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[ADVERTISEMENT]

A Letter.

Denton, Md., Jan. 11, 1913.

To the Democratic Voters of Caroline county:

I, the subscriber, have for over a half century been a true and loyal Democrat, I have never before asked for even the smallest favor from my party. I now announce to you that I aspire to be your next County Treasurer. I will feel deeply grateful and highly honored if you will give me your support at the primaries this year and nominate me candidate for the aforesaid office to be voted on at the November election ensuing. I am sincerely yours,

WM. A. STEWART.

[ADVERTISEMEMENT.]

Notice.

This is to respectfully inform the Democatic voters of Caroline county that I am a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer and to ask their support in the primaries. If the Caroline Democracy shall decide to bestow the honor upon me this time I shall gratefully appreciate it and if elected give my best effort toward the faithful performance of the duties of the office

Yours ever faithful to Democracy's cause.

GOOTEE S. LIDEN.
Eighth District.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Announcement.

To the Democratic Voters of Caroline county:

Quite a large number of my Democratic friends have for more than a year, with earnestness, urged me to become a candidate for the nomination for the Sheriff's office. As their request is in line with the only political ambition I have ever entertained, I have decided to announce my candidacy, and to respectfully ask the assistance of all my acquaintances and others of the party with which I have always been identified. I take this means of announcing my candidacy and cheerfully leave the result in the hands of the voters. I believe that I can serve the people well and faithfully if nominated and elected.

J. R. HUGHES,
Greensboro, Md.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A Card.

Denton, Md., April 10, 1913.

To the Democratic Voters of Caroline County:

I take this means of notifying my Democratic friends that I am a candidate for the Sheriff's office and respectfully ask the support of my party at the approaching primaries. If elected I will give the office my full attention.

JAMES TEMPLE.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Notice.

I have decided to enter the coming primaries as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, and hereby announce my candidacy to the Democratic voters of Caroline. I was born and reared in this county and have never held elective office. Any assistance my fellow Democrats may extend to me will be gratefully appreciated, and I promise, if nominated and elected, to conduct the office to the best of my ability.

WILLIAM G. SMITH.
First District.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

A Card.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries to be held this year. If nominated and elected I promise to do my best to fill the office with honor and credit to myself and the public. I earnestly ask the support of all members of my party throughout the county.

W. T. ELLIOTT.
Ridgely, Md., March 8th, 1913.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A Card.

I wish to tell my friends and the Democratic voters generally that I am a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff and earnestly ask their support. I have ever been a zealous Democrat, always working sincerely for my party tickets, and I think therefore I may hope for general good wishes and help.

GEORGE W. KELLEY.
Eighth District.

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White Muscovy Ducks are best for table use. They are large and dress away but very little. The flesh has flavor equal to wild duck. They are becoming very popular. Are easy to raise and, unlike other varieties, make no noise. They are good layers and splendid setters. Drakes weigh from 12 to 15 pounds, according to age. It takes five weeks to hatch white muscovy duck eggs. They require about half the amount of feed as other varieties of ducks. Will thrive well in small enclosures and need but little water. Give them a trial.

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Delinquent Taxpayers.

Take notice, a list of your names with amount of 1912 taxes due and unpaid must be given to the County Commissioners to be advertised in the county papers on June 10, 1913. Pay before this time and avoid this.

JOS. H. CARROLL,
Treasurer.

Locked In a Pagoda

Thrilling Escape From a Band of Chinese Pirates

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Paul Weldon opened his eyes he found himself in such strange quarters that he sat up and stared incredulously about him.

It was broad daylight. The sun shone in through narrow, unglazed windows and fell on a dirty wooden floor and lighted up every corner of a curious many sided room, which was quite empty save for a wooden bench and a pile of ragged mats upon which he was lying. On the wooden bench were a jug of water and a china bowl containing rice.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he uttered, getting on to his feet and feeling cautiously of his head, which was swimming strangely. "Where in thunder am I now—oh, yes"—

He looked down at his wrists, which bore dull blue lines drawn there by tightly fastened cords, which had been removed; at his white clothing, which was torn and soiled with river mud.

