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1902 October 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 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.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown 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.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
DEWEESE & OWENS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY H LEWIS, TALN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

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

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
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E. M. BAKER,
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DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

You can find a man at Feed Store, corner Gay and Third streets, that can mend your harness.

No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

UNCLE HENRY ON LUCK.

Some people say there ain't no luck in
this world; they claim
It's wisdom and hard work and pluck
that bring folks wealth and fame;
I don't deny that there's a pile of truth
in what they say,
But still it makes me kind of smile to
hear 'em talk that way.

When Elder Johnson's oldest son, some
dozen years ago,
Got tired farmin' here and run away to
join a show,
It busted up, first thing he knew, and left
him stranded flat,
Not knowin' what the deuce to do, except pass 'round the hat—
And then a doctor took him up, in some
Kentucky town,
And he's a famous surgeon now and
saltin' money down.

There wa'n't no luck about that—no! No
luck at all, you bet—
But he'd be with the one-horse show,
if't hadn't busted yet;
And last week old Dave Simpson's dog,
while sort of snoopin' round,
Barked up a hollow, rotten log, and
what d'you s'pose they found?
Ten thousand dollars' worth of gold some
robber'd hid one day—
Of course 'twas all Dave's wisdom made
his dog take on that way.

One time in church, when Dick Shaw's
May got up to sing a tune,
A stranger that was there that day got
interested soon—
Just happened that he'd stayed because
he'd missed his train, you know—
But May's not workin' like she was in
them days, long ago;
The stranger took 'er off somewhere and
trained 'er voice somehow,
And she's his wife and lives in style, and
sings in op'ry now.

No, there's no such a thing as luck to
help a person through;
It's wisdom and hard work and pluck
makes folks do what they do—
I s'pose if I'd been born in some big
castle on a hill
They'd drove me out, for I'm so dumb,
and I'd be farmin' still.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

REVENGE BY TELEPHONE.

By John J. Armstrong.

"THE papers in 'Rex v. Grimes,'" said Johnson, my clerk, as he placed a bundle at my elbow. "Second cause in to-morrow's list."

"Oh, certainly," I said, looking up from the evening paper on my desk. "I shall stay here and digest them. The 'Monitor' seems to think the O'Leary couple got their just deserts?"

"So they did, sir," returned Johnson; "but, by Coke, you never gave the defense a ghost of a chance! Marshall was as weak as water after you'd finished. Not that he could have done much for 'em anyhow. It's a good riddance to a dangerous lot, say I." He paused, and a serious look crept over his spectacled face. "I don't want to pose as an alarmist," he said presently, "but if any man has made enemies who are to be feared to-day, you're that man. Until the other O'Leary is with his accomplices, I wouldn't like to be in your shoes."

Johnson was an old servant and held himself privileged accordingly. I laughed in his face. "You're getting quite an old woman," I cried. He shook his head in silent dissent. "Come here, you croaker. Open that drawer. There now, do you think I am able to take care of myself? Here, help yourself to a cigar and get off."

"Very good, sir," he said, as he shambled to the door. "If report speaks true of Tim O'Leary, I advise you to keep it loaded. Good night."

"Johnson's getting decidedly shaky," I soliloquized. "I suppose he's seen me in a hundred cases for the Crown, and yet he breaks out like this when a couple of assassins are put out of the way of working further mischief through my instrumentality. There's some mitigation when a frenzied creature flies out at another in hot blood at an apparent injury. But anarchists—cold-blooded, indiscriminate murderers. Pah! For them there should be no mercy."

My musings were suddenly interrupted by a Br-r-r-r-r from the telephone bell. Striding over to the instrument I took the receiver.

"Hallo! that you, Dick?" came the voice of Marshall. "You got the kudos, to-day, my learned brother, hang you! Never gave me a look-in. That gentle restraint usually assumed by the leader for the Crown was strikingly conspicuous by its absence. Quite a shock to me, I declare. You shouldn't outrage legal canons in that way, my boy, without due notice to the defense. Shall I see you at the club? What's that—busy! So'm I. You're against me in Grimes to-morrow, aren't you? Well, grind on, and do your best—you'll want it! I'll come and dig you out in an hour's time. So-long." Br-r-r-r-r.

