AMERICAN U[illegible]ON.

VOL. 47. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER [illegible] NO. 10.

E. ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

1902 December 1902

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	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 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 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.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown 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.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
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, TALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-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.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

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

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

E. M. BAKER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
1209 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE,
ATTORNEY-AT LAW,
Denton, Md.

Subscribe for THE UNION and get the news.

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville. O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Kiss

ALL the six batteries of the N. reserve artillery brigade on their way to the camps stopped to pass the night in the village of Mestechko. When the tumult was at its highest, and the officers bustled about noisely near the cannon, a man in plain clothes appeared on horseback from behind the church, lifting his hat, said:

"His Highness, Lieut. Gen. von Rabbek, invites the gentlemen officers to his house for tea."

And the man on horseback raised his hat again and disappeared behind the church.

A half an hour later the officers, 19 in number, stood at the threshold of the general's house. They were met by Von Robbek himself, a good-looking old man of about 60, in plain clothes. The general shook their hands and smiled, though it was clearly evident on his face that he invited the officers merely because he thought decency required it.

When the officers entered the large dining room, ten or 12 ladies and gentlemen were already seated by the long table, drinking tea.

"Gentlemen, there are so many of you here that it is impossible to introduce you one by one!" said the general in a loud voice, trying to appear very cheerful. "Introduce yourselves, gentlemen, as best you like!

The officers, some with very serious, even stern faces, others smiling forcedly, and all feeling rather awkward, made bows to those in the room and seated themselves by the table to drink tea.

Capt. Ryabovich, a small, round-shouldered man, in spectacles and lynx-like sidewhiskers, felt more awkward than any of his fellow-officers. While some of his colleagues tried to look serious, and others smiled forcedly, his face, his lynx-like sidewhiskers, and his spectacles seemed to say: "I am the most timid, the most bashful and colorless officer in the entire brigade!" At first he could not fix his attention on any one face or object in the room. The faces, dresses, the cut-glass decanters filled with cognac, the steam rising from the glasses of tea,—all these blended into one huge impression, which filled Ryabovich with confusion and with a desire to hide his head somewhere. But a little later he mastered himself, and recovering his sight, began to observe things.

Von Rabbek and his family were skillfully entertaining the officers, looking after their glasses and their mouths, inquiring now and then, whether all of them were drinking, whether every one's tea was sweet, why this one ate no biscuits, why that one drank no cognac. And the more Ryabovich looked on and listened the less he liked this far from sincere but well-disciplined family.

After tea the officers stepped into the parlor, where they found many young and good-looking women. The piano began to thunder; then a sad waltz was wafted through the wide-open windows, and somehow everybody recalled that spring was in the air. All began to feel the fragrance of young poplar, roses, and lilacs, which filled the room. Under the influence of the music, the cognac began to tell on Ryabovich—he smiled and watched the women, and it seemed to him that the odor of roses, poplar and lilacs came not from the garden, but from the faces and the dresses of the women.

Soon dancing sets were formed. Ryabovich stood near the door, among those that did not dance. He had never danced in his life, he had never clasped the waist of a woman. Rabovich liked to see a man taking a strange girl by the waist for a dance, but he could never imagine himself in the position of that man. There was a time when he envied his comrades their daring and cleverness and he suffered. The knowledge that he was shy, round-shouldered, long-waisted, with lynx-like sidewhiskers, pained him acutely; but in the course of time this feeling wore off, and now as he looked at the dancers he no longer envied them, but merely smiled sadly.

When the quadrille started, the young Von Rabbek invited two of the officers for a game of billiards. To while his time away Ryabovich followed them. He watched the players indifferently, and before long he began to feel lonesome, and it seemed to him that he was in everybody's way there. . . .

He decided to return to the parlor, but as soon as he walked out of the billiard room he noticed that he did not know where to go. He turned to his right, and soon found himself in a half-dark cabinet, which he had not passed on his way to the billiard room. He stood there awhile, then he opened the door before him and entered a perfectly dark room. The dull sounds of a melancholy mazurka were now heard from behind the door. Here, as in the parlor, the windows were wide open, and the odor of poplar, lilacs and roses filled the air. . . .

