ROCK HALL

Mrs. Sarah Crosby has a communication from her son, Mr. J. Wilmot Crosby, saying that he will leave San Francisco today on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands and will spend a week or two at Honolulu, returning to America before Christmas.

Mrs. Edward Rodney has returned after spending three months in Philadelphia. With her was a grandson, Mr. Howard Beaver, and a little friend, James Madison. They spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elburn are parents of a fine son three weeks old.

Miss Marie Sheenhan has returned to her home in Baltimore after spending the past two months with her sister, Mrs. Clara Bryden in Piney Neck.

Mrs. Franklin Davis is in Johns Hopkins Hospital for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Layton visited the former's sister, Miss Orah Layton, in Denton last Sunday.

Mr. Benjamin Durding, of Baltimore, is spending a ten day vacation with his father, Mr. William Durding. His wife and little girl Jane, are with their grandmother, Mrs. McKevitt, for the same length of time.

Mr. Charles Harrison, Capt. Chas. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Kendall and Mrs. Ellsworth Whaland visited the former's son, Mr. Roy Harrison, at Cambridge Hospital Sunday, finding his as well as usual.

Mrs. Annie Kendall, Mrs. Mary Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kendall and Mrs. Thomas Joyner visited Mr. and Mrs. John Pinder in Centreville Sunday and later were at the Methodist service in Chestertown.

Capt. and Mrs. Charles Kendall are entertaining this week their son, Mr. Elmer Kendall. Monday and Tuesday guests were their children, Mr. and Mrs. John Pinder, of Centreville, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reeder, of Baltimore.

A southwest wind caused an extremely high tide Tuesday, higher than for years, and washed out places in the roads. At one place a bridge was washed out and Melvin Kendall stepped into water up to his neck.

The boys band that organized several months ago held a successful supper in Mechanics Hall last Friday They have lots of use for the money cleared.

The Progressive Association has made fine preparations for its supper next Tuesday.

KENNEDYVILLE

The Mite Society of Grace Presbyterian Church met at the home of Mrs. Rachiel Hill on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Earl Nickerson is entertaining her aunt from Chester.

Miss Catherine Nickerson is suffering with a gathered foot.

Quite a number attended the funeral of Mrs. Mollie Melvin on Wednesday.

The Aid Society of the M. P. Church met at the home of Mrs. Emma Shafer on Friday evening.

Mrs. James Robinson spent a part of this week with her son in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Charlie Miller and Mrs. Ralph Miller spent Wednesday with Mrs. Ringgold in Chestertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Robinson, of Baltimore, spent a part of the week with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston and sons spent Sunday in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Harry Meredith, of Baltimore, visited his sister, Mrs. Richard Haggerty the past week.

Mr. George Johnston is enjoying a weeks vacation.

Mrs. Charlie Miller, of Worton, spent a part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Miller.

Mr. Joseph Gary and Miss Elva Walls spent Sunday with friends in Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Sadie Coy is spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boggs.

Miss Nellie Walters, of Chestertown, visited her friend Mrs. Wm. Jewell over the week end.

Miss Virginia Primrose is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Eva Primrose at Elkton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley, of Chester, visited Mr. and Mrs. Cliff on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hill and son, Robert spent Sunday in Baltimore.

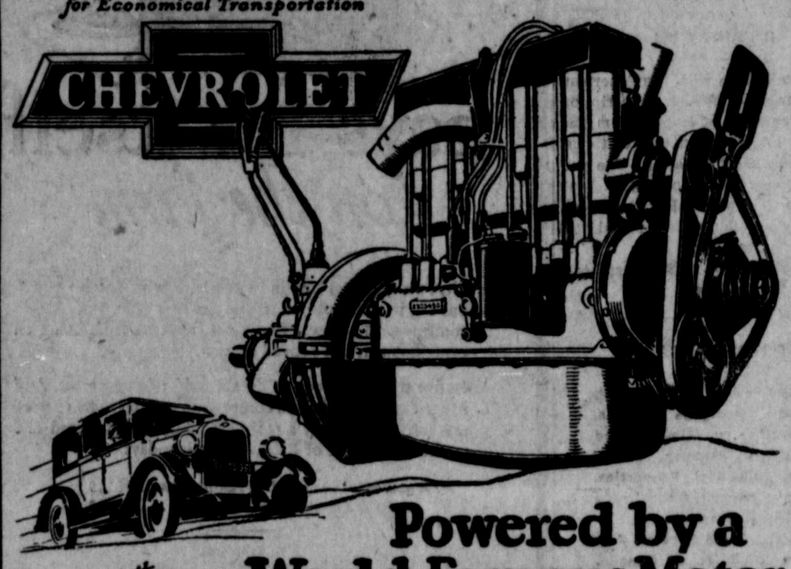
Mrs. Oscar Lane and Mr. George Clendaniels on Monday.

