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F. J. WRIGHT. DENTON. | F. J. WRIGHT, DENTON.

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and a joy forever is a priceless jewel Priceless because it ever increases in value and the investment is always to your lasting benefit. A varied stock of all prevailing stones in setting of old gold or in regulation. Order your setting and choose your own stone. Let us give you the value of expert advice which is reliable and always for your best interests.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Low cost? Why, a Ford recently averaged twenty-five and a third miles to a gallon of gasoline—for thirty-three hundred miles! And this is not an exceptional Ford performance. Ford economy is a big reason for Ford popularity. Buy yours now.

Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout, the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—all f. o. b. Detroit, complete with full equipment. Get catalog and particulars from DENTON AUTO CO., Denton, Maryland.
Call at the Big Garage.

GOOD DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES

It has been the rule of our pharmacy to handle only the very best goods, both in the drug and toilet line, and anything bought of us you may rest assured is of the highest quality. Our good name depends upon the quality of what we sell, and we mean to maintain our reputation as long as we are in business.

Denton Drug Company,
Denton, Maryland.

A RELIABLE BUSINESS ASSISTANT

Business men in all lines find the TELEPHONE of invaluable assistance in their daily work. Leaders in the business world have a TELEPHONE at their elbow always and use it to advantage.

There are deals in the world of business which must be handled with dispatch—first come, first served. That's where the TELEPHONE counts.

The TELEPHONE is a first assistant to the men of big business. It is likewise a valuable ally to the business man who wants to do bigger business.

H. M. THOMPSON, Manager,
HILLSBORO, MD.

ARE YOUR CHILDREN PROTECTED

against the loss of their home through fire; if they are not it's up to you to see that they have this protection. Some people think because they have never had a fire, they never will. That's poor reasoning; the better way is to insure your house and furniture. Let us quote you rates.

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

JAMES J. ROSS, President. WM. DENNY Secretary-Treasurer

The Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.,
DOVER, DELAWARE.

Insures property against Fire and Lightning. Has returned its members in reduction of premiums and for surrendered policies over $500,000.00 and has now over $11,000,000.00 insurance in force.

CARTER & DEEN, Agts., Denton, Md. L. IRVING JONES, Agt., Greensboro, Md. ALEX. NOBLE, Agt., Preston, Md.

"GRANDMOTHER'S SPECS"

were not made for young eyes—for the reason that glasses must be prescribed for the eyes that are to use them. Only a trained and experienced optometrist can say what are and what are not the proper glasses to suit your particular case of eye trouble, and then only after a painstaking examination. I will test your eyes free of charge and furnish you with glasses that will exactly suit your special impairment.

DR. C. A. WHISLER.
Osteopathic Physician and Optometrist,
DENTON, MD.

JOURNAL advertisements bring results. Try one.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
TOWN PROPERTY

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary M. Vosmus to Lizzie G. Redden, dated the 22nd day of May, 1911, which said mortgage has several assignments on same, the last assignment being to Harvey L. Cooper, said mortgage and assignments of record in Liber J. K. S., No. 12, folio 522, etc., one of the Mortgage Record Books for Caroline county, the undersigned, as assignee, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Saturday, March 28, 1914

between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., the following described property: All that piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Third Election District of Caroline county, in the town of Denton, and lying on the southeast corner of Second and Randolph streets, beginning for the same at a stake or stone planted on the southeast corner of Second and Randolph streets and running in a southerly direction, parallel with Second street, a distance of 51 feet; thence in an easterly direction 137 feet; thence in a northerly direction, parallel with Second street, 51 feet to Randolph street; thence in a westerly direction 137 feet to the place of beginning, it being the same land conveyed to Mary M. Vosmus by Lizzie G. Redden and husband by deed dated May 22, 1911, and recorded among the Land Records for Caroline county.

The improvements consist of a

7 Room Dwelling

in good repair.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
JAMES TEMPLE, Auct. Assignee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE

UNDER and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in a case in which Mary Virginia Everett and husband are plaintiffs and William F. Zeigler and wife are defendants, being No. 1598 Chancery, the undersigned trustee will on

Tuesday, March 10

1914, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock P. M., in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder:

All that farm or tract of land in the First Election District of Caroline county, near the town of Henderson and on the west side of the road from Henderson to Ingleside, near Casho's Mill, adjoining the lands of Carroll Johnson, John R. Jones and others, a part of which was owned by Franklin P. Zeigler and a part by Mary E. Zeigler during their life time and now owned by their heirs at law, parties to this suit, as tenants in common, containing about

14 Acres of Land.

Improvements:

The farm is improved by an

8-Room, 2-Story Frame House,

Implement Shed and other necessary outbuildings, all in excellent repair.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by decree of the Court are one-third cash on day of sale, and the balance in equal instalments in six and twelve months, or all cash at the option of the purchaser, deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale and be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

Title papers at the expense of purchaser.

