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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.

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.

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

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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

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

FRED. R. OWENS,
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A WINNER
SO IT IS SAID

And we are trying to win you by fair dealing.

WE are now snugly fixed in the building formerly occupied by Wm. E Greenly, prettry well loaded up with all good things such as are useful in all families. It is useless to enumerate them, instead, we invite you to call and see.

CHECK SYSTEM

Then we are using the Check System with all who deal for cash, which entitles them to something of value in their family. Come and learn of this.

Full line of Groceries, sold as low as any can sell them. Finest line of Confectionery in the county either at wholesale or retail prices.

We call attention of merchants to the fact that we sell them as low as they can buy in the city, and save them freight; think of this. Finest line of Canned Goods you can select from.

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BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN at market prices. Very truly,

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We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4.25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be exelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

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Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

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For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTERS & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

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DENTON, MD.

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Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

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"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

COMPENSATION.

Oh! were I blind, I still should know
The splendid sun were shining;
His warmth would, through the unseen glow,
Fill eyes for vision pining.

And were I deaf, I still should feel
Elysian music round me;
In soundless ears would yet be real
The thrill that once had found me.

So, were I dumb, 'twould matter not
That words could ne'er be spoken;
For soul to soul can voice its thought
Though silence be unbroken.
—Clay MacCauley, in N. Y. Independent.

A Man of Mystery.

BY JOSEPH REYNOLDS.

GYP, maybe because of her opportunities, was the only one to suspect tragedy breathing behind the curtain. None of the ever-changing occupants of Archer's tenement had time to pose as the students of the psychological. There was a ripple of dull excitement as the dark, set-lipped young man from nowhere, carrying a small trunk and a puzzling air of refinement, was seen going consciously up the common staircase; but it fizzed out the first time he was heard to drop his voice when the landlord's agent called. Down on his luck, asking for a few days' grace, a sympathetic chord was struck at once. After that only one person troubled about him and his fugitive ways, and that was Gyp, the delicate, deformed girl in the lowest room, who was paid to keep the stair and landings respectable, and who was at the beck and call of anyone in the tenement wanting an odd job done cheaply.

He had the sky parlor, so high up that the invalid who rented it before him had been known to pause for breath on the staircase 20 times. Gyp, with the keen intelligence of her kind, was bound to note what a farcical amount of furniture had been carried up, and how solemn the scent of cooking found its way through the door chinks. She knew his name must be Frank Meredith, because letters—a rarity in the tenement—came frequently for him. They were mostly in long envelopes, and once or twice, when she carried them up, she had been struck by the twitch of his lips as he took them and hastily closed his door again. Strangest of all, he was a man who could live without work and without friends. Regularly, at dusk, he went out for about an hour; for the rest of the day he followed the lead of the invalid and sat alone in the quiet room. Doing what? Heaven alone had an inkling. Twice a week she washed the staircase down; and she often paused over that top landing and wrung out her flannel half a dozen times unnecessarily, in hopes of hearing something. Once he had opened his door softly and caught her at it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he whispered. [Fancy that language!] "I wondered what the scrubbing noise was."

Gyp didn't scrub that bit again. Finally her feelings took the form of a vast wonder and pity; because, with her woman's intuition, she divined many little things that only a woman would notice. He was not mad; he was not a criminal in hiding—his face told that. He could only be a man with a mystery.

One night she saw him step sharply out as usual. As it happened, she was just about to run on one of her own furtive errands. Gyp had no notion of weighing impulses. She followed him at a little distance. He put two or three long envelopes carefully into the pillar box and then vanished through a doorway. It was a branch of the public library, and no place for Gyp. There were two hushed rooms. She ventured uncertainly in. Ostensibly engrossed by a medical directory, she watched through the glass partition. He had turned to a certain corner of a newspaper and was staring as if fascinated. Just as he made to tear himself away the lights blazed up disconcertingly. Both noticed something—she that he was two shades whiter than usual, and he that she had been watching him. He flicked back the sheets and walked out, with a pink spot on either cheek. Again the impulse was open to criticism, but a minute or so later she found herself scanning that printed corner. Her lips began to work—as they always did when she read. There it was—something that helped to solve the mystery, and at the same time thickened it:

"If Frank Meredith will only communicate with known addresses he will learn that bygones are bygones in the fullest sense. Ethel heart-broken."

