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The Love Chase.

HENRY J. FORD.

(CONCLUDED.)

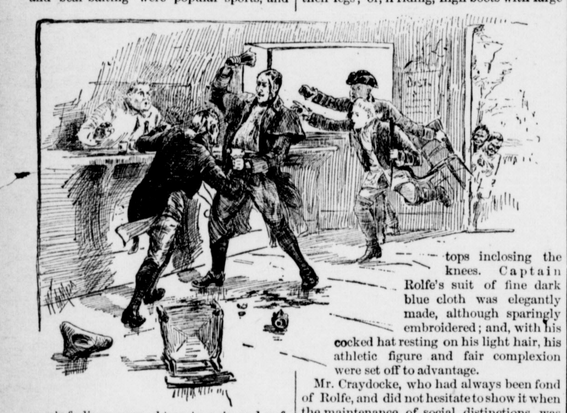
"Give me some brandy, landlord," rang out a strong, calm voice at his elbow.

Lord Creighton wheeled around and saw Rolfe leaning nonchalantly against the bar, regarding him with a mocking, insolent smile.

"Well, my lord," said Rolfe, "have you come to apologize for your impudent behavior at the manor-house?"

Even if Lord Creighton had been a mild-tempered man, he could not have endured this. The social gulf between a person of quality and a redemptioner was wide and deep, and for the latter to assume any haughtiness of mien toward the former was of itself intolerable insolence. Rolfe's every look and tone that day had been a maddening insult to Lord Creighton. With swollen veins, a blood-red face and limbs that shook with passion, he hurled himself on Rolfe, who, taken on his flank, and while still in his lounging attitude, was nearly overthrown. If Creighton was in a hot rage, Rolfe was in a cold, malignant one that was more dangerous because it did not strike blindly. Mere fisticuffs was too small a thing for Lord Creighton's magnificent resentment. Drawing a hunting-knife, he cut at one of Rolfe's ears, but his unsteady hand made a long gash across Rolfe's temple. That was offense enough. Crash went the brandy bottle over my lord's head, and there was a splatter of glass and blood. The jagged remnant that was left in Rolfe's hand again descended on my lordship's head and face, cutting long, deep gashes. There was a shout of horror and a tumultuous rush for the combatants. Impeded too much to use his weapon, Rolfe relinquished it and clenched his hands on Creighton's throat, while kicks and blows rained on him from behind. The English bull-dog showed the mettle of his breed; his grip was not broken until his senses left him, and when my lordship was lifted up he was black in the face and senseless.

In those days such cruelties as bull-baiting and bear-baiting were popular sports, and



men's feelings were obtuse to pain and suffering in others. The attack upon Rolfe had been merciless, and his bruised, swollen and cut face presented a horrible spectacle, while his whole body was sore with the beating he had received. He had received several terrible contused wounds on the scalp; but, thanks to a tough, hard skull, the brain was unhurt and his mind was active in its consolations during his confinement to a tavern bed. There was some matter for cheerfulness and content for him in the events of Christmas Day. Although he had not killed Lord Creighton, he had marked him for life. As for Miss Craydocke, he thought of her with loathing and contempt.

CHAPTER II.

THE FINISH.

It was now nearly two years since John Rolfe had left Sinnepat Manor, poor and unplaced in the world. Now he could return to it prosperous and with some repute as a leader of men. After he had settled in the backwoods of Frederick county and had had time to digest his spleen, he wrote to Mr. Craydocke asking forgiveness for his presumption in addressing the language of love to Miss Craydocke, and expressing the warm gratitude he really felt toward his kind patron. Mr. Craydocke, although highly pleased with the letter, soon mislaid it. His daughter looked and rummaged through his papers for it with great zeal, but could not find it. If he had looked through her papers he would have found it, with the marks of tears upon it. The matter passed by and nothing was said of it until the planter, suffering more and more from the embarrassments in which he, like many others of his class, felt through the pernicious credit system that prevailed in the management of tobacco plantations, one day sighed out a heartfelt wish that he had Rolfe by him to unravel his accounts and see that the rascal factor had not cheated him. Subtle Miss Edith was doubtful of the propriety of sending for him at first, but in the end said: "Well, dear father, we must overlook his one offense in consideration of his long good behavior. I hear he hath become a man of some note and consideration in the Western country, and we may invite him to spend Christmas with us, out of regard for his former faithful service, and then you can ask his counsel."