I resumed my seat with a smile. Though professional duty frequently made 'Bully' Marshall and myself legal adversaries, in private life we were close-knit friends. Bully and myself were adepts at forensic hair-splitting. His ponderous style, which gave nervous witnesses into his hands was a direct contrast to my suave, trenchant manner. When he shot up with his "M'lud, I object" the legal gentlemen in the well would look up with amused faces in anticipation of a wordy duel. No man better than himself knew how to bolster up a weak case. No man was quicker to seize an opening. A master of legal artifice, he had hoodwinked many a jury by unadulterated bluff.

Engrossed in marshalling my heads, I scribbled on, when suddenly a shadow from behind me crept over the paper in my hands, and even as I slewed round, a strong arm was thrown round my neck, a cloth was pressed over my face, the biting fumes of chloroform assailed my consciousness, and I passed into a pleasant dream.

I came back to a knowledge of my surroundings to find myself gagged, and in a recumbent position on the floor. My arms had been trussed tightly behind my back and my legs were securely tied with a tough cord. My back was pressed against the bottom drawer in my heavy desk, and when I tried to move, I discovered that my body was fastened securely to it by a cord wound about its base. The knots cut into my flesh. My posture made struggling an utter impossibility.

Speechless and helpless, I gazed up bewilderedly at my assailant. He was enveloped in a black mackintosh, and my gaze lingered dazedly on the discoloured red lining inside the cape which was thrown over his shoulders. His sinister-looking face was distorted with a look of savage exultation as he noted my return to consciousness. The next instant an evil smile crept into his eyes—a horribly expressive smile that made my blood run cold, and left me eager for his speech.

Coolly annexing one of my cigars he lit it, and, stooping, puffed the smoke deliberately into my eyes.

"Good-evening, Richard Shenstone," he said quietly. "You're no doubt surprised to find yourself in your present constrained position. I regret the necessity, but do you the compliment of saying that with a slippery individual like yourself it is wise to take no risks. Richard Shenstone, I am come to kill you!"

He announced his purpose as coolly as if retailing an anecdote. For a brief second my heart seemed to cease its pulsation. The next instant in the throes of mortal terror, I was straining at my bonds like a frenzied madman. His burst of mocking laughter fired me with the strength of a giant, but it was in vain. The fellow had secured me but too well. Overcome with my strenuous efforts I collapsed, while the fiend urged me with horrible chucklings to persist.

"Good!" he cried. "I like to see a man die game! Now, listen to me, Richard Shenstone! This day, through your malignant eloquence, you sent two men to a living death. You would say that you were but an instrument—their fate was assured, whoever had pronounced the indictment. Probably so, my learned friend; but I was in court, and knew you were glorying in the task. Dog that you are, you gloated over your victims as if you enjoyed the sport of it! Fool, and worse than fool, to imagine that you could defy us with impunity. But enough of this. There is one O'Leary left to act as avenger of his brothers. This night I strike a blow which will vindicate the brotherhood in the eyes of their comrades the world over, and by the same act punish you as you deserve. A shade of tolerance—a little restraint—and you would have been spared."

He threw the half-smoked cigar into the grate and, springing to his feet, crossed behind me to the door. As he rose, I noticed that his boots were covered with galoshes, which accounted for his noiseless entry. In a moment he was before me again, a small black bag in his hand. With staring eyes I watched him as he passed over to the telephone and set the bag down very carefully on the floor.

Fumbling in his pocket he produced what appeared to me the striker of an alarm clock, which he proceeded, with deft fingers, to attach to the hammer of the telephone bell. I followed his every movement as a trapped animal watches its destroyer.

From his lips there issued the sound of suppressed laughter as he rose and surveyed his work. Measuring off a space directly above the bell he screwed into the telephone box a little hook. Immediately below he screwed another, and then he turned and bent to open the bag.

"No common-place end shall be yours," he snarled malevolently. "You shall admit the method of your annihilation has the merit of originality at least. And, more than that, it shall be contrived by the hand of one as innocent of intent to murder as any child. Now watch me closely, my friend, and learn how the hand of death will strike you."

He plunged his fingers into the bag and drew out a glass jar full of water, in which there appeared suspended an inner glass tube filled with some yellow liquid.

"If you are anything of a scientist," he said, drawing it slowly out, "you will know that this little tube requires very delicate handling. Nitro-glycerine, Shenstone? Do you recognize its appearance? The least shock to that fragile receptacle, and —" He elevated his eyebrows and smiled in my face significantly. "Now let me explain the modus operandi.