A wave of dizziness sent him to the pile of mats, and when he had lain down again he closed his eyes and tried to think connectedly.

He remembered the voyage down the little Whangpo river and up the Yangtse to meet his father. His launch had darted across the path of a large junk which was sailing up the river, and he had a vague recollection of violent shouting before there came a crash and oblivion.

There had not been one glimmer of consciousness since 11 o'clock the night before. Was it the night before or a week?

He reassured himself by glancing at his watch. It was ticking steadily, and the hands pointed to noon.

It was evident that he had been unconscious for twenty-four hours. What powerful drug had been administered to him to produce that deathlike slumber?

For a long time he lay with closed eyes trying to collect his thoughts and remember the startling events of the past day. His brain was still too dull to gather up the threads of the series of incidents that had landed him apparently in some kind of a Chinese stronghold, the nature of which he was yet unable to make out. What could have been the object of making him captive? After taking his property it was strange that they had not cut his throat and cast him overside into the river instead of going to the trouble of transporting him to their lair, wherever it was. "Perhaps," it occurred to his sluggish thought, "they expect to hold me for ransom." In that case he

SUCH A STRANGE SCENE MET HIS EYES THAT HE SHRANK BACK.

was in no immediate danger of death. Knowing he was an American, he argued, they believed that a reward might be offered for safe delivery to his friends. In that case he had only to await developments. Robbery did not appear to be the sole reason for his capture by the pirates. They had left his watch, a valuable one, and some other trinkets. But, again, they must have felt sure of their power to take these at any time that suited their convenience.

As he tried to solve the many questions that were presented to his mind he became aware that he felt a little better. The dullness was fading from his brain, and his blood began to circulate in a normal way. He stirred his faculties into action and after a time arose from the bed of mats. This time he felt stronger and found his legs more steady.

He was faint with hunger and parched with thirst, and, as it was evident his captors did not intend to starve him, Paul fell upon the rations on the bench and ravenously disposed of them.

After awhile, when the food had strengthened him and the giddiness had departed, he dragged the bench to one of the narrow windows and mounted it.

He pressed his face to the narrow aperture and looked out. Such a strange scene met his eyes that for a moment he shrank back confident that his senses had again deserted him.

He looked down from some dizzy height upon a view that was quite unfamiliar to him, although a glimpse of the river flowing at the base of his prison struck a familiar note.

The window was too narrow to permit the passage of his head, but he pressed his face still closer and looked wistfully down at the life and freedom of the outer world.

A carved and painted gable jutted beneath the opening, and overhead another one overhung the aperture. In the river below huge junks looked like toys and the men on them like tiny dolls.

"In a pagoda," he murmured wonderingly—"in the top story of a pagoda, and how in thunder am I to get out?" For there was no doubt in his mind that he would get out. He calculated that he was on the top floor of a twelve story pagoda on the outskirts of some large city—not Shanghai, because the river rolling at his feet was not the turbid little Whangpo, but the mighty, majestic Yangtze, crowded with craft of every description—junks, steamers, houseboats, sampans, cargo boats, lorchas—all the miscellaneous shipping that plies up and down the great commercial artery of China.

"There are two ways of escaping from a pagoda," he mused grimly. "One is to climb to the roof and jump off. The other is to find the trapdoor and walk down. Can I walk down or sneak down? That's my cue today."

He made a systematic search of his apartment. The view from the opposite apertures revealed wide stretches of open country, with here and there a farmhouse and irregular green patches of growing rice.

The interior of the room showed a trapdoor in the floor. It was bolted from below, and a similar door appeared in the ceiling, but there was no ladder or other means of reaching it. He surmised that it led to the top floor, which reared its fanciful apex almost amid the clouds.

The walls bore traces of rich gilding and brilliant coloring, and there were the remains of an ancient dais, which indicated where some image might have been enthroned.

That was all.

Paul returned to his mats and meditated upon some means of escape. He finally decided to await the coming of the man who would bring him food and if possible overpower the coolie and escape through the trap to the floors below.

