

tic to contemplate about Claude Melnotte Dabbs, village grocer, unless it were the first two-thirds of his name. When his doting parents prefixed the long lashes lifted, the blue eyes looked every-day life. family name, it may have been an augury or at least an influence; for please. C. M. Dabbs, while sticking to the hard facts of life and wringing success from his career as a tradesman, nevertheless had romantic yearnings-desire to Mary. see existence through "the mists of

alabaster lamps." And his dream came true. Yes, came true to the extent that C. M. participated in a romance in real life that had chivalry, adventure, mystery, beautiful women and all sorts of interesting and delightful people and experiences mixed up in it in about as satisfying proportions as anyone could wish Right in a little town in Pennsylvania with its typical and lovable characters, the local butter and egg man became the chief actor in a drama of life in which his humdrum affairs were tinged by that aura of enchantment existing in "perfumed light stealing through

the mists of alabaster lamps." Margaret Turnbull, author of this engaging story, was born in Scotland, educated in New Jersey and lives at Rockwood, New Hope, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. She has written several successful novels. Her "Looking After Sandy" is still a popular favorite. Her play, "Classmates," was and still is a big success. She has done a number of moving pictures for the big producers. The story, "Alabaster Lamps," was written at Rockwood, on a hill above the Delaware river, far removed from theaters, moving pictures or other accompaniments of city life; hence its peaceful atmosphere and fine strain of pure romance.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—With a stranger, whom His Coat Was Off and He Was in the he introduces as his nephew, Ned Car-ter, Claude Melnotte Dabbs returns of the World war, whom he had met and taken a liking to.

CHAPTER III.—Next day Ned commences work as a "grocer's boy." At a residence, the "White House," he deshe and her mother are alone in the house, the servants having left them because of the "loneliness." He promises to try to procure household help. Meeting Dorothy Selden, his erstwhile sweetheart, he baffles her attempts to discover the reason for his presence in Peace Valley. Arrangement is made for a cook to go to the Johnstons'.

CHAPTER IV .- The cook being unable to begin work at once, Ned visits the White House to inform Miss Johnston of the fact. Explaining the situa-tion to her mother, the girl, "Mary," is astonished by that lady's emotion at the mention of Dabbs' name. The cook arrives, and Mary, with Ned, goes to the village for groceries. They are seen by Dorothy Selden. Mrs. Johnston, worried over financial troubles, is bothered by Dorothy, who warns her what the farmhouse holds for us." there is something suspicious about

CHAPTER V.—There is something about Mary vaguely familiar to Dabbs, and he is highly interested in village I can scarcely lift one foot after the gossip concerning the mother and something on his mind that he would

CHAPTER VI.—Claude reveals to Phoebe, Ned a romance of his early life. He had married, while at college, and young." wife left him the day after the ceremony. He is convinced "Mrs. Johnston" is his wife, "Polly," and naturally

CHAPTER VII.-Mrs. Johnston tells Mary they are practically penniless.

Now, though he had growled somethrough a trustee's defalcation. She plans an appeal to Loren Rangeley, her banker, and Mary endeavors to dishaving a "passel of half-drowned" but the incident reveals to him the real

the money, satisfying Dabbs she is him take with him a shirt and a pair his wife, but, Who is Mary? Mrs. Johnston and her daughter go to New of socks. York, on Dabbs' money. Dabbs tells Ned he knows he is Rangeley's son,

As he stooped to gather up his tools, was inducted into "the longest things Mary stepped off the planks to gather I've got." some flowers at the edge of the pool. When Ned emerged from the barn ston, I mean, has the most extraorspeed, such a spurt as he had never man's ready for you."

He couldn't see Mary, but there was emerged. She was clad in Phoebe's make me pick a fight now. But if you a long streak in the muddy edge that dark blue dress, a one-piece garment want to do me the greatest favorshowed where her foot had slipped. | that ended above her knees. She had take a nap, and wake up able to say the pool. Groping, his hands came in ings, which didn't quite reach those without dragging that girl's eyes in." contact with her dress. He put forth knees, so Mary had rolled them. She He left the room abruptly. "All the all his strength and rose to the sur- had tied back her dark hair with a same," Ned told himself as he reached face, dragging Mary with him.

girl in his arms, he wondered if this in-Wonderland." was the end. He knew, in the same would go mourning all his days for what had been denied him.

and dream, began to work to restore for the Sayers were an old family her breathing and as he paised and

He must have said it aloud, for her straight at him, and Mary said, "I.

