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Telling Her Age

We suppose a woman would concede that she is older than she was when she stops looking at the birth announcements among the alumnae notes in the dear old college publication to see if anything of interest has been happening to any of her beloved classmates.—Ohio State Journal.

Holds Fog Record

The fog record for this country is held by Sequin, Maine, which was 2,734 hours in 1907, about 30 per cent of the entire year.

First Beast of Burden

From all existing records the temperamental camel is believed to be the first animal used by man as a beast of burden.

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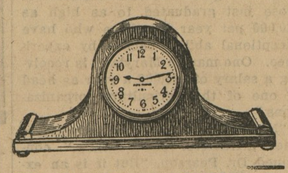

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Herbert E. Perkins, Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of J. Oscar Jarrell, et al vs. Frederick W. Jarrell.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2424.

Ordered, this 20th day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, by the Circuit Court of Kent County, in Equity, and by the authority of said Court, that the Creditors of Emma Jarrell, deceased, be and they are hereby directed and required to file their said claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Maryland, on or before the 26th day of September 1927, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 26th day of August, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

S. SCOTT BECK, Auditor.

jy23-4t

WHAT ELLEN FEARED

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE moonlight was the white, liquid moonlight of June. Ellen Huff had girlishly tested it by reading aloud from a newspaper which Clement had left upon the veranda. She had begun with a sufficiently obvious headline—"Mysterious Disappearance"—and read on through a few lines of the fine print: "When John Ray walked out of the house last night his wife expected him to return in a few minutes. That was the last that anyone, so far as can be learned, saw him—"

"Why!" Ellen's voice came to an abrupt stop. "How dreadful! I wish I had not happened on that. It—it rather spoils the moonlight."

She stuffed the newspaper into the pocket by the wicker chair and looked across appealingly at her companion, an elderly neighbor, who had run across the lawn for a chat.

"Such things often happen," Mrs. Conklin said. "I knew of a case once—but I guess I better not speak of it."

"Why not?" Ellen leaned forward, resting her dainty bare elbow on her knee. She had dressed a little more particularly than usual for Clement's benefit. Even though they had been married a year he was still her appreciative lover, although growing rather grave of late. The moonlight made a picture of her with her dark hair and bright eyes and white arms—a picture any man would have loved to possess. "Why not?" she insisted. "It's not likely to happen to me. Or you. So I don't mind hearing about it. One must talk of something."

"This happened a long time ago," said Mrs. Conklin. Her wicker chair creaked a little as she settled herself in its depths. She was a generously large woman with almost white hair. "I was just a little girl, but it made a great impression on me. The family lived in the same block with us. I knew the girl very well. She was studying music and showed a great deal of talent, but the thing her father did spoiled her career and nearly killed her mother."

"What did he do?"

"My dear, he did just what that man you've been reading about did. He ate his breakfast one morning and started for his work as usual. His daughter watched him turn the corner. That was the last she ever saw of him—the last she or anyone ever heard of him, although the detectives searched for months."

"Was he—killed?" asked Ellen.

"I don't think so. He simply got tired of life as it was and quit. A man who resembled him but was dressed altogether different was seen long afterward in Rio Janeiro. Of course there was no way of telling. His wife and daughter would never believe that he ran away, but others did."

"Perhaps he suffered from aberration," breathed Ellen.

"Well, of course, that's possible. There was a queer streak in the whole family. The girl showed it, but she had reason, I think after what her father did."

"What was their name?" pursued Ellen.

"The girl's name was Denton—Denton Vanhoon.

When her neighbor had gone Ellen went into the house and without turning on a light sat down in the deep chair before Clement's desk. Mrs. Conklin's innocent narrative had started a train of thought that filled her with terror. Denton Vanhoon! She remembered that name attached to a wedding present which she had received from his cousin, Clement had said. And somewhere was a picture of Denton's father—in the desk, perhaps. Ellen sprang up, turned on the light and began to search.

She was feverishly seeking when Clement entered.

"Hello!" he cried. "What's up?"

"Nothing. I was looking for a picture—you know, that picture of Denton Vanhoon's father."

"I'll find it for you." Clement came forward and found the picture at once. It was in a little velvet-covered case. He snapped the spring and they looked at it together. "Why did you want to see it?" he asked.

"Oh—you look like him, Clement!"

"They've always told me so. Yet I never saw him in my life. He was gone before I was big enough to remember. Denton is better than middle aged now. You see, Uncle Clem was the oldest and father the youngest in a family of twelve—what makes you shiver like that? You'll take cold wearing such thin dresses."

