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Fine Dress Fabrics

In the Andersontown Department Store you can find such an assortment of pretty dress materials that it will be no trouble to make a selection, and at the same time be assured of getting the very newest, best and most approved summer fabrics, for the least money.

We Mention a Few of Them:

India Linon: 10c, 12c, 15c, 20c and 25c.
Persian Lawn: 20c and 25c.
Paris Muslin: 30c, 35c and 50c.

These were bought before the recent sharp advance in the prices of such goods. Our buyers thus escape the higher prices which now prevail.

Dotted Swiss: 10c and 25c.
White Linen: 50c.
Linen Finish Suitings: 15c and 20c.
Fancy Lawns: 5c to 25c.
French Lawns: 25c.
Very pretty patterns of mercerized Ginghams: 25c.
Fancy Dress Ginhams: 10c to 12½c.
Percales, (36 inches wide): 12½c. Good value.
Point d'esprit Waisting, (45 inches wide): 85c.

We have especial values to offer in Ladies', Men's and Children's Hose. 10c to 25c.

Men's Straw Hats in Milan straw and spilt chip. 25c and 50c.

Men's Soft Hats—Light and Dark Colors—50c to $2.00.

Particularly good values in Val. Laces with Insertions to match. 5c to 20c. Large line of Thread Laces, also, with Insertions to match.

Cambric and Swiss Embroideries, 5c to 25c.
Long Black Kid Gloves. $2.50 to $3.00.
Long White Lisle Thread Gloves. 60c to $1.00.

SHOES

We have such a large stock of Shoes that we are very confident we can exactly suit any of our customers in style and appearance as well as in the important feature of quality.

MATTINGS

Prices range from 10c to 30c. We have two-yards wide Linoleum—an excellent make—at one dollar per yard.

It was announced sometime ago that we have perhaps the very best grade of harness ever offered at $13.75 per set. We still sell this harness. And many of our patrons think we are right in the claim.

Andersontown Department Store,
A. J. HAYES, Proprietor

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT WEEK.

July 15 to 20, when the Elks hold their Annual Reunion in Philadelphia, will be a glorious week in the Quaker City. Not for years have such elaborate preparations been made to honor the City's guests as those which are now being made to welcome members of the Order, and to entertain the thousands who are expected to visit the city during the week.

A grand Court of Honor in Broad Street, the most magnificent structure of the kind ever erected in America, and costing $50,000, will be a great feature of the occasion. Every night during the week this Court of Honor, together with the City Hall, will be illuminated by myriads of electric lights of various colors.

On Wednesday, July 17, a massed band parade of over 2000 musicians will take place.

On Thursday, July 18, the Grand Parade of all visiting Elks will occur. Over 15,000 men from all sections of the country will participate. Each Lodge will have its own band and will wear a distinct uniform. Each uniform will typify the state or city represented by the lodge. Many of the uniforms will be historical and picturesque.

On Saturday, July 20, there will be a grand excursion to the seashore. Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood, Ocean City, Asbury Park, and other popular resorts are within easy reach of Philadelphia by the fast express trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Excursion tickets to Philadelphia will be sold July 13 to 17, inclusive, at reduced rates from stations over 100 miles from Philadelphia.

For exact fare and conditions of tickets, consult nearest Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent.

Stock of Merchandise at Cost!

Intending to discontinue the mercantile business, we will sell our stock of merchandise at cost. Anyone wishing to engage in the mercantile business will do well to call and look at our stock.

WILLIAMS & JONES
HILLSBORO, MD.

BOLGIANO'S GOLD BRAND OF CRIMSON CLOVER

is the freshest, purest, cleanest Crimson Clover Seed in the World.

CAUTION.—Every sack is stenciled "GOLD" near the mouth of the sack, if you are anxious to keep your fields clean of weeds and trash you will accept no substitutes. Write for quotations and samples.

FANCY SOUTHERN GERMAN MILLET

at very low prices, write for quotations and samples.

We can supply the best in Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, Poultry Foods, Rose Bushes, Flowering Plants, Lawn Grass Seed, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, Garden Tools, Iron Age Tools, Tomato Plants, Cabbage and Egg Plants, Etc.