In those days, when the Conestoga wagon or the buy-pinnace was the principal passenger car, traveling was a slow business; and Rolfe started a fortnight before Christmas, in order to make certain of arriving at Sinnepat Manor betimes. Arriving at Baltimore in the night of the second day, he had to wait a couple of days for a pinnace going up the Patuxent. They had bad weather and untoward winds, and did not reach the upper waters until a few days before Christmas. A portion of the cargo was for the manor, and the wagons sent for it received his portmanteau, while he rode ahead on horseback. While riding through the country, Rolfe was struck with the evidences of slovenly husbandry and unthrift. Large tracts of land had been exhausted by constant tobacco cropping; and the "old fields," as they were called, grew up in sedge, pine and sassafras. Rolfe saw that while the thrifty yeomanry of Western Maryland were growing rich, the planters, who arrogated to themselves the leading place in society and the political control of the province, were becoming poor.

Rolfe's meditations were broken in upon by the noise of a merry party of riders. As they approached, the sight of one of them made the heart, whose action was calm and regular when Indian war-whoops filled the forest, flutter violently in his bosom. The party, to most of whom he was known, surveyed him rather coldly until Miss Craydocke gave him a cordial salutation, when, with the friendliness which was the characteristic tone of Maryland manners, they, too, welcomed Captain Rolfe, with the exception of one elaborately dressed gentleman, who, after a supercilious stare, turned stiffly away. Rolfe recognized his old antagonist, Lord Creighton. Miss Craydocke was nothing to him now. Why, then, should he feel that sharp twinge? He exerted himself to repel the fascination that was again fastening itself upon him; but he felt that the struggle would be hard. If Edith as a girl had been lovely, her ripe beauty now was dazzling; and Rolfe felt his cheeks glow at the sight of her.

The lady's tact smoothed away all embarrassments. The new post road, her father's importation of an English hunter for her use, the last races at Marlboro, the fire at the Adair mansion since he had left, and such like neighborhood gossip, was poured out for her guest's entertainment. And, meanwhile, her eyes would glance at Rolfe with an evident pleasure that did not escape Lord Creighton's notice. Rolfe had greatly improved in manner and appearance since the days when he was a sort of upper servant. In coming down to mingle in the polite society of Southern Maryland he had wisely discarded the loose frock and cape which formed the universal dress on the frontier, for a fine gentleman's dress, except that he wore his own hair instead of a wig; and his clothing, although fashionably cut, was plainer in color and ornamentation than customary. Those were times in which gentlemen wore coats of velvet, waistcoats of satin, trimmed with gold or silver lace, with long flaps reaching nearly to the knees, knee breeches of satin or velvet plush, and silk stockings tighly stretched over the calves of their legs; or, if riding, high boots with large tops inclosing the knees. Captain Rolfe's suit of fine dark blue cloth was elegantly made, although sparingly embroidered; and, with his cocked hat resting on his light hair, his athletic figure and fair complexion were set off to advantage.

Mr. Craydocke, who had always been fond of Rolfe, and did not hesitate to show it when the maintenance of social distinctions was not at stake, received him cordially, and heaved a sigh of relief when he had unburdened himself of his business troubles, and began to receive the benefit of Rolfe's knowledge of affairs. Rolfe was not long domiciled before he learned some interesting bits of news. After the fight at the tavern, Lord Creighton, as soon as he was able to get about, left for Annapolis, making a cold and formal leave-taking. He went back to England, and had returned to the province only about six months ago, and since then had been assiduous in his attentions to Miss Edith. After being defeated in one of those sieges in which he thought himself irresistible, he had eventually fallen under the dominion of a genuine passion, and was now making a fair and open struggle to obtain Miss Edith's hand in marriage, but the young lady seemed to care less for him than ever.

