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1903 February 1903

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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,
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Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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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,
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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.

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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

The or ld Loves

A WINNER

So It Is Said

And we are trying to win you by fair dealing.

WE are now snugly fixed in the building formerly occupied by Wm. E Greenly, prettry well loaded up with all good things such as are useful in all families. It is useless to enumerate them, instead, we invite you to call and see.

CHECK SYSTEM

Then we are using the Check System with all who deal for cash, which entitles them to something of value in their family. Come and learn of this.

Full line of Groceries, sold as low as any can sell them. Finest line of Confectionery in the county either at wholesale or retail prices.

We call attention of merchants to the fact that we sell them as low as they can buy in the city, and save them freight; think of this. Finest line of Canned Goods you can select from.

One thing more. The Gold Medal Bakery is now turning out the best Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, etc., ever offered. Baked fresh daily. New line of goods. We hope to see you coming.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN at market prices. Very truly,

FIELD & WILLIS
PROPRIETORS
GOLD MEDAL BAKERY
DENTON, MARYLAND

LOOK

We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4 25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be exelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

J. W. STONEBRAKER,
TWO JOHNS, MD.
ALBERT HOWARD, Manager.

FINE Groceries

AT OUR NEW STAND

Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

NOTIONS AND RIBBONS

For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTERS & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

MRS. JULIA DAY
DENTON, MD.

For the Spring Trade.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

A. G. GELLETLY.
2-5] Williston, Md.

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Concord, Md,

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."
J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, *all coughs, except deep ones!*

The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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.

COMP'NY'S COMIN' TO TEA.

Norah's makin' a layer cake—
A spicy kind; I wish
She'd hurry an' put it in to bake,
So I can scrape the dish!
She's cross as sticks; an' the kitchen's just
As hot as hot can be.
It smells so good that I'm like to bust—
Comp'ny's comin' to tea.

We'll have the shiniest ev'rything,
An' I'll drink coffee—p'r'aps;
An' more'n a dozen times ma'll ring
To carry off the scraps.
We're goin' to have ice cream, I know—
I hope it's lemon, gee!
An' soda biscuits—I saw the dough—
Comp'ny's comin' to tea.

I mustn't talk at the table—much;
I mustn't kick my feet;
I mustn't smack my lips, or touch
The stuff that I won't eat.
An' I must take, when plates are passed,
Whatever's nearest me
(But not, of course, if it's the last)—
Comp'ny's comin' to tea.

I'll wear my dandiest blouse an' tie—
An' if I'll stay about
An' not get dirty, ma says I
May clean the freezer out!
An' so I dassn't tear an' race,
Or climb a single tree,
Or sweat, or soil my hands or face—
Comp'ny's comin' to tea.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

Richard Cathcart's Protective Policy

By M. L. RAYNE.

GLUM, glummer, glummest, Richard Catheart sat in his club parlor envied of all his friends, but with a great grudge against the whole world because the especial preference of one little woman was denied him. Satiated with the favors of fortune, he had possibly taken too much for granted, he was much chagrined when he was refused the second time, and the finality of his rejection appeared absolute. If he could have seen himself he would have laughed at the picture of dejection he made. Laugh? He felt more like crying, but men are denied the selfish luxury of tears.

Mr. Carthart was in love with a widow. She had not used any arts to attract him and was dismayed at the violence of his professions—for Mrs. Katharine Archer had decided never to marry again. Why should she? She had been a widow for five years and had found life sweet. With money enough to live as she pleased, its investments safely guaranteed by the will of her late husband, why should she tie herself down to the dull routine of domestic life with another man? She had been a vine long enough to be tired of clinging. She wanted to be free to do exactly as she pleased. These were the objections she urged against Mr. Cathcart's suit—why she remained unconvinced by his lover-like eloquence.

"Were you so happy in your first marriage that you dare not venture again?" he boldly asked.

"I was reasonably happy with Mr. Archer," replied the widow, with a little sigh.

"Then marry me and let me make you unreasonably happy," said the infatuated lover with fond insistence. But Mrs. Archer shook her well-poised head.

"To-morrow I am going to New York," she replied. "I want to go alone everywhere, stop at a hotel like a clubwoman, have no one to dictate to me, not even a maid. I am leaving mine at home. I shall not join the bohemians nor become outre in anything, neither will I be obliged to wait the pleasure of some man on all occasions. Other women travel alone—why should not I?"

