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RDER OF PUBLICATION

Margaret Garner,
vs.
Horace Garner.
In the Circuit Court for Kent County, Md.

In Equity, No. 2186

The object of the Bill filed in this case is to procure a Decree for divorce a vinculo matrimonii.

The Bill states:

1. That on July 2, 1917, Margaert Garner was married to her husband, Horace Garner, with whom she resided in Kent County, Md., until some time during the month of August, 1921.

2. That the said Horace Garner, on divers days and times since the said marriage, has committed the crime of adultery with one, Reba Jones, of Kent County, aforesaid, and with divers other women in said Kent County, whose names are to your Oratrix unknown.

3. That ever since their said marriage your Oratrix has behaved herself as a faithful, chaste and affectionate wife.

4. That your Oratrix has not lived or cohabited with the said Horace Garner since she has discovered his said adulteries.

5. That your Oratrix and the said Horace Garner have had no children born to them from said marriage.

6. That your Oratrix is a resident of Kent County, Maryland, where she has lived all her life.

It is thereupon, this 4th day of August, A. D., 1922, ordered by the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, that the Plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Kent County once in each of four successive weeks before the 4th day of September next, giving notice to the said Defendant, Horace Garner, non resident, warning him to appear in this Court in person, or by solicitor, on or before the 18th day of September next, to show cause, if any he has, why a Decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

True copy:
ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

Test:
a5-5t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

TO THE

TAX-PAYERS

OF KENT COUNTY

TREASURER'S SEPTEMBER SITTINGS

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed at the session of 1891, Chapter 292, the undersigned, Treasurer of Kent county, hereby gives notice that for the purpose of receiving the

STATE AND COUNTY TAXES

in said county for the year 1922 he will sit for the September Sittings in the several Election Districts as follows:

Sept. 6—Bolton & Vandyke's store, Galena, 9 to 12 m. Feddeman's & Collins' store from 1 to 3 p. m.

Sept. 8—Robert Young's store at Kennedyville, 10 to 12 m.; C. C. Ivens' store, Worton, 1 to 3 p. m.

Sept. 14—Turner's store, Betterton, 10 to 12; Medders' store, Still Pond, 1 to 3 p. m.

Sept. 19—T. B. Durding's store, Rock Hall, 10 to 12 m.; N. T. Ashley's store, Piney Neck, 1 to 3 p. m.

Sept. 22—Nathan Leiberman's store, Melitota, 10 to 12; Bramble's store, Fairlee, 1 to 3 p. m.

Sept. 28—T. R. Starr's store, Pomona, 1 to 3 p. m.

At all other times will be at the Treasurer's Office in Chestertown. The Treasurer's Office in the Court House will not be open on the above dates.

The Treasurer's Office in the Court House will be open every day except on the above dates from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. for the receipt of taxes. Tax payers will please take notice that taxes will be due and payable Sept. 1, and that on all bills unpaid on Jan. 1, interest will be charged and collected from Sept. 1. On the first day of January all taxes unpaid are declared by law to be in arrears, and delinquents are warned that unless settlement in full is made before April 1, the Treasurer of the county will proceed to seize and sell their property to pay the taxes due with charges and all costs of sale. The Treasurer would, therefore, respectfully urge all taxpayers to pay promptly.

LEONARD WILSON,
Treasurer.

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The Big-Town Round Up

by

William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD.—Motoring through Arizona, a party of easterners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I.—Clay Lindsay, range-rider on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II.—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III.—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. That individual the range-rider punishes summarily and leaves tied to a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV.—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

CHAPTER V.—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the annoyer. After a lively mixup Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten insensible.

CHAPTER VI.—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced into "society." His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII.—The two take an apartment together, Johnnie securing employment at the Whitford's as "handy man." An advertisement signed "Kitty M." conveys the information that she is in trouble and implores Lindsay to come to a certain house where she is imprisoned. Clay is dubious as to its authenticity, but finally decides to go. He makes his way into what he supposes is the right house and finds himself in a young woman's bedroom.

