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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO. Md.

1899 October. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Steyens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and H Berry, President. Harry A R etary and Treasurer, Wm A Ste

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Vice Councilor, C. Harry Whitby; Recording Secretary, C. R. Wilson; Treasurer Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A. — Councilor, Miss May Roe; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Murry; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A.F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m , in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.— Joseph H, Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
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Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

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DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Office at Brown's Drug Store.
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1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
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Harry B. Mason,
House Painter and Decorator,
DENTON, MD.

Having had ten years' experience with skilled mechanics in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Wilmington. I can give estimates, contracts and skilled work. Fair prices by the hour, day, or job.

COOPERATION.

"Come," said the little Ether-Atoms,
"Let us cling together and march together
Millions and millions and millions are we
Let us form and march like the waves of the sea,
With shoulder to shoulder, hand linked in hand,
Line behind line of us. Here we stand!
Steady, there! Wait for the word of command,
Steady, my comrades! Is everything right?
Now, all as one of us, into the night!"
So they clung together and marched together,
And the world was filled with light.

"Come," said the little Vibrations-in-Air
"Let us cling together and work together,
Starting not off on our separate tracks,
But all within touch, that whatever each lacks
The rest may supply, and that each, great or small,
May something contribute—to soar, run or crawl—
Toward the one common end; there is work for us all;
And mingling our efforts, the weak with the strong,
Break we a path through the silence along!"
So they clung together and helped one another,
And the world was filled with song.

"And now," said the children of men on earth,
"Let us cling together, and work together,
And help one another, and turn our words
Into golden action, and sheathe our swords!
Let us tunnel the mountain, span the plain,
Stretch hands to each other across the main,
And each man's wealth be for all men's gain;
Then unto his neighbor let everyone
Say: 'Be of good courage,' and let the word run."
So they clung together, and, lo! as in Heaven
His will upon earth was done.
—Samuel V. Cole, in Youth's Companion.

Geffwell's Skeleton.

By Kennett F. Harris.

THERE was a skeleton in Harvey Geffwell's closet. Strictly speaking, it was not in the closet, for the attic bedroom had not that convenience, but in its stead Geffwell had strung a wire across the recess at the foot of his bed and had pinned a sheet on the wire in such a way that he could easily slide it backward and forward. It answered every purpose, for it kept the dust from Geffwell's other suit and it concealed Johnson.

Johnson was the skeleton's name. It is to be understood that he was not a fugitive from justice with a hold on Geffwell. He was a beautiful complement of the 200 bones in the human body, nicely articulated with silver wire and with a ring screwed into his parietal for the greater convenience of hanging him up. He was a present from a medical uncle of Geffwell's who had retired from practice and who, hearing that his nephew had chosen the noble profession of healing, sent him the bleached framework of humanity by express.

When Geffwell first came to Chicago to study he used to feel lonely, and in time became greatly attached to his uncle's gift. To begin with, it was merely a scientific interest that he took in it, but in time the interest ripened into a feeling that he had more than an element of personal liking. Then he began to call the skeleton Johnson and tell him his troubles.

Some companions are not sympathetic. Johnson always was, or so Geffwell imagined. His bright smile of welcome was unfailing whenever the young student pulled aside the muslin curtain on his return from lectures. He was silent, of course, except when Geffwell happened to turn him around to settle some anatomical doubt and rattled his tibia, but loquacity is not essential to companionship. He was instructive at least, and what knowledge he could not impart directly he often suggested. Geffwell and he had many a midnight session together, the student with his books and Johnson ready and willing to assist him at any moment he might be appealed to.

Geffwell never treated Johnson disrespectfully, as many of his fellows treated their skeletons or skulls if they were not fortunate enough to own an entire osseous system. The idea of making a pipe rack of Johnson's ribs, hanging his umbrella on his ilium or setting a straw hat at a rakish angle on his polished cranium would have shocked him. When any of the men came up to see him, as they did occasionally, Geffwell's pride in his possession would not allow him to conceal it from their professional admiration, but it made him nervous if they handled it too familiarly. He had somehow a vague idea that Johnson might not like it, and he was always glad to draw the curtain again.

