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Supervisors' Notice.

OFFICE OF
THE SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS,
Denton, Md., June 27, 1911.

At a meeting of the Supervisors of Election for Caroline County, held at the Court House, in Denton, on Tuesday, June 27, 1911, the following persons were appointed Registers of Voters and Judges of Election for the several election districts of said county above their respective names, and to represent the political party after their respective names designated:

FIRST DISTRICT.
PRESTON C. PARVIS, Democrat, Henderson, Md.
ARTHUR J. BENNETT, Republican, Goldsboro, Md.

SECOND DISTRICT.
W. TOWNSEND DOWNS, Democrat, Greensboro, Md.
MARK L. WEAVER, Republican, Greensboro, Md.

THIRD DISTRICT—1st Precinct.
HARRY V. NOBLE, Democrat, Hickman, Del.
SOMERS BLAKE, Republican, Denton, Md.

THIRD DISTRICT—2d Precinct.
JONATHAN E. TOWERS, Democrat, Hobbs, Md.
HARRY E. RAMSDELL, Republican, Denton, Md.

FOURTH DISTRICT.
JOSEPH H. TRICE, Democrat, Preston, Md.
EDWARD T. MOORE, Republican, Preston, Md.

FIFTH DISTRICT.
ARTHUR T. HANDY, Democrat, Federalsburg, Md.
JOHN KENT, Republican, Federalsburg, Md.

SIXTH DISTRICT.
EVERETT H. GALE, Democrat, Hillsboro, Md.
GRANT ALBURGER, Republican, Denton, Md.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.
M. CARROLL MEREDITH, Democrat, Ridgely, Md.
GEORGE H. DMLEF, Republican, Ridgely, Md.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.
CHARLES W. SMITH, Democrat, Federalsburg, Md.
EVERETT C. KELLEY, Republican, Preston, Md.

The above named Registers of Voters and Judges of Election are hereby notified to appear before the Board at the Court House in Denton, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1911, for examination.

Persons having complaint to make of any of the above appointments are notified to file the same with the Board or its Clerk on or before said 18th day of July, 1911, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

JAMES T. SYLVESTER,
BAYARD NICHOLS,
HARRY B. MASON,
Supervisors of Election for Caroline County, Md.
BENJAMIN H. JOHNSON, Clerk.

Summer Schedule

Blue Serge Suits $6 to $25
Grey Suits $8 to $30
Coats and Trousers $3 to $15
Odd Trousers $1 to $6
Serge and Thin Coats 50c to $5
Duck Trousers $1 to $3
Khaki Trousers $1 to $2
Straw Hats 50c to $5
Summer Shirts 50c to $3.50
Thin Underwear, Fancy Hose, Summer Neckwear, Tennis and Outing Shoes, Low Shoes, Golf, Auto and Outing Caps of every size for Men and Boys. Young Men and Little Boys.

Biggest Because Best — MULLIN'S Wilmington — Clothing Hats Shoes

Votes for Women

The Just Government League of Maryland cordially invites you to be present at a public meeting to be held on the

COURT HOUSE SQUARE

in Denton at two o'clock on

Wednesday : afternoon

JULY 12th.

If the weather is inclement, the meeting will be held within the Court House.

Dr. Donald R. Hooker, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Mary Melvin will speak on Equal Suffrage.

COMMITTEE.

In the morning of the same day there will be a meeting at ten o'clock at Queen Anne.

Camp-Meeting Privileges.

Sealed bids will be received until July 1, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the privileges of bread tent, horse pound, boarding tent, photograph gallery, and barber shop at Concord camp-meeting.

The bread tent will be closed on Sunday and at preaching hours. Horse pound to sell horse feed only.

The committee reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the committee,
H. T. NUTTLE, Secretary.

Wedding Gifts

In greater variety than ever at

STURMER'S

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

Diamonds

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

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

STURMER
Jeweler to the People
EASTON, MD.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF A VALUABLE—

Farm and Mill Property!

