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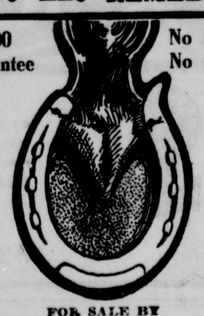

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Dorothy's Dime.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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Grayce looked grim as he threw open the door and stumbled over the roll of rugs that lay just within.

"Another night has come, and that landlord still lives his evil life," he called, and from the dimly lighted parlor came an answering sniff.

Bert Grayce hung up his coat on the half shrouded hatrack and entered the room. The furniture was swathed in burlap and excelsior, and the piano was covered with old blankets and other soft wrappings, and trunks and boxes were piled with some attempt at order along the bare walls and upon the equally bare floor.

On top of the upturned soap box a group of candles guttered dismally, their feeble rays serving to accentuate the absence of gas. Desolation—the desolation of an exodus—brooded everywhere, even upon the face of the woman who sat in a low rocker beside the candles and vainly made pretense of reading.

Hers was a lovable face, framed in masses of silver hair, and Grayce's

THE LONG, SLENDER HAND WAS CLASPED IN BERT'S OWN.

smile softened and grew more tender as he bent to kiss the still smooth forehead.

"Cheer up, mother mine," he said laughingly. "All is not yet lost, though the painters remain on strike. Tomorrow the new home will be painted. By Saturday we shall be comfortably settled."

"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Grayce wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."

"There are electric lights in the new home," he reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."

"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Grayce, with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be won over by the strikers?"

"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is no less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Bert passed on to his own room, lighting his way with matches, and his mother heaved a sigh of relief. For eight days they had virtually camped in the apartment they had given up, waiting for their new quarters to be finished. The packers had done their work, the man had come to cut off the gas and the moving vans were backed up to the door when a telephone message came to the effect that, owing to a strike of the painters, the new rooms were not yet ready for occupancy. From day to day the landlord had promised that something would be done at once, but now a full week had passed, and hope had commenced to fail until Bert decided to do the work himself.

He made an early start, and 8 o'clock found him in a suit of jeans applying the paint with as skillful a brush as though painting were his regular occupation. He worked rapidly and well and the rooms had begun to assume a habitable aspect when he heard the hall door open and close and looked up, expecting to see the landlord.

Instead he faced about to encounter the gaze of a pair of brown eyes which seemed to pierce his paint stained jacket and give him an oddly queer sensation about the heart. The possessor of the eyes was a fragile slip of a girl whose pure oval face was oddly like a picture by some old master. The slender form was wholly concealed by a brown holland pinafore, and this was splashed with color. A dab of blue which had sought a higher resting place made a saucy beauty patch against the dimpling chin.

"So you have come," she said at length. "I was beginning to think that you would be out on strike all winter. I was promised that my floors should be shellacked first."

"Yes, but"— began Bert.

"I want no answers," said the girl, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I am to have an exhibition day after tomorrow, and the floors must be done by then, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bert meekly.

"Then pick up your pail and brush and come along," was the quiet command. "If I had not smelled the paint in the hall you would have spent the day here, when I need you so much more. Come on, please."

She turned to lead the way as though there was no argument to be made, and Bert, grinning over the ridiculousness of the affair, followed after. He saw with pleasure that the other apartment was only across the hall from his own. It was a much smaller place, and it did not take Bert long to paint the floors. The girl stood in the doorway superintending the work, and Bert was sorry when at last he rose from his knees and announced the completion of the job.

"You will still have time to finish the other apartment," said the girl severely. "Next time do as you are told, and you will have less trouble. You know very well that the agent told you to do this apartment first. He promised me that he would."

"He'll promise anything," began Bert grimly, but the tiny foot stamped a warning. The girl did not care to argue the point with a workman, and she dismissed him with a nod.

"Come in tomorrow and give it a second coat," she commanded. "Wait a moment," she added as Bert turned to go. "Buy yourself a good cigar," she finished as she handed him a coin.

Bert dropped the dime in his pocket with a murmured word of thanks and backed out of the door. Once on the other side, his embarrassment died down, and he paused long enough to ascertain from the card on the door that it was Dorothy Remsen who occupied the apartment. That she was a china decorator he already knew, and vaguely he remembered having heard of her skill.

