TWO RESCUES

By EWAN MACPHERSON.

"HUSH! Hold on there, partner!" Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow, down the slope of a dark and deserted side street that led to the East river. He had just caught sight of another man passing through the yellow patch of light that marked a squalid rumshop in a basement, and some instinct prompted him to hail as "partner" this man whom he then saw for the first time.

The strange man checked an impulse to look back, but only went on all the more doggedly. Norton also quickened his pace. After a few more strides he could see, in the faint light which the snow reflected from the last lonesome gas lamp on the block, that there was no need of swiftness to catch up with this man; the street ended right there in a sort of platform with an iron railing at its edge, and immediately below this railing was the East river, where cakes of ice swirled out of the darkness into stray beams of light, and on into darkness again. The stranger—a strongly built man in a thick peajacket—stood there, grasping the head of an iron rail in either hand, staring out beyond.

"It's no good, old man," said Norton, crunching over the fresh snow on the platform to reach the stranger, "no good. I thought of doing it myself. If you'll hold on a minute I'll tell you why."

The man in the peajacket turned and glared at this intruder with the tall hat and the air of another class. "Who in thunder are you?" And then, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, he leaned forward and peered into Norton's face.

"That's all right," said Norton, standing up to the scrutiny as if he had quite expected it. "I'm not off my head—not altogether. I only want to keep you from a mistake I nearly made myself. A few minutes ago I started to come down here and—well, disappear in that darkness out there. See those chunks of ice racing each other? If you and I jumped this railing now, we'd be racing like that next moment, and with no more idea of where we were racing to. It's all like that, the other world is. Chap named Hamlet settled it all long ago."

"Well, say, if you ain't crazy you've got more gall than anybody's got a right to and keep their senses. What you got to do with my affairs?"

Norton laughed aloud. "Your affairs! Don't you see we're in the same boat, you and I? You just listen to me—"

"No, I won't just listen to you," the other man growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'll get away out of here."

This threat to a man who had all but resolved on suicide struck Norton so suddenly and sharply as comical that he broke into a roar of laughter, awakening the echoes of the winter night. His mirth instantly roused the resentment of the man in the peajacket, who, backing away from the railing, struck violently at him right and left.

By instinct and long habit Norton put up his hands. He was the taller man of the two, active and more skillful in self-defense than the other; but a long winter overcoat is an awkward garment for boxing in, and the gloves proper for a gentleman's afternoon calls are not at all the prize-ring type.

The two clinched and stamped up and down in the dry snow, their steps so muffled as to be soundless, even in the stillness of that deserted nook. They fell, grappling fiercely, and the street lamp blinked down at them, like a solitary and impartial witness for both sides, while a river steamer went puffing and groaning past, as if intent only upon its own struggle with the tide and the floating ice. Over and over they rolled together, the man in the peajacket fiercely struggling to wreak his exasperation on Norton's face whenever a chance offered. It was a bizarre struggle, what with its comical aspects, and what with the threat of tragedy that increased every moment, as Norton realized his opponent's terrible earnestness. At last it seemed that the greater suppleness and length of limb had triumphed; Norton was on top, the other man's arms securely held down in the snow. But then arose the difficult question how to dispose of this man safely and yet humanely. If positions had been reversed, Norton would have been in perilous case; a devil was glaring out of the two eyes that met his, a reckless demon of hate against the whole world. Norton, on the contrary, had no general grievance; in particular he had no quarrel against the stranger whom he held pinioned in the snow. Only one person had been in his thoughts as he came down that lonely side street, and her he would not have harmed for all that life could afford. It had seemed, though, that death would be for him a happy escape from the agony of his meeting with her that afternoon, finding her so affectionately intimate with that supercilious middle-aged Prof. What's-His-Name, and his just resentment met with what sounded to him like a heartless sneer, and all this after years of absence in constant love and hope. By all logic Norton ought to have been glad to let the man in the peajacket get up and kill him, but somehow his impulses had all been changed by this chance meeting with a fellow-creature to whom life seemed as unbearable as to himself.

The solution of the problem how to release the desperate man came to Norton when the panting stillness was feebly broken by the distant voice of a child calling. The man on the ground raised his head, as if by force of habit, to listen. The voice came nearer.

"Papa! papa! Mamma wants you."

"Let me up. That's my kid."

Norton jumped up delighted.

"Papa! Mamma wants you to come to her."

"Here, Connie!"

The man in the peajacket sat up on the snowy curb, trying to rid himself of the marks of his rough-and-tumble in the snow. Norton was picking up his tall hat when a little girl in a print frock emerged from the darkness of the street. The little girl appeared to forget that it was a cold night, and that her black woolen shawl thrown over her head was a very slender protection. The shawl was trailing behind her as she ran to her papa, and, sobbing, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa, she didn't mean it—mamma didn't mean for you to go away and never come back! Won't you come to her now, please, papa?"

