AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 44. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2,1899. NO. 7.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY Md.

1899 October. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., C. H. Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whitby; Secretary, W. K. Scotten; Treasurer, T. Fred Towers. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Vice Councilor, C. Harry Whitby; Recording Secretary, C. R. Wilson; Treasurer Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7:30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A. — Councilor, Miss May Roe; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Murry; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m., in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2:00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3:00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank — Joseph H. Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services. Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South) — Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

GEORGE M. RUSSUM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, State's Attorney for Caroline County, Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
DEWEESE & OWENS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER, LAW AND COLLECTIONS, Denton, Md.

J. KEMP STEVENS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY R. LEWIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

JOHN W. CLARK, AUCTIONEER, Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING, CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR, Denton, Md

JAMES SWANN, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE. Denton, Md.

RICHARD NICHOLS, TONSORIAL ARTIST, Denton, Md.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST, Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST, Denton, Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE, PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST, Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Denton, Md.
Office at Brown's Drug Store.
Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M. 1 to 3 P. M. 7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

CHARLES E. TUCKER, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

EDWIN H. BROWN, Attorney at-Law, Centreville, Md.

MADISON B. BORDLEY, Attorney-at Law, Centreville, Md.

P. B. HOPPER, Attorney-at Law, Centreville, Md.

J. FRANK HARPER, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville Md.

J. H. C. LEGG, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

T. J. KEATING, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

A. R. WEEDON, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

JAS. T. BRIGHT, Attorney at Law, Centreville, Md.

H. D. W. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

JOHN E. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Centreville, Md.

ALFRED L. THARP, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

GEORGE W. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

CLAYLAND MULLIKIN, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

WM. H. ADKINS, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

J. FRANK TURNER, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

WM. E. STEWART, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

Harry B. Mason, House Painter and Decorator, DENTON, MD.
Having had ten years' experience with skilled mechanics in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Wilmington. I can give estimates, contracts and skilled work. Fair prices by the hour, day, or job.

AN ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

"YES," cried my friend Amory, as he rose to go, "the whole world is run by chance, and no one can make me think differently."

We had been spending an evening at whist, and now that the game was over, we four had enjoyed a social cigar before separating.

The talk had turned upon serious matters, and Amory, an agnostic, had advanced his favorite theory that everything was governed by chance alone.

Clark, who had studied for the ministry, but was now in business, had combated with him for a vigorous half hour, and as the night was old, and we were about to part, it was evident from Amory's last remark that he had not been convinced.

"For myself," said I, also rising, "I have listened to you both, and have said nothing; but if you will come to my rooms to-morrow night, I agree to tell you a story that bears upon the matter, and then you can better decide which theory is the right one."

It was agreed, and the next night, after a little supper, my three friends settled themselves about my open fire and told me to begin.

"You will remember my brother-in-law, Merriam, of the navy? Well, 13 years ago, he was in Paris, on leave. He had a good-looking, smart valet, for he knew but little of the customs of the country, and needed some one to assist him, and he thought he had a most desirable servant, until one night he woke to see the fellow at his cash-box, with a dark-lantern at one side.

"Ned did not wait, but springing from his bed he seized the man, and they had a hand-to-hand struggle in the dark, for the lantern was overturned the first thing.

"Merriam was of good size, and it was evident that he was about overpowering the valet when the fellow stabbed him, and slipped from his grasp out of the door and escaped. The wound was not a bad one, and as he had in turn given the thief a good pounding he did not follow.

"Upon examining his cash-box, he found that the man had only taken some 200 francs and a handsome meerschaum pipe that he had recently bought, and, feeling himself a stranger in a strange land, he concluded to call the matter square and not to go to the police at all, which conclusion he followed, and he never saw his valet in France again.

"When he returned home, naturally he told of the experience and described the pipe to me, as it was a curious one, and seemed to be the thing that he most regretted losing.

