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We want to call your attention to our stock of Furniture, Carpets and Mattings, which we are selling very cheap.

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Will practice in Denton every first and third Monday in each month; Denton on Tuesday and Wednesday on Wednesday, days following. Office—110 E. State St., Baltimore, Md. [2288 4]

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Engineering, Boiler and Heavy Mill Work a Specialty. Have just issued a 60-page catalogue which will be mailed free on application. April 15

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The undersigned having rented the shop lately occupied by John T. Conners is at all times prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING and PAPER HANGING in the best manner and at the most reasonable prices. GRASSING and GLAZING. Orders by mail promptly attended to. [3 14 ly]

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Satisfaction guaranteed. WILLIAM T. WATTS, Denton, Md.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

"It is too bad!" pouted pretty Mrs. Benton. "Amy made such a sweet Columbine. The pantomime will be nothing without her."

"But Miss Amy couldn't help getting sick, I suppose," said her elder brother dolefully, for Columbine had always been very sweet to him, and the farce seemed a farce indeed without her. "But we'll have to get along somehow. Teddy says he is going to hire someone from the theatre."

"I don't like the idea of a professional actress," objected Mrs. Benton. "But I suppose we can't do any better. There comes Teddy now."

A tall, sinewy undergraduate, with honest blue eyes and fair hair that curled perversely, came in with a radiant look of triumph.

"I've got somebody, Blanche," he cried, "she's a beauty. Shall I bring her up?"

"Why, Teddy," Mrs. Benton began, "what made you—"

"We must see whether she will do," interposed Dick. "Bring her up, Teddy. I hope you chose a pretty girl."

"She's a good deal prettier than Amy Lowe," Teddy declared.

But Dick regarded him with decision. "You never had good taste, Teddy," he observed in a superior tone. "It wasn't born in you."

Teddy made no reply, but started off to bring his Columbine and prove his point by evidence. She was a pretty girl of a very striking type. She had a fair delicate face, whose flowing lines were thrown into clear relief by a framework of soft wavy brown hair; her hazel eyes had in them the sweet expression of a fawn, and her slender figure had a childish suppleness that quite belied her 16 years. "This is Miss Violet Glenn, Blanche," Teddy said, by way of presentation.

"Have you ever played Columbine before?" Mrs. Benton began somewhat awkwardly, with the odd feeling that she was asking the girl to do something beneath her.

"Oh, yes! I used always to be cast for that role when I was a little girl. I know the part very well."

"Teddy is to be Harlequin," Mrs. Benton went on; "I mean my brother, Mr. Terry?"

"Violet raised her eyes to Teddy's face and met a look that made her cast them down again.

"Do you think you could play with me?" he queried.

"Oh, yes! I'll try at the rehearsal to-night," said Mrs. Benton. "Teddy, I suppose you have fixed the terms. We can't afford to pay much, Miss Genn. The entertainment is for the benefit of the Romulan Orphanage, and—"

A changed expression came over Violet's face and she answered, "I shall not charge you anything," she said softly. "I was once in the Orphanage myself."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Benton, "but don't you think you had better—"

"No," she answered with a smile; "I don't. I will play for you if I think I can; but I don't want any money."

So it came about. The pantomime was a grand success, and by courtesy the little actress was asked to the collation which Mrs. Benton gave afterwards to the participants. Under the Queen Anne stairs that angled up to the roof of the house was a cosy corner, where Teddy seated Violet and brought her refreshments.

"I suppose I shall never see you again after to-night," he said, gloomily.

"You can see me any night that I play," said the young coquette.

"Not you," Teddy answered with a sigh. "Columbine—"

"I am not a Columbine, but a Violet," she said sadly.

"May I ask you that?" was his eager query. "Oh, Violet, I don't know what I am going to do without you."

"What did you do before?" "I don't know. It nearly kills me when I think of your going away with that travelling troupe. I say, Violet, do you think I could play Harlequin well enough to go on the stage?"

"I don't know," she answered dubiously. "You don't play it very well. But I wouldn't go on the stage if I were you, Mr. Teddy. It isn't very nice."

"Then why do you stay?" "I have to; I'm poor. But if I had a father and mother like you—"

The sweet voice choked.

"Aren't they good to you?" asked Teddy, clenching his fists fiercely.