J. BOLGIANO & SON,
Established for 89 Years.
Pratt and Light Sts., Baltimore. Md.

Maryland, Delaware and Virginia

FARMS, TIMBER LANDS AND BUSINESS CHANCES

FOR SALE.

If you want quick results list your property with us.

Buyers will do well to get our free list.

Tell us your wants.

SOUTHERN TIMBER LANDS a specialty.

Some Fine Bargains at $6.50 an acre.

Estimates by reliable parties.

Barrow REAL ESTATE Agency,
Preston, Md.

Public Sale

—OF A—

HOUSE and LOT

IN TOWN OF RIDGELY, CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND

THE UNDERSIGNED, by virtue of power of attorney from owner to him, will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, in the town of Ridgely, Caroline county, Maryland, in front of the Kranz Hotel, on

Saturday, July 13th

1907, at 4 o'clock p. m., all that lot of land, on First Avenue West and Third Street, in the town of Ridgely, Caroline county, Maryland, having a frontage on said First Avenue West of 100 feet, with a depth of 130 feet, and is the same property now occupied by Mr. William E. Temple.

IMPROVEMENTS

consist of a THREE-STORY FRAME DWELLING, containing six rooms, bath and toilet room, two large halls, with cellar under greater part of house. Outbuildings consist of poultry houses and summer kitchen. The property is composed of two lots, combined now into one corner lot, and is in the most desirable residential section of the thriving and fast growing town of Ridgely. This sale affords an excellent opportunity to those desiring to purchase a house and lot either for a home or for investment.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments payable one and two years from day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by notes of purchaser, interested added, and payable in bank, with sureties to be approved by undersigned; or all cash at option of purchaser. These terms may be altered to suit purchaser.

JAMES FRANKLIN TEMPLE,
Attorney in Fact for Owner,
Roberts P. O., Queen Anne's Co., Md.
MADISON BROWN, Attorney,
Centreville, Md.
JAMES TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

Executor's Sale

—OF—

15 Shares of Denton National Bank Stock

UNDER and by virtue of the power and authority contained in an order of the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, dated the 18th day of June, 1907, the undersigned will offer and expose to the highest bidder in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, on

Tuesday, July 23,

1907, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m.

15 Shares of Stock of the Denton National Bank of Maryland.

The stock will be offered in parcels which will be made known on day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Court are cash on day of sale.

JOHN F. DAWSON,
Executor of Katharine V. Massey, dec'd.
ALBERT G. TOWERS, Attorney.
F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.

Order Nisi.

Harvey L. Cooper, Assignee,
vs.
Frank Barrett and Sarah A. Barrett, his wife.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County. In Equity.

Ordered, this 22d day of June, 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 30th day of August, 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 29th day of July, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $730.00. THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
THOMAS L. DAY, Clerk.

MEATS MEATS
PROVISIONS GROCERIES

F. BAYNARD,

THE LEADING

MEAT, GROCERY AND PROVISION

DEALER IN TOWN

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

Phone your orders and have them delivered at your door.

PROVISIONS GROCERIES

F. BAYNARD, Near Depot, DENTON, MARYLAND.

The Night Errand of a Knight Errant.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

Copyright, 1906, by James Schreiber.

THE Panola people are exclusive. So are the mountain peaks. Both are lonely. Also both inspire awe in the beholder.

There are five of the Panola people to share the exclusiveness and the loneliness they have elected to maintain, a mother and four daughters. The mother looks as young as the youngest daughter, and the youngest daughter looks as old as the oldest. The entire group has a contemporaneous appearance. They talk contemporaneously, and they think in a batch. They have the effect of being preserved in amber for the consideration of future students of their kind. They would well repay the cost of the amber and the labor of preservation. They are the peculiar product of a day that is done.

Locally they are always spoken of as "the Panola ladies." Panola is the Indian word for cotton. As their lands are given over to the exclusive cultivation of that staple the name stands justified. Even in their industries, you will perceive, they were exclusive.

Whenever the demands of the larder render it imperative that provisions shall be conveyed from the store to the plantation two of the young ladies go for them. It is not at all easy to decide whether it is the youngest two or the oldest.