"Because you are not like other women," rejoined Richard Cathcart, with diplomacy. "Oh, my dar-dear Mrs. Archer, you need a strong arm to protect you from the rude jostling of the world, which is very cruel to the helpless and unprotected."

Mrs. Archer smiled demurely, looking bewilderingly charming, and although Richard received his congé the second time, he could not but acknowledge to himself that some deliverer would always be at hand were Katharine Archer in peril. Nor did he believe that she would ever, under any circumstances, lose her feminine wits, which were double-edged. Discreet to the verge of prudery, he would have wagered his head against the possibility of a mistake on her part. He believed that she was absolutely capable of taking care of herself, but regretted any possibility of such an extremity coming to pass. He knew the many pitfalls laid down for the unaware and he wanted to be near her to protect her against every man—except himself.

Mrs. Archer arrived in New York without the shadow of an adventure, went to a hotel noted for having once entertained royalty and secured an elegant suite of rooms. She registered her name with her own fair hand and felt positively delighted to be so capable. She did not unpack her trunks, being tired from her trip but decided to wait until the next morning, when she would enlist the services of the chambermaid. It was a new experience to answer a knock at her own door, where she found a bell boy with two letters.

"For me?" she said, surprised, but immediately recognizing the handwriting on both missives. One was from her brother and contained a key to one of her trunks which she had overlooked or forgotten. Three hasty lines accompanied it. The other—eight pages closely written, bidding her welcome to New York, and urging her not to be lonely or miss the solacing company of the writer too much. Begun in a spirit of friendly humor, it ended in a most passionate appeal to her heart, and so accentuated the feeling of loneliness it deplored that Katharine hurried on her wraps and went out in the sunshine on Fifth avenue. There she pulled herself together mentally and tried hard to dismiss the feeling that in fleeing from Richard Cathcart and his love she had done an unwise thing. Then she recalled the fact that she had in her purse the address of a dear friend who lived in Brooklyn, also the number of her husband's business address on Broadway. Calling a cab, she soon found herself at his office. He was in and gave her a hearty welcome.

"Sophie will be delighted to see you, Mrs. Archer, and as this happens to be our wedding anniversary, I promised to eat luncheon at home. We will give her a delightful surprise."

Mrs. Archer made no objection. Possibly a thought of exultation over her freedom to do as she pleased accompanied the alacrity with which she accepted the invitation. No man would be disagreeable because she kept him waiting for her return. Experience had given her retrospective faculties.

Mrs. Lewis, her friend, was overjoyed, even to the extent of hysterical tears.

"Is it really you, Katharine, and have you come to make me a long visit? But, of course, you have. What a lovely widow you make, my dear. But you won't be a widow long, will she, George?" and Mrs. Lewis hugged her friend anew.

After luncheon Mr. Lewis returned to the city and the two young women sat together and rehearsed all that had happened since their last meeting, which was on the occasion of Katharine's marriage. They even talked over Mr. Cathcart, and that gentleman's ears must have burned in distant Chicago. Sophie knew him and was on his side—Katharine's only demur was her freedom.

"Why, I couldn't even be sitting comfortably here chatting with you," she said in confirmation of her decision, "if I had a husband waiting at the hotel for me. It's just beautiful to be able to go out for a few hours without leaving an explanatory letter, telling where you have gone, how long you will be away, and then having to worry all the time for fear you will overstay your time half an hour. I have felt just like a child going home to be scolded."

"Poor darling," Sophie regarded her friend with pity, "it is plain, Katharine, that you have never loved."

But the flood of color that suffused Mrs. Archer's features told another story. Sophie, bright little woman, received a sudden illumination. Mrs. Archer intended to return to her hotel that evening, but yielded to the urgings of her friends, and the next morning it rained, nor did it clear during the day or the following evening. Katharine wrote to her brother, and answered at length Richard Cathcart's letter, using specious and evasive arguments, a very Jesuit in her use of language to conceal thought. Then the second night passed, and on the succeeding morning when Mr. Lewis opened his daily paper he gave a great shout.

"Sophie! Katharine! Come here!"