T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH,
JOHN W. CLARK, Trustee.
Auctioneer.

STATE OF MARYLAND
STATE ROADS COMMISSION

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals for building one section of State Highway, as follows:

CAROLINE COUNTY: One section along the Linchester Road, from near Preston to Linchester, about 1.57 miles in length. (Concrete or Macadam).

will be received by the State Roads Commission, at its offices, 601 Garrett Building, Baltimore, Maryland, until 12 M. on the 17th day of March, 1914, at which time and place they will be publicly opened and read.

Bids must be made upon the blank form contained in the book of specifications. Specifications and plans will be furnished by the Commission upon application and cash payment of $1.00, as hereafter no charges will be permitted.

No bids will be received unless accompanied by a certified check for the sum of Five Hundred ($500) Dollars, payable to the State Roads Commission.

The successful bidder will be required to give bond, and comply with the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, respecting contracts.

The Commission reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the State Roads Commission this 27th day of February, 1914.

O. E. WELLER, Chairman.
WM. L. MARCY, Secretary.

Fine Offices for Rent.

We have two very comfortable offices for rent, for business or professional men, in the Telephone Building in Denton. The terms are $75 per year, and the offices may be secured by the month at $6.25. There are heat, electric light, and janitor service. Apply to

F. & M. TELEPHONE CO.,
H. M. Thompson, Manager,
Hillsboro, Md.

For Sale

Indian Runner Ducks, and hen eggs of eight varieties. Pure as money can buy. Will book orders for two months. Dollar a setting.

S. J. RAUGHLEY,
2-7-tf Denton, Md.

Sir Galahad's Reward

Sacrifice of Kirk Stanley Brought Its Recompense

By JAMES B. ALLEN

Little Mrs. Webb clasped her hands convulsively and watched Kirk Stanley's face. Her breath came in gasps, and the lace frill on her breast rose and fell tumultuously.

"Can't you make it all right for Wilbur?" she whispered as his hard set lips made no utterance in response to her frenzied plea for her husband's immunity from punishment.

"How can I make it all right for him?" asked Kirk at last.

Emma Webb moved her fair head impatiently. "There must be some way.'

"There is only one way," he said slowly, with his dark eyes fixed on her pleading blue ones, "only one way to save Wilbur Webb from the punishment he deserves for using $5,000 of the company's funds."

"And that way is?" she asked breathlessly.

"To assume the blame myself," he said in an even tone, his eyes burning into hers. "As Wilbur's coworker in the cashier's office I was equally tempted by the careless methods of the company. Wilbur succumbed to temptation—his craze for cards was his undoing. Undoubtedly his intentions were good. He meant to replace the money, but he lost instead of winning; they usually do lose! The examiner came, found the evidence against Wilbur and put it up to him. Your husband denied it, but that very night he tried the cards again and won—think of it, Emma—he won $5,000 and replaced the money!

"The guilt was still there, and the company discharged Wilbur. Now you ask me to save him from the disgrace that must inevitably follow when some one's tongue is loosened. Some one will talk, and the secret will come out. Wilbur's standing in the town will be ruined, and he must go to a new place and begin all over again. Why not let him go? If you stand shoulder to shoulder with him, Emma Webb, he will rise again, and his love for you will hold him straight in the future. He will be a better man for the experience."

Mrs. Webb shivered. "I could never go to a strange city, Mr. Stanley. All my family, all my friends are here. I have spent my life in Linwood; I would not be happy elsewhere."

She hid her face in her hands, for she knew that three years ago she had played false to Kirk Stanley and thrown him over to marry the more showy Wilbur Webb, just home from college and a tour of the world. She had married reckless young Webb, and now he had brought disgrace upon her. She was pleading with her old lover to save her husband from the result of his folly.

"Mr. Hardwick says that there is only one way that Wilbur can prove

"YOU ASK ME TO SACRIFICE MY HONOR FOR YOUR HUSBAND'S SAKE?"

his innocence and retain his position with the company," said Emma, looking up at last.

Kirk Stanley arose and looked down at her.

"And that is?"—he asked in a strangled tone.

