JANE ADAMS' VENGEANCE

By Margaret Carruthers.

JANE ADAM'S wedding gown was finished and her linen closet completed, when Lem Harrison's letter came. "Forgive me Jane—or at least I hope you can forget me. I have married Barbara." Jane tore the letter into tiny bits and tossed it contemptuously in the waste basket, while her mother looked on, pale and expectant.

Jane heeded neither request. She neither forgave nor forgot.

The village was puzzled. At first it was sorry for Jane, but when she defiantly flung back their pity they were left in a quandary, some going so far as to declare that she never cared for him anyway.

Jane knew she was the target of gossiping tongues and curious eyes, but she did not want their sympathy. The gossips found their sympathy more appreciated by Barbara, who accepted it with tears of contrition. She knew it was dreadful, and so hard on poor Jane, but she and Lem loved each other so much.

And when the baby came, the young father and mother were overwhelmed with the good wishes of the community, while the wronged, unhappy Jane looked on in silence and scorn at the world's injustice.

In her proud loneliness she grew morose and forbidding, keeping more to herself than before.

Then her sister died and Jane took her little boy and the neighbors looked on, interested, not so much that the little orphan had found a haven of protection, as for Jane's sake. Her sister's husband had been the shiftless one of an industrious family. They had married when they were both young and they had struggled on, year after year, never quite being able to accomplish anything and getting farther behind every year. After his death the frail little wife had supported herself and son by plain sewing with occasional help from Jane. So she gladly closed her eyes on a world that had been too much for her, feeling sure that Jane would take care of her boy. James had little of the father in him, though he had inherited his mother's beauty without her frail constitution. He was big and strong, with laughing, blue eyes and clusters of flaxen curls which he chose to be ashamed of at a very early age. Lem Harrison's daughter, shy, sweet and shrinking as her mother had been watched him with secret admiration over the top of her spelling book.

Again the gossips were busy wondering how Jane would accept the evident attraction between the two.

And then James came home bruised and blood-stained and informed Jane that he had been fighting with three of his school-mates, proudly owning that he had vanquished the trio. They were teasing Estelle Harrison and making her cry, he exclaimed as Jane brought out the liniment and bandages.

Mrs. Harvey, who was having tea with Jane, waited for the storm to break, but it didn't.

"She smiled sort o' queer," said Mrs. Harvey, in telling it later, "and," said she, "Estelle Harrison ought to think a great deal of you for looking out for her."

"I guess she thinks it time that bygones were by gones, though the Adams' have always hung on to their grudges till the last gasp."

When James was 21 and Estelle 18, they were looked upon as lovers by the entire village. Nothing had been said, but James' handsome face would flush with admiration when the girl came in sight, while her downcast eyes and shy glances were more convincing than words.

Jane had bided her time. Now the moment had arrived for vengeance. "James," she said one day across the dinner table, "I'm afraid Estelle Harrison is getting to think a great deal of you." James turned away from the inquiring gaze, flushing to the roots of his hair. His strong young body trembled and his lips quivered as though about to speak. Jane saw and broke in quickly.

