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MID-SUMMER CLEARING SALE

BEGINNING AUGUST 1,

and continuing TEN DAYS, we will have our Semi-Annual Clearing Sale. The following goods will be sold at a great reduction:

150 STRAW HATS at Half-Price

75 Pairs OXFORDS, 10 to 25 per cent. off

Men's Clothing and Underwear

Ladies' Wash Suits, Skirts, and Underwear, Shirt Waists, Underskirts, Gowns, Lace Collars, Corset Covers, Long Gloves

Percales, Calicoes, Ginghams, Lawns, White Goods, Table Linens, Towelings, Napkins, Sheetings, Muslins, Cambrics, Hamburgs,

CLOTHING

Grade Suits, to be closed out, some as low as $5, $6, $7.

SHOES

The High Grade Lines Crossett and American Lady to be sold at 10 to 25 per cent. reduction.

Men-Made CLOTHES

125 Men's High

28c MATTING - - This Sale, 19c

35 Pieces of Lawns - - at 5 cents per yard

Wash Cloths, 3c | Fans, 2c | 50 Straw Hats, ½ price

50c Belts, 25c | 50c Men's Underwear, 25c | 25c Belts, 19c

Ten days | H.C.&W.R.WRIGHT | Ten days

Carter Block, Denton

Look At These Prices!

100 sq. ft. good, inch, N. C. Flooring for $1.75
$1 Cypress Shingles, 6"x20", 95c for 100 pcs.
100 sq. ft. inch, German Siding for $1.95
100 Lath, No. 1, ⅜"x1½"x4 ft. for 36c
A 4-panel 1⅜" painted Door, 2-6x6-6, $1.13
12 lt. glazed Windows, 8"x10", 1⅜" for 85c
A 5"x5" Porch Column, 8 ft. long, clear fir, 92c

Dry, seasoned, framing lumber, hardware, paints, Building Materials of kinds, etc., etc., at proportionate prices.

SEND US YOUR INQUIRIES AND ORDERS!

The Baltimore Supply Company

Office, S. W. Corner Baltimore & Holliday Sts., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Estimate Free For The Asking

BARGAINS!

MATTINGS

are of many styles—

And they are reduced in price greatly, the season being well advanced.

The Figures Now Will Surprise You.

E. T. ORME,

Andersontown, Md.

Japanese Buckwheat for Sale

At my farm near Denton.
HARRY A. ROE, Denton, Md.

IF IT IS

JEWELRY

YOU WANT

YOU CAN DO NO BETTER THAN VISIT

FRANK L. ROBERTS

Successor to H. Lay Reaver

Cor. Washington & Dover Sts.

EASTON, MD.

Look Over This List:

Brooches, Lockets, Bar Pins, Links, Dutch Collar Pins, Scarf Pins, Hat Pins, Combination Sets, Watch Fobs, Collar Buttons, Bracelets, Match Boxes, Pocket Files, Scissors, Pencils, Cut Glass Berry Bowls, Bon Bon Dishes, Celery Dishes, Sterling Silver Fancy Pieces, Silver Plated Articles, WATCHES Solid and Filled For Ladies and Gentlemen

Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Now is the time to subscrive.

PROPOSALS

For $15,000 of Five Per Cent. County Coupon Bonds, Payable July 1, 1922.

Pursuant to power and authority contained in Chapter 388 of the Acts of Assembly of 1910, the County Commissioners of Caroline County invite sealed proposals or bids for $15,000 worth of Coupon Bonds of Caroline County, to be issued under the authority and according to the provisions of the aforesaid Act of Assembly:

Said bonds to be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, payable on the first days of January and July of each year; and the whole to be redeemable and payable on the first day of July, 1922:

To meet the yearly interest on said bonds and provide a sinking fund for their redemption at maturity, a sufficient amount of taxes is required to be levied annually on the assessable property of the county:

The sealed proposals will be received and opened at the office of the said County Commissioners in Denton, Maryland, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on Tuesday, the 9th day of August, 1910:

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check in the sum of five per cent. of the amount bid, as a guarantee that the successful bidder or bidders will take and pay for said bonds upon delivery, unless same are rejected on legal grounds. Checks will be returned to unsuccessful bidders.