"Sometimes," Violet answered, "but it isn't like having somebody of your own to take care of you."

Teddy put out his hands and took hers with an awkward tenderness. "I'll take care of you, Violet," he said soberly. "If you will wait for me I'll marry you when I come of age and get my fortune."

"I couldn't promise that," Violet answered, brushing away her tears. "No, don't ask me, Mr. Teddy. I am never going to marry till I find my father. I have got one somewhere, and—"

"Oh, is this where you are, Teddy?" cried Mrs. Benton, as she descended on the tableau. "They are getting up a dance in the parlor, and they want you to join them."

"Will you favor me, Mrs. Benton?" asked Mrs. Benton, as she saw him walk off with the little actress in his arm.

Dick burst out laughing. "The young scamp!" he cried. "If he isn't flirting with her?"

"It was five years afterwards that Teddy graduated from Oxford, and the following spring he went on his travels. There seemed to be nothing more for him to do. He was rich enough, had seen enough of society, had had enough of everything.

"The happiest man is he who has something to do," he reflected, as he lay under the shadow of a great rock, looking up at the cloud-patched heavens.

Above his head, in a mossy cleft, grew a bunch of wild columbine, nodding gaily in the mountain breeze, like a little white flower. He was watching it idly, when a white hand fluttered over the cliff and began to pluck the nodding flowers.

"Pretty there came a figure half-way over the cliff, and in a flash, shaded by a little peaked straw hat, 'tip-tilted like a flower,' and twisted round with a scarl of red crape.

"A very pretty girl," mused Teddy. "She looks like a columbine herself in that red dress, with those cream-colored frills about her. Oh, it is Miss Lucy, the new belle."

He was watching her, and caught a passing glimpse of a shape of a shapely foot, as with a sudden movement, she swung herself over the rock to gain access to another clump of columbine.

But her foot had touched some loose gravel which afforded no secure foundation; the earth slipped, and she was left swinging in mid-air. Teddy was strong and prompt. He clambered up over the rocks till he stood about six feet beneath her. He shouted his instructions in a clear, firm voice. "Now let yourself go," he called. And the little pendant figure dropped into his arms.

"You ought not to have attempted that," he said, as he put her on the ground safely.

"I know," she answered, lifting her pale but lovely face to his. "But I am so fond of wild flowers—especially columbine."

Teddy sprang up the rocks and secured the bunch she had risked so much to obtain.

"Thank you," she said, gratefully, her eyes aglow with pleasure. "Isn't it lovely? If ever fairies live in flowers this must be a palace of the elves. You are very kind, sir. You have saved me an ugly fall. My father will thank you very much."

"A man's voice rang down the mountain calling, 'Lucille!'"

"Here, papa. Down below. Bring Mamma May with you."

A gray-haired man, straight and handsome, came down the mountain side with a beautiful lady on his arm. She was very young—evidently his second wife.

"Why did you run away, dear?" said the lady, and stopped, surprised to meet a stranger.

"This gentleman saved my life," said Lucille, presenting Teddy. "I fell over the rocks."

Mr. de Lancy held out his hand. "To whom are we indebted for so great a service?" he asked warmly.

"My name is Terrence Terry," replied Teddy, "and I am stopping at the Dinsmore."

"Won't you walk home with us, Mr. Terry?" Mrs. de Lancy said, as they went on down the mountain, and Teddy placed himself beside Lucille.

She had put the wild columbine in her belt.

"Sweet Columbine was she: He loved the ground she danced on. She laughed his love to see!" she hummed.

"So she did," said Teddy soberly. "It was once a Harlequin."

"And a Columbine!" said Lucille softly. "Have you forgotten Violet Glenn?"

"I? Never!" cried Teddy warmly. "I love her till this day."

"I am Violet Glenn," she said, blushing. "You see I have found my father. There was a wicked woman who separated him from my mother, and when my mother died I was left at the asylum without a name, with no clue to my parentage but a picture and baby's locket. The locket was an odd one, the quaint design of a ruby heart pierced by a golden arrow. I wore it always about my neck when I played, and one night a gentleman called to see me in the green room, asking to see the locket which I wore. He was my father."

"The days that followed were halcyon ones for Teddy. He was the 'maddest, merriest' fellow indeed, when he stood one moonlight night holding Lucille's hand in his under the starry sky.

