She Was Plain Jane Dare

By ROSALIE GRAY

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"JANE DARE is the plain one of the family," people usually remarked when the question of beauty arose. "Celia is lovely. Abigail is fascinating, Emma is a little witch—but poor Jane with her brilliant hair and dull eyes is hopelessly plain."

Jane knew it, and resented it, but kept her hurt feelings hugged to her own bosom. She was the middle one of the family of four motherless girls, and she was the housekeeper, the home-maker. The others had careers, Jane couldn't be spared for a career.

Celia had a voice—Celia was musical—she had worshipers by the dozen. Abigail was a high school teacher, and Emma was a trained nurse.

One winter Celia became engaged to the minister. Shortly after that Abigail attracted the attention of Professor Rodney of a nearby college. Emma might have married any one of her patients any day!

"Jane would make some man a splendid wife and housekeeper—she is wonderful," Celia would sigh.

"Wonderful," Abigail and her professor would echo.

"Perfect," Emma would add, thus placing her laurel wreath on Jane's red hair.

"Rubbish!" Jane would groan dismally.

Today Jane was in a state of inward revolt. Celia had telephoned that she would bring the minister home to dinner; Abigail had sent word that the professor would be there and would Jane please have a prune whip for dessert, and last of all, Emma called up to say that she was bringing some one with her.

"Have the best dinner in the world, darling," she had cooed. "You know how!"

"I will cook the dinner," decided Jane, "and it will be a good dinner—then Rebecca can come down and serve it—I will run away. I can't stand the monotony any longer." All the afternoon she labored over the preparation of the dinner and the arrangement of the table. When everything was ready, only needing Rebecca's skilled hand in serving the meal, Jane bathed and dressed herself in a green linen, took a small, heavily-laden basket and the latest book and left the house. She followed a narrow path through the orchard where apple blossoms fell like snow about her; where robins were throbbing with the evening song.

"I feel wicked, but I am quite contented," said Jane as she sat down on the edge of the overhanging cliff, with her possessions in her lap. She closed her eyes a moment, but they popped open at once, for she was in motion! The turf had broken under her weight, and she was gently, steadily sliding down the sand-faced cliff. Many a time had she done it as a child, squealing with delight to land among the sand dunes on the shore.

"Oh—mercy!" she gasped, as she gained speed. In a scurry of flying sand, clutching her basket, book and sweater to her breast, she tobogganed down the slope and ran plump into a solitary man who was sitting on the sands staring at the far horizon.

"Gracious—child—what do you mean, little girl?" He picked Jane up and shook her a little. "That's a dangerous thing to do. Once when I was a kid I was sliding down that bank and it dislodged a great bowlder. The thing came down and crushed one of my little playmates—broke her arm—"

"Dan Barton—oh, Dannie, do you remember that, and how you waited on me hand and foot until I was well again?" Jane was brilliantly alive now; her clear pale skin was flushed like a sea shell; her loosened hair framed the oval of her face and her green eyes were the color of her jade-green dress.

"Jane Dare! You have grown into a—" He paused breathlessly, as if searching her face for traces of the little playmate.

Jane blushed still deeper, wondering why he spoke that way when every one knew that she was just plain Jane Dare.

"Sit down and tell me all the news," he urged, and Jane did so, hardly able to meet his intense blue gaze. No man had ever looked at her in that way before, but she had seen the minister look at Celia, and Abigail's professor. Suddenly she felt sorry for them all. "I must go home and serve dinner," she exclaimed penitently; and she told him the whole story while they enjoyed the lunch she had brought in the basket. Dan told her how he had planned to spend the summer with his mother in the old house, and how he would commute to and from the city.

"I shall see you often, Jane Dare," he told her as they went slowly through the old woodland path that wound up to the cliff, and the wood road and the orchard, where the blossoms dropped like a bridal veil on "plain Jane's" ruddy hair. They came into the dining room, blissfully happy, and all unaware that they were so. Everybody stared at Jane with the sparkling green eyes, the bright hair, the rose-tinted cheeks. And they saw their old friend, Danny Barton, whose coming had brought about this transformation.

"Never say 'plain Jane' again!" muttered the minister to his betrothed, and no one ever did!

Pure Anglo-Saxon Stock

Ellen Churchill Semple in the bulletin of the American Geographic society says in regard to the inhabitants of the mountainous regions of southeastern Kentucky that they are the purest Anglo-Saxon stock in the United States. There is practically no intermixture. They are direct descendants of the early Virginia and North Carolina immigrants. The stock is chiefly English and Scotch-Irish, which is largely Teutonic in origin. There is scarcely a trace of foreign admixture. Occasionally there is a French name which points to a strain of Huguenot blood from over the mountains in North Carolina, and names of Germans who came down from the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements.

Composition of Fog

The dense fogs which during the winter months, especially, are apt to afflict great maritime cities are in their essentials, merely cumulus clouds resting upon the ground, or near it. It is the soot and other impurities they hold in solution that cause them to be unpleasant. A sea fog is the same thing, minus the impurities. Being composed of particles of watery vapor, it is clean and though dangerous to shipping, it is not particularly so to breathe. Low-lying city fogs are usually shallow, though some have been found by aeronauts to extend upward to a height of 2,500 feet.

Vacations on Ranches

"Dude" ranches are colorful vacation havens in Texas, the Dakotas, Montana and Wyoming. "Dude" ranching is not a new business by any means, according to the owner of one of the largest of such ranches. As far back as 1847 Howard Eaton, pioneer "dude" rancher, moved from Pittsburgh to Dakota. At various times he invited his friends out for visits, and they enjoyed it so much that they came back as paying guests. Later Mr. Eaton moved to Wyoming and started another ranch, and many others of the same kind are now operating.