Norton, brushing his silk hat, felt once more moved to laughter—perhaps not the laughter of a merely humorous appreciation, but still laughter. Taught by his late experience, he moderated his laugh to a hardly audible chuckle, and then, as that excited no fresh outbreak on the part of Connie's papa, he spoke up.

"Yes, Connie"—he had caught the little one's name—"papa's going home. But you mustn't catch cold, little girl. Here!"

He was taking off his own overcoat to throw over the child when her father, still sitting in the snow hugging her to his peajacket, looked up and caught him in the act.

"If you take off that coat, you'll catch your death of noomony, mister," he said.

"I shall not have time for that, partner. Why not? Because I'm going to send you home with Connie while I go the other way." He nodded in the direction of the river. "I have no home where I'm wanted, and no little girl to run about in the snow looking for me."

Connie looked up at him over her papa's shoulder. "Ain't you got—nobody at all?"

"Nobody at all, Connie. Here, let me see if the coat's too long for you."

Her papa rose and gathered up the trailing black shawl. "Run on home, baby," he said, wrapping it tight about her. "Run on now, just as fast as you can, and tell mamma I'm coming right away—soon as I get through talking to this gentleman on business."

Norton took something out of his pocket, stooped, and transferred the something to Connie's hand, whispering to her, and she, after one puzzled stare, disappeared up the street. He looked after her a moment, and then, turning away with a chuckle, said: "You must have been clean off your head, partner. And you tried to make out I was. I wish you'd tell me what the trouble is. But, anyhow, I know now you hadn't half my excuse for wanting to jump into the river."

"Think so, eh? How would you like it if you worked hard for ten years, and then had to see your things all sold out—horse and wagon and everything—and your wife saying you're no kind of use—"

"That's enough," Norton interrupted. "It's only money with you. By the way, what's your name? McCorkle? All right, McCorkle. I just want to tell you that you don't know when you're well off. Come on, McCorkle; I'm going to put off that swim with the ice cakes until to-morrow night. Ugh! It surely is a good deal more comfortable with this coat on. Hope I didn't seriously hurt your arms just now."

The two late combatants began to plod together through the snow in the roadway. "Now, see here, McCorkle, I'm putting off my plunge just for one thing—just to write a check to your order. You agree to take that check and use it? You won't? All right, then. Good night." He turned back and began to unbutton his coat again.

McCorkle was really doubtful about the suicidal intention of this top-hatted man who had interfered with his own impulse in that direction. He had to acknowledge himself conquered on this line, too, for the sake of his own peace of conscience, and having had sufficient proof of his inability to save the other man by physical force. Besides, he longed to be back with his wife and Connie. So he solemnly promised to accept the check and consented to show Norton the little tenement just around the corner on the avenue that was his home. And so Norton had the good fortune to meet Mrs. McCorkle.

Norton was young in years, and still younger in general experience. Much of his life had been spent on a western cattle range, in a region where Mrs. McCorkle's sex was scantily and not favorably represented. Pondering the situation revealed by Connie's sobbing message, and by the scene at which he assisted in the McCorkle home, he began to think that a woman's word needs much interpreting and patient study. And that other person was of Mrs. McCorkle's sex, though in unlike circumstances. Upon which Norton resolved to wait for the interpretation of events.

The following note reached him at his hotel next morning:

"Dear Jack: If you had not gone off in a huff you would have learned before now that Dr. Brereton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa. It was not for me to tell you, but mamma says I may—now. She would have told you herself, if you had come up and had a cup of tea with her. You may thank her for this note; I would never have written it. I could have shaken you. He thought your tantrums so funny!"—N. Y. Times.

Straight Tip.

Tom—I can read your thoughts.

Clara—I can hardly believe it, for if you could you wouldn't sit so far away.—Indianapolis Journal.

Easy.

Lady—You look like a hard drinker.

Tramp—No, ma'am, that's the easiest thing I do.—Baltimore American.

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Money Saved Is Money Earned.

Wife—You must take me to the opera to-morrow night. Now, you needn't say that times are hard and money scarce, and all that. Everybody else goes, and I'm going—so there!

Husband (a smart man)—Of course we'll go. I saw the new prima donna on the street to-day—the most entrancingly beautiful creature heaven ever made. Such eyes! Such hair! Such perfect features! I wouldn't miss the opera for the world! Money is very scarce, though.

Wife—If money is scarce, why didn't you say so before? Never mind the opera. We'll go to the Old Ladies' Time sociable instead.—N. Y. Weekly.

True Enough.

He—Funny thing about multiplication and addition. You may multiply nothing by a hundred, but it's still nothing; while if you add a hundred, it's different.

She—But there are exceptions. For instance, you might take the dowdy sort of girl and add a hundred-dollar hat to her, but she'd still look like 30 cents.—Philadelphia Press.

