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THE UPTOWN MERCHANT

NOTICE.

TRAVEL with heavy team over bridge below St. James Church will be suspended from this date until further notice.

CHARLES L. DODD, Clerk.

37 tf

THEIR FIRST RIDE

By T. S. Boyd

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Gilder glanced anxiously at his watch. He had only seven minutes in which to catch his train. The night was dark, and he could scarcely walk five blocks in a driving rain, wait for a car and make connections.

Just then a carriage drove up to the curb and an elderly man of about his build alighted. The chairs were all occupied; it would be fully fifteen minutes before the newcomer could get a shave. In that time he could get to the station and the carriage would have time to return.

It was worth the chance. He dashed across the sidewalk, called an order to the driver and jumped in. As the door slammed the horses started up and they were off at a brisk pace before Gilder realized that there was a second occupant in the carriage.

"It did not take you very long," laughed a musical voice.

Gilder sank into the seat with a groan. "I don't know who you think I am," he said apologetically, "but I'm a robber. Don't be afraid. I'm not a regular robber, but one through force of circumstances. I have to catch the 6:48 train, and the only way I could do it was to borrow a carriage without permission."

"My uncle did not give you permission to use the carriage?" demanded the voice. Gilder knew that a girl with a voice like that must necessarily be pretty.

"I didn't ask him," he said calmly. "You see, it would have wasted precious time. I figured that I could get to the station and the carriage could get back before he was shaved. A dollar would have fixed the driver. I suppose now you will have me arrested."

"For trespass, perhaps," she laughed. "On your own confession you did not mean to steal the brougham."

"How was I to know that a man who went in to get shaved would leave a

"THE MAN'S DRIVING DOWNTOWN," HE WAILED.

woman waiting in the carriage for him?"

"When one gets as old as uncle one is apt to feel himself privileged," she laughed.

"He doesn't appreciate his privileges," he said boldly. "Now, if I had a pretty niece"—

"Flattery will not amend your offense," she warned. "How do you know what I look like?"

"By your voice," he explained. "It's a sort of intuition."

"I thought that was a feminine gift," she laughed.

"Not entirely," he insisted. The carriage rattled past an electric light, and he peered into her corner. "You know I am right," he added triumphantly.

"What can I say?" she laughed helplessly. "You are a most embarrassing person."

"Don't say anything," he pleaded. "If you did you would probably tell me to get out."

"In all this rain?" she questioned, with a little shudder. "I shall let you go on to the station in common charity."

"The gods are good," he murmured. "I am only sorry it is such a short ride to the station. I'll be there in a minute." He glanced out of the window and gave a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The man's driving downtown," he wailed. "I can never make the train now."

"Did you just tell him to drive to the station?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "There is only one station."

"You forget the Northern," she reminded. "Uncle was taking me there. I live in Union terrace. John supposed that you meant the Northern."

"It served me right," he admitted, glancing at his watch. "I suppose the only thing to do is to drive back to the barber shop and ask his forgiveness."

"He might be getting worried," she suggested.

He lifted the speaking tube and blew through it. When he had given the order for the change of direction he turned to the girl again.

"It's going to be mighty awkward explaining," he said. "Is your uncle inclined to be"—

"Very," she said impressively. "I don't know whether he will cane you or call a policeman."

"Pleasant prospect," he commented.

"You can get out before we get there if you wish," she suggested.

"I usually face the music," he said.

"It's the better way," she said approvingly, "but uncle can play a very lively tune."

"Sort of 'Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight' thing," he suggested with a chuckle.

"Very likely," she assented, "but you will not be long in doubt. Here is the shop."

Gilder threw open the door and darted across the sidewalk. The men in the shop crowded curiously to the door. "The old gentleman has gone to the police station," they explained. "He thought it was an elopement." Gilder went back to the carriage.

"Your uncle thinks we have eloped," he said. "Shall we follow him to the police station?"

"I think you had better take me to the Northern," she said coldly. "Perhaps that will be the quickest way of stopping a scandal."

He gave the order to the coachman and stepped inside. "I am sorry to have to inflict my company on you longer," he said penitently, "but it might be as well if I went along. I will take you to the station and then be driven to the house and explain to him in person."