There was a crash of splintering panels, the sound of a bursting lock. Almost as though it were an echo of it came a heavy pounding upon the street door. Clay guessed that the thirty minutes were up and that the Runt was bringing the police. He dived back into one of the empty rooms just in time to miss a rush of men pouring along the passage to the stairs.

Cut off from the street, Clay took to the roof again. It would not do for him to be caught in the house by the police. He climbed the ladder, pushed his way through the trapdoor opening, and breathed deeply of the night air.

But he had no time to lose. Already he could hear the trampling of feet up the stairs to the second story.

Lightly he vaulted the wall and

Cut Off From the Street, Clay Took to the Roof Again.

came to the roof door leading down to number 123. He found it latched.

The eaves of the roof projected so far that he could not from there get a hold on the window casings below. He made a vain circuit of the roof, then passed to the next house.

Again he was out of luck. The tenants had made safe the entrance against prowlers of the night. He knew that at any moment now the police might appear in pursuit of him. There was no time to lose.

He crossed to the last house in the block—and found himself barred out. As he rose from his knees he heard the voices of men clambering through the scuttle to the roof. At the same time he saw that which brought him to instant action. It was a rope clothesline which ran from post to post, dangling from one corner of the building to another and back to the opposite one.

No man in Manhattan's millions knew the value of a rope or could handle one more expertly than this cattleman. His knife was open before he had reached the nearest post. One strong slash of the blade severed it. In six long strides he was at the second post unwinding the line. He used his knife a second time at the third post.

With deft motions Clay worked swiftly. He was fastening the rope to the chimney of the house. Every instant he expected to hear a voice raised in excited discovery of him crouched in the shadows. But his fingers were as sure and as steady as though he had minutes before him instead of seconds.

"There's the guy—over by the chimney."

Clay threw the slack of the line from the roof. He had no time to test the strength of the rope nor its length. As the police rushed him he slid over the edge and began to lower himself hand under hand.

The wide eaves protected him. A man would have to hang out from the wall above the ledge to see him.

Clay's eyes were on the gutter above while he jerked his way down a foot at a time. A face and part of a body swung out into sight.

"We've got yuh. Come back, or I'll shoot," a voice called down.

A revolver showed against the black sky.

The man from Arizona did not answer and did not stop. He knew that shooting from above is an art that few men have acquired.

A bullet sang past his ear just as he swung in and crouched on the window-sill. Another one hit the bricks close to his head.

The firing stopped. A pair of uniformed legs appeared dangling from the eaves. A body and a head followed these. They began to descend jerkily.

Clay took a turn at the gun-play. He fired his revolver into the air. The spasmodic jerking of the blue legs abruptly ceased.

"Yuh'd better give up quietly. We're bound to get yuh," an officer shouted from the roof by way of parley.

The cattleman did not answer except by the smashing of glass. He had forced his way into two houses within the past hour. He was now busy breaking into a third. The window had not yielded to pressure. Therefore he was knocking out the glass with the butt of his revolver.

He crawled through the opening just as some one sat up in bed with a frightened exclamation.

"Who—is—s—s—s it?" a masculine voice asked, teeth chattering.

Clay had no time to gratify idle curiosity. He ran through the room, reached the head of the stairs and went down on the banister to the first floor. He fled back to the rear of the house and stole out by the kitchen door.

The darkness of the alley swallowed him, but he could still hear the shouts of the men on the roof and answering ones from new arrivals below.

Five minutes later he was on board a street car. He was not at all particular as to its destination. He wanted to be anywhere but here. This neighborhood was getting entirely too active for him.

CHAPTER IX

The Gangman Sees Red.

Exactly thirty minutes after Clay had left him to break into the house, Johnnie lifted his voice in a loud wail for the police. He had read somewhere that one can never find an officer when he is wanted, but the Bull-of-Bashan roar of the cowpuncher brought them running from all directions.