He was tired when he sought his home that night, but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a locket which he wore on his watch fob and smiled as he thought of his "tip."

He painted the studio floors the first thing next morning and then turned his attention to his own apartment. It was late in the afternoon when he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young woman who radiated confusion and penitence.

"I have come to apologize," she said, blushing redly. "I stopped in to thank the agent for sending me a painter, and he did not know that my floors had been done. Then he recalled that you were painting your own place and explained my error."

"It's a very natural one," he said, with a laugh. "If you were half as desperate as my mother, I should not blame you for kidnaping me with a full knowledge of the facts. I am only glad that I have been of service to you."

"You don't know how greatly you have aided me," she cried. "I can never repay your kindness. I am so sorry that I was abrupt yesterday. Will you pardon me?"

The long, slender hand was clasped in Bert's own, and he smiled down into the brown eyes that dropped shyly before his gaze.

Dorothy slipped back into her own apartment, and Bert, closing his door, drew the dime she had given him from his locket.

"The job's going to cost you more than that, little woman," he said as he smiled to himself. "It's going to cost you your heart and hand, and they are worth millions of dimes."

As It Happens.

They parted as girls; they met as women.

"And what of all your sweethearts?" asked the old time chum at length.

"Gone the way of all good things," answered the captivator.

"That tall, lanky blond with the fierce mustache, for instance?"

"Went insane!"

"Gracious! And Jimmie Bowles—'the little muskrat,' as you used to call him—who was so devoted?"

"Killed in an auto accident trying to save my life."

"Dear me! And your needy artist swain, who found in you the only customer for his wonderful paintings?"

"Became a waiter and married an heiress!"

"And the kinky haired little French count?"

"Ran away with my maid!"

"Worse and worse! And how about Reggie? You did profess to love him, you know."

"Now my brother-in-law!"

"Never! Well, that Mr. Hardflint, who used to snub us all, yourself included? I hope he met his deserved finish."

"He did. Come up to the house and I'll introduce you to him. He's my husband!"—Young's Magazine.

How the Other Half Gives.

"That sentiments of tender charity are innate among the poor can be seen from a case which presented itself among a group of little children at a school where we visited," writes Mrs. John Van Vorst in Woman's Home Companion. "They were of the most destitute, this little class, but as regular as soldiers in attendance. After an unusual absence of two days one of the small pupils, Mary by name, was closely questioned by the teacher on her return. Very reluctantly she responded that they had been without food at home and that she was ashamed to come hungry to school.

"No comment was made before the other children. Nothing further was said.

"The following morning a small procession filed before the teacher's desk—a procession of little people, tiny, poor, ignorant. Yet not one of them came empty handed. One brought an apple, one a piece of cheese, one a roll, one a slice of meat. And each as she put her meager offering down whispered to the teacher, 'It's for Mary.'"

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THE THERMOMETER.

It Was Invented by a Poor Man Who Had Failed as a Merchant.

There is one little instrument in which the interest of all classes of people in this country never diminishes through all the changing seasons of the year, from the first day of January to the last day of December. It regulates the business pulse of the nation and is the shrine to which men of all occupations turn. And this little instrument is the thermometer, which bears the name of Fahrenheit.

Before the seventeenth century men could only judge of the amount of heat prevailing at any place by their personal sensations and could only speak of the weather in a very indefinite way as hot or very hot, cold or very cold. In that century several attempts were made by scientific experimenters by means of tubes containing oil, spirits of wine and other substances to establish a satisfactory means of measuring heat, but none of them proved successful. Even Sir Isaac Newton, who applied his great mind to this work, and also the noted astronomer, Halley, failed in their attempts to produce a heat measure.

It was reserved to Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, an obscure and poor man, a native of Dantzig, to give to the world the instrument which has proved to be so serviceable to mankind. He had failed in business as a merchant and, having a taste for mechanics and chemistry, began a series of experiments for the production of thermometers. At first he made these instruments with alcohol, but soon became convinced that the semisolid mercury was a more suitable article to use in the glass tube.

Fahrenheit had removed from Dantzig to Amsterdam, and there about the year 1720 he made the mercury thermometer which has ever since been fashioned much like the original.

