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WITH ADAM.

The tide breaks in little ripples at my feet.

The blue waters of the harbor dance brightly in the sunlight.

A tall ship is anchored a little way from shore, and in the offing numerous white sails flit to and fro.

It is the last delicious day of June, and I ought to be happy, but I am not.

I have been here at Mussel Harbor with my consin Jane's family for a whole month.

The cause of my unhappiness is that tall, rather plain-looking man in a shabby gray suit, who is busily employed about a small boat which has been pulled high on the beach.

He has strong and rugged features, large and rather deep-set, gray eyes, closely cropped dark hair, and a short curling brown beard.

He impresses one with a belief in his strength, his gentleness, and his nobility.

I, Magaret Deene, have live,d I suppose a butterfly life, being an only child of weathy parents.

Yet I know how to do some useful things.

Adam Armstrong's father own the farm adjoining Cousin Jane's—such a miserable tract of rocky and unfertile soil!

Adam is a sailor—mate of the big vessel off shore, and he has worked hard to help the old people, who make but a scanty living off their land.

I have met Adam before, but never had any acquantance with him until this summer.

His ship has been laid up for repairs, and he has been at home—what time he hasn't been walking, or rowing, or riding with me.

And I, who am considered a belle and a beauty in my Boston home have fallen in love with this grave, brown-faced sailor, who is poor as the proverbial Job's turkey, and too proud to ask any woman to marry him even if he loved her, and I haven't any idea that he loves me.

Ah, there's the sting! Somehow with him I always seem my worst.

I cannot sing—I cannot talk well; I feel that he looks upon me as a frivolous, childish creature, who has been spoiled by over much praise.

He is kind to me simply because it is his way, and Cousin Jane rather impressed him into my service, as being the only person in the neighborhood who could go about with me.

To-morrow the Annie Lee sails for Boston, to ship a larger crew, and load for South American, and I shall see Adam no more.

My heart aches; there is a sob in my throat and a mist in my eyes, as I sit here on the warm sand sifting the pretty pebbles through my fingers, and staring at the tall masts of the Annie Lee.

The sailors are singing on her decks—a queer, funny old song, but I am too miserable to laugh at it.

"Fare ye well, my dear Nancy; now I must go leavs you.
And 'tis for the West Indies my course I must steer.
Very well do I know that my absence will grieve you,
But I will retun, love, in the spring of the year!"

Adam whistles the air in an absent-minded sort of a way as he begins to pull the boat toward the water.

I wink back the tears and spring up, shaking the sand from my flannel skirt.

"If you are going board ship, Adam, may I go with you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he says cheerfully. "It will be your last chance this summer to visit the Annie Lee."

He helps me into the boat; I seat myself in the stern and grasp the taff-rail with both hands, while in his high boots he pushed the boat before him into the water, scrambles aboard, catching an oar in either hand, and presently, in responses to his long, sweeping strokes, we ar gliding steadily out toward the anchored ship.

A new thought is wording in my brain, and finnally I put it into wor ls.

"Adam, you say the captain is to take his wife this voyage."

"Yes," responds Adam, "and she is one ef the nicest little women in the country."

"Adam, I wish' '—my heart is pounding away at a great rate—"I wish Captian Lee would take me as far as Boston. I would enjoy a sailing trip so much."

Adam flushes a little—I don't know why—but says after a moment's hesitation.

"Well, I have no doubt it could be arranged if you have finished your visit at Mussel Harbor,

"And you'll speak to the captain and make him take me?" I cry joyfully. "How good you are Adam?"

"Oh, what a child!" he says in his gentle way.

I laugh light; I am happy again, because for a week longer I shall be with Adam, and who knows what may not happen in that time?

It is all arranged as I desire.

Cousin Jane demurs a little at my sudden departure, but gives her consent at last.

Cousin Joseph posts off to town with a telegram for my father, and on the following morning I find myself aboard the Annie Lee speeding out of the harbor before a fair wind.

I find the captain's wife a delightful companion, full of sea lore, which she pours into my willing ears.

I have pleasant promenades with Adam on the deck; he is kinder than ever before, and I wish we might go on like this forever.

But the third night a dreadful thing happens.

A dense fog envelopes us, and the Anaie Lee runs upon the rocks and staves a great hole in her Bows.

We are forced to take to the boats.

We managed to save our baggage and get ashore, but find to our disgust that we are upon a small rocky island covered by a thick growth or spruce-trees.

Strange to say, Mrs. Lee, although s sailor's wife, has no fortitude in this emergency.

She is as helpless as a child, and the loss of the good ship which is going rapidly to pieces, is a heavy blow to our captain.

We keep a steady lookout, expecting to be rescued by daybreak; but although we see many sails in the distance, none come near enough to sight our signals.

The men, six all told, build some wigwams of spruce-boughs, and there being tackle in the boats, there is no difficulty in catching a fish for dinner, which I broil over a gypsy fire, much to Adam's amusement.

"I didn't know that you could cook," he says.

I give him a scornful look.

"Any one can broil a fish in this fashion I hope," say I "but if you will come to see me in Boston. I will give you the nicest dinner you ever ate, and cook every bit of it myself!"

He pulls off his hat and favors me with a low bow.

With his pocket knife he has whittled some pointed sticks, with which we divide our fish.

There is no salt, but it tastes good because we are hungry.

For supper we have a royal meal of baked clams, for we dig the bivalves from the beach, there's plenty of fuel and nearly all the men have matches in their pockets.

That night we all sleep on fragant beds of spruce boughs and it being warm we are very comfortable.

