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At the Summer School.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, taking steps daintily on the tips of her slippers to the music.

The class in advanced dancing followed her with more or less precision. At the head of the line Margaret Morton, secure in the proficiency acquired by three years of training in the summer school, flung back her pretty head and smiled at the awkward young man in the opposite row.

At the foot of the line poor little Mary Cobb, teacher in a district school, with ambitions toward a physical directorship in the state normal, struggled with the intricacies of the new steps and blushed and blushed as she felt the eyes of the class upon her.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher again. The music played a lilting measure, and the pupils swung across the floor in the mazes of a folk dance.

Most of them did it well, but Mary and the awkward young man hopped up and down, this way and that, and came together at last out of step, out of time, out of everything—breathless, discouraged, disheveled.

"It's dreadful!" Mary gasped. "You are doing it nicely," the panting young man encouraged her.

"Oh, I'm not!" The words came with a sob. "I dance like—like a hippopotamus."

"You couldn't!" His eyes rested with appreciation on the delicate flushed face, the loosened yellow hair. "You're too—too—little—and—graceful!" He stammered over the words, as if compliments did not come easily.

"I'm not graceful," she said. "Look at that lovely creature at the head of the line."

Seeing their eyes upon her, Margaret Morton nodded to them, smiling. She was feeling very complacent. Her natty gymnasium suit was of black satin, and her hair shone like copper in the strong light. She pitied that little girl at the foot of the line in the blue flannel suit. But the young man

say anything, and Margaret, moved to coquetry, took three expert steps to the right and then three expert steps to the left. "It's so easy," she declared, with some display of silk stockings and ankles.

"It looks easy when you do it," Mary sighed, "but I am so stupid."

But Margaret held out her hands to the Awkward Young Man. "Let me show you," she offered. "Now," and they danced away together.

For the next fifteen minutes Margaret held the Awkward Young Man at her side, and Mary, practicing forlornly by herself in the corner, watched them and envied the ease with which Margaret talked and laughed and prouetted in a shine of black satin and of copper colored hair.

When the music started, the Awkward Young Man came back to Mary.

"How are you getting along?" he asked, with a smile that lighted his face and made it very attractive.

"I shall never learn," Mary said, "never," and her lip quivered.

"Oh, yes, you will," he said. "I don't believe you are the kind to give up."

"But—Miss Morton does it so beautifully," Mary told him tremulously.

"This is Miss Morton's third year of training in the physical course at the summer school," he reminded her. "She ought to do it beautifully."

And then they struggled on as the teacher counted, interminably:

"One, two, three; one, two, three."

Every day Mary and the Awkward Young Man had a few minutes together. But the minutes were few, for Margaret Morton had taken upon herself the instruction of the Awkward Young Man, and more than once Mary was left to do the steps in her lonely corner.

"Everybody seems to know how but me," she said despairingly, in the third week, to the Awkward Young Man.

"I don't," he assured her.

"But Miss Morton takes such an interest in you."

"I wish she wouldn't," he said moodily.

A light leaped into Mary's eyes. "I would rather be with you," he added, with a look that changed the world for little Mary.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, and Mary flew around the room on feet that seemed winged.

"How well you did that!" said the Awkward Young Man as she danced up to him, her cheeks red, eyes like stars, her little figure swaying to the rhythm.

"I don't know how it happened," she laughed. "Oh, let's do it together."

Margaret Morton watched them from the other end of the room, and when, in the intricate windings of the folk dance, she passed the Awkward Young Man she whispered, "Don't you want to go with me to the lighthouse in the morning?"

"I'm sorry," he fibbed, "but I have other plans."

And when he passed Mary he asked: "Will you let me take you to the beach after the class tomorrow? We can carry our notebooks and study."

"Oh, it will be lovely," she said, and all the happiness in her heart seemed expressed in her tripping feet, so that the teacher patted her on the shoulder as she came up at the end of the lesson. "You are getting on, Miss Cobb," she said.