Brilliancy Versus Plodding.

"Some men," said the original philosopher, "see more than others see at first sight and devote so much time and energy to the task of being pleased with their own brilliancy that they miss all the benefit of the sober and maturer second thought that comes to those less gifted."—Baltimore American.

Inherited.

"And now," said Prof. Longhunger, as he greeted Mr. Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent; "he inherits it from his mother."—Schoolmaster.

Of Course Not.

The Confidante—I knew he would propose.

The Fiancee—Did you?

The Confidante—Certainly! When a man considers a girl matchless he doesn't want her to remain so.—Puck.

Just Wondering.

The Husband—What are you grumbling about? You married me for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. Didn't you?

The Wife—Yes, but I was wondering where the better or richer part came in.—Brooklyn Life.

The Philosophy of It.

"I can't git my min' right on what sort er fish hit wuz dat swallowed Jonah," said the lay member.

"You don't have ter," replied Brother Dickey. "Des shet yo min' up, en thank God hit didn't swaller you!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Winter Solstice.

Al. Manack—The days are pretty short now, aren't they?

Willie Everpeigh—I should say so! Seems as if the ink doesn't have time to get dry on a 30-day note before it's due.—Brooklyn Life.

Thoughtfulness.

Jerry—Don't forget the widows and orphans.

Tom—That's right; I'm courting a pretty widow, and she's an orphan, too.—Detroit Free Press.

A Ditty of Content.

Sing a song of happiness,
To delight the soul—
Beef upon the table and
A cellar full of coal.
—Washington Star.

THE BEST OF HIM.

Algy (trying to introduce himself)—May I have the pleasure of learning your name?

Miss Pert—Pearl.

Algy—Are you the pearl of great price?

Miss Pert—No; I'm the pearl before swine! Good-bye!—Scraps.

Just This.

Lit' bit er sunshine,
Lit' bit er song,
En strength enough ter travel
The rocky road along!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Prejudiced.

Mrs. Gumpps—My husband says my new bonnet is not a bit becoming to me.

Friend—Oh, he's prejudiced. I suppose he's seen the bill.—N. Y. Weekly.

Prepared.

Mr. Staylate—Ah, my darling, so you really did expect me again this evening?

Miss Twittem—Yes, George. I've been sleeping all day.—Pearson's.

A Problem Everywhere.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—They say coaling at sea is a great problem, John.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Coaling anywhere, now, dear, seems to be a problem.—Yonkers Statesman.

Another Way of Putting It.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well."

"And you're no kind of diver."—Chicago Post.

Wherein She Is Superior.

"Women endure pain much better than men."

"Who sprang that one on you—the doctor?"

"No. The shoemaker."—N. Y. Herald.

A Fish Story.

"There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know, but they are not goldfish."—N. Y. Times.

Logical Conclusion.

Mrs. Flanigan—Shure, and what's your husband's business?

Mrs. Floorwalker—He walks about and does nothing.

"Faith, is he a tramp?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Best He Could Do.

Wigg—Before they were married he said he would be willing to die for her.

Wagg—Well, he has partially proved it. At any rate, he doesn't seem able to earn a living for her.—Philadelphia Record.

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Hickman, Del., Nov. 27, 1901.

MR. HARVEY, Sir:—The Born Steel Range that I bought of you is perfectly satisfactory in every way.

A. H. CAHALL.

Whiteleysburg, Md., Feb. 27, 1902

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Fred. R. Owens,
vs.
William H. Deweese, et. al.,

In the Circuit Court for Caroline county. In Equity.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Caroline county, this 29th day of January 1903, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Fred. R. Owens and William H. Deweese, trustees appointed by decree of this Court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of April, next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Caroline county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20 day of March, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $475.00.

CHARLES W. HOBBS, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

CHARLES W. HOBBS, Clerk.

2-5]

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TIME TABLE.—In Effect Monday, December 29th, 1902.