Ryabovich paused in hesitation. . . . Suddenly quick steps and the rustling of a dress were heard, a woman's voice whispered, emotionally: "At last!" and two soft, perfumed, feminine hands clasped his neck; a warm cheek touched Ryabovich's cheek, and a ringing kiss resounded. But she soon uttered a soft cry, and, as it seemed to Ryabovich, started back with disgust. . . . He was also on the point of exclaiming, but he controlled himself and rushed towards the other door.

When he returned to the parlor his heart was beating fast, and his hands trembled so perceptibly that he was trying to hide them behind his back. At first he was tortured with shame, fearing lest everybody in the parlor knew that a woman had embraced and kissed him a little while before. He looked on all sides uneasily, but satisfied that people danced and chatted as before, he gave himself up entirely to his new, never-before-experienced sensation.

He now felt like dancing, talking, running into the garden. . . . He forgot that he was round-shouldered, colorless and uninteresting.

At supper Ryabovich ate and drank mechanically everything that was served him; and paying no attention to what was going on about him, endeavored to explain to himself how the incident came about. . . . The incident was of a rather mysterious and romantic nature, but it was easy to explain. A young lady must have made an appointment with some one in the dark room, she must have been waiting there, and in her nervousness have mistaken Ryabovich for her hero.

"But who is she?" he asked himself, surveying the faces of the women before him. "She is surely young, for old women don't make such appointments."

And, then, she is surely intelligent, he thought; indeed, he felt it by the rustle of her dress, by the perfume, by her voice. . . .

He fixed his eyes on one young lady, with beautiful hands and shoulders, an intelligent face and a fine voice. . . . And as he gazed at her, he wished her to be the one that kissed him. . . .

After supper the guests, having eaten and drunk their fill, began to take leave. The officers walked out into the garden. They were half intoxicated, lively, satisfied, but the darkness and the silence threw them into a rather pensive mood for awhile. Ryabovich wondered whether the time would ever come when he, like Rabbek, would have a large house, a family, a garden; whether he would ever be in a position to show marks of kindness to other people, to give them to eat and drink; to make them satisfied.

On reaching home, Ryabovich went to bed immediately. "Who is she?" he asked himself, staring at the smoke-stained ceiling. Beautiful feminine hands, shoulders, eyes, dress and brooches hovered about before him in his imagination. He tried to fix his attention on these images, but they seemed to wink and hop about hither and thither. When he closed his eyes the images disappeared altogether, and he heard quick footsteps, the rustling of a dress, the sound of a kiss—and he was seized with boundless happiness.

Rising in the morning he felt that last night's joy was still throbbing in his heart. He glanced with delight at the windowpanes, which were tinted into a golden hue by the rays of the rising sun, and listened with pleasure to the noise on the street.

A quarter of an hour later the brigade started off for the camps. As they passed the general's house Ryabovich looked at the windows. The shutters were closed. The people were evidently sleeping yet. She who had kissed him last night was also sleeping. He pictured to himself the bedchamber, with a wide-open window, green branches peeping in at the window. The odor of poplar, lilacs and roses in the room, a bed, a chair, the dress which had rustled last night, slippers, a small watch on the table nearby—all this he saw clearly and distinctly, but the outlines of her face, the gentle smile—that which was most important and characteristic—escaped his imagination. Ryabovich cast a farewell glance at the village of Mestechko, and he suddenly became sad, as though he were taking leave of something very near and dear to him. Presently he brightened up.

"All that I dream of now and that now seems to me impossible is in reality a usual thing," thought Ryabovich, looking at the clouds of dust before him. "It is a usual thing experienced by everybody. . . . For instance, that general loved in his time, now he is married and has children. Capt. Vakhter is also married and beloved, in spite of the fact that he isn't so well built and that the back of his neck is ugly and red. . . . Salmanov is rude, and yet had a love affair which ended in marriage. . . . Am I not like everybody else?"