"It was a Turk's head, small, and with flowing hair and beard, with the mouth open, as if laughing, and in the back of the mouth the artist had inserted one small gold tooth that could only be seen if you knew where to look for it.

"It was just the sort of thing a naval officer would fancy and spend his money for, and as I say, it was the one article that Ned most seemed to miss by the robbery.

"Five years after the occurrence that I have related, an old client of mine introduced me to a gentleman one day by the name of Dupray. He was a Frenchman who had come to England to engage in business, and in some way had become acquainted with Mr. Leroy.

"Leroy was a merchant, rich, queer, and with no family but his daughter. Now this daughter, strangely enough, was entirely opposite to her father.

"He was homely, she was beautiful; he was queer and rough; she was one of the sweetest women that I ever had the good fortune to meet; he wanted everything his way, and she was willing to do his will in every particular but one, and in that I upheld her against her father, and to his disgust.

"She wanted to marry a young man who was a doctor in a neighboring town, while her father desired that she should make a grand match with some one who should raise her from the level on which she was born.

"A few days after my first meeting with Dupray, Leroy came to my office in a most merry frame of mind, and in a few moments announced to me that the Frenchman was in love with his daughter, and would marry her if he would allow it.

"The Frenchman was willing to settle on her all the property that her father might leave her, so that he was not after her fortune.

"'He's a fine man, too, Hamilton,' said the old merchant, rubbing his hands; 'comes of one of the old families, and has plenty of money. I think we shall make a good thing of it if Marcia marries him.'

"'Well, I suppose she will, of course, if you demand it,' said I, knowing how strong was his control over her, and wondering whether she had given the young doctor up. 'What does she say?'

"The old fellow's face sobered.

"'That girl's the apple of my eye, as you know, but she's as stubborn as her old daddy. She refuses, unless I can produce what she calls proof of the high standing of Dupray, and he has sent to France for the papers.'

"I thought for a moment and then said:

"'Was the wedding to have been at once, before she made this demand?'

"'That's it. I wanted her to have him, and he wanted her at once, for we were to go to the continent together—and make the wedding trip a sort of business trip, too. But—confound it—you know the girl, and she has simply backed out until the papers come. It's all right, though, and in two weeks the matter will be arranged.'

"I cogitated a little and then said:

"'Better have the settlement drawn while you are waiting. I suppose you intend to give Marcia everything, and you might make the will and then have Dupray sign the settlement, or at least have it all drawn up so that it can be signed when the time comes. I am free to tell you that I want to draw that paper, for while your foreign son-in-law may be the best fellow in the world, and willing to promise everything now, I am going to put British law about his neck, so that he will have to keep his promise by-and-by if he should want to change his mind.'

"The old man laughed.

"'I know you were always in favor of that young doctor, and he's a good enough fellow, but now that a better man has come along and wants my girl, and she is willing, he's going to have her. But it's right that everything should be done in proper form, and I'll bring Dupray down in a day or two and we'll fix the things up.'

"Three days later, one afternoon, Leroy and the Frenchman came into the office. Dupray was as polite as one could ask, and yielded a quick consent to all the suggestions I made with relation to the papers to be executed; but, somehow, as I began to write, I felt that he was not friendly with me, and that he laid it at my door that these papers were being brought to a head so certainly before the marriage.

"You may be sure that when that idea took possession of my mind, I was stubborn enough to determine that the papers should be drawn and signed that day; and when Leroy proposed that they should leave me to my writing, while they went and had a smoke, I said:

"'No, smoke here; and then when I want you to sign I shall not have to run after you.'

"And they sat down again.

"Leroy took out some cigars, and offered one to the Frenchman and one to me. I declined, as I do not like to smoke and work, and the Frenchman declined, saying that he preferred a pipe, produced from his inside pocket a handsome meerschaum, and proceeded to fill and light it.

"Remember that this was more than five years since my brother-in-law had told me of his foreign experience, and I doubt if I had thought of it even for half that time.