The two hurried down and looked over his shoulder as he read the display heading of a news column:

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF WEALTHY WIDOW.
MISSING FROM HER HOTEL.
FOUL PLAY FEARED.
POLICE ASKED TO INVESTIGATE.

Both women collapsed at this juncture, and Mr. Lewis read the article aloud. The further intelligence announced that the police on being summoned opened the trunks of the missing guest and rummaged their contents until they discovered her Chicago address; that they had wired her brother and lover, whose letters gave the information they needed, and that both had telegraphed to proceed with the search, using every means in their power, and that the two men would leave immediately for New York.

"Horrible!" shrieked Katharine in fierce dismay.

"Shameful!" cried Sophie, supporting her friend in her arms.

"The police seem to have been over-vigilant," commented Mr. Lewis. "You are being well advertised, Kate," he added, with sly emphasis. At the same time he was annoyed that she should have all this to undergo.

They both accompanied their guest to the hotel, where her apartments were found in a state of confusion that warranted an indignant rebuke to the management, and affairs were speedily adjusted, Mr. Lewis insisting that Sophie should stay and chaperone the widow until her brother arrived. That he was not coming alone seemed to afford Katharine much comfort. She felt willing to be a lean-to all the rest of her life.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Origin of Roquefort Cheese.

About the famous Roquefort cheese the following legend is told: "A shepherd lad, having more luncheon than he could eat, laid a large portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the caverns near by. He forgot all about it until several months later, when he found the cheese, instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist, creamy and streaked with greenish-blue veins. He shared his piece of cheese with others, and the villagers were quick to recognize the improved texture and quality. Henceforth all their cheeses were taken to these caves to ripen. The caves are now owned by a company, who employ 600 women to tend the cheese."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the quaintest of pincushions represents a demure little quakeress in cap and kerchief.

COMPOSITION OF SEA WATER.

Knowledge of It May Afford a Means of Estimating the Age of the Earth.

At the Canadian institute in Toronto recently an interesting address was delivered by Prof. A. B. Macallum on the composition of ocean water.

The amount of sodium in the ocean, said Prof. Macallum, furnished a means of estimating the period that had elapsed since the formation of watery vapor on the earth. The annual discharge of sodium into the sea was calculated to be 155,000,000 tons, and the quantity of that element in the seas of the earth was estimated by Joli at 14,151,000,000,000,000 tons, which, divided by the former, would give 97,800,000 years as the age of the sea water.

The discharge of sodium into the sea had in the past been going on uniformly, says the Toronto Mail and Empire. By reason of the proportions of the elements, sodium, potassium, calcium and magnesium, in the sea constantly changing at a uniform rate and owing to the facts that in the vertebrates, e. g., the dog, and in the blood of the lobster, etc., a certain fluid was found which contained these elements in the same proportion as when their progenitors had left the sea and taken up their abode on the land could be calculated how long a period had elapsed since the vertebrates had become land animals. That the proportions of these elements in this fluid in these animals had never changed was due, he thought, to the influence of heredity.

PLAYED CARDS FOR THE LOOT

Reminiscence of One of the Venezuelan Revolutions Related by Mr. Labouchere.

Few men in the world have had as varied an experience as Henry Labouchere, the English publicist and writer, says the Chicago Chronicle. He has been in every part of the world and has passed through many scenes of excitement and adventure. He was in Venezuela several years ago when one of the periodic revolutions was in progress, and thus relates an incident that fell under his notice:

"A battle took place on the plaza one afternoon," said Mr. Labouchere; "and I watched it from a grass hammock on the terrace in front of my hotel. The government forces were put to flight and I was joined by my revolutionary friends keen from the fight.

"Later one of the fallen ministers visited us and said he could show us where 250,000 silver dollars were hidden. He was as good as his word, and, patriotism being sunk by my friends in obedience to the comforting moral of the place, 'Be kind to ourselves,' it was proposed to divide the swag.

"I said: 'No, don't do that; it might offend the people. Play for it!' which was agreed to. The government man was allowed to come in and we played and the government man won it all to the last dollar. So, after all, no harm was done."

CHINAMEN IN AMERICA.

Nearly All of Them Came from Kwong Tung, Most Populous Province in China.