The men gradually came to recognize Geffwell's consideration for his skeleton and their greetings generally included a polite inquiry after Johnson's well-being.

"He's all right," Geffwell would reply, cheerfully. "He's behaving himself and he hasn't seen the inside of the precinct station yet. They'll never have to send out the wagon on his account."

"You're sure you looked at him this morning before you left the house?" said the man at whom this stab was directed.

"Sure," said Geffwell. Then as a suspicion of a conspiracy to steal his treasure crossed his mind he added: "Why?"

"Oh, nothing particular; only the last time I saw him I thought he had lost flesh."

In course of time the examinations came on, and then Geffwell began to realize what he owed to Johnson. By constant contemplation he had long since come to know his fractional parts from the frontal bone to the last row of his dangling phalanges—not merely by name and position, but by exact form and to the most minute detail of proportion. Then he had invested him with cartilages, veins and arteries, and with the endless ramification of a nervous system. Johnson had become a professor of mnemonics. If for a moment the precise location of the sciatic plexus, for instance, had escaped Geffwell's mind, first a glance at Johnson and later Johnson's mental picture would bring it back to him in a flash. One consequence of this was that Geffwell came out at the head of his class; another was that his proud uncle sent him a check and an offer to p[ay] for a postgraduate course.

"I owe it to y[ou] said Geffwell, noddin[g] tionately. "If I t[hink] ease you I'd have you gold-plated when I got prosperous. But I don't think you're the kind of a fellow that would want to put on dog. You're all right the way you are. Say, Johnson, what kind of an idea do you think it would be to move out of this hole?"

He did not move, however, for a month or two, and during that time he occupied himself with chemistry to a great extent. Johnson was not of material assistance to him in this work but Geffwell had more opportunity to prove his regard by reason of his disinterested situation. He had not only covered Johnson with a speculative skin, but clothed him, in his mind's eye, in what he conceived to be garments appropriate to his life and times. By a phrenological examination he satisfied himself that his subject had been a man of whose friendship he might be proud—well balanced, except for a slight excess of benevolence and ideality and a lack of acquisitiveness. He outlined a career, more or less checkered, for his silent companion, and believed in it. It was such a career as vastly increased his respect for Johnson. Then Geffwell and Johnson moved, and it came to pass that there was a girl over the way from their new abode.

"It's too bad you can't see her, Johnson," said Geffwell. "She's a little bit of a thing. It seems as if * * * Well, I don't know how to say it. But her eyes! * * * Kind * * * loving * * * and full of the very devil. Somehow, from the first minute I saw her I wanted to pick her up and pet her. * * * To hear her laugh! Oh, Johnson, Johnson!" There was a lot more of it, but that was a fair sample. And then it happened that Johnson began to be neglected a great deal.

At last the whole thing was settled, although they had hardly realized it.

"I was talking it over with Johnson after I left you last night," said Geffwell. "I told him what you said."

The girl started up and let go of his arm and looked at him in amazement. "You told Johnson!" she said. "Harvey Geffwell, you don't mean to say that you told anyone what I said!"

Geffwell got red in the face and laughed in an embarrassed way as the girl continued to look at him with indignation sparkling in the eyes he admired. "Johnson isn't really anybody," he said, at last, and even as he spoke he felt that he was guilty of disloyalty to Johnson. "He's—don't laugh, Bessie—he's my skeleton. You know we have to have such things—I don't mean our own skeletons, but this was one my uncle sent me, and—well, you know I had to grind like the mischief, and I knew it was up to me * * * And I didn't dare see much of the fellows, because I'm naturally sociable, and if I started in it would take my time. And so * * * It was kind of lonesome up in that little room, and I kind of got in the way of talking to Johnson. Oh, I know it seems foolish to you!"

"You poor boy," said Bessie, pityingly. Then she laughed, but stopped suddenly and said: "Foolish! Why, it's horrible—it's ghastly! Why didn't you talk to the bureau or the bedpost or something?"

"I don't see anything ghastly about it," said Geffwell, which was perfectly true. "You don't seem to understand."

"I don't want to. A horrible—ugh! Don't let's talk any more about it. And that you should talk about me—and tell things!"