Said bonds will bear date as of the first day of July, 1910, and no bid will be received for less than par, with accrued interest. Bonds are exempt from county and municipal taxation.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Commissioners of Caroline County,
WM. H. ANDERSON, Clerk.
July 19, 1910.

BRIDAL GIFT SUGGESTIONS

You will find in abundance by looking through our stock.

We show the largest lines of Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, Imported Hand Painted China, High Grade Hollow and Flat Plated Ware, and Clocks.

Our prices you will find most reasonable.

Beautiful Chests of Plated Ware at $10 and $18.

Attractive 4-piece Tea Sets, $10 and up.

ERNEST D. STURMER,
Jeweler and Optician,
EASTON, : : : MARYLAND.

Bids for Curbing, &c.

The County Commissioners of Caroline county hereby give notice that they will receive sealed bids for the construction of Portland cement concrete curbing, gutter, and galvanized iron 2" hitch-rail surrounding court house green, until Tuesday, August 9, at 2 p. m., when the same will be publicly opened, and the contract awarded to the lowest bidder.

Plans and specifications are now on file in the County Commissioners' office, at Denton. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of County Commissioners.
WM. H. ANDERSON, Clerk.

To Property Owners.

All contracts for water and sewer are made with the owner of the premises, and while the rents may be paid by the tenant, the owner of the premises will be held liable for the rents.

By order of the Commissioners of Denton.
C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.
a6c

Team for Sale.

We have four good teams—two pairs of horses and two pairs of mules—and having sold our farm, would dispose of one or two teams. Pair heavy horses, 7 years old; other team medium size. Pair mules, 4 years old coming spring; pair 3 years old coming spring.
W. M. WINE & SON.

Notice.

This is to notify my customers and the public in general that I am still in the electric light business as usual, and will guarantee as cheap work at as cheap prices as I have always done. Drop me a card and I will gladly call and give you an estimate.
W. A. WEST, The Electrician.
jy30c

Lost.

Gold watch charm in shape of eagle claw, with cameo stone held in claw. Reward. Finder please return to
DR. W. A. SMITH, Denton, Md.

Notice of Dissolution.

The firm of Lent & Co. has been dissolved, and the undersigned will not be responsible for debts of the firm.
LOUIS SEIBERT.

Bricks for Sale.

I have a lot of first-class bricks on hand and for sale.
F. W. TOWNS, Denton, Md.
j6c
Manufacturer of Cement Burial Vaults.

Corn for Sale.

I have 500 bushels of corn on the cob for sale at 65 cents a bushel.
T. W. PORTER, Burrsville, Md.
jy 30c

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE Personal Property

THE undersigned, expecting to discontinue farming, will sell at his residence, near Poole's mill, Third district, known as the Towns farm, on

Thursday, August 18th,

1910, beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m., sharp, the following property;

HORSES and CATTLE

One bay colt, 2 years old last June, Walter Morrell stock. One pair of mules, one 3 years old last fall, one 3 years old last spring; well broken, fine build, good workers. One black mare, "Dell," 6 years old, very fine driver; sound, and good worker in all harness; not afraid of steam nor automobiles; can take you over the roads at a 3-minute gait with ease. One 4-months old colt, King Wilkes stock; very fine prospect. One black colt, 3 years old last spring; fine driver, fine form, fearless of automobiles. One stallion, "King Wilkes," 16 hands high, weighs 1060 pounds, golden sorrel, faddless; 7 years old on the 16th day of last April, fine blood; trots easily in 2.33; is direct from famous Wilkes.

Four milk cows—one 7 years old, nearly full blood Durham, very fine size; gives about 2½ gallons of milk now; one 6-year-old thoroughbred Jersey, fine butter maker, gives fair quantity of milk; two young cows, with calves by their sides, one of the young cows being a full blood Jersey, entitled to registration, the other a Jersey and Durham mixed.