"Is for Wilbur to prove that you did it! Mr. Hardwick says Wilbur can't prove it, and he wouldn't believe it if it was proved by anything save your own word"— Mrs. Webb stopped and sobbed.

"Knowing me to be innocent, you would accept such a sacrifice from me?" he asked in a dull tone.

"There is no one to suffer for you, Kirk," she said, with the unconscious cruelty of the very selfish. "Some day you will have your reward for the sacrifice."

The woman watched him with hopeful eyes. Once before she had seen Kirk Stanley writhe in the flame of sacrifice, and she had gained her end. But she was not thinking of that now. All she was thinking of was that if Kirk would save her husband from disgrace their position in the community would be unassailed, and life would go on in the same pleasant, easy manner it had before, only Wilbur would be more careful in the future. He had promised to leave cards alone, and—

Kirk's voice broke in upon the tumult of her thoughts.

"You ask me to sacrifice my honor, my manhood, for your craven husband's sake, Emma?"

"No, not for his sake—for mine and the baby's," she protested.

"You would use that as a lever in my decision?" he asked sharply.

Again she wept. It was always her weapon when words failed, and she wept gracefully.

After awhile she stole a glance at him and murmured:

"Oh, Kirk, please!"

"Yes," was his answer as he turned away. "I will write to Mr. Hardwick. I will go away. Remember, if Wilbur yields to temptation again he will have to bear the consequences of his crime, and the discovery will prove my innocence in this case. Please go now, and bear the news to your husband. The strain will be over in a day or two. I must have time to make preparations."

Three days later Arthur Hardwick, president of the Consolidated Gas company, found a brief letter from his chief cashier on his desk. He read the letter several times, and a quizzical smile curled his lips at the corners. He pressed a button, sent for the discharged cashier, and presently the pale face of Wilbur Webb confronted him.

"Good morning, Webb. Stanley has resigned, and you may take his place in the office. If you have suffered an injustice at my hands in being accused of the $5,000 shortage please accept my heartfelt apologies. This letter from Kirk Stanley declares that he is the guilty one, and he is disappearing from Linwood today. In view of the fact that the money has been replaced the company will not prosecute the case. You are not surprised at Stanley's confession?" he rapped out suddenly.

Webb's face turned a sickly greenish pallor. "I am not surprised that he has confessed," he stammered vaguely, his weak eyes blinking back at the official's hard orbs.

"Ah, yes, thank you, Webb! The incident is closed now, and, so far as Stanley is concerned, the knowledge of his own guilt should be punishment enough, eh?"

"Why—er—yes!" gasped Wilbur weakly.

"That will do. Send in Miss Smith I wish to dictate." Alone once more the president of the Consolidated Gas company locked Kirk Stanley's confession in his private safe and smiled a very human sort of smile. "Sir Galahad—Don Quixote—old chaps, you're not in it with Kirk Stanley, bless him!"

* * * * * * *

A year later Kirk Stanley was bossing a gang of men in a Canadian lumber camp. The sturdy outdoor life had added breadth to his shoulders and had browned face and hands to a deep bronze tint. In his rough flannel shirt and corduroys tucked into high boots he tramped to and fro, bringing order out of chaos, steadily growing in the favor of his employers and day by day forgetting all the old life from which he had fled to give a fallen comrade another opportunity to arise and make good.

When the day's work was over and the axes ceased their ringing clamor and the crash of falling trees was hushed, Kirk dropped his air of authority, and with a new glad look in his eyes he would hasten along a winding, leafy path that led to the cabin of John Locksley. The cabin was perched on a hill among pines, and John Locksley was a student who had left civilization to live in the wilderness and regain shattered health.

Kirk Stanley had met him when he first came to the lumber camp and had been grateful when Locksley invited him to share his comfortable little four roomed cabin. Six months afterward Locksley's daughter, Nellie, came from the states to keep house for her father, and, as the girl had made no objection to doing for the quiet young boarder, the three had spent six idyllic months amid the Canadian snows.

On this particular evening Kirk was hastening homeward, his eyes eager for the first glimpse of Nellie Locksley. He hoped she would be standing in the cabin porch watching for his return. He loved to watch her unseen and revel in the sweetness of his love for her and the budding hope that it was returned.

But mingled with the sweetness was the bitterness of recollection. What could he offer her but a tarnished name? Before he could ask her hand in marriage he must tell her father about his life in Linwood and he must reveal the past to Nellie. Whether he regretted his part in sacrificing himself for Wilbur Webb I do not know, but it is certain that he was very grave in those latter days of his wooing, and he did not whistle joyously as he had been wont to do in his first acquaintance with Locksley's lovely daughter.