"Johnson wouldn't breathe a word. He's the soul of honor."

"I don't care. I don't like it. Harvey, if you keep that thing a single day longer you needn't come and see me again."

"It seems to me you are a little absurd," said Geffwell, coldly. "If you will think reasonably a moment you'll see—"

They were standing by her father's front gate, and that was the end of that particular conversation. The girl turned abruptly and walked, in an extraordinarily dignified way for such a small person, into the house. Geffwell stood and looked at her, but he did not call her back. She was peeping at him through the curtains, but she didn't go out again, although he waited for a minute or two before he went away.

But that same evening he packed Johnson tenderly in an old trunk and drove with him over to Dickinson's rooms. He told Dickinson that he would like to have him take care of Johnson for awhile.

"Glad to have him," said Dickinson, hospitably. "You'll take good care of him, won't you, old man?" said Geffwell. "I may want him back again after awhile."—Chicago Daily Record.

A Backdoor Boomerang.

Mrs. Givens — Go away, you lazy tramp! You can't tell me you are an inventor. I'd like to know what such a looking object as you could invent?

Hungry Hi—I'll tell yer, mum—fairy-tales dat make de fool feminine sex weep an' hand me out food an' money. —Judge.

The Man and the Egg.

"There is a difference between a man and an egg," said the Casual Remarker. "When a man gets old he is no longer fit for the scramble, and when an egg gets old that is all it is fit for."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Ignorant Man.

Gerald—If ignorance were bliss—

Geraldine—You would feel as if you were in heaven.—N. Y. World.

Interesting Belgium.

Belgium is the most confused little nationality on earth. In the great cities the population is made up of inextricable mixtures of Flemish races and the Walloons, pure French and Germans. Add to this broad splashes of the Spanish blood that came in with the princes of the last century and you have a curious conglomerate man—the brave little Belgian.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Not Very Consoling.

Smith—I noticed you didn't speak to Brown when you passed him this morning. What's the trouble?

Jones—He insulted me yesterday—called me an old fool.

"Well, you must remember that you're not as young as you used to be." —Chicago Evening News.

Hissing in Different Lands.

In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in the assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss.—N. Y. World.

The Flower of the Air

By Katherine Tynan.

THEY had been little goat-herds together on a Sicilian hillside, Guiseppe and Maddalena. There, where the magic of Theocritus yet lingers, the brown children are as beautiful as Graces among the olive groves and vineyards. Maddalena, dancing with her ragged skirt held high, and her brown bare feet twinkling in the grass where the cicala sings, might have made a living part of an idyll. It was always Maddalena who danced, and Beppo who sat on the scorched hillside piping her music, his brown eyes mysterious with dreams.

They were both orphans and perhaps the loneliness was a link to draw them closer together. For such there was the stick if the goats strayed, or they forgot to be home by sundown. Maddalena had her own share of beatings, yet she would have borne them doubly, trebly, if Beppo could only have gone free, for Beppo was fragile and gentle, and the stick that only enraged her and made her obstinate, had, on the contrary, made Beppo ill for days.

Yet, if Maddalena had not kept her wits about her, they would have been in trouble much oftener than they were. It was Beppo who would forget on the warm hillside the sickness of his last beating, and the chill of his empty stomach, making tunes for Maddalena to dance to, while the goats invaded the vineyards, or the dews and night found them yet far afield.

It was good while the summer lasted, and the children could forget the beatings in the comfort of the sun on their half-clad bodies. But harder when it was winter, sharp and bright, and there were more children, real children of the house, than the house could hold, and Beppo's starvation and nakedness told upon him, so that he coughed and grew hollow-eyed, while Maddalena was only exhilarated by the clear air and the unwinking sunlight.

Maddalena was always the little mother, ready with compassion and comfort for her Beppo, when they wandered apart from the other children, who looked at them askance, because they were orphans, and had to bear the blame and the blows.

She was very much stronger than the boy, and their positions were quite reversed, she bearing the heavy burdens and taking the rough roads; he accepting this state of things, as though he were the girl and she the boy. No one but Maddalena knew as the boy himself did the aches and the weariness that made him lean on his friend as a sick child on the bosom of its mother.

