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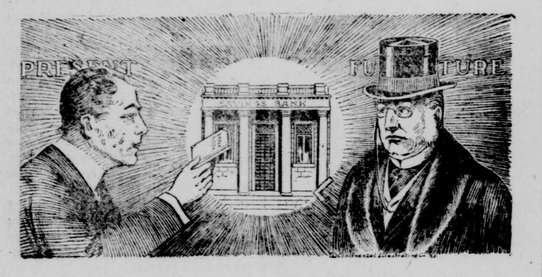

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General practice of Law and Collections.

A Change of Boarding Places

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"Le's go past Miss Cecil's house! O favver, why not?"

Ned Duncan, strolling along quiet, palm-bordered Marvin street, in the cool dusk, made himself smile at the elf that dragged on his long fine hands, but he turned back before they reached the corner on which was the rented cottage of Cecilia Reeves, the woman he loved.

Cecilia, a young milliner who took four college-girl roomers to help out on her income, bent her yellow head lower over her heliotrope bed as she caught sight of his retreat. She had meant to give them some flowers when they passed. She knew he loved the heliotrope. Had she offended him? she wondered.

While she puzzled, with a hurt heart, Driscoll was saying to himself: "I must keep away—I must not see her any more. The woman I marry must love my child—she must love my little Babs!"

In the fourth year of Barbara's life with him, the baby with the roguish black eyes had come to them. Then the next year Barbara died, and the baby, an elfish, whimsical, lovable thing, had tumbled up somehow, under his widowered care, and three years of his old cousin's somewhat grumpy housekeeping and nursing.

Then the old cousin had remarried, and he had shut up the bungalow with its crown of purple blossom-covered bougainvillea, and he and the child had boarded since then, somewhat to Babs' disadvantage, he thought sometimes. Then he had fallen in love with Cecilia Reeves.

He had thought she was the "mother kind" of girl (Babs loved her) until lately. Since the evening before, he was certain she was not. Then he had decided he couldn't ask her to marry him. Not that he was certain she would marry him if he did ask her, but he couldn't, anyway.

His landlady of the last month had been Miss Reeves' friend until Driscoll and little Barbara came to her boarding house, and it occurred to her that her quiet boarder, who had something to do with the management of the city waterworks system, would be an ideal second husband. Then after the evening Cecilia came to take dinner with her and her "prize boarder" walked home with her, Mrs. Akers was no longer Cecil's friend.

Somehow in the last week she had made the impression on Driscoll that Cecil didn't like children. He had come home a little earlier than usual the evening before and started to the kitchen.

"I wonder Ned keeps that child since his wife died and he has no one to care for her," he heard Cecil's soft clear voice. "I am going to try to persuade him to let me find a place for her in a home!"

Driscoll felt as though something had struck him. He turned and went upstairs. She—she didn't want him to keep little Babs—she cared so little for his baby she would persuade him to send her to a home!

The child dropped the doll Mrs. Akers had bought her that day and sprang into his arms. He kissed the eager little face over and over.

"Oh, Cecil—girl—did you think that you could persuade me to do a conscienceless thing like that?" he thought as Babs ran downstairs to tell Mrs. Akers "favver" had come.

Mrs. Akers was already aware of the fact. She had heard his step in the back hall; she knew he had heard Cecil's last remark.

"Was Miss Reeves here just now when I came in?" Driscoll asked at dinner. "I thought I heard her voice."

Mrs. Akers' red lips flashed a smile. "Oh, you eavesdropper! I hope we weren't saying anything bad. Oh, yes, we—Cecil was saying something about Babs, wasn't she?"

As Driscoll lifted the child to her chair Mrs. Akers, noting his set lips, felt that she had scored. Who was to tell him that Cecilia had been speaking of old Ned Mount, a destitute cripple who persisted in keeping his tiny orphaned grandchild in dirt and squalor? Not she!

