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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
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.

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

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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.

ON NIGHT HERD.

Lots o' time to think, you bet,
Underneath the watch a' stars;
Jest the very time to let
Down the past's moss-covered bars.
Gives the soul a pious tobe,
See things in a solemn light,
When a feller's all alone
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Gits a-thinkin' o' the days
When his life was in its morn,
Of the sports an' boyish plays
Round the home where he was born,
Pictures o' the past he sees,
Some of shaddered, others bright
As a summer day, when he's
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Sees a mother bow her head,
Pleadin' with the Lord above.
An' the tears she of'n shed—
Jewels of a mother's love.
Sees her glad, approvin' smile
When he tried to do the right—
Conscience welts it to him while
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Hears her voice in every breeze
Sweepin' o'er the moonlit plain,
An' in every cloud he sees
That dear saluted face again.
As the memories on him pile
Lots o' them have got a bite
Keener than a sarpint's while
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.

Ain't a preacher anywhere
That can make a feller fret,
That kin make him stop an' stare
At himself with keen regret,
Like ol' conscience when it jars
Up his sense o' wrong an' right
When alone beneath the stars
Ridin' 'round the herd at night.
—James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.

The Young Curate.

HE looked for the most part straight in front of him as they walked across the field side by side. His forehead was puckered, his mouth set, his peculiarly youthful face paler than its wont. "Life," he said, "is such a huge responsibility." Unconsciously his voice took the dogmatic tone which so often characterized it in the performance of his clerical duties. "Life is such a serious matter; I do not think we half realize its tremendous seriousness."

"Talking—of—er—tigers?" said she.

His voice dropped to one of surprise, almost of irritation. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I haven't grasped the connection," she said. "It is only when I am in pain that I feel like that."

Plainly he was seriously affected, for he even ignored her frivolous aside. "The longer I live," he went on, "the more I am impressed by what I feel convinced is the crying evil of the day, this growing tendency to treat everything lightly, to turn our most sacred aspirations into a mere matter to joke about. This world is not a play-ground; this life is not a schoolboy's holiday; and this modern craze for hiding the unsight ly under a veil of laughter is an utterly false interpretation of our duty, both to ourselves and to others. Who are we, always to enjoy ourselves? What have we done to earn the primrose paths, the easy passage? There is a beauty in renunciation;" he paused a moment, and his voice had grown soft and a little husky.

"Oh, what is it?" she asked. "There must be something!" she continued, "Has the vicar—" here she smiled, although unwillingly—"has his reverence been insisting on the 15 minutes limit for your sermons again?"

"No," he said shortly, and fiercely conquered the temptation to join her in smiles.

"It must be something," she insisted. "It is not, it cannot be, dismissal?" she inquired. "Won't you tell me?" she pleaded, and now her smiles were all banished, her sweet eyes turned on him in sympathetic alarm. "You can trust me," she added; "and it might be a relief."

So he told her. It was in his nature to wrap his meaning in many words, to erect side altars of sacrifice in unexpected places. But the girl he addressed did not miss the sense of what he said, because of the digressions. She tripped away the hangings and saw his simple plan of life laid bare. This was the trouble, that he was vowing himself to celibacy without a special call in that direction; rather from what she gladly gathered, with a strong, turbulent leaning toward the married state as a preference. And the high aims formed a cloak of righteousness to cover the wound from his own eyes, but a lack of means formed the real reason. With a widowed mother to support, and very little beyond his curate's stipend to depend upon, what room was there in his narrow life for the contracting of new ties? She had given him an expensive education and had lately lost almost her entire income. So had she not a claim on him impossible to set aside?

The girl at his side, her smiles forgotten, was forced reluctantly to agree with him in every particular, except—she being of a practical nature—with regard to the cloak of righteousness. And even that device she considered charming—in him.

"You couldn't neglect your mother for anyone," she said, bravely.

"No," he admitted, "no; that's true."

"So you are forced to make a duty of necessity," she said.

He waited a moment, repeating her words over to himself as though he had not reached their meaning.

"It is the mother of invention," she put in quickly. "And I like you," she went on, with a change of tone, "so much better for your devotion to duty. Yes, I do."

Her last words banished his perplexity. They also awoke to outcry the man's heart, beating wildly beneath the correct clerical coat.

"But it is so hard," he said between his clenched teeth—"sometimes, my darling, almost more than I can bear!"

Her eyes looked no reproach at him for the words he should not have spoken.

"Give me," he said, "one crumb of consolation to help me through the empty days. If there had not been this plain, straight way of duty for me, could you—?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she said.