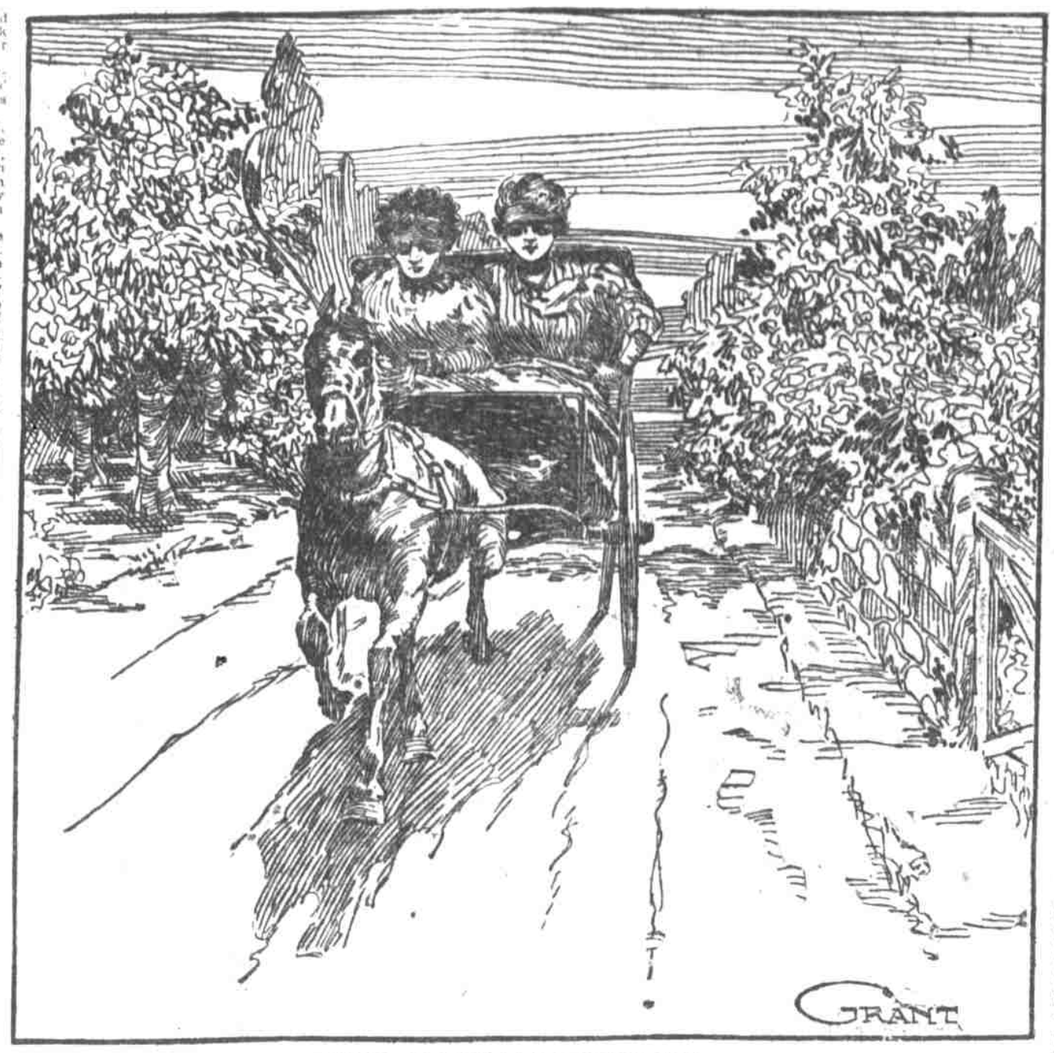
"I want you to stop calling there." James looked at her for a moment too dazed to reply. Finally he stammered—"Why, Aunt Jane, you don't understand. I want her to like me." "And I want you to give her up," she answered firmly. Her eyes met his like steel and she braced herself for the conflict. James burst into loud laughter—"Give her up, why Aunt Jane, you do not know what you are asking. I love her and she loves me." He had begun with a laugh, but the last words were a terrified appeal.

He put his hands on hers, but she shrank from his touch. "James, it's 14 years since I took you from the home where your mother lay dead. I haven't ever reminded you of what you owe me, but now I ask you to remember it. I paid your mother's funeral expenses and her doctor's bill. You were left without a cent in the world. I had to get you a new suit of clothes so you could be fit to attend the funeral," she went on coldly.

"Yes, Aunt Jane, I know." "Wait," she interrupted. "I'm not through. You've been like my own son and I leave you to say whether or not I have been a mother to you. I've gone without to give you what you wanted. I've cared for you when you were sick, and brought you back to life when the doctor said you were beyond saving. I've sent you to school, when other folks had their sons in the fields saving the wages of a hired man, and now, James, it remains with you to say whether you owe me anything."