That evening when the little girl slept Driscoll got out that other Barbara's picture, a thing he did not often do—much as he had loved her—since he had come to love Cecilia.

"The house of the heart has many chambers, Barbara, dear," he said to the picture, "and I wanted to put that other girl in the one alongside the one in which you stay, but oh, Barbara—Barbara—I love her! But she doesn't love the child—I daren't ask her to come, Barbara!"

The evening after she saw Driscoll turn away from her gate, Cecilia went to the theater with Lucien Glover, a faithful admirer whom she particularly detested, and sat near Driscoll.

Driscoll, moody and unhappy, pretended interest in the play, but he had but one thought. Glover had no right to buy her her favorite Richmond roses—he himself had done that so long!

Two weeks later came the day of the annual rose carnival. Little Babs, wild with excitement, went to see the parade in the care of Mrs. Akers. That lady, engrossed in the conversation of a gossipy friend, gave the restless child but scant attention.

Seeing Cecil seated above her, the little girl climbed to her and leaned confidingly against her. Cecil squeezed the plump little body to her, and kissed the witching little face.

"Favver won't bring me to see you any more," she whispered; "he fink you don't like little girls!"

Cecil's head grew hot. Had Elsie Akers put that and other ideas in his head?

Little Babs danced away, but in less than five minutes Cecil heard her scream of terror. She sprang to her feet.

"My baby! My baby! Where are you?" Then she saw the child—her light dress blazing. Somebody had dropped a piece of burning paper. A mist swam before Cecil's eyes, but she shook it away and flung her tan woolen cape around the child.

"It's all out—the little girl isn't hurt!" she heard somebody saying. Then everything grew dark before her.

That evening Cecil, waited on like a queen by her four college girls, frowned a little when the doorbell rang.

"If it's that Lucien Glover," she told them, "tell him I'm asleep, anything—only send him away."

But it was Driscoll that came in. He started to take her hands, but seeing the bandages, turned very white.

Cecil smiled tremulously in his troubled face. "Don't feel bad," she told him, "my hands are only blistered a trifle. The doctor says they'll be healed in just a little while. How is my—how is Babs?"

"I left her asleep," he answered. "She isn't hurt at all. She begged me to bring her to you."

"I suppose," she held up her head, "you told her I didn't like little girls. What have you heard me say, Ned Driscoll, to make you think me that kind of woman?"

He colored hotly, but he told her, and of Mrs. Akers' subsequent remark. With flaming face Cecil explained.

"I'm ashamed," he said presently, standing before her, full of contrition. "Oh, Cecil, I'm ashamed to tell you what is in my heart! Forgive me. I need—"

Her eyes twinkled. "I think you need a change of boarding place!"

"No," he said, "I need to be in my own home with the girl of my heart; but when I think what you must have thought of me these unhappy two weeks, I'm afraid—"

"What's two weeks?" She leaned toward him. "Oh, Ned, what's two weeks out of a lifetime?"

Then, very carefully, so as not to hurt the blistered hands, he took her in his arms.

SOME OLD-TIME BIG CATTLE

One English Ox, History Shows, Weighed 3,700 Pounds, Another 4,340 Pounds.

With all the modern improvement in breeds of live stock it may be doubted whether there is living today a steer or ox equal in size to some of the fat cattle of olden times.

In 1845 there was disposed of by raffle at Pratt's Old London inn, in Taunton, England, a giant ox of the Devon breed that stood 19 hands high and weighed 3,700 pounds. But this one was not in it with the Durham ox which earned a modest fortune for its owner, John Day, and brought the now famous Shorthorn cattle into high repute a little more than a century ago. A writer in the Mark Lane Express described this extraordinary animal as having weighed when two years old 3,520 pounds, and when slaughtered at eight years old his carcass dressed 2,478 pounds, while his live weight at that time was stated to have been 4,340 pounds. He girthed 11 feet 1 inch just behind the shoulders. His owner exhibited him six years through England and Scotland, having a van for his conveyance about the country. It was in 1807 that Day's ox dislocated his hip and had to be killed.