This information, which he gathered by bits, gave Rolfe plenty of matter for thought. He was amazed that he could have ever harbored the suspicions he did in regard to Miss Craydocke's relations with Lord Creighton, and thought of his conduct with bitter remorse. If only there were some way in which he could show his contrition and humility! As to ever again entertaining any hopes of her regard, he did not think of it for a moment. He could not bear to contemplate the idea of preparing for himself such another terrible humiliation as he had before sustained. He would do what he could to assist his former patron, he would extract what pleasure he could from his stay, and he would go back to Western Maryland and try to forget all sentimental woes in the excitements and activities of his life there.

So the man proposed; but the woman disposed matters otherwise.

A party of English visitors from Annapolis were to be entertained at the manor on Christmas Day, and the neighboring gentry were coming over to meet them. Although there was to be a grand ball on Christmas night at the manor-house, yet, for the entertainment of the English visitors, there was to be a fox-hunt in the afternoon. Our robust ancestors could endure such fatigues. They could ride thirty miles in a fox-hunt, put up at the nearest mansion, and be cordially welcome, and spend the night in dancing or at the card table. On the afternoon of the day before Christmas the Annapolis party arrived, the ladies of the party in coach and four, with liveried outriders. And now all was bustle at the manor-house, and its long, one-story wings and its out-buildings. Servants scampered up and down the stairs, and the cook developed into an autocrat that it would have been dangerous for the Czar himself to meddle with. Old Maryland houses were never full, were there twenty persons for each room. It was a wonder how the ladies, packed together as they were, had space to get up those monstrosities of costume and hair dressing which the fashion of the day required. Was it to give her guests more room that Miss Edith had come down stairs in the dusk of the evening, before supper was ready, and was it to revive her frame in the bracing evening air that she had wrapped her cloak about her and come out in the cold porch?

Captain John Rolfe was walking up and down in the shade of the long porch, preferring its chill seclusion to the noise and bustle within. He was thinking of the events of a Christmas Eve three years ago. Miss Craydocke gave a start of surprise at seeing him.

"I felt rather faint," she explained, "and thought I'd come out for a breath of fresh air."

"The negroes have made great fires in honor of Christmas, although the weather does not call for such, and it is indeed warm indoors," said Captain Rolfe, stopping in his walk and standing by her side against the railing.

Some conversation followed, but it was marked by effort, and there were pauses of a length unusual where Miss Craydocke was. For once in her life, at least, Miss Edith knew what cowardice was, but she gathered up her faculties and began the attack.

"It is just three years ago since you handed me that beautiful poem of yours."

Rolfe confronted her in a moment, shamefaced and apologetic. He hoped that Miss Edith would forgive the folly and presumption of his conduct then. He had often been deeply chagrined thinking of it, etc., etc.

Oh no, indeed, it was she that must ask forgiveness. And then she made her speech—how she had often reproached herself for her meanness, how she had—oh, so bitterly!—regretted that she should have replied with such rudeness to an honest offer of affection.

"For you did love me then, didn't you?" she said in a tone of innocent curiosity.

"I loved you madly!" said Rolfe with fervor and emphasis.

"And now you look back upon that feeling as a folly, and deride it. How men's natures change when they go out into the world!"

Rolfe broke down. "God help me," he groaned, "I love you more madly than ever. Forgive my presumption, Miss Edith," he hastily went on; "it shall not trouble you. I shall soon be away from here in the West, and I shall never offend you more."

"You have not offended me, Captain Rolfe," she said in a sweet, low voice.

Rolfe could not speak, for he could only retain his composure by keeping silent. He leaned against the railing and looked at the ruddy windows in the out-buildings, and listened to the merry din that floated on the evening air.

