

THE LAST DANCE.

The manager of the theater shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know how our people will take to such a backward-looking dance," he said.

"Poor girl," she said, half aloud, "she's a has-been—no mistake. And to be the first to dance with me!"

"I love you," he said, "more than I love the world. I want you, even if they don't. Will you refuse me again?"

She stood up, and the pretty creature, with a gasp, the honoree, the invited. Miss Reville had danced for the last time in public—J. Crane in Buffalo News.

her having engaged a "card" that would not draw even one night, but Miss Gordon did not seem to be blinded by tears and crushed in spirit as she had never been before.

A moment later there came a soft knock outside her door. She opened it and said, "Come in." The door swung open and Joe stepped quickly in.

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There was no good reason to offer for hating him, and the man who had been so kind to her, and who had been so kind to her, and who had been so kind to her.

As she picked her way toward the stage door, along the dark passages, a faint smile ghosted her lips, and she was aware of a hungry little dancer who had so soon departed to the level of commonplace in her profession.

There are no physical limits to heroism. The man who seems, through natural disabilities, least capable of acting heroically, may be the man who saves himself from a dangerous position.

"MAMIE!" boards she danced upon, and at whose affection she had smiled, despite its apparent earnestness. "Poo! that's a matter of scenes—big, quiet, even, handsome—times. She wondered dimly what had become of him; she hoped it was enough that she had met him better than it had her. And even as she said these words to herself she started before her.

"MAMIE!" he cried involuntarily, and then remembering himself, he added in confusion, "I beg your pardon, Miss Gordon. I didn't mean to startle you with my well-worn cap in his hand he bowed his curly head and stepped aside to let her pass. But on the impulsive moment she did not do so. In fact, a strange, hot little wave of something indefinable swept over her heart and she was reflected in her face. She put out her thin hand and he closed his eyes bravely over it.

"Dear old Joe! I do not know you were here. I am going to dance tonight—on trial, and if I have done my turn I will talk over old times. I do not think they will want me, do you?"

Miss Gordon smiled a little sadly and shook her head. "If they do, you will do nothing about it. Good-by, my little girl!"

THEY HAVE WON A RECORD FOR THEIR COOLNESS AND BRAVERY.—GALLANT LADS WHO HAVE ACTED LIKE VETERAN SEAMEN IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

The gallant boys of the naval militia who are manning the auxiliary cruisers Yankee, Yosemite and Prairie, particularly the former, have already won for themselves a record for bravery and coolness in action which the regular marines may well envy.

The Yankee, with its crew of naval militia, was the first to be ordered to the bombardment of the harbor of Santiago.

Her crew had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to attack the Spaniards, and had grown impatient at the delay. The first chance came unexpectedly on the morning of June 1.

Throughout the very excited fight the Yankee was within range of several guns, most of which were in constant action. The vessel was maneuvered in such a way as to keep the solid shot rained upon her.

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most important position in covering the landing of the first troops in Cuba. The landing was effected on the afternoon of June 11. The shallow waters of the bay would permit of the heavy warships approaching near enough to the land to cover the landing of troops from the Spanish commanders who were lurking in the underbrush, so that the smaller vessels were obliged to do practically all the work.

The position of the cruisers Yankee and Marblehead was a particularly dangerous one, owing to the peculiar formation of the shore.

The work of landing the marines required the use of several broadheads had been fired into the thick underbrush to sweep out, as it were, any stray Spaniards who might be ambushed there.

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TALMAGE'S SERMON. "WHERE WE CAME FROM" SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

Text. I. Timothy 6:16; "O Timothy, Keep that Which is Committed to Thy Trust, Avoiding Oppositions of Science Falsely So Called."

There is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God who by the hand of the prophet wrote the words of the Old Testament, wrote the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric light and X-ray apparatus are used in preaching the Christian gospel.

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There is the glorious and magnificent power made man, and by his omnipotent power made the brute creation. The human mind is a power made man, and by his omnipotent power made the brute creation.

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This old ship of a world want? The ship is broken in about the middle of the hull, to leave another mast and another rudder and to evolve all the passengers and solve the ship of the wreckers.

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