It was on one such occasion that Bixby, the storekeeper, bubbling over with the best intentions, gave some advice and invited his doom. Few people ever ventured to advise the St. John Daltons. No one ever did it successfully.

In a spirit of veiled apology for the meagerness of the purchases he was stowing under the seat of their old buggy, one of the young ladies thus plaintively alluded to the stringency of the money market:

"What with our cabins out of repair and the restlessness of tenants it is impossible to keep such a large estate as ours in proper condition at the present price of cotton."

Bixby beamed benevolently upon the two pinched aristocrats, blundered and fell from grace: "Right you are, my dear young ladies. But, I say, why not cut the blarsted old place up into small farms and sell 'em off to darkies? You could keep enough right around the house to do for a garden and a corn patch for old Highflyer here and live in clover on the proceeds of the rest."

The stiff leathern reins were gathered more tightly by the small, thin hand of the driver. Her finger tips showed through the frayed fingers of her gloves. The flash of a diamond ring pierced the third finger of the old gloves. Its wearer looked vaguely over Bixby's head:

"Did you put up 10 cents' worth of laundry soap, Mr. Bixby?"

Bixby quailed before her frigid glare, but answered meekly, "Yessum."

"And a package of cooking soda?"

"Best bi-carb. Soda's all right."

"Thank you. That is all this morning. Get up, Highflier."

After the manner of a woman practiced in rubbing things in, the storekeeper's wife added a last drop to his cup of bitterness:

"Maybe some of these days, Bixby, you'll know enough to save your breath to cool your porridge. When folks gets to giving advice to them St.

"RIGHT YOU ARE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES."

John Daltons it's time for the cows to come home with butter on their horns. Come to your dinner, Reuben."

She had found him conferring affably with a strange man. From Mrs. Bixby's point of view measureless possibilities of iniquity attached to every strange man.

"Ladies from top to toe," Bixby was saying, "but in a fair way to come to actual want with silver and gold enough tucked away in jewelry and tableware to keep them in comfort all the rest of their days."

"How about the men of the family?" the strange man asked with what Mrs. Bixby declared "vicious alertness."

"Got none. Father and two boys picked off at Chickamauga. Mother writes poetry about 'em and about old times. Daughters scuffle round some sort of fashion to keep body and soul together."

"How far do they live from here?"

"About three miles straight back todes the swamp. A lonesomer spot never was. Hanged if I don't think it's a deadly risk for a lot of unprotected females to be livin' in such a place with no locks and no men folks."

At which juncture Mrs. Bixby had appeared on the store gallery and given her peremptory invitation to dinner with such an accompaniment of frowns that Bixby accepted it without delay. When they reached the family quarters behind the store Mrs. Bixby turned upon her spouse to rend him.

"Heaven help you, Reuben Bixby, for a first class idiot! For you to up and tell a strange man, from the Lord only knows where, exactly how he can help himself to all he wants out at Panola. If they are every one of them murdered in their beds tonight, poor creatures, they will have you to thank for it."

Bixby's flesh turned rough with terror. He blanched at the picture of his wife's drawing. She beamed her satisfaction at results.

"So you begin to see it, do you?" she went on.

He began to see it. In great distress of soul he took counsel with his bookkeeper. What should he do to prevent those five innocent aristocrats from being murdered in their beds or, to them a much worse fate, being despoiled of their ancestral belongings, the things which were more than meat or raiment to them?

Bixby's bookkeeper was young. More than that, he had long entertained a hopeless adoration for the youngest of the Miss Daltons. He was fired with the chivalric resolve to protect the whole batch of Panola ladies from the possible consequences of Bixby's indiscretion.

By the time his own supper was disposed of that night the bookkeeper's plans were perfected. He would drop in at Brent's, where the fellow had left his sample trunks, and find out what he was about. It was clearly his duty not to lose sight of the villain. But at Brent's, where a laughing story telling group of knights of the road were filling the air with smoke and chatter, that particular drummer was not to be found.

The inference was plain and blood curdling! He had already started for Panola with heaven only knew what diabolical schemes in his head. Interception then must be his own role. It was a good three miles' tramp along a dark and muddy lane, but immortal glory awaited him at the other end. "The fellow" must have had a good start of him. There were no signs of the villain anywhere. Not even when he reached the much bepatched fence about the Panola house were there any signs of travel in that direction save the footprints he was himself leaving in the heavy mud.