The sternness of his face relaxed as he glimpsed the girl in the shadow of the porch, and a tender smile curved his lips as she vanished at the first sight of him. When he entered the cabin Nellie was reading a week old newspaper that had arrived with the mail that day, and her father was enjoying the dry paragraphs of some scientific journal.

"Mail day?" asked Kirk, with the careless indifference of one who never receives any letters.

John Locksley laid down his paper and looked over his spectacles at the younger man.

"Yes, Kirk; you will be surprised to near that my physician says I may come home and try it for a year. We want to be off by the end of next week. How would you like to keep the cabin for your headquarters?"

Kirk paled under his tan, and there was an uncomfortable tugging at his heart. So he was to lose Nellie as well as honor and everything else!

"Thank you, sir, I shall be glad to," he said grimly. "It will seem the more like home to me because you and Miss Nellie have made it so pleasant for me, but I shall be mighty lonesome."

"Come back into the world, Kirk!" cried Locksley impulsively. "You are cut out for better things, and I can give you a chance. I'm not the beggar I appear to be in this mountain cabin. I have money and influence. I can push you along to the front. Why should you bury yourself in a lumber camp?"

Kirk looked from father to daughter. Nellie was regarding him with shy eagerness, but her eyes would not meet his.

His hands gripped the arms of his chair. It was time to tell them. The punishment of seeing their kind faces harden against him was almost more than he could bear, but Kirk was not a craven.

"I came away. I came into the wilderness to lose the past," he said slowly, meeting their glances openly, frankly. "I was cashier with the Consoli-

"IT IS HARDER TO TELL YOU, SIR, BECAUSE I LOVE NELLIE."

dated Gas company of Linwood, and one day $5,000 was missing, and I confessed."

He bowed his head and awaited their denunciation. There was silence, and he spoke again:

"It is the harder to tell you, sir, because I love Nellie. I cannot offer her a tarnished name—and yet, if you knew the truth you would not blame me."—

John Locksley slapped his hand upon the table and interrupted Kirk's words.

"I do know the truth, Kirk! I have known it for months, and I have honored you above all men for your heroic sacrifice! It is a small world and Arthur Hardwick happens to be one of my best friends. In writing to him one day I inclosed a snapshot photograph of the lumber camp, and he recognized your picture. He wrote me and said: 'I see you have my Sir Galahad with you, Locksley. You cannot do him too much honor, for he is expiating the crime of another man. Some day, when the time seems proper to you, tell him that Wilbur Webb has recovered his manhood and confessed his own guilt; tell him his old place awaits him with certain promotion, for our treasurer is growing old. Tell him I never believed his preposterous confession for one minute.' That's what Hardwick said," ended John Locksley, as he clapped his hand on Kirk's bowed shoulder and left the room.

The clock ticked on the shelf and outside a bird sang a lullaby in the pine tree. Nellie arose and went softly to Kirk. She knelt down and laid her cheek against his.

Kirk's arm went around her, and he lifted her face and looked down into her tear brimmed eyes.

"Kirk, can I make up to you for some of the suffering you have endured?" she whispered.

"My dearest," he said, "what I did is not worthy this great reward. I took the blame because I had no kin who would be ashamed by my disgrace. I had lost father, mother and sisters. I came here into the wilderness, and I have found a father and a wife!"

SETTING THE TABLE.

It Was Akin to a Religious Ceremony In Queen Bess' Court.

The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonious function.

First came a gentleman with a rod, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, which, after they had knelt reverently three times, was spread upon the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt.

Then entered twenty-four yeomen of the guard clad in scarlet and each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in for fear of possible poison. These guards were selected from the tallest and stoutest men in all England.

At the close of this ceremony a number of unmarried ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. The queen dined and supped alone, with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

Fox and Gibbon.

When the furniture of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, there was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman history. It appeared by the title page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentiment deterred the recipient from writing on the fly leaf this anecdote:

"The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since."

Such was the avidity of bidders anxious to secure the least scrap of the writing and composition of the famous owner of the copy that owing to the addition of this little record the book sold for 3 guineas, a large sum for the times.

THE WRECK OF THE ROSY DAWN

A Story of Plans That Miscarried

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Whenever work was slack at the shipyard Lem Peters was always the first man to be laid off. People said that it was a good thing for Lem that his wife was a popular dressmaker, for her busy fingers enabled them to live very comfortably in the little white cottage.