"I had to speak?" he questioned.

"I can bear it better," she said, "since you have spoken."

"If love were all?"

"Nothing else could have made me love you like this," said she.

Only his look thanked her. "Now," he said, "you must forget that once I was tempted to play the man. You must only remember me as the conceited young curate who tried—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed, "don't hurt me like that!"

"Take your own way, then," he whispered, with a wintry smile. "And bless you always, my one love. You alone hold my secret—safe with you."

"Dear God; how safe!" she cried.

And so they parted. It was the only way.

But that was not the only confidence with which she was honored at about this time, and, strangely enough, it was the curate's mother who next put her powers of secret keeping to the test. She prefaced her confession with a touch of flattery.

"I feel I must tell some one, my dear," she said. "I shall feel better then. And there is no one I could tell so easily as you, with so great assurance of sympathy and understanding."

She was young to be the mother of her big son, very good-looking, very attractive in manners still. She smiled at the girl, while the girl winced, because she knew that smile so well on another face.

"I hope you will not laugh at me for a silly old goose!"

"As if I should!"

"I didn't know—wait and see. I suppose that in your idea, no one could possibly fall in love after—well, 35?"

"Oh, why not?"

"Very well tried, dear! Very creditably said! But I am more than 35—and I am in love. I don't wonder you start."

"I don't—think—I did!"

"Not badly! But there, I don't want you to think that because experience has taught me to laugh in the face of misfortune I cannot still feel. Child, there is no love like a late love for tearing your heart-strings. Practice helps to make perfect, perhaps—I don't know. Women love and marry and live happily ever after—hundreds of women do that. But I have had experience, and I know what I am saying is true, that not one woman in a hundred ever finds her ideal as I, so late, have found mine."

"Oh," said the girl, "doesn't he—doesn't he—forgive my asking—but doesn't he love you?"

"Yes, dear, that's not the barrier. I think at my age, you know, a failure to return my affection would have marred the picture in the beginning, have broken up the likeness to the ideal too soon, would have stayed the springs of love before much harm had been done. No, I am spared that. But I think you know how I have lived for and in my son ever since his father died. I have brought him up to honor his dead father beyond all living men. How can I now acknowledge to him that a greater than his father has arisen for me? How can I publicly set another in the place death has made sacred? Wouldn't it be like sacrilege in his eyes? The seed I sowed in my boy's heart has flourished beyond belief—his very love of me is entwined with it. If I struck at the one, might I not endanger the other?"

She waited a moment, but the girl had nothing to say, and she went on again, speaking rapidly, her voice vibrating. "They say I've spoilt him. If so, it is only in little things—he has a heart of gold; but even for the little things I must bear my punishment. And who can measure the temptation a woman has to face—left alone in the world with her child—to pet and humor him, to make herself indispensable to him at any cost—even at some cost to the beloved object? I haven't had a thought apart from him until lately, and he had always known it. Now the habit of years has blinded him; he sees what he has seen so long—how many of us do that?—and not what is actually before him—his father first in the far away and he always first and dearest in the present. We have been so much to each other, so much more than only mother and son, when there are others to share the affection each has to give, I am a coward. I cannot tell my son he is no longer first. I have set him before everything all these years, and—and now I must do so until the end."

The girl summoned all her store of courage to her aid.

"But if he should—think of marrying—himself—wouldn't that make a difference?"

"That would, of course. He would not need me in the same way, then." Yet even at the thought her tone trembled a little, so strong on her were the chains of the past. "But he is such a boy for his age. He won't think of such a thing for years. The man who loves me now will find me an old woman when my boy goes a-wooing. We are old lovers as it is—I cannot bid him wait."

"He, your son, does not seem such a boy to others as to you, perhaps?"

"You think that because you are so young yourself, dear girl. And how patient you have been to me!" she said, coming back to her accustomed consideration for her companion. "Sometimes I have felt I must speak, just once, or it would kill me—and now I have spoken. You will respect my confidence, I know."

"Yes," said the girl, "yes." She added as best she could the expression of her sympathy, hating herself for the baldness of her words, the preoccupation she could not banish from her manner. But the other had her own preoccupation, and seemed to find nothing lacking.

These were the questions which troubled her, filled her waking thoughts, sent her restless to bed—was she justified in disregarding the confidence reposed in her by two people for the sake of saving four lives from sacrifice? If she decided to trample on her own honor, at the desperate pleading of her own heart, should she betray the mother to the son, or the son to the mother? Was there no other way of accomplishing an end so keenly desired? It seemed not; and so she waited on in indecision, although to wait was as hard a thing as she could do.