Under that lichen covered roof slumbered five timid, helpless females, all of them lovely, one of them adorable. They would never know it, for he, their guardian angel, would steal away with the first gray shaft of dawn, having kept vigil over their slumbers through all the hours of darkness.

Or, greater glory yet, he might fall a victim to his chivalric duties. With a shuddering sense of his own inferiority he recalled the stalwart proportions of the inquisitive villain. But to die in defense of such a creature—his soul clung to the singular number—would be bliss provided he might only hear her say before his last gasp, "Jonas, live for me!" which of course he would politely decline doing.

As a group the Panola ladies were interesting. As an individual Miss Maude was absorbing. He had never yet addressed her as an individual. She knew him only as a fetcher and carrier of brown paper parcels from Bixby's shelves to their buggy.

The world had doled out happiness to Jonas with but a niggard's hand. But tonight he would wipe out all old scores. He groped his way through the wreck of a highly ornate front gate. He advanced boldly up the broken brick walk. As the villain had not preceded him he was still to arrive. Fortune had given him the field. Tonight he was only Bixby's clerk. Tomorrow he would be—

Bang!

He spun about, with his hand to his pistol pocket. Where was the miscreant?

Bang! Bang!

Heavens! Those shots came from behind those faithless doors. The miscreant had already effected his entrance.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There must be twenty men there. He promptly put a tree between himself and annihilation.

As the smoke of this one sided battle cleared away a gentle unshaken voice floated across the intervening space charged with inquiry:

"Kindly let us know who that is skulking behind that pecan tree. Speak distinctly, please, so that no mistake shall be made between foe or friend before we fire again."

Bixby's bookkeeper preferred not to speak at all. He was making a mental map of the premises he had traversed with a view to strategic movements toward the rear. Again that sweet unshaken voice:

"Please let us know who that is behind our pecan tree. We do not want to hurt any one, but we ought to tell you that there are still three loaded pistols on hand."

A dim vision of flying legs and fluttering coat skirts was vouchsafed the fair garrison briefly. The big gate groaned on its rusty hinges impelled by a wild push. There was nothing but a straw hat left on the battlefield.

With a momentary disregard of values, Miss Maude Dalton laid her still smoking pistol down upon a priceless Florentine table. She glanced at the weapon frowningly.

"I must take it to pieces tomorrow. It is getting hard on trigger. Rusty from disuse, I suppose."

The oldest Miss Dalton picked the weapon up and wiped off the Florentine table caressingly with the sleeve of the wrapper she had drawn over her nightgown.

"Maudie, you show our dear old table no more respect than if it were kitchen deal."

Miss Maude followed her sister's movements abstractedly. "I do wish we knew who it was," she said.

The five St. John Daltons laughed contemporaneously and contemptuously.

"Some one who has yet to find out that women can protect themselves in the hour of need. Mamma, dear, I do hope this untimely disturbance will not give you one of your bad headaches," said the eldest.

Bixby's clerk stopped in at Brent's tavern on his way back to the store. He really felt the need of something to quiet his nerves. Moreover, he might incidentally learn something about the movements of that fellow. Agitation, disappointment and perplexity struggled for the supremacy in his knightly bosom. The night clerk at Brent's bar must have made the toddy Jonas ordered unusually strong, or perhaps fatigue did it. He fell asleep on the cane settee soon after imbibing it.

When he awoke it was midnight, and the inquisitive villain was giving an order to the night clerk. Bixby's bookkeeper was intensely wide awake in half a second. His tired eyes opened to their fullest capacity when he discovered in the fellow's hand the straw hat which he was last conscious of as it had dropped from his fleeing head.

The fellow came over and seated himself by the dazed owner of the hat.

HE DISCOVERED IN THE FELLOW'S HAND HIS STRAW HAT.

He passed a long gentlemanly hand gently over its soiled ribbon as he said:

"I picked this up in the Panola front yard a little while back, and as it is not likely I shall be going back to Mr. Bixby's perhaps you will be so good as to leave it on his counter so that the owner may find it."

The baffled knight errant fell into the trap. "Then it was you that fired all those shots?" he asked.

