DENTON JOURNAL.

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PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
DENTON NATIONAL
BANK STOCK

BY virtue of competent authority, the undersigned will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Md., on

Tuesday, May 14, 1907, at 2.30 p. m.

Ten Shares of the Capital Stock of the Denton National Bank of the par value of One Hundred Dollars per share.

The stock will not be sold as a whole but in blocks of two shares each so that an equal opportunity for investing in these valuable securities will be given to small and large investors alike. The last report of the Bank shows the capital stock to be $75,000.00, the surplus fund $100,000.00 and the undivided profits $15,046.39. I am informed that the policy of the Bank is not to increase the surplus fund above $100,000.00 nor the undivided profits above $20,000.00. When in a short time this point is reached all the earnings will be paid to the stockholders, when the stock dividend should be about 9 per cent. twice a year or little over 18 per cent. annually. The semi-annual dividend of $60.00 on this stock will be due within about two weeks from the day of sale, and will go to the purchaser.

The terms of sale are cash on day of sale.

Purchaser, however, can obtain a reasonable loan (upon a pledge of any stock bought) by applying to the undersigned. The owner of these shares of stock will be announced on the day of sale.

F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer. T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH, Attorney.

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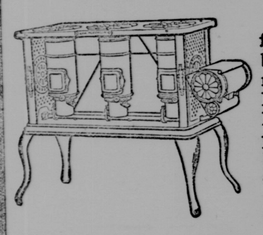

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UPPERVILLE, VA., Apr. 18, 1907.

J. Bolgiano & Son, Balto., Md.

In our order of Jan. 26, we included 100 lbs Chick Starter and I have used it with excellent results, have lost less chicks since feeding it than ever before.
Yours truly, B. S. COCHNAUER.

Bolgiano's "Square Deal" Chick Starter "saves the lives of growing chicks."—10 lbs. 35c. 25 lbs. 75c, 50 lbs. $1.25, 100 lbs. $2.25.

Bolgiano's "Square Deal" Chick Food, "saves the lives of growing chicks."—10 lbs. 30c, 25 lbs. 65c, 50 lbs. $1.00 100 lbs. $1.75

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"Square Deal" Poultry food
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Insist on having these Foods and you will have better success with your Poultry than ever before.

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With a Hundred Dollar Guarantee That It Is Pure.

O. L. Chase, the Paintman of St. Louis, Missouri, doesn't mince matters. When he wants to make a statement he comes right out bold face and puts up some money and says he'll take a loss if everything he says isn't true.

In the first place when he comes to make paint he said: "I'll let anybody try it that wants to—two full gallons of it—to prove that it is allright. If they don't like it after they have tried the two gallons, they can send the rest of the paint and get all their money back."

Now that so much agitation has come up on the question of pure paint in the different states, O. L. Chase comes out with a $100,00 Gold Guarantee that his paint is pure—that it contains just what he says it does and nothing more—and he offers $100 in gold to anybody who finds anything in his paint other than what he says.

O. L. Chase makes paint to *order*—makes it fresh for each individual customer—and ships it in separate cans—the paint pigments in one can and the linseed oil in another, so that there can't be any chemical action of the pigment to eat the life out of the oil and thus destroy a large percentage of the value of the paint on the buildings.

Mr. Chase issues a complete paint book—the handsomest book of its kind that we have ever seen—and it tells all about Paint—how it should be made—and how it should be applied. With the book he sends a large sample color card to choose colors from. If you are thinking of buying paint this year, we suggest that before you buy from any one you write for the Chase Book and read up on the O. L. Chase Paint, and get the full particulars of the $100.00 gold guarantee as to its absolute purity. Mr. Chase will send you one of these books free upon request. Just send a postal card for it and address O. L. Chase, The Paintman, Dept. 519 St. Louis, Missouri.

Order Nisi.

In the matter of the Real Estate of Ellen Poor, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court of Caroline County.

Ordered, this 30th day of April, nineteen hundred and seven, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by HARVEY L. COOPER, administrator c. t. a. of Ellen Poor, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3rd day of July, 1907; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 30th day of May, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1200.00.

JOHN F. DAWSON,
J. OLAN CLARK,
WM. H. DEEN,
Judges of the Orphans' Court of Caroline county.

True copy—Test:
ROBT. J. JUMP,
Register of Wills for Caroline county.

Order Nisi.

In the matter of the Estate of Lizzie Corkell, Lunatic.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County, In Equity.