Mr. Wm. Dempsey and Mrs. Harry Johnston are on the sick list Mrs. Susie Shallcross visited her friend Mrs. Rachel Hill last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt, of Philadelphia, are guests of Mrs. W. A. Pote.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper Webb and children and Mr. and Mrs. John Robison were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Webb on Sunday.

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THE WOUND ON HIS WRIST

By H. S. EDWARDS

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MEN in jeans and homespun, singly and by twos and threes, rode into the outer grove. They spoke in whispers and each, as he came into the circle of light from the log fire, dismounted, pressed forward and, touching his hat, took the father's hand.

The burning logs of pine sent upward fitful flames that summoned the house with its Doric columns from the shadow behind its magnolias, making flashlight pictures that came and vanished in quiet succession. The aisles among the trees alternated between solemn vistas and a gloom more solemn.

Behind, on the horizon, the lights of a city ten miles away shone like setting stars.

No search of the premises was made—experience had taught these men the futility of search. They waited. That which they waited for came at last, a dog of the "July" breed, obtained from the camp of the county convicts miles away, a dog small, listless, with long drooping ears and awkward limbs. A negro, shod with brogans, his back to a fence, might defy a dozen such—with a stout cudgel he could protect himself from a score. But in the brief span of its life, this one had cost many a guilty man his liberty. He could pick up a human trail and follow it with unerring skill, faulting never, except when the scent merged perfectly with something familiar. And, even then, if left patiently to work out his problem, he would succeed.

The cotton planter turned to the negroes who, coming to the scene of excitement, stood waiting just outside the circle of light. He spoke gently:

"Go now, boys, to your own homes, and do not move about tonight. I thank you all for coming, and I know that the man we are after doesn't belong here. We don't raise that kind. You—Aleck and Uncle Peter and Silas—may remain with me. Your mistress is too ill to be left, and our friends will do all that is necessary."

The negroes dispersed silently, the three named excepted. And then the owner of the dog took the ax which had been found in the house and suffered the animal to sniff at its handle a moment, which he did with increasing interest, and with full comprehension of what was expected of him. He was next taken on to the porch where the entrance had been made, and where he recognized at once a kindred scent. He followed the invisible trail through the window into the room, whisking his tail in growing excitement. He placed his forefeet in the opposite window, looked into the night and down on the ground eight feet below, and whined.

Taking him by the collar, his owner reached outward and downward as far as possible and dropped him. Almost instantly he rushed into the darkness across the flower garden, baying loudly, jumped a fence, passed through the orchard and into a cotton field.

The mounted men in the yard galloped around to a farm gate and the sound of the rushing feet of their horses grew fainter and fainter and died out in the direction of the dog's voice, which was receding straight away.

The night was still and the shrill voice of the hound could be heard distinctly for more than a mile. Suddenly it failed. Minutes of silence passed.

"Dey's in de big road," said Peter simply. The assembling horsemen or a passing stranger had crossed the scent. Presently, away off toward the right, the hound opened again, and then the character of his cries changed. All three negroes started and leaned forward in excitement.

"Treed!" said Peter.

Thirty minutes later the cavalcade re-entered the grove, the planter advancing to meet them. By a mighty effort, he had up to this moment, restrained himself, but at sight of a low, thickset, barefoot negro, with elbows bound, and led by a plow line, he lost control. Seizing the ax he rushed upon the wretched man, and, but that several spurred their horses across his path while others threw themselves from their saddles and disarmed him, the night's excitement would have ended there.

"Hold, colonel!" said a gray-haired man, who had been acting as leader. "We mustn't make er mistake. Let yo' daughter identify him and we'll 'tend to the rest. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the crowd, "it will be embarrassin' for th' young lady to face so many. I think that we oughter draw aside till it's over."

He set the example by riding out of the circle of the light, all following except the two who held the prisoner.

Obedient to her father's whispered summons, the girl came from the house and stood by the blazing logs, and as she waited, pale and trembling on finding herself the focus of so many eyes, the negro was brought forward.

