SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting she repairs thither in search of him laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private eccretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go sway at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage, Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mra. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. Fran declares the secretary must so. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory must so. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory must so. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonparell. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott. She decides to ask Rob Chinton to go to Springfield to investigate Fran's story, Fran enlists Abbott in her battle against Grace. Fran offers her aervices to Gre

CHAPTER XVIII.-Continued. You can prove she's no

"My pockets are full of proofs," Robert exclaimed, looking significantly at Gregory.

"Dear Frant" murmured Mrs. Gregory with a sweet smile of reminis-

"Abbett," Mr. Gregory gasjed, as he began to realize the comprentse that was offered, "you have always been my friend—and you have been interested in my charities—you know how the morn important my secretary is to my work. "And you'll take me in
it is true that I did wrong, years ago spoke up Fran decidedly." -very wrong—it is true that I bitter. ly—what shall I say?—antagonized the ly. "It's too late now, for I shall interests at Springfield. But that was tell-

with any punishment, I have nothing to do with demanding the release of your secretary. I am a mere agent of the interests, sent to you to demand that your secretary be dismissed in the morning; and if you cannot see your way to promise me now that you till dismiss her, my office is ended If you can promise to send her away, give you my word the transactions thati be forever hushed up, so far as we are concerned. If you cannot promise, all will be revealed at once. In just ten minutes," said Robert

Clinton, consulting his watch. Grace stood looking at Gregory as if turned to stone. She had listened intently to every word as it fell from Abbott's lips, but not once had she turned her head to look at him.

"You are cruel." Gregory flared out, "you are heartless. If I send away the only one who is in perfect knowledge and sympathy with my work-"Then you refuse?"

"Of course I refuse. I'll not permit the work of years to perish because of an unreasonable and preposterous mand. You wouldn't exchange your osition here for Bob's grocery, would

"Yes-if you dismiss me," Grace anyou, Miss Grace?" he ended appealswered, her eyes smoldering. "Lucy"-Gregory was almost beside

nself-"tell her she must stay-tell se men we cannot go on with our

ork, without her." Not for worlds would Mrs. Gregory have betrayed her eagerness for Grace to go, but for no consideration would she have asked her to stay. "Mr. Gregory," she responded, "I cannot conceive of your being in the power of business interests to such an extent as to drive you to anything that seems the taking your heart's blood."

"I refuse!" cried Gregory, again. 'Of course I refuse.'

"Very well," said Abbott, turning, "But what are you going to do?" Gregory asked shrinkingly.

"I shall go now; my endeavor to straighten out things—or rather to keep everything peaceful and forgot-ten—comes to nothing, it seems. Good all, had given the piano a final bang. evening, Mrs. Gregory."
"But wait! Wait! Let us discuss

this alone-"It is useless now, for the time expired." "That's right," Clinton confirmed,

clicking to his watch. "And all of it is going to be Everything?" "Unless you will dismiss your sec-

"But you insult Miss Grace to speak in that way. Good heavens, Abbott, what are you doing? How can you insult that—the best woman in the

world?" There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Gregory turned to her husband and said quietly, "If Miss Noir is the best woman in the world, you should be the last man in the world to say

He covered his face with his hands. Everybody has turned against me," about to see Grave Noir once more. he complained. "I am the most miserable man on earth because for mere caprice, for mere spite, for no earthly good, it is the determination of people who have lost positions and the like, to drive me wild."

