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County Commissioners for Caroline county receive $500 a year. Those for Baltimore county receive $3,600.

The lowest salary paid to a State's Attorney is in Charles and Queen Anne's counties, where this official receives $800 a year. The State's Attorney for Baltimore city receives $7,500.

In Allegany county the Treasurer receives $1,200 a year. In Garrett county one per cent. of the taxes levied and in several other counties $3,000, the limit prescribed by law

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Chestertown, Md.

HUNTING THE MISSING SHOE

By H. M. EGBERT

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ALL the way over Nicholson had tried to make the acquaintance of the girl in brown. But, try as hard as he could, he failed to elicit anything more than a passing greeting from her. She was named Mary Martin, and he overheard her telling the steward that she was a school teacher and spending her vacation on a tour of the British cities.

Nicholson was making a pleasure tour. He was one of those fortunate young men who have sufficient income to make work unnecessary. Not that he was an idler. He meant to take up sociology seriously—was, in fact, on his way to England at the invitation of a friend, to attend some crowded political meetings in the Black country, the industrial part of the Midlands.

The girl in brown would not say anything more than "good-morning" and "good-evening." She even seemed to resent Nicholson's attempts to force himself upon her, the young man thought. So, by the time the voyage was half ended he had left her severly alone.

It was one of the greatest disappointments that he had ever had. He was not an unduly impressionable young man, but the girl in brown had made a profound impression upon his heart. There is some inner sense that tells us whether these affairs have in them the possibility of permanence. Nicholson felt that he could love the girl in brown—given propinquity for the development of his passion—until he died.

However, love must have responsiveness, and by the time he reached Oxford he had only a pleasant, mellowed memory of her. He put up at the Queen's hotel. His room was on a long corridor. And as he entered it he heard light footsteps coming along the passage, and looked round to see the girl in brown.

She did not pay the slightest heed to him, but, without any sign of recognition, entered her room adjacent. Nicholson sighed, changed his mind about going to bed, and went out and promenaded the High for nearly an hour.

Boots, dazzled by the bestowal of a truly American tip, informed Nicholson of the British custom of putting one's shoes outside the bedroom door to be polished. "I cleans 'em, sir," he said. "I'll give you an extra shine. Thank you kindly, sir."

Nicholson went to bed and slept like a just man without remorse or care. In fact, he was a little ashamed to discover, when he opened his eyes, that the sun was shining brightly. He opened his door. Outside lay one of his shoes. And, next to it, was a small and very shapely lady's shoe, evidently the property of his next-door neighbor. His missing shoe was nowhere to be seen.

Nicholson had a spare pair of shoes in his bag, and he put them on. Then he stood staring in perplexity at what lay before his eyes. Boots must have made a hideous blunder. Nicholson went down to pick a quarrel with him. But Boots was nowhere to be found. And, as Nicholson munched his breakfast, a telegram was put into his hand.

"Meet me at Coventry at four," it ran. It was from the friend who was to guide him through the maze of sociological observations that lay before him.

There was only one train to Coventry that day—Sunday. Forgotten was the episode of the morning, forgotten Miss Martin, save that she lay like a subconscious idea at the base of his memory. He rushed upstairs, to find Boots standing before his door with his suitcase in his hand.

"It's all packed, sir," he said. "There isn't no time to lose, sir. I've called a keb, sir."

What was it he wanted to say to Boots? Boots had already disappeared with the suitcase. He was waiting at the cab door. He thrust the suitcase inside, and, gratified by another tip, departed, while the cab dashed frantically toward the station.

Nicholson sank back against the cushions. Well, of course, Boots had rectified the blunder. No doubt he had located the odd shoes, returned them to their places, and—but had he? Nicholson opened the bag and looked inside. There lay the dreadful evidence of his theft—Miss Martin's high-heeled shoe, beside his own!

Nicholson gasped. Well, nothing could be done now. He resolved to send the shoe back that night with a letter of apology. He thrust his suitcase across the baggage counter, received his check, and dashed into the train.

His friend was waiting for him at the other end, but there was no suitcase.

"I checked it," said Nicholson. "I thought it would come on the same train."

"You what?" asked the other.

"Checked it," answered Nicholson, displaying a stub.

"I don't know what you mean by 'checking it'," replied his friend. "If you had a guard put your bag into the baggage van it must have come. Why—good heavens, man, don't you see that you left it at the parcels room? It's waiting for you there, no doubt, and it will cost you twopence a day until you get it."

Bewildered and disgusted, Nicholson suffered himself to be dragged off to his friend's house. He bought an outfit and determined to return via Oxford when he concluded his round of visits. And in the enthusiasm of the night's meeting he almost forgot his troubles.

The following morning he saw this advertisement in the Coventry papers:

"If the gentleman who took away a lady's shoe from the Queen's hotel, Oxford, will return it to its owner, no questions will be asked. Address M. M., Leicester. Reward if required."

Leicester was Nicholson's last stopping place. He resolved to explain by letter and arrange to meet Miss Martin there. Meanwhile his friend told him that it would be possible to have the bag forwarded to the station there. Accordingly Nicholson wrote an apologetic letter to the poste restante, and then continued his tourney.

Four days later he descended at Leicester station. At the post office he found a communication from Miss Martin.

"Miss Martin will be glad to see Mr. Nicholson at the Temperance hotel, provided he brings her shoe with him."

Nicholson found the missing suitcase, slung it into a cab and hurried to the hotel. Miss Martin came into the parlor.

Nicholson was hardly articulate when he saw her. They had never stood face to face before. Now Miss Martin's face was covered with blushes, which followed each other across it with remarkable rapidity.