He sat silent as they sped along to the little suburban station, his forgetfulness of which had caused a part of the situation. The Northern was only a fifty mile line, cutting some of the manufacturing towns, and it had entirely escaped his memory.

It seemed a longer drive than it really was, for the girl was annoyed and he keenly felt his responsibility for the awkward position in which he had placed her. Just as they were driving up to the station the horses were pulled up quickly and a blue coated form shortly appeared at the door.

"I didn't think you would be so foolish as to try to get away," was his remark as a policeman stepped into the carriage. "The captain wants to see you at the house."

"Won't it be sufficient if you take me?" demanded Gilder. "This lady is anxious to reach her home."

"They're anxious to have her there," was the terse comment, "but orders is orders, and I was to bring you both in if I found you."

"I don't suppose that $25 would bring about a forgetfulness of orders?" suggested Gilder.

"It 'ud bring about a broken head," was the wrathful answer.

Gilder remembered that there was a police investigation then on and realized that the policeman feared a trap, so he kept silent until they drew up before the green lights. The policeman proudly led them up to the desk sergeant, who ushered them into the captain's room.

"Your uncle said he would come right down when we phoned," he explained. "I don't like to lock you up."

Gilder had recovered his self possession and by the time the wrathful uncle arrived he had made such good use of his time that his apology had been accepted in full. Then the door flew open with a bang and a choleric old gentleman entered flourishing a cane. Even in his excitement Gilder wondered how the coachman had mistaken him for his master, but the next development drove all such thoughts from his head, for the new arrival paused in his belligerent demonstrations.

"Are you Jimmy Gilder's son?" he demanded.

"So I've been given to understand," he answered wonderingly.

The cane flew across the room, and the old man came toward him with outstretched hands.

"You're the living image of your father when he left college," he cried. "I'd have known you anywhere."

"I wish you had recognized me in front of the barber shop," he laughed, then added brazenly: "No, I don't. Then you would just have helped me to catch my train. I'm glad I stayed."

It was easy work explaining. John Davies now regarded the whole matter as a joke and insisted upon carrying Gilder back to his home.

"I'm sorry the elopement wasn't in earnest," he said late that evening as they smoked in the library.

"I'll do the best I can," was the earnest assurance, and when Gilder finally caught the 6:48 Mabel saw him off, and on her finger glistened a ring that had not been there when they took their first ride together.

Had a Welsh Cough.

There was a crowd watching the fire when one of the bystanders gave a smothered, guttural cough. Immediately the man beside him grabbed his arm.

"You're Welsh," he said eagerly.

The man with the cough looked puzzled. Then his neighbor poured out a volley of Welsh words that ended in English with, "What part of the country did you come from?"

The man with the cough shook his head, and his neighbor became indignant. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, to be a Welshman," he said, "so why not admit it?"

"But I'm not Welsh," said the man with the cough. "I wouldn't know a word of the language if I heard it."

His neighbor was still indignant. "You just said a Welsh word a minute ago," he growled. "You can't fool me. You forgot yourself for a minute."

"I didn't. I only coughed," came in protest, and the man coughed again.

"That's it! That's it!" said the Welshman enthusiastically. "That's the word I heard."

But the coughing individual lost himself in the crowd, muttering something about "fools being allowed to run loose."—New York Press.

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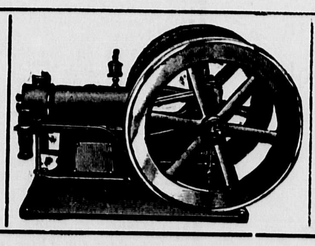

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To Our Patrons

—IN THE—

Grain AND Boating Business

We very much regret to announce the death of Mr. M. M. Rasin, the President and Manager of the Company, but beg to state there will be no change in the method of our doing business.

Mr. Andrew W. Woodall will be the President in the future. Mr. Parks Rasin will be agent at Buck Neck Wharf and will continue the business of his father, which he is well qualified to undertake, having been associated with him for several years past. He understands and is conversan with the business and is deserving of your patronage, which we solicit for him and ourselves.

B. E. TULL FREIGHTING CO.

July 7, 1906.