FARM IMPLEMENTS

One Champion self-binder, one Darian mower, one disc harrow, one Ontario 3-horse 10-spout drill, new; one steel roller, 3 sections, new; one hay rake, new; one fodder cutter, new; one hand corn sheller; one 2-horse wagon, in good running order; one horse cart, good as new; lot of plows, harrows, cultivators; one 4-horse steel drag, cart harness, new; 4 sets wagon harness, 3 sets carriage harness, three carriages, two as good as new, the other in good condition; one stallion buggy, 4-wheel; one carriage pole, single trees, double trees, several sets plow harness, etc.

Some articles of household furniture will also be sold.

TERMS OF SALE: On all sums of and under $10, cash. On sums over that amount a credit of 12 months will be given, purchasers giving approved notes payable at the Peoples National Bank. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

F. P. Covey, Auct. J. W. LORD.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE PERSONALTY.

I will sell at public sale on the farm where I now reside, owned by M. Bates Stephens, on the road leading from Burrsville to Denton, about 1½ miles west of Burrsville, beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m., on

Saturday, August 20th,

1910, the following property:

LIVE STOCK.

One bay mare, 12 years old; good driver and good worker, fearless of automobiles. One gray horse, 11 years old, good worker, fearless of automobiles and steam. One bay horse, 8 years old, good worker and driver. One bay colt, 3 years old, good driver, fearless of automobiles.

Three cows, 2 of which are fresh, and one will be fresh in September. One yearling with calf.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

One Osborne binder, good as new; one Ontario grain drill, good as new; one corn planter, nearly new; one Champion mower; one good grain fan; two 2-horse plows; three walking cultivators; one riding harrow; one 3-horse drag; one dearborn; one good dayton; one 2-horse farm wagon, good as new; one set of wagon harness, and lots of other things not mentioned here.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of ten dollars and under, cash; on sums over that amount a credit of 12 months will be given on interest-bearing notes, with approved security, payable at the Denton National Bank, Denton, Md.
SAMUEL CAREY, Owner.

On the same day, after the above sale, on the same place, the undersigned will sell one pair of fine young mules, 3 years old the coming spring, blocky build, fine size and well mated; one sorrel mare, 14 years old, good worker and driver, fearless of automobiles and steam; one good milk cow; one 3-horse plow; one riding cultivator. Same terms of sale.
WILLIAM GARDENER, Owner.

F. P. Covey, Auctioneer.
J. E. Ellwanger, Attorney.

At Reduced Prices.

We are closing out our Stock of Millinery regardless of cost: 50c Hats for 10c; $6.00 and $8.00 Hats at $2.98; 75c Hats at 25c. Children's Lace Bonnets and Hats also at a great reduction. A nice lot of Men's Hats greatly reduced. Ladies' Muslin Underwear at half-price. Ladies' Waists going at a sacrifice. ALL FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS.

MRS. O. M. HIGNUTT, Williston, Maryland.

LOST

By the undersigned on the evening of July 25, on the road from Griffin to Denton or in the town of Denton, one long black leather bill book, containing a sum of money and papers with my name written on. Finder will be rewarded by leaving at the JOURNAL office or by returning to me.
EDW. HOPPMAN, Denton, Md.
7 30 tf

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given that on town taxes paid in August a discount of five per cent. will be allowed. By order of the Commissioners.
C. LESLIE WALLS, Clerk.
a6d

DRY VALLEY'S INDIAN SUMMER.

How Springtime Returned to a Middle Aged Sheepman.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure company.]

Dry Valley Johnson shook the bottle. You have to shake the bottle before using, for sulphur will not dissolve. Then Dry Valley saturated a small sponge with the liquid and rubbed it carefully into the roots of his hair.

Dry Valley had been a sheepman. His real name was Hector, but he had been rechristened after his range.

Many years of living face to face with sheep on their own terms wearied Dry Valley Johnson. So he sold his ranch for $18,000 and moved to Santa Rosa to live a life of gentlemanly ease.