"I owe you everything, Aunt Jane. You've been father and mother to me—but——" and he tried to take her hand, but she drew back. "I never asked you to sacrifice anything for me," she went on. "I wouldn't even let you stay away from a party when I was sick. You often scolded because I wouldn't let you do anything for me. Now I ask this one thing in return for 14 years of sacrifice. Will you give up Estelle Harrison?"

James rose to his feet. In the gathering twilight his face was ashen—"Aunt Jane, if you put it that way—I—guess you are right to ask me anything you like—but, my God, I wish you had asked for my life instead," he cried. His voice choked and trembled.



"HOME, AS FAST AS SHE COULD GO."

"Oh, you'll soon get over feeling that way," and James marveled at her cruelty, not knowing that her bitterness was not for him, but for the faithless lover of her unhappy youth.

The gossips were busy for the next few weeks, wondering what had happened. Had the lovers quarreled? No one knew, but certain it was that the constant James had suddenly absented himself, evidently preferring the hay fields to the companionship of the fair Estelle.

Jane Adams lay awake nights, gloating over the swiftness and completeness of her triumph. Sometimes her enjoyment was disturbed by strange muffled sounds across the hall, where James sobbed on his pillow. Then she would sit upright in bed, a gaunt gray figure in the silent night.

Yet she never wavered. One afternoon she persuaded James to run into town for a few days. The change will do him good, she reasoned. Yes, he told her he would go the next morning. Perhaps he will see some pretty face that will capture his fancy.

She then arranged an errand to take him to the parson's house, where there were two attractive daughters. She was lost in the midst of plans for him in which the parson's young daughter figured largely, when Mrs. Harvey, who could always be depended upon to bring the latest gossip, came in with a strange excited flutter. "Jane," she began, scarcely heeding that lady's inquiry after her rheumatism, "you could have told me of your added grief. I who have been your nearest neighbor for so many years. I am sorry for you and James, you poor dears," she rattled on.

Jane looked at her in frank amazement but Mrs. Harvey went on rapidly: "To think that Lem Harrison could be so cruel is beyond me."

"What in heaven's name do you mean?" demanded Jane, stiffening at the mention of the name. "Why, isn't it so?" asked Mrs. Harvey bewildered, "Isn't it so?" "Isn't what so?"

"Why that Lem Harrison won't allow his daughter to marry James, and that James is going away from the village." "Who told you that?" demanded Jane, her tall angular figure trembling with rage.

"Why every one in the village is talking about it," answered Mrs. Harvey, quaking before Jane's blazing eyes. "Oh, they are, are they?"

"Oh my, yes," went on her informer gradually gaining her wits. "Lem Harrison just raged, and said his daughter should never marry James, and you know what a tyrant he is. Poor Estelle is fading like a flower, and her mother does nothing but weep at her utter helplessness."

"Well, we'll see what we can do," snapped Jane, as she called to her hired man to hitch up bay Nell. "Mrs. Harvey, you'll have to excuse me, I'm going out." She put away her knitting, folded her gingham apron and laid it carefully away, then took her sunbonnet from the hook, stepped lightly into the waiting buggy and turned the old bay into the road.

Jane was considered a careful driver, but the old mare was in a lather when she stopped before the comfortable house where James had been so frequent a caller.

Estelle sat on the porch, a pale, frightened Estelle who fluttered to her feet and ran down the walk at sight of Jane's beckoning hand.

"Estelle, will you come home to supper with me?" asked Jane.

The girl looked doubtfully towards the house.

"If I were you I would come right along before your father sees you," urged Jane. "Like as not he wouldn't want you to go with me," she added.

Without another word Estelle climbed into the buggy beside Jane, who turned homeward, sending the mare along the road as fast as she could go.

"But I ought not to go, Miss Adams," cried Estelle suddenly, seizing the older woman's arm.