That next morning, as she set her pail steadily down on the top landing, his door clicked; he looked out. It made her jump. She had been picturing the face of "Ethel" in her soapsuds, and her lip curled.

"I hope as you didn't think ——"

[illegible] and stopped, glowing with strange confusion. Ten to one he had forgotten all about it.

"What's that?" he asked, absently.

In her trepidation she slopped the water all around his feet. She was used to men who would have nailed down her clumsiness with an oath; but this one only stepped back.

"I was going to say all along," she stammered, "if you'd like your room just swept out I could do it all under one. It's no trouble, and—and it must want it."

"Under one? You're kind," he said. "I don't know—perhaps it does. Did you mean now?"

"Just as you like. I mean it's no trouble," she repeated.

He threw back the door. She studiously avoided looking pointedly round, but she could not help seeing something that brushed away another slice of the mystery—a table in the corner by the window covered with writing paper. That's what he did then, wrote all day long. He had no carpet down; in five minutes her small broom had lightly flicked round the walls; in five more her long one had gathered up the worst of the dust and flue. He waited on the landing outside. As she brushed the heap past him he held out two coins that had grown hot in his hand. He knew that she often thoroughly cleaned a room for fourpence.

"What's that for?" she whispered, sharply—a girl who seldom saw occasion to whisper. "Put it back, or I won't ask to do it again. You know better!"

"I know you're kind," he said again, past a throat lump. "These—these rooms soon get dirty."

They do, in six or seven weeks. He went in; the dust had subsided. She knelt there, wringing her flannel, and picturing him at the table in the corner. No, she should never dare to offer to cook him a meal. It seemed the most ridiculous thing in the world that day, but somehow, her heart was beating faster under the blouse, that suddenly seemed too shabby for the daylight, at the thought that she had "done him that morsel o' good." He was one of the men who painfully need some one to look after them, and, in the nature of things, that some one could only be a woman. It was all well to have "broken hearts." Busy fingers are the things a helpless man needs.

And after that—after that Gyp, supremely unconscious of her own tact, found regular opportunities of doing him that little service. No one knew; and if he could never seem to find his voice in thanks he seemed to know that any mention of payment would bring the blood surging to her cheeks. Just as you may find a faultless kernel in a fool of a husk, so you may have the heart of a true woman beneath an impossible bodice. Gyp did it for the love of the thing. If any one had suggested that she did it for love of the man Gyp might have found herself unable to answer.

The lower door of the tenement generally stood open. One day, at an hour when most of the occupants were out, Gyp saw a tall, aristocratic old gentleman, with white hair fringing his silk hat, staring incredulously in.

"Does—does my son lodge here? I mean, a Mr. Meredith?" he asked, keeping back some emotion.

"There's one right at the top," she said, eyeing him doubtfully. "Yes, I think he's in. I'll—I'll show you."

They went up. She pointed and then retreated to the next landing. Not for her life could she help listening. She heard a husky "Frank!" and then a dull bound, as if the man in there had leaped consulsively from his writing table. And then——

"What! I asked you not to try and find me. I told you——"

"My boy! I've searched all New York for you. You—here, in this den! Frank, you know I never meant half of what I said!"

"But you said it. I was a good-for-nothing—I could go. I simply took you at your word. Perhaps, when I can show you that I'm not so worthless, I'll think of coming back. Not before! You musn't come here. You need not worry. I can eke out a living by writing, and I'm in hopes——"

"But, my boy, it's impossible—it's starvation! Look at you now! People are saying I let you go to your ruin!"

"To just the reverse, it may be. Dad, if I have your obstinate, hasty spirit, that is hardly my fault. I've had to swallow the lump; I'm quite comfortable here, whatever the place is. No, you had better not come inside. You'll go back and say I'm mad, I'm not. I'll tell you this much: I"—his voice trembled here—"I've been writing a book—a novel. I'm in hopes it may be the beginning of an end. If it comes back—if it fails—then I'll realize that I've made the mistake of my life; and I may make another. But it won't. I can't talk about it—you'd never understand. You'll know soon."