Robert Clinton thumped the keys of the piano with one hand. "Why, hello, Mr. Bob!" cried Fran, dancing into the room. "So you're back, are you?" She shook hands

breezily. "Come back, Abbott, come back!" called Gregory, discovering that the young man was indeed going. "You know what I must do, if you drive what you say. State the condition rend: again if you have the courage to say

"The past will be forgotten," said Abbott solemnly, "If you give your word that your secretary shall go in

"And you'll take me in her place,"

"I promise, I promise!" Gregory to call upon him to avenge an insult. long ago. Am I to be punished now—" "I promise, I promise!" Gregory to call upon him to avenge an insult.
"Mr. Gregory," said Abbott, clearly cried out, in an agony of fear. "I He could only bluster, "Who brought and forcibly, "I have nothing to do promise. Yes, I'll dismiss her. Yes, this thing here?" He flung the note



she shall go! Yes, let Fran have the

"Do I understand you to dismiss ly forward. Fran turned on the lights to their

an elfish smile. Hamilton Gregory was mute. "I have your promise," said Abbott,

owing gravely. "That's enough." "Yes," groaned Gregory, "but it is nfamous." Fran looked at Abbott inscrutably.

Third time's the charm," she said in whisper. "I'm proud of you this time, Abbott." Grace turned with cold dignity, and missed."

moved slowly toward the hall door. Fran slipped between Clinton and I am nothing."

awkwardly, Mrs. Gregory had melted and darted out of the house. Gregory stood pale and miserable.

the piano, and began to play softly,

carelessly with one hand, while she

In a very short time, Gregory found

and Clinton had withdrawn rather

watched the retreating figure.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

O · IRWIN · MYERS

It seemed as if all the world had deserted him. The feature without Grace would be as dreary as now seemed his past with Fran's mother. He suffered horribly. Was suffering associate in safety, after that—but I all that life had left for him? Perend to the harvest? One sows in so brief a time; is the garnering eternal?

A bell rang, but he was not curlous. Voices sounded at the front door, footsteps passed, then silence once moresilence and despair. Gregory went to the open window, and leaned heavily on the sill, taking great breaths, staring dully.

Footsteps were heard again. They door-they were hers. Gregory started up with a low cry of reanimated feet-should this thing be?" hope. Whatever happened-he was

CHAPTER XIX.

The First Victory. When Grace re-entered the parlor,

tenderness. As she came straight burned from the depths. "Read it," Grace said, in a thin, you away." brittle voice.

In taking the letter, Gregory touched her band. With recaptured alertness, me to the wall. I am obliged to do he held the missive to the light, and

"My Dear Miss Noir: "This is to officially offer you the position of bookkeeper at my grocery store, now that Hamilton Gregory has decided to make Fran his secretary. Come over early in the morning and rious Springfield interests?" everything will be arranged to your satisfaction. I am.

Gregory looked up, and marked the fixedness of her gaze. It seemed

apon the table. "A messenger." Grace's look did not waver.

"The impudence!" he exclaimed The affront!" "However," said Grace, "I presume it is final that I am dismissed?"

"But his unseemly haste in sending this note-it's infamous, that's what I call it, infamous!" "And you mean to take Fran in my

place, do you not?" "You see," Gregory explained, "Bob Clinton came back to town this evening from Springfield, you understand, and Abbott came with him-er-and Mrs. Gregory was in the room so they could not speak exactly openly, and Abbott made the condition—I can hardly explain so delicate an affair of of business-but you see, Bob is evidently very much in love with you, and he has it in his power to de-

Grace calmly waited for the other to lapse into uncertain silence, then said, "This note tells me definitely that I am offered another position, but me before you go away-just those you tell me nothing. It was I who three words before I sink back into me, Mr. Gregory?" asked Grace, in a sent Mr. Clinton to Springfield to look my lonely despair. We will never be low concentrated tone, leaning slight into the private record of that Fran." alone together in this life—tell me, was afraid I night think it presumptu- those words from your beautiful fullest extent, and looked about with ous of him to do that, it was like lips-" doubting my word, so he came to mehowever, he is back and there is nothing to reveal, absolutely nothing to reveal."

mand-'

"Is he sure that the girl is no im-

postor?" "He knows she isn't. His pockets you can hire Fran." are full of proofs. I know you sent Bob on my account, Grace, but alas! Fran is a reality-she can't be dis-

"It seems I can be. But of course

"Grace, you are everything." She laughed. "Everything! At the word of an Abbott Ashton, a disgraced school-teacher, you make me less than

BOSTON PORTON

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BOBBS - MERRILL CO.)

himself alone in the parlor. Abbott nothing! He cried out impetuously, "Shall tell you why we must part?" Grace returned with a somber look

'So Fran is to have my place!"

