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DENTON JOURNAL.

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A DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT WILL BE GIVEN ON ALL DRY GOODS AND UNDERWEAR during the coming week at

C. C. DEEN'S STORE, FOWLING CREEK, MARYLAND

ALL OF US REALIZE

That The Time Has Come When We Have to Save

Notice These Figures:

Regular	12½c	Ginghams now	9½c
"	8c	Apron Ginghams	7c
"	8c	Calicoes now	7c
"	7c	" now	6c
"	50c	Overalls now	49c
"	$1.00	" now	90c
"	3.50	Shoes now	$3 00
"	5.00	Gum Coats now	4.00
"	12½c	Percales now	9½c
"	50c	Caps now	42c
"	29c	Table Oilcloth	24c
	$11.23		$9.44

50 cents per week saved at CARROLL'S Store means $25.00 per year. Give this a thought.

A Full Line of Groceries

Salt Meat from 7c to 15c a lb.
Fresh Beef 8c to 12½c a lb.
Mackerel at 4c.
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Give Us a Call and Be Convinced.

C. E. Carroll & Co.
Near Depot, Denton, Md.

HALF-PRICE NOW ON Hats & Bonnets —IN THE— Millinery Department —AT— Croll's Store Hickman, Del.

2000 Articles

WORTH FROM 35 TO 50 CENTS EACH, ARE BEING SOLD AT . . .

TEN CENTS EACH

. . . AT . . .

Bullock's Cheap Store
in the Carter Block,
Denton, Maryland.

Protect Your EYES While You May They Are of First Importance

They are of more value than great riches. Without good EYESIGHT life is a burden. I have given years of study to the EYE and am prepared to fit GLASSES that will remedy defects in the vision—will preserve the SIGHT.

At my establishment in Denton I carry a varied stock of JEWELRY, well selected, including Watches and Personal Ornaments, and also a great variety of high-grade post cards, well worth your inspection.

F. J. WRIGHT : : : Denton, Md.

Wedding Gifts

In greater variety than ever at

STURMER'S

Newest, useful and artistic ideas in sterling silver, cut glass and china, just received and prices ranging to suit all purses.

Diamonds

Call and allow us to show you what VALUES we give and get OUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE of QUALITY, equaling and surpassing diamonds sold elsewhere.

Expert engraving, watch, clock and jewelry repairing promptly executed.

STURMER
Jeweler to the People
EASTON, MD.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

For coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup, influenza, whooping cough, measles cough, and for asthmatic and consumptive coughs in all stages of the disease. Good for man, woman and child. Nothing better. Price, 25 cts.

NO MORPHINE OR CHLOROFORM

"I had a cough for four weeks; took a doctor's prescription without result, but after taking two bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the cough was all gone." James W. Byrd, 2626 S. 15th St. Phila., Pa.

SAMPLE SENT FREE
Write for it today. Mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Go to Walker's for Bargains in

Shoes, Stockings, Shirts, Overalls and Gloves, Tobaccos and Cigars, Groceries, Provisions, Salt Meats, Fish, DATES, FIGS, FRUITS, CANDIES, &c., &c.

Order of Publication.

Thomas Sampson
vs.
Lue R. Sampson.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County.
In Equity. Chy. No.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree of divorce a vinculo matrimonii by the complainant, Thomas Sampson, from the defendant, Lue R. Sampson.

The bill states that the said Thomas Sampson was married to the said Lue R. Sampson at Hurlock, Dorchester County, Maryland, on or about the 15th day of November, 1893; that they resided together in Dorchester and Caroline counties in said State of Maryland until September, or about the 2nd day of September in the year 1907, and that Caroline county is the last aforesaid State of Maryland is (2) the place of their last marital domicile. That the said Thomas Sampson is now and has been a resident of Caroline county in the aforesaid State of Maryland for more than two years continuously (3) That though the conduct of the said Thomas Sampson towards his wife, the said Lue R. Sampson, has always been kind and affectionate and above reproach the said Lue R. Sampson has without just cause or reason has abandoned her and persisted him, and has declared, and thereon to live with him no longer, and such abandonment has continued uninterrupted for a period of three years and is deliberate and final and beyond the reparation of the parties and there is no reasonable hope or expectation of a reconciliation.