Favorite, the sire of this bovine wonder, was made famous by the prodigious size and remarkably fine form of the steer. When Charles Colling of Darlington, who is regarded as the founder of the Shorthorn breed, sold all his cattle at auction in 1810, Comet, a six-year-old bull by Favorite, brought $5,000, and six cows by him, some of them eleven years old, made an average of $720, which was unheard of in those days and for many years afterward.

Storm Stops Hanging.

An eighteenth century execution on Kensington common was stopped for a time owing to a strange cause. On August 19, 1763, two days before the date of the execution, a heavy fog came over London, accompanied by thunder and lightning and torrents of rain.

These conditions lasted for nearly 48 hours, and many people believed that the last day had arrived. When the time fixed for the execution arrived the assembled crowd cried shame on the sheriff for hanging a man when the world was coming to an end.

As he persisted in his preparations, they burst through the barriers and stopped the proceedings, shouting that the culprit might as well wait a few minutes, when the grand summons would come for all.

The sheriff had to obtain the assistance of a force of soldiers before the execution could be carried out.—London Chronicle.

All Was Not Lost.

"General," cried the orderly, riding up in great excitement, "our left wing is gone."

"Then it is no longer possible to fly," replied the general thoughtfully. "However, we should not forget that our legs are left."

Thereupon he led the way.—Boston Transcript.

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DR. GREENWOOD.

Invites you to call. Consult him free of charge. Know where you stand.

You owe it to yourself
To Have Perfect Health
ONLY

The latest and most approved methods used; results that are remarkable in the most severe cases of

Liver, Stomach, Blood, and Nervous Diseases of Men, Women and Children. Goitre, Piles, Rheumatism, Throat, Liver, Heart, Stomach, Lungs, Skin, Kidney or Bladder Trouble treated by up-to-date and wonderful methods.

All Cases must call for Personal Physical examination on Day and Date below Mentioned, and under no circumstances are incurables (people who cannot be helped or benefited) accepted or placed under treatment.

When you consult Dr. Greenwood you can rest assured you are getting the advice of a specialist of knowledge and long and vast experience and remarkable success with the most difficult cases.

HAD RHEUMATISM TWELVE YEARS

For 12 years I had been sick with Rheumatism. I took up treatment with Dr. Greenwood, and am now feeling good and able to work.
JOHN T. SAULSBURY,
R. F. D. 3. Easton, Md.

NOW ABLE TO WORK.

I had been sick since last spring, not able to work. I took up treatment with Dr. Greenwood and am now feeling well and working hard at the oyster business. CHARLES W. DEAN,
Wingate, Md.

GLAD HE IS BETTER.

I had been troubled for a long time with a skin disease, besides felt bad all over. I commenced treatment with Dr. Greenwood and am now all right.
R. S. ANDREWS,
Wingate, Md.

RHEUMATIC CASE.

I had been troubled for a long time with Rheumatism. After taking a course of treatment with Dr. Greenwood I am now feeling good.
EMILY L. WAGNER,
R. F. D. 5. Westminister, Md.

DR. GREENWOOD
BRICK HOTEL
DENTON, MARYLAND

Friday, Feb. 14 and 28

Hours 9.00 a. m. to 8.00 p. m.

HAPPY IN POVERTY

Former Theatrical Star Ends Restless Search.

Kaleidoscopic Career of May Yohe, Once Petted Favorite of Two Continents, Bids Fair to Have Unconventional Ending.

Searching for happiness, conventionally and unconventionally, along the gilt edges of the world, Madcap May Yohe, once darling of royalty, has found it at last as the wife of a workingman amid humble surroundings, herself a janitress. She has found it in work, in service and in self-effacement.