If the lower floors were guarded his chances of escape would be very slim. If there was no obstruction and he could reach the outer air he trusted to his knowledge of the Yangtze and his swift, long legs and, lastly, the possession of his valuable watch to buy his way back to Shanghai.

In a country of thieves, where every man helps himself at his neighbor's cost, it was inexplicable how his watch had remained untouched in his pocket.

Musing thus, the daylight faded and night fell. The evening passed drearily. Occasionally he walked to the window and peered down at the river lying so temptingly below him. Lights passed up and down like fireflies in the darkness, and the rush of the water drowned any sounds he might have heard.

He returned to his pile of mats and slept.

He awoke in utter darkness, with every nerve at tension. A sound below betrayed the approach of some person to his prison.

With sudden inspiration he heaped his mats into the semblance of a reclining body and then crouched close beside the trapdoor.

A faint glow illumined the crack of the door and grew brighter as though some one ascended a ladder with a lantern.

A bolt clicked, and the trap raised cautiously. The bullet head and blue bloused form of a coolie rose into the obscurity of the room. In one hand he carried a lantern, and in the other he bore a basket which evidently contained food, for he set it carefully on the floor and then peered about as if seeking the empty dishes. He shielded the lantern from the pile of mats with one clawlike hand.

He advanced into the room, and Paul stepped softly over the trap and lowered himself on to the frail bamboo ladder which hung beneath it.

The ladder creaked under his weight, and the man turned quickly, just as Paul Weldon's triumphant face disappeared beneath the falling trap. In another instant Paul had shot the bolt and was feeling his way down the ladder into an abyss of total darkness.

There were a few matches in his pocket, but he hesitated to use them. They were too precious.

Step by step he descended, and when he felt the floor beneath his feet he struck a light. In the flickering glare he could see that the room was a duplicate of the one he had just left. It was equally bare and dirty, and on the opposite side there was an open trap in the floor.

The brief flame expired, and Paul crawled on his hands and knees toward the opening in the floor. He felt for and found the edge and, dropping one leg over, groped about in the pitchy blackness for the ladder which he knew must be there.

He found it and passed down into another room and from there made his way slowly down from floor to floor until he had counted eight ladders in his descent. He calculated that he was now on the third floor of the pagoda.

There was a glow of light from the open trap in the floor of this room, and beneath him he heard a confused murmur of voices.

The glow was reflected on the ceiling of his room, and once he saw a shadow cross the lighted circle and then vanish.

He approached the trap and, dropping to his face, leaned curiously over.

From his position he could see only half of the room, but that was enough. Seated around a rough table were half a dozen men playing cards—some native gambling game with which Paul was unfamiliar—and he watched them with interest.

As they played they talked, and as they talked Paul found himself listening and vaguely understanding the dialect. From what they said he pieced together horrible facts.

They were river pirates, and they had deliberately run him down to secure his boat, which was now moored on the river bank near the pagoda, which was the robber's rendezvous.

THE LANTERN WENT CRASHING DOWN AMONG THE GAMBLERS.

His father would hear of his projected trip up the river to meet him. He might hear of a steam launch being capsized by a big junk, and it would be easy to guess that the victim was his son. Mr. Weldon would never consider the possibility that his son was a prisoner and institute a search for him. If Paul escaped it must be through his own efforts and at once, for now he understood from their careless talk that they were gambling for his life—playing for the possession of his gold watch. The steam launch which he understood was unharmed, was unquestionably the property of the captain, the leader of the gang.

They were an evil looking crew even in the dim light of the lantern that hung near Paul's point of vantage.

Cautiously he groped about in the darkness until his fingers clutched a long bamboo pole which he had felt close beside him. This he carefully lowered, unseen, unheard by the engrossed card players. All at once he sent the lantern crashing down among the gamblers, and instantly the place was in total darkness.

Pandemonium reigned as he slipped down the ladder and felt his way around the wall until he reached the opening he had marked from above. By the time he had slipped to the next story below he heard them relighting the lantern, and almost immediately running feet were in pursuit of him.