That said Thomas Sampson and Lue R. Sampson have by virtue of said marriage two children, (Golden Sampson and Velmer Sampson), who resides with the father and are under the care and custody of the said mother, the said Lue R. Sampson, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is therefore, this 8th day of December, 1911, ordered by the Circuit Court for Caroline County, in Equity, that the plaintiff causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 16th day of January, give notice to the said Lue R. Sampson, a non-resident of the State, of the object and substance of this bill, warning her to appear in this court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 25th day of January next, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Warning.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners and Road Engineer of Caroline county that the substructure of Denton Bridge, over the Choptank river, is in an unstable condition, and all persons are hereby forbidden to cross or enter upon said bridge with traction engines and loads exceeding one ton and two horses, nor to drive over said bridge faster than a walk.

By order of the County Commissioners.
WILLIAM H. ANDERSON,
June 6th, 1911. Clerk.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Md., Dec. 7, 1911.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Peoples National Bank, Denton, Md., will be held at their banking-house, in Denton, Md., on Tuesday, January 9th, 1912, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock p. m. of that day for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

THOS. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE GOLDSBORO BANK,
Goldsboro, Md., Jan. 4, 1912.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Goldsboro Bank, Goldsboro, Md., will be held at their banking house in Goldsboro, Md., on Saturday, January 20th, 1912, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m. of that day for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

ROBERT JARRELL, JR., Cashier

Order Nisi.

W. Brewster Deen, Assignee,
vs.
Henry J. Jacobs and Maggie Jacobs, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County.
In Equity. Chy. No. 1503.

Ordered, this 15th day of December, 1911, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by W. Brewster Deen, Assignee of Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of February next; provided a copy of this order be printed in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county once in each of four successive weeks before the 16th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $900.00.

J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
J. KEMP STEVENS, Clerk.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Md., Dec. 7, 1911.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Denton National Bank, Denton, Md., will be held at their banking-house, in Denton, Md., on Tuesday, January 9th, 1912, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock p. m. of that day for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

T. C. WEST, Cashier.

For Sale.

Forty bushels of good seed Corn, grew 83¼ bushels to acre. Took second prize in contest. Ear or shelled.

W. M. GAREY,
(1-9-3t) Postoffice; Denton, Md.

To the Depths and Back

New Year's Battle That Renewed Lost Courage

By HOWARD FIELDING

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On the last day of the year I sold all my interest in a corporation which I had organized, promoted and nominally managed. My associates bought me out at a very high figure. They eliminated me because I was too conservative. I had gone into this venture with a handful of borrowed dollars; I had come out with something like a fortune. I felt myself a favorite of destiny—the universe was my friend.

In this state of mind I appeared at Mrs. Sherman Moore's musical party on New Year's eve, prepared to enjoy everything and admire everybody, and there I first saw Irma Lasalle. Mrs. Moore is a very rich widow, a patroness of the arts and a discoverer of

"I SAW HER, AND I HEARD HER."

geniuses. Miss Lasalle was her latest protege. She was the daughter of a mechanic in very poor circumstances, chiefly because he spent all his money on "some foolish invention," as Mrs. Moore expressed it.

Here was a young queen. Among that company there was not a woman to compare with her in natural dignity, in modest self possession or even in those small refinements of manner that cannot be a gift, but are necessarily acquired.

"In the name of wonder," said I to my hostess at the first possible opportunity, "where was this girl bred?"

"Oh, not here," she said—"in some little cultivated community away from cities. I forget the name. But wait till you have heard her sing."

Again I was surprised. I saw her and I heard her, and my notion of myself as a rather important young man died, not painfully, but with a smile. I must begin tomorrow and really be somebody, said I. There is more in life than I had supposed.

At the earliest possible moment I made the acquaintance of Irma's father. I had had considerable experience with inventors and had learned not to expect too much. Lasalle, however, was a practical man who knew precisely what he was doing, and his invention had passed the doubtful stage. He had an electric storage battery which was the best in the field.

Lasalle was already in negotiations with a man named Elmer Rainsforth, who could command some money, but not nearly enough. I might easily have crowded him out, but it seemed unfair. Instead I accepted him as an associate.

We organized a company, and I financed it. Lasalle received a cash payment, a good block of stock and a liberal salary. Thus Irma escaped from the grip of poverty.