I'm so ashamed." breathed

the breeze. "Oh, I do hope she's not Ned, not yet able to speak, or look at her for very long at a time, took



her hand and tried to hurry her the farmhouse. Though it looked deserted. Ned thought he could see signs of life. Mary was so hampered by her wet garments, which were plastered to her with mud, that he picked her up in his arms, refusing to listen to her protest. After the initial request to be put down, Mary simply let her head rest on his shoul-

knows him to be Ned Carter Rangeley, he looked down at her face. She was son of Loren Rangeley. New York quivering with laughter. quivering with laughter. "I can't help it," she gasped. "I'n grateful for your saving my life, and

all that, but I can think of nothing but how much I want to wipe you face. It's—it's so streaky!" Ned put her down and laughed

"You ought to see what you look like. You look exactly like a mud baby, he told her as he felt in his pocket for a handkerchief. Gravely, Ned divided the handker

chief and gravely Mary accepted it. Laughter still trembled about the corners of her mouth, however, as she took this opportunity of wringing some of the water from her garments. "Come," Ned commanded, "we can't stop for that. Now then, let's see "I hope it holds just one woman, no matter how old or fat, because I'm so waterlogged and mud-plastered

perturbed. He informs Ned he has see approaching us an ancient man with whiskers. He has the look of a you've seen?" hermit. No, cheer up. He's calling Phoebe, and by all the gods, she's

She was. Phoebe Sayer was fourteen, but for all that she kept house for Uncle Nate, and miser though he was, he loved Phoebe.

rats" on his clean kitchen floor, Phoebe, who had scented excitement. and fallen in love with Mary, ordered him out to the barn with a pair of clean overalls for Ned. Though it cut her when they were married. She keeps Uncle Nate to the heart, she made

Phoebe was just fourteen, a little and the two men arrange to follow the women. "Polly" informs Loren Range-ley she and Mary are going to Europe. only feminine garments in the house. Ned had the tire on in record time. Slowly, and with much bilarity, Mary

fense of his lady. "Mary-Miss John-Ned thought he heard a faint cry. It and brought the car up to the door, dinary blue eyes." was such a tiny, muffled sound that the blinds were up and Phoebe was "Jiminy, Ned Have I got to hear he didn't think it important and would throwing the wet garments, whose that again? I got blue eyes myself." have gone about his business had he dainty fineness she marveled at, into Ned looked at Claude and gasped. not seen that Mary was no longer a washtub near the door. She saw He leaned toward him and said: there! No longer anywhere in sight! Ned and called back to the open door. "They're the same color as Miss John-He ran at a tremendous rate of "Say, Miss Johnston, your young ston's."

accomplished in all his university Ned. wondering how Mary would lips compressed. "Ned, you've had a take this classification, looked with hard day and I've come darn near los-The pool was muddy and disturbed. Interest at the doorway as Mary ing you, so nothing on earth will His coat was off, and he was in on Phoebe's best black cotton stock- one single sentence straight through blue ribbon and she looked like a for a book, "their eyes are very much Now that he held the motionless charming actress ready to play "Alice- alike."

Mary stooped and kissed her little hostess and thanked her warmly, exhausted youth, and woke refreshed dim uncertainty, that if it was he promising to be back to visit her soon, to find her mother sitting at her bed-"Oh, if you'd do that, that would side. be wonderful! Jest to have some one "Why, Mumsy," Mary stretched out He put the girl down on the grass come in and see me. I don't ever a slim, warm hand to her mother, and still in a daze of mingled effort want for anything," she said proudly, "have you been worrying about me?"

There was nothing especially roman- lowered her arms kept repeating, "Oh,

Ned helped her to her feet.

CHAPTER VIII

and rifece never forgot it. "Uncle

Nate's got plenty, and he's so kind

Uncle Nate looked up at the sky

and said: "You'd better hurry home;

They said very little. They had

which they had been comfortably ex-

the one girl, the only girl for him.

He knew it now. It was wonderful.

"There's mother, waiting," ex-

It was romance; romance come upon

suddenly in the midst of common,

for, longing for.

to me. But I do love company."

there's a shower coming."

and minutely calculated.

Mrs. Johnston was not only anxious. until she had her in her arms and was convinced that she was safe and

and sights the hunter who tried to take it away. They softened, almost instantly, when Mary told her all she owed to Mr. Carter.

he could go. He might come tomor- and it is an absorbing one.

sides, though Ned did not consciously pend. formulate this thought to himself, it

with very little foundation for his of its guarantees. dream. He knew absolutely nothing about the girl. But when has that fact discouraged a lover?

Claude pursued the same tactics as Mrs. Johnston, ordering Aunt Lyddy to see that Ned had a hot bath immediately, and also mentioning bed. He agreed to the first, but scorned the latter. Later he told his story. "Jiminy!" Claude exclaimed. "Lucky you were there, and I'm glad it wasn't more serious. Did you see Mrs.

Johnston?" "Mrs. Johnston? Oh, yes! You couldn't help seeing Mrs. Johnstonif she was around. Awfully fond of Mary. She isn't a bit like Maryer-Miss Johnston."

"No," said Claude, dryly, "apparently not. You didn't notice anything else did you? Wasn't there a single little thing about this Mrs. Johnston "I hate to blast your hopes, but I that marked her out from any other pleasant-spoken, red-headed woman

> "Her good looks," Ned admitted. blowing a cloud of smoke to the ceiling. "They were extra." "Oh my G-d! Ned, you are an ex-

asperating youngster." Ned studied Claude's perturbed countenance. Then it slowly dawned upon him that there might be a reason for this excess of feeling. 'Notnot trying to check up your red-headed Polly girl with her, are you?" "And if I am," declared Claude,

shaken out of his usual good-humored acceptance of things as they are, "a lot of help I'm getting from you!" "What was your-Polly's name?" "Mary-Polly-Johnston." Ned whistled.