Gregory interposed passionately, "It s because I love you." "So Fran is to be your secretary!" she persisted.

"Grace, you have read my heart, have read yours; we thought we could am weak. You never come into the haps he was reaping—but is there no room that I am not thrilled with rapture. Life hasn't any brightness for me except your presence. What can I do but protect you?"

"Mr. Gregory, Fran hasn't any interest in your work."

"I love you, Grace-I adore you. Beautiful darling-don't you see you must go away because you are so inexpressibly precious to me? That's why I mustn't have you under my were near by. They stopped at the roof." He sank upon his knees and caught her hand. "See me at your Grace coldly withdrew her hand

"In spite of all you say, you have engaged Fran in my place." "No one can take your place, dear."

Grace's voice suddenly vibrated: "You tell me you love me, yet you agree to hire that woman, in my to find Hamilton Gregory alone, her place—the woman I hate, I tell you; eyes were full of reproach without yes, the spy, the enemy of this home. "Yes, Grace, I do tell you that I toward him, an open letter in her love you- would I be kneeling here hand, his body grew erect, and his worshiping you, otherwise? And what brown eyes, losing their glazed light, is more, you know that you love meyou know it. That's why I must send

"Then send Fran away, when you send me away " "Oh, my God, if I could!" he exclaimed, starting up wildly. "But you see, it's impossible. I can't do that,

and I can't help you." "Why is it impossible? Must you treat better the daughter of an old college friend, than the woman you say you love? What are those myste-

"-And you are the woman who loves me!" Gregory interrupted quickly. "Say it, Grace! Tell me you



He Sank Upon His Knees and Caught Her Hand.

"You see," Gregory explained, "he then, that you love me-let me | ear

"It makes me laugh!" Grace cried out in wrath that could not be controlled, "to hear you speak of love in one breath and of Fran in the next. Maybe some day you'll speak both in the same breath! Yes, I will go and

"But won't you tell me goodby?" he pleaded. "As soon as I have become complete master of my love for you, Fran shall be sent unceremoniously about her business. I fancy Abbott Ashton wants to marry her-let him

take her away. Then she will be gone. Then my-er-duty-to friendship will be fulfilled. And if you will come back again then, we might be happy together, after all."

She stamped her foot violently. "This need not be, and you know it. You speak of being master of yourself. What do you mean? I already know you love me. What is there to hide?"

"But others would see. Others would suspect. Others would betray. Good heavens, Grace, all my life has been made horribly miserable because I've always had to be considering what others would think and do!"

"Betray? What is there to betray? Nothing. You are what you have always been, and so am I. We didn't commit a crime in speaking the truth for once—you are sending me away forever, and yet you try to temporize on this eternity. Well-keep your Fran! It's fortunate for me that I have one friend." She snatched up the open letter, and hurried toward the door.

"Grace!" Gregory followed her imploringly, "not Bob Clinton! Hear me, Grace. If you ever marrry that man, I shall kill myself." She laughed scornfully as snatched open the door.

"Grace, I tell you that Fran-" "Yes!" exclaimed the other, her voice trembling with concentrated anger, "let that be the last word between us, for it is that, and that only which separates us. Yes-that Fran!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Enemy Triumphs.

when one like Grace wears the helmet of beauty and breastplate of youth, the ginia regiment in my other hand, I redarts of the very angles of justice, who are neither beautiful nor young, are turned aside. Helplessly Mrs. Jefferson had watched and waited and now, behold! there was no more Dragnothing could have exceeded the confidence of the old lady to the new secretary.