Dry Valley bought a four room cottage in the village and a library on

WITH MAGNIFICENT INSOLENCE.

strawberry culture. Behind the cottage was a garden of which he made a strawberry patch.

When his strawberries were beginning to ripen Dry Valley bought the heaviest buggy whip in the Santa Rosa store.

In the house next to Dry Valley's lived a widow with a pack of children that gave the husbandman frequent anxious misgivings. In the woman there was a strain of the Spanish. She had wedded one of the name of O'Brien.

Between the two homesteads ran a crazy picket fence overgrown with morning glory and wild gourd vines. Often he could see little heads with mops of black hair and flashing dark eyes dodging in and out between the pickets, keeping tabs on the reddening berries.

Late one afternoon Dry Valley went to the postoffice. When he came back, like Mother Hubbard, he found the deuce to pay. The descendants of Iberian bandits and Hibernian cattle raiders had swooped down upon his strawberry patch.

Dry Valley slipped into the house, got his whip and charged the marauders. The lash curled about the legs of the nearest, a greedy ten-year-old, before they knew they were discovered. His screech gave warning, and the flock scampered for the fence like a drove of javelis flushed in the chaparral. Dry Valley's whip drew a toll of two more elfin shrieks before they dived through the vine clad fence.

Dry Valley, less fleet, followed them nearly to the pickets. Checking his useless pursuit, he rounded a bush, dropped his whip and stood, voiceless, motionless, the capacity of his powers consumed by the act of breathing and preserving the perpendicular.

Behind the bush stood Panchita O'Brien, scorning to fly. She was nineteen, the oldest of the raiders. Her night black hair was gathered back in a wild mass and tied with a scarlet ribbon. She stood with reluctant feet, yet nearer the brook than to the river, for childhood had environed and detained her.

She looked at Dry Valley Johnson for a moment with magnificent insolence and before his eyes slowly crunched a luscious berry between her white teeth. Then she turned and walked slowly to the fence with a swaying, conscious motion, such as a duchess might make use of in leading a promenade. There she turned again and grilled Dry Valley Johnson once more in the dark flame of her audacious eyes, laughed a trifle schoolgirlishly and twisted herself with pantherish quickness between the pickets to the O'Brien side of the gourd vine.

Dry Valley picked up his whip and went into his house. He stumbled as he went up the two wooden steps. The old Mexican woman who cooked his meals and swept his house called him to supper as he went through the rooms. Dry Valley went on, stumbled down the front steps, out the gate and down the road into a mesquite thicket at the edge of town. He sat down in the grass and laboriously plucked the spines from a prickly pear one by one. This was his attitude of thought, acquired in the days when his problems were only those of wind and wool and water.

A thing had happened to the man—a thing that, if you are eligible, you must pray may pass you by. He had become enveloped in the Indian summer of the soul.

Dry Valley had had no youth. Even his childhood had been one of dignity and seriousness. At six he had viewed the frivolous gambols of the lambs on his father's ranch with silent disapproval. His life as a young man had been wasted. And now in his sear and yellow leaf one scornful look from the eyes of Panchita O'Brien had flooded the autumnal landscape with a tardy and delusive summer heat.

But a sheepman is a hardy animal. Dry Valley Johnson had weathered too many northers to turn his back on a late summer, spiritual or real. Old? He would show them.

By the next mail went an order to San Antonio for an outfit of the latest clothes, colors and styles and prices no object. The next day went the recipe for the hair restorer clipped from a newspaper, for Dry Valley's sunburned auburn hair was beginning to turn silvery above his ears.

Dry Valley kept indoors closely for a week except for frequent sallies after youthful strawberry snatchers. Then, a few days later, he suddenly emerged brilliantly radiant in the hectic glow of his belated midsummer madness.