As attorney for the owner I will sell to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House in Easton, Md., between 2 and 3 o'clock p. m., on

Saturday, July 15th,

all that tract of 121 ACRES, more of less, known as

Sherwood Mill Farm

in Chapel District of Talbot county, Md., situated conveniently near Cordova, Queen Anne, Willoughby and Skipton for their mill trade.

Improved by the well-known SHERWOOD MILL of three rollers and one burr, run by unfailing water power; DWELLING and BARNS suitable for property.

There are about

Seventy-Four Acres

under the plow, 23 acres being now in corn; 30 acres in a fine meadow, over 5 acres in wood and the balance in the mill pond.

This Mill makes a fine grade of flour and meal and enjoys a fine local custom. Inspection of the premises is solicited, when the Mill can be seen running.

Terms of Sale:

One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months.

A loan at a low rate of interest can be obtained on first mortgage.

Possession can be given within thirty days.

Title papers at the expense of the purchaser.

JOHN W. D. JUMP,
Attorney for Ernest Rasp, Owner.

Scholarship Notice.

IN THE ORPHAN'S COURT OF CAROLINE COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given that applications for a scholarship in Washington College, Chestertown, Md., will be received by the Court until July 18, 1911.

Although no formal examination will be held, yet it is expected that applicants shall be well advanced in the studies of the ninth grade of the present public school system and qualified to enter the Freshman Class.

In order, therefore, that the Judges may be advised as to the qualification of those making application, it is requested that each will present a certificate from his last teacher, or some other competent judge in this respect.

Those who are unable to attend the Court session on the above named day can send the same to the office of the Register of Wills.

By order of the Court,
ROBERT J. JUMP,
(6-17-4t) Register of Wills.

Denton Store for Sale.

Owing to continued ill-health I must sell out my store. Anyone desiring an established cash business, pleasant, profitable and easy to handle, is invited to call and investigate. Previous experience is not absolutely necessary, and an active industrous man will find this a money maker. WM. A. STEWART,
(7 1-3t) Denton, Md.

P. S.—In the meantime I am closing out my Clothing at cost and less to reduce stock as much as possible.

Warning.

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

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

Notice to Taxpayers.

The Commissioners of Denton will sit on Monday, July 3rd, at 7.30 p. m., in the office of Cooper, Wright & Cooper, for the purpose of hearing appeals on the 1911 assessment of town property. In the meantime the assessment books may be seen at Smith & Walls' store.

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

P. O. SPARKS,
Contractor and Builder,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.
Jobbing and Cabinet Work.

One Hundred Dollars

more or less, on every thousand is lost in the selling of property without the aid of an experienced, capable auctioneer. You can be sure of one when you employ the Fruit Auctioneer at Ridgely,

jy 30 **James Temple.**

For Sale.

A large span of mules, well suited for heavy work. G. S. RAIRIGH,
Denton, Md.

The Colors That Saved

A Fourth of July Story

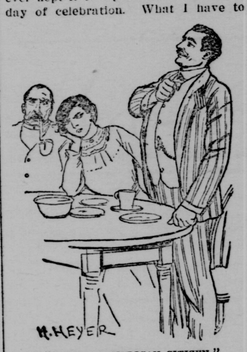
How Paula Came to Love the Red, White and Blue

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"And now," said Giuseppe Ancona, addressing the Senna family in Italian—"now that it is the Fourth of July, the great American holiday, I have something to tell you." He rose clumsily to his feet from the plain, rough table at which he was seated with the others.

"I am so proud," he continued, self satisfaction oozing from his rather handsome dark face and his dancing black eyes, "that I don't know how I ever kept it to myself until today, the day of celebration. What I have to say is this"—he straightened a trifle more, if possible—"I—am—an—American citizen. Hooray for America!"



"I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

Giuseppe waited a second or two for the Sennas to exclaim on his auspicious declaration, then suddenly realized that he was enjoying his distinction alone. They uttered not an approving or a congratulatory word. They stared each at the other with lowering faces; then Paula sprang to her feet, her big, round, dark eyes flashing.

