camp" and "A Phyllis of the Sierras."

Her Daddy Was All Right. When I was twelve years old I called upon Mary (aged eleven) one Sunday evening. I was all dressed up and had pilfered an armful of mother's cherished lilacs from the garden. I stole out the alley gate, traversed Mary's back yard and she met me at the kitchen door. We sat on the back steps. I restrained a strong impulse to flee when Mary said. "Father is coming, I think." He was a gruff, bad man. When he saw us I was terrorstricken. What he said was, "How's the boy tonight?" and he took us both in the house and sent little brother after ice cream and Mary's mother cut a cake. So I wasn't kicked out by an irate father, after all; in fact, he still likes me and often jokes about the lilacs and the kitchen steps, although another young man walked up the aisle with Mary .- Chicago Journal.

Doubtful Ending.

"Has your story a happy ending?" "Well, that depends on the ylewpoint."

"What do you mean?" "Some might call it a happy ending and some might not. The lovers got married in the last chapter."

His Pride Lamp.

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother)-Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing. Mother I just knew he'd win some-Orange Covie Orange Pat

The Singer's Sacrifice

By WINIFRED DUNSAR Summentermannentermannen

A beautiful young woman standing at the window of a drawing room, superbly furnished, a young man leaning towards her, tall, aristocratic local ing, graceful and composed and with a fine intellectual face-this was the picture. The young man was the brother and the lonely girl the warmest friend of widowed Beatrice Lane. "You are determined, Lura?" the

young man was saying. Lura Belden lifted both hands, clasped in a pleading, distrested way. Her eyes were tender, her voice gentle

and oppealing. "Elwyn," she said softly, but with

myself-just for art's sake and-and for others," "Then it is good-by," definitely responded Elwyn Durand, monost barsh-"The lure of applause, the dower of gold-must I meet it at every step? It is unworthy of you to throw self and fame into the frail scales as against the love of a true and honest

heart.' "Oh, you do not understand," cried

Lura, but he was gone. "The soughted, Luca," thus they had called her. The gift had been born with Lura. When a great business rash had wrenched from her mother royal fortune she had come to the rescue with her peerless voice.

She had won faurels unexpected, the public prints discovered a real imperatrice. Offers had come to her that were bewildering to her girlish mind.

"Only two years, Elwyn!" she had pleaded to her fishee. "It will mean so much to those I love and cherish." So Lura told nothing that she might have teld, even to her dear friend, Beatrice. Durand went abroad, wandered in odd foreign spots, returned home, and wearying of all wealth might buy of folly became interested ! in a great humane Industrial housing

plan. Lura at the end of two years settled down into a quiet retired life, giving her entire devotion to her invalid mother. Life's darkest hour came to her when the mother died. Only the comfort of moderate wealth was left to her. She became a friend and benefactress to the worthy poor of the section in which she lived.

Beatrice Lane had remarried and had removed to California. Lura had drifted away from her old friends,

One day Durand met an old college chura. The latter was a doctor now, Doctor Witherell became greatly interested in Durand's story of the humanitarian work he was engaged in.

"It occupies me and I hope to do ne good," related Durand not seen to make the people warm up to me. I am not very happy at heart. to tell you the truth, Witherell." "It is a rather queer coincidence,

but I have a patient who has been following somewhat in your line of humanitarian work," said the doctor. "It is a weman-the most noble of God's creatures- There is a call from my office."

Doctor Witherell crossed the hall into his consultation room. When he came out he usbered a lady to the front door. At sight of her Durand's face grew white as marble.

"Doctor," he gasped, "that lady!" "Miss Laura Belden," replied his triend

"Yes, yes, I know," uttered Durand Incoherently; "but who-what is she "A being with a great soul," replied

the doctor reverently. "She is the lady I told you of. For over a year she has been the angel of mercy of one of the poorest districts of the city. She has sung only at the settlement clubs. A month ago a little child who heard her sing, dying of a malignant throat disease, begged her mother to ask 'the boofer lady' to come to her. I warned her not to go. Miss Belden ignored my advice. It was Miss Belden's last

"Why, what do you mean?" questioned Durand.

"She contracted the disease from the child. 'I have reached the glory of my life in making one poor soul happy in its darkest need, she now says."

A humbled man, Elwyn Durand sought Lura the next day. He found her at a hall where an exhibit of art and needlework of her pensioners was In progress, And there, her sweet, patient face encouraging him, he told of the great love that had never dimmed, and they went down to the street.