Ordered, this 30th day of April, nineteen hundred and seven, by the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in Equity, that the sale made and reported by CHARLES R. NEAL, Committee of the person and estate of Lizzie Corkell, Lunatic, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of July next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 3d day of June next. The report for the real estate shows the amount of sales to be $1075.00 THOMAS L. DAY,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline county.

True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

Order Nisi.

Harvey L. Cooper, Assignee,
vs.
Lewis Slaughter and Minnie L. Slaughter.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this first day of May, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harvey L. Cooper, Assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of July, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of four successive weeks, before the 4th day of June, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1890.00.

THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

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THE LEADING
MEAT, GROCERY AND
PROVISION
DEALER IN TOWN

Fresh and Salt Meats in abundance, Choice Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables—always on hand.

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HUNT'S ROUND POINTED PENS

The Rounded Point prevents scratching and spluttering, and makes writing on smooth or rough paper a pleasure. These pens are made in 72 styles and each writer will find a pen to suit. Sold at the

Douglass Drug Store,
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For Sale.

One 6-horse gasoline engine, good as new. Can be bought at a bargain. Apply at this office.

The Arms of the Law.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

WHEN the daily midseason train rounded out from the palmettos, slowed across the bridge and came to a smooth, almost suave stop at the end of the Royal Poinciana, the usual people went in attendance. An orchestra in the cocoanut grove swelled out alluring strains of welcome. From the docks came the occasional creaking of yacht sails. On the Poinciana steps, the platform, in the grove, along the paths, were scarlet coats and gauzy, summer-like dresses and golf sticks.

Two private cars were in the train, but except for a casual glance they of the scarlet coats and gauzy dresses

"OH!" HE SAID. "GOOD MORNING."

did not notice them. Multimillionaires had become a drug at Palm Beach.

Thus it was that the railroad magnate of a dozen millions and the copper king of three times as many walked from the cars with only the buzzing, tip loving attendance of bell boys and porters.

But the next morning the copper king, who had registered as Henry Tierman, Michigan, made a stronger plea for local recognition. He went fishing.

His own line had been thrown overboard soon after leaving the dock, but not a nibble came as an encouragement for him to persevere.

"Gettin' tired, sir?" the boatman asked.

"Rather," Tierman confessed, yawning. "I don't believe I'm much of a fisherman after all."

"That's 'cause you ain't in practice," encouragingly.

Tierman assented by a nod, and the boat was run alongside the Pitt's island dock. Tierman stepped out, lighted a cigar and sauntered away into one of the shadowy paths.

Half an hour later he found himself near a cottage which was almost concealed from the path and wholly from the water. He passed around this and down to the shore beyond. A young man was seated upon the trunk of a fallen rubber tree fishing. His hat brim was drawn far down over his eyes, as though to shield them from the sun, but no sunlight could penetrate through the density of the overhanging foliage. At the sound of approaching footsteps he started and turned.

"Oh!" he said. "Good morning."

"Good morning," Tierman responded. "Fishing to kill time, like the rest of us?"

"No, hardly that," seating himself again upon the tree trunk. "I knew little of the art two weeks ago. Since then I have fished quite a good deal."

Tierman's gaze left him and wandered out across the water. He wanted to be amused. Presently he sat down upon the trunk and made some comment about the fishing. The young man answered shortly and with a covert side glance of inquiry. But a few moments later, as though the scrutiny had been reassuring, he opened a basket at his side and took from it an extra line. This he gave to Tierman and showed him how to make a good cast.

At the Western Union office of the Poinciana the little machine which kept the guests in close touch with the outside world was clicking along industriously, and the boy who delivered the messages as they ran off was taxed not to fall behind. Occasionally an owner could not be found, and the small envelopes would be brought back and placed upon the desk, there to wait another attempt at delivery later. Two hours after the copper king left the hotel one of these was brought back with "Tierman not to be found; gone to the inlet fishing."

The operator did not look up, but with one hand he motioned the envelope from the undelivered pile.

"Seemed to be important," he said; "must be delivered at once. Go find his private secretary, his servant, anybody of his party. If not able to do that, take the message up the lake yourself."

But that was not necessary, for as the boy left the office he saw Tierman's secretary entering the rotunda from outside. In less than ten minutes the secretary was hastening up the lake at the maximum speed of the fastest launch which could be procured.

He found the copper king on the tree trunk, his face eager, his tones jovial. On the ground lay four large fish, and he had caught two of them. But at sight of his secretary and the yellow envelope his face clouded.