But there was neither sickness nor chill in the air the day Antonio came that way.

It was a brilliant day, and the joy of the world had got into Beppo's fluting and Maddalena's dancing. The little, lean, golden-brown girl in her ragged frock of brown and orange and scarlet, was gay as a humming bird. Lightly as one she poised and floated and swayed over the burnt grasses, and danced faster and faster as Beppo, with eyes of rapture, made wilder music.

Suddenly the pipe fell from his lips and the dancer came to earth.

"Brava, bravissima!" from the lips of a stranger, had sufficed to break the spell.

The newcomer was a bearded, dark fellow of middle age, with a wide mouth, and a smile of extreme enjoyment that fell on the children with a suffusing friendliness. He was extravagantly dressed, with a profusion of bright colors and a hat hung with ribbons. The children thought him very fine and gazed at him open-mouthed.

"I am sorry," he said, making a bow to Maddalena, "to have interrupted the signorina's delicious performance. See here"—he took from his breeches pocket a handful of small coins and scattered them—"'tis a tribute to beauty and genius; but gold it should be, gold and gems. If Antonio Romano could but follow the promptings of his heart."

He seated himself on the grass by Beppo, with the manner of one coming critically to the theater.

"Dance now, my beauty," said he; "dance again and let me delight myself with your grace! And you, Sig. First Violin, will you not tune up again?"

By degrees he won the confidence of the shy children, and Maddalena danced for him untiringly, and afterwards went through the acrobatic performances copied from what she had seen at a traveling circus.

"Ah!" he cried, and again "Ah!" with deep breaths of satisfaction. And at last, having applauded vigorously, he begged them to lead him to their mothers in the cottage below.

"Ah!" said Maddalena, "I have no mother, nor has Beppo. None cares for us, except the Mother of God. So we love each other and make pets of the goats."

She started suddenly, and springing up, looked distractedly about the hill side.

"They have wandered again," she cried, "and to-night there will be beatings and no supper for thee, Beppo, and for me. Alas! it is my fault, and it is only last night that she beat thee, and starved thee, care."

She ran to Beppo and caught his head to her breast as might a mother, quite unheeding the presence of the gay stranger, who was the cause of their transgression.

But Antonio Romano swore an oath which the recording angel might well blot out.

"Per Dacco!" he cried. "Who is she, this monster that beats and starves motherless babes? And thou, Flower of the Air, dost thou also go hungry as well as thy flute-player?"

Maddalena nodded energetically.

Geoffrey Lansdell, now that he had recovered from his indisposition, proved himself an ideal host, and when I state that his powers of entertainment were as exceptional as Sir John's wine and cigars, I rate them highly.

It was long past midnight ere we thought of retiring, and then Mr. Lansdell insisted upon himself seeing me to my chamber, which was situated at the end of a long corridor.

We parted at my bedroom door with every expression of good will, Sir John's brother promising that he would give immediate directions for me to be called at a sufficiently early hour on the morrow to catch the first up-train.

I undressed leisurely, noting as I did so the unusual shape of the room. It was apparently a perfect oval, and was lighted from above by a circular skylight. It had no windows, nor, indeed, any outlet save the door by which I had entered.

After remarking for a brief space on the singular conformation, which I put down to the eccentric plan on which ancient mansions are sometimes built, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts, and was soon in bed. Yet, though tired, sleep came not at first, and when at last it fell on me in fitful and scant measure, it brought with it a troop of eerie fantasies and phantoms.

I must have been tossing uneasily in my bed for some three hours, when, suddenly, a strange tremor, accompanied by a low, soft whirr, seemed to pervade the room. So vivid was the impression that I reached over for the matches and struck a light.

My eyes fell upon the door. To my utter amazement it was moving—moving slowly from right to left across the foot of my bed. I glanced at the pictures; they too were in motion. The entire wall was revolving.