We bought and remodeled a factory, equipped it with special machinery and engaged in other expensive operations, but we could not sell the stock.

I was soon heavily involved, but fortunately I could still borrow money. Bankers who had accommodated me in my previous venture had faith in me and piled up my discounts.

The company issued $100,000 worth of bonds and turned them over to me in payment of cash loans which had exceeded that sum, whereupon I pledged the bonds with banks and borrowed more money, which I put into the company.

In view of the general business situation which developed in the fall my position was undoubtedly dangerous, and yet I believe that I should have come through with flying colors if those who held guard beside me had been loyal.

I will state what happened as briefly as possible. The company had a contract with Lasalle binding him to give it the call upon all his inventions in the line of electrical storage for a period of ten years. Lasalle invented a storage battery (now known as the Glynn) which was so much better than ours that competition was futile. He secretly turned this over to a dummy named Edward Glynn, and it was patented in his name and a company was formed to exploit it. I was permitted to examine a working model, and I had no hope afterward. The only honest thing to do was to suspend all operations and let the company drift into bankruptcy as serenely as possible.

I knew what Lasalle had done, but I could not prove it. To prove it (had I possessed the evidence) would have been to jail him, and he was Irma's father. I preferred ruin to this alternative.

On top of all this the court of appeals of the state handed down a decision in a certain case reversing another which had been my model in the matter of the bonds. It appeared that I had had no right to them and that my action in putting them up as collateral for personal loans had been criminal. These loans would now go unpaid, and the banks could send me to prison if they pleased.

I laid the whole case before my counsel in one grand final interview. I showed him that by herculean efforts I had put off the inevitable to about Feb. 1 of the following year—a matter of six weeks. All my personal liabilities which I could not meet, amounting to about $100,000, were concentrated around that fatal spot in the calendar.

Incidentally I remarked to my lawyer that my life was insured for $105,000. He smiled upon me benevolently and pronounced this able and comprehensive legal opinion:

"The only thing that you can do, so far as I can see, is to die."

My associate, Rainsforth, in some almost forgotten moment of prosperity, had bought a little island with a cabin on it in the middle of a Florida river which at that point extends to the dimensions of a lake. He now offered me the island as a refuge.

"Go down there and hide," said he, "till this thing blows over."

If I were conversing with my own soul I should not dare to say why I went to Rainsforth's island. If I had gone there with the deliberate intention of drowning myself I might not be so much ashamed of it, but to have gone with a hazy notion of doing it by accident, of taking risks upon the water, I hardly know how to describe it. The proceeding simply stamps me as a man sunk to something more insignificant than cowardice. I made my journey in the last week of December, and on the morning of the first day of the year I awoke in Rainsforth's hut.

One dull thought, aching like a bruise, was in my mind—I should never see Irma again.

New Year's morning—the same occasion of hope and resolution which I had been so ready to greet one year ago! Could this be the man who had been so happy, so courageous, so exalted, in spirit on that other dawn of a year? The contrast was unbearable. I could not lie there and behold my best day and my worst thus side by side.

Sheer misery drove me to exertion. I kindled a fire and began to prepare some breakfast. Yet I made a meal after a fashion and was reminded that my supplies were running low after my three days' residence upon the island. It would be necessary to replenish them from the village.

A wind had sprung up from the eastward and was freshening. I sat upon the shore and watched the waves break higher and higher. An hour from now, said I to myself, a canoe will have trouble out there, and I waited.

I got under way from the lee of the island, and when I passed beyond the shelter of the handbreadth of land I felt the sweep of the wind and waves. I made less than no headway. I was carried backward. There seemed to be no strength in me, no will to do anything.

Then something inside me seemed to say: This isn't fair. You must at least try. I shook myself awake, and at that instant half a wave came over the side, and before I could take any measure of safety another followed it, and the canoe sank under me. Instantly, I knew not why, the fighting instinct awoke in me. I never gave another thought to the possibility of death. I was all for the battle for its own sake.

I swam beside that canoe and swashed the water out of her and climbed into her. By this time I was far to leeward of my island, but I headed straight for the village and reached it after a heartbreaking fight, exhausted to the marrow of my bones, but somehow happy.

I sat on a little pier and dried myself in the sun, and various persons came and congratulated me upon being alive and politely told me that I was a fool, but I knew better. For the first time in months I felt the glow of pride.