"Couldn't you wait till I got back?" he exclaimed testily. "Don't you know that an interruption now means bad luck? I'll not catch another fish. Here, give me the telegram!"

He read it with a gathering frown, then thrust it impatiently into his pocket.

"Wire Saunders to have extra vigilance at all the port towns and along the Canadian frontier," he grumbled. "Offer twenty thousand—fifty thousand—for the fellow's apprehension. But of course Saunders understands and has done everything that could be done. There was no use bothering me. Yes, that is all," as the secretary turned and then paused inquiringly. "You may go now. I will not be down for several hours. I want to catch another fish."

He coiled his line as the young man had shown him and threw it with all his strength. But the cast was poor, and he drew in and coiled and cast the line once more. Then he resumed his place on the log.

The young man was bending over, watching his line. Apparently he had not noticed the secretary's presence or his companion's impatience. Five minutes passed; then he drew in his line and another large fish. Tierman watched him gloomily. Another five minutes, and he, too, began to draw in his line, but it was to wind it for departure.

"I'm going to quit," he declared. "Luck's turned, and I might fish on all day now without a bite."

The young man rose.

"It's too bad," he said, "but you've made a good catch anyway. These fish will be worth showing at the hotel."

Tierman's face brightened.

"That's so," he agreed. "I'll send the boatman to get them. But if it hadn't been for that fellow I might have caught another."

"Very likely. Did he bring bad news?"

"Well, yes, in a money way," dryly. "the difference between fifty thousand and ten times that amount. You see, it was this way: A man who was buying mining property for me disappeared with what we thought about fifty thousand. That was nearly a month ago. Of course we took the usual precautions against his leaving the country. This telegram states that recent investigation has lifted the amount to half a million."

"Ah, that was quite a haul. And the fellow escaped?"

"So far, but he'll be caught all right," carelessly. "Folks don't find it easy to do such things nowadays and get off. Fifty thousand is a good bid for vigilance, and, besides, we have some of the best detectives on the lookout. Every avenue from the country is guarded."

"Perhaps he slipped out ahead of the guards."

"No; we got a clew of him at New Orleans only two weeks ago. He had engaged passage on a sailing vessel for South America, but grew suspicious and did not make his appearance. Shrewd of him, too," chuckling, "for we had a detective on board waiting for him. No, no; we'll have him all right. He's in hiding somewhere, and it's only a matter of time. But about the fishing," abruptly. "We must have some more of it together. I didn't know that I was a fisherman, but it seems I am. Now, see here. I had my steam yacht come down ahead of me. It's at Miami now. Suppose I wire the captain to run up and take us off for a few days. Will you go?"

An odd look flashed into the young man's eyes, and he turned away for a moment.

"The Mona?" he asked.

"Yes. You have heard of her?"

"Of course. I read the newspapers. You are Mr. Tierman, sometimes called the copper king of Michigan. And I have read something about the man you are looking for and formed an opinion as to his whereabouts. You see," apologetically, "we detectives are always on the watch for such things and read them up even when we don't expect to engage in them personally. I came here for quiet, but the professional instinct is easily aroused. Ah, you are ready to go. I will walk along with you."

They went up past the cottage and on through the semitropical growth to the dock where Tierman's boat was waiting. The young man walked with a quick, springing step, the dreaming listlessness gone from his eyes. As soon as the boatman had been sent back after the fish he placed a hand upon his companion's arm.

"Look here, Mr. Tierman," he said, with an odd, subtle challenge in his voice which the other did not appreciate until afterward; "I want to go into this thing."

"What—the fishing?"

"No; the finding of your man. I have a theory which I think will bring him to light, and I don't believe that any of your other arrangements will. Fifty thousand, I think you said. Is that for news of him or his apprehension?"

"Either for positive news, his apprehension or a recovery of the booty."

"I see." He took pencil and paper from his pocket as though to make notes, then went on, "From what I read in the papers you did not meet this man yourself?"

"No. I was in Europe and cabled for Saunders to engage him. I had heard, though, that he was a mining expert."

"So," apparently jotting the fact down. "Now about the Mona. She is ready to start at a moment's notice and is seaworthy, I suppose?"

"Of course. She was built only last year, and her captain has orders to be ready to start within fifteen minutes after receiving a telegram. I haven't been out in her myself yet, but the captain says she is capable of a voyage around the world. But what has that to do with the fellow Bostwicke?"