"He stopped calling, and when I wrote and asked what was the matter he sent me a note telling me to forget him," she sobbed, "and father, you know, Miss Adams, father never liked James and said I should never marry him. But, oh! Miss Adams, I have wanted to see him so much."

"Do you love him enough to marry him against your father's wishes—to marry him today?" asked Jane anxiously.

For answer the girl laid her head on Jane's shoulder and burst into tears. "There, there, child, don't take on so, he is just as bad as you are. It wasn't his fault, that note—it was mine. Estelle, there ain't many men can love as women do, but he is one."

James stood at the gate when they drove in, Jane had forgotten all about his errand to the parson's. She jumped out lightly, ordering him to take her seat beside Estelle. "Now, you two young folks go straight to the parsonage while I go in and cook the wedding supper."

Jane watched them disappear in a cloud of dust, then sank into her arm chair and sobbed for joy. "It's nonsense, me getting anything extra for supper, they won't know what they are eating anyhow."

The news of the elopement spread like wildfire over the little village. They were just finishing the little supper, when Lem Harrison, white with rage, rode up to Jane's porch. She greeted him with a triumphant smile and a sarcastic good evening. "Miss Adams," he began, struggling to maintain his composure, "I heard James and Estelle"—"Yes," broke in Jane gleefully, "and they were married, and they are going on their honeymoon to the city tomorrow." The next day when the young folks had departed and Jane had recovered from the excitement she said to Mrs. Harvey:

"I guess I didn't get even with Lem Harrison; he jilted me, but I stole his daughter, for of course they live here with me."

The thought of their happiness swept over her like a wave drowning the last remnant of bitterness. Jane's vengeance, watched and tended for so long, blossomed and flowered into happiness.

Alas!

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;
Full many a golfer gets upon the green
In three strokes, and takes five to hole-out there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

ENGLAND COMES TO AMERICA FOR MODEL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

LONDON, June 26.—Although the Young Men's Christian Association movement was started in London 64 years ago by an Englishman, the parent association has today gone to America for lessons in how to provide for the spiritual and social wants of its young men.

The Central Y. M. C. A. of London has prepared plans for a great structure which is to be a memorial to the late Sir George Williams, the founder, and where within a year and a half it proposes to carry out the activities which are the feature of Y. M. C. A. life in America.

The new building is to stand on a magnificent site which has been acquired by the association, in Tottenham Court road, close by Oxford street and which has an area of 28,124 square feet occupying a whole square block. It is estimated that the entire cost of the new building will be $750,000 and toward that there is $425,000 in hand.

For the first time in the history of the English organization one of its buildings will have a fully equipped athletic department. There will be a fully equipped gymnasium, with swimming baths, bowling alleys, indoor tennis courts and facilities for other games and sports and a special department will be set apart for young boys. The Tottenham Court road frontage on the ground floor will be occupied by stores, but the main entrance will lead past them into a magnificent entrance hall, from which a short wide staircase will lead to the reception lounge. The executive offices will also be here so that the officers will be in continual touch with the members and visitors. The entire front on Tottenham court road of the first floor will be occupied by a reading-room. This will be 95 feet long, will be the finest of its kind in London, and will be equipped with periodicals from all parts of the world. The French section will also be housed on the first floor. In the rear of the ground floor and the first floor there will be a number of small meeting-rooms for classes, etc., and on the ground floor there will be a large assembly hall capable of seating 1,000 people, which is to be the gift of the American people, in honor of the memory of Sir George Williams. A public restaurant for members only will be on the first floor.

The entire second flood will be given up to the educational work of the association and it is here that the American influence is most strongly displayed. The second floor is to be a business university for London, at which any young man may take up a course of study that will teach him in a couple of years all that he can be taught on the theoretical side about his own trade or business. The extent of this plan may be judged from the following partial list of subjects which have been arranged already. Others will be added before the building is completed, and as the necessity for them becomes apparent.