Ellen laughed. "Oh, no! I'm not cold," she said, trying to keep her teeth from chattering in the nervous chill that possessed her. And when Clement put his arm about her and drew her close to his own warm body, she suddenly flung her arms about his neck and clung to him like a child in a passion of fright.

That night she dreamed horrible dreams of calling Clement and hearing no reply, of seeking him wildly and finding him gone.

Next day vestiges of these dreams hung about her like hideous cobwebs. Added to them were a thousand thoughts, suspicions, fears. She got Uncle Clement's picture out of the drawer and studied it. Clement had the same eyes, the same oddly-shaped yet beautiful lips. And he might have the same kink inside that wonderful head of his. He, too, might get tired and go away, never to return.

She suffered in such agony of mind as exceeds any pain of body. In a few days her face began to show the effects of this mental strain. When Clement entered the house she gasped with relief; if he was a few minutes late she realized torture. Mrs. Conklin grew concerned for her and Clement began to notice.

"My darling! Are you sick? Homesick? What ails you? Go and visit your mother for a few days," he adjured.

"No! No! I can't leave you," sighed Ellen.

There came a morning when she was too sick to rise. It was only a headache, she said, but Clement had the doctor come, and Mrs. Conklin and the other neighbors brought in jelly and chicken broth.

"I'm going to stay with you all day," Clement said. "I'll read 'Enoch Arden' to you. Enoch, you know, came back, but his wife had found another protector."

"I never should, not if you stayed a thousand years," cried Ellen.

"What are you talking about? Do you think I'd ever leave you?" reproached Clement in his deepest tones.

She fell asleep while he was reading to her. When she awakened an hour later she found him sitting beside the bed with his lap full of mail which the postman had brought. He was reading a letter and his brow was puckered.

"Dear! What is it?" she asked.

He turned to her.

"It's a letter from Denton Vanhoon—poor Denton!" he said. "Do you know they've found out what became of Uncle Clement after all those years? He was not crazy at all; he was made way with for his watch and the little money he had upon his person. The man that did it and several other similar things died the other day in prison. Before he died he confessed. There was no mistake, for he sent the watch back to Denton. Poor Denton!"

Ellen buried her face in the pillow and wept.

"I'm glad," she sobbed, "no, I'm sorry. That is—Oh, Clemmy, we must have her come here to visit us and stay a long time."

"It would be nice," agreed Clement gravely.

Five minutes later he wondered why his darling should feel well enough to get up, dress and cook him as good a supper as he had ever eaten.

Art Critics Fooled by Petrified Goat

Some plowmen working in a field unearthed a peculiarly-shaped stone, which turned out to be nothing less than a petrified goat. Caught by the preserving lime salts, it was in a reclining position, as if resting after a strenuous gambol on the green, and was as like an actual goat as such things can be.

The owner of the field, a joker by instinct, thought it an excellent idea to exhibit the stone goat as a work of art. Accordingly it was mounted on an appropriate pedestal on which was lettered the title, "The Reclining Goat," and the work was attributed to Annabelle McGovern, a sculptress as fictitious as the goat was real.

Duly displayed in an art museum it was viewed by critics, goat lovers and art lovers. No one was satisfied. The critics to a man complained that the anatomy was ridiculous, the design piffling, the treatment slovenly in the extreme. The goat lovers insisted the image lacked naturalness. The art lovers objected for this and all the other reasons. The goat, as completely mineralized things are, was undisturbed.—Kansas City Star.

"Down Brakes"

In accounts of railway collisions one frequently encounters this statement:

"On seeing the danger, the engineer whistled 'down brakes' and reversed the lever."

As a matter of fact, the expression "down brakes" has been obsolete for a long time. What the engineer really does when a collision seems impending is to shut off steam, apply the airbrake and open the sand valve. All this takes about five seconds, and in that time all that human effort is able to accomplish for the train and passengers may be done. Railway engineers are instructed never to reverse the engine after the airbrake has been applied, because the reversal reduces the resisting power of the brakes.

Where Pullman Got Idea

It may sound strange to easterners, but the pullman sleeping car was invented in Colorado by George Pullman when he was living a few miles from the city of Denver. The house where he worked out the plans for the car still stands—a white frame house on the south side of the Golden road (out Colfax avenue), just west of the state rifle range.—Rocky Mountain News.

Wool From Rabbits

In France there are about 1,000 farms where Angora rabbits are raised for their wool. In one year the product brought $190,000, some of which was sold in England, where it brought $8 a pound. The wool is regarded as the finest and purest in England to some extent for the wool, in the world. Angora rabbits are raised but in America they have been prized merely as pets for children.