At that instant the light faded and went out. Quickly I lit another match. Bah! I must have been dreaming, or the victim of a hallucination. The door, the pictures were still. Yet, surely they had changed their position, for the door, which, when I retired to bed, I had thought to be on my right hand, was now certainly on my left. Still, was it not more feasible that my memory had played me false than that such could be? My brain was over-weary—that was all. So I lay down, and, closing my eyes, wooed sleep, which at last came, but still troubled, and full of evil fancies.

When I awoke it was broad day. Nearly seven o'clock, my watch said—barely time to dress hurriedly and catch the train to town. Vexed that Mr. Lansdell had been so neglectful of his promise to have me called betimes, I sprang out of bed and donned my clothes in haste.

Snatching up my bag, I was on the point of leaving the room, when I remembered that I had left my watch beneath the pillow; so placing my bag without the door (without myself crossing the threshold), I hurried back to the bed.

When I turned my bag was gone. My eyes had been off it for barely a second, and yet it had vanished—totally, inexplicably vanished. The corridor, some 30 yards long, led, as I had noticed the preceding night, to my chamber only, the oak paneling that covered its entire length being broken by neither window nor door. Clearly, then, no one could have taken my property down the passage without detection. Whither—how had it gone?

Then through my brain flashed the strange experience of the preceding night, and gave me pause. Sitting on my bed, I passed in review the events of the last few hours, and as I pondered over the strangeness of my coming to the Towers, and of my stay there—the nonarrival of any trap to meet me at the station, the singular indisposition of Geoffrey Lansdell by the wayside, the secrecy of my introduction to the house, and my isolation from all save its master and his brother—an apprehension that was akin to dismay rose within me. I clearly recognized that there was no jot of evidence to even suggest my arrival, and that my disappearance would arouse not the faintest suspicion against Sir John.

Crossing to the door, I grasped the jambs and cautiously advanced my left foot. Beneath the slight pressure the flooring gently gave, moving noiselessly downward on a hinge some six feet from where I stood. I drew back, and with a spring easily leaping this death trap, ran down the corridor. At the end a dead wall confronted me.

All doubt was over. I had not been tricked by fancy; the wall of my room had revolved, shifting the door from the corridor I had traversed the night before to this cul-de-sac with its cunningly devised snare. A clammy sweat broke out upon my forehead, for I recognized with horror that for the sake of jewels Sir John was compassing my death. Only the merest chance had enabled me to escape a cruel fate from which, should my wits now fail me, I must expect but brief respite.

My first act on regaining my room was to drag my bed across the open door; then, with the aid of my pocket knife I cut and tore the sheets, blankets and counterpane into long slips, with which I made a tolerably strong rope some 50 feet in length. This I tied firmly to one of the legs of the bed, and having forced open the trapdoor, dropped in through the crevice into space. Then, gripping the top of my cord, I knelt on the treacherous flooring. It gave beneath my weight, and I went down into the dark chasm.

With no little trepidation did I make my descent, for I knew not whether my rope was of sufficient length. Nor were my fears without cause, for I had come to within a foot of its limit ere I touched ground. Then with a sigh of relief I loosened my hold, and taking a box of matches from my pocket struck a light and lit the candle I had had the foresight to bring with me.

I stood within a dungeon 20 feet square, with, save the shaft down which I had descended, no outlet but a ponderous door, locked and bolted on the outside. I looked round. The ground was roughly paved with large flags of sandstone, broken and thickly covered with a lichenous growth. At one spot two had been raised to permit of an excavation some four feet in depth being made. A shudder traveled through me—it looked like a grave!

At my feet lay my bag. It had been burst open by the fall, and its contents were strewn about in considerable confusion. The case, however, which contained such few jewels as Sir John had discarded when making his selection was comparatively uninjured.

Before my eyes hung the improvised rope by which I had effected my descent. That must be destroyed. I applied a match to the dry linen. The flame sped upwards, illuminating the humid sides of the black shaft as it leapt aloft. It burned out against the trap through which I had come. A tenous cloud of black ash floated slowly downward, and darkness again closed in. Then stretching myself on the ground, my right hand gripping my revolver, hidden beneath me, I waited my fate.

Soon I heard steps approaching; hey halted without the door, and after a few seconds of hushed colloquy the grind of heavy bolts being drawn from their sockets and the creaking of a rusty lock fell on my ears. Sir John entered, followed by his brother.