Civil service department; school of languages, in daily session, thus affording opportunity for rapid tuition; university extension lectures; classes for the preparation of students for university and other public examinations; shorthand and typewriting school. Special courses of study in: Banking, insurance, accountancy, architecture, shipping and forwarding, advertising, journalism, estate agency, textile, printing, publishing, furnishing, stationery and other trades, salesmanship, drawing, music. Special lectures on business methods for principals and heads of departments.

The central London Y. M. C. A. started educational work 10 years ago, but it was on a very small scale, and it has been confined chiefly to bankers' and brokers' clerks in the city. At that time it undertook to prepare its members at the city branch for the examination of the London Institute of Bankers and it is a splendid testimony to the efficiency of the Y. M. C. A. teaching that for the last seven years 75 per cent of the successful candidates have been members of the Y. M. C. A. classes. As will be seen from the above list it is now proposed to do for all young men what has been done for bank clerks.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole building, however, is the fact that the two upper floors are to be set aside as a home for "the young man from the country." Thousands of young men come from the country every year to seek their fortune in London. The Y. M. C. A. alone receives 4,000 letters a year, asking for advice about lodgings for young men coming to London. The average earnings of these young men are $200 a year and on that the great majority have to support themselves. Up till now they have been condemned to a "third floor back" in a dingy, grimy, lodging-house but the new building will provide bright, cheerful, well-furnished rooms for 200 of them at $1.25 a week. The Y. M. C. A. restaurant will provide good wholesome food for them at cost, and they will have all the comforts and advantages of every department of the building.

"We are proud of having started the Y. M. C. A. movement," said J. H. Putterill, the secretary of the London Central Y. M. C. A., "but we are not ashamed to admit that we have much to learn from America. We gave them the idea, and they have shown us how to work it out. I have traveled all over the chief cities of the United States and I think I have learned a little in each one, but I think that I have helped them a little bit, too.

"I am specially interested in the provision of a home for the 'young man from the country' and I look on our start in the new building as a far greater thing than it seems. I intend to prove that lodging-houses for young men run on similar lines, will pay, and I hope to see dozens of them going up all over London. There are many men who would be glad to invest their money in an enterprise like that which would do good and at the same time earn them a fair dividend."

It is hoped that the building will be finished in the course of 18 months or two years. In the meantime the Y. M. C. A., whose old headquarters at Exeter hall have been pulled down to make way for a new hotel, is housed in excellent temporary quarters in the "Morning Post" building at the junction of Aldwych and the Strand.

When a Fellow's Dead.

When a fellow's "kicked the bucket"
And has passed away from earth,
Without hearing people mention that
he was a man of worth;
When he's laid within his coffin and the
public gathers 'round,
For a last and final tribute ere he's
planted 'neath the ground,
Oh, he doesn't care a copper what they
say about him then,
Whether eulogy and plaudit, whether
phrases which condemn,
Once his heart would have been gladdened at kind words they might
have said,
But he isn't interested in the matter
when he's dead.

—Los Angeles Express.

Suits for Divers.

The British admiralty has recommended that all new diving suits purchased be equipped with legs that lace tight to prevent the risking of divers' lives by suits becoming too full of air and exploding or causing the wearer to suddenly ascend feet uppermost.

PERFECTION ON TWO LEGS AND ON FOUR

Continued From the First Page of This Section

track. He was bred by Norman J. Coleman of St. Louis, who was secretary of agriculture during the first term of the late President Grover Cleveland, and his conformation was so perfect that he seemed eminently fitted for the show ring. He is a big, upstanding bay, 13 years old, 16 hands high and 1,200 pounds in weight. As a type of carriage coach horse, he would be almost impossible to beat. He has a finely chiseled head, a beautifully arched neck, clean cut but powerful limbs and full, well-rounded quarters—the latter in decided contrast to the lanky shanks of so many horses of trotting ancestry.