And while she still waited she became the victim of yet another confidence, this time from a man again, but middle aged and iron-gray.

"You look a sensible little girl," he began, abruptly. "Are you?"

"I hope so!" She smiled.

"Then, although we don't know much of each other, you'll forgive me for asking you a question or two which may seem beyond my limit, believing that impertinence is the last thing prompting me."

Suddenly arrested in interest, the girl nodded.

"Then will you tell me if you ever get below the surface, as it were, in those long and seemingly confidential talks you have with our young curate?"

"Have you a right to ask?"

"I have, at any rate, a large interest at stake."

"That sounds almost like the same thing. I am afraid of what I may and may not say; but I don't see, at this moment, any reason why I should not speak the truth."

"Then you have?"

"Sometimes," she admitted.

"Once in particular, perhaps?"

"I must not tell you."

"Never mind; that tells me, without your committing yourself, what I want to know." He smiled as he turned to her with a greater air of hopefulness. "Honor me," he said, "by listening a few minutes. I infer it from his mother that our young curate is not likely to think of marrying for a long time. Now, I am very anxious to marry his mother myself, and it seems, unless he be hurried into matrimony—clear out of the way, in fact, and provided with a woman to worship him—he shall never carry out my wish. She thinks she has disposed of me—is the best woman the world holds—but she evidently a little bit underrates my power of perseverance. When I want a thing I generally carry around until I get it. I told her so; but I fancy she took it as an idle boast, excusable only because of the speaker. Also I fancy she has not watched you and our curate in conversation. Now, I have."

"What are you going to do?" gasped the girl.

"I am going to tell our curate how matters stand between his mother and myself; he is between—an—"

"She didn't bind you to secrecy?"

"I have forgotten it if she did. And if she did, she will forgive me by results, or I don't know her."

"And if there are no satisfactory results, she won't know anything about it?"

"Of course not. I thought you could help me."

She looked at the man's firm mouth, his pleasant, kindly eyes. "I would help you much more than I've been you at present," she said.

"But I can't get the woman I want unless I can secure a bride for our curate—clear him out of the way."

"Don't talk of him like that," she laughed.

"And a troublesome conscience won't let me go to him after working him follow you about with his eyes, unless I can hold out some of hope that he would be successful in yielding to my prompting—in proposing to you, in fact, to—er—in the way—for me."

"Can't you?" she blushed and smiled.

"I should not like to. Look here, little girl, I am as safe as a house if you can very well trust me. He told you he loves you?"

"Oh, why," she cried, "must I put it round that way?"

The smile deepened slowly in the pleasant kindly eyes. "I am open to correction," he said. "Do you love our curate enough to share his small income with such additions as a stepfather might be permitted to make to it?"

"I love him enough to take him without a penny—if I got the chance."

"Well done, little girl! Then I'll manage it. I'll settle things for the four of us out of hand."

And this is what he did.—London World.

How He Would Know.

An inquisitive woman once asked Prof. Andree before he left on his ill-fated balloon trip: "How will you know when you have really crossed the North pole, professor?" "Oh, that will be simple enough, madam," replied Andree, with his well-known dry humor; "a north wind will become a south wind."

But It Did.

Tommy—Did paw say it hurt him worse than it did you?

Johnny—Nope; but it did, cuz while he wuz whalin' me I stepped on his corn.—Indianapolis Sun.

True Blue.

Customer—This milk looks rather blue.

Milkman—Blue! You ought to have seen it before the boss put the chalk in.—N. Y. Journal.

Art or Sentiment?

By ZAIDA.

WHEN Mr. John Winston, the newly engaged art teacher of the high school, talked over his new field with Mrs. Almira Parsons, at whose beautiful home he had been fortunate enough to hire a room, Mrs. Parsons said:

"Stella Pawling will be in your class. She is a real artist. She can model, draw and carve, and has painted some pictures that are hanging in their parlor at home. Her people are in very moderate circumstances. Her father and brother are carpenters and her mother keeps house for them all. Stella is said to be a very ordinary scholar in other things, but nobody can come anywhere near her in the drawing class. There is a big publishing house in S—, ten miles from here, that gives her orders, and sometimes sends things for her to pass on."

It was no wonder that, after such a eulogy, Mr. John Winston should covertly take a good deal of notice of Stella. In fact, he did not have a very high opinion of his own art talent, and while he could carve some, he could not model at all. So he closely inspected all Stella's work in class, also some of the modeling and carving that he found in some of his pupils' homes, gifts of Stella to her friends. He was anxious to see the paintings in her own home parlor at home. He imagined that parlor would be quite a dainty, artistic affair.