"Sweet Columbine," he whispered, "I love the ground you dance on. Will you marry me?"

And she answered simply: "I have always loved you, Teddy."

The bravest are the Tenderest.

The fact was stated a few days ago that a patriotic ex-Union soldier of the Civil War, N. Y., had transferred the pension which he was receiving from the government to W. G. McLaughlin, a worthy but needy Confederate soldier, of Loudoun county, Va. The transfer was made through the agency of Gen. Stith Bolling of Petersburg, to whom the matter had been referred by Senator Mahone. And now the Watertown gentleman has further written to Gen. Mahone to ask that the names and addresses of five other needy and deserving ex-Confederates be sent to him. Five of his comrades, who are drawing pensions from the government, have been referred by Senator Mahone. And now the Watertown gentleman has further written to Gen. Mahone to ask that the names and addresses of five other needy and deserving ex-Confederates be sent to him. Five of his comrades, who are drawing pensions from the government, have been referred by Senator Mahone. And now the Watertown gentleman has further written to Gen. Mahone to ask that the names and addresses of five other needy and deserving ex-Confederates be sent to him. Five of his comrades, who are drawing pensions from the government, have been referred by Senator Mahone.

Apocryphal Thought.

There is now, and has been in all ages, an overflow of thought, a going beyond the bounds of reason and common sense, prompted, in part, by the disposition in man to breathe through and gaze, and in part by dishonesty and insatiable thirst for notoriety, and in part as the result of an overworked mind.

These thoughts are as stage actors. They use the same clothing to do duty in the representation of many characters. He who will take the trouble to read the sacred books of Apocryphal thought, will, we think, discover the fact that the thought is the same in them all. Begin with the Shaker, pass on to the Koran, the Book of Mormon, the Talmud, the Apocryphal Old and New Testament, the spiritualist, the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and the same line of thought runs through them all.

In thought there are two lines—the regular and the irregular, and the Apocryphal thought is always irregular, and is ever found at work in the fields which lie beyond the pale of reason and common sense. We have never, as yet, read a book of Apocryphal thought over us as we read that immortal poem, though we may never have heard those famous bells, and have dwelt far enough away from the church and spire of Shandon:

With deep affection And recollection, Those Shandon bells, Whose sounds so wild would, In the days of childhood, Fling around my cradle Their magic spells.

On this I ponder Where'er I wander, And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee— With thy bells of Shandon— That sound so grand On The pleasant waters Of the river Lee.

Our literature is full of bells and bell music. Southey calls the sound of the bells "the poetry of steeples," and George Herbert says:

Think when the bells do chime! 'Tis angel's music. In Enoch Arden, Tennyson says of the poor castaway:

Once likewise in the ringing of his ears, Though faintly, merrily, far and away, He heard the pealing of the parish bells. But there is no writer who so delights in all the varied sounds of bells as Dickens, or who makes so much of them. Not a novel of his in which bells are not heard, oftentimes with startling and dramatic force. In the Chinese he idealizes their "with ineffable tenderness and pathos, and Toby Veck's dream of climbing up to the bell's is one of his master pieces. In some of his stories the bells sound forth only dirges, in others they are monitors to warn from crime, and in others marriage bells, the merriest and most gleeful of all. He marries some of his characters with a good deal of ringing. The door bells are great favorites with him, and he makes the bell handle reveal many of the peculiarities of his characters. Mr. Dowler "rings the bells with great violence," Mrs. Clennam "with a hasty jerk," Mr. Watkins Totts "with a faltering jerk," Bob Sawyer, "as if he would pull the bell out by the roots," the poor relation, "with apologetic softness," "What a demitison long time," says Mr. Mantlin to Newman Noggs, "you have kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked teakettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into convulsions, upon my life and soul—oh! demit!"

"Salvey Gamp's bell is 'thegreatest little bell in ring that ever was,' and where was another which roared out only 'two dead tangles.' If there ever was an observer of low bells rang, and who could traste their sounds into wise and wild English, Dickens was that observer.

"The music and sound bells have never been more exquisitely described than in Poe's beautiful poem of 'The Bells,' the language of which is as resonant as the bell describes. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Swiss Bell Ringers went the rage, and drew vast crowds to their concerts.