And the thought that he was an ordinary man like everybody else filled him with joy and courage and hope. Now he pictured her boldly, giving full freedom to his imagination. Mentally he spoke to her and caressed her, and pictured herself at the supper table with his wife and children. . . . Soon camp life set in, and one day resembled another. During all this time Ryabovich felt and thought and behaved like a lover. In the evening when his fellow officers discussed love and women, he would listen, coming closer to them; and his countenance would assume such an expression as is usually upon soldiers when listening to the story of the battle in which they had participated themselves. Whenever Ryabovich went on a spree, together with his comrades, or behaved otherwise unbecomingly, he was downcast on his return, feeling guilty before her and mentally begging forgiveness.

During sleepless nights, when he recalled his childhood days, his father and mother, and everything dear to his heart, he invariably thought of Mestechko, of the dark room and of the kiss—the pleasantest episode in all of his life.—Adapted from the Russian, by Herman Bernstein, in Boston Budget.

Dublin museum now possesses a large stuffed elephant, the first mounted specimen ever exhibited in Ireland.

Art in Domestic Architecture

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER

THIS flat building can be erected for $3,400, built upon a stone foundation. There are four flats, each flat containing five rooms and bath.

The sizes of parlors are 12x12½ feet; living rooms 12x12½ feet; kitchens, 9x9 feet; chambers, 9x9 feet and 8x9 feet; bathrooms, 6x6 feet; vestibules 5½x6 feet; pantries, 4x6 feet.

The two flats on first floor have private entrances. The flats on second floor have one entrance in common.

This flat building is designed for a 50-foot lot and is of a very artistic appearance.

The balcony is reached by doors that lead from the vestibules on second floor.

The plan of the second floor is the same as the first floor.

A MODERN FLAT BUILDING WITH FOUR APARTMENTS.

The entrance from the kitchens on second floor leads upon a rear porch. Height of first and second story ceiling is 9 feet. Basement, 7 feet. Light shaft, 5x6 feet.

Exterior of house is sheathed with fence flooring and has sheathing covered with a heavy rosin paper, over which four-inch O. G. siding is laid, three inches to the weather.

The entrance to the basement for the second story flats is beneath the front stairway.

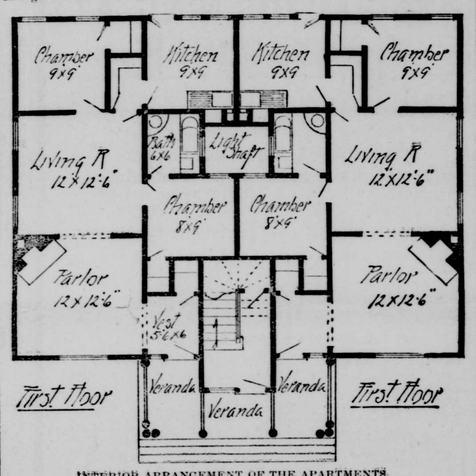
American glass in all the windows throughout.

Plastering, two-coat work.

Roof is to be a four-ply composition graveled. Chimneys showing above roof are weather press brick.

The exterior painting is three-coat work. Body of house lemon yellow, having white trimmings.

Veranda and porch floors to have four coats of paint, with tongues and grooves well leaded. All floors, except kitchens, are of Georgia pine,



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE APARTMENTS.

oil finish, all trim throughout, excepting bathrooms will be of Georgia pine, oil finish.

Hardware and mantels of a neat design.

Plumbing material and work to be of the best grade.

All the floors are double, having air spaces and felt paper to make a good deafening job.

Closets and pantries have ample shelving.

The entire house is piped for gas.

All doors are five-cross panel doors. The trim is of a neat design.

The sinks in kitchens are of iron, white porcelain lined.

The finished floors in kitchens are of maple.

Bathrooms are trimmed with pine and painted an enamel white.

The size of the building upon the ground is 46 feet front, by 36 feet depth.

Entire house, exterior and interior, to be left clean in every respect for occupancy.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ

NEW INSANITY CURE.

Ward's Island (N. Y.) Physicians Are Trying the Effects of Various Colors on Their Patients.

A new cure for insanity is being tested by Drs. Bond and Monette on Wards island. The color cure is a treatment new to alienists, but one that promises to become very successful, for, so far, a great many of the patients taken to the color ward have been cured. Dr. Bent, superintendent of the woman's hospital on the island, directed that a ward be set aside for the color treatment, and be fitted with all that the experiment required.