"You will observe here, let into the side of the tube, the necessary percussion-cap. You see, I attach the suspending wire to the hook—so, and this dependent wire to the other—so, which brings the little cap almost into contact with the extended hammer of the telephone bell. Now, my eloquent murderer, what do you imagine will happen when you are next rung up? Rung up! By heavens; that's the neatest touch of all!"

He laughed again—a hollow, mirthless laugh like that of a madman.

"Take it away, you fool!" I wanted to shriek. "Don't you see that at any moment someone may call up?" My eyes must have flashed the words my lips were powerless to utter, for of a sudden the fiend stooped, and, hitting me a stunning blow in the face, hissed:

"Curse you, you dog! Lie there, and think when you hear the door locked upon you that your remaining spell on this earth is in my hands. I will not do it too hastily. You shall have a few moments for reflection before you are launched into eternity. Oh, yes, it would be cruel to kill a man like you without allowing time for repentance. Ten minutes—or perhaps a little longer. Make the most of it, I beg. Think, amongst other things, of all the poor devils you have sent to perdition. A few short minutes, and then, the girl will ring you up. Ha! ha!"

He rose, a fiendish glare on his face, and sprang to the door. Unexpectedly his eye must have caught the electric switch, for the next second the room was plunged into darkness.

"A good idea," he snarled. "You shall wait for death in the dark—not knowing when it shall come upon you."

The door clicked behind him. I heard the key turn in the lock and withdrawn, and as the soft pad, pad of his footsteps died away along the corridor, I renewed my straining like a maniac. The cords tore into my flesh. The blood surged up in my head as if the veins that held it would burst. Knowing that every moment was vitally precious, I fought for my life with the desperate energy of despair, until, utterly exhausted, I collapsed and lay supine and impotent. The imminence of an awful death froze my blood. Merciful heaven! If I could only free one hand! If I could but scream! This utter helplessness was horrible.

The inexorable tick-ticking of the clock on the mantel maddened my brain. Suddenly it struck the half hour. The sound fired me from the coma of despair into which my unavailing efforts had plunged me to make another spasmodic effort; but it was useless. My constrained position neutralized my strength.

The infernal assassin had given me no chance. Ten minutes! Great heavens! Five must have flown already.

Great heaven! what was that—a footstep in the passage? My brain was surely fooling me! But no, it clanked nearer. Someone was rattling the handle of the door. "Hang the fellow, he's gone!" The voice—I knew it! It was Marshall—my friend Marshall—come before his time! Thinking me gone, he turned away.

Merciful Heaven, he must not go! With the frenzy of despair I beat a tattoo with my heel against the desk.

"That's queer; it's all dark!" Marshall cried. "Dick, old chap," he shouted, "are you there?"

For answer I kicked the wood energetically.

"By George," he muttered, "there's something wrong. I'm going to investigate."

In fancy I could see him as, planting his feet against the opposite wall, he applied his shoulder to the door, and with the purchase thus obtained thrust with all his mighty strength.

Would he succeed in forcing it? Again and again he tried, dashing himself against it, but in vain. Backing against the wall, he smashed at it with the flat of his heavy boot. The crash was followed by the sound of rending wood. It was yielding—it was yielding! Another mighty kick, and the hasp of the lock was torn bodily off, and the door flew open.

In an instant Marshall's fingers found the switch, and the room was flooded with light.

"Heaven and earth!" he cried, as he caught sight of my helpless figure. "What! deviltry is this?"

Springing across the room, he forced the gag from my jaws and commenced to hack the bonds from me. My mouth was parched, and, utterly unstrung for a few seconds, although our very lives hung on it, I could say no word. Then suddenly the reaction came, and I shrieked in mortal terror:

"Marshall, the tube!" He followed my gaze, and jumped to his feet. "Nitro-glycerine!" I yelled madly. "Unhook it, quick, but carefully, Marshall, for your life! Place it in that jar."

In one bound he was at the telephone. The next second he had unhooked the dependent wire, and had drawn the tube away from the hammer. And, as he held it in his fingers, before he could detach it from the hook at the top the call came. Br-r-r-r! rang out the bell. When it ceased I was howling with mad, irrational laughter.