A jaybird blue tennis suit covered him outwardly almost as far as his wrists and ankles. His shirt was oxblood, his collar winged and tall, his necktie a floating oriflamme; his shoes a venomous bright tan, pointed and shaped on penitential lasts. A little flat straw hat with a striped band desecrated his weatherbeaten head. Lemon colored kid gloves protected his oak tough hands from the benignant May sunshine. This sad and optic smiting creature teetered out of its den, smiling foolishly and smoothing its gloves for men and angels to see. To such a pass had Dry Valley Johnson been brought by Cupid, who always shoots game that is out of season with an arrow from the quiver of Momus. Reconstructing mythology, he had rised a prismatic macaw from the ashes of the gray-brown phoenix that had folded its tired wings to roost under the trees of Santa Rosa.

Dry Valley paused in the street to allow Santa Rosans within sight of him to be stunned and then deliberately and slowly, as his shoes required, entered Mrs. O'Brien's gate.

Not until the eleven months' drought did Santa Rosa ease talking about Dry Valley Johnson's courtship of Panchita O'Brien. It was an unclassifiable procedure—something like a combination of cakewalking, deaf and dumb oratory, postage stamp flirtation and parlor charades. It lasted two weeks and then came to a sudden end.

Of course Mrs. O'Brien favored the match as soon as Dry Valley's intentions were disclosed. Being the mother of a woman child and therefore a charter member of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap, she joyfully decked out Panchita for the sacrifice. The girl was temporarily dazzled by having her dresses lengthened and her hair piled up on her head and came near forgetting that she was only a slice of cheese. It was nice, too, to have as good a match as Mr. Johnson paying you attentions and to see the other girls fluttering the curtains at their windows to see you go by with him.

Dry Valley bought a buggy with yellow wheels and a fine trotter in San Antonio. Every day he drove out with Panchita. He was never seen to speak to her when they were walking or driving. The consciousness of his clothes kept his mind busy; the knowledge that he could say nothing of interest kept him dumb; the feeling that Panchita was there kept him happy.

He took her to parties and dances and to church. He tried—oh, no man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He could not dance, but he invented a smile which he wore on these joyous occasions, a smile that in him was as great a concession to mirth and gayety as turning handsprings would be in another. He began to seek the company of the young men in the town, even of the boys. They accepted him as a decided damper, for his attempts at sportiveness were so forced that they might as well have essayed their games in a cathedral. Neither he nor any other could estimate what progress he had made with Panchita.

The end came suddenly in one day, as often disappears the false afterglow before a November sky and wind.

Dry Valley was to call for the girl one afternoon at 6 for a walk. An afternoon walk in Santa Rosa was a feature of social life that called for the pick of one's wardrobe. So Dry Valley began gorgeously to array himself; and so early that he finished early, and went over to the O'Brien cottage. As he neared the porch on the crooked walk from the gate he heard sounds of revelry within. He stopped and looked through the honeysuckle vines in the open door.

Panchita was amusing her younger brothers and sisters. She wore a man's clothes—no doubt those of the late Mr. O'Brien. On her head was the smallest brother's straw hat decorated with an ink striped paper band. On her hands were flapping yellow cloth gloves, roughly cut out and sewn for the masquerade. The same material covered her shoes, giving them the semblance of tan leather. High collar and flowing necktie were not omitted.

Panchita was an actress. Dry Valley saw his affectedly youthful gait, his limp where the right shoe hurt him, his forced smile, his awkward simulation of a gallant air, all reproduced with startling fidelity. For the first time a mirror had been held up to him. The corroboration of one of the youngsters calling, "Mamma, come and see Pancha do like Mr. Johnson," was not needed.

As softly as the caricatured tans would permit, Dry Valley tiptoed back to the gate and home again.

Twenty minutes after the time appointed for the walk Panchita tripped demurely out her gate in a thin, trim white lawn and sailor hat. She strolled up the sidewalk and slowed her steps at Dry Valley's gate, her manner expressing wonder at his unusual delinquency.

Then out of his door and down the walk strode, not the polychromatic victim of a lost summertime, but the sheepman rehabilitated. He wore his old gray woolen shirt, open at the throat, his brown duck trousers stuffed into his overrun boots, and his white felt sombrero on the back of his head. Twenty years or fifty he might look. Dry Valley cared not. His light blue eyes met Panchita's dark ones with a cold flash in them. He came as far as the gate. He pointed with his long arm to her house.