"Let me see the scar on your temple that Lord Creighton made," said Miss Craydocke abruptly.

He stooped over so that she might see it in the light. She laid a gentle hand on his shoulder, and yet he trembled under it, looked at the scar with a little compassionate coo and kissed it. If the soft, dewy touch had been a coal of fire he could not have started more violently. He caught her up in his arms. "Oh, oh!" she said, feeling a delicious shudder at the awful situation, "you hurt me!"

That utterance was not intended to convey a fact, but to produce an effect. The effect was instantaneous. He immediately released her, and stood before her abashed and full of apologies.

"There, that will do," said she, smiling and checking him with a touch of her hand on her arm. "Now, tell me, how would your wife have to live?"

Hope and rapture were in her words. Honest John Rolfe told his tale in a plain, unvarnished way. He described the simple style of living in the Western wilds, the social customs and manners, concealing none of the things that she would be likely to find novel and trying, and concluded with fervent assurances that it would be his constant and highest object in life to make her happy. Earnestness of feeling gave dignity and eloquence to his speech.

She listened with intentness, and when he had finished she put her hand in his and said simply: "I will trust you. Take me with you."

He raised her hand to his lips and then impulsively caught her in his arms. She meekly resigned herself for a blissful moment. Then extricating herself, she said: "How shall we manage our departure?"

"Why, what do you mean! Will I have to carry you off by stealth?" he said, indignantly.

"You know my father will never consent to my marriage with you," said she, with some hauteur of manner. Could it be that the impassioned lover of three years back had grown worldly since, and was thinking of her dowry?

And then the pride of the man blazed up. What, come back to the house of his friend and benefactor, and steal his daughter like a thief! No; he would go to Mr. Craydocke and tell him that, in aspiring to his daughter's hand again, he had the assurance of her love. If Mr. Craydocke refused him then, he would get her in spite of them all.

"You forget that I am not yet of age."

But argument availed nothing. Rolfe was determined to have his own way, and Edith loved and admired him for it. She was crushed, but she liked it.

Edith was correct in her surmise as to the result of Rolfe's action, for the next morning, as soon as Rolfe had made his statement of affairs to him, Mr. Craydocke came storming at her wrathfully, demanding to know the meaning of the outrageous assertion that that audacious fellow had made. Lifting her eyebrows and looking up in great surprise, she said: "Why, father, what did he say to you?"

Mr. Craydocke spluttered it out.

"Why, he must be crazy!" she said, with an air of great astonishment.

"Crazy! He's stark, staring mad! But my house is no place for lunatics. He must get out of here."

Then she began her cajoleries. She pitied the poor fellow. There was nothing dangerous about him, and it would be cruel to turn him out of the house before all the guests. He would leave in a day or two anyhow, and they need never see him again, &c. Of course, she had her own way. But this was

only a part of her triumph, for a little while later she had the satisfaction of shaking her finger at Rolfe, and saying: "Now, sir; what did I tell you! See what you have gotten by not minding me."

Rolfe did not eat much at the long Christmas dinner that day, and was rather taciturn. Miss Edith was, however, brilliant, vivacious and charming to an unusual degree. The feathers in her powdered hair were kept in a constant flutter, and the facets of the jewels in her ears, around her neck, and in her stomacher were turned in every way to the light. After dinner she managed to say a few words to Rolfe that made him cheerful, too.

It had been a midday meal, and early in the afternoon the horses were brought out for the hunt, and the hounds gamboled about, eager for the sport to begin. It required tough animals to stand the rough riding and hard hunting of our ancestors. The horses were rather undersized, but there was good blood in them, and, if often rough-coated, they were swift and enduring. The hounds were rather large, bow-legged, dew-lapped creatures—not very handsome to look at, but keen-scented, well-voiced and tireless in pursuit. They were a mixture of the English foxhound with the Irish staghound, with an occasional strain of the beagle among them, for the sake of the wiry qualities of that breed.