It is estimated that there are about 100,000 Chinamen in the United States and that 20,000 of them are in San Francisco. There is a considerable Chinese colony in New York and there are small colonies in Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Though they do not belong to the educated classes, 95 per cent. of them can read and write, says Leslie's Monthly. A daily paper in the Chinese language is published in San Francisco and another in New York.

Nearly all the Chinamen in the United States come from the single province of Kwong Tung, the most populous of the 18 provinces of the Chinese empire. Its capital is Canton. Six counties of this province send out most of the emigrants to the United States. The inhabitants of this province have for centuries been more adventurous and fonder of traveling than the rest of their fellow-countrymen, and they are always ready to face danger if there is a good chance of profit.

The Broken Dollar.

On the same day last summer, that the Campanile, or bell tower of St. Mark's, collapsed at Venice, a brick fell from the clock tower of the Grand Central station at Chicago. The coincidence was made more striking when it was learned that the Campanile was largely used as a model for the Chicago station. Although amused at the coincidence, President Faithorn, of the Chicago Terminal Railroad company, thought it best to give the tower a thorough inspection. The architects did not consider the falling of one brick sufficient cause for alarm, but President Faithorn insisted, saying: "After you take a penny out of a dollar for a postal card, it doesn't take the balance long to follow."

A Big Lot of Valentines.

The largest single order of valentines ever given was lately filled by a Worcester (N. Y.) concern. This called for 1,362,000 valentines. Four freight cars were necessary to carry the valentines to Chicago. The shipments for the coming St. Valentine's day began in August.

"Pigs" of Iron.

When iron is melted it is run off in a channel called a "sow." The work has nothing to do with swine, but is derived from the Saxon "sawan"—to scatter. Still, it is owing to the term that the bars of iron cooled in the lateral grooves of the "sow" are called "pigs."

The Exception.

Attorney—Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

Client—Except, of course, a lawyer.—Town and Country.

presto (Better than flour) is a sure resource

The Bride's Understudy

By JULIA M. KNIGHT.

THE wedding day was fixed for June, the month of roses, and the great country house, with its dusky woodlands and outlying hills, was alive and astir with preparations for the momentous occasion. It was the first break in the family of girls, and Daisy, the bride-elect, the prettiest and most winsome of the happy-hearted circle; the envied of all for the strange chance that had transformed her uneventful life from prose to poetry and romance.

She had met her fate the preceding winter while on a pleasure trip to the gay metropolis, and after a short wooing had yielded her girlish love and consent to an early wedding. And now love's young dream was for the moment superseded by the demands of fashion and time-honored custom; the house was invaded by dressmakers, the trousseau, dear to the feminine heart, was discussed in all its details, the bright spring days all too short for the work in hand.

One young girl, an artist of the needle, made her home with them for the time, and under her fairy fingers the wedding finery blossomed as by enchantment. She was a sad, silent young thing, and seemed ill at ease in the midst of the merry circle, who sought to win her confidence and share their pleasures in careless girl-fashion.

Nan, the madcap, dubbed her the bride's understudy, for when Daisy was busy or tired, the dressmaker found her a capital substitute. Indeed, so far as height, proportion and sylph-like grace went, the two girls might have been counterparts; but there the resemblance ceased, for Daisy's wild-rose beauty, as the dewy freshness of the dawn, had no affinity with the rare, haunting charm that clung, as a perfume to a flower, to the pale, poetic face, the wistful dark eyes of the stranger.

"Actresses and singers all have an understudy," quoth saucy Nan, "why not brides as well? So if anything fails at the critical moment, Daisy, Miss Milton can step into your shoes, also your clothes, which fit her to perfection; and every one knows a trousseau is paramount to all else in a wedding."

So the bride's understudy she remained to the careless girls, who kept the great house alive with their laughter and pranks through the sunny spring days, when nature was awakening in green lane and byway, and the robins thrilling their glees and madrigals across the blossoming orchard lands.

One day the lover came from New York on a flying visit, and took them by surprise. Led by the sound of merry voices he found his way to the sewing-room, where the girls were congregated, and Daisy, arrayed in the latest creation, a blue and white diaphanous muslin, like a bit of summer sky and cloud drift, paced up and down for inspection.

