...Wooly

By DUFORD JENNE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

"NOW look here, Dorothy," her father said with a sudden contraction of his thick eyebrows, "out there against his plains and mountains your western hero may have looked all right, but get him here in the East and facing a finger-bowl and he wouldn't know what to do with it. He'd probably drink the water—"

"But I don't see—"

"I know you don't, Honey, but I do. Just now, you won't think of these things, so your dad must. Anyhow, mother and I are going to invite him here, and we're all going to get a good chance to look him over."

Dorothy's feelings were mixed when she left her father. To see Maylan again—she had been plotting and scheming herself, but she had thought more of going out to his father's ranch again rather than having him visit her aristocratic home in the East. Now he was to come—big, bronzed, handsome. What did she care if they made fun of him behind his and her back?"

But her mood of quiet happiness in the news of his coming was marred by the attitude of her friends.

"So the wild and woolly one is coming, is he, Dora?" one of her friends asked. "I am crazy to see him. Is he bow-legged from riding too much? Do you suppose we could get him to give an Indian war whoop?"

"He's not bow-legged! You people will drive me wild! I want you to know he went to college one year, and then had to go back to the ranch because his father was injured, and he's got as big a library there as any of us—bigger!" she argued.

But even as she rose in his defense little quaking fears began to disturb her. He probably would appear uncouth among them and he would be at a loss as to many of the proper ways of doing this and that.

So into her inmost heart crept the shadows of an unhappiness that she could not drive away, but her thoughts were more of him than of herself.

It almost seemed to her that her father was deliberately planning to make things difficult for Maylan. The gathering in his honor was to bring the blue blood of the suburban countryside people who would be sure to note and enjoy blunders that a somewhat uncultured man would make.

The night of Maylan's coming arrived. Her father was to bring him from the city with him.

She could hardly keep still as she waited for the sound of the car. She was often at the window—so often that her younger brother broke in with—"Sis, what's the matter with you. Gee, he must be some chap for you to act this way!"

When he did come and she went to greet him, her first wild desire was to throw herself into his arms, but she knew her father did not think "things had gone that far." So she checked herself and in that checking she had time to notice how plainly he was dressed. He seemed uncomfortable. Only his eyes were calm and serene—and Dorothy knew she loved what lay behind the calm eyes. Her father led him away to his room.

She dressed for the evening in a simple white dress that she knew would please him and went down from her room. The guests were arriving, and she found herself busy greeting them.

Suddenly a stir among them made her turn. Down the broad stairs came two men; one white-haired, distinguished; and beside him, dark of hair and eye, serene, in evening clothes that fitted him perfectly; another, powerful of form and poised of bearing. Dorothy caught her breath as she saw him—Maylan!

Soon she was introducing him. He met her friends easily, with just a trace of retiring shyness.

Then, later through all the intricate courses of the intricate dinner, he went without blunder. Under her gentle prodding and the challenge of others, he told stories from the lore of his plains and mountains, telling the tales so fascinatingly that the room was often still of every other sound than his voice.

"I might have known with his commonsense and intelligence he would be at home anywhere," she thought to herself as she watched him and listened.

The last kink unraveled in the situation when she heard her father in the hall, later on, say with a new hearty note in his voice:

"Man, you didn't need the coaching I have been giving you the last three days. You made too much of the social stunt and of this game. As for Dorothy, ask her any time; if she doesn't say the right word, I'll spank her!"

Dorothy, her heart throbbing, slipped into the hall. "You won't have to spank me, dad, but what do you mean—'coaching' Maylan?"

Her father started. "Great Scot! You youngsters, you listening? 'Coaching'—well, lad, here's the girl who is to be your wife! Fix it up with her. I'm off!"

Maylan smiled his quick, boyish smile. "Little girl, I was afraid I might make some break, so was your father. So we put in three days together before I came up. You see, I didn't want you to be ashamed of me."

"My dear!" she said softly, then—"Come, let's run up to father's den, and talk of things—lots of things!"

Great Literature

The greatest thoughts of the greatest souls that have ever lived have expressed themselves in majestic even though simple language. The Psalms and Isaiah and the Sermon on the Mount are splendid examples from the Bible. Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Browning in England and Emerson, Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow, to mention only a few of our American writers, are all worthy of perusal for the dividends in satisfaction they will pay to "he will read them.—Exchange.

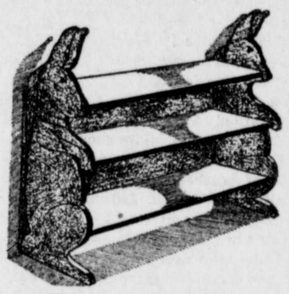
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DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



How to Make It



A SET of shelves with ends cut out to represent animals provides an interesting piece for the child's room and encourages the child to keep his books and other things in order. It is easily made by anyone handy with a saw and hammer.

