Notice to Taxpayers.

I WILL SIT FOR THE PURPOSE OF COLLECTING TAXES between the hours of 1 o'clock p. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the following places, (all other days at the treasurer's office in the Court House) on the following days:

HENDERSON
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23
(COLE'S STORE)

GREENSBORO
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19
(CAROLINE COUNTY BANK)

HILLSBORO
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21
(THOMPSON'S IMP. STORE)

RIDGELY
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28
(BANK OF RIDGELY)

PRESTON
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25
(COVEY BROS.' STORE)

AMERICAN CORNER
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30
(DAFFIN'S STORE)

FEDERALSBURG
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26
(COVEY & WILLIAMS' STORE)

Office in Denton will not be open from 1 to 6 on these dates.

T. FRANK SEWARD.
Treasurer of Caroline County

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

(Continued from page 1)

"I say!" he exclaimed sympathetically, "not hurt, are you? Beastly nuisance, you know, these ropes lying about—regular man-traps, I call 'em."

"Thanks, I'm quite all right," I said, and as I spoke two large genuine tears welled up into my eyes. I hadn't realized till I felt them smarting on my eyelids how deeply hurt I was at the unnatural behavior of Aunt Jane.

"Ah—I'm afraid you are really not quite all right!" returned the Honorable Cuthbert with profound concern. "Tell me what's the matter—please do!"

I shook my head. "It's nothing—you couldn't help me. It's just—Aunt Jane. She has let this awful Higglesby-Browne person get possession of her, body and soul."

"Oh, I say, aren't you a bit rough on Miss Browne? Thought she was a rather remarkable old party—goes in strong for intellect and all that, you know."

"That's just what fooled Aunt Jane so—but I thought a man would know better." My feathers were ruffled again.

"Well, fact is, I'm not so much up in that sort of thing myself," he admitted modestly. "Rather took her word for it and all that, you know. There's Shaw, though—cleverest chap going, I assure you. I rather fancy Miss Browne couldn't pull the wool over his eyes much."

"She evidently did, though," I said snappishly, "since he's let her rope him in for such a wild goose chase as this!"

"Oh, really, now, Miss Harding, you don't think it's that—that the thing's all moonshine?"

"Why, what else can it be?" I demanded, driven by my wrongs to the cruelty of shattering his illusions. "Who ever heard of a pirate's treasure that wasn't moonshine? The moment I had read Aunt Jane's letter telling of the perfectly absurd business she was setting out on I rushed down by the first boat. Of course I meant to take her back with me, to put a stop to all this madness; but I was too late—and you are glad of it, I dare say!"

"I can't help being glad, you know," he replied, the color rising to his ingenuous cheeks. "It's so frightfully jolly having you along. Only I'm sorry you came against your will. Rather fancy you had it in your head that we were a band of cutthroats, eh! Well, the fact is I don't know much about the two chaps Miss Browne picked up, though I suspect they are a very decent sort. That odd fish Captain Magnus, now—he was quite Miss Browne's own find, I assure you. And as to old H. H.—Tubbs, you know—Miss Browne met up with him on the boat coming down. The rum old chap got on her soft side somehow, and first thing she had appointed him secretary and treasurer—as though we were a meeting of something. Shaw was quite a bit upset about it. I say, Miss Harding, you're bound to like Shaw no end when you know him—he's such a wonderfully clever chap!"

I had no wish to blight his faith in the superlative Mr. Shaw, and said nothing. This evidently pained him, and he continued to sound the praises of his idol. It seemed that as soon as Miss Browne had beguiled Aunt Jane into financing her scheme—a feat equivalent to robbing an infant-class scholar of his Sunday school nickel—she had cast about for a worthy leader for the forthcoming Harding-Browne expedition. All the winds of fame were bearing abroad just then the name of a certain young explorer who had lately added another continent or two to the British empire. Linked with his were other names, those of fellow adventurers, which shone only less brightly than that of their chief. One Dugald Shaw had been among the great man's most trusted lieutenants, but now, on the organization of the second expedition, he was left behind in London, only half recovered of a wound received in the Antarctic. His old companions had taken again the path of glory, and were far on their way back to the icefields of the South pole. Only Dugald Shaw was left behind.

"And so," the even voice flowed on, "when I ran on to him in London he was feeling fearfully low, I do assure you. A chap of his sort naturally hates to think he's on the shelf.

