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Taking the Bull by the Horns.

By BARUCH DISRAELI.

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"You are incorrigible, Stella," with contracted eyebrows said Osbert Loring.

"Do you think so?" naively returned Miss Walbridge, lifting her soft blue eyes innocently to her companion.

"Most decidedly I do," energetically responded the young man, driving a pebble viciously out of his way.

"Why am I incorrigible?" pretended to inquire the other, with an adorable shake of her fine head.

"As if you didn't know!" cried Osbert indignantly. He stared at the long stretch of country road without seeing anything. "Here have I proposed to you," he went on mournfully, "let me see, six times"—

"Only six, Osbert?" interrupted the other, with a sweet ripple.

"There you go again!" ruefully laughed Loring. Turning his hazel brown eyes toward the lady at his side, he continued imploringly, "Can't I make you look at the matter seriously?"

The girl laughed deliciously. Presently, "What is the use, Osbert, in taking things seriously?" appealed she to him, her small, straight nose wrinkling comically. "Life is so short, you know."

"Exactly," agreed the other, with enthusiasm. "Let us get married and enjoy it."

"That makes it seven times!" triumphantly cried Stella and clapped her hands for very joy.

Osbert's firm, shaven chin was up in the air.

"If you will marry me," said he, with a sigh, "I'll propose to you a hundred times!"

"Eight times," from Miss Walbridge.

They both laughed. A touring car was tearing down the road. They made way for the monster.

"Well, Stella," resumed the young man, "won't you? There is a minister living half a mile back. He can tie

THE BULL WENT STRAIGHT FOR LORING.

the knot for us in no time. Shall we turn back?" He swung his broad shoulders around toward the village whence they had walked.

"No!" vehemently protested the lady, with an impatient stamp of her aristocratic foot. "Of course not!"

"Very well, then," resignedly sighed the other. "Well," continued he lightly as the two walked briskly on, "if you don't wish to marry me you needn't. There are plenty others."

"Yes," agreed Miss Walbridge. "There is Helen Swanson, for instance." An amused smile played around her small mouth.

"A bean pole," disdainfully came from the other.

"Lottie Johnson, then," suggested Stella, her eyes merry.

"An eel!" contemptuously objected Loring.

"You are hard to please," protested the lady, with mock seriousness. "How will Mamie Gridley do?" The lower part of her face was hidden behind a lace handkerchief, while her laughing eyes watched the contortions on the young man's frank, handsome face.

"Do you think I want to marry a mountain?" cried Osbert. Then, with a laugh, "I am going to marry a finer girl than you think."

"Who?" with assumed indifference queried Miss Walbridge, though a jealous pain was nibbling at her heart.

"Never mind," easily responded the young man. "Wait until you get our cards."

"Then your proposal to me was merely a bluff?" angrily flashed the maid. Realizing, however, how much her outburst committed her, she relapsed into indifference. "Oh, I don't care!" laughed she. "Marry whom you please and when you please. You can have my blessing."

Loring whistled for reply. They walked on in silence, separated from fields of gold and of emerald by barbed wire fences. A little ahead of them the hard road turned abruptly; a clump of trees filled the angle and shut out the highway beyond. A sharp trotting was suddenly heard. Supposing this to be a buggy, the young couple swerved out of the road to one side.

"A bull!" cried the girl.

"Farmer Tucker's bull!" supplemented the young man.

The two stopped and stared at one another. The situation was serious. They were too far away from house or barn to be able to run back for shelter before the bull would overtake them. And five ropes of barbed wire barred their way to the fields.

"The bull will gore us," declared Stella.

"I don't care what happens to me," returned the young man, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You run back to the village. I shall keep him busy for awhile at any rate."

"I won't!" announced Miss Walbridge. "Why don't you care what will happen to you?"

"You know very well why," gloomily answered Osbert. "Now, hurry up and run. Do!"

"I stay!" cried the girl. "There is the other girl, you know," she reminded him lightly. "Why don't you care what will happen to you?"

"There is no other girl," quietly said Loring. "Now hurry along with you to the village," he added, with much concern.

"I won't!" again cried Stella. "If you wish my life to be saved, save your own!"

"Then marry me!" from Osbert.

"Nine times!" triumphantly from the girl. Eying admiringly her companion's six feet two, she added, "On that condition I will."

"Honor bright?"

"As I live."

"Cross your heart."

The girl obeyed.

They were near the clump of trees. Loring's coat was off in a minute. As the animal came up he received this coat over his head. Tightening the garment deftly over the beast's head, Osbert with herculean effort turned the bull in the opposite direction. Now he lifted the girl up lightly and swung her gently over the fence. Stella from her safe vantage watched with beating heart the struggle of the giants.

The brute had made short work of Osbert's coat. Enraged more than ever, he returned to the charge. With his head close to the ground the bull went straight for Loring. But that young man had been an all around Yale athlete. He sprang deftly aside and the beast's horns struck the air. With bloodshot eyes, steaming nostrils and with a loud bellow he went once more for his victim. Osbert had noticed a huge stone and had bent down to pick it up, intending to smash with it the animal's head. He was not quick enough, however. The bull's horns were at him before he could get the stone.