It is as Mrs. John Smuts that the tempestuous theatrical star of yesterday has added a bright chapter to the life that led the American girl to an English peerage at eighteen, into troublesome days of escapade, through heartbreaking years and decline of fame, into marriage again and adventures in far lands. All in the restless search for love.

At the end of her kaleidoscopic career she is now in Seattle, knowing poverty and the meaning of toil, and she says she's found what she's hunted for a lifetime in the man who loves her and is good to her.

Twenty years ago May Yohe had the theatrical world at her feet. She became Lady Francis Hope, mistress of the great blue Hope diamond, jewel of ill omen. As such she was the petted favorite of aristocracy and of King Edward VII.

Then she listened to the blandishments of Capt. Putnam Bradlee Strong, son of the then mayor of New York, and seeking happiness unconventionally went away with him. The adventure brought only sorrow and disappointment.

Striving to regain her lost glory, she stood again before a London audience in 1913, and London forgave her and took her back into its heart with a roaring welcome as in the older days of song and dance and youthful allurements.

Having accomplished that she became the bride of Capt. John Smuts, cousin of Gen. Jan Smuts of Boer war fame, and himself an officer in that war. She quit the stage and accompanied him to South Africa, to Singapore, to India, China and Japan.

Coming to America a year or so ago, in the hope that he would get a commission in the British army, Captain Smuts went to work in a Seattle shipyard when his application was turned down and ready funds were not available.

It was there he developed influenza and the woman who had once swayed the footlight world went to work as janitress to earn their daily bread. As worker and nurse she battled desperately for his life—and won.

"Won the greatest happiness I have ever known," she said, "as well as the life of my dear husband."

When Captain Smuts resumed work in the shipyards after his illness he "banished" May Yohe to keeping house in their one-room apartment, where they are living today.

Their financial straits were explained by Mrs. Smuts as due to red tape that prevented access to estate moneys, and to the fact that Captain Smuts, a judge and barrister in South Africa, knew no one in America.

"When Jack became ill they asked me jokingly at the shipyards if I wanted a job. I accepted it seriously. The only place open was for a janitress, and I took it.

"Things are brighter now. I still have my Jack, we're going to get some money soon, and if we don't go to England we'll start a little chicken ranch near the city here. Meantime, what more could one wish for?"

The Goldsboro Bank
Goldsboro, Maryland

Capital	Surplus	Deposits
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Learn To Do Without.

"That's easy," some say today who never thought very hard.

It's hard at times, but it gets you somewhere, when coupled up with Saving.

"Doing without" and "Saving money" are a fine team when handled with a steady hand and a cheery word; they'll pull you right to the top of the hill.

Then you'll make two discoveries; one, that you've left the poor-house and the bread line at the bottom of the hill; ahead of you, opportunities that you can grasp with ready money gathered during the steady pull up.

Turn your seed dollar in your pocket into a growing dollar in bank.

The Goldsboro Bank,
Goldsboro, Md.
ROBERT JARRELL, JR., Cashier

Watch This Space
An Advertisement
By The
Caroline County Bank
will soon appear

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REGULAR CONNOISSEUR.

Gert (of the gloves)—My beau is an excellent judge of pictures.

Nell (of the notions)—Does he haunt the galleries?

Gert (warmly)—He never sits nowhere but the orchestra, I'll have you know. And, furthermore, I'll betcha a 30-cent sundae that he can drop into any movie in town right in the middle of the reel and tell you the name of the producing company and the principal actor.—Buffalo Express.

Sure, That's Him.

"Who was the mournful looking man you were just talking to?" inquired the city cousin.

"Oh, that there is our village cutup," responded Cy Taters.

"Whadya mean, village cutup? That fellow looked like a crystalized gob of gloom to me."

"I know it, but he's the surgeon o' this here taoun."

Her Mistake.

Mr. Justwed—Lovey, I wish you'd sew up this rip in my vest.

His Bride—I should have sewed that up long ago, dearie. It's a shame. I've had my fingers in that rip every night for a week and thought it was a pocket.

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