"Well, old Shaw was fancying there was nothing for it but to go back to his place with the P. & O., which seemed a bit flat after what he'd been having, and meant he would never get beyond being the captain of a liner, and not that for a good many years



"Be Strong, Jane—Cling to the Dynamic Thought."

to come, when a cable came from this Miss Higglesby-Browne offering him command of this expedition. As neither of us had ever heard of Miss Higglesby-Browne, we were a bit floored for a time. But Shaw smoked a pipe on it, and then he said, 'Old chap, if they will give me my figure, I'm their man.' And I said, 'Quite so, old chap, and I'll go along, too.'

"I had to argue quite a bit, but in the end the dear old boy let me come—after wiring the pater and what not. And I do assure you, Miss Harding, it strikes me as no end of a lark—besides expecting it to put old Shaw on his feet and give us hatfuls of money all round."

Well, it was a plausible story, and I had no doubt, so far as the Honorable Cuthbert was concerned, an absolutely truthful one. The beautiful youth was manifestly as guileless as a small boy playing pirate with a wooden sword. But as to Mr. Shaw, who could tell that it hadn't after all been a trumped-up affair between Miss Browne and him—that his surprise at the message was not assumed to throw dust in the eyes of his young and trusting friend? So great was my faith in Aunt Jane's gullibility, so dark my distrust of Miss Browne, that all connected with the enterprise lay under the cloud of my suspicion. Mr. Shaw, after even a casual glimpse of him, one couldn't picture as a victim. I felt that he must have gone into the enterprise with his eyes wide open to its absurdity, and fully aware that the only gold to be won by anybody must come out of the pocket of Aunt Jane.

As these reflections passed through my mind I looked up and saw the subject of them approaching. He lifted his helmet, but met my eyes unsmilingly, with a sort of sober scrutiny. He had the tanned skin of a sailor, and brown hair cropped close and showing a trace of gray. This and a certain dour grim look he had made me at first consider him quite middle-aged, though I knew later that he was not yet thirty-five. As to the grimness, perhaps, I unwillingly conceded, part of it was due to a scar which seamed the right temple to the eyebrow, in a straight livid line.

He was welcomed by Mr. Vane with a joyous thump on the shoulder-blade. "I say, old man, Miss Harding has turned out to be the most fearful doubting Thomas—thinks the whole scheme quite mad and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own.

"And indeed it is too bad," he said coolly, "that the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking." The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on which side of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty demeanor, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard out of a story-book."

"Ah—yet the world would be poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him!" Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said."

My head went up.

"Bitter, perhaps," I flung back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

"No, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give you the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy, too?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Then I suppose you consider that he was inveigled, too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dismay my voice grew husky. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea.



"But Columbus Did Not Inveigle a Confiding Old Lady to Go Along With Him!"

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—in a way I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Maybe your opportunity will come. It would be a pity indeed if Miss Harding were to require no protecting and a young lady here with such a good will to it. But if you will take the suggestion of a man of rather broader experience than your own, you will wait until the occasion arises. It is bad generalship, really, to waste your ammunition like this."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furious at myself for my moment of weakness and at him for the softening tone which had crept into his voice. "I am merely—honest. And when I see Aunt Jane hypnotized—by this Violet person—"

"And indeed I have seen no reason to think that Miss Higglesby-Browne is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together, whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by quarrels? Are maybe even the men of us to be set by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which their David-and-Jonathan friendship might split. Otherwise I suppose Miss Higglesby-Browne and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with—I hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really kidnaped along—than to look after my aunt. As to the treasure, of course I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

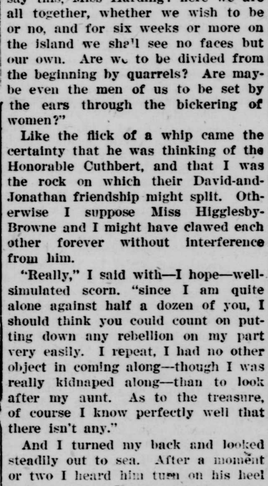
And I turned my back and looked steadily out to sea. After a moment or two I heard him turn on his heel and go away. It was none too soon, for I had already begun to feel unostentatiously for my handkerchief. Any way, I had had the last word—

The rest of my day was lonely, for the beautiful youth, probably by malevolent design, was kept busy between decks. Mr. Tubbs danced attendance on Aunt Jane and Miss Brown, so assiduously that I already began to see some of my worst fears realized. There was nothing for me to do but to retire to my berth and peruse a tattered copy of Huckleberry Finn which I found in the cabin.