A demure smile wrinkled the corners of the "fellow's" lips. "I? No, I am afraid I cannot claim the laurels of this occasion. I suspect it was my cousin Maude," he said.

The jaws of his hearer dropped disconsolately. Your what?"

"My cousin and, as it will be generally known by tomorrow night, my fiancee."

"The devil! A St. John Dalton marry a drummer?"

"As to that, she might and never regret it. In point of fact, she is not."

"But those three big sample trunks?"

"Contain Miss Dalton's trousseau. I am treating you with great confidence, you perceive, because I have a favor to ask of you. In some mysterious way I have lost the box containing the wedding ring. Girls are so superstitious about such things that I did not care to let Miss Dalton know of my arrival until the ring I have telegraphed for reaches here by the boat. I stepped up on Bixby's gallery just after my cousins had driven away, and the talk there going on made me uneasy, so as I had to ride out to the landing to send my telegram I came back by way of Panola."

"And was there when I?"—

This time the "fellow" permitted himself a well bred laugh.

"No, 'pon honor, the girls did it all before I got there. But it was a matter of some speculation while I was there as to why you did not answer when you were spoken to. You see, the name in your hat gave you away."

"Oh, dear! And I went there to protect them against you."

"Really? That was tremendously kind of you."

The little bookkeeper was red and writhing. "But you said you had a favor to ask of me," he stammered.

"Yes. The ring ought to come up by boat at daybreak. It will come to Bixby's care. Would you be so good as to see that I get it by 6 o'clock in the morning?"

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

At a regatta on Lake Lucerne the whole surface of the lake was strewed with roses.

The rose has through all time been the symbol of the purity and charm of girlhood.

Spartan soldiers after the battle of Cirrha refused offerings of wine unless it was perfumed with roses.

The rose seems to have long been the symbol of silence. It has been suggested that the utter inability to set forth the charms of the rose has admonished to silence.

Sweet as the fragrance of a garden is the Persian fable of the lump of clay which gave to the air a perfume that floated over the garden walls of fair Iran. "I have been dwelling with roses," said the clay.

In Bulgaria and Roumania, which are great centers for the manufacture of attar of roses, damask roses are exclusively used. These are gathered at dawn, just as the buds begin to unfold, and the essence is distilled from them before the sun sets.—Circle.

The Biter Bit.

An old Lowlander had been persistently asked by his son, who was doing very well in London, to pay him a visit. Having at length decided to comply, he spent a fortnight in the metropolis and duly returned north to tell the tale. A pompous person invited him to his house soon after the old man's return, with a view to having some amusement at the latter's expense. "And what was it that most impressed you in the great city?" asked the pompous gentleman. "Weel, sir," quoth the old fellow, "the thing abune a' that impressed me maist was my ain insignee ficance. 'Deed, sir, I wad strongly advise ye to gang—it wad dae ye a vast deal o' guid, sir!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Widow In White.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"There she goes!"

Little Compton gave the alarm, and everybody in the Pasquale studio leaped for the windows as the white automobile whizzed by. Four easels crashed on the floor. The model, a slender, dryad figure, with a spray of spring boughs over the bare shoulder and a trail of grass green velvet from bust to ankle, broke her pose and turned her head.

Pasquale himself had been the first to run and had a front seat, so to speak, at the middle window, with Jules Le Breton towering over him.

No one spoke until the moment of suspense was passed and the white auto had swerved around the corner of the Boulevard des Anges. Then a low, intense breath of released suspense sounded audibly through the bare room, and the Pasquale students stared into one another's eyes, rapturously, gloatingly, just exactly as they had done every day at the same hour for six days.

"She is celestial," murmured Le Breton huskily as he lifted his fallen easel.

But he did not place crayon to paper again that afternoon. He sat and smoked a short Amiens pipe and stared at the spray of spring boughs on the model's bare shoulder, and the blood bounded through his veins joyously, bubblingly, like the little mountain brooks breaking through thin April ice.

Le Breton had spring fever; also, in a minor degree, Le Breton was newly in love again.

Pasquale crossed the room as soon as the model had resumed the pose, and he bent affectionately forward over Le Breton's chair and tapped on the plump bowl of the Amiens pipe to recall Le Breton's soul from the asphodel meadow of day dreams.