He raised the lantern which he carried above his head and peered into the gloom.

"Good!" he exclaimed, at length. "My dear Geoffrey, you deserve my heartiest congratulations for the skill with which you have furthered my scheme. You have well earned your reward; it shall be yours to-day. But let us lose no time. Take out the fellow's pocketbook 'tis in his breast pocket, I think; you'll find my check there. Better destroy that. I'll look for what I didn't choose last night. Ah, there it is, I suppose, in that case."

He turned aside, while Mr. Lansdell, bending over me, unbuttoned my coat. Of a sudden, as he was about to insert his hand into my pocket, I fired.

"I'm done!" he gasped, and staggering backward fell into the grave he had intended for his victim.

In an instant I had covered Sir John with my weapon.

"Move at your peril!" I cried, as I rose from the ground.

His face flushed pale with fear and rage as our eyes met in a long, relentless glare for mastery. Then his fell.

"What would you do?" he said, with an insolent shrug of his shoulders.

"Hand me that case," I answered.

He seemed disinclined to obey.

"Quick!" I cried, "or—"

He no longer hesitated.

"Now," I said, "hold up your hands."

"Why, you wretched bagman?" he sneered, but for all that obeyed.

"Surely a superfluous question," I said, backing—the barrel of my revolver still upon him—to the door.

"Look here!" he yelled. "What the—"

His remaining words were lost in the clang of the massive door as I swung it after me. With desperate haste I shot the bolts.

"You hound!" shrieked the trapped man, striking the hard wood with impotent fury. "Would you leave me here to die?"

"Did you consider me?" I made answer, as I turned upon my heel.

His blasphemies and curses followed me as I slowly groped my way up the narrow passage, dying away at last into bursts of inarticulate rage.

When I had, as far as I could judge, traversed some hundred or more yards, my further progress was arrested by a closed door.

Fortunately, however, the miscreants had not removed the key, so, opening it without delay, I entered a small domed building of marble, and lighted by colored windows of rare beauty.

As, however, the door of this building was locked and the key gone, I had perforce to break several of the stained panes in order to effect an exit.

Clambering through the opening I had made, I found myself in a spinney, whence I was soon able to gain the road, and, hurrying to the station, was just in time for the 11:30 express.

I reached our establishment shortly after midday, and at once requested an interview with Mr. Mortimer, to whom I related in full my adventure.

"I thought it better, sir," I said, in conclusion, "to confide my experience to you ere laying it before the police."

"In this, Cathcart," said my employer, "you have, as always, shown great discretion. Tomson"—opening the door and calling one of my confreres—"pay this check in to the firm's account at once. This affair," he continued, as he resumed his seat, "is emphatically not one for the police. For any inconvenience you may have suffered you shall be fully indemnified" he subsequently redeemed his promise in a most handsome manner—"Mr. Lansdell's death is not an incident to be regretted. Sir John, however, must be treated with due consideration and forbearance. He has been an excellent customer in the past, and I doubt not, if we discreetly ignore this unfortunate peccadillo, will be so again in the future. I shall myself, as soon as his money is secure, see that he is released from his present awkward position without any scandal."

A few months later Sir John Lansdell was married, and, until his lamented death in July last, he continued to patronize Messrs. Mortimer, Dowie & Co.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Both Right.

First Lawyer—You are a cheat and a swindler.

Second Lawyer—You are a liar and a blackguard.

The Court (softly)—Come, gentlemen; let's get down to the disputed points of the case.—Philadelphia North American.

Bullet Shot Through Six Men.

A remarkable story from a reliable source illustrates the deadly effect of a new rifle named the mannlicher, which is being used by continental troops. At Podhorz, near Prague, two gendarmes while on their round entered an inn and sat down, placing their mannlicher rifles in a corner. One of the guns slipped and fell, catching the trigger against a projecting seat. The ball went through the door of the room, struck a musician sitting beyond, passed through his body and then through five of his companions who happened to be sitting by his side. The first man was killed and the others seriously injured. It is said that such penetrative force has never been found in any other rifle, and further experiments are about to be made.—Golden Penny.