In this new treatment only the primary colors are employed, but so completely is a patient surrounded by an atmosphere of a particular color, deemed best by the physicians for his particular mania, that the vibrations must act upon him. The rooms of this ward are small, and the furniture consists of an iron bed and a chair. The walls are painted in vivid color, the bed and chair colored to correspond with the walls, and the light sifts into the room through a shade of the same color, so that an atmosphere of this color is created.

When one of the patients suffers from acute mania the room that is painted black, a very dungeon of a room, falls to her lot. This complete darkness and the silence of the place seldom fail to have some effect on the patient. As a matter of fact, it tends to soothe, and soon it is noticed that the subject becomes quieter. Red, producing more vibrations to the second than any other color, is employed when melancholia is being treated. These rays of red attract the mind, their vibrations are necessarily felt by the patient, and the thoughts in the poor brain are set in motion. There are violet rooms for mild forms of insanity; blue and green rooms for the boisterous, and a white room for the person who is practically well.—N. Y. Times.

The Science of Stoking.

According to Consul General Mason at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many American cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods of constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted here. "It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. The stroker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke.

The Cradle of Industry.

The first cotton mill in this country was established in Beverly, Mass., in 1787. It was designed to manufacture card and bedticking.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Piles, disappear quickly under it's soothing effect. 35c. at J Colston's, Denton; H. Duffy's, Hillsboro; drug stores.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Headache, Liver or Bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c. at R. J. Colston's, [illegible]

[illegible]
Our
To
We
Her
We
Ed
She
Sin
The
The
The
For
The
But
Sin
To
I n
Thr
For
'Al
An
Do
An
But
But
The
It's
I'm
Son

"Th[illegible] and a learning to behave."
—Helen Combes, in N. Y. Sun.

her up and see if she were as t and pretty as she used to be. is an unparalleled opportunity. a blessing I made that contract Grant. He wouldn't have recended me in a hundred years, I shall have no hesitancy in recending myself. Luella refused once, in another capacity, and may refuse me now in this, but tainly shall not fail through of endeavor."

nt's was an easy hand to imiand after a couple of hours' ice Dudley flattered himself his writing would pass muster e anybody less skilled than an t. That feat accomplished, he to Mrs. McKeever.

y dear Luella," he said. "I am glad that you consulted me in rd to a competent literary man inish editing the general's pabecause it gives me a chance to mmend a man whom I think reably well fitted for the post. ence Dudley is the man I mean. have no doubt heard his name tioned frequently of late, for he been doing some very creditable k. Dudley is a particular friend ine. I have known him intimater many years, and have always d him the right sort. I have r known a man whom I liked so . He is, by all odds, the best d I ever had, and if you can see way clear to trusting him with book you will be conferring a r upon me personally. Aside a his attributes as an all-round fellow, Dudley is so well oped mentally that I feel sure ould give excellent satisfaction, I hope you can strike a bargain him. Let me know at once what think of my selection. If your sion is favorable, I will have Dudcall on you, and you can settle matter to suit yourselves. Yours,

"HENRY GRANT."

udley did not view this effusion a unalloyed pride.

"It is pretty fulsome praise to sing at one's own funeral," he commented. "If she should ever find out that I am the author of the panegyric she will certainly think me too effervescent to write a history of her deceased husband. I must warn Henry to say nothing about our compact. If he should give me away, my vanity would certainly prove fatal."

Grant did not come up to their rooms that night. He sent word that he should be out of town for a day or two, but that Dudley was to stick to their bargain and continue to answer his share of their mail, as usual. There was very little to answer, but it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity, for Thursday morning brought another letter from Mrs. McKeever.