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. Directly dinner was at an end, remorselessly Captain Magnus led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to Huckleberry Finn. But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it in which I said all the brilliant and cutting things which had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship: "Land ho!"

(To be continued)



SALE OF POLAND CHINAS

There will be a big sale tomorrow at 12 o'clock sharp at the Springfield Farms, near Rock Hall, Md., of Big Type Poland China Hogs. These hogs are the property of J. W. Funk and H. L. Cooper, Denton, and F. C. Wood, Rock Hall. They are in good condition and are all registered stock. Any one interested in this breed of hogs will do well to attend this sale.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 13

PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 24:1-27.

GOLDEN TEXT—Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and man.—Acts 24:16.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Luke 12:4-12.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Why Paul Was Not Afraid.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Secret of Paul's Courage.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Defense Before a Roman Governor.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul's Defense Before Felix.

I. Paul Accused (vv. 1-9)

Tertullus, perhaps a Roman barrister, formally made the accusation according to Roman law. He began with flattery. He gave Felix the fullest praise when he and all the people knew that he lied; for Felix was one of the worst governors—destitute of morals and justice. He brought a fourfold charge against Paul:

1. "A pestilent fellow" (v. 5). This would indicate a fellow utterly base and corrupt—a plague.

2. An inciter of rebellion, a mover of sedition (v. 5). This they hoped would bring him into conflict with the Roman power.

3. That he was the ringleader of a sect—a schismatical party—a heretic (v. 5).

4. That he had profaned the temple (v. 6).

II. Paul's Defense (vv. 10-21).

In this defense note:

1. Paul's frankness and courtesy (v. 10). Flattery is entirely wanting. He gives recognition of the fact that Felix had been ruler of this people long enough to be able to judge justly, as the habits and ways of the Jews were familiar to him; and then, in a dignified manner, assumes that Felix will render a just decision based upon the facts of the case.

2. The charge of sedition denied (vv. 11, 12). He flatly and scornfully denied this charge, showing its utter falsity, since the time was too short, being but twelve days since he went to Jerusalem, and half of that time had been spent as a prisoner of the Romans. His conduct while there disproved it—he disputed with no man in the temple; neither did he make any attempt to incite the people in the city nor in the synagogue.

3. The charge of heresy (vv. 14-16). This charge he met by a concession and a denial. He admitted that he was of the "Way" which they called heresy, but clearly showed that it was in keeping with the Hebrew religion: (1) he worshiped the same God (v. 14); (2) he fully believed in the same Scriptures (v. 14); (3) he had the same hope of a coming resurrection of the dead (v. 15). He declared that he made as the principle of life a conscience void of offense before God and man.

4. The charge of sacrilege, or profanation of the temple (vv. 17-21). This charge he refuted by showing (1) that he had come all the way from Greece (v. 17) to worship at the feast; (2) that he had not come up empty-handed, but had brought alms for his nation (v. 17); (3) that there were not competent witnesses present to testify as to his behavior in the temple (v. 19); by challenging his enemies to testify as to his conduct in the council (v. 20).

III. Paul Before Felix the Second Time (vv. 22-27).

This is a sort of a sequel to the trial. Wicked as Felix was, Paul's manner somewhat won his favor, though he did not release him. His sentence was indulgent imprisonment, which kept him free from his enemies while under Roman protection. Felix sent for Paul that he might hear of Christ from him. Paul behaved himself aright before these sinners in high life. He reasoned of righteousness, self-control and judgment to come, before Felix and his sinful wife, with such power that Felix was terrified and declared that he would hear Paul further at a convenient time. This was a most flimsy excuse for not changing his life and granting justice to Paul. He was so in bondage to sin that he was unwilling to change. Also he hoped that by delaying matters he would receive a bribe.

The Lord Changeth Not.

And I will come near to you to judgment; I will be a swift witness against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts. For I am the Lord; I change not.—Malachi 3:5, 6.

Worship.