Edith was mounted on a handsome English hunter that her father had imported for her. "Captain Rolfe," she said, gayly, pointing at a fine half-blooded animal, "I want to see how backwoodsmen ride." Lord Creighton, who knew the animal's good qualities, had intended him for himself; but there was no gainsaying anything done by this imperious young lady. It was not far to cover; the dogs promptly gave tongue and were soon in full cry, and off went the party, full of the glorious excitement of the fox hunt. Although mounted on the finest horse in the field, and usually ambitious of the lead, Miss Edith lagged, and Captain Rolfe also maintained an easy pace. They gradually drew away from the rest of the field toward the right, until a considerable distance separated them from the rest of the party. In the excitement of the hunt they might have perhaps slipped away unobserved, had not the jealous eye of Lord Creighton roved around in search of them. Lashing his horse, he closed with Mr. Craydocke's thoroughbred and shouted: "There lies your real chase," pointing to Rolfe and Miss Craydocke. "That fellow's eloping with your daughter."

Craydocke took in the situation at once. "I'll give ten hogsheads of tobacco to the man who knocks that fellow from his horse," he shouted, and whipping his horse, started in pursuit, followed by the whole company, more interested in the running down of this new game that had been started than in the brush of the fox.

The chase was an exciting one, for there were some good horses in the company. Rolfe looked back with uneasiness several times; but when he glanced at the fair form at his side and saw the sparkling eyes and the fearless smile of his dear love, his bosom swelled with pride and confidence. Lord Creighton came to grief early; the Maryland horse was a better long-distance goer than a jumper, and forcing his horse to take a fence in his stride, the animal failed to clear it and threw him.

The only real risk of capture which the fleeing lovers met with was when several of the force of wood rangers, who in those times used to be maintained for the apprehension of horse thieves and runaway servants, happened to come down the road into which Rolfe and Miss Craydocke had gotten. The pursuers motioned them to intercept the fugitives, and they made a movement of that sort, when Rolfe's voice rang out to them a tone of command as sharp as the crack of a rifle. There was a moment of indecision; it was enough—the lovers were past. Captain Rolfe, after crossing the Severn at the ferry, smashed the boat, so as to prevent the pursuers from getting across, and when Mr. Craydocke saw his daughter she was Mrs. Rolfe.

The bitterness which Craydocke felt over the affair was assuaged by time and eventually he became proud of his son-in-law. When Rolfe was one of the prominent members of the General Assembly, Mrs. Rolfe queened it in Annapolis society. When the war broke out and Captain Rolfe, without waiting for the action of the state government,

marched a company of Western riflemen from Frederick county to General Washington's camp at Cambridge, Mass., she, too, devoted her energies to the patriot cause with a zeal and devotion that made her illustrious among the women of the Revolution. They enjoyed a rare felicity, and founded a family among the most honored in Maryland.

FLOATING A MINE.

How a California Sharper Paid the Guaranteed Dividends on it.

"Yes," said a chipper, as he looked wistfully at the exhausted tobacco from which the last vestige of nicotine had been squeezed out, "Yes, things is changed. They're tryin' to sell that old mine in the East. They can't do it. They hain't got the genius."

"Genius!" said another. "There ain't an ounce of metal in the whole lode."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I should say it had a good deal to do with it."

"I had a good deal of money at one time, pardner, before I——"

"Oh, shut up on that. You've told us that a thousand times."

"Well, I floated a mine. Sold it, by gosh, for $50,000, and it hadn't a bit of ore anywhere about it."

"Get out!"

"I did; you bet I did; and I made just $18,750—half my share of the profit, barring some few expenses.

"How?"

"I guaranteed that as it stood it would pay ten per cent. dividends every month for twelve months. I guaranteed that. See?"

"Yes, I see."

"Well, I got my $50,000. I put $12,000 in the bank to pay my dividends for a year, an' I kept my word."