Marshall coolly unhooked the tube, suspended it in the jar of water, and took the receiver in his hand.

"Hallo! who're you?" he yelled.

He waited a moment for the answer, but receiving none, with that never-failing presence of mind that distinguished him, in a trice he had rung up the exchange.

"Where did that call come from?" he demanded. "Good! Put me through to the Central police station. Hallo! is that you, Jacques? I'm Marshall. Tell Snelgrove to come to the instrument at once. O'Leary gang, I suppose?" he queried, turning to me. "I thought so! That you, Jim? Attempted anarchist outrage at my friend Shenstone's chambers. Tim O'Leary! Just left the Borough Road telephone call-office. If you're spry you'll nail him. Get Jacques to warn the railway lot. Right!"

Marshall's promptitude in warning the officials afforded them the opportunity to take my dastardly assailant in the very act of boarding an outgoing train. I had the gratification of identifying him the next morning, and later on of seeing him meet with his just deserts.—London Answers.

Before and After.

"You don't mind my talking so much, do you?" she asked.

"No, indeed; but," he said, facetiously, "I may mind after we are married."

"But I shan't mind then if you do," she answered.—Tit-Bits.

Engagement Off.

"So the engagement's off?"

"Yes; she advised him to practice economy, and he started in by getting her an imitation diamond."—Detroit Free Press.

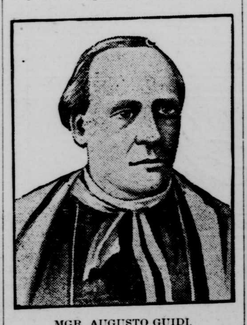
MGR. AUGUSTO GUIDI.

Auditor and Confidential Adviser to the Pope Sent to Manila as Apostolic Delegate.

Mgr. Augusto Guidi, auditor to the pope and confidential adviser to his holiness, has been appointed apostolic delegate at Manila.

The act of Leo XIII. in sending his confidential adviser to Manila to continue the negotiations for the removal of the friars and the purchase of their lands is considered as indicating the pope's personal interest in the settlement of the controversy with the United States.

Mgr. Guidi, archbishop of Nicea, is 66 years of age and Roman by birth.



MGR. AUGUSTO GUIDI.
(Pope Will Send Him to Manila as Apostolic Delegate.)

He has vast influence in Roman circles by reason of his position as auditor to the pope. He has access to the holy father whenever he wishes it, and lives in the vatican palace in apartments adjoining those of Leo XIII. He is the confidential adviser of the pope, the latter never undertaking any important matter without consulting him.

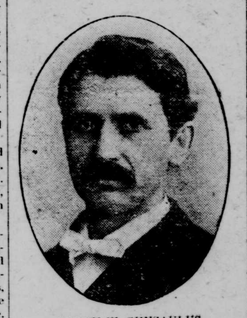
The papal auditor is almost invariably made a cardinal and is usually named in pectore, so that in case the pope should die suddenly the promotion would follow just as though he had lived. When a cardinal is named in pectore his name is written on a slip of paper, which is deposited in a chalice kept for the purpose in the pontifical chapel. At some future time of the pope who named him or after his death, the slip is taken from the chalice and the cardinal announced or proclaimed.

There are many who think that Mgr. Guidi has already been named cardinal in pectore and that he will be proclaimed at the next consistory.

MAY GO TO LONDON.

Dr. Gunsaulus, the Noted Chicago Preacher, Thinks of Accepting Call from City Temple.

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Central church and president of Armour institute at Chicago, may accept a London (England) pastorate in one of the most important nonconformist churches in the British capital. According to word cabled from London, the church is believed to be the famous Congregational City temple, founded and presided over by Dr. Parker, who is now aged and seeking a rest. Dr. Gunsaulus filled this pulpit last Sunday, and preached to a great audience on "The Cardinal Points of Anglo-Saxon Civilization." The call to London would include an offer of the control of some institution such as Armour institute. Regarding the prospective call Dr. Gunsaulus has consulted some of his friends now in London. Speaking of the probable change, Dr. Gunsaulus said to the London correspondents that the opportunities in London for a system of philanthropic technical education are astonishing, and that he believed men could be found to furnish the funds for endowing a great school. He added that such opportunities were tempting to him. The City Temple church stands at Holborn viaduct, in the heart of London, and, next to Spurgeon's church, is the greatest nonconformist church in the capital. It was established in 1869, and its membership extends throughout the world.



FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.
(Chicago Preacher Who Is Considering a Call to London.)

Has to Pay His Own Bills.

A few days ago Senator Clark, the Montana multi-millionaire, went into a Butte barber shop for a haircut and a shave. When he asked the price at the end of the service the barber replied: "Your son, Charley usually gives me five dollars." The senator quietly asked the regular fee, and when told it was 50 cents, handed out a half-dollar and went his way, with the remark to the barber: "My son Charley has a rich father, and I have not!"

Important.

I never go to sleep at night
But this thought gives me pain:
How can the old world get along
Until I wake again?

A Good Listener.

Mr. Jumper—You seem to like to talk to Whilks.

Mr. Jimps—Yes; he never reads the papers, and everything you tell him is news.—Detroit Free Pres.

No Danger.

"Do you have trouble with your cooks boiling the coffee too long?"

"Goodness, no! They don't stay long enough for that."—Puck.

THE WIND.

It danced o'er the lush green meadows,
It followed the winding stream,
Then stopped to rest in the willows,
Where yellow birds nest and dream.
It searched in the dusky hollow
For the vanished flowers of spring;
And swung with its unseen fingers,
The twisted old grape-vine swing.

It wandered o'er fields of clover,
And sung with the honey bees.
It ruffled the bright blue bonnets
Of the violets, 'neath the trees.
It fell asleep in the shadows,
In the long, sweet hour of noon,
When blazed the sun in the heavens,
And the earth lay in a swoon.

It rushed with the happy children,
In their merry games at school,
And whispered of out-door pleasures,
As they conned some tiresome rule.
It moaned down the blackened chimneys,
With a cry of woe and pain,
And strayed on the storm-drenched hilltops,
With the spirit of the rain.

It beat the time for the crickets,
As they piped the same old strain,
And walked with the happy lovers,
Down the curves of wild-rose lane.
It braided of bloom and fragrance
A snare for lottering feet,
And whispered in ears so willing,
The story so old and sweet.
—Adelia Washer, in Ladies World, New York.

Where the Apple Reddens

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

HER hair was windblown; her hat, turned down and shading her bright face, was of white calico and belonged properly to a young brother. Her pink cotton dress had paid repeated visits to the wash tub, and, to the critical eye, was nearing the period when yet another tubbing would be advisable. She would have said she was horribly untidy—not fit to be seen; in fact, she said it.

He considered, and rightly, that she was so exceptionally blessed as to look delicious in anything, and he wisely put that also into words.

"That's prettily said," she laughed. "No—don't go on. I am not such a hoyden but that I know the correct and only answer. I only like"—she plodded her mouth to pensiveness—"compliments that might be true."

"Mine all are when addressed to you," he hastily declared.

"Then they are more like bare statements of facts than compliments, aren't they?" she smiled up at him, "and not specially to your credit."

"Greatly to yours," he insisted, "since your charms leave no margin for embellishment."

"O, that is sweetly said!" she cried. "Don't, please, say any more, for you cannot better that!"

"But I can't stand mum," he objected.

"You can sit in silence, though."

"What do you mean?"

"Last night at dinner, at your lady love's side. I was watching you—being opposite and with no one but a brother to speak to myself, I could not help it. And you neither of you spoke—at any rate, you didn't. So you see what you can do if you try."

"It was she—who had been trying," he said, in mournfulness.

"Had she? Poor you—she looks a little like that." She pulled herself up with a pretty affectation of alarm. "What am I saying. O, I beg your pardon! She looks as nice as can be—she can be. It was you who looked put out."

"I had reason to look it."

"No doubt—I mean she must have had some reason for letting you look it."

"She could not help——"

"Poor thing—so weak? I mean, bound to such a tyrant."

"I give her her own way in everything."

She dashed round on him with her most provoking smile.

"How horrible tame of you!" she said. "No wonder she has lost interest in her—your looks!"

"After all," he said, "I didn't follow you out here to talk of her."

"Well, then, suggest a topic—I'm only waiting."