In the flurry and excitement of the moment, the chatter of many voices, Miss Milton shrank in her corner, pale as a ghost, and the flash of startled emotion on the lover's face, as his eye fell upon her, passed unnoticed. Later when the girls had dispersed to help Daisy exchange her finery for more suitable garb, the lover and Miss Milton were alone for a few moments, face to face in the silent room.

"Irma—you here?" he said in tones of bitterness. "What strange fatality brings us together again, and at such a time?"

"Lester, forgive me," answered the girl, as she held out her hands with a pleading gesture. "It is my misfortune, not my fault that I am here. I never dreamed that you were her lover. I must work."

The man took a step nearer, the fire faded from his glance, a look of pity and bewilderment softened his handsome face.

"Irma—you working for a livelihood here among strangers, you poor, pale and struggling, what does it mean? Whatever your fault, however much I have suffered, I did not desire this."

"Lester," faltered the girl, "after you left me, one misfortune followed another, father failed and died, my home was shattered, and I cast adrift upon the world. I have suffered and through no fault of my own."

"No fault?" hotly. "Irma, why did I leave you—tell me, child?"

"Lester," and the wistful eyes met his bravely, "for a mad, headstrong jealousy without cause or reason, for pride that refused all explanation, for lack of faith in a love that had never failed you. You cast me off without a word, went abroad for many years, left me to my fate."

"Irma," and he caught her hands in an eager clasp. "If this be true, what punishment is heavy enough for me to bear. I who have condemned you to lifelong suffering and servitude, and linked my fate with that of another, equally innocent."

"Hush, Lester!" exclaimed the girl, as she lifted a face transfigured with pitying love to his darkened one. "The past is ours, buried in our hearts—the future belongs to her; let no shadow of our sorrow and loss fall upon her happy youth and serene confidence. Go, dear, they are coming," and she pushed him from the room, as the sound of laughing voices crossed the hall and came nearer.

Lester Walton lingered on in the quaint old town by the river, under one pretext or another. Daisy, innocently happy in his presence, came and went at his bidding, and yielded herself to the passing pleasure of the moment.

Little she dreamed of the passionate heart beating under his careless, laughing manner; the thoughts that burned, the words that craved utterance, the bitter-sweet romance that was awakened in the quickening springtime, with its old-time force and meaning, to hold him in cruel thralldom.

Cruel, for the dream which a few short years ago was his happiness, the mainspring of his existence, was now a sin to dwell upon; a weakness to be trampled under foot. Yet still he lingered on manlike for a taste of the forbidden fruit; a stray word, a glance from a pair of dark eyes, a glimpse of a graceful shape at the window, playing at comedy with the girls, practicing strategies of which his manhood was ashamed.

An abyss had opened at his feet; he now read as in letters of fire the past, the never-to-be-forgotten past—in which he played so ignoble a role; the headstrong folly, the unreasoning rage, which condemned an innocent girl unheard, and made shipwreck of two lives in a moment of madness.

But repentance, as ever, came too late. Blame himself as he would he could not retrieve the cruel mistake, which had led to life-long separation and sorrow.

It was mid-May, and a morning breeze, silken-soft and honey-sweet, stole through the open window like an invitation on to poor, pale Irma, sitting listless at her sewing. The gnarled old apple orchard was all abloom, the grassy way tangled and green, a golden robin flamed and flitted through the blossoming boughs and filled the silence with the ecstasy of song.

The house was very still, the girls had wandered away on pleasure bent, and she was so weary; weary of her lonely unloved youth, her work without aspiration, the dreary vista of the coming years, the happiness all about her that seemed as a mockery of her own woe.

She left her work, and went out into the sunshine, trod the mazes of the blossomed orchard, opened her heart to the robin's thrilling message, sought to lose her cares in the joyous springtime; to think—to resolve—to put from her with a strong hand this wild longing for a happiness, so far and yet so near.

For he loved her still; she read it in his glowing glance, the accents of his voice, felt it to the inmost fiber of her being; she had but to stretch out her slender hand to call him to her side once more, to break the fetters that bound him to the careless child, who knew him not—could never know him as she had done in the olden time when they were lovers.

The thought filled her with mingled pride and anguish, yet she did not waver in her resolve to renounce her happiness for his honor. She flung herself upon the ground, and, leaning her cheek against an old apple tree, closed her eyes and listened once more to the golden notes of the robin overhead.