"Well, the two men smoked and I wrote, but all the time with that uneasy feeling that sometimes comes when you are not in accord with your surroundings, and it was with satisfaction that after an hour I completed the first draft of the paper and laid down my pen to read it to the high contracting parties.

"As I turned in my chair with the agreement in my hand, Leroy threw away the stub of his third cigar, while the Frenchman removed his pipe from his lips and drew nearer to me to listen carefully to the legal bars that he knew I was preparing to keep him out of the money. I felt pleased to think that it was so, and perhaps my face showed a trace too much of that pleasure.

"As I began to read, the man replaced his pipe in his mouth, and from time to time blew clouds of soft, aromatic smoke in my face; but as I was a smoker myself, I determined not to allow this to disconcert me, as I had no doubt he intended it to do, but read steadily on. When an agreement had been covered, I would pause and look at Leroy for his approval, then continue to read.

"At one of these pauses, for no known reason, my eyes turned upon the pipe held loosely in the Frenchman's hand as he sat listening at my side, and my heart leaped into my very mouth as I saw that it was a Turk's head, small and with flowing hair and beard, with an open, laughing mouth, wherein gleamed a single small gold tooth.

"It was the pipe that my brother-in-law had described to me as having been stolen by his valet.

"'May I see your handsome pipe?' said I, extending my hand, while my eyes studied the face of the Frenchman. 'It certainly is a beautiful one, and very odd. Where did you find it?'

"For an instant the fellow hesitated, his mouth twitching, then he handed the pipe to me, replying:

"'I purchased it in Paris some years ago, from a friend who imports them. I think it rather a curio in its way myself.'

"'It surely is,' I said, 'for I never saw but one like it, and that belonged to a naval officer, Lieut. Merriam. It was stolen from him, I think, in Paris.'

"The man's face flamed in an instant.

"'What!' he cried, 'do you accuse me of stealing this pipe? Do you call me a thief?'

"As he spoke, the door of the outer office swung slowly open, and a man entered who advanced directly to our group. I looked up in surprise, but before I could speak the newcomer said:

"'No, Felix, he does not; but I do. This is my pipe, and this is the man who stole it from me five years ago! And with a quick motion he seized the article in question. 'And now will you kindly call the police?'

"It was unnecessary. With a single, startled curse, the Frenchman fled before I could rise from my chair, and Merriam, home unexpectedly on leave, turned to grasp my hand, with a laugh, saying:

"'How I frightened that rascal! What was he doing here?'

"'Only some business with my friend, Mr. Leroy, here,' said I, with a meaning look at the old merchant; 'but I think we are well rid of him, and shall not seek to follow him. Was it not strange that you should have happened to come in at the very moment when I had told him that the pipe was similar to the one which you lost? A lucky chance, I call it.'

"'No, sir, it was no chance,' interrupted Mr. Leroy, 'but an act of Providence direct to prove to me that I am an old fool, and to save my girl. Hamilton, you may tear those papers up. My Marcia will marry the man of her choice, if she marries at all. Good day!'"—N. Y. Weekly.

Hand-Made Voices.

Voices made to order are the latest thing in surgery. Actual operations have demonstrated that the larynx, or vocal box, can be successfully removed, and the patient may not only survive the shock, but recover. In order to restore speech to the patient an artificial larynx and vocal cords are provided. The voice artificially produced is incapable of inflection, but, although it is a monotone, the patient is perfectly able to carry on a conversation.—Waverly.

A Cycling Calculation.

An Italian engineer has calculated that there must be by this time as many as 10,000,000 cyclists in the world. If only half of them were to mount their machines on the same day, each traversing 12½ miles, their combined journeys would represent a distance equal to 2,500 times the circumference of the earth. These startling figures help us to form some idea of the importance of the cycle as a factor in modern civilization.—Boston Traveler.

Might, But Won't.