Instinct seemed to lead him from door to door until he reached the open air. The rush of the river guided him to the bank, where he ran up and down until he saw his boat nosed to the shore. He tore loose the stake that held her, leaped into the craft and pushed off just as his pursuers reached the bank, yelling vociferously for him to stop and firing pistols recklessly after him.

To his delight the engine responded to his touch and sped out into the middle of the broad, swift stream. He did not care that his power gave out then and the engine stopped, for the current carried him rapidly downstream, and he had nothing to do but steer.

At a bend in the river he turned and waved his hand at the tall dark shape of the pagoda looming against the starlit sky.

Psychology of Store Planning.

The basement of a store was formerly regarded merely as a cellar, fit for storage, packing boxes, etc. Then came a merchant of the present day, gifted with an imagination to an unusual degree, who recognized—thought perhaps not in these terms—that the customer was guided by subconscious control and argued that the lack of effort in going downstairs would appeal to the subconsciousness and that the glimpses of displays seen at the foot of the stairs would lead customers to the basement, notwithstanding the low ceiling, the imperfect ventilation and the absence of daylight. This merchant has lived to see not only a daily attendance on a basement floor ten or a dozen times greater than that on the average floor above the first, but also to see his discovery copied by practically every store in the land. The real gist of his discovery was that subconscious control leads us to do the easy thing first—namely, go downstairs—without reckoning with the next problem, which was, of course, getting out of the basement.—Cassier's Magazine.

Round and Round.

It seemed a very difficult thing to make little Bessie understand that the earth revolved round and round. One day she came in from her playing and said:

"Mother, I believe the earth does turn round."

"What is it that has convinced you, dear?" asked the mother.

"I can see it whirl," said Bessie, "when I twist up my swing and then untwist."

"Isn't it you that whirls," asked the mother, "instead of the earth?"

"But," explained Bessie, "it goes after I stop."—New York Post.

Anxious For the Fun.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should be broken?" said Tommy.

"I should thrash whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy gleefully, "cos father's broken it."—Exchange.

Spooning Parlor.

He—Is that new place that's just been opened on your street a tailor's shop or a public spooning parlor? She—A spooning parlor! What do you mean? He—Why, I noticed a sign in the window, "Hand Pressing Done Here."—Buffalo Commercial.

Ezekiel's "Daughter"

Scientific Versus Common Sense Farming

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Perched on the rail fence and looking like an amiable scarecrow, Ezekiel Flinder nibbled a blade of grass and freely commented on the methods of his young neighbor.

"You ain't never going to make a farmer of yourself, Mr. Hartwell. Your head is too full of newfangled notions. P'taters is p'taters even if you call 'em 'tubers' or any other fancy name, and beans is beans and not legoombs even if the hysterical culture club does claim they belong to that family.

Ernest Hartwell grinned patiently as he listened to Ezekiel's evening lecture. Born and bred in the city, an inward craving for a country life had at last drawn him to the pretty village of Little River.

"You can't deny that Mrs. Flinder's baked beans are more delicious since she learned how to cook them at the domestic science club. You said yourself that"—

"Maybe so, maybe so," waived Ezekiel airily. "Still, when it's all said and done with, whether she learns these notions at the minister's hysterical culture club or Miss Patty Dunn's dom-estic science thingumbob, the beans she cooks is just plain beans after all. I don't take no stock in theories or science or nothing but plain common sense."

"It must be a great satisfaction to feel that one can clip coupons from his stock of common sense," remarked Hartwell meekly as he hoed between his rows of corn.

Ezekiel scowled at him beneath his bushy brows. "You're laughing at me, Mr. Hartwell. I can tell it by that kink in your eye. Anybody ever tell you that you had a funny kink in your eye?"

Hartwell rested on his hoe and surveyed the farmer solemnly. "No, Mr. Flinder; no one ever broke the news to me. I've been told that I had the form of a bed slat, the face of a pirate and flossy hair like a doll, but I have always prided myself on my china blue eyes, and to be told that there is a kink in one of them is heartbreaking." He dug despondently at a bunch of wire grass.