"I am really very sorry," explained Nicholson. "It was that fool Boots' fault. He thought—"

He cursed himself for a donkey under his breath, for he could see that Miss Martin understood quite well what Boots had thought. But she only said icily:

"Will you kindly give me my shoe?"

Nicholson opened the suitcase and took out the shoe, wrapped neatly in paper.

"I am very sorry to have caused you so much trouble," he said. "You understand it was not my fault, don't you?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," Miss Martin answered. "Kindly wait. It's no use attempting to pass me, because you will be stopped by the doorkeeper. He knows."

"What do you mean?" Nicholson demanded.

For answer Miss Martin carefully extracted the shoe from the parcel and, to Nicholson's surprise, began to unscrew the heel. The heel came off, and out of the hollow interior there fell one, two, three, four, five hundred-dollar bills.

"Oh, thank heaven!" she cried. "I was down to my last dollar. Oh-h-h!"

And suddenly Miss Martin went into something that very closely resembled hysterics. And before Nicholson knew what he was doing he found himself bending over her and imploring her to be calm.

"Can you ever forgive me?" she pleaded.

"Why wouldn't you speak to me on the boat?" he asked.

"Because I was so afraid," she answered. "I knew Europe was full of confidence men, and you—you looked at my shoes so hard. I put the shoes outside to bluff you, because I thought—I thought you would never dream that I would put the shoe with the money in it outside the door. And, and—I thought you had followed me."

"I didn't," answered Nicholson boldly, "but, as a fellow-countryman, I'm going to now, to see that you don't get into any more trouble and—for other reasons."

And something in the girl's look encouraged him to believe that she was not wholly unwilling.

"York Shilling" Never Minted by Government

The United States never minted a coin called the York shilling, nor did New York itself in the days before the adoption of the federal Constitution, under which individual states are not permitted to coin money.

Most of the original thirteen states had issued bills of credit during Colonial times, which had depreciated in the several colonies in varying degrees, according to the provision made for their redemption. In New England, after the adoption of the federal decimal system, the pound in paper currency was worth only $3.33 1-3, and the shilling 16 2-3 cents, equal to 6 shillings to the dollar. This standard prevailed also in Virginia and other states. In New York the paper currency was worth only $2.50, and so the shilling was reckoned but 12½ cents, or 8 shillings to the dollar. This last is the "York shilling," a money of account.

The only coin which ever passed by that name is the Spanish or Mexican real, which was known along the Ohio and in the South as the "bit." The Spanish "bit" was current in a large part of the country, at 12½ cents, until the middle of the last century. In the expressions "two bits," and other multiples, we preserve a recollection of these coins.

Heads Down

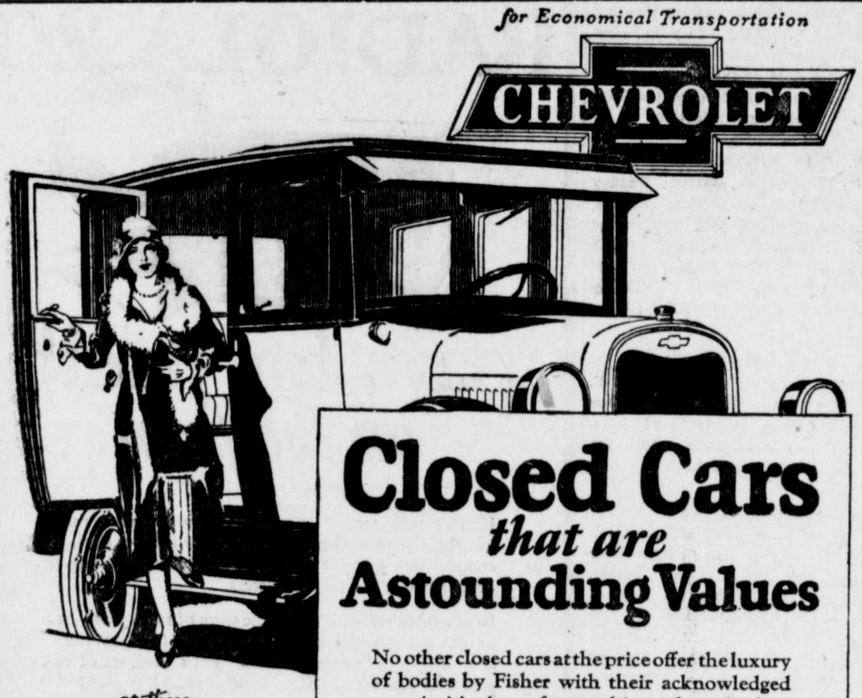
This incident involves an advertising expert and his first experience as an amateur landscape gardener. Deciding on tulips to bear the brunt of his offensive, he purchased 50 bulbs. These were planted last fall. With the advent of spring he began to watch for the green sprouts, but nothing appeared. He made a complaint to the florist who had sold him the bulbs. The florist, puzzled, made a trip out to look over the bed. He discovered, to the perfect chagrin of the advertising expert, that the bulbs had been planted upside down.—Detroit News.

Old Idea Overruled

The old maxim that "silence gives consent" is not accepted by English law, under a recent ruling of the court of criminal appeals in England. A prisoner, accused of receiving stolen goods, had remained silent when asked whether guilty or not guilty, and his silence was taken as a plea of guilty. He was sentenced by the lower courts to five years of penal servitude. But the court of appeals ruled that his silence was not adequate evidence of a plea of guilty by the prisoner, and discharged the convicted man.

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