Mrs. Gregory's sense of relief was

tude of self-congratulation, was thrown his daughter. Fran was indefatigable in her duties as secretary, but her father felt that it was not the same. She could turn out an immense but she did not have Grace's methodical ways-one never knew how Fran do it. Grace was all method, but more than that she was as Gregory phrased it to himself—she was all Grace.

fill her place, the more he resented it a tree and fight, and he did. He Fran was separated from his sympa- fought all day, and was wounded three thies by the chasm in his own soul. The time came when Gregory felt somewhere safe, where they might alone and without a commander. talk about-but he had no idea of the conversation that might ensue; there was nothing definite in anything save his fixed thought of being with her. As to any harm, there could be none. He had so long regarded Grace as the best woman in the world, that even after the day of kisses, his mind continued in its inertia of faith-even the gravitation of material facts was unable to check its sublime course. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sir Thomas Lawrence, David Garrick. John Kemble, Edmund Kean.

Advancement in Argentina. Argentina is about to put through a number of large engineering schemes. The municipality of Bahia Blanca is asking for estimates for a drainage scheme to cost \$1,500,000. A new water supply and sewerage scheme is to be undertaken in the capital, which will cost over \$20,000,000. An important electric light and power plant will probably be the outcome of the arrangements now being concluded between the governments of Argentina and Grazil for utilizing the Iguasu waterfalls, which afford sufficient wawill be represented on the earth again as long as the world stands:

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, Millight and fire "probably for a hundred ton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, years to come."



CAPTURED A VIRGINIA FLAG

Capt. B. H. Jellison of Haverhill, Mass. Received Medal of Honor for Taking Banner.

Capt. Benjamin H. Jellison of Haverhill, Mass., has a medal of honor that was presented to him by General Mende at Petersburg for the bravery he displayed in capturing the flag of the Eighteenth Virginia regiment during the battle of Gettysburg. Captain Jellison is the doorkeeper

of the senate chamber at the state house, and for several years past he has always been detailed to tell his war experiences, as well as the stirring scenes of Gettysburg, whenever school children have visited the state house. Captain Jellison served in Company C, Nineteenth Massachusetts infantry.

"We arrived," said he in relating his experience, "on the night of July 1, and the command was ordered the next day to the left in the rear of the Third corps.

"The rebels turned a battery on us and we were forced to fall back, Company C being the sixth in line. Our color bearer was shot, and when he fell I picked up the colors and was made a sergeant on the spot for my action in saving the colors.

"On the third day we were at Cemeery ridge in support of the New York Independent battery, which lost all its men excepting the captain, a lieutenant and sergeant. The captain cried out to us 'For God's sake, men, volunteer to work these guns and don't let this battery be slient.'

"I was lying on the ground with the colors by my side and Lieutenant Shackley said: 'Come, Jellison, let's go and help. We might just as well get killed over there as here."

"Our colonel saw us and ordered me back to the colors. The shelling soon stopped and orders were given to rally on the colors. We charged to the fence near by and some of the men got

"As we neared the fence Lieutenant Shackley said: 'Ben, see that rebel flag over there. Let's go and get it.' I rushed forward and succeeded in Old Mrs. Jefferson would long age capturing the flag and assisted in takhave struck a blow against Grace Noir ing a number of prisoners. With the had she not recognized the fact that stars and stripes flying and with the rebel flag, that of the Eighteenth Virtreated."

JOHN BURNS FOUGHT ALONE

on. Fran had said she would do it- State of Pennsylvania Erected Monument to Citizen-Soldier Who Was Made Famous During War.