The basis of his plan was to mark on the tube the two points respectively at which water is congealed and boiled and to graduate the space between. He began with an arbitrary marking, beginning with 32 degrees, because he found that the mercury descended 32 degrees more before coming to what he thought the extreme cold resulting from a mixture of ice, water and sal ammoniac. In 1724 he published a distinct treatise on the subject of his experiments and the conclusions that had resulted therefrom.

Celsius of Stockholm soon after suggested the more rational graduation of a hundred degrees between freezing and boiling point. This was the centigrade thermometer. Reaumur proposed another graduation which has been accepted by the French, but by far the largest part of the civilized world Fahrenheit's scale has been accepted and used, with 32 degrees as freezing, 55 degrees as temperate, 96 degrees as blood heat and 212 degrees as boiling point.

It is true that the zero of Fahrenheit's scale is a solecism since it does not mark the extreme to which heat can be abstracted. This little blemish, however, does not seem to have been of any practical consequence.

Arctic explorers have persisted in describing temperatures below the zero of Fahrenheit, and scientists have produced artificially temperatures far below any ever dreamed of by the thermometer maker of Amsterdam. There is doubt as to the year of the death of Fahrenheit, but it is generally placed in 1740.—Los Angeles Times.

Sun Power.

There is one source to which all minds revert when this question is mentioned, a source most promising and yet one which has so far eluded the investigator. The sun on a clear day delivers upon each square yard of the earth's surface the equivalent of approximately two horsepower of mechanical energy working continuously. If even a fraction of this power could be transformed into mechanical or electrical energy and stored it would do the world's work. Here is power delivered at our very doors without cost. How to store the energy so generously furnished and keep it on tap for future use is the problem. That the next half century will see some solution thereof, either chemical or otherwise, seems likely.—H. S. Pritchett in Atlantic.

Victoria and Lady Millais.

It is related that when Sir John Millais fell ill Queen Victoria sent the Princess Louise to the dying man to inquire what favor she could accord him that could alleviate his sorrow if not his pain. Sir John thereupon called for his writing tablet and inscribed upon it the words, "I should like the queen to see my wife." Then the queen broke through her iron rule not to receive any woman whose marriage tie had been once dissolved, whether there be blame or not, graciously acceded to the request and accorded the sorely tried lady a tender and sympathetic interview.—St. James' Gazette.

Ambitions.

The toiler in the city had been given an advance in salary. "Now," he said jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm."

The agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wheat. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Light Work.

"Want a job, Rastus?"

"No, sah; no, sah. Done got a job, sah."

"Indeed! What are you doing?"

"Takin' in washin' foah ma wife to do, sah."—Lippincott's.

Grieving for the lost opportunity is the very worst way to find new ones.—Baltimore American.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A BURGLAR'S STORY.

Told by an English Thief in the Language of Thieves.

Some time ago there appeared a somewhat curious book, "The Autobiography of a Thief In Thieves' Language." A glossary is provided for the benefit of those whose unfortunate ignorance of the predatory classes may render such aid necessary.

From one of the anecdotes related it appears that honor among thieves is not always to be found.

"One day," says the writer, "I went to Croydon and touched for a red toy (gold watch) and red tackle (gold chain) with a large locket. So I took the rattler home at once. When I got into Shoreditch I met one or two of the mob, who said: 'Hello! Been out today? Did you touch?'

"So I said 'Usher' (yes). So I took them in, and we all got canon. When I went to the fence he bested (cheated) me because I was drunk and only gave £8 10s. for the lot. So the next day I went to him, and I asked him if he was not a-going to grease my duke (put money into my hand).

"So he said 'No.' Then he said, 'I will give you another half a quid,' and said, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'

"So I thought to myself, 'All right, my lad, you will find me as good as my master,' and left him. Some time after that affair with the fence one of the mob said to me:

"'I have got a place cut and dried. Will you come and do it?'

"So I said: 'Yes. What tools will you want?'

"And he said, 'We shall want some twirls and the stick ((crowbar), and bring a Neddie (life preserver) with you.' And he said, 'Now don't stick me up (disappoint); meet me at 6 tonight.'