She did not hear a quick step coming down the grassy way, did not stir till she was caught in a close embrace, and held there a moment, breathless and unresisting; then she sprang to her feet and turned to him in silent reproach, for words failed her, and her eyes were still wet with tears.

But Lester met her glance unrebuked; and there was that in his look and mien which betokened danger, warned her that the moment had come when she could no longer hold him in check or stem the torrent of his love.

"Irma, why do you shrink from me? You loved me years ago, you love me still—confess it."

"Lester," she replied, sadly, "I do love you—but too well to tempt you from the path of duty and honor. You have pledged your faith to this innocent girl, taught her to love, to trust you; promise me that she shall never know our past."

"Irma, you ask me to perform a miracle, you bid me to live a lie, to cling to the letter rather than the spirit of vows spoken on impulse. Had we never met again, who can say—but now with your image again shrined in my heart, how dare I promise this? No, no—you ask too much; rather will I break the fetters that bind me, speak truth at any cost, even to my shame, and leave my fate in her hands."

He had passed the Rubicon; the love denied him, held in check all these weeks, leaped to life at a bound; it would take more than a girl's hand to curb him to patience, renunciation and honor, and for a moment she trembled at the fiery ordeal.

She listened in silence to his passionate appeal, his bitter accusations, yet it was not the silence of consent, and this he felt in his impotence and despair.

"Irma, you are cruel—can nothing change your resolve?"

"Lester, I would not win heaven at the cost of another, so innocent, so happy. Unless fate interposes I will suffer in silence to the end." And turning from him she moved slowly up the green orchard way.

But even then fate had interposed and her sacrifice was vain; for there under the shadow of the flowering trees stood Daisy, white and motionless as a statue, a spellbound listener to words that had shattered her youth and happiness at a blow.

Lester had won the freedom he so passionately craved, but in the scene that followed he drank his cup of humiliation to the dregs.—Boston Budget.

Venezuela Coffee.

Coffee has been cultivated in Venezuela only since 1879, and yet it is now that much-talked-of country's chief commercial product.

Last year 138,000 copies of the Bible in Japanese were circulated in Japan.

Bitter Hatred.

Daughter—Oh, mamma, Reggie Montvert is down in the parlor. I know he's going to propose!

Mother—Well, accept him, my dear. I detest the fellow so much that I intend to be his mother-in-law.—Harvard Lampoon.

His Simple Plan.

"And you say he got rich selling meal tickets, ten for a dollar? How was such a thing possible?"

"Oh, very simple. Nobody ever went back after the second meal."—Baltimore American.

One of Many.

Tom Foozle — Wetherby seems strangely drawn to that pretty Mrs. Strong—don't you think?

Dora Dormie—Yes. Another example of the widow's might, I presume.—Puck.

"seasonable reasonable" force

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, *i. e.*, a sample free.

Be sure that this picture is 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 $1.00; all druggists.

Would Like to Experiment.

"I read the other day," he said, "of a fellow who hypnotized a girl, and then kissed her."

"You're not a hypnotist, are you, George?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "Why?"

"Because," she returned wistfully, "I believe I'd be a splendid subject."—Chicago Post.

A Ray of Hope.

"I am afraid the nobleman who is to become your son-in-law has not much talent for business."

"I don't know," answered Mr. Cumrox. "If he can manage to get as good prices for other merchandise as he does for a title I'll trust him to take chances in business."—Washington Star.

If We But Knew.

Lives of rich men, if we knew them,
Might not seem so flamed sublime;
Oft the stomachs fastened to them
Keep them doping all the time.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW SHE FROZE HIM.

"Hear me, Miss Agnes," pleaded the sighing swain. "I am intoxicated with my love for you. I assure you—"

"How can you be intoxicated," asked Miss Agnes, in calm, doubting tones, "if you haven't got a skate on?"—Chicago Tribune.

Stingy.

Old Joseph's got the meanest wife
That lives, without a doubt;
She takes away his specs so that
He cannot wear them out.
—Columbia Jester.

A GOOD STORY

will be the next one which we shall publish. It is entitled

A Knight of the Highway

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Stop and Consider

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