Usually the man of might is a man who won't.—Chicago Daily News.

The Wall That Turned

"CATHCART," said Mr. Mortimer, the senior partner of that eminent firm of jewelers, Mortimer, Dowie & Co., "I want you to run down this evening to Bellington to Sir John Lansdell's place, the Towers. Sir John, who, as I dare say you are aware, is about to marry, has requested our firm to forward by special messenger a number of costly jewels from which to select a fitting present for his future wife. You are to sleep at the Towers to-night, so can return by the first up-train to-morrow. Of course Sir John's name precludes all possibility of roguery—still, don't forget the vast responsibility of your trust."

Three hours later I started for Bellington, a small village in one of our southern counties. I took with me in a strong leathern case (placed, so as not to attract attention, in an old traveling bag) a most choice sample of Mortimer, Dowie & Co.'s stock, including a superb tiara of diamonds that alone ran well into five figures. In my pocket, bearing in mind my employer's final warning, I carried a revolver.

At Bellington station, though Sir John had been apprised by telegraph of my coming, I found, somewhat to my annoyance, that no trap had been sent to meet me, nor was any conveyance procurable in the village. However, as the distance to the Towers was barely two miles, I made light of my inconvenience and set out to walk.

"First to the right and second to the left," was the station master's direction.

The night was pitch dark, for the moon had not yet risen, and on leaving the highway I found the country road down which I slowly made my way absolutely deserted. I must have been near that second turning mentioned by the station master, which would lead me direct to my destination, when a deep groan, as though from some one in pain, broke the deep silence, and, peering through the gloom, I made out the form of a man sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside.

"For heaven's sake!" moaned a voice, "help me to reach the Towers. I think I can get along if you give me your arm."

Though by nature a kindly man, a keen sense of the trust reposed in my discretion tempered pity with caution. Indeed, had it not been for the mention of the Towers I should, I think, have hurried forward and dispatched some of Sir John's people to the sufferer's aid. As it was, I cautiously approached, and when within a bare yard struck a match, which, as the air was still, burned clearly.

"I am Geoffrey Lansdell," said the man, raising his head—and that he spoke the truth his face, from its striking resemblance to Sir John's, bore ample testimony—"I am Geoffrey Lansdell, and must again pray your help to enable me to reach my brother's house. Thank you, sir," he continued, as I assisted him to rise. "I am, unfortunately, liable to these seizures, to one of which I succumbed as I was on my way to meet a gentleman whom we expected this evening from Messrs. Mortimer, the jewelers. Perhaps, sir, you are he?"

"You are right, sir," I answered; "I am. My name is Cathcart, and I am in the employ of Messrs. Mortimer, Dowie & Co., by whose orders I am now on my way to the Towers."

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Lansdell, "for now, as I shall put you to no inconvenience, I can accept your aid without compunction. We will go by the fields," indicating a swing-gate by the roadside. "I do not wish to be seen in my present state, as I should unquestionably be were we to return by the main entrance. Sir John has a large party staying at the Towers, and I have no desire to cause needless alarm."

We crossed a field, and, having traversed a thick copse, came upon a high wall, pierced at this point by a low door. This, on being opened by my companion, admitted us into the garden. Leaning heavily on my arm, Mr. Lansdell led me down a path till we reached what was apparently the rear of one of the wings of the house. A postern that faced us was opened by my companion, and we found ourselves at the bottom of a winding flight of stone steps. Mounting these, we entered a handsomely furnished room—the library, judging from the serried rows of books that lined the walls—in the center of which was a table laid apparently for supper.

"Sit down, Mr. Cathcart," said my conductor, "and refresh yourself after your journey. I shall take half an hour's rest on the sofa. I shall be quite myself again by then, and will let my brother know you are here."

I required no pressing; but, sitting down, commenced, with keen appetite, to attack the choice viands spread before me.