A familiar voice smote upon my ear. I sprang to my feet, amazed, and faced Rainsforth.

"Why, what the deuce are you doing here?" I demanded.

He led me aside.

"It's all up," said he. "They know you're here."

"Who knows I'm here?"

He named two bank presidents, Ellsworth and Duane.

"Well?" said I.

"They're going to push you on the bond proposition," said he. "It's get out of the country or go to jail. I learned of this the day after you left and waited only to verify it beyond question."

"I'm glad you waited," said I. "I'm glad you didn't come yesterday."

"Why?"

"Because I should have run."

"Run!" he cried. "Why, man, what else can you do? You can't settle. I can give you enough to get you to South America or wherever you think you'll be safest. How much have you got?"

"Enough to carry me back to New York," said I. "Now look here, Rainsforth, I've had a lesson which I don't pretend to understand, but this is what happened. I fought two hours for my bare life right under the eye of nature—clean, clear pleasure every minute of it—and somehow I got back to first principles. The lesson is, fight! I've had a very pleasant and profitable vacation, thanks chiefly to you, and now I'm going back to do my level best and let the consequences take care of themselves."

Rainsforth seemed to be aghast. He pleaded with me, he begged, he drew the blackest picture that ever I saw of the horrors of criminal prosecution. Yesterday it would have driven me to the moon if necessary, but today it merely excited my pugnacity."

Three days later I was in New York, and the first thing I did was to walk into Ellsworth's bank and to the president's desk. The old gentleman greeted me with his usual grave cordiality.

"I hear that you are looking for me," said I.

"No," said he. "Always glad to see you."

"You understand my situation?"

"Yes; it's very unfortunate, but we have no disposition to make it any worse. As I said to Mr. Rainsforth the other day, we intend to give you every possible chance. It's the fair way, and it's the way to get our money."

"You said that to Rainsforth?"

"Yes; he was in here the day after Mr. Lasalle's death."

"Lasalle dead! And Rainsforth knew"—

I checked myself. There was a mystery here which would not bear discussion at the moment. Why had Rainsforth concealed the truth from me? Why had he lied about Ellsworth's attitude? But these facts, startling as they were, immediately vanished at the thought of Irma, whom I had deserted in the hour of her need.

I found her at the house of Mrs. Moore, whose guest she was in her bereavement. Irma had heard from Rainsforth the worst possible version of my sudden and secret departure. She had been led to believe that I should never return. She spoke of this without concealment and with exquisite kindness. Upon my side I told her the story of my lapse from manhood, of the better light that I had seen at last.

She had been ignorant throughout of my suspicions of her father, and if these were ever to be disclosed this was surely not the time. She told me that his last wish—almost his last word—was that his documents and all his earthly affairs should pass into my care. I knew not what to make of this, nor whether I could honorably accept the trust. Could it be that the man had been innocent and that he had left behind him evidence to prove it? After long consideration I decided to proceed upon this theory and to examine the documents.

They contained a complete revelation of the whole matter, but no "outsider" could have understood it or made any use of it. This accounted for Rainsforth's frantic efforts to send me to the ends of the earth. Lasalle, as I suspected, was the inventor of the Glynn battery, which was therefore the rightful property of my company. Rainsforth had a hold upon Lasalle, whom he had deliberately tricked into a fraudulent transaction. The inventor, ignorant of business and of the law, had been frightened into giving his invention to Rainsforth, who had organized

"I SWASHED THE WATER OUT OF HER."

the fraud of the dummy patentee and the rival company. With this evidence I held the whole situation in my hand.

What should I tell Irma? It makes no difference what I decided upon, for that was not what I said. I was so overwhelmed with tenderness for her that I spoke of that alone and never came to any other subject, or at least not then. Our hearts were one, our interests united forever before I told her that her father's wish had expressed the desire of an erring but honest man to make full reparation for a wrong. Fortunately a woman's ideas of right and wrong are unchangeably primitive. Irma saw Rainsforth as the criminal and her father as his victim, who at the last had defeated the enemy and re-established justice. Therefore her grief was not darkened by any sense of shame for her father, and when the cloud had passed the natural sunshine of her youth and love made bright the world for her, and she was happy.

THE DUTCH MILKMAID.

Her Picturesque Costume and Her Robust Style of Beauty.

