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Along The Trail

See where from out our river-gardens rise
Majestically the vapor of the night,
Sun-down, to float about the quiet skies
Until they fade like ghosts that shun the light.
Like ghosts they seem, and yet to keener sight,
They look like mantles that completely hide
The gods, who for a moment left their bright
Abodes to find a little sleep beside
The peaceful doors of men—within this valley wide.
Now up the mountain trails the wise gods go,
Serene, climbing as man himself would climb,
Oft look they back upon the scene below,
As they would fix within their minds the rhyme
Of singing streams, the scents of rose and thyme;
That when upon their thrones they sit again,
Immersed within their themes immense, sublime,
They may recall the pleasant days of men—
And fill our hearts with more of their high passion, then.

Laura Blackburn in Chicago Tribune.

NEW FIRE QUARTERS

Millington To Erect Suitable Building In Near Future

Although citizens of Millington voted last year to double their tax rate to obtain funds for the construction of a handsome and commodious new home for the Community Fire Company, members of this organization have reached an agreement to erect the structure without taking advantage of the authirized increase in taxes. Work on the new building will be commenced shortly after March 15, and it is planned to liquidate the cost by a series of entertainments and fetes under the auspices of the company.

The new building will be constructed on the site purchased by the Town Commissioners from the heirs of Charles M. Hurt. It will be about 45 by 40 feet, with brick front and glazed side and brick walls. The first floor will be divided into two rooms—one for the Fire Company headquarters and the other for a store. On the second floor will be one large room which will be utilized as a public hall.

B. W. Dulin, Millington contractor, has prepared plans for the building which have been approved by the directors of the company. It is estimated that the structure will cost in the neighborhood of $5,500.

The Community Fire Company has been organized is has established a new record for volunefficient and energetic campaigns to improve the facilities for combating fire in Millington. During the last eighteen months the organization has bought and paid for equipment worth approximately $10,000. This includes a specially constructed fire engine which cost about $8,000.

During the time the company has been organized is has rendered valuable service not only in Millington and the immediate vicinity, but in nearby tonws of Sudlersville, Crumpton, Galena, Massey and Georgetown. It is expected that these communities will cooperate willingly in the plan to provide suitable quarters for the company.

MILLINGTON ITEMS

Mrs. Alenda Smith visited her sister, Mrs. George Lane, of Warwick, last week.

Mrs. Robert Pennington, of Wadesboro, N. C, was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. R. M. Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ahern spent a few days of last week with relatives in Baltimore.

The regular monthly meeting of the Queen Esther Circle, of Asbury M. E. Church, was held Tuesday evening at the hime of Miss Elizabeth Bottomley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones and Mr. Henry Walls, of near town, spent last Tuesday in Wilmington.

The following program was rendered by the pupils of Millington High School on Lincoln's Birthday: Lincoln's boyhood, by the 2nd. grade; exercises by 6 boys of 3rd. and 4th. grades; Composition on Lincoln, by Irma Newton; Tributes to Lincoln, by 8 boys of 5th. grade; Lincoln Song, by 6th. and 7th. grades; Sayings of Lincoln, by 12 girls of 6th. and 7th. grades; The Hope of Man, by Mary Walls; Captain, My Chaplain, by Helen Comegys.

Mrs. S. S. Comegys and Mrs. Eva Sykes are visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Miss Mollie Higman, of near town, is spending two weeks with relatives at Seaford, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vansant and littl son, of Elkton, Md. were guests last Sunday of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Jones.

Mr. Carrol Burris and Mr. Harry Bolin, of Wilmington, spent the week end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burris.

Thelma Haupt entertained a number of her little friends at a birthday party last Saturday evening at her home on South Crane Stret.

Mrs. H. L. Higman entertained the Ladies Aid Society, of Asbury M. E. Church, last Thursday afternoon, at her home on South Sassafras Street.

—Mr. W. M. Jardine, of Kansas, has been appointed Secretary of Agriculture.

GENIUS PULLS A FLUKE

By HANSELL CRENSHAW

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

Christopher thought that he could write a musical score that would make him heir to the mantle of Wagner. Others didn't think so, which was why life for him was just one bean sandwich after another.