John Burns, the citizen-soldier of not so profound as her mother's, be- Gettysburg, who was made famous in cause she could not think of Grace's history, in song and in story, was a absence except as a reprieve. Surely real character, sure enough. At the she would return-but the present was time of the battle he was high conto be placidly enjoyed. Grace was stable of the village, and revelled in one, Mrs. Gregory's smile once more the office. He had no special instrucreminded Fran of the other's half-for- tions, but felt it to be his duty to gotten youth. When a board has lain preserve order in his bailiwick, and to too long on the ground, one finds, on apprehend all suspicious characters. its removel, that the grass is withered; As the two armies approached Gettysall the same, the grass feels the sun. burg. Confederate scouts and spies appeared in the town, and were Fran thanked herself that Grace was promptly nabbed by Burns, who filled no longer silhouetted against the hori. the lockup, the basement of the zon, and Gregory, remarking this atti- church and a warehouse or two and was still on his job when on that first more than ever out of sympathy with day Buford and Heth got into handholts around Culp's Hill.

From General Raynolds he learned that there was going to be a real battle, and John decided to be in it. amount of work because she was Within an hour John Burns, citizen, strong and playing for high stakes- approached Major Chamberlain of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, and begged to be allowed to fight would do anything, only that she would with that regiment. He wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, and a high hat, and carried a Long John muzzle loading rifle, his pockets Gregory missed her every minute of bulging with powder and ball. Colonel the day, and the harder Fran tried to Wister finally told him to get behind

times. He was born in New Jersey in 1793, that he must see Grace again and be and served in the Mexican war, and alone with her. At first, he had was one of the first to enlist in the thought they must not meet apart Union army, but the age limit retired from the world; but by the end of him. He was seventy-two years old the week, he was wondering what ex. when the Battle of Gettysburg was cuse he could offer to induce her to fought, and died in Gettysburg in 1872. meet him-not at Miss Sapphira's. For his loyalty and bravery the state where she now boarded, not at the of Pennsylvania erected a monument grocery where Bob was always hover to his memory, at the very place ing about—but somewhere remote, where he fought—the citizen soldier—

> An Open Question. Irate sergeant, to a bunch of raw recruits whom he was trying to drill:

"Look here confound it. I won't have this. Do you think I'm a fool?" "Shure, sorr," answered one, "we can't say, sor. We only came here yesterday."

On the Zouave. A Zouave rigged out in baggy breeches, leggins and other picturesque paraphernalia, was on picket with a soldier of a western regiment who was in

regular uniform. The two were reatly astonished when a rebel jumped out from behind a log, looked about and dropped over as if dead. They examined him. "There isn't a mark on him," ex-

claimed the Zouave. "No," replied the other soldier. guess he saw you, and jes' laughed hisself to death.'

High Praise.

Uncle Eben Jackson, an old colored man at Atlanta, Ga., after Sherman had whipped Hood, was one day watching a dress parade. He was particularly impressed with the pompousness and authority of a "Jigadier-Brindle."

"Dat," exclaimed the old fellow, with enthusiasm, as he watched the general handle the troops, "is somefin' mighty few white men kin do an' no niggers at all."

DREW THE LINE AT SPURS One Thing Frederic Remington Inelet-

Augustus Thomas, in his recollections of Frederic Remington, relates the following: "One Sunday morning in those later days I went with him to the office of an osteopathic physi-cian who was treating him. The osteopath was a slight man and not tall. Remington, lying face downward on the operating table, presented a sky-line so much higher than that of the average patient that the doctor standing on the floor lacked the angle of pressure necessary to his treatment. The doctor, therefore, mounted a chair, from which he stepped to the table, and finally sat astride of Remington, applying his full weight to the manipulation which he was giving to the spinal column, I hope I'm not hurting you, Mr. Remington?' said the doctor. Remington answered, 'It's all

ed on While Undergoing Medical Treatment.

ERUPTION ON ANKLE BURNED

right, doctor, as long as you don't use

your spurs."

Kingsville, Mo.-"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it, it was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not let my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This

I wore night and day. "I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since and my ankle seems perfectly well." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooke, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston."-Adv.

Sounds Serious. "I am going to see my avuncular relation.