But, as a carriage horse, the American trotting horse has of late years been coming into his own. There has never been any doubt as to his stamina. Still, he has hitherto lacked "type." He has been the product of many different lines. And, until late years, he was often crossed with thoroughbreds from whom he acquired his great staying powers.

In all this crossing and recrossing speed was the only quality bred for. Appearance counted for little. If a horse could not hold his own on the track, he was of comparatively little value.

Now all this is changing. Horse shows are in vogue as never before. Appearance is being taken into account as well as speed by men who take pride in their turnouts. A great many hackneys have been imported from England by those who did not care for speeding, but were keen on style.

Yet, in spite of the great vogue of the hackney, particularly along the Atlantic coast, the trotter, when chosen for conformation as well as speed, has held his own more than fairly well in the show ring. Newsboy, the wonderful little runabout horse, who holds all records for blue ribbon winning in America, and at the age of 13 years took down blue after blue ribbon at the recent international horse show at London, is of trotting ancestry. So, also, is Dr. Selwonk, Reginald Vanderbilt's great gig horse, who has taken championships into camp at all the leading horse shows for years.

Another magnificent trotting bred stallion who can go into the show ring and win from the hackneys in the heavy harness classes is Nala, campaigned for a number of seasons by J. W. Harriman.

In fact, the list might be almost indefinitely extended. But enough examples have been given to show that when "hackneyized"—that is to say, decked and put through the high-stepping paces—the well-formed trotter can hold his own in the heavy harness classes as well as on the track.

For judging at fairs and horse shows the following classification as to type has been adopted by the government:

"Not under 15 hands for mature horses; smooth, compact and symmetrical conformation; neck of good length, inclined naturally to arch; sloping shoulders; well set legs of medium lenght; sloping pasterns and good feet; short, strong back; well sprung ribs well ribbed up to coupling; smooth loins; full flanks; straight croup, with well set tail; full, round quarters."

To be entered in the government classes, both stallions and mares must be registered in the American Trotting Register, in the American Morgan Register or in the American Saddle Horse Register, thus insuring that these classes shall be open only to horses of pure American blood.

Specifications as to the manner of showing and the percentages upon which horses are to be judged have also been issued by the department of agriculture, and these have already been adopted in practice by the state fairs of Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas, Tennessee, Illinois, Tri-state (held in Tennessee, Missouri and Kentucky).

With 12 states already working in cooperation with the government, it can be appreciated what great strides have already been made in the standardizing of the American carriage horse. And in a few years it is expected that every stock-producing state in the union will be thoroughly in accord with the movement.

Kentucky and Iowa, of their own volition, led the van in acting in harmony with the government, and since then many other states have become interested.

And not only will the movement insure a distinctively American carriage horse, of great beauty and stamina, but it will save many animals for the stud which are now wasted for breeding purposes. Every year thousands of magnificently formed trotters, which, however, do not hold out hopes of reproducing great speed, are altered for road use. But by bringing the matter home to horsemen, the department of agriculture hopes to see these stallions left entire and put to breeding carriage horses, which are always sure of a ready sale at good prices, even if they do not hold out the promise of the great returns which make the track trotter such an enticing "gamble."

It is also hoped that a great foreign market will be developed for these standardized animals. At present the American trotter is not wanted in Europe except for the track. For their carriage or coach horses the Europeans demand a symmetrical type, which has heretofore been lacking in the trotter.

Among other things, the recent coaching enterprise of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt in England is expected to attract a great deal of attention to the value of the American horse for carriage and coach work, and in a few years an export trade of great magnitude is likely to develop, not only to Great Britain, but to Russia, France, Germany, Austria and other continental countries.

Pa's Moods.

When the home team wins
Pa grins,
An' he don't say the steak is as tough as a hide,
An' he don't say the pie doesn't feel good inside,
An' he don't find a fault in most every old thing,
An' grumble this town's gone to blazes, by jing—
Naw, he isn't cranky at all, but just grins
When the home team wins.

