

FOUND, ONE GOLD HEART

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL
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"Well, I'll be—hanged!" Blakely Gove finished his exclamation of surprise with a milder word than he had in mind, which was an im- polite reference to the next condition popularly supposed to follow immediately after the one mentioned. But somehow the profane word stuck. It seemed an affront to the pictured face which looked up at him from the tiny, heart shaped locket he had just picked up from under a sheltering banana rind on lower Broadway.

He stared at one who sees a ghost at the trinket which had been concealed from the eyes of the throng in the crowded street only to come to him, for the young, smiling, white browed man's face which was enshrined in the little gold heart was his own.

His own, yet not his. It was another Blakely Gove of a former existence, so long ago, ten century years. A whole lifetime he had lived since the time he hung this locket over Dolly Kirk's true little heart. He had gone west shortly afterward to make that elusive goal, a fortune. Ranching at first in Montana, then wearying of the slow process and the long wait before New York and Dolly could be counted among the radiant possibilities of life, he had gone to the Klondike.

What years of struggle and suffering, privation and danger had been his! What wanderings over the frozen slopes about the gaunt peaks of the Chilkoot, and all to no purpose. Disheartened at last, he had deemed it the only manly thing to do to write Dolly before plunging farther into an unknown country up the Yukon not to wait for him any longer. He "was up against it and always would be," and what right had he to spoil her young life?

He had completely "lost his grip" after that and, not caring whether he went, had drifted. At last after five weary years, heart sick and home hungry, he had turned his face southward toward "God's country." He had "beat his way" across the continent from Seattle the month before and, ashamed in his tattered condition to apply for help from his old friends, had been hunting for work ever since. His last job had taken him into the busy ranks of the subway workers.

"Lord! I hadn't known what it is to be up against it then or I couldn't have looked like that!" he groaned as he scrutinized the boyish countenance of that other self. "And little Dolly—I wonder if ten years have changed her much!"

He pulled his watch from his frayed pocket. In his worst times he had never yielded to the temptation to sell it. He pried it open now and held it up alongside the locket, stepping into a convenient doorway to be out of the crowd.

What he saw photographed on the gold was a sweet girl face, clouded about with masses of dark hair and the whole framed in a graven, heart shaped arabesque, to match the locket, he had told her.

"A fine looking pair," people had said of them. Gove glanced from the likeness into a plate glass window near and smiled dazedly at the contrast. His gaunt, unshaven cheeks and prematurely graying temples and rough clothes made the disguise complete.

"She'd never know me in the world," he ruminated ruefully, "and I'm hungry just for one look at her. If I were to put an ad. in the paper how—I think I can scrape up the necessary pennies. By Jove, I'll do it!" And he started off briskly toward Park row.

His ad. was short and concise, but it covered the ground:

Found.—Corner Broadway and Spring street, one gold heart containing photo. Owner can have same by communicating with Yukon, 143.

The next morning he was the first at the window and waiting in feverish impatience for the clerk to appear. When at last that important functionary came he glanced at Gove and remarked yawningly: "Yukon, 140? Here you are. Next."

Hastily he tore it open and read:

Yukon, 140, Care Whitewind, Downtown.

Dear Sir—I saw your ad. in yesterday's paper. I do hope it is my locket you have found. I value it most highly and will pay more than its intrinsic worth for its return if you will call or let me know where to go to identify it tomorrow morning about 10. I had notices inserted in all the papers yesterday. Perhaps you saw them. Yours anxiously,

DOROTHY KIRK.
No. — Central Park West.

Of course—he might have known she would advertise—he had been so absorbed in his own plan for the restoration of the locket and for a sight of Dolly that he had not thought of that. He had spent his last nickel for a meager breakfast at the Wayside Inn. Never mind, he would walk; he had the strength of ten now. That little magic word "Kirk" in her note had given him new life and hope.