My little toilet case which I take from my trunk, proves a blessing to us women in the morning, and when we emerge from our wigwam Adam tells us that he has discovered a spring of fresh water in the middle of the island.

This is pleasant news, for we are all thirsty, and hasten after Adam to a pretty, natural cave where a clear spring is bubbling over a pebbly bottom.

The draught which Adam give me in his pocket drinking cup is most delicious.

After spending two more nights on the island we were rescued by a dirty little coaster as unlike as possible the stately Annie Lee.

The skipper of the Snipe agrees to put me ashore at Mussel Harbor.

For nearly a week we are crowded upon the miserable little schooner, for she is a poor sailor, and leaks so badly that one man is kept at the pump most of the time.

The skipper, who is a most disgusting fellow, is evidently smitten with me and leers at me contiually.

I long to see Mussel Harbor, and am leaning wistfully over the taff-rail one day when Adam approaches me.

How good and nobly and manly he looks in comparison with the Snipe's Skipper.

"I have been thinking, little friend," "what a jewel of a wife you would make for a poor man; you have been so bright and hopeful and capable through all this misfortune."

"That is a very nice compliment," I returned.

And then, scared half to death at my own boldness, I lifted my head and looked at him with my checks burning.

"I would rather be a poor man's wife, Adam, than the wife of a king."

He flushes a dull crimson and catches my hand in his.

"Margaret," he whispers, "what are you saying?"

"The truth," I declared. "You think because I have riches that I have no heart of a woman! You think me vain, childish, selfish ——"

Here I faltered and turned away to hide my tear-filled eyes.

"I," he cried, "I? Why, good God, child, I love you! I love every bright hair on your dainty head. But——"

Here he turns away.

"I did not mean to tell you. I cannot ask you to be my wife. I am too poor to marry."

Happy girl!

I laugh outrigh in sudden, wild access of joy.

"Then, Adam," say I, "I shall ask you to be my husband. It is leap year, you know, and you never will be ungallant enough to refuse me!"

He stoops to kiss me on the lips and directly I am the proudest woman on the face of the earth.

"When I get to be commander of a ship and can see my way toward giving you a good home, I will come to you; but you shall be fettered by no promise to me."

And he is like iron; nothing can move him; and I, being a woman, can say no more.

Imagine Cousin Jane's surprise when I walked in upon her next day!

On the morrow I start again for my city home, this time by rail.

Into my father's ears I pour my story; mother is a nervous invalid and we never trouble her about any matter until it is settled.

Father, having been a poor boy himself, does not scoff at Adam. Still, he is not as enthusiastic as I could wish.

Three months later he takes me into the library one day and tells me this:

"I have been having some correspondence with your Adam, my little Eve, and I have been to see him. Next week he is to take command of a big merchant man—Swift & Co., owners—and on Monday he will dine with us.

I throw myself into daddy's arms and kiss him and cry a little for pure joy, for I know he has done all this out of love for his willful daughter, and I know that Adam is coming to claim me.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Notice to Builders.

Sealed proposals marked on outside of envelope "Proposals for addition to Greensborough school house are invited by this Board until July 19th 1892 for furnishing material and building an addition to the present house to be firmly joined to the north end of the northerly room and to be of same size and same kind of material as said room to which it is to be joined and to be furnished in same style and manner both inside and out and foundation, with following exceptions. The chimney is to be removed from its present position, and a new chimney built from the ground in center of opposite end of room adjoining the main building, with three flues in it; the center one to have a six inch stove pipe thimble inserted eighteen inches below ceiling, and in the others iron registers connecting each of the rooms with the other flues for ventilation. In the north end of new room chimney to be built from ground with two flues sufficiently large for good draught, into one of which a six inch stove pipe thimble is to be inserted 18 inches below ceiling and in the other a register, also a register in floor and one on outside of said room with draught connections same as that of Ridgely school house a partition must be built between the old and new room with large door in center of same, hung with weights and cords, also two side doors. Indeed the model for partition must be that af the present Ridgely Academy. Outside door to new building to be located same distance from north end of new building as one in old room is from main building and on same side. The two windows in end of old room can be used in new room. New building to be painted with three good coats of paint to correspond with old buliding. The work is to include putting down desks and seats and furnishing screws for same. Also any needed repairs to old building on account of connection or otherwise to be done by contractor and included in contract price. The work and material for same from begining to completion must be subject to examination and approval of the School Board or any member thereof. Payments are half at shutting in and balance at completion which must not be later than Sept. 1st, 1892) either in cash or by order on the County Commissioners at the option of the School Board. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order
M. B. STEPHENS, Sec.

NOTICE.

DENTON NATIONAL BANK,
Denton, Md., June 28, 1892.

This Bank will be closed on Monday, July 4th, it being a legal holiday. All paper payable here and maturing on that day must be paid on Saturday, July 2d.

T. C. WEST, Cashier.

Half Rates to New York.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell Excursion tickets from all stations to New York and return for all trains July 5th to 7th inclusive, at rate of one fare for the round trip. The round trip rate from Baltimore will be $5.30, and from Washington, D. C. $6.50. Correspondingly low rates from other stations. Tickets will be valid for return journey until August 15th. As such a low rate to New York is seldom offered it will be a most favorable apportunity for a visit to that city with side trips to Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, Narragansett Pier, Coney Island and other famous resorts within easy access of New York. 2t.

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper

Fourth of July Excursion Rates'

From July 1st to 4th inclusive the B & O. R. R., will sell tickets from all stations East of the Ohio river at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be good for return journey until July 5th inclusive. For detailed particulars as to rates apply to nearest B. & O. Agent. June-23-2t.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains; Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and postively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by George & Redden.