Of all Zeeland the particular costume of that province can be observed to the best advantage on the island of Walcheren.

A milkmaid of Middelburg, for example, is a joy to look upon. Her spotless white cap bristles at the temples with kurgenkrullen like the antennae of a prehistoric beetle. Her skirts are ankle high and padded generously at the hips. If she be naturally round and the skirts need no padding circumstantial evidence of the fact is sufficient to stamp her the belle of the community.

The sleeves of her bodice are very short and very tight, pinching the arms above the elbows so that they might be mistaken for a pair of aggravated cases of inflammatory rheumatism. Of course the sun in all its glory strikes the backs of these arms, for she always walks with them akimbo, the better to balance the pails which dangle one from each end of a wooden yoke enameled a vivid robin's egg blue.

But the redder the arms from the rays of the sun and the tighter the pinch of the sleeves, the flatter the chest and the broader the hips, the sooner will she cease to be a mere milkmaid through the medium of a simple marriage ceremony in the village kerk.—Travel Magazine.

The Third Degree

Ordeal of Two Brothers Accused of Murder

By JAMES L. TOMLINSON

"If a policeman," said the retired detective, "should walk into this room and arrest me on a charge of murder do you suppose I would laugh at him, or do you suppose that I would simply consider that I would be put to a temporary inconvenience? Not by any means. I should consider the chances for or against my conviction to be about even."

"That's strange," I replied. "I supposed you detectives, being used to getting at the bottom of things, are always sure of guilt or innocence."

"Suppose we are sure ourselves, haven't we to convince a jury, and are there not detectives employed to secure evidence on the other side?"

"Wouldn't the knowledge that you were innocent be a great advantage?"

"I wouldn't even possess any such knowledge. How would I know but that I had developed a criminal insanity? Do you suppose the criminally insane know that they have committed a murder? I have known a man to wake up in jail the morning after publicly killing several persons at once and, having been chased by a mob, express himself surprised at finding himself in a strange place. His antecedents showed insanity in three generations.

"The most remarkable mixup I ever met with in a murder case happened when I was a young man living in Ohio. The town of B., where it occurred, had but five or six thousand inhabitants, and any comparatively unimportant happening was noticed, discussed and in time, if not cleared up,

THEY MARCHED THE MURDERED MAN UP TO THE COURT.

would set the whole town agog. Tom and Dick Emory, brothers, got into a squabble with Nathan Goodrich about some money Goodrich owed the Emorys. Dick Emory had a heavy cane in his hand at the time and attacked Goodrich with it. Bystanders interfered. Tom, who started to assist his brother, was prevented from doing so, after which the fracas subsided, and the little crowd that had collected, including the participants, dispersed.

"That was the last seen of Nathan Goodrich in B. It was naturally inferred, considering the trouble that had occurred between him and the Emorys, that they had followed him up later, the quarrel had been renewed, Goodrich had been killed and rather than face a trial for murder the brothers had disposed of the body and kept the affair a secret. But as there was no evidence to this effect they were not arrested—indeed, not even accused—but they lived under suspicion, which is often more harrowing than an open accusation.

"Several years passed with no tidings of Goodrich. The Emory boys, whatever may have been their feelings at knowing the odium attached to them, remained in B., pursuing the even tenor of their way. They had their friends, who defended them. There were those who shook their heads and said nothing, and there were those who averred that murder will out and the day would come when the making away with Goodrich would be laid at their door.

"And so it happened. How do you suppose it was brought about? A superannuated aunt of the missing man dreamed that Goodrich appeared to her, told her that the Emory boys had killed her nephew when he was alone in his own home and buried his body in the cellar. The only person who paid any attention to this superstition was the man who lived in the house that Goodrich had occupied. He dug in the cellar in a portion which was not cemented and found a suspender buckle, an old jackknife and a button. The articles he turned over to the police, who at once began to make investigation concerning them and proved to their own satisfaction that they had each and all belonged to Nathan Goodrich.

"On this evidence, which had been revealed by a dream, but which was in itself laughable, the Emory brothers were arrested. They had been enduring a strain in the matter for years, and now that the storm had broken were both unmanned. Dick Emory, the younger, looked like a conscience stricken man who found himself face to face with punishment for crime. His brother seemed better able to stand up under the accusation.