While she still waited she looked up at the laden apple tree under which they stood. She seemed to be selecting, with the eye of a connoisseur, but it may have been the blue and white patches of cloud-flecked sky seen through the branches which held her attention. He gazed at her. He had been so gazing every available moment during the brief week he had known her, and always with the same sense of pleasure in the picture she made. It was true she was only the half educated, untidy, pleasure-loving daughter (the adjectives had been supplied for him) of the improvident, comfortable farmhouse where he and his mother and the girl he was engaged to were staying as paying guests, but he saw no reason in this why he should not admire her for the qualities he did not need to have supplied for him.

"I came out meaning to say a hundred things to you," he said at last, "and I cannot think of one."

"I came out meaning to pick—well, several, not hundreds quite, of apples," said she, "and I can't reach one."

"There is something I might do for you," he said, seizing his opportunity, or trying to seize it. For, try as he would, neither could he reach an apple.

"I tell you what—that lowest branch there; it has four beauties on it. If you were to——." She looked up at him, smiled, looked down again, pensively up at the coveted branch, with a sidelong glance like a flash at him, and then down once more. But she did not conclude her sentence.

"If you would let me—if you'd only let me lift you up," he said, suddenly inspired, "you could reach them yourself, couldn't you?"

"Ah! That would do it, wouldn't it? And I want them so!"

"Then I may?"

"Certainly not! I'd rather go without the apples!"

"I am much stronger," he said. "How it I seized you against your will?"

"Why, I couldn't help that, could I?" she asked. And the thing was done in less time than it takes to tell it.

But she had only picked one apple, the nearest, when his lady love's voice came to them through the trees, calling him by name. And there was a sharp note in her voice (like the taste of an unripe apple) which told them what she saw.

"If you put me down before I've picked the four I'll never forgive you," said the lady of the apples; so he held her till she had them all, though the task was robbed of a full half of the delights he had anticipated.

"Now," she said, when she was on her feet again, "go quickly. O, poor you!"

"She'll cast me off," he said.

"I should—if I were she!"

And then he turned in haste.

"But if she does, come back to me!" she called after him.

"Well—and what? Be quick!"

"And I'll give you a bite of an apple—if there's any left!" she laughed.

The girl he was engaged to had seen it all, and forthwith renounced her right to that connection. She seemed to have seen even more than all, considering what it amounted to when she went over it in the woods. Low tastes and the society of the ill bred, she told him, would be his ruin. Then she tossed him over to ruin, declaring she would have none of him.

"You are free," she said (by no means for the first time), "and I know exactly how you will use your freedom."

"I hope you'll have the opportunity of using yours as well," he said, stung into retort at last.

"I might have known!" she cried. "O, what have I been saved! Every fresh face——."

"So few faces are fresh," he said; and that was really unkind, for she had a sallow complexion.

"I am not going to argue it any more," she declared, having herself talked the subject bare. "Go!"

And he went. But he was a gentleman, and previous to going he had tried his best to soothe her annoyance, even to frankly owning that—from her point of view—she had cause for it. He had tried to close his ears to the echoing voice, his words to the laughing face, of the girl he had left under the apple trees. He did all he could to shut out the sweet, sudden vision of freedom, or release from a captivity which had always irked him. It was not his fault in the present that his past faults were accounted unpardonable. He only went when he was certain that he was powerless to rerivet his chains.

He was not a poetical young man, but some verses the lady who had relinquished him was fond of quoting came to him as he wandered back to where the cause of the mischief (so he devoutly hoped) still awaited him. He waited, on his part, until he was quite certain that she was there, until he stood in front of her, and then he repeated a verse out loud:

"Where the apple reddens, never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I."

"So she has sent you adrift?" said the girl seated under the apple tree. "But Eve's all right!"

He flung himself beside her.

"'Eve's all right,'" he echoed. "God bless her! You haven't finished the apples?"

"No, you're just in time. Here's a whole one left." And she passed it to him. "That's the prettiest side," she said, pointing; "you may bite it there."

"Really?"

"It seems a ceremony befitting the occasion," she said.

"There," he said, as he handed the bitten apple back to her. "But I knew what was good for me the moment I saw it, before I ate of the fruit."

"You are keeping closely to the original," she said.

"'Eve is all right,'" he repeated. "Dear, I love you! Am I?"

He bent towards her. They were so close under the shelter of the old apple tree that she could hear his heart beat, he could hear hers.