"Italia! Italia forever!" she flung back at him with a wild gesture, while the look on her face stung Giuseppe to the heart.

Surprised and disappointed, he let his arm fall slowly to his side. His jaw dropped, and his body relaxed until he bore the semblance of a very crestfallen American. He shrugged his shoulders and turned his sobered face toward Paula. "Then you don't like America?" he said in a voice very soft, yet brimming with disappointment.

"I hate it! Oh, I am so homesick!" she cried, sinking into a chair beside the table. She flung her arms out before her, and, leaning forward, she commenced to sob. Her father and mother, vouchsafing a consoling word and giving her a loving pat or two as they went, left the room to join their neighbors on the already crowded doorsteps below, evidently expecting Giuseppe to comfort the girl after the manner of an approved fiance.

"Paula," Giuseppe said, going over to her and touching her lightly on the shoulder—"Paula, never mind. You have been here only two weeks. You will like it better after awhile. Look up and be happy. I have come to take you for the boat ride, so dry your tears, little one. We will have the gala day together."

Paula Senna shook his hand from her shoulder petulantly. She raised her head and looked at him defiantly. "You," she said in a voice bitter with disapproval—"you an American for all time?"

"Forever!" he repeated resolutely.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because," he answered her calmly, "America has liberated me from the bondage of poverty. It has given me work and good wages, enough so I can make a little home for you and me. America offers me opportunities unlimited merely for the effort. Here in this beautiful country, Paula, I can work hard and make you a great lady and myself a great man."

"But this is the country only to make money in," she argued. "That's all it is good for. When you save a thousand dollars we could go back to Italy and live—live," she finished, lifting her beautiful eyes rapturously heavenward as though seeing a vision of the happy, irresponsible sunny land she had so shortly ago quitted.

"And leave America, good America, with all the beautiful possibilities!" exclaimed Giuseppe in consternation. "Mulberry street isn't all of America. Some day we will have money and get out of this dirty, poor place—some day soon, Paula. Then we will go to the beautiful parts. It is, oh, so fine, away from Mulberry street!"

Unconsciously he was fondling the tiny American flag which adorned the lapel of his coat. Paula was watching him surlily, whimsically. She disliked to see him wearing the bit of red, white and blue. She would rather it were red, white and green, Italia's emblem. The longer she regarded it the more it displeased her until in a sudden flash of temper she reached out a little brown hand, snatched it from its place of honor and crumpled it destructively.

In an instant the hot blood leaped to Giuseppe's face. His arms went rigid at his sides, and he instinctively clinched his fists.

"Paula!" he exclaimed in shocked injury.

"Italia for me!" she averred, tossing the despised flag back at him indifferently. "You may stay in your America if you wish. I shall not! Pietro Binconte goes back to Italy next month," she added significantly.

"Pietro Binconte!" Giuseppe cried, stepping close to her and now furious.

"Pietro," she repeated with a tantalizing nod.

"And you love Binconte?" he asked savagely.

She had not the slightest affection for Binconte. She did, however, delight in teasing Giuseppe. It was such fun to make a man wild with jealousy. She remained silent, letting him infer whatever his mad passion might prompt him to. But her coquetry was very short lived. Too angry to trust himself to remain longer with her, Giuseppe abruptly stalked from the room without so much as a look in her direction.

Paula listened to his coarse, heavy shoes thumping down the stairs, and she leaned far out of the window and watched him make his way hastily along the street. Then she looked down on her neat white dress, at her pink ribbons and at her new American hat with the sickening sensation that the great American day, the holiday when everybody was going somewhere, was a blank before her, and the tiny flat in which she lived was insufferably hot and stuffy. How she wished she had not provoked Giuseppe and that he would come back!

"And now?" Giuseppe asked himself as he hurried away, he didn't know or care where to. No answer came. Yet in his bitterness of spirit the absurdity of the incident brought a grim smile to his lips. The flag, the symbol of all that which had made it possible for him to marry Paula, had started their quarrel. It was because of his becoming a citizen of the United States and displaying something more than the inanity of other members of the gang with which he worked that the construction company had assigned to him some responsibilities, with a substantial increase in his wages.