It was rather dull now at the shipyard, and in consequence Lem Peters was sitting idly on the wharf, swinging his feet and waiting for the arrival of the daily steamer from the city across the sound. The departure and arrival of the Dunton were matters of daily excitement in Quank village. In winter, when the harbor was frozen over and the Dunton was icebound at her wharf, things were very dull indeed in the remote village.

But today, in the late autumn, the weather was still mild, with a haziness in the air that was suggestive of distant forest fires. The cliffs that embraced the harbor in two long protecting arms were clothed with ancient cedars and sturdy oaks; the oaks were dripping a golden shower of leaves against the dark background of the cedars.

The bay was deep blue, with little whitecapped waves that broke crisply. The sun shone brightly, and the west wind murmured gently.

Lem Peters pulled gently at his pipe and dreamed of many adventures he had shared with little Captain Charlie Sayles, whose tight little schooner, the Rosy Dawn, lay at anchor a half mile down the bay.

Their last adventure had led them down among the Florida keys in search of the fabled fountain of youth and the hidden treasure of that famous pirate, Black Duffy. They had returned richer in experience, but poorer by some hundred dollars.

That had happened a year ago, and now the wanderlust was upon Lem Peters again, and it also gripped Captain Charlie Sayles.

"I'm going aboard the schooner, Lem. Want to come?" Captain Charlie's bluff voice broke in on Lem's pleasant somnolence.

"Uh-huh," agreed Lem, and he followed Captain Charlie down the ladder to the little boat that bobbed in the rising tide.

In silence the two men rowed out to the Rosy Dawn, and it was not until they had boarded her and were sitting side by side in comfortable chairs under the canvas awning that the silence was broken.

"You got something up your sleeve, cap'n," ventured Lem hopefully.

Captain Charlie spat thoughtfully.

"I got an idee," he said, with a wary glance around as if he expected his wife, Elsie, might be within listening distance.

"What is it?"

"You remember a steamer went down off No Point three years ago?"

"Yes, dead of winter, howling gale, wasn't it? Everybody saved except the vessel. I remember. I heard there was considerable money aboard of her and"—

"That's what I'm after," said Captain Charlie quietly.

"Jerooshelum! How do you figger on doing it? I ain't no diver, you know," Lem hastened to explain.

"No more am I," retorted the captain irascibly, "and I ain't a consarned fool neither! That there steamer went down off the long jagged rock off No Point. Well, I was around there t'other day, fishing for blues, and, Lem, I seen her ribs down there, and I found this here on the beach."

He dropped a dull looking coin into Lem's horny palm.

"What do you call that, eh?" he asked, with thinly veiled triumph in his tone.

Lem examined it, polished it on his blue flannel sleeve and calmly pronounced it a twenty dollar gold piece.

"I'll bet there's a sight more where you found that," he hazarded.

"There ought to be," agreed the captain. "Dare you to come along and find out!"

"Take you. When you going to start?"

"Tonight. Full moon. Light as day. Don't want no talk about it. Jest hist sail and slip out while all the folks is dancing at the firemen's ball. If we can clear up a few hundred of these here coins I'll be satisfied. What say, Lem?" The captain punched his friend in the ribs with a playful forefinger.

"Sure. But, cap'n, how we going to get hold of the money? It's not all washed up on the beach and"—

"I got a small oyster dredger—a hand dredger that belonged to my brother Hiram," explained the captain patiently. "I've overhauled the donkey engine and got it rigged up under the tarpaulin yonder." He pointed to a lumpy mound on the foredeck. "One of us'll bring up the mud, and t'other can poke around in it for gold. What say?"

"Captain Charlie," said Lem, with slow emphasis, "you got a head on you."

"Oh, I dunno, but I'm bound to git rich some day!" responded the captain modestly.

"There ain't nothing to be said to the wimmen-folks about this, eh?"

"Not a banged thing!" cried the captain. "Now let's get ashore so they won't suspicion we're hatching up anything."

"But you got preparations to make," protested Lem.

"Lem, I've been getting ready for this for weeks. You ain't got a thing to do 'cept step aboard, and away she goes. We oughter be back by tomorrow night."

"What you going to say to Elsie?"

"Tell her I'm going fishing. So I be, only it's for gold. She won't suspicion a thing. Any rate, why should she care?"

"They think it's contrapted nonsense," muttered Lem, thinking of his busy little wife.

* * * * * * *

The midnight moon found the Rosy Dawn riding at anchor off No Point. The sand faced cliffs ran steeply down to the beach, and now with a steadily rising tide the water was washing the base of the cliffs.