She was not married then, and she still prized the little gold heart he had given her—enough to offer a reward more than its value. Why, he would go to work in the subway or anywhere,

he could live on 40 cents a day and save 60. Then when he had enough he would buy some decent clothes and go to Halbury, in Wall street. He could do something for him—get him a good position perhaps, and then—Dolly!

Once again his feet kept time to the old quickstep which makes the world go round. All of life was once more set to the sweet music of a woman's name—"Dolly, Dolly! My Dolly!"

"You wish to see Miss Kirk? Is it about the locket?" said the sweetest voice in all the world. Dolly at seventeen had been lovely, but Dolly at twenty-seven was more beautiful. How he longed to take her in his arms again—his long empty arms that had ached so often for their precious burden!

All he needed to do was to show her his watch with her photo etched inside. But, no; she might even think he had stolen it. She would never recognize this bruised and broken derelict for her lost lover. He went white under the tan, with the effort it cost him to remain unrecognized. He held out the locket toward her and bowed; his stiffened lips refused his words. Seeing his apparent embarrassment, Dolly melted to kindness.

"Yes, my good man; that is mine, and, oh, I am so glad to get it back!" she broke out impulsively. "It was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world. I will reward you liberally."

She took from her chateleine at her belt two crisp ten dollar bills and held them toward him. He stiffened at once. He had not thought of the reward. Then all at once he remembered and took the money with a hand that trembled.

"I shall be profoundly grateful to you," he said, with eager eyes on her face, "if you will permit me to call it merely a loan. I will repay you as surely as the sun rises tomorrow morning."

Dolly stirred uneasily. Who was this strange, unkempt man with the haunting eyes and the speech of a college professor? Poor fellow, he looked hungry. Perhaps he had had so much trouble it had turned his brain. She rose hastily.

"Why, certainly, Mr.—Mr. Yukon," she stammered, "and thank you so much. Goodby." And to her own amazement, compelled by those eyes, she put out her hand. He seized it and pressed his dry, hot lips upon it, then ran down the brownstone steps.

He went straight to a haberdashery, a barber shop and a cafe in turn. Then, transformed into a keen faced New York business man—so much for outward appearances—presented himself at the downtown office of the Wall street broker who had been his father's chum at college.

"There, my darling Mrs. Gove, is the twenty I owe you."

Dolly looked up from the dressing table where she was "doing up" her cloudy hair. Her husband never tired of watching this fascinating operation.

"You big mischievous boy," she said fondly. "You love to tease, don't you? How do you happen to owe me twenty?" expecting to hear his oft repeated declaration that he owed everything in the world to her.

"Because I borrowed it from you two years ago," he replied soberly, "and gave as security a heart shaped gold locket."

And then he told her, with his fingers buried in the soft mass of her wonderful hair. When he had finished her little hand stole up to his and carried it down past a tear stained cheek to two trembling lips.

"And I give you back as security, dear," she said, "a little heart with your face engraved in it—to have and to hold forever."

Stumped the Englishman.

"My wife advertised for a cook the other day," said a Columbia Heights man, "and among the applicants for the job was the blackest woman I ever saw. But she passed muster all right, and my wife engaged her. We had at dinner that evening a young Englishman, a family connection, who had only been in this country a couple of weeks. The Englishman happened to catch a glimpse of our new cook before dinner was served.

"By Jove, y' know, what an uncommonly black person!" he exclaimed amazedly, after seeing the cook.

"She is somewhat dingy, isn't she?" said my wife amusedly. "What do you suppose her name is?"

"The Englishman gave it up, of course."

"Her name is Goldie," said my wife laughingly.

"The young Englishman looked puzzled and as solemn as an owl.

"Goldie," he repeated mystifiedly. "Fawcety! By Jove, now, that's odd, y' know! Why should she be called 'Goldie' when she's so—er—commonly black, y' know? Wouldn't you naturally think, y' know, that 'Goldie' would be a more appropriate name for—er—a blond, y' know?"