He was quite surprised, when he found an opportunity to go there, to find it quite an ordinary parlor indeed, with stuffed furniture, plush albums and cheap lace curtains at the windows. At his request Stella quietly and reluctantly showed him her paintings, which he recognized as very creditable productions. Then, also at his request, she ran up to her room and brought down other pieces of work in modeling and carving. Not only had she talent, but she had been well taught. It developed that, while a waitress two years before, at a summer hotel, an artist, to whose children she had done some little favor, taught her and started her in the right way to develop herself.

There was a picture on ... while he could make out the subject, he was really not thinking at all of the coarse picture, the showy furniture in the well-remembered little parlor. He was really in his excited enthusiasm appealing to her as one who, of all the class, had superior judgment, and whose word, in agreement with him, would have weight.

Stella's cheeks reddened and her eyes filled with tears. But she quickly overcame her sensitiveness and arose.

"I think you are right," she said, "as far as you go. But sometimes a thing that to others seems cheap and loud was a gift from a dear friend or relative, meant to please, and so it carries a sentiment of loving gratitude. Anyone's artistic judgment can be educated and developed by study and opportunity. But the heart that can feel tender affection and gratitude toward one who tried to please him or her, that can feel the sentiment connected with the gift to a stronger degree than it can feel the artistic criticism, has a rarer artistic sense than the one who can merely see incongruity in coloring and form."

Stella's rather set phrases had been thought out beforehand in her own silent thoughts on this point.

The teacher listened attentively, and suddenly it came over his consciousness that she must have taken his question as a personal one, remembering the scene in the little parlor, and how she had probably felt his light sarcastic demeanor toward her. Then there came also a vague feeling of explanation of the picture that had so aroused his light sarcasm. He felt embarrassed and immediately set the pupils at their model drawing.

This was near the end of the term that Stella graduated. She obtained an increased amount of work at the publisher's who had already taken an interest in her, while another publisher, who liked her work, was making inquiries and giving sample orders—not because her work was of a higher grade than that of others available, but because of the originality and feeling or atmosphere in her work.

She heard that Mr. Winston's uncle had died and left him a little fortune, and that he had bought the Upson property on Broad street, and that he and his mother were to live in it together.

He was reported to have said that now he could entertain his friends and have a real home. While the house was being prepared, his mother had gone to a seaside resort, and he had gone on the mountains with a party of college friends, camping.

Then Stella was surprised and shocked one day to read in the home paper that he had been accidentally hurt while hunting, and was being cared for at the home of a poor woodsman and wife.

Pale, and with his arm in a sling, he began his next term's duties, but as time went on, he became his old self again, and Stella heard of his new life at the Upson house and of the dainty furnishings and pictures, from her old school friends.

One day, when he was quite well, she was surprised to receive a call from him. He looked serious and agitated. He was shown into the parlor with the stuffed furniture and large picture, but he did not seem to notice them this time.

"Miss Pawling," he said, "I've come to you for advice. You have probably heard about my kind treatment from the lumberman's wife in the mountains. My mother and I wrote her, since I got back, that when our house was settled, we wanted her to come as our first guest. I shortly afterward received a picture from her, a very large picture, which she thought would be just the thing for a man that was going to move in a new house."

He smiled, hesitated, then looked appealingly at her.

"I think I can understand, Mr. Winston," she said, gently.

"Yes, I thought you could," he said, relieved. "That's why I came to you—nobody else could understand. Well, I set it away in the attic and didn't mind much. But she's coming now, and—and—what will she think of me when she does not find her gift on my walls? Yet—how can I? Others would laugh at it—"

"Why not put it in your bedroom?" said Stella, thoughtfully.

"I suppose I could," he said, doubtfully.

Suddenly, in one of his moments of impetuous enthusiasm, he exclaimed:

"I have it now, Miss Pawling. It is all settled. I will hang it in my bedroom. Not only while she is here, but also when she is gone. I will tell her I put it there because I think so much of it, as coming from her. That will be true. For whenever I look at it, I will remember the lesson you have taught me, that anyone can learn to criticise form and color, but not everyone can look beyond those and see, first of all, the loving heart of one who really cares for you and the gratitude and affection you have for them."

"I never said it like that," said Stella, embarrassed.