"Everything. I want the Mona's help to find him. Oh, I understand it's a rather startling proposition," at the look on the other's face, "but it's the only one that fits into my plans. You put the Mona under my charge for two weeks, and I'll engage to find your man. I'm positive I can do it. And I won't ask for a penny of compensation unless I do. Isn't that fair?"

"I suppose so," discontentedly. "But my private yacht! Let me hire a tug for you, or anything."

"Nothing but the Mona will do," positively. "Unless I can have her I will drop the job. But think of the half million, man, or we'll say four hundred and fifty thousand, with the fifty out. And I will need the Mona for only two weeks."

But still Tierman hesitated.

"It isn't so much the money," he objected, "as it is the fishing. I've planned a lot of fishing since I caught those two back there." Then his face cleared. "Suppose we have a few days in her before you go," he proposed; "then you may have the Mona and welcome. We can go out again after you get back."

"And have Bostwicke escape us while we are out?" asked the young man. "No, no, Mr. Tierman; the fishing must wait. My theory is this: Bostwicke's hope is one of the South American ports, probably Paramaribo. There he could be in close touch with the interior, where he probably has friends and where can be found a stirring future for a man of enterprise and capital and where there would be little danger from extradition papers. The Mona is swift, and I could make the run in a few days, find him and wire you. Almost before you realized the fact the mystery of Bostwicke's whereabouts would be a thing of the past."

"Oh, you can have the yacht, of course," yielded Tierman reluctantly, "but I'm unwilling to admit," candidly, "that just now I would rather catch a few more big fish than even Bostwicke. But here comes the boatman. I will give you a note to the captain of the Mona, and you can go down to Miami on the evening train."

"No; a better plan will be for you to wire for him to steam this way at once," said the young man hastily. "I have a little business to attend to and will then take a launch and meet him down opposite Lantana or Boynton. Have you a good description of this man Bostwicke? Though, of course," with affected indifference, "I have a general idea from reading the papers."

"Then you know as much as I do. But why not run down to Miami? It wouldn't delay you any, I think, and the police there could give you information and very likely show you a picture of the fellow."

But the young man laughed.

"I'd rather not, thank you," he said. "Too many fingers in the broth, you know. Perhaps it's professional jealousy, but I'd rather go through this thing alone. Well, wire just as soon as you can. I'll be ready to start in a few hours."

"FORGOT TO ASK YOUR NAME."

The copper king stepped on board, and the boatman raised and swung his sail into the wind. Then as they bore away from the dock: "Oh, say, I forgot to ask your name. What shall I wire?"

"Alson—Mr. Alson," the young man called across the widening space, "and wire the captain that I'll bear straight down the coast. You'll hear from me inside of two weeks."

He was better than his word. Only eight days had passed when Tierman received the expected message. Though it brought the information promised, the copper king's face clouded as his eyes ran over the lines, and when he finished he muttered discontentedly: "Too bad! Too bad! We'll not go fishing together after all." The message read:

The man is here and is willing to give up his booty. Indeed, he is very glad of the chance. Two weeks' isolation with himself brought some very pertinent thoughts. However, he felt that he must escape and that he could not live in exile without the means of subsistence. So he turned detective and went in search of himself. Of course he brought the reward along. The other four hundred and fifty thousand will be found in a tin box two feet underground at the northeast corner of the Seminole hut on Pitt's island. The Mona left here yesterday, and I strike into the interior this afternoon. Your wellwisher, ALSON BOSTWICKE.

Paramaribo, March 20, 1900.

P. S.—I am sorry about the fishing.

Uranus.

It was on the evening of March 13, 1781, that William Herschel, at Slough, England, discovered a new planet. Wishing to pay a compliment to George III., his patron, he gave it the name of Georgium sidus, or the Georgian star. Other English astronomers, wishing to compliment the discoverer himself, suggested the name of Herschel. Continental astronomers proposed that the old mythological system be followed, and the name of Uranus was accepted by the scientific world as the designation of the seventh planet.

No Need to Talk.

"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother; "the baby doesn't need to talk."

"Doesn't need to talk?"

"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything there is in the house that's worth having."—Tit-Bits.

Not Living.

"Hello, Jinks! I hear you are living in a boarding house."

"You heard wrong. I'm boarding in a boarding house."—Washington Herald.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of a reputation but by himself.—Bentley.

Won by a Violin.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment.