Went down to a new life, mutually blessed, to be together as man and wife, helpers of the poor and oppressed; guides to the unfortunate, the idels of happy, grateful children. Lura had indeed sung her last song, but in their souls love was singing all the years long.

The Sheep Fair. The little village of East Ilsley, on

the main road between Newbury and Oxford, has just celebrated the seven hundred and first anniversary of its sheep fair. In the old days Newbury was a great center of the cloth trade, and East lisley fair frequently saw as many as 80,000 sheep penned in its narrow streets. The pleture-que Cloth hall at Newbury is now a museum; and East Itsley fair is only a shadow of its former self, but that fair will continue to be held as long as a single sheep can be board on the asighnoring downs. That is the pleasant custom THE PARTY NAMED IN THE PARTY NAMED IN

MENTING ORDERS

First Five Hundred Miles Slowly, Said Agent, and He Intended to Do as Directed.

The agent of a certain popular automobile made a sale to a Swedish farmer in a small town near Topeka. In his instructions to the purchaser he said: "You must be careful."

"Ay skall do dat."

"Also for the first 500 miles you must drive slowly-not over 15 miles an hour-or you will burn out your bearings," "Ay do day, too," said Ole.

"Your car has two gears, high and low. If you want to go fast put 'er In high. If you want to go slow, put 'er in low."

"Yas, siree, you can bet on Ole-eef ay want to go fast lak evertang ay put been in high, if ay want to ge slow my put beem in low. Shure, ay intense engerness, "it is only two bright no." years in my life that I ask, not for The next day the neighbors noticed

Ole driving his new car up and down the road in "low." He kept it up until it began to snort and steam and was developing a terrific knock,

"Ole, you mustn't do that, don't you know you'll rain your car that wayyou'll burn up the bearings," they cautioned him.

"Ya can't foot the, Da box who sold me das car told ma ay skall net drive over faffteen miles hour for 500 miles. He said to go In hurry put car in high gear, to go slow, tak turite put heem in low genr. Ay shall run 500 miles in low gear; get out vay quick, my got \$500 miles to go,"

The neighbors argued, expostulated, then laughed, and Ole, with, "Ya skall al go to h-l," struck out down the road at 15 miles an hour in low gear.

CAUSE OF CANCER UNKNOWN

Dread Disease Has Baffled the Best Efforts of the Madical Fraternity for Conturies.

Medical science Joday knows no more about the cause of cancer than

was known 1,000 years ago. Some families seem to be immune. In other families deaths from cancer occur is generation after generation,

as if to show a hereditary tendency. There are many so-called "cancer houses," in which deaths from the disease have occurred with such lamentable repetition as to destroy their market value for selling or renting purposes. An evil repute attaches to certain well-known "cancer districts," in which the death rate from this malady is extraordinarily high. There is one such district in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, another is in the middle of

New York state. One of the many theories regarding the cause of cancer is that it is attributable to an undiscovered germ, carried by the bedbug or insect. If that were correct, the disease would surely be more prevalent among the slum-dwelling poor than among well-to-do people who enjoy the benefit of sanitary surroundings. But such is not the case; cancer is as common among the rich as in the tenement and poorer quarters of our cities. -Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Early English History. The reason that the Norman conquest did not subjugate the English is explained by the fact that "Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Danes and Normans" were all kindred in race and so they united in one race; the Welsh, Irish and Scots were of the Celtic race. The Normans were not Frenchmen in the beginning but pirates from Scandinavia, who had come to France and had been given a tract of land. They adopted the French language and became in time the most courteous and noble people in Europe, but when they won the battle of Hastings, they were more nearly akin to the English or Anglo-Saxons than to the French, although they brought the French language to England, and many of their words were incorporated into the language. Because of racial differences the Welsh, Irish and Scotch did not unite with the English as easily, but the centuries have obliterated many racial characteristics because of many intermarriages.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Noise. Every organ of your body develops resisting powers as you need them. A miller gets so used to the sound of his mill wheels that he ceases to hear them

and can catch a whisper. Put 50 identical machines in a room. Workers forget the noise. But, if one machine stops, the operator knows it

instantly by the changed sound. This power of the ears to adjust themselves to environment makes city life possible. Metropolitans live in an inferno of noise. The ears ignore it, in a large sense, though the noise is there, tearing away at the nervous

system. Emergency Case.