"My boy, you know it will come back—you know what things are! You're an unknown. Publishers play upon names nowadays; they're bound to. You know well I—why, I'd have paid for it to be printed and let you have your fair chance. You'd be certain then of getting a hearing. I don't wish to thwart your ideas, but—let me pay that!"

A pause, as if he were struggling against the sharpest temptation that ever came to a man clutching the lowest rung of that slippery ladder. Then an amazing answer.

"No! No, sir! A month ago I might have thought twice of that; but now—now I feel that I want my book to stand upon its merits. You don't know what a book becomes to its author. Heaven knows I had to realize it was all or nothing with me! I want to make my own way in the world."

"Then, my boy, if you won't consider me, think of that poor girl with her breaking heart. You left her without a word, after you had won her affection. Think of her!"

"I do," he said, brokenly. "I think of her every moment I live. I would never let it be said that I married her for her money. I wrote to her—I gave up all thoughts of it. She knows—she knows that if ever I make a name for myself—— Don't—don't dare to tell her where I am. If you do——"

His door banged on a sob. The old gentleman stood for a minute as if stupefied, and then groped back down the eternal stairs. He did not seem to see the shabby girl who shivered back on the second landing, and Gyp's own staring eyes merely focused a strange mist.

Gyp knew all now; knew in her crude way that that book had come to seem a matter of life and death to the man. The words he had dropped, the way he came out and listened when the postman knocked, the gray fear on his face, that vanished as she came up with only a long envelope. And here—here she was, carrying the parcel up the endless stairs, with a numbed sensation. It had come back to him. She had taken it from the carrier's hand. The publisher's printed address was on it. She had only to lay it down beside his door, tap once, and creep down again as fast as possible. How right down silly of her!

She was nearly up to his landing. She had paused. "If—if a parcel comes," he had said a dozen times, "you might let me have it at once." She had paused, she knew not why. The silence of his room awed her. Into her head came that queer recollection of the man down the street—the man who, out of work and desperate, had swallowed a dime's worth of carbolic acid. And she heard a rustle—a soft, silken, slow rustle on the stairs behind, as if some great lady were feeling her way up. Gyp looked and looked. A sweet oval face framed in fur, came above the landing, the dark, velvet eyes in it were looking beseechingly, fearfully, up into hers. And Gyp knew what had happened. It was the woman—the woman whose heart was his, the woman who had come to find and take him away. And Gyp's red hands clutched the parcel in a spasm of jealousy.

"Mr. Meredith? They told me he——" The whisper broke off.

"Yes, I know you. He's here," Gyp breathed back. "That's his room, up there. And this—here's his book, come back as it went. Will you take it?"

A pause. His door had opened! He knew nothing of the tragedy breathing outside, of the two women who looked into each other's eyes. He never knew, and never would know, of the last whisper.

"His—his book! And he does not know? O, thank you! Bless you for telling me! Give it to me—his book! I came to the minute. It—it was to be. I waited till I dared wait no longer! Not a word. He need not know now. God-by, good-by!"

She had taken the precious parcel close against the furs of her breast, and was gone.

Just a week later, when Gyp knelt wearily down to wash the top stairs, the man's door opened. In the man's eyes was a wild light, in his hand that morning's letter. For one of the most wonderful things in life had happened. And it seemed so natural that it should happen!

"Gyp," he said, "I knew you'd be glad—I know you will. They've taken my book. You shall have a copy. I shall be going soon. They might call or send. I could hardly let them know this address. You've been kind—ah, but you have! I wanted—I meant all along to give you a little present. You must—you must; you have been so thoughtful."

It was an envelope with a gold piece inside. He went hurriedly down the stairs. For him a new life had begun. He was treading a golden, dancing path, with a woman's sweet oval face at the far end of it. His book had been taken! He could not be expected to know of the huddled, dreary figure on the top of the landing there; of the red, twitching hands that covered a face. He had given her an eagle. Women like Gyp have no hearts to break.—Chicago Tribune.