"I was somewhat surprised at your choice of literary executor," she wrote. "I knew Clarence Dudley several years ago, and have rather pleasant recollections of him, but I had hardly thought that his literary qualifications are exactly what I require. Still, you seem to be in a position to judge him from every standpoint, and I will gladly grant him an interview. Before sending him to me, however, there is one point that I must make clear to you. I should have mentioned it in my last letter, but shrank from doing so. But it is too important to be put off longer. It relates to the commands of Gen. McKeever. It was one of the provisions of his will that no one except myself or my second husband should write a line of his biography. Naturally, he preferred that I should do it without assistance, but he was not a jealous or a selfish man, and he realized that I, being a young woman, should probably marry again. If I found the book too great an undertaking to accomplish alone, and decided to marry before its completion, he expressly stipulated that my husband should carry on the work. So, you see, before entering into a literary agreement with any author I must come to an understanding with him in regard to that clause in the general's will. You will see, my dear Henry, without further explanation, that my position is most awkward. By the general's commands I am bound to see that the book is put on the market, yet I am unable to finish it myself, and am constrained to seek help only from some man at whose head I am virtually bound to throw myself in marriage. For pity's sake, Henry, help me over this difficulty. Explain the situation to Mr. Dudley as delicately as you know how. I think it much better that you, rather than I, should broach the subject. Then, if he does not positively revolt, let him come to see me. Yours,

"LUELLA."

Dudley spent less than ten minutes on his reply to the second note.

"My dear Luella," he said. "Dudley understands the situation thoroughly. I must say that his remembrance of you seems to be exceedingly vivid, and he is anxious to meet you again. Notwithstanding your frank criticism of his work, I still think him the very man for the place, and if agreeable to you he will call on you Saturday afternoon at 3.

"HENRY."

Mrs. McKeever was plainly nervous through the preliminary handshaking when they met on Saturday afternoon, but Dudley had braced himself for the occasion and acquitted himself as became the literary trustee of a noted general.

"I must confess," said Mrs. McKeever, "that I was astonished when Henry Grant proposed your name as an accomplished historian. I did not know that you aspired to fame in that direction. Furthermore, I didn't know that you and Henry were such close friends."

"Oh, yes," said Dudley, carelessly. "I've known Grant for years."

"So he tells me. He seems very fond of you. I really did not know it was possible for one man to care so much for another. I hope that you are equally devoted to him. His praise of you is unstinted. He says that you are the best friend he ever had and that he likes you better than anybody else in the world."

"Does he?" murmured Dudley. "Dear old Hank!"

"And, besides, he is so very proud of your literary achievements. If I didn't know Henry to be such a level-headed fellow I should accuse him of pushing. I should be afraid that his judgment had been warped by the heat of friendship and that his recommendation was not entirely reliable. However, I have decided to take his advice, and if you are willing to—to enter upon the probation which I explained to him would be required of you—why—"

She shifted her eyes uneasily. Dudley felt that he had skated safely over the thinnest parts of his duplicity, and he filled up the pause buoyantly.

"Now, see here, Luella," he said, "you ought to know pretty well how I feel about the matter. I put the question to you six years ago, and you turned me down most beautifully. I swallowed the dose. I flatter myself, with fairly good grace, but I kept on thinking of you pretty constantly, even after you married Gen. McKeever and went to Chicago to live. Ever since you've been single again I've been aching to sound you on the subject, but I felt rather afraid of you and thought I'd better go slow. I want you, Luella, and I want to write the general's biography. Are you willing to let it go at that?"

"Yes," sighed Mrs. McKeever; "if you're satisfied, I am."

In the first thrill of victory Dudley felt that the only way he could honorably square himself was to confess his double dealing. Many times in the course of the afternoon he was on the point of making a clean breast of it, but modesty always forbade.

"If I hadn't spread it on so thick in my own behalf I shouldn't mind," he argued. "Since I did, I think I'd better let things go as they are. I'd feel pretty sneaking to have her know that I blew my own horn so loudly."

Grant came home that evening, but Dudley was too busy pondering over the outcome of his epistolary enterprise to say much to him. Just before they went to bed he remembered that he must caution Grant to keep their scheme a secret.

"By the way, Grant, you haven't told anybody about our exchanging letters, have you?" he asked.

Grant yawned. "No," said he, "only one person. I told her the evening the plot was hatched, but she doesn't count. She'll never say anything about it."

"She?" echoed Dudley. "Who is she?"