But pa gets the blues
When they lose—
He growls about boneheads an' mutt an' all that,
Says ma cooks as bum as those hamfatters bat,
An' says if he only had his way he'd fire
If he didn't clean kill that doggoned umpire,
An' grumbles his troubles near drive him to booze
When they lose.

—Kansas City Times.

Adam's Advantage.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"After all, Adam had some important advantages."

"Of course he had!"

"For instance, his wife never spent any hard-earned money of his for the purpose of hiring a private detective to watch him."

Only Partial Support.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

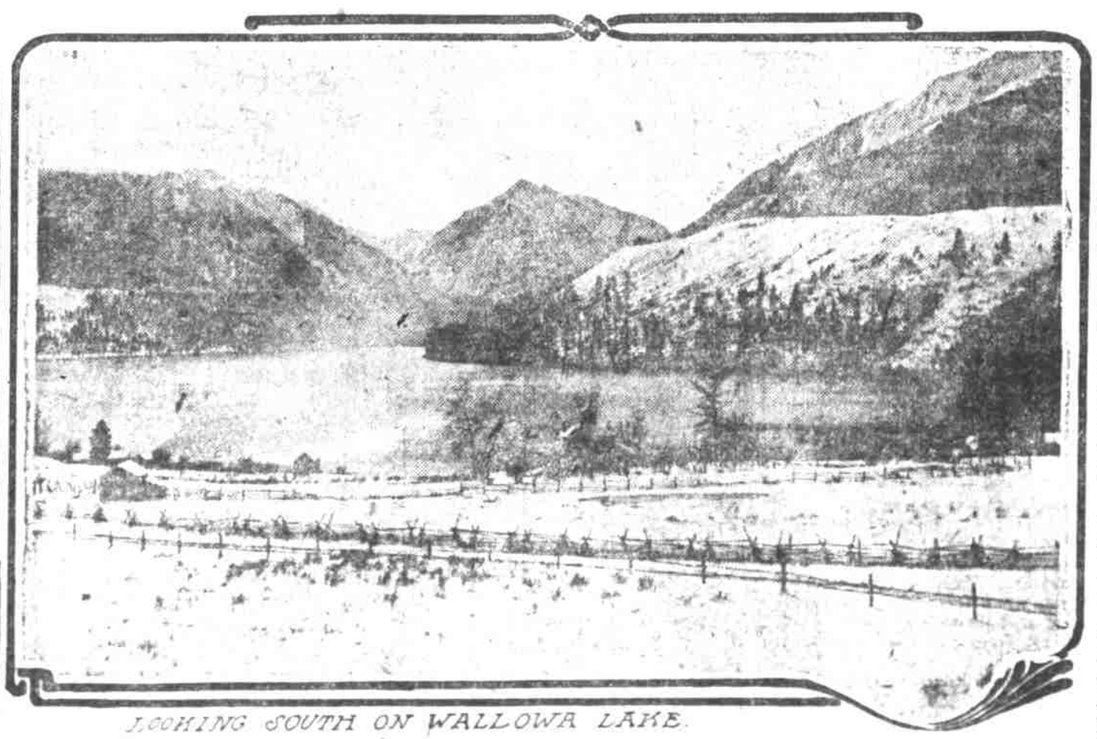
"Do you subscribe to the platform of your party this year?"

"Not so much as the managers wanted," replied the financier.

ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE WORLD

Wallowa Lake Is Regarded as a Health-Giving Resort Where Travelers Can Enjoy the Water, the Woods *and* the Mountains

WALLOWA FALLS 4 MI ABOVE THE LAKE



LOOKING SOUTH ON WALLOWA LAKE.

JOSEPH, Or., July 18.—Wallowa lake, situated in the heart of the eastern division of the Blue mountains, just across the Washington-Oregon line in Oregon, has been called by travelers, one of the beauty spots of the world, and is gradually becoming known as a summer resort, such as is rarely found in an inland country.