"Go home," said Dry Valley. "Go home to your mother. I wonder Rightnin' don't strike a fool like me. Go home and play in the sand. What business have you got cavortin' around with grown men? I reckon I was locoed to be makin' a he poll-parrot out of myself for a kid like you. Go home and don't let me see you no more. Why I done it, will somebody tell me? Go home and let me try and forget it."

Panchita obeyed and walked slowly toward her home, saying nothing. For some distance she kept her head turned and her large eyes fixed intrepidly upon Dry Valley's. At her gate she stood for a moment looking back at him, then ran suddenly and swiftly into the house.

Old Antonia was building a fire in the kitchen stove. Dry Valley stopped at the door and laughed harshly.

"I'm a pretty looking old rhinoceros to be gettin' stuck on a kid, ain't I, 'Tonia?" said he.

"Not verree good thing," agreed Antonia sagely, "for too much old man to likee muchacha."

"You bet it ain't," said Dry Valley grimly. "It's dum foolishness, and, besides it hurts."

He brought at one armful the regalia of his aberration, the blue tennis suit, shoes, hat, gloves and all, and threw them in a pile at Antonia's feet.

"Give them to your old man," said he, "to hunt antelope in."

Just as the first star presided palely over the twilight Dry Valley got his biggest strawberry book and sat on the back steps to catch the last of the reading light. He thought he saw the figure of some one in his strawberry patch. He laid aside the book, got his whip and hurried forth to see.

It was Panchita. She had slipped through the picket fence and was halfway across the patch. She stopped when she saw him and looked at him without wavering.

A sudden rage—a humiliating flush of unreasoning wrath—came over Dry Valley. For this child he had made himself a motley to the view. He had tried to bribe Time to turn backward for himself. He had—been made a fool of. At last he had seen his folly. There was a gulf between him and youth over which he could not build a bridge even with yellow gloves to protect his hands. And the sight of his torment coming to pester him with her elfin pranks—coming to plunder his strawberry vines like a mischievous schoolboy—roused all his anger.

"I told you to keep away from here," said Dry Valley. "Go back to your home."

Panchita moved slowly toward him. Dry Valley cracked his whip.

"Go back home," said Dry Valley savagely, "and play theatricals some more. You'd make a fine man. You've made a fine one of me."

She came a step nearer, silent and with that strange, defiant, steady

HE LOOKED THROUGH THE VINES.

shine in her eyes that had always puzzled him. Now it stirred his wrath.

His whiplash whistled through the air. He saw a red streak suddenly come out through her white dress above her knee where it had struck.

Without flinching and with the same unchanging dark glow in her eyes Panchita came steadily toward him through the strawberry vines. Dry Valley's trembling hand released his whip handle. When within a yard of him Panchita stretched out her arms.

"God, kid!" stammered Dry Valley. "Do you mean"—

But the seasons are versatile, and it may have been springtime after all instead of Indian summer that struck Dry Valley Johnson.

Appropriate.

The worshipers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago. During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said:

"Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Answers.

A New Reason.

Annette, aged three, has two very talkative little sisters, and sometimes she finds it difficult to make herself heard at the table. One day when the others had been monopolizing the conversation longer than she liked Annette raised her finger with a warning gesture and whispered half aloud: "Everybody keep still. My foot's asleep."—Delineator.

His Big Bill.

Guest—How long is this lease of your hotel to run? Hotel Clerk—What lease? Guest—The one I just gave you the money for.—New York Press

Despotism may govern without faith, but liberty cannot.—De Tocqueville.

SHOWS IN LONDON

Crowds That Gather to Secure Seats In the Pit.

A LONG WAIT FOR TICKETS.

The Line, Orderly and Well Dressed, Begins to Form as Early as 5 o'Clock in the Afternoon and in Case of a Popular Play Even Earlier.

In the better London theaters it costs 2s. 6d. to go into the pit, which, relatively speaking, is a good sum to pay, for a half dollar in New York isn't much better than a shilling in London when it comes to purchasing value.