"An' then?"

"Well, I hadn't guaranteed any more, had I? The mine, unfortunately, of course, petered out then."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

HE FORGOT ONE.

But Was Quickly Reminded of it by a Man in the Crowd.

A stranger who was along the docks looking for a job fell into the river at the foot of First street the other day, and a clerk in a warehouse who saw him tumble was quickly on hand to fling him a life-preserver and help him out. The man sat down on a barrel, his teeth chattering and his body shaking, and the clerk hurriedly pulled out his wallet and began looking over a lot of papers.

"What is it?" asked one of the crowd.

"Why, I've got a newspaper slip here giving fourteen different instructions as to how to act in an emergency. I've forgotten how to act when the man has been pulled ashore and is half frozen to death."

"Why, lead him to a saloon and buy him a drink of hot whiskey, of course."

"Certainly—that's it—of course. Come along, old chap. I'll keep that in mind after this."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMATEUR BULL FIGHTING.

It Helps Relieve the Extreme Dullness of Mexican Hacienda Life.

The Mexican climate is monotonously beautiful, and that is why people hunger for lively diversions, for example, bull fighting, which is still the rage here to the extent of three crowded rings every Sunday afternoon, with an occasional week-day night "corrida" by the light of electric lamps. On the haciendas, where life is very quiet and the manager and his family must enjoy themselves somehow, the amateur bull fighter is now all the go. Some of these contests are the funniest things imaginable. There is risk enough to performers to make things interesting to them and also to the spectators, and the bull, not contending with professionals, has some chance for displaying his own prowess. The other day there was an amateur bull fight on an estate forty miles from this city, to which some young men were invited from among our gilded youth. The city boys went in their nattiest charro costumes, all bedraided with silver and ornamented with buttons of the same material. To one of the city visitors, a thin man, was delegated the work of arranging the ring, which was made of carts in which the spectators were to sit. The thin man arranged the carts in a circle, giving room for himself to pass between the vehicles, the idea being to let the amateur performers have a chance to escape should the bull be too lively for them.

The afternoon of the performance came, and all the hacienda people and the city visitors climbed into the carts, one cart being occupied by young men who, with short sticks in hand, affected to be the musicians of the grand taurine tournament. They whistled national airs and ballad pieces, going through many manipulations of their supposed brass instruments, and added much to the fun of the whole affair. By and by the bull, a smart young steer, was driven into the ring. The occupants of the carts greeted him with shouts, which confused him a little, but he soon recovered himself, and his eye picked out the hacendado himself, a stout man with fat legs, who was anxious to show his city guests that he was something of a bull fighter himself. The steer made for our fat friend, and gave him some opportunities to display his running and dodging qualities, but at last, getting too much in earnest, the steer rushed after the heavy-weight performer, who, to his horror, found that the openings between the carts, as arranged by his thin friend, would not permit an escape. It was now a question of staying in the ring and getting badly gored or vaulting the line of carts. The occupants of the vehicles were wild with fun to see the steer rushing and lunging at the panting fat hacendado, who finally, as by a miracle, jumped a cart and escaped his bovine foe.

Next, a lively city visitor, dressed in his finest, essayed to show his points as an amateur bull fighter. He entered the ring amid applause from the spectators, cut a few capers with the bull, and ended by vaulting upon the animal's back, and, holding on by the horns, had a smart rush around the ring. But, alas! the bull suddenly stopped in his mad flight, and the city youth found himself flung face down into the soft and dirty mud of the ring. The young bull, satisfied with this measure of victory over his tormentor, magnanimously let him off without further punishment. Next some one else tried the bull circus business, and got the lively young bull so wild that he made a leap for the cart in which the amateur musicians were whistling and capering with their dummy instruments. The scene was one for *Puck*. Every man of them in the cart proceeded to tumble out on the off side, and they got to the ground in a confused heap. It was agreed all around, after all was over, that the lively steer had shown himself worthy of the steel of a Mazzantini or a Ponciano Diaz.