Clouds scudded across the sky and now and then an ugly puff of wind from the northeast. The two adventurers, one at the donkey engine, the other paddling around in the tank of oozy mud that the dredger disgorged, shivered with the chill of the approaching storm. Lem Peters by the light of a lantern had searched the mud and had found a large coin. To their disgust, it proved to be an English penny instead of the gold they sought.

Clink, clank, creaked the old engine, while Captain Charlie swore picturesquely as he labored over its balky machinery.

Paddle and splash went Lem's paddle as he worked in the mud. At last he found a gold coin and another. Excitement ran high. The two treasure hunters forgot the rising storm. They did not see that the moon had hidden her face nor that the Rosy Dawn had dragged her anchor and was boring toward the rock-strewn beach.

The lust for gold was in their eager eyes, and they worked frantically now, both of them plunging their hands into the dark mass salvaged from the sea.

"She's rocking some!" panted Captain Charlie as the Rosy Dawn lurched uncertainly. "But, Lem, we're bound to be rich men before morning."

"Sure thing!" puffed Lem as he uncovered another muddy coin. "Gee, cap'n, this was a great thought of yours."

"Yes—uh-uh-uhumph!"

The doughty little captain's voice ended in a shrill shout as the bow of the Rosy Dawn lifted high in the air and then drove down with a mighty crash.

The two startled adventurers were precipitated into the tank of mud, while the decrepit donkey engine gave one horrid shriek and was still forever.

When the two men faced each other in the dim light of the smoky lantern their faces were plastered with mud, and only their white, scared eyes were visible each to the other.

"Gone ashore, by grass!" shouted Lem Peters.

"My poor Rosy Dawn!" groaned Captain Charlie as he clambered out on deck.

As they stood there, peering up at the beetling cliff above, the clouds broke away from the moon and showed them that the stanch little schooner was high and dry on No Point beach.

"We'll be the laffinstock of all Quank!" groaned the captain once more as he realized their painful position.

"It's the wimmen folks I mind most," said Lem gloomily.

And at that very moment laughter broke in on their despondent murmurings. With one accord they turned frightened faces toward the deckhouse of the schooner, to start back in affright as a broad glow of light shot up from the open companionway. Then appeared two heads side by side. They were feminine heads, and they were followed by the substantial forms of Mrs. Elsie Sayles and Lem Peters' wife. And Mrs. Sayles and Mrs. Peters were laughing heartily, and when they saw the faces of the mud bespattered adventurers they laughed more than ever.

The doughty little captain took umbrage and shook his fist angrily.

"What does this mean, Elsie?" he demanded.

Mrs. Sayles ceased her laughter for a moment.

"Lizzie and me have found out that you two need gardeens," she explained. "So when we suspected you was hatching up more ridiculous trouble for yourselves, why, we jest made up our minds to come along. When you and Lem came aboard the Rosy Dawn we was all settled down in the spare state room, and we've had a reel nice time enjoying how two big men can rastle so hard for a few dollars. And, Captain Charlie, I'm thinking Quank folks will laff when they hear about the Rosy Dawn going ashore almost to home!"

Lem Peters' wife spoke up now.

"But if you and Lem'll divide up them gold pieces with us we won't breathe a word," she said.

"Done!" said the two adventurers eagerly. Captain Charlie sniffed the air hungrily.

"Seems like I smell ham frying, but I didn't bring no cook along," he muttered dazedly.

"Yes, you did; you brought two cooks. Lizzie and I've got supper all ready—ham and corn bread—and, cap'n, I guess you and Lem better go and wash some of that there mud off if you want some supper."

While they removed the mud from their faces Captain Charlie turned his little nutcracker countenance to his friend.

"How much will we have left out of this here gold after the wimmen git their share?" he asked.

"I reckon about one English penny apiece," answered Lem gloomily.

Hospitality.

The appetite of the guest was a keen one, and he was doing full justice to the excellent dinner provided by his host. The little daughter of the house watched him open mouthed for awhile. Then finally she smiled on him brightly and said:

"Oh, I do wish you were here to dinner every day!"

The guest beamed with satisfaction.

"Do you, my dear? Why?" he inquired.

"Because," came the unexpected reply, "there won't be anything cold to eat tomorrow."—London Tit-Bits.

Discipline.

"How do you get your constituents so thoroughly accustomed to implicit reliance on your word?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "I made 'em understand at the outset that if they didn't accept my statements they'd have to listen to a long string of statistics."—Washington Post.