The pit crowd begins to assemble as early as 5 o'clock in the afternoon and in cases of a great success even earlier than that. My first experience as a pittite occurred in London one summer night two years ago, when, after vain efforts to buy, borrow, beg or steal stalls for a popular play, writes Adolph Klauber in the Green Book, I finally decided to see it from the pit. When I arrived at the theater, about 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon, I found there was already a long line of men and boys and women, the foremost with face glued to the pit door and the line extending far beyond the narrow passageway to the street in front of the theater. Now, with every desire in the world to send my New York constituency some news of this great reigning success and not without some curiosity of my own I was still far from willing to cool my heels for the best part of three hours until the doors should open.

I turned and found a newsboy at my elbow.

"I'll 'old your place for you, sir," he repeated. "What time 'll you be back?"

It was then that I discovered for the first time this London institution, the place holder at the door of the pit, one of the many means by which one of the struggling unemployed or of the poorly paid seeks to add a few shillings to his meager, frugal income. There was no risk involved. The boy was quick to note the foreigner.

"It'll be all roight, sir," he said in his cheerful cockney way. "Is the lady coming too? Me and me friend 'll stand in line, and all you'll have to do will be to change places with us when you come around tonight. Only a shillin' apiece. It's worth it, sir, not to have to wait."

At 7 o'clock we were back in the narrow court, but long before I had been able to disentangle my boy from the dozen or so others, all looking very much alike, his cheerful tones greeted me with "'Ere you are, sir, 'ere you are, and you and the lady 'll get in the first row if you look sharp when you pass the door."

"Gee-rusalem," I muttered as we dropped into the interstices left by the departing boys, "a good half hour to wait—or more."

But, after all, I found the waiting far from tedious.

Hawkers of fruit and chocolate passed along the line, finding ready buyers among the waiting patrons of the pit, and every few minutes some new vaudeville faker out of work would come along to entertain the crowd with tumbling, dancing, singing or imitations. First a juggler appeared, and when a bobby sent him spinning faster than his plates and balls a contortionist took his place, spread a ragged carpet mat and began to turn himself inside out while the newsboys and shop girls going home from work shouted encouragement and appreciation. Finally the bobby ordered him to "move on," but not until a generous shower of pennies had fallen on the mat. The next man to appear carried a valise from which he produced wigs, crimpled hair and several false noses. His entertainment consisted of imitations of composers. "famous," he called them, but "infamous" they really were. He was not encouraged, either, for the pit line knew good from bad and wasn't to be parted from its pennies without proper value in return.

The crowd was genial, orderly, well dressed, and when the doors were opened finally I expected a headlong rush. But there was not the slightest suggestion of a scramble—a little congestion naturally at the narrow entrance, where a smiling, good natured bobby remarked quite pleasantly:

"Now, then, go easy—just the same as you went into church last Sunday—if you did go."

Then a short passage up a flight of narrow stairs, past a little cubbyhole where the tickets are handed out after you have duly deposited your two-and-six, into the theater and ready for the play.

A Riddle Making Epoch.

There have been epochs at which riddle making has been more especially in vogue, and such epochs would appear to occur at seasons of fresh intellectual awakening. Such an epoch there was at the first glimmering of new intellectual light in the second half of the seventh century. This was the age of Aldhelm, bishop of Sherborne, the first in the roll of Anglo-Latin poets. He left a considerable number of enigmas in Latin hexameters. Aldhelm died in 1709. Before his time there was a collection of Latin riddles that bore the name of Symphosius. Of this work the date is unknown. We only know that Aldhelm used it, and we may infer that it was then a recent product. The riddles of Symphosius were uniform in shape, consisting each of three hexameter lines.—Cornhill Magazine.

Back to Nature.

"Agnes sat playing bridge all the afternoon with her back to a glorious mountain view."

"Yes; she is president of our Back to Nature club."—Life.

How They Are Kept.

Miss De Style—He said I was a little flower; that he intended to keep me. Miss Gunbusta—I noticed him pressing you.—Smart Set.

God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail.—Ruskin.