Ezekiel spat reflectively and let himself down to the ground. "You're a mighty fresh young man, Mr. Hartwell," he chuckled, "but it's a good thing for you I ain't got a daughter."

"Why?" demanded Hartwell, surprised.

"Oh, because you'd be dead sot to marry her, and I wouldn't listen to it a minute. It couldn't be thought of noways." Ezekiel was chewing grass vigorously.

"Once more I repeat, why? What objection have you to me as a son-in-law?"

"First I'd say to her: 'Young lady, you shan't marry no sculptor feller. Pick out a good, plain farmer boy, and you shall have my consent and the blue glass lemonade set I drawed at the raffle for a wedding present.'"

"I'm a plain farmer boy," urged Mr. Hartwell.

"First off, you're a sculptor. That's your trade and all you got to fall back on. There can't be no money in sculping or else you wouldn't have come and tried chicken farming out of a book."

"I like farming. It is my recreation," objected the amateur agriculturist.

"It'll be your ruination," predicted Mr. Flinder, raising a horny finger. "Look at that there corn!"

"Well, look at it!" agreed the planter proudly. "What's the matter with it, eh? See any taller corn hereabouts? See any thicker stalks? See any larger ears?"

"No, I don't see none of those things. All I can see is that there ain't one row planted straight. They're as zigzag as though a tipsy man had set 'em out," chuckled Ezekiel.

"That's done purposely. There's a scientific reason for planting 'em that way," hazarded Hartwell.

"Humph!" snorted Ezekiel testily, and for a little while he was silent, following Hartwell slowly down the row of corn. Then he said tentatively. "I ain't never seen none of your sculping yet?"

"No?" queried Hartwell politely.

"Not so much as a wink at it. I've often told Maria when I see you going into that workshop of yours that I guess I'll run in and see what you're up to, but somehow it's sort of damp and chilly looking in there; leastways it must be if it's full of graven images."

"H'm!" observed the sculptor.

Ezekiel looked disappointed. He was piqued at Hartwell for not offering to initiate him into the mysteries of his workshop.

"I reckon you feel kinder timid about showing 'em off, but I guess we can make allowances for your being a beginner. You needn't feel bashful about it. You might some day make a figger fit for the soldiers' monument we're going to have on the green, and it would be an advantage for Little River folks to know what you can do. We always encourage home talent," remarked Ezekiel magnanimously.

"Thank you; I'll think it over," said Ernest Hartwell modestly, shouldering his hoe. "I believe somebody is looking for you, Mr. Flinder."

Ezekiel wheeled sharply about to confront a pretty girl, dark haired, gray eyed, blue gowned, with sun kissed cheeks and scarlet lips. "Well, Miss Christie, how in thunder do you do?" he bellowed, delightedly squeezing her hands.

"Very well, indeed, Mr. Flinder," she replied, with a provoking glance at Hartwell, who stood expectantly near. "I'm glad to see you looking so hale and hearty."

"What train did you come on? Consarn it all, I'd have met you if I'd known you was coming down today. Maria said yesterday that she'd got a letter from you, wanting to know could you get board down here another summer for you and your aunt. But I didn't know you was expected today."

"I couldn't wait another moment," laughed the girl. "Aunt Phoebe is coming tomorrow with all the trunks and things. I came down in the noon train, and the stage brought me to the house, but Nancy says Mrs. Flinder has gone to her ethical culture club. I came on down here looking for you."

"Well, here I be! Guess we might as well go along up to the house, Miss Christine." He led the way, intentionally ignoring the expectant embryo farmer. But Hartwell was equal to the emergency.

"Introduce me, please, Mr. Flinder," he said humbly, and Ezekiel smiled sourly and performed the ceremony that made the sculptor acquainted with Christine Davidson.

"Miss Christine is like a daughter to me, Mr. Hartwell," he said meaningly as the girl released her hand from Hartwell's clasp and turned away.

"And I am a plain farmer boy, and I'm good," murmured Hartwell obstinately.