"The young Englishman was my guest for four days after that, but was still marveling, with the utmost seriousness, over the mysterious significance of 'Goldie's' name when he took his departure."—Washington Post.

Pitcher Plant.

One of the most remarkable car-

nivorous vegetables in the world is the pitcher plant of the tropics. It is safe to say at least that no other plant in its kingdom is more ingenious in catching its prey and in disposing of it afterward.

The plant is shaped very much like a pitcher, with the mouth, of course, at the top. The pitcher is, moreover, perfectly water tight and is usually well filled with rain water. The sides are very smooth and inviting.

The plant, thus equipped, lies in wait, if the expression may be used, until some fly or small insect enters or falls into the water compartment. So smooth are the sides that when the prey is once in the water it has great difficulty in getting out and, as a rule, quickly drowns. The insect is then devoured by the plant.

The Old Habit.

Towne—I suppose you have heard that old Lawyer Sharpe is lying at the point of death?

Brown—No. Well, well, the ruling passion strong in death, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Lady Swettenham is considered one of the handsomest women in London.

Mrs. Curzon, who was Mary Leiter, wears a regal style of gowns and garbure that make her look the thoroughly queenly type of woman that she is.

A history of the Illinois State federation has been prepared by Mrs. Saidee Gray Cox, who was for three years recording secretary of the federation.

Nearly forty years as teacher in one school, and that the school where she studied as a girl, is the record of the late Anna E. L. Parker of the Franklin school in Boston.

Mrs. Annie Rosenberg of Laramie, Wyo., is the only woman undertaker in the Rocky mountain region. She holds a certificate of competency from the Colorado board of health, having first engaged in this business in that state.

Lady Henry Somerset is so thoroughly devoted to the advancement of the sex that she has only women servants in her houses and on her estates. Tall women are her footmen, a stout woman is her butler and women have charge of her stable.

Mrs. Lottie T. Wilson of Bloomfield, N. J., sailed recently for Dublin, Ireland, where she has been engaged to sing at the Church of the Holy Cross. Mrs. Wilson is well known in musical circles throughout New Jersey and has a large circle of friends.

A new home for cripples is being built by a number of wealthy New Yorkers on the outskirts of White Plains, N. Y., at a cost of \$100,000. Miss Helen Gould, who will be one of the board of managers, is one of the principal contributors.

One of Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's most admirable traits is her sincere love for flowers. Many women with every opportunity never think of wearing a dower and prefer by far the glint of the diamond. But not so Mrs. Alfred. Winter and summer she is seldom without flowers.

The dowager empress of China has issued an edict declaring that henceforth she will eat only French cooking.

Queen Alexandra has a favorite teapot, which is often in use when the queen is at Sandringham. It is exceedingly curious, very old and is said to be of priceless value.

King Edward is the first king of Great Britain and Ireland who has ever traveled on an Irish railway. When George IV. visited Ireland in 1821 there were no railways.

The Emperor of Germany has added his fifty-fourth residence to the fifty-three he already owned by buying the estate of Damm-Muehle, called "The Pearl of Brandenburg," for \$500,000.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Professor Lodge contends that while life cannot generate energy it can exert a guiding force upon energy.

No one knows as yet, says a London scientist, why a radium salt takes a month after its preparation before it begins to give out light and heat.

A Viennese professor, Dr. Gaertner, has invented an apparatus which is fastened to the wrist of patients and records with great exactness the faintest pulse beat. It will reduce the danger from the use of chloroform or ether to a minimum.

Heretofore medical men have used the Roentgen rays chiefly to make the solid parts of the body translucent. At a recent lecture a German physician, Dr. Stegmann of Freiburg, showed that by using an emulsion of bismuth and olive oil the liver and the kidneys and the vascular system can also be made visible.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Scientific Discovery.

He is a learned scientist, Who's found the reason why Egyptians mummified their cats And set them out to dry.

"It was," he says, "the only way (at least so I am led by research to believe) that they could make their cats stay dead!"