Avard clambered up through the trap leading from the music room with the same intolerable feeling of disgust that always filled his soul when it came time to take his place beside the leader of the Odeon orchestra.

He hated it all, the endless procession of sidewalk comedians, serio comics, sketch artists, trained dogs and all the other component parts of the vaudeville show.

He had come to America fresh from the conservatory, with visions of a concert tournee that should make him famous. They told him that America was a land of money; that there people sat up nights for an opportunity to hear some great artist.

Instead, he had discovered that only those heralded by a skillful promoter stood any chance. He was glad to get an occasional engagement for some small concerts, and even these grew less and less frequent as the season waned.

Then had come that awful time when, penniless and hungry, he faced the realization that he could never hope for success. He was too proud to go back home a failure, and he thankfully accepted an opening in a concert hall, where he, a pianist and a cornet player comprised the orchestra.

Benson had found him there one night when he dropped in to see the proprietor. Benson had played violin there himself before he had become a bandmaster, with a blue and gold band at a summer resort, and he dropped in at intervals for old times' sake.

He called Avard over to his table and offered him a place in his orchestra in the fall, when the season opened, so ever since September Avard had sat beside Benson playing first violin. He loathed it all, but it was better than the concert hall, and he was grateful.

But this afternoon he was gloomy. A great artist, one with whom he had studied, was giving a matinee, and some one had told him how the people were thronging to the hall. Their master had declared Avard to be the better, yet Herman drew the crowds.

Monday was always a bad day. The music sheets, some of them yellow with age and filthy with dirt, were hard to read. Rehearsal had been more or less of a farce, and he scarcely noticed the performance. Then suddenly a voice broke on his ears, and he looked up in wonder.

A mere girl stood in the gleam of the spot light. She could not be more than sixteen or seventeen, but from her throat there poured tones of crystal purity. The voice was unplaced and unschooled, but she had a natural gift for singing, and her tones had not yet become hardened through overwork.

The music thrilled him through and through, and once or twice he broke in his accompaniment. Long after she left the stage she still occupied his thoughts, and as he started to leave the theater after the matinee she confronted him at the top of the stairs.

"What did you crab my act for?" she demanded.

"I am sorry, mademoiselle," he said, with humility. "But such a voice—in vaudeville. The surprise was too great. I faltered."

"It looked as if you were scared," she agreed, mollified at the compliment. "But don't you do it again."

"I protest that I shall offend no more," he assured, and she turned to the elderly woman who hovered in the background.

"Come on, ma," she called. "He didn't do it a-purpose. I knocked him off his pins; that's all. Come on."

She passed out of the stage door, and Avard followed slowly. Into his life love had come. He could forgive the uncouth speech for the sake of the voice, and Gertie Clayton, "phenomenal" (she invariably misspelled the word) soprano, had become a goddess to him.

All that week he drank in the flute-like tones, as a drunkard imbibes his tipple. Saturday night, when the engagement closed, he left a single rose, perfect in its loveliness, with the doorkeeper, to be given her as she left.

She was gone when the show was over, and he hurried to the doorkeeper for his report.

"What did mademoiselle say?" he demanded eagerly.

"'Stingy,'" grinned the unsympathetic soul, and Avard slowly passed out.

But the slight was forgotten the next day, and only the memory of that perfect voice remained. From the press agent he begged one of her photographs, and when he came home at night, tired and disheartened, he looked upon her youthful face and seemed to hear again the liquid sweetness of her singing.

It was several months before she came again. Avard feared that perhaps the hard work, the singing in smoke filled music halls, had spoiled her tones, but she did not strain for high notes, and her voice retained its clarity and freshness.

It seemed an interminable time after he took his place before she came on, and again after her appearance the moments dragged woefully, but they were to be endured for the sake of those momentary uplifts to paradise, and he was content.

Several times, when the sketches were on, he left his place and prowled about the stage in the hope of gaining speech with her, but she always was dressed and out before the sketch brought him an intermission from his labors.

As the week progressed these repeated disappointments preyed upon him, and he grew more and more gloomy. Saturday night came all too soon, and it was with an aching heart that he opened her music to play her accompaniment for the last time.

Gertie had put in a new song to try the last night. It was a popular ballad, one that had just come out, cheaply constructed, but with a slow melodic chorus. They had tried it over in the music room before the performance, and he had liked it then. Now the melody seemed to fill his heart, and he put all of his artistic soul into the interpretation of the chorus. The other musicians, as if by common impulse, lowered their instruments, and the wailing tones of the violin formed such a perfect accompaniment to the voice that as the strains swelled out the audience suddenly grew quiet. Twice the chorus was repeated, and the bathos of the words became pathos when sung to the sobbing accompaniment of the violin. Now the chorus was ended, and the singer looked up expectantly.