ALL IN A NAME.

The Famous Wife Thought the "Profession" of the Frenchman Evidently a Splendid One.

During the summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife, says the Brooklyn Citizen.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied, and, taking the pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?"

"Oh, put it down 'land owner,'" he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academician,'" was his answer.

These words seemed to puzzle her, and therefore he asked with a smile, "Don't you know what an academician is?"

"No, not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the profession must be a splendid one."

Knew Where the Whip Came From.

Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence.

The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient, and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere to be found.

Just then there came a ring at the bell. It was the saddler, whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon and laid it on the floor and ran off quickly."—N. Y. Tribune.

Three Inches of Land Sold.

The smallest real estate deal ever consummated in Minneapolis, Minn., was effected the other day when the owners of the Donaldson Glass block purchased of F. H. Peterson a strip of land three inches wide by 120 feet long. The price paid was $500. The transaction is also unique in that it took several months of negotiation and the attention of several lawyers to perfect it.

TRUE LOVE.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest noblest part;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb;
You bind the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the nature of a god.
—Boston Watchman.

His First Sermon in Morning Dew

YOUNG ministers, like young schoolmasters, often make their first public efforts with fear and trembling. When the youthful "theologue" receives his first "call," and sets off to preach his trial sermon among strangers in a distant town, he is sometimes a very anxious and lonely youth. The annals of the clerical profession contain amusing accounts of the various trying circumstances under which such sermons have been delivered.

In the west, in mining-camp days, itinerant clergymen sometimes addressed crowds in queer places and in unconventional garments. It is safe to say, however, that no clergyman, young or old, ever began his pulpit career in such strange attire as did a classmate of mine at Bloomingvale seminary, who had accepted a call to go to Morning Dew, Mont. For he preached his first sermon there in a coat of tar and feathers!

It came about in this way. And I may add here that Marvin—that was my classmate's name—afterward became one of the most popular and most respected ministers in the west. Moreover, he was made a doctor of divinity and a bishop, honors to which few men attain there, under the itinerant system, unless possessed of sterling character. The events of my story occurred 27 years ago, when Marvin was not quite 22 years of age.

At that time he lacked a full term of his ordination, in the usual course, but the bishop and professors got over the difficulty, as is sometimes the case, on the ground of expediency. Marvin, himself the son of an itinerant minister, had been earnestly asked to go to Morning Dew by a venerable itinerant, who had been laboring hard to improve the miners there and at Sink-or-Swim, another embryo "city" on the other side of the "butte," three or four miles distant.

"Like sire like son," the veteran preacher wrote. "I knew your father well. He was an earnest, fearless soul, and I hear that you are like him. If so, the Lord needs you here, and needs you greatly."

Marvin read this appeal, consulted with his instructors, and wrote to say that, God willing, he would preach in Morning Dew on the following Sunday, five days later.

He set off on the following day, and reached Sink-or-Swim late on Saturday afternoon. The old minister, Mr. Hendricks, received him with enthusiasm, and after supper sat down to tell him the kind of an audience to which he would have to preach on the next day.

"By the way," he added, "you will have to preach in a saloon. They have no meeting-house yet."

The evening was bright, and before retiring Marvin went out for a walk through Sink-or-Swim, to think over his sermon and to rearrange some points in it, in order to meet suggestions made by his venerable friend and mentor.

There was nearly a full moon, and he proceeded along the road leading to Morning Dew. Presently he met a man on horseback, riding at a mad gallop; and he had gone on for no more than half a mile when the same man passed him, riding back toward Morning Dew, accompanied by eight or ten others, apparently recruited at Sink-or-Swim. They were in furious haste; and as Marvin strolled on he began to hear distant shouts, and soon after saw the gleam of a fire in the direction of the scene of his prospective pastorate.

Curiosity led him to hasten that way, and as he drew near he found that the whole "city" was astir. The fire, however, proved but a bonfire in the street, made of the debris of some rude dwelling which the mob had demolished. Over the embers the energetic citizens were heating a kettle, containing a dark liquid which diffused the odor of tar.