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

IN DEFIANCE OF ANCESTRY

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

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"There's nothing," Ellen O'Connor confided to her tenant as she poured the fragrant fluid into the saucer—"there's nothing so comforting as a drop of something warm. There's Miss Jane. 'Tis sourer than any crab apple she is before breakfast. But just let me wet the bit of tay or coffee! You can see the puckers going out of her face with the first sup, and be the time she fills out the second cup you'd think 'twas in a different world she was living."

It must be said in defense of Miss Jane Norris that, though her waiting woman's soliloquy was true, dressing in a cold room, where spindle legged furniture, worth its weight in gold, was jostled and supplemented by cheap pine, was not conducive to cheerfulness.

Also upon Miss Jane for the past thirty years had fallen the burden of making both ends meet out of a very slender income for herself and Miss Penelope.

But as she walked through the village of Plattville Miss Norris' thin, aquiline nose held itself as high as when her family had represented the wealth of that select community. They were still the Norrises. That was sufficient.

Never by the flicker of an eyelid had Miss Norris acknowledged that she was aware of the existence of her neighbor, 3 r. Jabbs Babson, yet for the past three years he had occupied the handsome old house adjoining her own. It was undoubtedly one of the trials of Miss Norris' life that her aristocratic fingers were compelled upon the Sabbath day to drop their ten cent piece into a contribution box held by the plebeian hand of her obnoxious neighbor. Upon such occasions her eyes were steadfastly fixed on the stained glass window opposite, a gift from her Grandfather Pettigill, while every spiral ornament in her bonnet quivered as if it were a sentinel defending the Pettigill-Norris family pride.

Miss Penelope could hardly tell when she began to regard Mr. Babson with a



WATCHED FOR THE LIGHT WHICH DID NOT APPEAR.

feeling far different from aversion. It might have been upon a certain Sunday when, having mislaid her small coin, she raised her eyes in a flutter of embarrassment only to meet a look so admiring that the money was forever lost to the parish of Plattville.

That night in her own room Miss Penelope took out her terrible secret and thought over it tremblingly. She had seated herself at the window with her candlestick on the wide sill. Suddenly she became aware of a similar illumination in the adjoining house. Scarcely knowing what she did, Miss Pen moved her light along the window ledge. The movement was immediately answered. With a heart beating to suffocation she raised it high above her head, her cheeks flushing like a girl's as she saw the small flame opposite take the same course.

After that the days to this little colonial dame were something to be got through as best she could. At night all the thoughts of her heart were told in the interchange of signals.

But there came an evening when Miss Penelope watched through long, silent hours of agony for the light which did not appear. A dull red glow showed through the lowered shade. At midnight a carriage drove up and stopped at Mr. Babson's gate. Then a sudden fierce resentment against her sister filled Miss Pen's soul. He was ill, dying perhaps, and she was barred out.

It was near dawn when the lamp's dull glow disappeared and the small point of flame caused by a candle

showed near the window. Miss Penelope fell on her knees, with heavy breaths tearing her throat, while her clasped hands were raised in mute thanksgiving.

In the morning Ellen was full of the latest neighborhood news while she waited on the ladies at breakfast.

"Oh, sure 'twas like to've died, Mr. Babson did, in the night, ma'am," she began. "He was took bad with pains in his side about 9 o'clock, and Mrs. McGrath sent Peter McGill flying for the doctor. When they got back 'twas on the flat of his back the master was, Peter says, not knowing man nor mortal, and Mrs. McGrath rubbing him with her two hands. And when he come out o' that 'twas only raving about a candle he was and putting it in the window until to quiet him"—

"Ellen!"

Miss Norris' voice interrupted her serving woman in quick alarm. Miss Penelope had fallen forward in a limp heap with her head on the breakfast table.

Half an hour she lay white and weak on her bed, while Miss Norris sat stiffly beside her.

"I think," Miss Penelope said in a faint voice, "that I must have loved him from the very first."