EASTWARD.—Read Downward. Saturday Only.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Distance from Balto.	NAME OF STATION.	WESTWARD.—Read Upward. Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday Only.	
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	Miles		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
3.00	3.15	.....	7.00	.....	Lv..... Baltimore ....Ar.	11.40	.....	9.00	7.40	.....
3.55	5.10	.....	8.55	25.00	Ar. Lv. Love Point Lv. Ar.	9.50	.....	7.50	5.40	.....
4.00	5.15	11.15	9.05	.....		9.32	10.34	5.28	5.05	.....
4.07	5.22	11.30	9.14	28.81	Stevensville	9.24	10.42	5.18	4.56	.....
4.10	5.25	11.45	9.21	30.44	Chester	9.1	10.58	5.43	4.52	.....
f 4.13	f 5.28	f11.48	f 9.23	.....	Sudlersville	f 9.18	f10.32	f 5.23	f 4.48	.....
4.18	5.33	12.00	9.28	34.70	Winchester	f 9.13	f10.23	5.33	4.42	.....
f 4.20	f 5.35	f12.03	f 9.31	35.82	Wesley	f 9.10	f10.23	f 5.24	f 4.39	.....
4.25	5.40	12.10	9.37	38.06	Queen Town	9.04	10.18	5.18	4.33	.....
4.45	5.58	12.25	9.55	44.26	Ar. Centreville Lv. Lv. Centreville Ar.	9.55	10.00	4.50	4.00	.....
4.00	4.50	.....	8.35	.....		8.25				
f 4.30	f 5.45	.....	f 9.44	49.40	Bloomingdale	f 8.59	.....	f 5.45	f 4.17	.....
f 4.35	f 5.50	.....	9.52	49.45	Wye Mills	f 8.53	.....	5.01	4.11	.....
f 4.42	f 5.56	.....	10.00	49.43	Willoughby	f 8.47	.....	4.52	4.02	.....
.....	6.04	.....	.....	.....	D. & T. Junction	f 8.40	.....	.....	.....	.....
4.53	6.06	.....	10.12	50.48	Queen Anne	8.38	.....	4.39	3.49	.....
5.00	6.12	.....	10.20	53.68	Downes	8.32	.....	4.29	3.40	.....
f 5.04	f 6.15	.....	f10.24	55.05	Tuckahoe	f 8.29	.....	f 4.25	f 3.37	.....
5.11	6.21	.....	10.33	57.99	Denton	8.24	.....	4.20	3.29	.....
5.17	6.27	.....	10.48	60.89	Hobbs	8.18	.....	4.05	3.14	.....
5.26	6.35	.....	10.58	64.57	Hickman	8.10	.....	3.52	3.02	.....
f 5.30	f 6.39	.....	f11.02	66.49	Adamsville	f 8.06	.....	f 3.44	f 2.54	.....
f 5.35	f 6.44	.....	f11.08	68.55	Blanchard	f 8.01	.....	f 3.37	f 2.47	.....
5.43	6.50	.....	11.18	71.80	Greenwood	f 7.55	.....	3.30	2.39	.....
f 5.51	f 6.57	.....	f11.31	75.47	Owens	f 7.47	.....	f 3.16	f 2.16	.....
f 5.56	f 7.01	.....	f11.36	77.57	Dobley	f 7.43	.....	f 3.05	f 2.05	.....
6.04	7.08	.....	11.43	81.06	Ellendale Ar. Lv. Ellendale Ar.	7.36	.....	2.48	1.58	.....
f 6.12	f 7.15	.....	f11.51	84.91	Wolfe	f 7.29	.....	f 2.29	f 1.39	.....
6.20	7.22	.....	11.58	87.57	Milton	7.22	.....	2.21	1.31	.....
f 6.28	f 7.30	.....	f12.08	91.57	Whitesboro	f 7.14	.....	f 2.11	f 1.21	.....
f 6.31	f 7.33	.....	f12.11	92.82	Overbrook	f 7.11	.....	f 2.08	f 1.18	.....
6.40	7.42	.....	12.20	96.82	Ar..... Lewes ....Lv.	7.03	.....	2.00	1.10	.....
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

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7 25	3 20	Phila.	10 54	5 46
9 40	5 22	Clayton	8 50	3 46
9 49	5 31	Kenton	8 41	3 37
f9 58	f5 40	Hartley	f8 32	f3 28
f10 00	f5 42	Slaughter	f8 30	f3 26
10 07	5 49	Marydel	8 23	3 19
f10 13	f5 55	Henderson	f8 17	f3 13
f10 19	f6 01	Goldsboro	f8 11	f3 07
10 28	6 10	Greensboro	8 02	2 58
10 37	6 19	Ridgely	7 53	2 49
10 45	6 27	Queen Ann	7 44	2 40
f10 54	f6 36	Cordova	f7 35	f2 31
f11 00	f6 42	Chapel	f7 29	f2 25
11 12	6 54	Easton	7 20	2 16
11 26	f7 08	Trappe	f7 04	f2 00
11 35	7 17	Oxford	6 55	1 51

"f" stops to leave or take passengers on notice to conductor.

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Trains on this division leave Harrington as follows: 2.18 a m; 8.10 a m; mail, 9.07 a m; 3.09 p m; passenger, 4.43 p m, arriving in Philadelphia at 5.10; 10.54 a m, 12.06, 5.46 and 7.48 p m, respectively. Trains on same division leave Philadelphia at 7.25 a m, 10.16 a m, 3.20 p m, 5.59 p m, and 11.21 p m, arriving at Harrington at 10.36 a m, 12.43, 6.10, 9.06 p m, and 2.00 a m, respectively.

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