How he had worked and saved! How lonely he had been since he had left Paula two years ago in Italy! How he had studied and endeavored to grasp the new language and the American ways so he could progress for Paula's sake!

And now she had literally flung back all his efforts at him with scorn.

But maybe it was because the dear girl was homesick. He had been homesick, too, when he first came over. Being homesick was very disturbing; he should not have left her so hastily. He turned and hurried back. He thumped up the three flights of stairs to the Senna flat again and found that Paula had gone away with Pietro Binconte.

In all the eighteen years of Paula Senna's life in gay and festival loving Italy she had never seen anything like the celebration of the American Fourth. To be sure, the real significance of the day was unintelligible to her, but that didn't matter. From the time she and Pietro Binconte had gone aboard the excursion boat until now, when they found themselves among the dancers on a recreation pier jutting far out into the broad river, it had been one continuous series of surprises and wonders to her, and she was not yet through with exclaiming.

The sky was blue; the rivers and the bays were blue. The people, the buildings, everything was in holiday attire. But it was when the boat had swung out from the dock, while the band played lively tunes, that the gloriousness of the Fourth and the vastness of the city broke on the enraptured gaze of the astonished girl. She was sure she was looking on the entire area of America and that the whole place was covered with red, white and blue. Oh, what a great place America was after all.

And Giuseppe belonged to it now. He was wearing one of those red, white and blue flags in his buttonhole. Her pretty face grew hot as she gazed on the proud star spangled banner in multiplicity. She felt its strength, its power. She was almost afraid for what she had done. And the more she looked at it the better she liked it.

She commenced to hum a tune the band was playing. Pietro interrupted her with an exclamation of disapproval.

"That's 'America,'" he said, a little sharply. "Don't learn those United States songs. There's no music in them. Come, Paula mia; come over there with me, and we will sing our own beautiful music."

He found an unoccupied corner on one side of the boat beside the slanting roof of a big wheel, and they sang Italian melodies together for awhile as they idly drifted past the beautiful scenery. Then Pietro commenced to talk. What he had to say chiefly concerned his contemplated return to Italy and of how he desired to marry Paula and take her back with him. He had money. He had been engaged in the fruit business in America for some years and could now afford to go home and live in ease on a little farm in the province.

"I am betrothed to Giuseppe," protested Paula, with the homesick tears in her eyes.

"Ancona will never go back," Pietro replied; "neither will he save any money. He spends too much on the girls. He has been engaged to three within the past two years."

He looked keenly into Paula's face. The color left her pretty cheeks and lips; she felt dizzy and nearly fainted; she swayed over against Pietro, half unconscious. They were quite alone where they were, and he quickly slipped a supporting arm around her, gathered her close to him and was on the point of kissing her when she recovered and drew away from him.

"Ah, Paula, Paula, I love you!" he exclaimed in his low, rich voice, and, bending close to her: "I love you more than Ancona ever knew how to love a woman. I will marry you—I shall die if I do not! Paula mia I would give my life for you! Come with me away from this hated country—come back to Italia, to the red, white and green!"

He was about to snatch her to him again when some passengers came scurrying around the corner and most inconsiderately seated themselves too close for his further lovemaking. Pietro was sad because Paula had not committed herself to his keeping.

Evening came, and they were on the long and scarcely finished recreation pier, where the wonderful city was giving free entertainment for its people. They danced with the crowds, listened to the music of the band and joined in the general merrymaking. Fascinated by the myriads of lights along the water front and on the boats, Paula ran frequently to the end of the pier and looked out on this new marvel. Then again she must see and enjoy and exclaim over the elaborate fireworks display. Truly this amazing America had not been half enough exploited. "And Giuseppe belongs to it," she repeated over and over to herself.

Binconte the while was persistently begging her to cast Giuseppe aside for him.

"We will be married tomorrow and sail for Italy the next day," he pleaded, holding Paula close to him as they waltzed to a popular air.

"Why so soon?" Paula asked, surprised at his eagerness to sail earlier than he had planned.