Miss Norris' thin nose drew down until the bone showed white through the skin.

"Dear"—Miss Penelope stretched out one slender hand—"if he lives I think I ought to have the right—to take care of him."

In silence Miss Norris rose and left the room.

But Ellen bore a note to the house next door that afternoon. Peter McGill brought the answer within five minutes, with a huge bunch of roses, a special pale pink variety of Mr. Babson's own cultivation, which he had named the Colonial Dame.

Mr. Babson still passes the contribution box in church, but he now returns to a seat beside a lady in silver gray silk, whose face holds the bloom and happiness of youth. Miss Norris sits very straight at the other side of the lady in question, her eyes fixed resolutely on the stained glass window, as if she would propitiate the ghost of the departed Pettigill.

The Suburban Home.

The suburban home expresses freedom from restraint; it is the home of children; it means purer air; it means more room to move around in; it means gardens, and it implies a social life which years of city living may never engender. These are matters of first importance, and when to them is added the material advantage of lower rents the superiority of the suburban home over the city dwelling is established. There are long rides by trolley or train; there is the necessity of keeping early hours; there are difficulties with limited grocery, butcher and bakery service; there are other practical drawbacks. But over and beyond these is the abiding space of freedom of movement, of ample air and sunlight, of a place to live in.

And that is exactly what a house is for. It is neither to look at nor to serve as an ornament to a highway. That it should be ornamental and should be viewed with interest are matters of course that are extremely desirable, but after all it is the house within that counts; that makes suburban life bearable, adds to its joys, increases its advantages, cements its superiority to every other sort of living unless it be the country life pure and undiluted.—House Beautiful.

A Marvellous Memory.

Cardinal Mezzofanti was possessed of a very wonderful memory, which he applied to the learning of a great number of languages. Lord Byron described him as "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages and a Babelus of parts of speech." He could learn a new language in the course of three weeks on occasion so as to be able to talk fluently with those whose tongue it was. At the age of fifty-four Mezzofanti knew fifty languages. Before his death he is said to have known seventy or eighty. More of these were European than most people would imagine to be the case. For instance, Walachian, Illyrian, the Roman of the Alps, Lettish and Lappish figured among the twenties in his list, for the remainder of which he went to other continents. Mezzofanti's system of learning languages was simple enough where books were available. He read the grammar through, after which he was its master, for he never forgot what he had read. Many of his languages were learned from prisoners whom he visited in their affliction.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grievs. See Box.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Ill.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

HERE ARE THE WATCHES FOR YOU.

The works are Elgin, Waltham or Duerber's, any grade or size you choose at right prices.

Watches and Jewelry repairing done on short notice, and in up-to-date style at the

RED CROSS JEWELRY DEPARTMENT.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land office, Roseburg, Oregon, Feb. 5, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1894.

WILLIAM W. FRIBBLE, of 191 Monroe St., Portland, county of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4073, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of Sec. No. 14, T. 20 S., R. 12 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 9 day of Dec, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Oscar Edwards, of Oakland, Oregon; George Finley, Galen V. Kump, of Crawfordsville, Oregon; E. N. Smith, of Myrtle Point, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9 day of Dec, 1908.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

The Ashland Normal

The Southern Oregon State Normal School begins this year's work September 16th. A large working library has been added; the physical and chemical laboratory has been fully equipped; a new gymnasium building is being erected; and a large and handsome school building is nearing completion. The school grounds are beautiful and picturesque. The health conditions are of the best; and the social environment is pure and stimulating; the course of study has been strengthened and made more practical. The faculty has been increased in numbers and the school is now equipped to do work of the highest order.

This school belongs to Southern Oregon. It desires and merits the patronage of the people of this great section, for catalogue address,

BENJAMIN F. MURPHY, Pres.
C. H. THOMAS, Sec'y.

ITALIAN.... OPERA CO.

The KIMBALL Piano has been selected by this company, which is playing at the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco, as the official instrument of the troupe.

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