"You're a sculptor and you'll starve to death some day," was Mr. Flinder's cheerful prognostication as he departed for his own side of the rail fence.

The next day he came once more to the rail fence and watched Hartwell raking the accumulated weeds he had uprooted the afternoon before. "Any time you say I'll bring Miss Christine over to see the sculping, provided it's all proper. I told Miss Phoebe Davidson about you—that's Christine's aunt—and she said you might be worth investigating," he observed, watching Hartwell's face.

"The deuce she did!" ejaculated Hartwell, his face growing very red. "See here, Mr. Flinder; just keep all these ladies away from my place. Understand?" He looked quite fierce.

"Well, I'll be stumped!" ejaculated Ezekiel, backing off. "You confounded young puppy, you! I don't believe you dast show me none of your sculping. I'll bet it's nothing but a mess of mud pies!"

"Would you really like to see some of my work?" asked Hartwell with outward seriousness, although there were all sorts of kinks in his blue eyes. He enjoyed his verbal skirmishes with his neighbor quite as much as Ezekiel did, and Ezekiel was secretly proud of the fact that a real sculptor lived cheek by jowl with him. His one lament was that he could not boast to his fellows that he had seen any of Hartwell's work.

"Yes, I'd admire to look at it. Mebbe I could tell you if it was good enough for the soldier's monument. I know something about art even if I don't belong to no hysterical culture clubs," grinned Ezekiel delightedly as he stumped down the path in the wake of the young man toward the bungalow.

In the long, low building which Hartwell used as his workroom they paused a moment, while the farmer gazed around at the several groups swathed under canvas coverings. "Smells damp in here," he said awkwardly as Hartwell removed the canvas from a large crouching lion modeled in clay.

"Lord love you, but he looks like he would bite!" exclaimed Ezekiel; then he scanned the young man suspiciously. "I scarcely believe you made that there critter. You don't look like you had it in you, meaning no offense."

Hartwell smiled and removed a wet cloth from a mass of modeling clay. "Seeing's believing," he said cheerfully and moved his fingers deftly, surely, and with lightning rapidity, picking up and laying aside a modeling tool, he brought before Ezekiel's amazed vision a startling picture in miniature.

Against a background of rough clay was a rail fence. Sitting on the rail fence, one cowhide boot swinging nonchalantly over his clasped hands, was Ezekiel Flinder himself, looking like an amiable scarecrow as he nibbled a blade of grass.

Ezekiel stared, open eyed, open mouthed, chagrined almost to tears. "By gummy!" he breathed heavily at last. "It's me!"

"It is, Mr. Flinder," smiled Hartwell.

"Why, if Little River sees that I'll be the laughingstock from Upper Ford down to Stepping Stone! I believe in you, Mr. Hartwell," he said earnestly. "I don't want no more proof. You're as consarned a good sculptor as I wanter see, only break the thing before anybody sees it."

"How about your daughter?" asked Hartwell, holding his hands above the wet clay model.

"If I had one I'd make her marry you jest to keep on good terms with you, Mr. Hartwell. Now, Miss Christine isn't my daughter, but I'll give you all the chances I can to"—

"You're too late, Mr. Flinder," interrupted Hartwell, the kinks coming into his eyes. "You see, I've been engaged to Christine Davidson for a year, and we're going to be married next month, and we expect you to donate the blue glass lemonade set."

A Crank In the Commons.

Mr. Farmer-Atkinson was a curious psychological study. An astute man of business, he was founder and first president of the chamber of shipping of the United Kingdom. But in the house he proved a veritable "crank." One of his habits was to stalk in ghostly fashion from behind the chair, suddenly to utter some unexpected and irrelevant remark in a stage whisper into Speaker Peel's ear and then vanish. Poor Mr. Peel stood it patiently for awhile. At last, however, it got on his nerves. Old parliamentary hands remember the sensation that was caused one night when the speaker was obliged to appeal to the house for "protection" against these persistent annoyances. Soon afterward Mr. Farmer-Atkinson withdrew from public life on grounds of ill health, and Westminster saw him no more.—London Dispatch.