"Other works of mine," he went on, "will please my artistic sense and make my surroundings in harmony with it. But I shall always feel the need of not forgetting that there is something higher than even that."

The woman of the mountain's trip was delayed from time to time, and it was not till Winston and his new wife had come back from their wedding journey that she came.

She was taken upstairs into the room where the picture hung.

"My husband thinks a great deal of your gift," said Stella.

"I was looking for it," she said, examining it critically. "I'm glad Mr. Winston likes it. It is pretty! Those cows and mountains and long roadway and sky and farmhouse with the little girl in the yard, all look just as natural as life! Yes, it's a nice picture—prettier than any you've got!"

"It's very dear to me," said Stella—"dearer than any other picture we have."—Farm and Home.

School for Crime.

He—I thought you used to have a parrot?

She—We did.

"What became of it?"

"What was the matter?"

"Dead."

"Oh, we lived so close to the golf links I guess the poor thing died of envy."—Yonkers Statesman.

What Puzzled Madge.

"Mamma," said little Madge, who had been intently watching her mother in the hope of an opportunity to get a word in; "what in the world did you do when your teacher used to tell you to be quiet?"—Yonkers Statesman.

What, Indeed?

"The pen is mightier than the sword."
Pray, what then can excuse it
For never turning on the horde
Of poets who abuse it?
—Philadelphia Press.

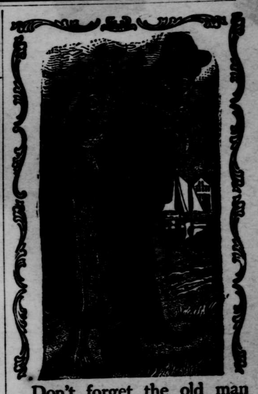
APPEARANCE DECEIVING.

"What's the fare, cabby?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"No, it isn't. Here's a dollar. I'm not such a fool as I look."

"No, sir. I wish you were, sir."—Scraps.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

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

Pleaded Guilty, of Course.

A French mayor, who at one time held the office of stipendiary magistrate, was about to perform the civil service of marriage.

"Mademoiselle X——," he said, addressing the bride, "do you agree to take Mr. Z——, here present, for your wedded husband?"

And, after the young lady had replied in the affirmative, the mayor, turning to the bridegroom, delivered himself as follows:

"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say in your defence?"—Tit-Bits.

The Voice of Jealousy.

"That Miss Ann Teek was just in here, was she not?" asked the sour-looking woman in the sporting goods store.

"Yes, she was," replied the smiling clerk.

"And she bought a megaphone, I suppose? I understand she is about to announce her engagement!"—Yonkers Statesman.

All-Around Vindication.

Henley—Smith and Jones each called the other a liar. Have they given each other satisfaction yet?

Digby—Yes.

Henley—With fists or pistols?

Digby—No; they left it to a committee of two of Jones' friends and two of Smith's to say who was the liar and the committee was evenly divided.—Tit-Bits.

An Expert Opinion.

Cohen (to fellow traveler)—Vot line of goots do you represent, mein friendt?

Dr. Dippem (stiffly)—Well, sir, I am collecting funds to send to our foreign missionaries.

Cohen—You've got de best end of that job!—N. Y. Times.

It May Be the Reason.

"Do you know why all the world loves a lover?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"It is."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Because he makes such a blooming fool of himself, and the world likes to laugh."—Brooklyn Eagle.

In Pursuit of Knowledge.

"You must be asked a great many foolish questions in the course of the day," said the solemn man to the elevator man.

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Indeed? And what are some of them?"

"Oh, same as you're asking."—Judge.

And Then She Doubted.

Parke—My wife is the most obstinate woman I ever saw.

Lane—In what way?

"Why, the other night I had to sit up till daylight trying to convince her that I hadn't been drinking."—N. Y. Herald.

In A. D. 1925.

Anne Teke—I heard Ada Gigglin say to-day that she was only 25.

Sadie Sorelief—Well, of all the prevaricators! Why, I remember well of her having two toes frozen during the coal strike!—Puck.

It Was Up to Him.

"I made a resolution not to let Jack kiss me."

"Have you broken it yet?"

"No; but he has."—Chicago American.

Good Listener.

Mrs. Bouncer—I have been to see Mrs. Grace this afternoon. What delightful company she is.

Mr. Bouncer—Yes; I understand that she is no talker.—Boston Transcript.

The Lesser Evil.

"Do you like to go to school, little boys?"

"Yes'm. The teacher don't lick us half as much as maw does."—Chicago American.

Fully Covered.

A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."—N. Y. Sun.

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