"Oh, nobody but Luella McKeever. She's all right."

Dudley caught his drooping head in both hands.

"Good Lord," he said, "I've got a plot, now, with a vengeance."—N. Y. Times.

WHEN THE PLOT THICKENED.

DUDLEY explained his idea with enthusiasm.

"Something is bound to come of it," he said. "We will exchange mail for one week. You must read my letters and answer them as if they were your own, without consulting me, or even telling me their contents, and I will do the same with yours. By following up this misfit correspondence I'll be sure to get a pilot."

"Quite likely," drawled Grant. "But what do I get?"

"The satisfaction of seeing me make a stake with an original story, and possibly a check, if that delinquent Boston firm comes to time."

Grant pondered the proposition doubtfully.

"It's a crazy notion," he said, at length, "but since I get scarcely any mail up town except laundry bills and circulars from local tradesmen, the chances of your prying into any of my secrets seem exceedingly slim, so I suppose I can safely accommodate you. When do you wish to put the system into operation?"

"To-morrow morning, if you're willing," said Dudley. "My imagination seems to be afflicted with a most aggravated case of dry rot these days, and the sooner I get to work on a plot from real life the better."

At no delivery on the following day were there any letters of importance for either of the friends, but in the ten o'clock mail on the second morning there was a letter addressed to Grant that promised interesting results. The envelope bore unmistakable earmarks of feminity, and in spite of their agreement Dudley hesitated before opening it.

"It seems hardly fair to the girl," he thought. "Still—"

He looked across the table at Grant, who had finished his breakfast and was smiling over a communication to Dudley from the ponderous Boston firm.

"That settles it," growled Dudley. "He's got the check, confound him, so I might as well get even by making the most of this innocent little note."

The letter was written in a sprawling, fashionable hand, and covered several pages. Before he was half way through Dudley perceived that he had been precipitated into the thick of a plot far more unique than any he had counted on discovering.

"My dear Henry," the letter ran. "After many months of hard work I have come to the conclusion that the editing of the papers left by my late husband, Gen. McKeever, is too big a job for me to finish alone, and I have decided to place them in the hands of some trustworthy literary man who will do justice to the general's memory. The question is, whom shall I employ? I wish you would advise me. I know that you have a large acquaintance among writers, and it has occurred to me that you might be able to recommend some person for the place. From our previous conversations on the subject, you are tolerably well aware of the nature of the data left by the general, and consequently you will know what qualifications are essential in the man who undertakes to finish the book. The payment will be very liberal, and whoever accepts the position can well afford to lay aside all other work while engaged in this. Kindly give the matter your earliest attention, and advise me as soon as you have made a choice. Yours sincerely,

LUELLA M'KEEVER.

'Hawthorne Apartments, September 2."

Dudley read the letter several times. Even aft[illegible] knew it by heart he kept [illegible]ng it. Presently Grant st[illegible] a town, and then he made [illegible]ions for answering it.

"She's the [illegible] old Luella," he [illegible] notepaper. "I've [illegible] heard that

RUTS.

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will be glad to send you a few doses free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

When Jackson Dined.

While the dinner hour still clings to the noontide among country people it has advanced in the cities, until now it occurs at any time between noon and midnight. And that reminds me of the many stories about Col. Davy Crockett. While he was a member of congress and was at his home in Tennessee, some one asked him about the dinner hour in Washington. He said the common people ate dinner at 12, the next above them at 1, the merchants at 2, the representatives at 3, the senators at 4, members of the cabinet at 5, and the vice president at 6. "But when does the president dine?" "What! Old Hickory?" said Crockett, anxious to fix a time that would suit his idea of Jackson's greatness. "Well, he don't eat till next day!"—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Knew a Thing or Two.

Benedict—How is it you've never thought seriously of marriage, old man?

Bachelor—But I have, dear boy. That's the very reason why I'm still single.—Ally Sloper.

Too Good to Be True.

Dolly—Please, Miss Sharp, mamma says, have you really left your songs at home?

Miss Sharp—Yes, dear. Why?

Dolly—Well, papa says it sounds too good to be true!—Tit-Bits.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3535-0106.jpg