For a moment the audience sat silent as if in the presence of death. Then a great outburst of applause swept down from the gallery, to be met with a demonstration from the lower floor. Three times Benson played over the "vamp"—the short symphony between the verses—before the house became quiet again. Then Gertie began, and the house was hushed. At the chorus the other players settled back, and once more the duet between violin and voice thrilled the hearers. Again the applause thundered out. The singer bowed repeatedly, but still the hand clapping continued, and she leaned over the footlights. "Get up and take a bow," she shouted. "Push him up, Benson."

The leader guided Avard to his feet, and he stood there, abashed by the sensation he had created. Three times they repeated the double chorus, and even then the stage manager had to ring up in the next act and hold the curtain up before the house would quiet down.

Presently the call boy poked his head through the trap and handed a note to Benson. He turned to Avard. "Miss Clayton wants to see you in her dressing room," he said. "Never mind this act. I can get along."

Weak and trembling from the reaction, Avard slipped out of the orchestra pit and presently presented himself before the singer.

"What's your name?" she demanded curiously.

"Pierre Avard," he said hesitatingly.

"Sounds good for the bills," she said critically. "Say, we'd make a great team, something like the three Dumonds' stunt—street singers, you know. I'll fix Benson all right. Will you come?"

"Mademoiselle wishes my services?" he asked haltingly, unwilling to believe that such good fortune could be true.

"Sure thing!" she confirmed. "We stopped the show. We'll be headliners. Want to double up?"

"Double up?" he repeated wonderingly. "Mademoiselle does me the honor of proposing a matrimonial alliance?"

Gertie eyed him curiously. To double up meant to form a team. Then an idea came to her. "I guess so," she answered carelessly. "It'll keep some other dame from getting her hooks on you."

Benson summed up the situation later over his nightcap.

"It's a good thing for both of them," he declared oracularly. "He'll keep her straight and do something with her voice. He's too much in love with her to realize what a silly little fool she is. By the time she's really ready to fall in love he'll be there to be fallen in love with. Here's luck to 'em."

And they all drained their glasses.

LITERARY IMPOSTORS.

Many Clever Writers Who Have Deceived the World.

Clever literary impostors who have deceived the world are numerous. Gamelli Carrieri, a Neapolitan gentleman and scholar, while confined to his room for a long period of years by illness amused himself by writing an account of an imaginary voyage round the world. When the volume was published, it was taken as a fact even by learned people.

The detailed account of a trip to China which is credited to Du Halde is another literary hoax. The author had never seen China and had been sufficiently clever to compile the work solely from the memoirs of Chinese missionaries.

It is remarkable, though no less a fact, that "Gulliver's Travels" was thought to be a true narrative when it first appeared, and the famous story of Damberger's travels was likewise a hoax.

Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed a wide reputation as a chronicler of events, but later it was discovered that his works were purely fakes. The volumes of this writer resemble those of Gregorio Reti, who, in order to keep himself from starving, appended the most unheard of incidents to English history as it was known.

One of the most daring impostures on record is that of Joseph Vella of Sicily. He said that he discovered seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic. He then set to work and wrote a translation from his fancy, which was printed. After his death the fraud was discovered. Before his death, however, he fell under suspicion and was condemned to imprisonment.

There are countless cases of authors selling their names to be put on works they have never read. Sir John Hill once contracted to translate a Dutch book. After the agreement he remembered that he did not know a word of Dutch. He then bargained with another translator to do the work for half the price he was to receive.

It Puzzled Him.

"When going through a big apartment house the other day looking for a friend I came across something funny," said the busy woman. "I read the names of all the tenants on the doors as I passed from floor to floor, and by and by I came to one card that said, 'J. Fitzgerald and wife.' I have been puzzling ever since over the significance of that card. Had J. Fitzgerald only recently taken unto himself a wife, and was he anxious to advertise the fact, or had Mrs. Fitzgerald a mind of her own, and did she insist upon recognition, or—but I give it up. What did it mean anyhow?"—New York Globe.

Mutual Reserve Company.

"There should be no secrets between husband and wife," says the cynical bachelor, "except what they really think of each other."—Philadelphia Record.