When I had finished Mr. Lansdell rose, and after courteously inquiring whether my time was now at Sir John's disposal, left the room to return in a few minutes later with the master of the Towers.

Sir John, a well-preserved man of five-and-fifty, having examined closely such jewels as I had with me, was pleased to accord to my employers the highest praise for the taste they had displayed in making their selection. Indeed, he carried his eulogy to the practical extent of purchasing, with one or two unimportant exceptions, every gem with which I had been intrusted, and, what was more, of writing a check in payment of the same.

"And now, Mr. Cathcart," he said, as he handed me the valuable slip of paper, "I must return to my friends. Geoffrey, you will see that this gentleman wants for nothing. Good night."

And he quitted the room, carrying his purchase with him.

Geoffrey Lansdell, now that he had recovered from his indisposition, proved himself an ideal host, and when I state that his powers of entertainment were as exceptional as Sir John's wine and cigars, I rate them highly.

It was long past midnight ere we thought of retiring, and then Mr. Lansdell insisted upon himself seeing me to my chamber, which was situated at the end of a long corridor.

We parted at my bedroom door with every expression of good will, Sir John's brother promising that he would give immediate directions for me to be called at a sufficiently early hour on the morrow to catch the first up-train.

I undressed leisurely, noting as I did so the unusual shape of the room. It was apparently a perfect oval, and was lighted from above by a circular skylight. It had no windows, nor, indeed, any outlet save the door by which I had entered.

After remarking for a brief space on the singular conformation, which I put down to the eccentric plan on which ancient mansions are sometimes built, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts, and was soon in bed. Yet, though tired, sleep came not at first, and when at last it fell on me in fitful and scant measure, it brought with it a troop of eerie fantasies and phantoms.

I must have been tossing uneasily in my bed for some three hours, when, suddenly, a strange tremor, accompanied by a low, soft whirr, seemed to pervade the room. So vivid was the impression that I reached over for the matches and struck a light.

My eyes fell upon the door. To my utter amazement it was moving—moving slowly from right to left across the foot of my bed. I glanced at the pictures; they too were in motion. The entire wall was revolving.

At that instant the light faded and went out. Quickly I lit another match. Lah! I must have been dreaming, or the victim of a hallucination. The door, the pictures were still. Yet, surely they had changed their position, for the door, which, when I retired to bed, I had thought to be on my right hand, was now certainly on my left. Still, was it not more feasible that my memory had played me false than that such could be? My brain was over-weary—that was all. So I lay down, and, closing my eyes, wooed sleep, which at last came, but still troubled, and full of evil fancies.

When I awoke it was broad day. Nearly seven o'clock, my watch said—barely time to dress hurriedly and catch the train to town. Vexed that Mr. Lansdell had been so neglectful of his promise to have me called betimes, I sprang out of bed and donned my clothes in haste.

Snatching up my bag, I was on the point of leaving the room, when I remembered that I had left my watch beneath the pillow; so placing my bag without the door (without myself crossing the threshold), I hurried back to the bed.

When I turned my bag was gone. My eyes had been off it for barely a second, and yet it had vanished—totally, inexplicably vanished. The corridor, some 30 yards long, led, as I had noticed the preceding night, to my chamber only, the oak paneling that covered its entire length being broken by neither window nor door. Clearly, then, no one could have taken my property down the passage without detection. Whither—how had it gone?

Then through my brain flashed the strange experience of the preceding night, and gave me pause. Sitting on my bed, I passed in review the events of the last few hours, and as I pondered over the strangeness of my coming to the Towers, and of my stay there—the nonarrival of any trap to meet me at the station, the singular indisposition of Geoffrey Lansdell by the wayside, the secrecy of my introduction to the house, and my isolation from all save its master and his brother—an apprehension that was akin to dismay rose within me. I clearly recognized that there was no jot of evidence to even suggest my arrival, and that my disappearance would arouse not the faintest suspicion against Sir John.