Out of the confused explanations of the range-rider the first policeman to reach him got two lucid statements.

"They're white-slavin' a straight girl. This busher says his pal went in to rescue her half an hour ago and hasn't showed up since," he told his mates.

With Johnnie bringing up the rear they made a noisy attack on the front door of Number 121. Almost immediately it was opened from the inside. Four men had come down the stairs in a headlong rush to cut off the escape of one who had outwitted and taunted them.

Those who wanted to get in and those who wanted to get out all tried to talk at once, but as soon as the police recognized Jerry Durand they gave him the floor.

"We're after a flat-worker," explained the ex-pugilist. "He must be tryin' for a roof getaway." He turned and led the joint forces back up the stairs.

Thugs and officers surged up after him, carrying with them in their rush the Runt. He presently found himself on the roof with those engaged in a man-hunt for his friend. When Clay shattered the window and disappeared inside after his escape from the roof, Johnnie gave a deep sigh of relief. This gun-play got on his nerves, since Lindsay was the target of it.

The bandy-legged range-rider was still trailing along with the party ten minutes later when its scattered members drew together in tacit admission that the hunted man had escaped.

The gang leader was in a vile temper. If this story reached the newspapers all New York would be laughing at him. He could appeal to the police, have Clay Lindsay arrested, and get him sent up for a term on the charge of burglary. But he could not do it without the whole tale coming out. One thing Jerry Durand could not stand was ridicule. His vanity was one of his outstanding qualities, and he did not want it widely known that the boob he had intended to trap had turned the tables on him, manhandled him, jeered at him and locked him in a room with his three henchmen.

Johnnie Green chose this malapropos moment for reminding the officers of the reason for the coming to the house.

"What about the young lady?" he asked solicitously.

Durand wheeled on him, looked him over with an insolent, malevolent eye, and jerked a thumb in his direction. "Who is this guy?"

"He's the fellow tipped us off his pal was inside," answered one of the patrolmen. He spoke in a whisper close to the ear of Jerry. "Likely he knows more than he lets on. Shall I make a pinch?"

The eyes of the gang leader narrowed. "So he's a friend of this second-story bird, is he?"

"Y'betcha!" chirped up Johnnie, "and I'm plumb tickled to take his dust, too. Now, about this yere young lady—"

Jerry caught him hard on the side of the jaw with a short-arm jolt. The range-rider hit the pavement hard. Slowly he got to his feet nursing his cheek.

"What yuh do that for, doggone it?" he demanded resentfully. "Me, I wasn't lookin' for no trouble. Me, I—"

Durand leaped at him across the sidewalk. His strong fingers closed on the throat of the bow-legged puncher.

The officers pried Jerry loose from his victim with the greatest difficulty. He tried furiously to get at him, lunging from the men who were holding his arms.

The puncher sank helplessly against the wall.

"He's got all he can carry, Mr. Durand," one of the bluecoats said, soothingly. "You don't wantta croak the little guy. Gimme the word, an' I'll run him in for a drunk."

Jerry shook his head. "Nope. Let him go, Pete."

The policeman walked up to the Runt and caught him roughly by the arm. "Move along outa here. I'd ought to pinch you, but I'm not gonna do it this time, see? You beat it!"

Durand turned to one of his followers. "Tail that fellow. Find out where he's stayin' and report."

Helplessly Johnnie went staggering down the street. He did not understand why he had been treated so, but the instinct of self-preservation carried him out of the danger zone without argument about it. Even as he wobbled away he was looking with unwavering faith to his friend to right his wrongs. Clay would fix this fellow Durand for what he had done to him.

* * * * * * *

Clay did his best under the handicap of a lack of entente between him and the authorities to search New York for Kitty. He used the personal columns of the newspapers. He got in touch with taxicab drivers, ticket-sellers, postmen, and station guards. All the time he knew that in such a maze as Manhattan it would be a miracle if he found her.