The other afternoon, at one of the great city rings, a bull got a Derby hat, flung into the ring, over his eyes, and made a most ludicrous exhibition rushing blindly around.—*Boston Herald.*

FIDO CALLS ON HECTOR.

A Dog Leaves His Card for Another Canine at the White House.

A veracious gentleman who was on the street in front of the White House this morning noticed a small, well-kept black-and-tan dog coming across the street from Lafayette Square with a card in his mouth. A short distance behind was a well-dressed lady, who addressed the dog by the name of Fido, and who was plainly the owner of the intelligent canine. Fido tried to get between the iron pickets of the White House fence, when the lady called to him:

"Not there, Fido; go to the gate and up the walk."

The dog seemed to understand the speech and took the route recommended by his mistress, still carrying the card in his mouth. The lady followed him into the grounds and about half way up the circular walk. "Go up the steps, Fido," she pleasingly said, "and leave your card for Hector," and she stood there till the dog carried out her instructions to the letter and returned to her side without the card. When Hector, the famous canine pet of the first lady of the land, returns from Oak View to-morrow morning he will find that he has missed the society of an intelligent visitor.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Wouldn't Have the Carpet Saved That Way.

At Washington six sailors from the Dale were detailed to assist in arranging the flags loaned by the Navy Department for the decoration of the Congregational Church for the Grand Army reunion. On reaching the church in the morning they found that one of the officers of the church had spread one of the flags along the aisle. "Who put that flag down there?" angrily asked the leader of the sailors. "Mr. ——," said a bystander, "to save the carpet." "It has got to come up. You may be good Christians here, but you are poor Americans. Come aboard the Dale, and you will see every hat taken off as that emblem comes down." The flag came up.

Lord Lorne and the Queen.

The society papers here never weary of dwelling upon the fact that the Marquis of Lorne is snubbed at court and that he is not liked by the Queen. He was present with the royal party during this visit. When the Queen left she treated him with more consideration than any gentleman of the party. She turned to him with great kindness and put out her hand in an affectionate way to him. He was the only one present who was not treated with formality when she went away. He bent as quick as a flash and kissed her hand when she extended it to him. When the carriage drove away she again turned and nodded her head to him in the most emphatically friendly way.—*London Letter in the New York World.*

The Balance of Trade.

The Hon. Wm. F. Cody and the esteemed John L. Sullivan are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the divine Patti and Bernhardt, of course, but there is some consolation in the reflection that while the two latter are homeward bound with well-filled bags of Yankee shekels, the "Wild West Show" is making heavy drafts on the pockets of the Britishers, and that Sullivan threatens soon to make a tour of both England and France. Who knows that the "balance of trade" may not yet be in our favor?—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

urprised the Treasurer.

A State senator in West Virginia who only attended the extra session for six days has declined to accept more than six days' pay. It took a great deal of trouble to convince the treasurer that he was not joking, but he succeeded in doing so at last.

TOASTED OR DRIED LEAVES.

A gentleman was asked by a young lady: "Pray, Mr. Blank, what is your business?" His reply was: "I am an importer of dried leaves." The answer puzzled the young lady, but, not desiring to show her ignorance, she dropped the subject. Now, this facetious Mr. Blank was really an importer of teas, and when he stated that he dealt in "dried leaves" he was correct, for the tea in its pure state is nothing more or less than dried leaves, or rather was until the Chinaman, under orders from his European customers, began to face, polish and color each particular leaf with Gypsum, Indigo and Prussian Blue. Who can say for this treatment that tea is simply dried leaves? But the trouble is the consumer has become so used to associating a fine appearance with a good quality that when the "dried leaves" in their natural state are offered to him they are rejected because of their homely appearance.