"Mon ami, I have discovered a small thing," he said in an undertone so that Compton from Delaware would not hear. Compton from Delaware was a cynic, a person utterly beyond the gates of spring enchantment. He had the artistic temperament, but it showed itself in his work, not his hair nor his loves nor his words. And therein Compton from Delaware was absolutely an original and unique character among the art students at Pasquale's. Also he was absolutely despised as a hopeless business proposition. But the eyes of the girl with the spring boughs passed over Le Breton's blond ringlets and velvet blouse and lingered on the close cropped head of Little Compton from Delaware.

It was the way he had with women.

"I have discovered her habitation," whispered Pasquale. "She is a widow."

"A widow in white!" Le Breton's half closed eyes flashed open. "Ah, but it is her whim. It is her divinity revealing itself. It is her symbol of release. She did not love him if she can mourn in white. But the art elusive, enchanting, mysterious, to garb herself from top to toe in svelte white suede, to swathe her face in creamy chiffon like an houri, to challenge one's daring, to pique the curiosity, does it not all prove the woman behind the veil, the woman celestial, yet with the dash, the mere touch, so like the high light of the diabolique in her bereaved nature? Where does she live, Pasquale?"

Pasquale glanced sideways at Little Compton. He was extremely busy giving a touch to the clasp of gold on the model's left arm, a touch to make it gleam.

"At the Hotel Lombard," said Pasquale. "I have engaged the interest of the small boy at the garage. She is a widow, Mme. Germaine—La Belle Germaine. And she lives at the Lombard. So, my Jules, I give you the cue for the romance, n'est-ce-pas?"

Le Breton rose and stretched his arms widely until they touched the gas jet above his head.

"I shall fling violets at her—vast clusters of them, dew wet; Parma violets—straight into her arms as she passes each day until she recognizes me," he said. "I shall pierce the white chiffon veil with opera glasses and see if her eyes divine are melting blue or gloriously, ravishingly dark, like la Zingara. I shall"—

"You will make the customary blooming idiot of yourself, Jules," called Compton from Delaware over his shoulder with cheerful unction. "How many children did the last divinity have after you had followed the trail of romance for two weeks and finally landed her in a bakery over the Seine?"

Le Breton raised a glass of ice water to deposit it below the adjacent coat collar, but he stayed his hand and drank the water diplomatically. Once, once long ago, he had not stayed his hand, and the memory of the resultant episode lingered yet. Little Compton had risen swiftly and deftly, promptly floored him. And even the model had laughed. It was not a pleasant memory. Therefore Le Breton stayed his hand and drank of the ice water.

The next day Le Breton vanished from the atelier at a quarter of 3 precisely, but his intentions were public.

The windows of Pasquale's were occupied by an absorbed audience long before the whir of the white auto sounded on the still hush of the midafternoon. By leaning from the windows one could catch a glimpse of a figure standing on the corner, a patient, noble figure under the quaint wrought iron street lamp, the figure of the knight errant, in paint daubed velvet blouse, cap rakishly, romantically awry and in the hands the most beautiful, enormous, languishing bouquet of Parma violets that Le Breton could find. A beauty it was, a regal offering, with silken tasseled cord of gold, and the stems, the tender young stems, prisoned in tin foil violet dyed.

Presently there was the sound of the chariot celestial, the cream white automobile, with the tiny gold monogram on one side, so vague, so unreadable, so divinely mysterious to the faces that crowded one above another at Pasquale's windows, like cabbages in the market stalls.

"She comes, mon Dieu; she comes," gasped Pasquale ecstatically. "Now, Jules, now brave boy, may thy aim be sure as Eros' dart!"

The white auto purred softly, swiftly down the pavement. Le Breton raised his cap, raised his hand to toss his offering, and, lo, he tossed not, for beside the slender figure in the white suede cloak sat Little Compton, severe, masterful and totally oblivious of either Le Breton or the windows of Pasquale.

It was the deadly blow, but Le Breton showed his ancestry. A Le Breton had been in Bayard's band of vagabond free lances and had won a marquisate for deeds heroic.