But miracles are made possible by miracle-workers. The Westerner was a sixty-horse-power dynamo of energy. He felt responsible for Kitty and he gave himself with single-minded devotion to the job of discovering her.

When Clay met Kitty at last it was quite by chance. As it happened, Beatrice was present at the time.

He had been giving a box party at the Empire. The gay little group was gathered under the awning outside the foyer while the limousine that was to take them to Shanley's for supper was being called. Colin Whitford, looking out into the rain that pelted down, uttered an exclamatory "By Jove!"

Clay turned to him inquiringly.

"A woman was looking out of that doorway at us," he said. "If she's not in deep water I'm a bad guesser. I thought for a moment she knew me or some one of us. She started to reach out her hands and then shrank back."

"Young or old?" asked the cattleman.

"Young—a girl."

"Excuse me." The host was off in an instant, almost on the run.

But the woman had gone, swallowed in the semidarkness of a side street. Clay followed.

Beatrice turned to her father, eyebrows lifted. There was a moment's awkward silence.

"Mr. Lindsay will be back presently," Whitford said. "We'll get in and wait for him out of the way a little farther up the street."

When Clay rejoined them he talked in a low voice with Beatrice's father. The mining man nodded agreement and Lindsay turned to the others.

"I'm called away," he explained aloud. "Mr. Whitford has kindly promised to play host in my place. I'm right sorry to leave, but it's urgent."

His grave smile asked Beatrice to be charitable in her findings. The eyes she gave him were coldly hostile. He knew Beatrice did not and would not understand.

The girl was waiting where Clay had left her, crouched against a basement milliner's door under the shelter of the steps.

"I—I've looked for you everywhere," moaned the girl. "It's been—awful."

"I know, but it's goin' to be all right now, Kitty," he comforted. "You're goin' home with me tonight. Tomorrow we'll talk it all over."

He tucked an arm under hers and led her along the wet, shining street to a taxicab. She crouched in a corner of the cab, her body shaken with sobs.

The young man moved closer and put a strong arm around her shoulders. "Don't you worry, Kitty. Yore big brother is on the job now."

He knew her story now in its essentials as well as he did later when she wept it out to him in confession. And because she was who she was, born to lean on a stronger will, he acquitted her of blame.

To Be Continued

R. HYNSON ROGERS, Solicitor.
Notice Of
FIRST MEETING OF CREDITORS

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland

In the Matter of Sudler Loller, Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on August 18, 1922, the said Sudler Loller, of near Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, was duly adjudged Bankrupt, and the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the law office of R. Hynson Rogers, in Chestertown, Maryland, on the 30th day of August, 1922, at three o'clock P. M., at which time the creditors of said bankrupt may attend, prove their claims, appoint a Trustee or Trustees, examine said Bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before the said meeting.

SIDNEY P. TOWNSHEND, Referee.
Chestertown, Md.

N. B.—Creditors should at once prove their claims before a Notary Public and file same with the Referee or have them ready to file at the First Meeting of Creditors.

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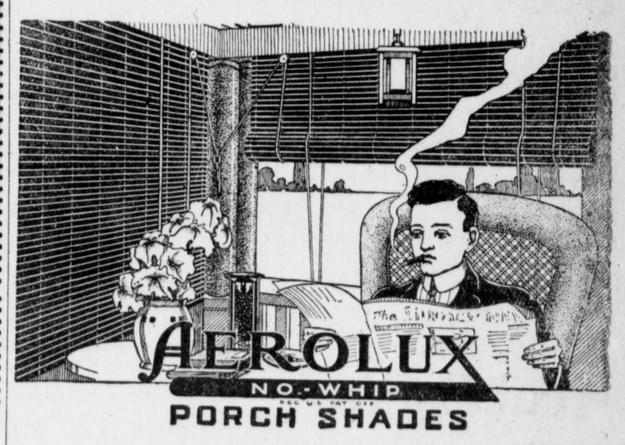

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