"At 6 I was at the meet (trysting place), and while waiting for my pal I had my daisies cleaned, and I piped the fence that bested me go along with his old woman (wife) and his two kids (children), so I thought of his own words, 'Do anybody, but mind they don't do you.'

"He was going to the Lyceum theater, so when my pal came up I told him all about it. So we went and screwed (broke into) his place and got thirty-two quid and a toy and tackle which he had bought on the crook (dishonestly). A day or two after this I met the fence who I'd done, so he said to me, 'We have met at last.'

"So I said, 'Well, what of that?'

"So he said, 'What do you want to do me for?'

"So I said, 'You must remember you done me, and when I spoke to you about it you said, "Do anybody, but mind they don't do you."' That shut him up."—London Tit-Bits.

A Witty Irish Judge.

Mr. Doherty, who was chief justice of the Irish court of common pleas from 1830 till his death in 1846, was famed for his wit. The gossip in the hall of the four courts, which of course reached the bench, was that one of the judges had been somewhat excited by wine at an entertainment in Dublin castle on the previous evening. "Is it true," the chief justice was asked, "that Judge —— danced at the castle ball last night?" "Well," replied Doherty, "I certainly can say that I saw him in a reel."

"As I came along the quay," remarked one of the officers of the court whose face was remarkably hatchet shaped, "the wind was cutting my face." "Upon my honor," replied the chief justice, "I think the wind had the worst of it."—London Law Notes.

Swiss Naval Wars.

References to the Swiss navy are usually jocular, but it is none the less a fact that ships of war once floated and even fought on the waters of the lake of Geneva. The great fleet was that of the Duke of Savoy, who at the beginning of the fourteenth century maintained a number of war galleys armed with rams and protected by turrets and propelled by a crew of oarsmen varying in number from forty to seventy-two. These vessels besieged Versoix and even blockaded Geneva. But Geneva also had a fleet which helped in the capture of Chilon in 1536, and when the Bernese annexed the canton of Vaud they, too, had their flotilla. Their largest vessel was the Great Bear, with 64 oarsmen, 8 guns and 150 fighting men.—Westminster Gazette.

Office Boy's Little Coup.

The office boy in a downtown office has framed up the following schedule of the firm's office hours, which is displayed in a prominent place on the wall: "9-10 reserved for book agents and people with various things to sell, 10-11 for insurance agents, 11-12 bores with long stories, 1-2 solicitors for church and charitable institutions, 2-3 discuss sporting news with callers, 3-5 miscellaneous social visitors. N. B.—We transact our own business at night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Financier.

"Father," asked Rollo, "what is a financier?"

"A financier, my son, differs from the ordinary business man in being able to make the government sit up and worry when his affairs do not go right."—Washington Star.

The Only Fault.

Guest—Waiter, bring me some rice pudding. Waiter—Er, 'fraid I can't jess recommend the rice puddin' today, sir. Guest—What's the matter with it? Waiter—Nothin', sir, 'cept there ain't none!—London Scraps.

Sheridan on being asked how we came to call Gibbon "luminous," answered, "I said 'vo-luminous.'"

WILLIAM C. SUTTON

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HUBBARD BUILDING.

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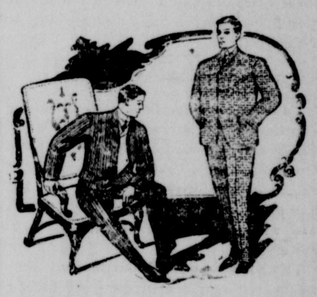

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WILLIAM M. SLAY, ATTORNEY.

Order Nisi.

William M. Slay, Assignee,
versus
Theodore F. Dill et al.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity. No. 1642.

ORDERED this 25th day of February, 1908, by the Circuit Court for Kent county in equity, that the sale of the Mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in the above entitled case made and reported by William M. Slay, Assignee and Trustee, under power in a mortgage from Theodore F. Dill and wife to Caroline L. Hynson, dated August 30, 1890, and recorded in Liber S. B. No. 13, folio 563, etc., and duly assigned to William M. Slay, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before the 3nd day of May next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 30th day of March next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $760.00.

JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
f29-4t JAMES T DIXON, Clerk.

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