"If it was the daughter-this Mary girl now, I suppose I could get details and like as not she's twice as ordinary as the mother." "Nonsense!" Ned rose to the de-

Claude Melnotte Dabbs rose, his

Mary Johnston slept the sleep of

(Continued Next Week)

Governor's Inaugural Address

Continued From Page Six confusion of these reciprocal rights and duties, it seems to me

Ned realized that Uncle Nate did that Maryland has always lived up to her duties and has alnot wish Phoebe to know of a certain ways pursued a consistent and intelligent policy and one in and tear to his barn and kitchen and harmony with what is best for the State and best for the Nation. The experience of these latter days is amply demonthe loan of dry clothing had been duly strating the truth of this.

The problem that confronted our fathers when they came both been shaken out of the groove in to form an indivisible union of indivisible States was how to isting at the beginning of this drive. reconcile liberty and law. How to protect those rights of free Ned was no longer a merely amusing men for which they had given their blood and treasure. How had held her in his arms, who had to make liberty ordered liberty. How to reconcile individual called her "dear" and had saved her freedom with strong and effective government. They did this life. As for Ned, there was no long- by establishing limitations upon official powers, by defining be still vague about her feelings to the rights of the State and the rights of the Union. Maryland ward him, but he knew now what she stands by these rights, and to me it seems incontrovertible that meant to him. He had known it from the strength of the Union and the effectiveness of free governwater with her in his arms. She was ment lies in having all the States do so.

We have drifted too far down the stream of Federal cen-Dorothy Selden, and her predecessors. tralization. Government should not be a master but a ser-Mary was what he had been searching vant. If the people are to be interested in government, they must govern by being close to those who ministrate for them. There is no political education like exercising the rights and duties of self government, and there is no surer way of destroying political vitality than to yield these rights.

I do not mean to elaborate. My only point is that the claimed Mary, who had been longing right of self-government goes to the very foundation of things. to smooth down his hair which had dried thoroughly, but rampantly, in It is the very essence of organized administration. It is our task, as builders of Maryland laws and Maryland resources, to protect it and to maintain it.

In many ways a government can go wrong and still right itself. If a tariff is discriminatory or burdensome it can be but annoyed, and was prepared to changed. If it is a mistake to apply a treasury surplus to tax show her annoyance. Then she caught reduction instead of to debt reduction this can be remedied. sight of Mary's wet hair and strange If our attitude to the World's Court or to the League of Naclothes. Instantly she eliminated tions does not conform to the national welfare, we can adopt

But if you let the inherent and historic character of your government change; if you let the States yield their vitality and Then, and only then did she include become anaemic and dependent things; if you look on while Ned in her gaze, and for a moment centralization breeds its bureaucrats, its petty tyranny and its Ned wished he were invisible. The incompetency; if unprotesting you stand by while the rights mother's eyes were like those of a of citizenship are confiscated; then do not say the fault lies in the stars when liberty and equality of opportunity fade and tolerance bids the land farewell.

I am deeply conscious of the responsibility of this moment. No man could stand just across the threshold of his third The tigress disappeared utterly as term of Governor of Maryland without being so. Nor do I Mrs. Johnston hurried Mary into the stand here with mingled feelings or emotions. Beyond an humble, an intense and an enduring sense of gratitude to the Ned and ordered him home as fast as people of my State, at this moment I thrill to but one emotion,

It is the determination to do my honest best, within the She held out her hand and thanked limits of my ability, for the State and the people who have honhim gratefully and sincerely, and yet ored me infinitely beyond the measure of my deserts.

I believe that requires more than high administrative rethe grocery shop from which he came.

Ned drove away with no thought of solve, more even than working to upbuild the resources of the bitterness in his heart. Mrs. John- State. It demands also, in the interest of our people, the arston was absolutely within her rights. firmance in a practical and effective way of those eternal pol-Mary was a precious possession. Be- itical truths upon which justice and liberty among men de-

Specifically, it demands recognition of the fact that the made the game so much more exciting Bill of Rights was not written into the Constitution as the mother was almost as exhilarating as mere expression of a political theory. It was intended to be the Charter of American Liberty, the living, working govern-This latter thought brought Ned up mental creed for the people of all the States, and I am becomwith a sudden start. It dawned upon ing strong in the conviction that not much longer now will him that he was dreaming wildly, Maryland stand almost alone in her fight for the preservation

But whether we stand alone or not, the guarantees of the Bill of Rights are still ours; and as Governor of Maryland, so Claude was at the entrance of the far as in my power lies, I shall continue to demand, in the store when Ned drove up. After the name of my State, and as the vital heritage of her people, the first glance he hurried Ned within. protection against every form of despotism which that great Ned noticed with amusement that Charter promises and the liberties it covenants for mankind.

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