CHRISTOPHER HARE stood beside the table in his shabby little room and gazed abstractedly at two small vials which he held, one in each hand. On one side of the room was a battered old piano. Both table and piano were littered with manuscript music in varying stages of composition or revision. Hare was tall, spare and prematurely gray, shabbily dressed, but with the face of an artist—a face seamed with care and disappointment yet potential of genuine creative genius.

A light knock came at the door. Hare furtively slipped the vials into his coat pocket, then went to the door and opened it. A motherly sort of woman entered and advanced a few steps.

"I hate to trouble you, Mr. Hare," she said, "but the agent is pressing me, and—your room rent is three months overdue. I have a chance to rent this room tomorrow for cash in advance if—"

Hare placed a rickety chair for her and took another himself.

"Sit down a moment, Mrs. Malone," he said, taking a letter from his pocket and handing it to her. "I shall leave you this afternoon and here is a letter to my wife and boy which I want you to mail. Mrs. Malone, I—I haven't even money to buy a stamp!"

"Where are you going?" the woman asked gravely.

Hare did not answer for a space and when he spoke it was with infinite weariness.

"To some strange place," he said. "I came to New York six months ago, thinking that I would get my opera, "Mariamne," produced. One by one, all the managers have refused it except Sterne, and he wouldn't even see me. Then, as you know, I wrote a comic thing; but it was worthless. I'm not fitted to write trivial stuff. Three weeks ago I sent my "Mariamne" to Sterne through the mail. He hasn't so much as acknowledged it. No doubt the score is lost or destroyed—the score I toiled and starved and dreamed to write! But now I'm done—beaten. He buried his face in his hands.

"Don't be discouraged," said Mrs. Malone, after a pause. "Apply for work in a theater, restaurant, movie. You can live that way till some one comes along capable of appreciating your operas."

"You don't understand," said Christopher Hare, looking up. "I can't read music readily enough to hold a job in New York. Then, too, I don't belong to the union." He sighed wearily.

"Then teach," counseled the woman.

"Who would study under so shabby a master in so shabby a place?" he protested. "Besides, I don't play at all well. I'm no more a pianist than Wagner was. I am a creative artist. No; I advertised for pupils, but none came."

Mrs. Malone rose.

"Try a little longer," she advised him. "I'll not turn you out. You may yet get a hearing. Who can tell?"

"You are a good woman," said the composer, rising, "and I thank you now for all your goodness to me. I can't even pay what money I owe you, much less what gratitude. But this pitiful thing I can do." He handed her a folded paper. "I assign all rights to my manuscripts to you. They are probably not commercially worth the paper they're written on. But if they are worth anything, it will be a great deal."

"No," said Mrs. Malone, laying the paper on the table, "I can't take your manuscripts this way for a mess of pottage. Take them along with you, if you must go. You can send me my money any time."

"Good-by," said Christopher, taking her hand.

"Good-by," said she, "and better luck."

Mrs. Malone went out and closed the door. Hare sat down at the table and produced the two vials. He put them on the table and spoke addressing them.

"Deadly nightshade!" he said, taking up one of the bottles, "you are what I need—enough to kill ten failures."

He put the vial to his lips and drained it. Then he picked up the other bottle.

"And you, juice of the poppy!" he continued, "I need you, too."

He swallowed the contents of this vial, also, and sat staring before him for some seconds.

"Well, I've done it!" he said at length, and fell face down across the table.

A brisk knock came at the door. Christopher made no response and the knock was repeated. Then the door was thrown open and Mrs. Malone burst into the room, holding a letter in her hand. She stopped abruptly when she saw Christopher. Then she ran to him and shook him by the shoulder.

"Mr. Hare—Mr. Hare!" she cried. "Look! A letter from Sterne."

"A letter?" said Christopher, rousing himself.

"Yes—maybe an acceptance," she answered.

"What does he say?" said Christopher, taking the letter and listlessly opening it.

He looked at the letter a moment, then suddenly rose unsteadily to his feet.