What Is Force of Habit?

The brain is like a dense forest, and our thoughts are backwoodsmen blazing a trail. When once a certain thought has passed through, it is easier for the same kind of thought to come again. That is habit. Fold a piece of paper, then spread it out. It is easier to fold it again in the same crease than in any other way. That is habit. So, to create a habit of cheerfulness, we must send cheerful thoughts along again and again until the trail in our minds is thoroughly blazed. Then it will be easy to be cheerful.—R. P. Anderson.

MILLINGTON

Miss Martha Pennington, of Nevasink, N. J., is spending ten days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Liston Pennington.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson, of Chestertown, visited friends in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stack were guests this week of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch, of Oxford, Pa.

Miss Marguerite Carson spent last Tuesday with her parents in Dover, Del.

Little Miss Ethel Stevens is quite sick at the home her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stevens, on West Cypress St.

Mr. Harry Higman and family were guests ths week of relatives in Media and Chester, Pa.

Misses Emma Jones, Pauline Comegys, Frances Turner and Mildred Neal, of Salisbury, Normal School, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents in and near town.

Mrs. Anna Taylor returned home on Tuesday of last week, after spending three months in Middletown, Del.

Mrs. Maria Stevens visited her son, Mr. Edward Stevens, of Sudlersville, on Christmas Day.

Rev. R. L. Tawes and family were guests this week of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tawes, of Cirsfield, Md.

Mr. Richard Comegys, of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys.

Mr. Samuel Tibbett moved last week from near Blanco into his house on East Cypress St., which he recently purchased of Mr. John Robbins and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor moved last Saturday from Hotel Bailey into their home on Hurtt Avenue; Mr. James Moore moved last Monday from his home on West Cypress St., to the home of the late John Moore at E. Cypress St. and Railroad Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ahern visited their daughter, Mrs. P. H. Wood, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., this week.

Mrs. W. E. Stevens is the guest of her brother, Mr. Walters Painter, of Sudlersville.

Mr. J. C. Numbers, of Parlin, N. J., spent a few days this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Numbers.

Miss Helen Vansant went to Emergency Hospital, Eoston, Md., on Thursday of last week, for special treatment. Besides her mother, Mrs. George Jones, she was accompanied by her cousin, Mrs. Eva Marvel, and her brother, Mr. Edward Vansant.

Misses Marie and Alice Higman, of Philadelphia, and Miss Helen Higman, of Wilmington visited ther parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hgman, near town, this week.

Mr. and Ms. John H. Tobin, and little daughter, Jean, were guests on Christmas Day of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tobin, of Middlettown, Del.

Miss Mary Numbers, of Northampton, Mass., is spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Numbers.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society, of Asbury M. E. Church, will hold a "Family Party" in the Community Hall next Thursday, January 3, at 5.30 p. m. A covered dish supper will be a leading feature of the evening. Come, bring your sandwiches and covered dish and eenjoy the evening with us. A free will offering will be taken for the benefit of missions.

Messrs. James and Victor Pennington, of Baltimore, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Liston Pennington this week.

Mr. Albeert Godwin, of Philadelphia, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Godwin, near town on Christmas Day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burris spent several days this week with relatives in Penn's Grove, N. J., and Wilmington.

May the editors of this paper have a very Happy New Year.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mrs. Emma Shafer and Miss Emma Shafer and Mr. and Mrs. Lin Redmile attended the funeral of Mrs. Shafers sister, Mrs. Dodson in Philadelphia on Thursday.

Mrs. George Glenn and Mrs. Aca Crew attended the wedding of their nephew, Mr. Harold Crew on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. McGinnis, of Rock Hall, spent Christmas Day with their daughter, Mrs. Earl Nickerson.

Miss Daisy Ford and Miss Della Spry, of Wilmington, and Mrs. Kate Ford, of Still Pond, are spending some time with Mrs. Wilmer Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston and son, Howard, spent Christmas in Baltimore with relatives.

A prize pen of hogs for 1928 and we believe in the county were butchered by Mr. Lewis Ford on the Noland Farm on December 15. Twelve hogs were killed which averaged 385 lbs. each. Who can beat it?

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young motored to Baltimore on Christmas morning and spent the day with their children.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smyth, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Robinson, of Baltimore, visited their parents the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ruth returned home Monday evening, congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell went to Philadelphia on Sunday where they expect to spend the winter.

Miss Sue Johnston, of Washington, and Miss Annie Weer, of Baltimore, spent Christmas with relatives here.

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry

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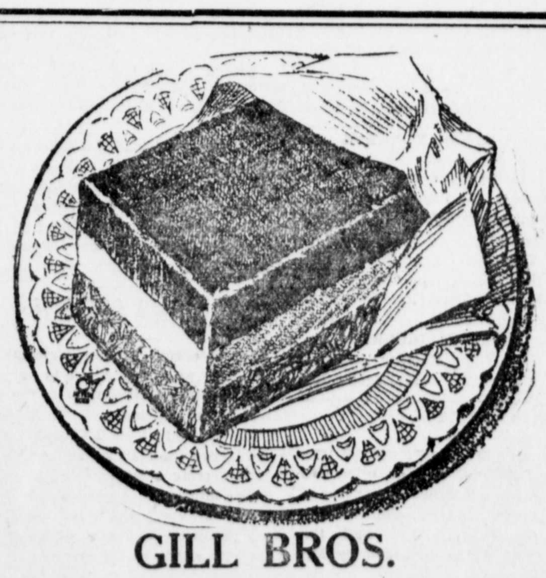

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