"Then an experiment was tried, something like this third degree business we have nowadays. A clergyman was sent to visit the brothers to talk with them about their spiritual welfare, but really to work upon them to confess. Upon the elder brother he produced no especial effect, but with the younger he succeeded far beyond his expectation. Dick Emory confessed that he and his brother the morning after their quarrel with Goodrich went to his house with a view to obtaining payment of the debt he owed them and taking satisfaction in case they failed. They found him alone and dressing, having just got out of bed. Goodrich did not pay the debt, and Dick Emory cut his throat. Then the brothers dragged the body down into the cellar and burned it.

"When Dick Emory was asked what had become of the body he replied that they had made frequent visits to the cellar whenever they could do so without being discovered, each time taking away a portion of the body and burning it in a wood near by till the remains had all been consumed.

"Tom Emory was much broken up by his brother's confession, but he persisted in saying that Dick had not told the truth. However, there now being plenty of evidence to convict them, they were placed on trial, and it didn't take the jury very long to find them guilty. Some time after the conviction—I don't remember how long—Tom Emory, under the influence of the clergyman who was preparing the brothers for death, confessed. That satisfied the few who remained unconvinced that Goodrich had been murdered by the Emory boys.

"Nevertheless some of the family connections of the murderers, though they did not attempt to explain away the evidence, stolidly persisted that they didn't believe Goodrich had been murdered at all. One of them, hoping that he might still be alive, began to insert personals for him in the newspapers. The newspapers didn't circulate in those days in the immense volume they do now, though even then there were a good many of them. The first advertisement was followed by others of the convicted men's friends and relatives, and finally the ball got a-rolling and a lot of papers were publishing the personals.

"Finally a communication was sent to a St. Louis paper from somewhere in the interior of Missouri from a woman, stating that a man named Goodrich with 'something the matter with his upper story' had been in the town about six years before. She and several other citizens remembered him quite well and would know him if they were to see him again. Goodrich is not an uncommon name, so the advertisers placed no great value on the clew. Nevertheless they raised funds for one of their number named Tilford to go to Missouri and make inquiries. When he reached the town where Goodrich was reported to have been and showed those there who remembered him a photograph of the missing man some of them identified it at once, while others said there was no resemblance to the man who had been there.

"Tilford spent several months endeavoring through the newspapers to find another place where the man had been and finally got wind of him in St. Joseph. A person there told him that he had heard of Goodrich in Kansas City, which was then a place of some ten or twelve thousand people. Tilford found traces of him there, but no one seemed to know where he had gone. But having reported his progress so far as he had proceeded, the citizens of B., who had disbelieved that the murder had been committed, while others who, after Tilford got on Goodrich's track were converted, raised more funds. Tilford kept advertising and at last heard of the missing man in Cairo, Ill. He went there, and before he had had an opportunity to communicate with those who had given him the information which brought him he saw Goodrich on the street. He looked much older than when he had left B. and seemed to be in a shattered mental condition.

"Tilford telegraphed ahead that he would be in B. with Goodrich on a certain day and hour, and when the two arrived the whole town was at the station. They marched the murdered man up to the court, which happened to be in session, and called on the judge to issue a release of the Emory boys. There was no precedent for such a release, but the judge didn't dare refuse, so he gave an order to the sheriff to bring the brothers into court.

"The boys got out of jail, but they didn't get into court. They were carried on the shoulders of the citizens to the town hall, where they were stood on the platform with Goodrich beside them, and the mayor offered them a humble apology for their persecution, as he called it, and the town raised a purse of $2,000 as some compensation for what they had endured."

"How were their confessions explained?" I asked the narrator.

"By finding Goodrich. That's the only explanation for such confessions. Obtaining them as they are often obtained now is simply a return to the medieval plan of torture, only the torture is mental instead of physical."

Remarkable Work.

"What do you regard as the most remarkable work in the English language?"

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "the most remarkable work in the English language that I know of is the way some Englishmen pronounce it."—Washington Star.

Drilling Him.

"Johnny, were you beating that little boy next door?"

"Certainly not, pa. I was just going through some maneuvers."

Who could chastise the kid after such a statesmanlike answer as that?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Changed His Mind.

Naggsby—I thought you were never going to work for those people again. Waggsby—I did say so, but since that time they have decided that I might come back.—Baltimore American.