"I cannot countenance your kissing one of your patients, nurse." "But, doctor, it was in my line of

duty." "This gentleman swore he'd die without it."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

True Economist.

He was an ingenious and ingenuous small boy, "Mother," he said on one oceasion, "will you wash my face?"

"Why, Hugh, can't you do that?" "Yes, mother, I can, but I'll have t wet my hands, and they don't weed 't -Harper's Magazine.

The Cuban Dancer

By CALVIN HENDRICKS

It was in the splendor of the Florida

sunset that Ned Murdoch told Dolores of his love. He was resting upon his oars, half way between the mainland and Cypress Key. Under their boat the blue

tides ran swiftly. "Dolores," said the young planter, "will you stay here and marry me?" She startled and looked at him in-

"Your wife!" she murmured, and her fingers clutched the rowlocks convulsively for a moment. "No!" she continued hurriedly. "You don't know who I am or anything about me."

"I don't care," Murdoch cried. "I know that I love you." She had drifted into Big Cypress in May, when the last of the tourists had left Florida and the hotel was closed. She had come from Tampa, she explained languidly; a touch of fever, a

need for rest, for change. Since then two weeks had passed. and on the morrow sby was to go. She would never come back, they knew, that brilliant bird of passage who had lingered there, talking with the fishermen, petting the fat children upon the wharves, on reclining inxily in the shade of a palmetto tree, puffing at

her elgarette. "No," she knewered Murdoch in agi-"I taust go home. It is impossible."

Ned Murdoch rowed her back and left her at the cottage door. Next morning she left Tampa. He did not see her again.

She was gone, and Big Cypress swiftly forgot her.

Then the event occurred which changed his life. One evening, at the hotel, a tourist offered him a cigar from the box. He took one and then snatched the box from the man's hand and stood staring of it like a man hypnotized. For there on the inside of the lid was Dolores,

All night he paced the beach in an ecstasy of happiness. He would find her now-why had he never thought of going to Tampa before? He would find her and bring her back to be his

He took the morning train for Tampa and made his way to the cigar factory. There, having obtained an .interview with the manufacturer, he stated his case boldly. "You are under a mistake, senor," said the Spanlard, "However, I think

Dolores, I will tell you. Go to number 192 Avenida Otranta at nine o'clock this evening and you suredly meet her there." He bowed and, with a cynical smile,

you are sincere, and, as I happen to

know where you can find the Senorita

passed into his office, shrugging his shoulders. In Bull's cabaret, No. 193 Avenida Otranta, the usual throng was assembled at nine o'clock that evening. Senor Bull, an enterprising Yankee from Philadelphia, certainly knew how to cater to the tastes of his patrons. As for Senorita Dolores, he had picked her up in an obscure music hall, and it was shrewdly said that the ten days' scandal which had brought her into the limelight had been actually en-

gineered, if not invented, by Senor Bull himself. When she came forward on the stage that night the attendance at the little tables broke into a storm of bravos. Attired as a matador, in short scarlet skirts, holding her dart with its fluttering handerole, she bowed and kissed her hands to the audience and capered

forward and began her song. It was a fine song and it went to the hearts of the Cubans who heard her. And whirling in the play of colored lights, until she seemed like a sea fairy entangled in masses of filmy drapery, the senorita spun.

Then, all of a sudden, she stopped. She stopped and stood perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the audience-no, one of the audience; on a man who came forward, elbowing his way through the crowds and pushing forward toward the stage. That was all that the audience saw, for the curtain fell and hid them.

But Murdoch knew nothing save that he had found her again. He drew her into the wings, and, holding her hands, stood gazing at her triumphantly. "Come!" he said,

"Come? Where?" echoed the senorita, for the first time finding her voice. But it was broken with tears and filled with shame. "Why did you come here?" she

sobbed indignantly. "Why couldn't you have forgotten me? You have no right to judge me because I am just a dancing girl." "I haven't judged you," said Murdoch quietly. "I want you to come with me. Answer me one question.

Dolores. Do you love me-or rather

did you love me that day when I asked you to be my wife?" "Yes, I loved you," she said. "But how could I tell you what I was-you. who would never have understood? You have never met women like me.

I couldn't bring dishonor upon you. Now leave me." Murdoch laughed rather grimly as he found her cloak and folded it about

her. "Come, Dolores," he said. "I haven't found you to lose you again. Perhaps you never had a chance to be anything else. But there's happiness enough in my heart just now to fill yours, too," He raised her hands and pressed them to his lips.