She had seen the face of the robber who entered her room, and whom she had beaten off, in a dim light only, but its every feature was indelibly impressed upon her memory. The sight of that face again stilled her beating heart and calmed every nerve. Her level gaze sought his eyes, but they would not meet it. Once, once only, they rested on her face. No pity, no mercy was there. It was the face of a judge and an executioner. She had not spoken when shrieks broke the stillness and a negro woman, who had come across the cotton field, plunged into the light and, falling, clasped the girl's knees. The woman was almost breathless with excitement and exhaustion. She had run from the distant cabin where the negro had been seized. He was her boy, and came but seldom to this plantation, and then only to escape the consequences of crime elsewhere.

"Don't do it, missy—for God's sake! It warn't him! No, 'fo' God it warn't him! He been dere all night! Say it warn't him, honey—yo' mammy's boy, honey! An' she nussed you an' yourn! Yo' sisters died in my arms! Speak, missy! Tell 'em quick, honey, is warn't mammy's boy!"

She groveled in the dust, she laid her cheek on the young woman's feet and, seizing her hand, she kissed and patted it, filling the air with prayers to her and to God. Some of the men turned away their faces.

"Silence," said the master at length, sternly. "Daughter, is this the man?"

"Missy! Missy! For God's sake!"

The girl reached down and rested her hand on the head of the old woman. Her face was white and her voice barely audible.

"Hush, mammy!" She looked intently on the brutal face of the prisoner, who had been brought closer. A shudder shook her form, but she did not turn away her eyes. The words she spoke then were inaudible to any of the group except her father. He started violently.

"Child! Child!" he cried, a look of fear on his face. "Remember what you are doing!"

"What does your daughter say, colonel?" asked the leader.

The planter paused and looked on the girl, whose struggle to be calm was apparent to all. He waited in vain.

"That this is not the man!" he said at length.

The amazement of the crowd was evident, though there was no immediate response. The members drew slowly into little groups. The leader sat his horse, thoughtfully regarding the girl.

"If she's sartin, thar ain't nothin' for us to do but turn him loose and try ag'in. My young frien'—are you sartin that this ain't ther man who went into yo' room tonight?" The girl looked appealingly toward him, the negro woman patting her hand and moaning.

"I am certain," she said, and her white face was not turned away. The old man gazed steadily into it and lifted his hat.

Every man in the party read the meaning of his action and every hat was lifted silently as the woman and girl withdrew.

"Colonel," he said, when they were gone, "under this statement of th' case we can't do nothin' but turn th' man loose. In a courthouse, if she went thar, as you wouldn't have her, yo' daughter would acquit th' prisoner. Public opinion wouldn't indorse any vi'lence on our part. Boys, untie him!"

The negro was being untied, his hands extended for the purpose, when the man who was working at the knot paused, looking intently at the prisoner's wrist. He called the leader and whispered to him; and as he whispered the negro sought to draw the wrist back under the rough shirt sleeve.

"In th' struggle, colonel," said the leader, coming now to where the father stood thoughtful and depressed, his eyes bent on the flickering fire, "did yo' daughter say anything erbout er wound she made? Try an' remember, please, sah—it may save her comin' back."

"None whatever. The pistol she held was seized and would have been wrenched from her but that in her desperation she succeeded in— Wait! Wait!" he cried, rushing forward. "There must have been a wound. Look for a wound on his wrist!"

The negro's arm was seized and, in spite of a frantic struggle on his part to conceal it, the print of the girl's teeth, where they had sunk into the flesh, became visible. He would have cried out, but a hand was laid over his mouth until a gag had been found.

"Stay here, colonel," said the leader as the party mounted and rode away with their prisoner. "We won't need no help!"

The planter remained. He waited sadly by the fire until Peter extinguished it and then passed slowly to the house.

Through the still open window he saw his daughter on her knees, convulsed with the agony of remorse for her first lie. Her "mammy," bending over her was powerless to comfort. The girl was crying.

"Thou knowest my heart! Thou knowest if I have sinned against Thee! Thou—Thou hast said, 'Vengeance is mine—I will repay!'"

The father bowed his head and passed on in silence. As he stood at the end of the porch, mute and oppressed, there came across the fields the faint echo of a volley.

Dog Has Gold Teeth

Dentists of the Royal Veterinary college in England are proud of an old collie dog which has been fitted with dental bridgework of American design to take the place of 24 teeth which he lost. The dog seems to get along well with his gold teeth and eats much as do other dogs.—Grit.

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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