Her cheeks were redder than the apples, and there was a strange, new note in her clear voice. "Wait," she said; "I thought I could deceive you, but I can't. I saw her there before I let you—seize me."

He did not speak.

"I know she does not love you; she almost said so. She said things about you to me she never could have said if she truly loved you. I believe she loves some one else better. I must not tell you why I think it, but I do."

Still he did not speak.

"I knew—I felt sure—that you did not properly love her."

She waited a moment. "Can you forgive me?" she said, softly.

"If love prompted you?"

"I suppose that was it," she admitted. "Love and apples."—Chicago Tribune.

Hit Over the Heart.

Bess—Wasn't that awful about Stella?

Nell—I haven't heard anything.

"You haven't! Why, she eloped with a prize fighter."

"Poor girl! She certainly must have been hard hit."—Philadelphia Record.

A Sure Way.

"Is it love?" asked the doubter. "I rave about her hair, her eyes; I seek her out on all occasions; I am content to hold her hand for hours at a time; I find a heretofore unknown rapture in her smiles and kisses; but is it really love?"

"I should judge," replied his prosaic friend, "that it ought to be."

"Ah, but is it?"

"Well, I can tell you how to find out."

"How?"

"Marry her."—Chicago Post.

Real Egotism.

Gyer—It's a fortunate thing for the inhabitants of this terrestrial ball that they are not treated nowadays as Ananias was for lying.

Myer—What would be the result if such were the case?

Gyer—Why, there wouldn't be a living soul on earth but you and and—

Myer—And what?

Gyers—And you would be paralyzed.—Chicago Daily News.

Good Thing.

"Did you say that hair restorer is a good thing?" asked the patron.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

For women Scott's Emulsion does this and more. It is a most sustaining food and tonic for the special trials that women have to bear.

To children Scott's Emulsion gives food and strength for growth of flesh and bone and blood. For pale girls, for thin and sickly boys Scott's Emulsion is a great help.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

"Yes," answered the barber, with some slight hesitation; "it's a good thing. We sell several bottles a week."

"But how do you know it's a good thing?"

"Because the profit on every bottle is 75 cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Strange Influence.

"Music exercises a wonderful influence," said the young woman who plays the piano.

"It does," answered Mrs. Corntossel. "Ever since one of our summer boarders sang 'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' years ago, my husband has refused to chop a stick of firewood."—Washington Star.

Faint Heart.

"I can never marry you," said the beautiful blonde.

"But," pleaded the wealthy old man, "won't you make my life happy for the short years I will be here? I am troubled with a weak and faint heart."

"In that case I accept you."

And yet they say faint heart never won fair lady.—Chicago Daily News.

Unappreciated Sermon.

Wife—I think it was awfully mean of the minister to preach against woman's extravagance in dress.

Husband—I don't see why that should trouble you. The gown you had on was plain.

Wife—that's no reason why he should call everybody's attention to it.—N. Y. Journal.

Chewed Food Fine.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing.

"You dear, good, obedient dolly. I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ornithology.

Roderick—Your wife used to say you were a bird before the wedding. Any change now?

Van Albert—Well, I guess she thought I was a jay then, but from the quality of cooking she gives me now, she must think I'm an ostrich.—Chicago Daily News.

Like Man.

He wrote her a letter that told her
He loved her with passion divine,
And in it, with fervent entreaty,
He said: "Will you, dearest, be mine?"
He waited in vain for an answer,
The weeks went despairingly by,
And still, to his sorrow and anguish,
He never received a reply.
"A false-hearted creature" he thought her.
"Alas, she's as fickle as fair!"
Then one morning he felt in his pocket
And found that the letter was there.
—Brooklyn Life.

DISAPPOINTED.

The Lady—Did anyone call while I was out?

The Maid—No, ma'am.

"That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.

Reduced Rates to Butte, Mont.

On account of the meeting of the International Mining Congress, at Butte, Mont., September 1 to 5, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Butte and return, on August 16, 20, 21, 26 and 27, good to return to original starting point not later than September 30, at reduced rates. For specific rates, stop-over privileges, etc., consult nearest ticket agent.

The EGGS which some coffee roasters use to glaze their coffee with—would you eat that kind of eggs? Then why drink them?

Lion Coffee

has no coating of storage eggs, glue, etc. It's coffee—pure, unadulterated, fresh, strong and of delightful flavor and aroma.

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