A main purpose of worship on earth on the part of Christians, who believe that they have to prepare for the sight of God in judgment, is that it is a preparation. Worship is an education for the inevitable future.—H. P. Liddon.

Who Shall Enter.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. —Matthew 8:21.

A bright mind lightens a homely face.



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DENTON, MD.

OFFICIAL ELECTION RETURNS

	1st District	2d District 1st Precl.	2d District 2d Precl.	3d District 1st Precl.	3d District 2d Precl.	4th District 1st Precl.	4th District 2d Precl.	5th District	6th District	7th District 1st Precl.	7th District 2d Precl.	8th District	Totals
Comptroller of the Treasury—													
William S. Gordy, Jr.	274	333	204	409	362	261	128	445	357	197	127	297	3394
Oliver Metzerott	236	181	117	210	229	218	153	389	280	216	158	217	2604
State Senator—													
M. Bates Stephens	260	322	212	321	278	205	87	374	274	194	122	232	2881
Lawrence B. Towers	282	**228**	**131**	**352**	**384**	**328**	**221**	**505**	**400**	**255**	**175**	**329**	**3590**
Members of House Delegates—													
J. Raymond Charles	272	273	151	338	313	264	132	551	350	200	125	297	3326
Ellwood C. Orrell	241	223	156	202	252	226	157	322	279	238	162	218	2676
Arthur G. Smith	245	332	192	336	320	250	129	430	327	196	124	282	3193
Goottee S. Todd	238	167	113	198	226	234	158	363	278	210	151	239	2575
Sherman L. Tribbitt	255	210	156	225	323	217	150	363	312	227	165	227	2830
Martin C. Voss	278	326	184	438	398	256	126	428	351	206	122	300	3413
Clerk of Circuit Court—													
George A. Deakyne	291	350	229	379	333	261	127	499	339	210	134	295	3447
J. Alda Jackson	244	181	104	264	286	234	159	358	309	227	159	243	2768
County Commissioner—													
Joseph J. Garris	270	321	206	407	360	324	179	394	346	233	148	279	3467
Willard C. Todd	251	194	124	239	254	197	117	462	289	199	143	269	2738
County Treasurer—													
Thomas H. Everngam	250	262	153	375	306	255	121	421	302	132	93	308	2978
T. Frank Seward	255	245	160	**257**	**306**	**235**	**163**	**422**	**328**	**296**	**195**	**225**	**3087**
Sheriff—													
William C. Andrew	236	342	203	409	356	285	125	447	381	193	122	340	3486
Clarence E. Beauchamp	236	181	115	243	263	217	156	388	268	230	153	209	2764

County Surveyor—
J. Walter Noble—Elected unanimously without opposition

Kindness

The other evening a young lawyer took his bulldog in his machine when he took his best girl out driving. And as he drove up to her house out jumped his dog and clinched with the dog of the man who lived next door to her home. Then the fight began and it lasted long and was hard. But finally the two dogs were parted and the girl stood fearfully awaiting the "balling out" she was sure her crusty neighbor would give her best beau. But he did nothing of the sort. He kicked his own dog back into his house and talked affably with the lawyer.

The lawyer, too, was surprised. He voiced his wonder. "Well, you certainly are a good scout," he said. "Most men would have been mad over my dog fighting yours."

"No, sir, I'm a good neighbor," the old man said, and the girl began to feel more kindly toward him than she had ever felt before. But the next minute her kind feeling departed. For he finished: "I wouldn't do a mean trick to any of my neighbors like discouraging their daughter's beaus. I've got two old maid daughters myself just a few years older than the two who live here."—Indianapolis News.



Uncle John's Poem

AN OBITUARY FOR ARMISTICE DAY

The sword has spent its hideous round of spreadin' desolation; It certainly hath done its bit, in sheddin' precious blood.

It mighty nearly paralyzed the heart of every nation,—till the hand that took it perished, like the scripter said it should.

It flashed its grim defiance at the sacred laws of honor; It gloated in the subterfuge that Might is allers Right. . . But fair Columbia's Goddess stands, without a stain upon her,—the broken sword is at her feet—a memory of the fight!

Yes, the sword has been unmerciful, relentless, hard an' cruel. . . There's nothin' more perfidious, nor repugnant than its reign; With Lberty our watchword, we survey the bloody duel, and curse the fallen monster, fer the heroes t hath slain!

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