"What's this!" he exclaimed, reading from the letter: "Your 'Mariamne' a masterpiece—a second 'Madame Butterfly'—inclosed find check on advance royalties in the sum of one thousand—"

He dropped the letter and slowly lowered himself into a chair.

"What have you done?" Mrs. Malone demanded.

"What a fate!" cried Christopher, ignoring her. "Here I am with success and happiness within my very grasp, but doomed to die."

He raised a shaking hand and pointed to the empty vials on the table.

"Maybe something can be done!" said the woman quickly. Then she hurried from the room and down the stairs.

"'A masterpiece—a second "Butterfly"!'" Christopher quoted, "yet I shall not live to hear it. Oh, God!"

He sat staring at the letter and check. Presently the door opened and Mrs. Malone entered followed by Dr. Darwin Bernard. Bernard was an intelligent but hard-faced man of fifty. A poorly paid experience in medicine had made him a misanthrope. He put his hat and medicine bag on the table and picked up the vials, reading the labels.

"Laudanum and tincture of belladonna! Enough to kill a dozen fool musicians."

He raised Christopher's upper eyelid with a finger, then felt his pulse.

"Is there anything to be done?" the musician asked.

"No," said the doctor, picking up his hat and grip.

"You're not going to stand by and let the man die without—"

"There's nothing to be done," said Bernard brusquely.

"Is there no antidote? Must he die?"

"He ought to die," said the physician, putting on his hat and going to the door. "I live below him here, and God knows that any man who makes the noises he does on that old rattletrap piano night and day does not deserve to live—"

"Monster—beast!" cried the woman.

"But," continued Bernard, ignoring her, "by some diabolic trick of fortune the d—d fool has taken two poisons that are the exact antidotes, the exact antagonists of each other. The belladonna counteracts the opium and the opium counteracts the belladonna!"

"You mean—you mean—" Christopher gasped, appalled.

"I mean that except for a fit or two of vomiting you will not suffer, but will continue to live and make life a continual h—l for all those who must exist within earshot of your damnable efforts at out-DeBussying DeBussy!"

With this the physician left the room, banging the door behind him. Meantime Christopher Hare stood up and clasped Mrs. Malone's hand, swayed by feeling too strong for speech.

Illumination by Gas Not at First Popular

A commemorative tablet will shortly be unveiled in Paris on an old building of the St. Louis hospital group where the first gas works in the capital were established.

It was in the year 1797 that an engineer, Philippe Lebon, experimented with the practical use of gas derived from the combustion of wood. He called his apparatus "thermolamps." The light produced was not as brilliant as modern illumination gas and the odor was nauseating.

The discovery aroused the ire of oil and candle merchants, who viewed the new method of lighting with considerable alarm. However, Lebon never had the opportunity to perfect his process and reap his reward, for he was assassinated the day of Bonaparte's coronation. He bore a striking resemblance to the first consul, for whom his murderers mistook him. Thus, the first application of his discovery was left to the English.

The new method of lighting was not at first received with enthusiasm. When it was employed for the first time at the opera in 1819 it caused loud protests, the ladies in the audience declaring that it gave them a ghastly appearance, while the corps de ballet was made actually sick.

Some improvements were gradually made, however, and by 1824 several companies had been organized in Paris for the manufacture of gas, which rapidly supplanted lamps.—Kansas City Star.

Tree Brought High Price

Perhaps the highest price ever paid for a single tree was that paid for a pecan from Kosciusko, Miss. It is sixteen years old and its value as timber was negligible, but it was bought by a nurseryman for grafting purposes, because the tree, which has been bearing nine years, produces such large pecans that 25 of them weigh a pound. The nursery company will strip the tree of all grafting parts and use them for improving other stock.

Fully Armored

"Have your children a good school teacher?" asked a motor tourist.

"Yes'm, I reckon so," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "Leastways, she gets converted all over ag'in every time there's a revival, prays like telling the Lord how to run his own business, and is so lean, lank and sharp cornered that no man in his sober senses would try to make a mash on her."—Kansas City Star.

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