It was, therefore, an innovation of old customs when Messrs. Martin Gillet & Co., ten years ago, attempted to introduce tea in its natural condition and without the usual adulterations. They called it He-No, that all may recognize it, and packed it in packages conveniently small for household uses and started it a lonely traveler on a new road. What has been the result? At first laughed at by competitors in business, and now that success is assured and it is an established fact that the people really prefer a pure tea, hundreds of imitators crowd the way with imitations more in name than in reality, but which in themselves are strong evidences of the great popularity that He-No Tea has gained; for who would imitate anything but the best?

Therefore we say that "He-No has done some good" even if it has only opened the eyes of the public to the abuses, for even these imitations are better than the old style of Prussian Blue and Gypsum.

Mark Twain says in "Roughing It:" "Only give the editor a subject, and his work is done; it is no trouble to write it up, but fancy how you would feel if you had to pump your brains dry every day in the week fifty-two weeks in the year. It makes one low-spirited to think of it."

Unlike Mr. Twain, we have but one subject, and to continually write upon this one subject to make it sufficiently interesting for you to read it is no easy matter, and if you do not read it it does not pay us to publish the advertisement, and when we think that we have "pumped" ourselves out, as Mark Twain says, we will stop, but tea gives us so great an incentive to write that we do not think that the end is yet.

We want you to try a particular kind of tea in which we are very much interested, for we believe if we succeed in interesting you and converting you by telling you the truth a large business will follow, a business that will not require the expensive means of carrying it on that other teas demand; in a word, if you like He-No Tea, you will like it so well that you will insist upon your grocer keeping it in stock for you. Thus He-No Tea will be a silent drummer that costs nothing.

We have been telling you a great many things about He-No Tea, hoping that curiosity or some other motive would induce you to buy one package—there we stop. These advertisements are intended for the unconverted. If He-No Tea is not good our telling you so after you have tried it will not make you like it. We therefore urge you to investigate for yourself, and you may have reason to thank us one day for the truths we have told.

HOW TO GET HE-NO TEA.

If you are a DEALER, write to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., and they will send you trade prices and terms.

If you are a CONSUMER, and your dealer or grocer does not keep it, then send to Martin Gillet & Co., Baltimore, Md., in postage stamps or otherwise, 75 cents for 1-lb. package, 40 cents for ½-lb. package, or 20 cents for ¼-lb. package. This is the retail price, and they will send you, prepaid by mail, the quantity ordered, with full instructions.

MARTIN GILLET & CO.,
Established 1811,
Baltimore, Md.

NO MORE
WHITEWASHING
WHEN
Plastic Paint
CAN BE HAD SO CHEAP.

Send for pamphlet and color card and learn its merits.

MAXWELL, HAZLETT & CO.
25 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.
Otsego and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Wall Paper.

GEORGE A. WINGERT,
DRUGGIST,
FROSTBURG, MD.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils
DYE-STUFFS, FINE TOILET NOTIONS.
PAPER HANGINGS. An Endless Variety of Pretty Patterns.
WINDOW GLASS--All Sizes.
Prescriptions promptly and accurately compounded.
BEALL'S BLOCK, FROSTBURG, MD.

Professional Cards.

J. Semmes DeVecmon,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CUMBERLAND, MD. 21

CLAYTON PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Frostburg, Md.
Office, W. L. Annan's Book Store.

WILLIAM BRACE. BENJ. A. RICHMOND
BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office No. 4 Washington street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat AND Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at Low Prices.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.

THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
Is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
Nice Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction.
21 FRANK C. BEALL.

Hotels.

SIMS HOUSE
PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad),
WEST VIRGINIA.
J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

Meat Store.

Fresh Meat.
THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,
Cor. Broadway and Mechanic st.
ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
STOCK OF MEATS,
FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
RICHARD M. WILDERMAN.

To Travelers.

Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates, east Number of Changes.
Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
21 FROSTBURG, MD.

Insurance.

--FIRE--
INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIREINSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS
Doing business in this country
—THE—
Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.
Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
FROSTBURG, MD.
who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
D. P. MILLER,
21 Cumberland, Md.