Crossing to the door, I grasped the jambs and cautiously advanced my left foot. Beneath the slight pressure the flooring gently gave, moving noiselessly downward on a hinge some six feet from where I stood. I drew back, and with a spring easily leaping this death trap, ran down the corridor. At the end a dead wall confronted me.

All doubt was over. I had not been tricked by fancy; the wall of my room had revolved, shifting the door from the corridor I had traversed the night before to this cul-de-sac with its cunningly devised snare. A clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, for I recognized with horror that for the sake of jewels Sir John was compassing my death. Only the merest chance had enabled me to escape a cruel fate from which, should my wits now fail me, I must expect but brief respite.

My first act on regaining my room was to drag my bed across the open door; then, with the aid of my pocket knife I cut and tore the sheets, blankets and counterpane into long slips, with which I made a tolerably strong rope some 50 feet in length. This I tied firmly to one of the legs of the bed, and having forced open the trapdoor, dropped in through the crevice into space. Then, gripping the top of my cord, I knelt on the treacherous flooring. It gave beneath my weight, and I went down into the dark chasm.

With no little trepidation did I make my descent, for I knew not whether my rope was of sufficient length. Nor were my fears without cause, for I had come to within a foot of its limit ere I touched ground. Then with a sigh of relief I loosened my hold, and taking a box of matches from my pocket struck a light and lit the candle I had had the foresight to bring with me.

I stood within a dungeon 20 feet square, with, save the shaft down which I had descended, no outlet but a ponderous door, locked and bolted on the outside. I looked round. The ground was roughly paved with large flags of sandstone, broken and thickly covered with a lichenous growth. At one spot two had been raised to permit of an excavation some four feet in depth being made. A shudder traveled through me—it looked like a grave!

At my feet lay my bag. It had been burst open by the fall, and its contents were strewn about in considerable confusion. The case, however, which contained such few jewels as Sir John had discarded when making his selection was comparatively uninjured.

Before my eyes hung the improvised rope by which I had effected my descent. That must be destroyed. I applied a match to the dry linen. The flame sped upwards, illuminating the humid sides of the black shaft as it leapt aloft. It burned out against the trap through which I had come. A tenous cloud of black ash floated slowly downward, and darkness again closed in. Then stretching myself on the ground, my right hand gripping my revolver, hidden beneath me, I waited my fate.

Soon I heard steps approaching; they halted without the door, and after a few seconds of hushed colloquy the grind of heavy bolts being drawn from their sockets and the creaking of a rusty lock fell on my ears. Sir John entered, followed by his brother.

He raised the lantern which he carried above his head and peered into the gloom.

"Good!" he exclaimed, at length. "My dear Geoffrey, you deserve my heartiest congratulations for the skill with which you have furthered my scheme. You have well earned your reward; it shall be yours to-day. But let us lose no time. Take out the fellow's pocketbook—'tis in his breast pocket, I think; you'll find my check there. Better destroy that. I'll look for what I didn't choose last night. Ah, there it is, I suppose, in that case."

He turned aside, while Mr. Lansdell, bending over me, unbuttoned my coat. Of a sudden, as he was about to insert his hand into my pocket, I fired.

"I'm done!" he gasped, and staggering backward fell into the grave he had intended for his victim.

In an instant I had covered Sir John with my weapon.

"Move at your peril!" I cried, as I rose from the ground.

His face flushed pale with fear and rage as our eyes met in a long, relentless glare for mastery. Then his fell.

"What would you do?" he said, with an insolent shrug of his shoulders.

"Hand me that case," I answered.

He seemed disinclined to obey.

"Quick!" I cried, "or—"

He no longer hesitated.

"Now," I said, "hold up your hands."

"Why, you wretched bagman?" he sneered, but for all that obeyed.

"Surely a superfluous question," I said, backing—the barrel of my revolver still upon him—to the door.

"Look here!" he yelled. "What the—"

His remaining words were lost in the clang of the massive door as I swung it after me. With desperate haste I shot the bolts.