All Read and Write.

Rushville, Ill., boasts that every one of its 3,000 citizens, excepting, of course, the infants, can read and write the English language. Furthermore, it claims to ship the most stock and farm produce of any town of its size in the state. As an evidence of its importance it is said that a railroad train has never run through the town without stopping. As proof of the enterprise of its people it points to the fact that they recently raised $120,000 in cash and offered that sum, together with $80,000 in property, as a bonus to secure the location of the new state normal school. Rushville has never had typhoid fever, diphtheria or mosquitoes and has no rich doctors or undertakers. —Chicago Tribune.

Gets Lots of Help.

Too much help has started many a man on the road to ruin.—Chicago Daily News.

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

How a Number of Captive Dacoits Are Jailed by the British Officials in India.

For over a year much trouble has been caused in the Jhansi district of the northwest frontier of India by a gang of dacoits, originally between and 500 in number, who have been w[a]ging a guerrilla warfare with the police of Gwalior and the adjacent British territory. In the frequent encounters which took place the numbers of the dacoits have been steadily thinned, until a short time since they made a last stand, when a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place between them and the



CRUELTY IN INDIA.
(The Moveable Jail of Dacoits Captured by the British.)

Jhansi police, in which the latter were completely victorious and the remnants of the gang killed or taken prisoners.

Having heard that the dacoits had gone on a plundering expedition, the assistant superintendent of police and the district superintendent of police, accompanied by 25 native police, started in pursuit, and came up with them on the side of a hill, where they had taken a strong position under an overhanging rock which protected their rear, while in front of them and on either flank were high rocks, with an open plain beyond.

Finding it impossible, owing to the nature of the ground, to dislodge the dacoits from a distance, it was decided to rush their stronghold, and accordingly they were charged by a party of police from the front and another party from the rear of the position. Both officers charged home, but the native police lagged behind. Shots were exchanged at a few paces, and two of the dacoits were killed, one of them being Saleh Sahib, the leader of the gang.

In a second attack each officer was accompanied by one man, one of whom was killed and another wounded. Eventually the three remaining dacoits two of whom were wounded, laid down their arms and surrendered.

This illustration shows how they are kept in restraint with steel hobbles.

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Selected by the British War Office to Command the Forces on the Transvaal Border.

The fact that Gen. Sir Redvers Buller has left for South Africa is taken as evidence that the British believe war is certain. Gen. Buller, in the estimation of British military experts, is worthy to rank with Kitchener, Wolseley and Roberts. There is other work for each of the better-known men, and so Buller will have charge of the campaign. Gen.



SIR REDVERS BULLER.
(Commander in Chief of the British Forces in South Africa.)

Buller has served in eight campaigns in Asia and Africa, and won medals in six of these, receiving honorable mention in all. His experience in the Zulu war will be of value. On the retreat of Inhooband he rescued two officers and one private soldier whose horses had given out, and who would have been killed but for his assistance. During the Boer war of 1881 he was chief of staff to Sir Evelyn Wood. Gen. Buller is not popular with his men, for he is a martinet and unusually severe, but he is recognized as one of the bravest and ablest soldiers in Great Britain.

Pianos Try Her Nerves.

A funny story about Miss Marie Corelli comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novelist has been living opposite a young ladies' school. It appears that in this school are many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils has been excessively damaging to Miss Corelli's nerves. Driven to desperation, the New York Tribune says, she wrote to the principal of the school asking that when pianoforte practice was going forward the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interfered with the progress of literary composition. To which the schoolmistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like the "Sorrows of Satan" she would order a dozen more pianos.

Petroleum in Borneo.

The results of recent drillings in Borneo have caused many persons to think that Borneo will prove to be the richest petroleum field in the world.

What He Saw.

Mrs. Jones—You say you saw an illustrated copy of "Paradise Lost" today?

Mr. Jones—No; I said I saw an illustration of Paradise lost—I saw a fellow getting married.—Judge.

The Same, But Different.

Commuter—When I first went to live in the country I pronounced the name of my house "Oakhurst cottage."

Citiman—Well, how do you pronounce it now?

"O Curst cottage."—N. Y. World.

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