First trace the animal—in this case a bunny—on paper and cut to the desired shape. To prevent gluing two or more widths together for the end pieces, use pressed wood which may be obtained in sheets from your lumber dealer. Trace the paper pattern on the pressed wood and cut out with a scroll saw. The same material may be used for the shelves which may be of any desired length. Narrow strips of pressed wood or pieces of quarter-round may be used to support the shelves. These should be screwed to both the end pieces and to the shelves. A single piece of pressed wood will provide a back.

Paint the shelves any desired color. Touch up the eyes, ears, collar, etc., with a small brush, using a contrasting color.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS and
CHARLES C. KEEDY,
Attorneys.

ORDER NISI

Julian Smith
versus
Raegam Securities Company, et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2737

Ordered, this 5th day of August, 1932, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Stephen R. Collins and Charles C. Keedy, Ancillary Receivers of Raegam Securities Company, a body corporate of the State of Delaware, under and by virtue of the authority conferred by a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, dated May 26, 1932, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 7th day of October next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 5th day of September next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $12,000.00.

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If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c at all stores. © 1931, C. M. Co.



PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need. to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

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JOHN SCHAUBER
Chestertown, Md.

Crossed Wires

By JOHN SAUNDERS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

LILLIAN JAFFREYS came out of the gates which gave entrance to the grounds surrounding her father's country house and waved her hand at Tom Collingwood as he went by in his flivver. Lillian was dressed as became the daughter of a "magnate." She smiled a bewitching, careless smile at Tom as she waved her little hand in his direction; one would have thought her the most carefree young beauty in all the world. But her whole expression changed when the flivver had passed. A perplexed look wrinkled her brow and her eyes took on a pensive gaze.

The young man to whom she had waved had answered her greeting with a polite, but formal, bow and had looked at her in a manner which was neither one of reproach nor of indifference, but a compound of the two. And withal there had been something like defiance in his look and manner as if he said: "No, I thank you; once bitten twice shy. All your pretty ways cannot lure me back again. I am quite satisfied to have learned my lesson." And Lillian felt it; felt it as distinctly as if she had heard him say it in so many words.

For there was no denying that Lillian had given every encouragement to Tom—and had then thrown him over. Yes, Lillian had done all this and now she was sorry for it. She tried to tell herself that there was no use crying over spilt milk; but even that venerable saying did not seem to fill the bill. What she wanted out of the past was not a wise proverb but Tom.

It was not because her parents had objected to her marrying Tom that Lillian had rejected him. He was not wealthy, to be sure, but he came of a good family, was an exemplary, and rising young man holding down a responsible job. Mr. and Mrs. Jaffreys desired only that their daughter should be happy in her marriage and considered that Tom was the very one to make her happy. But when they found that Lillian had rejected him they took it for granted that she knew best, and let it go at that.

If there had been a little opposition to the marrying, had their love-making not run along in such quiet lines, so much of taking everything for granted, it is likely that Lillian would have uttered a yes as emphatic as her no when Tom asked her to be his wife.

And so it had been with Lillian as regarded Tom. But now that he was decidedly "around the corner," as far as she was concerned, she found that she wanted him back more than anything in all this world.

When she first realized this she had thought: "Oh, well; he is in love with me and all I have got to do is just show him I really did not mean it when I said "No." I can whistle him back all right." But now she was beginning to realize that Tom could not be whistled back as easily as she had thought.

That day when she had strolled out of her father's gates to see Tom pass, and had seen her sweetest smile answered by him in that unresponsive manner, Lillian, after a fit of deep despondency, resolved upon drastic measures. She would write a letter to Tom in which she would acknowledge her mistake, tell him how much she really loved him, beg his pardon for her flighty conduct and offer him a yes if he would take it. Of course, if it were true that he had ceased to love her, this would place her in a most humiliating position and expose her to a rebuff which would break her heart. But she didn't care; she could not stand things going on in this way any longer. So she went home, wrote a letter upon lines indicated, and sent it to the post office.

Tom would not get it until the next morning, she thought—she knew he seldom went to the post office in the little neighboring village for the evening mail. And she passed a most miserable night. Then the thought occurred to her that perhaps Tom would go for his evening mail and get her letter, would answer it one way or the other right off, and she would get the answer in the morning.

Right after breakfast next morning she was in her little roadster motoring down to the village post office. As she entered the door she and Tom almost collided.

"Did—did you get my letter?" she faltered with a blush.

"No," replied Tom, "did you get mine?"

"Why, no! Did you write?" she cried—and hastened to her letter box. Tom rushed around to his. In a couple of minutes they had another narrow escape from collision in front of the delivery window.

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad," cried Lillian.

And "Oh Lillian, what a jewel of a girl you are," said Tom.

You know what Lillian had written. Tom had written that he could stand it no longer; that he had tried to be indifferent and couldn't manage it. Would not Lillian reconsider?

There is not much more to tell. You know from your own experience, gentle reader, how happy lovers are when they have made up after an estrangement. Tom and Lillian each keep the letter the other had written and, now that they are married, whenever there is a hint of the approach of a family misunderstanding those letters are read over again—and all is at once serene.