"You hound!" shrieked the trapped man, striking the hard wood with impotent fury. "Would you leave me here to die?"

"Did you consider me?" I made answer, as I turned upon my heel.

His blasphemies and curses followed me as I slowly groped my way up the narrow passage, dying away at last into bursts of inarticulate rage.

When I had, as far as I could judge, traversed some hundred or more yards, my further progress was arrested by a closed door.

Fortunately, however, the miscreants had not removed the key, so, opening it without delay, I entered a small domed building of marble, and lighted by colored windows of rare beauty.

As, however, the door of this building was locked and the key gone, I had perforce to break several of the stained panes in order to effect an exit.

Clambering through the opening I had made, I found myself in a spinney, whence I was soon able to gain the road, and, hurrying to the station, was just in time for the 11:30 express.

I reached our establishment shortly after midday, and at once requested an interview with Mr. Mortimer, to whom I related in full my adventure.

"I thought it better, sir," I said, in conclusion, "to confide my experience to you ere laying it before the police."

"In this, Cathcart," said my employer, "you have, as always, shown great discretion. Tomson" — opening the door and calling one of my confreres—"pay this check it to the firm's account at once. This affair," he continued, as he resumed his seat, "is emphatically not one for the police. For any inconvenience you may have suffered you shall be fully indemnified"—he subsequently redeemed his promise in a most handsome manner—"Mr. Lansdell's death is not an incident to be regretted. Sir John, however, must be treated with due consideration and forbearance. He has been an excellent customer in the past, and I doubt not, if we discreetly ignore this unfortunate peccadillo, will be so again in the future. I shall myself, as soon as his money is secure, see that he is released from his present awkward position without any scandal."

A few months later Sir John Lansdell was married, and, until his lamented death in July last, he continued to patronize Messrs. Mortimer, Dowie & Co.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Irish Peerage.

An Irish peerage does not confer upon its holder the right to a seat in the house of lords, but the whole body of Irish peers can elect a certain number to represent them in the dignified upper house of parliament. The last vacancy has been filled by the election of the earl of Drogheda. The title dates from 1661, but the founder of the family was a soldier of fortune—Sir Edward Moore—who went over to Ireland during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Poinsoby William Moore, present holder of the title, is the ninth earl of Drogheda, and has one son and one daughter. Though Irish peers are not by birth entitled to sit in the house of peers, they may, if not representative peers, hold seats in the house of commons when elected by a constituency.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Dewey Cut the Manila Cable.

Being asked by an intimate friend if he really cut the cable between Manila and Hong-Kong, not to shut off the Spaniards from home orders, but rather to get beyond quick reach of the United States navy department, Dewey suavely said: "We had no apparatus for cabling on board ship. But even if we could have obtained it, the cable company would have been obliged to refuse to receive or transmit messages in that way. It could not have afforded to do anything that would enable the Spaniards—in case they returned to power in Manila after the war—to withhold payment of their subsidy. Don't you think these reasons are good enough?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Air Bag.

"I see from the papers that a man fell into the docks and was drowned," said Phildog.

"Couldn't swim, I suppose," said Wagster.

"That goes for nothing," said Phildog. "Look at me. When I was washed overboard, going to the Isle of Man, I couldn't swim a stroke, yet I kept myself afloat by keeping my head—"

"Certainly, your head kept you up," remarked Wagster.

They don't speak now.—Spare Moments.

WHAT IT IS ABOUT.

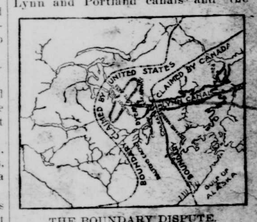
A Succinct Account of Our Little Trouble with Canada.

The Gold Discoveries in Alaska Have Given New Value to the Coast Line, and Our Greedy Neighbor Wants Part of It.