So Le Breton in the velvet blouse stayed not his hand. Neither did he remember the lesson of the spilled ice water. He threw the violets fairly, and they fell in the lap of the widow in white. Out from Pasquale's window went up a smothered cheer. The veiled head bowed, oh, but so slightly, in Le Breton's direction. Still it bowed. And Little Compton raised his American panama in grave salute of heroism undaunted.

The next morning Pasquale was prepared for the challenge. Pasquale himself announced he would present the challenge the instant after Compton from Delaware showed fight. Even the model with the spring boughs trembled when the double glass doors opened and Little Compton entered. He was whistling. Ye gods, the airy arrogance of the assured American, mused Pasquale's crowd and waited for the blow.

It fell.

Straight over to Le Breton's easel walked Compton from Delaware. His hand and gait were resolute, his eye steady. There was even a smile on his lips. As he stood a pace away Le Breton sprang to his feet, and Pasquale's held its breath for the onslaught of the love champions.

But Little Compton smiled. More, he slapped Le Breton upon the shoulder in the manner of Harvard.

"Old man, you're all to the merry," he said. "I didn't think you had the grit. I have the honor to be the bearer of a message from Mrs. Henry B. Germaine, my dearly loved sister. She requests your presence at afternoon tea today." He paused to light a cigarette while Le Breton nursed his mental agony. Then finally he handed over the medicine for spring fever.

"The violets are on her boudoir table, Jules, and she's been a widow four years."

Brevity and Wit.

Brevity as the soul of wit is exemplified in many popular sayings. Wit is by no means an inevitable ingredient in proverbs. Many of them are of doubtful sense, and some are foolish, yet there is a certain spice. The definition of proverbs by Howell as "Sayings which combine sense, shortness and salt," is in the main true. Though truth may be altogether absent and wit barely perceptible, yet there must be a certain "salt," which gives life and savor to the saying.

It would be difficult to find sayings more telling than some of the shortest—such, for instance, as "Forewarned, forearmed," "Extremes meet," or the ancient "Inter malleum et incudem" (between the hammer and the anvil). Many sayings which in English are short were briefer still in their original classical form.

That the soul of wit was exemplified most strikingly among the Greeks is only what we should expect. It is curious to remember that our word "laconic" preserves the memory of the reputation for conciseness of speech borne by the people of one part of Greece—the Laconians or Spartans. When Philip of Macedon threatened them, "If I enter Laconia, I will level your city to the dust," they made the famous reply, "If."

He Took a Rest.

As it is undoubtedly true that one man's meat may be another man's poison, so it happens sometimes that what seems like work to one person is regarded as recreation by another.

"Had a good lecture on Alasky, didn't we, Eb?" asked one of Mr. Dodd's neighbors, meeting him the day of the lecture. "To sit there peaceful as pie for two hours, hearing him reel off the information and seeing those pictures cast on the screen, was a grand rest for me, beat out with cranberrying as I be."

"It was a good enough talk," admitted Mr. Dodd, in a grudging tone, "but it didn't rest me any to speak of. Between having to set stock still without a chance to get in a word for two mortal hours and crane my neck looking at those views, I was pretty well wore when I got home. But I took the lantern out into the wood shed, and by the time I'd split up a week's kindlings I felt kind o' rested an' calmed down."—Youth's Companion.

She Was Dieting.

"Miss Kitty," said the new doctor, "your trouble is merely indigestion. We can fix that. By the way, have you been doing any dieting?"

"I don't know," answered the little girl. "The other doctor has been making me eat all sorts of things that I just hate."

"Then you're dieting all right."—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing Unusual.

Lord Cromer when ruler of Egypt made himself hateful to all sorts of rascals in that country, but he worked wonders of reform there and left it in more contented frame of mind than it had ever known previous to his arrival. While Lord Salisbury was British premier a member of the ministry complained that Lord Cromer had told him to go to the devil. "Dear me," said Salisbury, "he tells me that every time he comes to London."—Cleveland Leader.

A Practical Reason.

Investigating Teacher—Do any of you boys know why "X" stands for an unknown quantity? Wise Little Aleck—I know, 'cause my pa says when you lend an "X" you never know when you're going to get it back.—Baltimore American.

Genius is not essential to good preaching, but a live man is.—Phelps.