The day at the beach, with the waves lapping the sands lazily and the gulls dipping and rising against a sky of sapphire, gave an opportunity for an interchange of aspirations and ideals. Mary told of her plans to teach in the normal, and the Awkward Young Man confessed to an ambition to instruct physically the youths of the Y. M. C. A. of his town.

As the afternoon waned they talked, as young people will, of other things. The Awkward Young Man contended that it is not good for man to live alone, and Mary admitted tremulously that ambition does not fill a woman's life.

But it was not until the next day that the final word was said.

"One, two, three; one, two, three," counted the teacher, and Mary and the Awkward Young Man wound in and out and in and out and came carefully and correctly through the first difficult figure.

"How well we did that!" Mary said as they stopped at the other end of the room.

Her hands were still in his. He drew her slightly toward him. "If we might be together always," he whispered.

Margaret Morton was watching them as she stood alone at the other side of the room.

"Let me go," Mary protested, blushing beautifully, but leaving her hands in his.

"I shall never let you go," he declared, with a smile of triumph as the music began again, and he swung her with him into the last inspiring figure of the folk dance.

Heavy Temblers Registered.
Trieste, Aug. 7.—The instrument in the Marine Observatory here recorded heavy earth shocks yesterday about 2,500 miles distant.

Elihu Root Jr. Is Now Engaged.
New York, Aug. 7.—Announcement is made of the engagement between Elihu Root Jr., eldest son of Elihu Root, Secretary of State, and Miss Aida Livingston Stryker, eldest daughter of President M. Woolsey Stryker of Hamilton college.

It was only a few days ago that the engagement of the daughter of Secretary Root to U. S. Grant, son of Frederick Grant, was made public.

A RUNAWAY FREIGHT

CARS DITCHED ON SANTA FE ROAD NEAR SAN BERNARDINO DINO CATCH FIRE.

Los Angeles, Aug. 7.—A long freight train, breaking in three sections, caused a double wreck last night on the Santa Fe road in the mountains near San Bernardino. One of the runaway sections, consisting of thirty cars, was ditched in Victor Narrows and caught fire. Two unknown tramps were injured, one so seriously that he is dying.

The train, which was made up of fifty-two cars from the north and east, consigned to points along the coast division, was made up at Barstow. Several miles above Hesperia the two engines cut loose to take water and in some manner the air brakes became powerless to hold the train, which started down the steep grade.

The heavy train shot down grade, gaining momentum with each revolution of the wheels, and before the trainmen could set the hand brakes on, the first few cars of the heavy train were thundering down the mountains around sharp curves, threatening derailment every minute. The trainmen leaped before the crash.

Nine of the cars broke away and, distancing the others, ran fifteen miles to Oro Grande, where they stopped. The middle section, consisting of thirty cars, heavily laden with merchandise, remained on the track for a distance of eight miles, finally leaving the rails at Victor Narrows, forty miles from this city. Finally plunging from the track, the thirty cars struck the telegraph poles, demolishing them like splinters and destroying all telegraphic communication. In the ditch the cars took fire, and the entire section was burned.

The remaining section of the train, consisting of thirteen cars, ran seven miles down the grade before they were wrecked, bringing up in a heap alongside the roadbed.

The accident occurred on the north slope of Cajon Pass, in the steepest section of the San Bernardino mountains.

Russian Newspapers Are Warned.
St. Petersburg, Aug. 7.—Drachinsky, the Prefect of Police, has issued an order notifying all editors that they render themselves liable to a fine of \$1,500 or three months' imprisonment by publishing without permission anything about the Czar or the members of the imperial family, or any comments upon a trial before the rendering of the verdict. The order is inspired by fear of public criticism that might be made during the coming trial of the persons accused of being implicated in the last month's plot against the Czar, the Grand Duke Nicholas and Premier Stolypin.