Before Binconte could reply there arose a wild commotion all around them. They stopped dancing suddenly, and at the extreme river end of the pier, frightened and wild eyed, they stared and wondered.

The floor was giving way beneath their feet. The roof was falling in. Huge girders and pillars were toppling, and presently, amid terrifying cries and shouts of the hundreds of persons, the entire structure bent, shook and sagged together in a horrible, destructive mass, its grinding crash commingling with the agonizing screams of those it crunched under its weight.

Simultaneously long tongues of fire sprang up, stretched out, rolled and crept along, soon converting the ruin into a diabolical holocaust. Only one avenue of escape was left for those not already caught and pinned down to certain death, a single narrow stairway near where Paula and Binconte were, and in less time than it takes to tell that exit was blocked. Those ahead moved too slowly and were pitched down the stairs or to the floor, while others stampeded over them. Those in the rear, driven frantic by the approaching fire, fought like demons to get to safety.

Paula was wedged between a couple of heavy beams that suspended her out over the rushing river. She looked for Pietro. He was a few yards from her, kicking, striking, pummeling as furiously as the other human beasts, for escape. She called to him, begging for his assistance, but he might have been across the sea in his adored Italy, so deaf were his ears to her appeals.

Paula never knew how long she remained in the faint while she hung there in the very jaws of death. With returning consciousness she heard men

SHE FELL INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED FLAG.

shouting to her from the river. She could scarcely breathe or move, but she managed to turn her head sideways so she could look down.

She was directly over the hurricane deck of a big excursion boat that had run its prow as close to the pier as possible, so as to rescue the unfortunates. In lieu of a net several men were stretching out a great flag and shouting to her to jump. She tried to, but failed from weakness.

Then she heard a voice she knew, entreating, begging her to try again. She looked in the direction whence it came. It was Giuseppe! He was on his knees beside the flag, screaming, gesticulating, imploring, praying. Giuseppe! Then he was not angry, and he did love her after all. His cries heartened her. Slowly, tortuously, she managed to free herself little by little until she stood clear and poised on the very edge of the long piece of scantling. It was far, far down to the flag, but in the folds of that wide stretch of red, white and blue there was life, and Giuseppe was waiting for her.

She breathed a little prayer, closed her eyes, leaned forward and permitted herself to fall into the beautiful colors, then into Giuseppe's arms.

THEIR AWFUL SECRET.

It Caused the Real Estate Agent to Change His Mind.

When the family who admitted that they were moving because the tenants at the old address made their lives miserable confided to the renting agent that they had one peculiarity which they wished him not to mention to their neighbors in his building the agent got uneasy and executed a mental quickstep trying to devise some way to break the lease. But aloud he said very courteously:

"I shall be glad to oblige you if I can. What is it you wish me to keep a secret?"

"The fact that we pay our rent promptly on the 1st of every month," said the head of the family. "That was something that nobody else in the other house did, and the agent as an incentive to quick action on their part published the news of our promptness. The only action it stirred them into was persecution of us, and they carried that to such extremes that we had to move. If you will kindly refrain from using us as a club to whack your delinquents into obedience we will appreciate it."

The agent resolved not to cancel the lease, but at the same time he relinquished a hastily conceived plan for procuring prompt remittances.—New York Times.

When the South Wind Blew

It Helped to Solve the Mystery

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

A little trading schooner had carried Lester Bidwell from Manila to a group of tiny islands that lie at the southeast of the Philippines, and when the ship's dory had left him on a snow white coral beach with his traps heaped about him he felt the first qualms of distrust in his mission.

The neighboring islands were bits of dark blue blurred against the blue sea. His own islet showed a curving stretch of coral beach with a background of thick jungle. Tall palms waved in the breeze, and there was the luscious smell of ripened fruit. Except for the lapping of the waves on the beach and the chattering of monkeys in the trees there was the dead silence of complete isolation.

Lester carried his traps to the edge of the jungle and set forth to seek the legacy left him by his friend Gilbert Olds. It took two hours to circle the island.

Making a sort of rough camp occupied another hour, and when it was completed Lester had a small hut thatched with palm leaves and bound about with cordage from his valise. In the hut he placed his stores of food and water, inflated the air mattress he had brought and was ready for business.

He drew out Gilbert Olds' last letter, written from this very same south sea island. One week after receiving this letter he had heard of Gilbert's tragic death.

"Dear Lester," this last letter read. "I have found what I came after and if I can get away safely shall be with you almost as soon as you receive this. In case I never come back—and in this part of the world one is apt to drop out suddenly and inexplicably—leave everything and come down here and take your legacy. The pearls will be yours if anything happens to me. You

HIS BAG ALSO PRODUCED A LONG COIL OF FLEXIBLE ROPE.

know you grubstaked me to this adventure, and your trust in me will not be shattered.

"Below I have given sailing directions from Manila, and almost any small trading captain will bring you along. There is not much danger of your finding anybody here, for the island bears a bad reputation among the natives, and there is nothing to attract the traders save a bountiful supply of water to fill their empty barrels. Until I leave the pearls will be secreted in the trunk of a palm tree marked on the map below. Must stop writing now, as I have a chance to send this letter over to the mainland. As ever yours, Gilbert Olds."

It was easy to recognize the island from the sketch Gilbert had made.

"In the trunk of a palm tree" is a very indefinite description of a hiding place, for there were hundreds of trees on the island, and many of them towered fifty or sixty feet above his head.

He sat down to a solitary supper thinking of his lost friend and the meager tidings he had been able to gather of his sad fate. The captain of the trading schooner had shaken his head dubiously when Lester questioned him.

"Mr. Olds' fate isn't rightly known, sir," the captain had said. "He was a young chap that took chances, and, in my opinion, he lost out on one of his chances. You can't count on these natives hereabouts. They're a tricky crowd, and I've heard queer stories about that island. There's many a man lost his life going after the Rose of Dawn pearls, and the natives keep away from it because they say it's haunted. They will hang around it if there's a white man there. I suppose they're waiting for somebody to discover the pearls, and when they're found, why, it's all up with the finder, or all down. I should say, for, of course, they'll throw him to feed the sharks."

There was a chance, a bare chance, that Gilbert was yet alive. He might be a prisoner on another island, perhaps suffering torture rather than disclose the hiding place of the pearls.

Lester thought about these things while the sun sank and a glorious moon arose to light the world with silver radiance. A little breeze sprang up from the south, and Lester leaned against the trunk of a palm and turned his face to its cooling touch.

Then he heard it. Faintly, sweetly, it was borne on the wings of the wind and swept over his head in sighing, tuneful melody.

This was the haunted island of the natives. Was it the spirit of Gilbert Olds seeking to hold communication with his friend?

After an invigorating cup of coffee Lester made a thorough examination of the island and found many traces of Gilbert's occupation. There was his former camp not thirty feet away from the site of Lester's thatched hut. There was a good sized tent pitched here and many utensils scattered around. There were traces of trampling bare feet in the sand around the tent door, and Lester counted that there must have been a dozen men besides Gilbert Olds, for the latter's footprints were easily distinguished from the others, for he had worn shoes.

There was no doubt that Gilbert Olds had been attacked by natives from the neighboring islands and carried away to death or captivity.

A careful search of the most prominent palms along the shore did not reveal one that had a hollow trunk or that in any way seemed to offer a hiding place for some of the most splendid pearls of the east. Early in the afternoon the wind sprang up again from the south, and almost immediately Lester heard the sighing music of the night before.

He shook off the feeling of uncanniness at the strange sound and tried to place its source. Of one thing he was certain—that it hovered over the tall palm beneath which he had sat the night before. He stood beneath its slender, tapering trunk and looked wistfully upward at the thick tuft of branches above his head. If he only had the steel spurs of a telephone wire man the mounting of that tree would be a small matter.

All at once there stood plainly before him as if written on the sand a picture in a long forgotten geography of his youth. It was a drawing of a south sea islander climbing the bare trunk of a palm tree. The man had tied a long scarf about the tree and his own waist, and then, bending backward, his bare feet pressed against the tree, he braced himself against the scarf and slowly ascended.

It was a difficult feat to perform, but Lester was no mean athlete, and there was a thin cashmere blanket that would form an excellent brace for the ascent. He kicked off his shoes, twisted the blanket into a rope, tied himself to the tree with plenty of slack and tried. He failed utterly. While he rested, bruised and scratched, another idea came to him, and he immediately put it into practice. His bag also produced a long coil of flexible rope which had seemed to him a useful adjunct to his traveling kit in the tropics. A half hour's play with this resulted in his lassoing a thick bunch of the top branches and pulling it taut. Now, with the rope in his hands and the brace once more in place, Lester gradually drew himself up to the tufted top of the palm, where he rested panting among the branches, while the weird music played almost in his ears.

Now that he was up here it was easy to find the source of the hidden melody. An aeolian harp fashioned from a cigar box and some strings from Gilbert's mandolin was cunningly concealed in the branches where every puff of the south wind resulted in a strain of music. Why had Gilbert placed the harp there? Was it a precaution against his possible capture by the natives, and did it indicate the palm tree which contained the pearls? Lester believed it did.

He found the pearls easily. Just beneath the tufted top a square outline was cut in the trunk. Lester thrust the blade of his knife in one wedge and pried it open like a little door. The pithy trunk had been hollowed out, and there, wrapped in an oilskin bag, were the pearls which had cost a score of lives since the fame of their presence on the island had gone abroad.

With the pearls in his bosom Lester slipped down from the tree just as the sun sank below the horizon. Later when the moon was rising he sat watching its silver track across the sea. As he watched something black bobbed into the radiance and stayed there, gradually coming nearer, nearer, until it came into the little harbor. Lester stood at the water's edge to greet the man in the slender canoe.

"You got here just in time, Gilbert," he said coolly. "My trading schooner is a day ahead of time. I see her drawing into the harbor now."

"Thank heaven!" panted Gilbert Olds as he fell exhausted on the sand. "You got the pearls, Lester?"

"Inside my belt," returned Lester, his hands in those of his friend. "You were captured and have escaped from one of the islands, old man?"

"Yes; there are fifteen canoes and about a thousand sharks in my wake. I hope your schooner is not far off."

Lester answered the hail of the trading captain and ran up the beach to collect his things. When he came back Gilbert stood at the water's edge. "You'll tell me all about it some day, Gil," he said affectionately.

"It's one of those things that will never be told, Lester," said the other slowly. "The pearls were not worth the price I paid."

D'Orsay and His Tailor.

"D'Orsay, the Complete Dandy," as Mr. Tlegnmouth Shore calls him in his biography, was fully aware of the value of his patronage to the tailors. When clothes arrived for him, in the most mysterious manner banknotes had found their way into the pockets. Once, when this accident had not happened, D'Orsay bade his valet return the garments with the message that "the lining of the pockets had been forgotten."

The Old, Old Story.

"What did you do when your husband told you the old, old story?"

"I told him to shut up before he was half through."

"Why, what a funny way to reply to a confession of love!"

"Oh, is that what you mean? I thought you meant the story he told last night when he came home from a time with the boys."—Houston Post.

UMPIRES AND GRIT

Courageous Acts of the Men In the Iron Masks.

A FINE DISPLAY OF NERVE.

When Billy Evans Braved the Onslaught of a Chicago Mob and Won Out—A Notable Decision by O'Day. An Umpire Who Saved Baseball.

"Umpires are brave men—at least the great majority of them. One of the bravest things I ever saw was the act of Billy Evans on the old White Sox grounds in Chicago," writes Hugh Fullerton in the American Magazine. "On that park there was a tier of seats known as the 'stockyards,' in which gathered one of the most dangerous crowds (for umpires) in the country. They were regulars who occupied the same seats almost every day and who fought for them. The seats, of course, were not reserved, but hundreds claimed a title to certain places. They paid their quarters, and if any one was in the place and refused to move he was tossed out and thrown over the heads of the crowd to the bottom. That crowd started after Evans, who had given a close decision at third base against Chicago. Evans walked over on to foul ground back of first base, and a shower of bottles fell around him. It looked as if a hundred men were throwing bottles at the umpire. One bottle touched his cap, several bounded and struck him, one hit him on the arm. During this bombardment Evans did not turn his head. He stood watching the batter. For at least three minutes the bottles whistled around his head. The people in the grand stand shouted for him to run, fearing he would be killed. The players begged him to move into the diamond out of range. He stood still with back to his foes until the batter made a base hit, then trotted down near second base to watch for a play there. As the opposing team took the field a few moments later Evans walked to the same position back of first base, and the crowd that had tried to kill him stood up and cheered him. They recognized a brave man. One fellow threw a bottle, and the crowd pitched him down the steep steps, passing him along until he hit the fence.

"The nerviest decision and one of the most important ever made was that of Umpire O'Day in the world's championship game between Chicago and Detroit on Oct. 8, 1907, the first game of the series which finally ended in a tie in twelve innings. In the eleventh inning Chicago actually scored the winning run only to lose it through the decision of O'Day, a Chicago man and a National leaguer. Slagle was on third base and started home with the ball back of third in left field. The ball was thrown home and arrived after Slagle had crossed the plate and was nearly to the bench. Steinfeldt, who had been batting, was excited, and when the ball was thrown to the plate, wild and wide, he jumped and let it hit his shoulder and prevented Schmidt from catching it. O'Day, in spite of the fact that Slagle had crossed the plate and that there wasn't a chance to put him out, called him out because of Steinfeldt's interference.

"There was a close decision at Cleveland one day when Tim Hurst, widely known as the 'scrappy ump,' was officiating. Burkett was trying to score from second on a hit. The catcher failed to touch his foot, but touched his knee, and Cleveland claimed the foot reached the rubber before the ball reached the knee. Hurst called him out, and in the wrangle that followed expelled Pat Tebeau, O'Connor and Burkett from the game. Then he put them off the grounds. They left the playing inclosure, but all three had their heads over a gate shouting at Hurst and urging the other players to avenge them. Tebeau shouted to good old Deacon Maguire, who was catching, 'Get after him, Jim!' Hurst heard, but was not in position to reply. Maguire heard and waited until he thought Hurst miscalled a strike. Then he rushed at the umpire at top speed. Hurst stood still. When Maguire came near enough Hurst kicked him on the shins and poked his mask into his face. Maguire fell back, astonished. 'If you don't like it, Jim,' said Hurst softly, 'give it to Pat. I merely punched you vicariously.'

"They are 'square men,' these umpires, forced to be a bit gruff and to fight, but their devotion to their work and their honest effort to discharge their duties mark them as men of high integrity. And they are 'game.' I saw Bob Emslie once when a foul ball struck him over the heart. The pain was excruciating. His face grew white, and he set his teeth together and resumed work. Three balls were pitched after he was hit. He called them all clearly. Then he collapsed, falling as if dead, and was carried off the field unconscious.

"One night I saw politicians, wealthy men, club owners, argue for hours with an umpire. All they wanted him to say was 'I didn't see it.' Upon those words hung the fate of a championship, the future of a major league and the honesty of baseball. The umpire replied, 'But, — it, I did see it!' And he saved baseball."

His Objection.

Mrs. Richquick—John, I want you to buy a new parlor suit. Mr. Richquick—Maria, I've been agreeable enough so far to get different clothes for morning, noon, afternoon and night, but I'm consarned if I'll change 'em every time I go into a different room.—Brooklyn Life.

Her Gain.

Mrs. Jones—Does your husband remember your wedding anniversary? Mrs. Smith—No; so I remind him of it in January and June and get two presents.—Harper's Bazar.

Feminine Ideals.

I look for the day when women will cease to be imitative, copying men, but will become completely, perfectly and proudly women.—A Woman's Letter in London Times.