Protecting Autographs

A rock, known as El Morro national monument, in New Mexico, has carved on it many old autographs and writings which are considered valuable. To protect these a suggestion to have them coated with waterproof paint was acted upon.

No Pigs

Urchin From the East Side Kosher Belt—Hey, gimme, please, twenty-fi' cents animal crackers, an' leave out the pigs.—Boston Transcript.

Take That, Female!

Another prominent woman says the more she sees of men the more she thinks of dogs, but there's just a little something wrong with a woman who cannot get along with men. As a rule the trouble is that she demands of men the devotion and the obedience of dogs.—Louisville Times.

Roots of Evil

The love of money is said to be the root of all evil, and the lack of it is sometimes not otherwise.

John D. Urie, Attorney.

ORDER PUBLICATION

Charles W. Atkinson
vs.
Mary E. Atkinson

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2475.

The object of the Bill filed in the above entitled case is to procure a Decree for a divorce a vinculo matrimonii.

The Bill states:

1. That he, the above entitled Plaintiff, Charles W. Atkinson, is a resident of said Kent County, and that on or about the 1st day of September, 1909, he was married to his wife, Mary E. Atkinson, the above named Defendant, in Piney Neck, in said County, by the Rev. Thomas L. Frywire, a Minister of the Gospel of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

2. The above entitled parties lived together as husband and wife from the day of their marriage to May, 29th, A. D. 1926 when, without any just cause or reason she abandoned him and his home and their children while living at Sandy Bottom in said Kent County and has been living in adultry with one Thomas Marvel ever since and is reputed to now have a child by him at Claymont, State of Delaware, where they are living together as man and wife.

3. That the conduct of your orator towards said defendant was kind, affectionate and above reproach, but the said defendant was guilty of adultry even while living at his home with the said Thomas Marvel and there is no hope or expectation of a reconciliation of the said parties as your orator has never condoned or forgiven her adultry.

4. That there is now living as the fruit of the marriage of the parties hereto, a boy of about 7 years of age who is in the care of your orator, and which child your orator desires this Honorable Court to decree to remain in his custody during the minority of said child.

5. That a certified copy of the entries relating to said marriage and the license issued therefore as the same appears on the records of the Clerk of this Court is herewith filed and prayed to be taken as a part hereof.

6. That the said Mary E. Atkinson is a non-resident of the State of Maryland but is a resident of the State of Delaware.

It is thereupon, this 27th day of July, 1927, ordered by the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 29th day of August next, give notice to the said Mary E. Atkinson, non-resident defendant, warning her to appear in this Court in person, or by Solicitor, on or before the 12th day of September next, to show cause, if any she has, why a Decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
jy30-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN G. EDWARDS,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of January, 1928, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 19th day of July, 1927.

STEWART N. EDWARDS,
Administrator.

Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee
vs.
William H. Moore, et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2452.

Ordered, this 19th day of July, 1927, by the circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee, under and by virtue of the power contained in mortgage from William H. Moore and wife to Edwin L. Maslin, dated June 10th, 1916, and duly assigned to Harrison W. Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of September 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 22nd day of August next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $400.00.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
jy23-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

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Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee
vs.
Samuel E. Cannan and Wife

In the Circuit Court for Kent County,
In Equity, No. 2472.

Ordered, this 2nd day of August, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of mortgaged real estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgages, one from Samuel E. Cannan and wife to William W. Beck, dated August 9th, 1898, and the other from Samuel E. Cannan and wife to William W. Beck, dated Aug. 4th, 1911, and both said mortgages duly assigned to Harrison W. Vickers, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof 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 $1200.00.

a6-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

S. Scott Beck, Attoreny.

RATIFICATION NISI

G. Ellsworth Leary
vs.
Howard Coleman et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2294.

Ordered, this 3rd day of August, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that Auditors Account and Report, stated and reported by Harrison W. Vickers, Special Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause, to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publication of said notice, viz: August 27, 1927: provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of two successive weeks before the 22nd day of August next.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
a6-2t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

NOTICE TO Tax-Payers

Notice is hereby given that the levy has been made for the year 1927, as follows:

State Tax 27 11-28 Cents on the $100

County Tax $1.60 on the $100

Corporation Tax 30 Cents on the $100

Tax bills may be obtained upon request to Treasurer on and after September 1, 1927. No discount will be allowed on any bills. Interest will be added to all bills immediately after the first day of October, 1927, for State taxes only.

CLARENCE NEWSOME,
a6-tf Treasurer of Kent County.

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