The intent of the crowd was soon disclosed. "Haul him out here!" shouted a burly fellow, who appeared to be the master of ceremonies; and immediately a trembling, imploring wretch, who had lost most of his clothes, was dragged forth into the street.

"Who's got a feather pillow?" cried a hoarse voice. "Fetch it out and rip it open!"

These picturesque exclamations made the purpose of the proceedings so apparent that Marvin, in his character of moral guardian to the place, felt called upon to say something. He spoke from impulse. There was little time for reflection. The first ladleful of hot tar was already being applied to the luckless victim.

"For common decency's sake, don't do that!" exclaimed the young clergyman, pushing resolutely forward. "Don't treat a fellow-man in that disgusting way! It is inhuman!"

"What's that?" shouted the leader of the mob. "Who are you?"

"No matter who I am!" cried Marvin. "I protest against such abuse of a fellow being! I protest against it in the name of humanity!"

A roar of hoarse laughter and oaths interrupted him. "A tenderfoot! A tenderfoot!" was the cry. "Give him an introduction to Morning Dew! Give him a dose out of the same bottle!"

Before my impulsive classmate had time even to realize his danger or to make himself known, a dozen rough fellows tore off his outer clothing and splashed him from chin to heels with the overwarm tar. Others showered feathers on him with equal celerity. Within a minute from the time my classmate had opened his mouth in protest he was tarred and feathered!

Realizing that remonstrance was vain, he shut his mouth resolutely and said not a word.

Meanwhile Marvin's unhappy companion in misfortune had been served with an equally close-fitting coat. The flagstaff in front of a saloon was pulled down for a pole. Their tormentors placed both sufferers roughly astride it; and in less than five minutes after Marvin had entered Morning Dew, pondering his sermon for the morrow, he was riding out of it on a rail, in a coat of tar and feathers, at a very unpleasant rate of speed, having as a traveling companion a gentleman of doubtful antecedants whom he had never met before.

A mile down the road toward Sink-or-Swim the unhappy pair were dismounted unceremoniously, and left with an order to "git."

In sorry plight Marvin proceeded to Mr. Hendricks' house and knocked at the door.

"I have met some of my parishioners," he explained, when the old minister appeared to let him in, "and they have presented me with a new suit of clothes."

Mr. Hendricks was dumfounded at first, but when Marvin related the circumstances he smiled grimly.

"Keep your grit!" he exclaimed, at last. "I know these folks. Don't try to get a feather of that off. I'll give you a bundle of hay to sleep on; and in the morning I'll go up there with you, and you'll preach at Morning Dew, according to promise, in the coat they've given you. They can't complain of that!"

Marvin, who was not lacking in resolution, saw with approval the point that was to be made. But he passed anything but a comfortable night. After breakfast he accompanied Mr. Hendricks on foot to Morning Dew. The latter had announced the new minister and made the arrangements for his sermon several days before. A small platform had been made at the rear end of the vacant saloon, and two chairs and a table placed on it.

Marvin had put on a long waterproof coat which, when buttoned to his chin, effectually concealed the tar and feathers. He entered the saloon with Mr. Hendricks, and they sat down on the platform. A hand-bell was then rung, and immediately the place filled with miners and other citizens. It was a typical frontier crowd. Mr. Hendricks, who was well known to them all, began the services in the usual manner and then introduced the new minister.

"I take pleasure in presenting him to you," he continued, "because I know that he is the right man to come here. Before beginning his discourse, however," the old minister added, grimly, "he desires me to apologize for the coat in which he is obliged to appear. While coming into the place last evening he fell in with some of the citizens here, who took his clothes away from him and dressed him in another suit which he has not yet had time to take off. But he would not allow a thing of that kind to prevent him from keeping his word to preach here, as I promised you."

Thereupon Marvin took off his waterproof and advancing to the table entered upon his sermon, which was from the text: "I come not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

When he first arose there was a prodigious sensation in the audience. The miners exchanged strange glances with each other. Most of them had been present on the previous evening. It dawned on hem immediately that they had tarred and feathered their new minister by mistake!