Lying 4,266 feet above sea level this beautiful sheet of water, four miles in length, and one mile in width, is indeed an exhaustless granary of good health, free for the asking.

Wallowa valley, the country tributary to this lake is very sparsely settled. Being 60 miles from the nearest railroad point, few people know of this hidden paradise, and fewer still are those who have any previous idea of its beauty. The valley is some 45 miles long by from 5 to 20 miles wide, and is productive of almost every kind of grain or fruit, but the chief occupation there now is stockraising, and will be until the railroad is completed through the valley.

The only means of reaching this lake is by stage coach. Each day the stage, drawn by six horses, leaves Elgin, the nearest railroad point, for Joseph, at the head of the valley and about 24 mile from the lake. The vehicles used are the typical early-day stage coaches, and the horses are changed every 12 miles, although it is a hard one 60 who make the trip have to use the stage unless they have private conveyance. The occasional timid woman or tenderfoot, who happens to be aboard, is eagerly watched for by the "twisters," as the drivers are known, and care is taken that tales of daring hold-ups and robberies are circulated among the passengers for their benefit.

It is claimed by many that Wallowa lake is simply the crater of an extinct volcano filled with water. Others claim that the lake was formed by volcanic action. This latter theory is advanced by every one upon first sight, as the lake looks like a one-time box canyon, a mile wide at the mouth, that has been dammed up. The first theory, however, is substantiated by the fact that the lake is of an unknown depth, which would hardly be the case had the lake ever been a canyon.

On two sides of the lake are mountains, whose tops are covered by perpetual snow. Pretty indeed is the panorama offered to the eye of the sightseer, as he stands at the lower end of the lake and looks across the body of transparent water to the beautiful green covered foothills beyond and, elevating his gaze, sees first the timber line, and next the snow line, above which the white caps, played upon by the sun, sparkle with blinding brightness.

Around the east side of the lake there is a wagon road, which is cut out of the side of the steep bank. This leads into the timber at the head of the lake, which offers a superb location for a summer hotel. This miniature timbered flat is probably a quarter of a mile in width, and a mile in length, and is covered by heavy pine and spruce timber, and through the center of it runs a small stream of water, which is fed by the snow immediately above. This rivulet is very cold and the route it takes down the mountain, is exceedingly rough and steep. In one place it drops straight downward for about 60 feet, making a beautiful waterfall.

In many places the stream has cut a path for itself out of the face of the rock and the miniature canyon thus formed is in many places 10 feet deep. At the bottom of this the water races to a perfect torrent, and the roar it makes can be heard long before it is reached.

The O. R. & N. Co. is extending a branch line from Elgin to Joseph, and when this is completed, which will be some time this year, the lake and the timbered flat at its head, will undoubtedly be utilized by some one promoting a summer resort project. The opportunity is there waiting for some competent person to take advantage of it.

Father's Summer.

From the Denver Republican.

We hear a lot from poet chaps
Who move our hearts to pity
Because poor father has to stay
And work hard in the city
The while his family enjoys
A glorious vacation,
But this shows that the poet tribe
Has missed its calculation.

For what does father do
But quit his work at two
And, after a most nifty lunch, hikes to the baseball ground
At eight dines a la carte,
Then makes an early start
For the local Coney Island, where the wheels are going 'round.

We hear about his toiling hard
To meet his wife's expenses;
And how he sends away each week
His dollars and his centses;
But that is most fictitious stuff
The poet chaps are strewing
For making gray hairs sprout is just
What father is not doing.

He sees a summer show
Where cooling breezes blow,
And then he gets a touring car and has a midnight roam;
And the only care he knows
Is when this message shows
"We've all been bored to death here and now we're coming home."

—Arthur Chapman.

Church bell-ringing in London has become such a nuisance in some quarters of the city the bells are muffled on week days.