5 improved Iowa farms for sale at auction, Sept. 5, 6, 8, 9 and 10th. 1-10 cash and half the crop yearly until balance is paid, or in ten payments. J. Mulhall, 420 6th Street, Sloux City, Iowa. Adv.

"Dear me! Is he as bad as all

that?"

Choice of Evils. "Will they hang prisoner?" "They will, if his hawyer does not

WOMAN IN ALCINIMIA 114 TERRIBLE STATE

succeed in hanging the jury."

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bellevue, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound. My back acheduntil I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. L was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After tak-ing Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound I improved

rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."-Mrs. Chas. Chapman, R. F. D. No. 7, Bellevue. Ohio.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate lils of woman—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?

The Army of Constinution Le Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they perma-nently cure Con-stipation. Mil-Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Sioux City Directory "Hub of the Northwest."

RICE BROTHERS Live Stock Commission Merchants at MOUX CITY, Obicago or Kennas ON

of Nation's First White in Philadelphia, Known, but, That is All.

Excepting for a few months, Washington lived in Philadelphia during his entire administrations as president of the United States, and John ms did likewise during his term. Phere was no White House, but a ick house, and, as quite generally own, it stood on the south side of sth streets. The house itself long since disappeared, and it seems strange that Philadelphia has never aken the trouble to make in a suitble way the spot where the nation's tive mansion stood when occcued by the Father of His Country.

When Washington came to Philaas before taking command of the house in the city. It was kept by
Triate, at the southwest corner
Fifth and Market streets. But
its more fashiousbie, the house has

at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets. It was in the latter that Jefferson boarded, and on the second floor, corner room, in which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

According to John Adams, who at any quilting party, Philadelphia New York as a fashionable center. The great patriot told his impressions farket street between Fifth and in those voluminous letters to his

> Calling for William Penn. The conservatism of the law as it is practiced in Philadelphia received an leared of an incumbrance.

modest one, two blocks farther west, John, nearly as long. There was no names of men two centuries dead the

could have qualified as chief gossip demands of the law were satisfied and was then away shead of Boston and wife. He was quite awed by the lo-cal splender.—Philadelphia Ledger.

illustration recently in the loud sum- it not; it clings to you, and with memmons by the clerk of the court to William Penn, Richard Penn and John Penn to appear in court in order that a certain title to the grantors could be

MISTORIC SPOT IS UNMARKED | been far less famous than the hore | 200 years, and his sons, Richard and | GREAT NAMES HAVE GONE Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron, Moore, Sir need of such a suggestion. Every one within hearing of the clerk's voice knew that it was a vain show and an empty form that was proceeding before their eyes. Through the idle crying of the

> Sad Memories. The curse of this life is that whatever is once known can never be unknown. You inhabit a spot, which before you inhabited it is as indifferent to you as any other spot upon earth, and when, persuaded by some neces-sity, you think to leave it, you leave ories of things, which in your experience of them, gave no such promise, revenges your desertion. Time flows on, places are changed; friends who No one suggested to his honor, the presiding judge of Common Pleas No. 1, that William Penn had been dead Peroy Bysshe Shelley. were with us are no longer with us; yet what has been seems yet to be, but barren and stripped of life

a title was cleared.-Case and Com-

Long List of Men of Genius Whose Line is No Longer Represented on the Earth.

When one considers how many familles there are which trace their ancestry in a direct line for many generations, it is rather a surprising fact that there is not a single living descendant in the male line of some of the greatest men the world has ever

For the preservation of our illusions egarding genius, it probably is far better that there should be no disappointing ordinary persons left in the world to represent the men whom we delight to honor. To find a Milton engaged in the insurance business, or a Byron on the stock exchange would jar dreadfully

on one's sense of the fitness of things. The following is a list of some of the illustrious men whose line never will be represented on the earth

Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Peterborough, Nelson, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Washington, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy, Hume, Gibbon, Macauley, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds,