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A Reminder==Holiday Portraits

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING is oftentimes put off until the last moment, and we are, as a consequence, taking this means of reminding our patrons that a FIRST-CLASS PORTRAIT requires LOTS of ATTENTION and just a LITTLE TIME. We hope you are contemplating photographs, and an early sitting will insure satisfactory work.

A large line of Picture Mouldings to select for the XMAS PICTURE.

Largest tones, correct style and Special Styles for Holiday Gift Souvenirs

Bradley's Studio, Denton, Md.

Administrator's Sale
OF VALUABLE
PERSONALTY!

THE undersigned, administrator of Roland Neighbors, will sell at public sale at the Mrs. Elizabeth Dukes farm, in Tuckahoe Neck, on the road from Denton to Harris Chapel, on

Thursday, December 14,

1911, beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following property;

LIVE STOCK

One Bay Mare, Lady, 8 years old, kind and gentle in all harness, sound, good driver, gentle for lady to drive, weighs about 950 pounds; stock, Russell.

One Bay Mare, Bell, 6 years old, good worker and driver, weighs about 1000 pounds, in foal by Hannibal, and purchaser to pay the insurance.

One Sorrel Mare, Lily, 7 years old, a good worker and driver, and will weigh 1000 pounds.

One pair of Mules, 6 years old, well-mated, gentle and kind in all harness; will weigh 2000 pounds; good as the county can afford.

One Bay Horse Colt, coming 3 years old in the spring; nice size and nice build; by Russell B.

One Bay Mare Colt, coming 2 years old in the spring; nice size and nice build; stock, Red Wilkes.

Six head of Cattle, all with calf and all young; one giving milk and two will be fresh by day of sale.

One large Bull, 3 years old Holstein.

Five fat Hogs, weighing from 125 to 175 pounds. Six Shoats, weighing about 50 pounds apiece. One Sow and 4 Pigs.

Farm Implements.

One 2-horse Farm Wagon, runs easy; one 2-horse Farm Wagon, hackney make, nearly as good as new, been used about 18 months but lightly used, 3 inches on the tread; Wagon Harness, one Horse Cart and Harness, one McCormick Binder, 6-foot cut, in good shape; one 3-horse Grain Drill—Farmer's Favorite—in good order; one Steel Land Roller, one 60-tooth Iron Drag, one 3-horse Combination Plow, one 2-horse Oliver Plow, No. 19; two Walking Cultivators, one 16-tooth Spring Harrow, one Milwaukee Mower, in fair order; one hand Corn Sheller, 1-spout; one Hay Rack, one Dearborn, one York Carriage and two sets of Carriage Harness, five sets Plow Harness, three 2-horse Trees and one 4-horse Tree, one 3-horse Tree, one Cross-Cut Saw, one Hand Saw, set of Wagon Springs, one Grain Shovel, one Spade, four Pitchforks, five Horse Collars, four Bridles, Brace and lot of Bits, one Grindstone, in good shape, one Straw Knife, two Bramble Blades, barrel of Vinegar, one check-row Corn Planter, U. S. make, and Wire; good Feed Box, lot of American Wire, new Dinner Bell, Tomato Baskets, one AA Drag.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

One Feather Bed and Bedding, two Bedroom Suits, one Toilet Set, three Rocking Chairs, six Cane-seat Chairs, six Stool-seat Chairs, one Extension Table, one Cupboard, Carpet and lot of Matting, one Butter Churn, one Sitting Stove, one Lorain Cook Stove, and many other things too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE.

On sums of and under $10, cash on day of sale; on all sums over that amount a credit of 9 months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security, payable at the Denton National Bank. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

GEORGE NEIGHBORS,
Frank P. Covey, Auct. Administrator.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
TOWN PROPERTY

By virtue of power and authority contained in a decree of the Circuit Court for Caroline county, in Equity, passed in a cause therein pending wherein Harry A. Roe and others were complainants and Lillian Roberta Stevens and others were defendants, the undersigned, as trustee named in said decree, will sell at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door, in Denton, Md., on

Tuesday, 19th day of December

1911, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock p. m., the following real estate, to wit: All that lot or parcel of land situated at the northeast corner of Eighth and Dry streets in Denton, Maryland, having a frontage of 126 feet, more or less, on Eighth street aforesaid, and running back in an easterly direction, with an alley, about 150 feet, being the lot that was used by Parker & Roe for the storage and shipment of charcoal, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Burton W. Parker and Harry A. Roe by William Stevens and wife by deed dated March 26, 1906, recorded in Liber T. L. D., No. 70, folio 594, one of the land records for Caroline county aforesaid.

The improvements consist of a COAL SHED.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree are: One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale; balance in two equal payments of 12 and 18 months, respectively; or all cash at the option of the purchaser. The deferred payments to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
F. P. COVEY, Auct. Trustee.

Public Sale
—OF VALUABLE—
PERSONALTY!

The undersigned, who will discontinue farming, will sell at public sale at his home, known as the Wayman farm, on

Wednesday, Dec. 13

1911, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m., the following property:

LIVE STOCK.

4 MULES, 4 MARES, 1 HORSE, 6 COWS and 2 BULLS, 27 EWES and 1 BUCK, 8 SHOATS.

One standard bred Mare, 9 years old, a fine driver, fearless of automobiles, and one stud Colt, 2 years old next spring, out of this Mare and by King Pointer.

One pair black Mules, 13 years old, well mated and good workers.

One pair gray Mules, 11 years old, well mated and good workers.

One black Horse, 14 years old, good driver and worker.

One brown Mare, 13 years old, good worker and fair driver.

One bay Mare, in foal by jack, a good driver, 14 years old.

One black Mare, good driver, gentle for a lady, not afraid of autos, will work anywhere, 14 years old.

Six head of Cows, good milkers, will be fresh in early winter, one with calf by side. Two Bails.

Twenty-seven native Ewes and one Buck. Eight Shoats.

FARM MACHINERY & TOOLS

One Bickford & Huffman Drill, in good order; two Farm Wagons; one Corn Harvester, 2-row; one Twentieth Century Manure Spreader, in good order; one riding Cultivator, nearly new; four hand Cultivators; one 3-horse Plow and two 2-horse Plows; one 1-horse Plow; two spring-tooth Harows, one used only one season; one Osborne Binder, in good order; one Corn Sheller; one grain Fan; one good tomato Rack, holds 80 baskets; two hay Racks; one land Roller, in good order; one 50-tooth Iron Drag; one new-ground Drag; two Runabouts, in good order, one with auto back, nearly new; one Dearborn, in good order; one Sleigh and Bells, nearly new; two sets wagon Harness; two sets double Reins; one set carriage Harness; lot of plow Harness; Collars and Bridles; one riding Saddle, nearly new; shovels, hoes, forks, bramble scythes, bush ax, one 4-horse tree, two 3-horse trees, two 2-horse trees; one pair of platform Scales and a pair of barn Trucks, and other articles too numerous to mention.

One Simplex Cream Separator, in good order; Cream and Butter buckets; one good Churn; one large Enterprise Meat Cutter, in good order; one 8-qt. sausage Stuffer and Lard Press, nearly new; one clothes Wringer, nearly new.

Household Goods

including Stoves and Furniture.

TERMS OF SALE

On all sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums over $10 twelve months credit on notes to be secured and payable at Hillsboro Bank.

L. R. CLOUGH.
F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
SITUATE IN THE TOWN OF GREENSBORO, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from William Minner to Harvey L. Cooper, dated the 13th day of May, 1909, and recorded among the mortgage records for Caroline county in Liber T. L. D., No. 11, folio 214, which said mortgage was assigned by the said Harvey L. Cooper and then re-assigned to him, the undersigned, as assignee, will offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, Maryland, on

Tuesday, December 19

1911, between the hours of two and four o'clock, the following described real estate:

1—Situate, lying and being in the Second Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, in the town of Greensboro, on the southeast side of the street leading from the bridge over Choptank river to Brockway's steamboat landing, adjoining the lands of Harrison Johnson, Ferry Cannady and William C. Satterfield, commencing at the southern boundary of their lot on said street and runs southeasterly a depth of 190 feet, then in a northerly direction 180 feet, then westerly 115 feet, then southerly 28 feet; thence westerly 75 feet to said street; thence with said street in a southerly direction 72 feet to the place of beginning.

(2) Adjoining the above tract and on the north side of same, having a frontage of 28 feet and a depth of 75 feet.

The improvements on Parcel No. 1 consist of a

Seven Room Dwelling

in fair repair.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on day of sale. Title papers at expense of purchaser. HARVEY L. COOPER, Assignee.
JAMES TEMPLE, Auct.

Now is the time to subscribe.

FOR TWO WEEKS

C. E. Carroll & Co.

Near R. R. Depot
Denton

WILL SELL

the best Granulated Sugar for 6 cents per pound (not more than 4 pounds) to each customer whose purchases amount to ONE DOLLAR

There are other special reductions at this Store. Here are two of them:

Fine Mackerel

are now sold at FOUR Cents. The former price five.

Large Shad

EIGHT Cents. The former price nine.

Nearly everything used in Homes at right prices.

You can save amounts worth saving by trading at the Carroll Store.

HALF-PRICE

NOW ON

Hats & Bonnets

—IN THE—

Millinery Department

—AT—

Croll's Store

Hickman, Del.

For Sale at a Low Price

Town property at Franklin and Sixth streets, corneting Caroline County High School Square, one block from Main Street, Denton, on lot 100x190 ft.; (formerly the home of Mr. Frank P. Covey); consisting of modern house of ten rooms, hardwood trimmed, with complete bath room, gas and electric lighting, town sewer connection, hot and cold running water, and fine well under rear porch. There are 325 ft. of concrete sidewalks five ft. wide, three sets concrete steps to broad porches on three sides of house, substantial iron fence, Old maple shade, lawns, fruit yard, large garden, and wired poultry runs. A 3-stall barn, cement floored carriage house, cow shed and yard, granary and chicken house.

n18 SAMUEL E. HOLT, Denton.

Town Property for Sale or Rent

I have a six-room house on South Sixth street for sale or rent. This house has all modern conveniences, gas lights, bath and sewer connections. Also has stable with two stalls, corn crib and carriage house. Will sell cheap.

W. B. PARKER,
n25tf Denton, Md.

COME One, Come ALL
TO THE
PUBLIC SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
PERSONAL PROPERTY

The undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at his home, on the farm best known as the Emerson farm, on the Denton and Hillsboro road, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6th,

1911, at 10 o'clock, sharp, the following personal property, to wit:

LIVE STOCK:

HORSES.

One Bay Horse, "Harry," 9 years old, gentle in all harness.

One Roan Mare, "Doll," 15 years old, excellent, good worker.

MULES.

One pair Mules, 8 and 9 years old.
One pair Mules, 9 and 10 years old.
One pair Mules, 12 and 13 years old.

These mules are all well mated, and of fair size, kind and gentle in every respect.

COWS

Eleven head of Milk Cows, some fresh and some with calves by their sides.

HOGS.

One Brood Sow.
Six Fattening Hogs,
Twenty Shoats, weighing from 25 to 30 lbs. each.
One Male Hog.

CHICKENS.

100 head of Chickens, mostly pullets.

FARM MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS.

Three farm wagons, as good as new; two Twentieth Century manure spreaders, nearly new; one Deering binder, one Deering self-rake, nearly new; one Deering grass mower, used one season; one Osborne hay rake, the best kind made; one McCormick hay tedder, one gearless hay loader, as good as new; one Bickford & Huffman 11-tine grain drill, used three seasons; one Bradley corn planter, one Smith 2-row corn cutter, one Clark double cutaway harrow, one land pulverizer, one land roller, one disc marker, one J. I. Case riding cultivator and three walking cultivators, one spring-tooth harrow, one Osborne spike tooth harrow, one Acme harrow, one strawberry harrow, three 3-horse Vulcan plows, two 2-horse Imperial plows, one 1-horse Syracuse plow, one new wagon body, one tomato rack, capacity 67 baskets; two sets wagon springs, one set platform scales, one hand truck, one 1-horse scoop; one grain fan, one grain and clover seed fan, one grain cradle, two clover seeders, one hay fork, three sets wagon harness, nearly new; one set double carriage harness, lot of chain harness, bridles, collars, halters, lot of double and single trees, one dayton, one extra good dearborn pole, one grindstone, bramble scythes, scoop and other shovels, forks, rakes, hoes, etc.

One Joliet 6-hole spring Corn Sheller, used one season.
One Lawn Mower.
One Feed Grinder.

WOOD SAW.

One Wood Saw Bench, with 30-inch saw, complete.

ENSILAGE CUTTER.

One Ensilage Cutter, made by the E. W. Ross Co., Springfield, Ohio, and is in good running shape.

GASOLINE ENGINE.

One 2-h.p. Fairbanks & Morse Gasoline Engine, good as new.
One Pump and Pump Jack.

CREAM SEPARATOR AND CHURN.

One No. 9 Sharpless Cream Separator, with hand and power attachments.
One Davis Swing Butter Churn, with power attachment.

WASHING MACHINE.

One One-Minute Washing Machine, with power attachment; also wringer attachment; one Cloth Wringer.

INCUBATOR.

One Cyphers Incubator, 220-egg size, in first-class order.
One large Copper Kettle, capacity 30 gallons; one large Iron Kettle, capacity 22 gallons.
One Sausage Grinder, and one Sausage Stuffer, with Lard Press attached.

Threshing Rigs, Steam Gang Plow, Clover Huller.

ENGINES.

One 20-h. p. Reeves Simple, double cylinder, Traction Engine, with steel gears throughout; 30-inch road wheels, with water tank and coal bunker attached; used one season, and is practically the same as new.
One 20-h. p. Peerless Traction Engine, used two seasons; guaranteed in every respect.

THRESHERS.

One Reeves Mammoth Cylinder Compound Grain Separator; 33-inch cylinder and 56-inch separator, with self-feeder, weigher and wind-stacker, complete. This machine has not threshed more than 5,000 bushels of grain.
One Peerless Grain Separator, 33-inch cylinder, 52-inch separator, with self-feeder, weigher and wind-stacker, complete; used two seasons, threshed about 20,000 bushels of grain.
One Matchless Clover Huller, with self-feeder and wind blower attached; guaranted to be in first-class running order.
One Reeves 6 bottom Steam Gang Plow, in first-class order, guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

One Othello Kitchen range, one 8-foot oak extension table and one hardwood round table, two other tables, one Singer sewing machine, new; one Vent Oak coal stove and heater, two air-tight stoves, one kitchen cupboard, one solid oak sideboard, new; one bureau, one chiffonier, new; one couch, extra quality; five bedsteads, four bedsprings, two bedroom suits, one being brand-new; 100 yards carpet, 30 yards matting, lot of oilcloth, lot of rugs, two rocking chairs, one set dining room chairs, good for two generations; one set sitting room chairs, lot of kitchen chairs, two hanging lamps, one baby cradle, one washstand, lot of dishes, knives, forks, clocks, buckets, crockery, washtubs, a full line of cooking utensils and many other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE.

All sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums over that amount a credit of 12 months will be given, purchasers giving interest-bearing notes, with approved security, payable at the Denton National Bank. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

A. C. REBER.
F. P. COVEY, Auctioneer.
T. PLINY FISHER, Attorney.
D. F. KING, Clerk.

F. J. WRIGHT,
OPTICIAN AND JEWELER

Announces the arrival of his large and complete assortment of holiday jewelry which is now ready for inspection, including:

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Scarf Pins, Brooches, Lockets and Chains, Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Bar Pins, Cuff Pins, &c.

SILVERWARE : CUT GLASS : and : HAND PAINTED CHINA

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup

Have you a cold with a hacking or racking cough, hoarseness, bronchitis, grippe; or an asthmatic or pulmonary cough with sore chest? Has the baby croup, whooping cough or measles cough?

SAMPLE, FREE.

Then test the old reliable DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, free. Write to A. C. MEYER & Co., Baltimore, Md. Mention this paper.

"I had a very bad cold and cough and I used the valuable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with the best results: one bottle cured me entirely." Frances E. Loane, Bridgeville, Del.

REGULAR BOTTLE, 25 CTS.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup contains no morphine or chloroform. It is safest and best.

Sheriff's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!

UNDER and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Caroline County, on the 16th day of October, 1911, and to me directed, at the suit of Winfield S. Quigley and William D. Mullen, Jr., trading as Quigley & Mullen, against Fred H. Heather, I have seized, levied on and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, at law or in Equity, of the said Fred H. Heather of, in and to

All that tract or parcel

of land located in the First Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, lying on both sides of the road leading from the Burnt School House to the road leading from Templeville Cemetery to Mount Zion and adjoins the lands of the late Eliza Wilson, William Hackett, John Mathews and others, containing about

130 Acres of Land

more or less.

Also all that lot of land located in the town of Marydel, 50x100 feet, on the west side of the public road leading to Templeville, and adjoins the lots of T. Henry Davis, James Smith and others, containing

1-4 Acre of Land,

more or less.

And I hereby give notice that I will on

Tuesday, December 5th

1911, between the hours of one and three o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder for CASH, all the said interest of the said Fred H. Heather of, in and to all the premises above described and mentioned to pay and satisfy said writ, debt, interest and costs.

THOMAS L. CHAFFINCH,
Sheriff of Caroline County.

ATTORNEYS' SALE
—OF—
Engine and Saw Mill.

By virtue of power and authority contained in a Power of Attorney from Frederick M. Turner and Walter M. Love to T. Alan Goldsborough and Henry R. Lewis, the undersigned as attorneys aforesaid will sell at public sale on

Saturday, December 2nd

1911, at American Corner, commencing at 10 o'clock, a m., the following personal property, to wit:

One Aultman & Taylor 14-horse-power Traction Engine, complete, and in good order.

One Knight Saw Mill, size S, and all fixtures to the same belonging.

Two timber carts, one 4-wheel truck, one Joliet corn sheller, one saw bench and cut-off saw, two large circular saws, three log chains, one main-drive belt, one long belt for shelling corn, one belt for the cut-off saw, about one-half barrel of machine oil, one sawdust cart, one scoop shovel, two cross cut saws, and about 1,000 feet of lumber—framing and siding.

The above property may be seen at any time before the sale by calling on Frederick M. Turner or Walter M. Love at American Corner.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash on day of sale. T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH,
HENRY R. LEWIS,
John W. Clark, Auct. Attorneys in fact.

SWEET POTATOES WANTED.

Will pay cash for large or small lots of sweets. First-class stock only wanted.

E. H. RINGGOLD,
care of Field & Willis, Denton, Md

Between the Flashes

A Call For Help Strangely Sent and Received

By THEODORE WATERS

Copyright by Theodore Waters.

As the sun dropped behind the nearby mountain range the telegraph operator of Silverdale came out of her little booth by the siding to listen to the comments of the station loungers who had gathered on the platform across the track. She was not a beautiful girl, but she was good to look upon, for the health of the Colorado foothills was in her face and form, and the gold of the setting sun was in her hair. She leaned against the jamb of the doorway, her eyes half closed, absorbed apparently in the glory of the

"YES, YES! LOOK! HE IS CALLING FOR HELP!"

fire tipped peaks, but her ears were open to all that passed in the group, and once the line of her lips straightened and the gray of her eyes turned cold when Lem Giffort, the teamster, spoke disparagingly of some one who was not present.

"'Tisn't a square deal, I say," proclaimed Lem oratorically—"'tisn't a square deal, and Richards knows it too. Here we go"— Lem constituted himself spokesman for the town board—"here we go and give him the fattest mining concession in the township, and in return he agrees to light the town free, and now that he's got the franchise clinched he goes and hides himself on a mountain where no one can get at him and gives us the leavin's of the power he uses in his stamp mill. Look at them lights now! Look at them and say, Is it square?"

The line of the girl's lips softened into a faint smile. It was true that the electric lights of Silverdale had been for several nights past a flickering mockery. They had fluctuated between full head and no head so constantly that it was hard to say whether they had been mostly on or mostly off. She thought of this as she gazed at the lofty little plateau on which, when the day was fine, she could see the glint of a waterfall and in one of whose canyons she knew Richards must be at that moment superintending the dynamo which supplied the town with light. Richards was cut off from the world without the canyon as he had been ever since the winter snows blocked the trail.

There had been a telegraph line over which she had carried on certain conversations with the man in the canyon, but the big December storm had blown down the wire, and it would be spring before it could be repaired.

Lem Giffort continued his harangue, and in the increasing darkness of the evening his gestures were alternately revealed and obscured as the lights went uncertainly up and down. Other citizens joined the group, and among them came Sheriff Black, an ardent supporter of Richards. Black was a large man, and his intellect was vigorous rather than acute. But his opinion had weight in the community, and he opened on Giffort without ceremony.

"Say, Lem Giffort," he began, "for a yahoo that's been brought up on candles and coal oil you make me tired. You never saw an electric lamp before Richards brought 'em to town. If I were you I'd keep my head shut about it. He's done more for this town in six months than you've done in your life. The lights aren't right, but he don't know it or you bet they would be."

Lem Giffort, gazing at the ground, said, somewhat deprecatingly:

"He'll make a fortune out of it."

"Well, and what if he does?" returned the sheriff. "Doesn't he deserve it? That reservation land laid idle for years, and the township never made a cent out of it. It's got some silver in it, to be sure, but you know the money that was sunk years ago trying to get it out. It cost them $10 a ton to haul coal. But Richards don't need coal. He had the sense to make the waterfall run his machine, and he gives the town light free."

"Must be kind of lonely stayin' up there in the canyon three months without word from the outside?"

"Well, Joe Hutchings is with him. Hutch is good company."

"Yes, when he's sober."

"Not much chance to get rum up there."

The girl in the doorway still gazed pensively toward the now invisible mountains.

It was while she stood thus that the men saw her start violently and immediately afterward take to gazing around her strangely, as though seeking the cause of her alarm. No one spoke for the moment. Then she called to the sheriff:

"Mr. Black! Oh, Mr. Black!"

He strode toward her.

"Yes, yes, Miss Coyne. What is it?"

"Oh, the lights! Look, look!"

He gazed around and then back to her, mystified. "I see nothing wrong," he said.

She spoke almost incoherently, as though doubting her own mind.

"It may be—only an idea—but I thought—I saw—a signal—the lights"—

Suddenly she grasped Black by the arm and, pointing to the flickering bulbs, cried out:

"Yes, yes! Look, it is a signal. He is calling to us for help—there—one, two, three, four (the lights of the town flashed up and down as she counted)—that is H. There goes the single flash—that is E. There—see that long drawn out flash—that is L, and there, five quick flashes—that is P. Oh, he is calling for help! He has been calling for days, and I never guessed it. Oh, I never guessed!"

The faces of the men remained blank, and even the sheriff did not quite grasp her meaning. "Who is calling, Miss Coyne?" he said. "You do not mean"—

"Yes, yes—from the mountain. It is the Morse code. I taught him, you know. He has been flashing those lights up and down and calling to us for help all these nights, and no one has heeded it. See—H-E-L-P—there! Do you believe it now? Oh, dear, what shall we do; what shall we do?"

She turned and ran into the booth and began a wild search for her code book.

She came out, turning over the pages of the book and tearing some of them in her excitement. She held up the alphabet where all might see, and the thickening crowd following her finger as she pointed, spelled out the meaning of the flashes for themselves. But it was stranger still and awesome when a new word came forth—a word which opened with the letters M-A-D—and then terminated suddenly, leaving the crowd which had been spelling sturdily and the town in darkness.

It was ten miles to the canyon, and the way over the foothills was up and up. The mountain itself was a hard climb in summer and no one had ever attempted it in winter, for drifts filled the passes and landslides often blocked the trail. Yet they were not a people to stop short of impossibilities. They built a great fire on a neighboring hill in the hope that it might be seen by the men on the mountain and give them courage to hold out until help arrived. Then they organized a relief party and before midnight a dozen men led by Sheriff Black were halfway to the mountain's foot.

They followed the wires straight across the hills on the way that had been blazed by the pole planters, but on the mountain itself they were compelled to take the trail. They tied themselves together with a long rope which they had brought for the purpose and went at it like Swiss mountaineers. Just before dawn they reached the "hermit's seat," which is a flat rock jutting out above the second plateau, and here they built a fire that those in the village might note their progress. When day broke they could see the pipe line which led the water from the falls to the canyon, covered with snow and ice and gleaming like a snake in the sunshine. They followed the pipe as long as they could, and the roar of the water within guided them whenever the big tube dipped out of sight in a snow bank. But presently it got away from them altogether when it ran out on the high trestle that spans the gully between the upper spurs.

"It would be a short cut if we could cross that trestle," remarked Lem Giffort, who made one of the party. They were slipping and sliding down the slope and the pipe, riding on the slender framework, was then 200 feet above their heads.

"Yes," remarked the sheriff dryly. "I can think of no easier way of committing suicide."

They followed the torrent that crossed the gully, and as they entered the canyon they shouted all together to make known their arrival. An answering shout came back, reverberating like the echo of their own.

"My God! Look there!"

It was the sheriff, and he was gazing straight upward at the pipe on the trestle where it left the embrasure in the canyon wall. There on the brink two men were struggling—pulling one another backward and forward, apparently oblivious to the peril of their situation. They panted and cursed, and the noise they made came down with the pebbles that rattled on the heads of the men in the gulch. The sheriff was quick to act.

"It is Richards and Joe Hutchings!" he cried. "They've had a run in! After me, boys! To the top! To the top!" And, with a stentorian yell to the men on the trestle, he ran up the slope, his party following perforce.

Evidently their coming put new energy into the men above, for the latter redoubled their efforts. Once it seemed that the man astride the pipe, who was Hutchings, had conquered, for with a powerful effort he got Richards off his feet, and there was only a loosening grasp between him and eternity. But Richards, with a nimbleness born of his peril, loosened his own grip of Hutchings and, hurling himself violently backward, clung sprawling to the wall. Instantly Hutchings turned over and on his hands and knees started to crawl along the pipe out over the abyss.

"My God, Richards, what is it all about?" cried Sheriff Black as he hurried up.

"Mad," replied Richards, "stark mad. Been so for a week. Tried to kill me and himself several times. Now it's something else. I was close to it that time. Look at him! He'll go off there before he is half way across."

Hutchings crawled steadily out on the ice covered pipe. The watching men trembled for him, but he seemed devoid of fear.

The rescue party climbed down the slope and ran across the gulch in the hope of heading him off, but the distance was too great. He got to the other end of the trestle ahead of them and disappeared in the woods.

The sheriff drew Richards aside. "What did he mean by 'taking your best wishes to her?'" he asked.

Richards dropped his eyes and seemed reluctant to reply. "Oh, just a crazy notion," he said evasively.

"No; that won't do, Bob," replied the sheriff. "I've got to know what has been going on up here."

"But on my word, Black," replied Richards, "it is only that the man is daffy. You see, we've been alone up here together for three months. Without a soul to speak to and with no word from the outside after the wire broke, it was enough to drive any man off, and poor Hutch was blue from the first. We quarreled about trifles, and afterward called each other fools, and made it up again and again. At first we had the wire, but—well, you see, I knew a little of the code, and I used to talk to the telegraph operator in town—Miss Coyne, you know—just to pass the time away, you know—and that used to make him wild, although I did not discover it until afterward—said I was making love to her over the wire."

"Which, as a matter of fact, you were," interrupted the sheriff.

"Now, Black, as a friend, you must promise not to bring her name into this. I merely, eh—talked to her on ordinary topics—and Hutch went off about it. Perhaps it was the December storm, but I always believed he broke that telegraph wire. He seemed greatly amused over it—used to ask me each morning afterward what was the news from the station. He got violent about a week ago. I had to be always on guard against him. I could not leave him alone and the loss of sleep was tiring me out. Then I thought of snapping the switches in and out to attract attention in town. I did it for several nights before he saw through it. Last night, while I was signaling he jumped for me. 'Ah,' he said, 'at it again, are you?' The current went off and we had it out in the dark. I saw your fire and knew you were coming. But so did he. Then he tried to get away. I barricaded him in the switch room, but he broke out just as you arrived.

"My boy," answered the sheriff. "I don't believe it will be necessary to mention the lady's name."

"Thank you, old man, I"—

"Yes," continued the sheriff; "it will not be necessary. She told me all about it before I left."

"What!"

"Yes, you must have kept the wire hot between you. But how a man can

TWO MEN WERE STRUGGLING ON THE BRINK.

make love by long distance transmission beats me. I'd want to get nearer than ten miles."

Richards grinned.

"There was another thing," said the sheriff.

"Yes?"

"Yes; it seems that Hutch proposed and was refused just before he came up here last fall."

"What! Well, why didn't she tell me that?"

"How could she, and him standing at your back all the time?"

"Poor Hutch! If I had only known."

"Well, go inside now and flash down the news to her that everything is O. K. She'll be waiting. What'll you say? Well, if you don't know I can't tell you."

Then, turning to his party, the sheriff said:

"Come, boys, we've got to find poor Hutchings."

First American Letter Box.

A little more than a half century ago the letter box was unknown. The inventor was Joseph William Briggs, nephew of a former governor of Massachusetts, who, as head clerk in the Cleveland postoffice, studied the needs of patrons and after correspondence with Postmaster General Dennison upon the subject took a train for Washington, bearing a pasteboard model of the letter box under his arm. The postmaster general saw the merits of the plan and appointed Mr. Briggs as special agent to establish the letter box and letter carrier system. The first letter box was attached by clamps to a lamppost that stood in front of a Cleveland drug store, and not a year had passed before fifty two different cities had adopted the system. —National Magazine.

Where Miners Lose Their Nerve.

Men accustomed to working in mines cannot stand great heights. It is almost an invariable rule that a miner will get dizzy and uneasy if you take him to a high place, such as a monument or the top of a house, and will try to get back to earth as soon as possible. And yet he can stand underground on the edge of a 500 foot shaft, look down into the black abyss and never feel a tremor. He can climb up the face of a shaft, knowing that there is a straight drop of a thousand feet under him, and feel perfectly at home.—Popular Magazine.