It would be most deplorable if the much-talked-of Anglo-American alliance, toward which so much real progress has been made within the past year, should suffer serious reversal over a matter of such comparatively slight importance as the possession of a few hundred miles of Arctic coast line. Yet this is a peril that threatens in the strained relations between our government and Canada arising out of the Alaskan boundary dispute.

This protracted boundary dispute has reference to a narrow strip of territory running down from the main body of the Alaskan peninsula between British America and the Pacific ocean, terminating at the border of British Columbia in latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes north. This strip has an average width of about 50 miles, and but for the discovery of gold in Alaska it might have been regarded as not worth talking about. It includes a fringe of islands along the coast, a number of inlets, and is bounded at the south extremity by a navigable channel known as the Portland canal, and at the north by a similar passage known as the Lynn canal. On the latter, and on Chilkat inlet adjacent, are the ports of Taiya, Skaguay and Pyramid Harbor, commanding the three passes to the Yukon gold fields, and of great importance now from a commercial point of view because of this fact.

The United States, says Leslie's Weekly, claims absolute sovereignty over all this strip of territory, including the Lynn and Portland canals and the



THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.
(Map Shows the Claims of the United States and Canada.)

ports named. It rests its claim upon its interpretation of certain clauses in the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, the United States succeeding to all the rights of Russia when it assumed possession of Alaska in 1867. By that convention the boundary between Alaska and British America was fixed as either the mountains "situated parallel with the coast," or "a line parallel with the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues," or about 30 miles. The chief point at issue relates to the basis of measurement on the coast from which the "ten marine leagues" are to be counted. Our government has insisted that the sinuosities or windings of the coast mentioned in the Anglo-Russian agreement should form the starting point of measurement. This would give us the strip of territory as it has always been represented on our maps of Alaska, and the absolute control of all the seaports and ports of entry to the Yukon mining district.

It is the Canadian contention that the starting point, or basis of measurement, should be a line drawn between two headlands at the mouth of the Lynn canal. This would give Canada one or more ports of entry on the canal and reduce the whole area of our possessions on this coast by several hundred square miles. According to the American measurement the village of Klukwan, an Indian village on the Chilkat inlet, would be in Alaskan territory by about two miles, while the Canadians' measurement would bring it within their territory. The ownership of a valuable gold-mining district on Porcupine creek is also affected by the line of measurement. Canada originally claimed Taiya and Skaguay, but was willing to abandon those claims if Pyramid Harbor, at the head of Lynn canal, were conceded to her.

A joint high commission, made up of representatives from Canada, England and the United States, was appointed a year ago to settle several long-standing questions between us and Canada, including the fur-seal and other fisheries, transportation across the boundary, mining rights, alien labor laws, reciprocity in tariffs and extradition. The commission was in the way of coming to an agreement on all these matters when the boundary dispute came up, and on this rock the negotiations went to pieces. Arbitration was proposed, but here again there was an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to who the arbitrators should be, and that resource came to naught. In the case of the United States, any compromise would amount to the loss of its whole contention, for once Canada is admitted to the Lynn canal the United States would be deprived of the only weapon which it now possesses for the protection of miners going into the Klondike from extortion, and perhaps expulsion, by Canada. It was for this reason that Secretary Hay rejected the Canadian proposal to arbitrate, attended by the condition that in any case Pyramid Harbor should be bestowed upon Canada.

Took Their Own Forks.

Before the revolution in France it was customary, when a gentleman was invited to dinner, for him to send his servant with a knife, fork and spoon; or, if he had no servants, he carried them with him in his vest pocket.

Earned Applause.

Hewitt—I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday, and I don't see how you could laugh at the table stories that Grewitt was telling.

Jewitt—He was paying for the dinner.—Stray Stories.

No Doubt of It.

Reformer—If every drop of liquor were at the north pole the world would be better off.

The Other Fellow—And I'll bet the north pole would be discovered