Labor Troubles Are Settled.
Reno, Nev., Aug. 7.—All labor troubles in the Seven Troughs mining district were settled yesterday by the mine owners agreeing to pay union miners \$5 instead of \$4 for eight hours' work. The miners have been on strike for more than a month and in that time nearly every mine in the Seven Troughs district has been closed down. Mines will now be opened and there will be great activity in the district.

TO ENTERTAIN SWEDISH PRINCE
Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Will Have the Honor of Receiving Royalty.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 7.—Triumph has come to Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish in the social war over the privilege of entertaining Prince William, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, who will be here August 22. Her rivals, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, are to have no part in the entertainment of the royal visitor. Mrs. Fish will be the "whole thing." Mrs. Ogden Mills and Mrs. E. J. Herwind will assist her.

The war between Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Vanderbilt is an aftermath of the controversy between Stuyvesant Fish and E. H. Harriman over the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, in which Harriman won. Vanderbilt stood with Harriman in the fight and the bitter feeling between the Fish and Vanderbilt families is the result.

Fatally Burned in an Explosion.
Long Beach, Cal., Aug. 7.—Mrs. Martin Coralls, who lives near the Orange county line, was terribly burned in an explosion of gasoline last night and died a few hours later. She attempted to start a fire with a can supposed to contain coal oil, but which was full of gasoline. Her husband charges that a grocery clerk made the fatal mistake.

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G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.
Veterans Will Go by Thousands to Saratoga in September.
Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 7.—In spite of the fact that the railroads of the Far West have failed to make any material reduction in the fare to Saratoga for the Grand Army of the Republic encampment, applications for quarters continue to pour into the local headquarters from the veterans from the West, and a large delegation will attend the big gathering in September. Applications from the posts of the eastern sections of the country are also large, and hardly a day passes but five hundred to a thousand of the old soldiers are assigned quarters. For the accommodation of the veterans the city has assigned the public schools and other public buildings, and a number of private individuals have turned over large buildings. Residents of Saratoga are making every effort to care for the needs of the encampment.

Motor Car Proves to Be Satisfactory.
Omaha, Neb., Aug. 7.—Motor car No. 10 left Omaha at 9:05 a. m., last of the second section of the overland limited train No. 1, making the run of 290 miles from Omaha to North Platt in eight hours' time. The time of the overland limited as scheduled is 8 hours 30 minutes. The run from Omaha to Denver, 568 miles, was made in 21 hours 22 minutes, being delayed west of North Platte 6 hours 34 minutes by washouts.

Good Roads and Prosperity.
Nothing stimulates home trade like good roads. In many parts of the country the farmers are practically shut off from the town during the winter. The wives and daughters of the farmer find it inconvenient to make frequent trips to town during these months, so they naturally resort to the mail order catalogue for a part of their shopping. The result is that home merchants lose trade which they might get if the roads were better.

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seemed worth knowing. He had a classic profile and wore his clothes properly.

Margaret danced across the polished floor.

"Isn't it fine?" she asked as she came up to them.

"You do it so beautifully," Mary murmured.

The Awkward Young Man did not seem to care.

WHEN HER BACK ACHES

A Woman Finds all Her Energy and Ambition Slipping Away.

Grants Pass women know how the aches and pains that come when the kidneys fail make life a barren. Backache, hip pains, headaches, dizzy spells, distressing urinary troubles, all tell of sick kidneys and warn you of the stealthy approach of diabetes, dropsy and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cure all these disorders.

Mrs. S. Collins of 679 High St., Salem, Ore., says: "Troubles with my kidneys and backache have caused me much annoyance for several years. Although I used a good many remedies I obtained no positive relief until my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills and I procured them at a drug store. They soon brought me effective benefit, ceased the bearing down feeling through the back and loins and banished the aching and other symptoms that had annoyed me for so long. I have since learned of others who think the world of your reliable remedy and I gladly recommend it to all suffering from backache or kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.