Ancient Belief in Luck of Four-Leafed Clover

The idea that a four-leafed clover will bring luck to the one who finds it is an ancient superstition, and there can be no way of learning for a certainty how it started. Old writers suggest that its resemblance to the form of the cross is the root of the notion.

"The person who carries a leaf of the four-leafed or crusiform clover about with him," asserts one of these, "will be successful at play, and he will dream of his beloved, or the maiden may, by slipping a leaf into her lover's shoe without his knowledge as he is about to set out on a journey, secure his sure and safe return to her embrace.

It may be noted that the three-leafed clover also had much virtue, because it symbolized the Trinity, and the tradition is that St. Patrick converted the whole Irish people to Christianity by showing them, through the trifoliate leaf of the shamrock, how the three persons in the Godhead might exist and yet be one.

Lyre-Bird Stamp

In reproducing the lyre-bird on the first of its new series of stamps, Australia has chosen at once, perhaps the best known and most elusive of antipodean birds. Its greatest claim to fame lies as much in its extraordinary powers of mimicry as in its brilliant tail feathers, the shape of which gives the bird its name. It can, and does, imitate sounds, from the mocking laugh of the hookaburra to the sawing of wood, with the most deceptive accuracy imaginable. A curious habit of the lyre-bird is the building of "dancing mounds," on which it struts and minces while going through its program of mimicry. Probably the first white men to see a lyre-bird were members of an exploring party sent out, in January, 1798, from the infant settlement that later became Sydney.

"Garden of Europe"

Almost every country of Europe has some spot which enthusiasts have called "the garden of Europe," like the lake region of Italy, or Devonshire in England, or Andalusia in Spain, or the Azure coast of France, but of all Europe, Holland strikes the eyes as a laid-out formal garden more than any other, especially in the spring when the bulbs are abloom by the square mile.

Visit if you can the glorious land of flowers about Haarlem, at Boskoop, Naarden, Hillegom, Lisse, Sassenheim and Aalsmeer. No less than 12,000 acres are cultivated with bulbs in Holland and the annual value of their export to the world is about $12,000,000. —Boston Herald.

Why Ship Never Landed

In September, 1930, the steamship, South Coast, with a crew of 19, left a Pacific port loaded with white cedar lumber. Nothing was ever heard of ship or crew until the other day when a catsup bottle with metal cap on it was picked up on the beach at Coos bay, Ore. Inside was a note with this message:

"SS South Coast going down after explosion when boiler blew up rough seas 9:10 p. m. Good-by."

It is believed a terrific explosion occurred on the ship, sinking it within a few moments and leaving no time for the crew to escape—just one of life's tragedies that always face those "who go down to the sea in ships."—Capper's Weekly.

Useful Information

When H. G. Wells was attending luncheon at the Dutch Treat club in New York some time ago, along with Conrado Massaguer, the Cuban caricaturist, the latter was entertaining the others with swift thumb-nail sketches and merry patter. Speaking of his family Massaguer said:

"My people live in Havana. Eleven of my relatives are in jail there now."

Whereupon Mr. Wells, who was sitting on the other side of the table and had been taking no part in the conversation, pricked up his ears and said:

"Oh, I say! How does one go about getting one's relatives in jail?"—Collier's Weekly.

GALENA

Mrs. Kratz and daughter, Majorie, of Wilmington, Del., returned to home last Thursday after spending a few days with the formers sister, Mrs. P. R. Horsey.

Misses Margaret and Clara Coleman, of Chestertown, are visiting their grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blount.

Mrs. Harry Bolton entertained on Sunday, her brother-in-law and sister. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Hayden, of Wilmington, Delaware.

Miss Ethelie Prettyman, of Baltimore, Md., spent the week end with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Prettyman.

Mr. Dennis McCauley returned home last Friday after spending his grandparents in Dagsboro, Delaware.

Misses Mary and Eva McCauley, of Philadelphia, Pa., spent the week end with their mother, Mrs. Eva McCauely.

Misses Vera and Mattie Whitaker, of Chestertown, Md., spent the week end with their sister, Mrs. Ernest Hicks.

Mrs. Robert Fogwell and Dorothy Fogwell and Billy Ford are spending this week at Rehoboth, Delaware.

Miss Mary Atwell, of Kennedyville, is visiting Miss Amy Lee DeShane, near town.

The Willing Workers Sunday School class met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Welvin Jarvis on Tuesday even-

Mrs. Felice Faucaniere, Miss Bering, near Locust Grove.

trude Justis, Lewis Justis spent a few days last week with grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hadley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rodgers, of Washington, D. C., are visiting at home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hicks.

Mrs. James Mulford attended a post office convention held at Dover, Del., last Friday.

Miss Margaret Ellen Ford daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ford is recuperating from an appendictis operation at Dr. Jones Hospital, Wilmington, Del.

Miss Elizabeth Jones visiting friends in Bishopville, Md.

Mrs. Irene Major and Miss Vivian Major, of Baltimore, Md., spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fogwell near town.

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Miss Gladys Atkins is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Peters in Viola, Del.

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