They had time to think it over during the sermon; and when Marvin finished the rough fellows hurriedly chose two committees of five each to wait on him—not to talk, but to act. The spokesman of the first committee invited him to accompany them to a small smelter. It would appear that in Morning Dew they had had experience in removing coats of tar and feathers, as well as in bestowing them.

The temperature in the smelter was raised to about 200 degrees Fahrenheit. Marvin was then urged to enter it, along with two of the committee, who, at that high temperature, succeeded in removing not only the feathers, but most of the tar.

The second committee, meanwhile, had not been idle. The six best suits of clothes in Morning Dew had been collected; and when Marvin emerged from the hands of the first committee, the second appeared and begged him to select from the garments such as best suited him.

Still a third committee now made its appearance and tendered him a hearty apology for the "mistake" that had occurred.

Marvin labored at Morning Dew and Sink-or-Swim for three years thereafter—until, in the progress of the history of mining in Montana, both "cities" were abandoned and ceased to exist.—Youth's Companion.

The Musical Man.

He's musical, ah, yes, indeed;
You'd know it, just to hear him talk.
He says he can't enjoy a meal
Unless he uses a tuning-fork!
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Diplomatic Art.

She—I suppose you have to flatter people a great deal?

He—Yes. Sometimes you have to flatter them by telling them you don't.—Puck.

Enough.

Jaggles—When that Russian applied to have his name changed did the court ask for any reasons?

Waggles—Not after he gave his name.—Judge.

Not Likely.

Lady—Does your mother know that you're smoking?

The Kid—Well, as I live about three miles frum here, I don't tink dat she does.—Chicago American.

Choking Him Off.

Visitor—I've known your father for 20 years—

Bobby—Aw, don't tell me your troubles!—N. Y. Journal.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
Scott & Bowne
CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

Maudie's Wisdom.

Maud Muller, on a winter's day,
Wasn't raking the new-mown hay;
Of fortune Maud desired a slice—
So she said nothing—and cut ice.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CLAIM IN A COLD SPOT.

Mis Frost—He said he had laid claim to my heart.

Miss Thaw—What did you say?

Miss Frost—I told him it was a good deal like staking out a claim in the Klondike.—N. Y. Times.

Deplorable.

Great thoughts are oft allowed to pass,
And scarce a mortal notes;
While dollars are the things, alas!
That sometimes get the voice.
—Washington Star.

Easily Explained.

"Jennie," said the fond mother, "why do you throw your clothes on the floor that way?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked the precocious youngster.

"Of course."

"Well, it's because it's easier than hanging them up."—Chicago Post.

The Oxford.

It was the woman's custom to spank her boy with her slipper at frequent intervals.

"There is nothing quite like an Oxford training," she would explain to visitors.—Puck.

Strangers Now.

Homer—So you and Mrs. Nextdoor are not on speaking terms? I thought you were bosom friends?

Mrs. Homer—So we were until we exchanged domestics.—Chicago Daily News.

A Clear Case.

Jaggles—I see the scientists have determined that only the male parrots learn to talk.

Waggles—That's probably so, to judge from the language they use.—N. Y. Times.

Does It Himself.

"They say some blind people can actually distinguish colors by the sense of touch."

"That's nothing; there are times when I feel blue myself."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Manifest.

Man (getting shaved)—What politician did you shave with that razor last?

Barber—Why?

Man—Because it has a pull.—N. Y. Times.

Lasting Consequences.

Cora—Are those dangerous microbes that are found in kisses?

Her Maiden Aunt—They are, my dear, when they prove to be the germs of matrimony.—N. Y. Sun.

The Expensive Town.

"Yes; I've been to New York."

"You didn't stay long."

"No, it's hard to stay long in New York; it's so easy to get short."—Philadelphia Press.

A Sure Thing.

Flubdubbe—Do you suppose that girl that Bilkins is to marry is as rich as she is said to be?

Pinhedde—No question about it—I know Bilkins.—Smart Set.

Revelations of Interest.

Stubbs—My new novel will hit the public all right.

Scribbs—What do you call it?

Stubbs—"Confessions of a Cook."—Detroit Free Press.

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