Miss Walbridge held her breath in terror. The next moment she beheld the bull raise his enormous head high in the air, and with it the body of her lover. A mist swam before her eyes. But she called upon all her energy to fight her fainting spell and see the struggle out.

Loring had grasped the brute's horns and swung himself upon them as if on a trapeze. When the bull reared his head at its highest the young man flung himself over the fence.

Stella closed her eyes and sank down upon the emerald carpet. Presently she felt some one rubbing her wrists and forehead. She looked up to meet her lover's gaze.

In the evening Stella related to her aunt and hostess how Loring had saved her life.

"He is a splendid hero!" cried she, with her usual enthusiasm. "Am I going to marry him? Well, I guess!"

On the following day she repeated the story to the girls.

"Bull?" laughed they. "Farmer Tucker's bull? Nonsense! Farmer Tucker's bull was tied up in the barn. It was a cow. You city girls don't know a cow when you see one!"

But Stella would not be cheated or teased out of her cause for rejoicing. "I know one thing," said she.

"What is that?"

"Osbert is a hero!"

A Wise Old Dog.

A pretty anecdote of a dog is given to Sir C. J. F. Bunbury's "Diaries and Correspondence." It was told by Sir George Napier.

When the British army was in the south of France after the battle of Toulouse, Sir George and several other officers visited the house of a gentleman who had a very fine dog, a poodle. The dog had been trained to receive food only when offered it by the right hand, and the gentlemen amused themselves with testing his steadiness in this respect and found that he constantly refused to take bread from the left hand. But when he came to Sir George, who, having lost his right arm, of course offered the bread with his left hand, the dog looked earnestly at him and accepted the bread. Then the other officers tried to deceive him by disguising themselves so as to appear to have lost the right arm, but the dog's sagacity was not to be baffled, and he steadily refused to take bread from the left hand except from the one who was really one handed.

Family Life In France.

Modern France is the stronghold of the family system. See a French family at dinner in a restaurant or, for that matter, at home. You will never see a gayer, liveller function. There is such a frank and unassumed sense of community about the whole thing. The boys adore their mother, the girls their father. The parents take a whole hearted delight in their children, and the children are so happy and respectful. It is a sight of which every Frenchman may be proud.—London Mail.

WAY FOUND TO MAKE LINENS IN AMERICA.

Introduction of an Industry That Opens a New Market For Farmers and Will Add Millions to Textile Production.

Another revolution, textile experts say, is due to occur in the fabric making industry of the United States. Heretofore, owing to the high cost of labor in America, it has been impossible to manufacture our linens at home. American farmers raise millions of tons of flax, but only for the seed. The straw from which linen is made is burned.

Now a Massachusetts inventor has perfected a method of transforming flax straw into linen fiber that is commercially practicable under the labor conditions prevailing in the United States. From sixteen to thirty weeks are required by old world methods to accomplish what the process now controlled by the Oxford linen mills performs in twelve hours.

The initial process of linen making abroad is to weight down the flax straw in water until the woody "shive" is rotted away from the fiber. The "scutching" and combing of the straw that follow are done by hand. All of this work can now be done in twelve hours by machines which loosen the fiber from the straw and prepare it for the chemical baths that remove the gums and oils and bleach the fiber ready for spinning. At a recent demonstration for the benefit of representatives of the press and others especially interested these chemical processes were actually accomplished in a space of thirty-five minutes.

The best of the European methods secures about 170 pounds of fiber from a thousand pounds of straw and sacrifices the seed crop. By the Mudge process 250 pounds of fiber are obtained from the same amount of straw after the seed has been saved. The new process also preserves the shive for paper making and the tow, which has many profitable uses, including the manufacture of surgical bandages, machinery waste, etc.

Now Burn Millions of Tones of Flax.

A late bulletin of the department of agriculture says that "millions of tons of straw are burned every year, most of which in quality and length for the production of fiber far excels the average straw from which the Russian peasant makes the fiber which chiefly supplies the linen fabrics of the world. Not only is a new market now opened up for the farmer, but for the first time linens can be turned out on a commercially profitable basis, and in Massachusetts and Vermont mills are already being equipped to produce linens made in America."

Eventually the $22,000,000 a year that we now send abroad for linen will be kept at home, and linens need not any longer be a luxury. The Oxford processes provide a means for utilizing a raw material which costs less than one-third as much as cotton, but which in the finished product sells for many times as much.

Even without the present tariff on linens they could not be manufactured by old world methods in successful competition with the new process, and the establishment of the industry here begins with a prospect of adding enormously to the total of cotton fabric production, now valued at half a billion dollars a year.

LINEN FOR EVERYBODY SOON.

New Process Will Make It Almost as Cheap as Cotton.

Good news for the American woman is contained in the announcement that the coming of linens at prices little higher than the cost of fine cottons is at hand.

Because the process of transforming flax straw into linen is so laborious and takes so much time by old world methods the work cannot be done in the United States at the higher cost of labor prevailing here. Before the flax stalk becomes a handkerchief or a tablecloth it has been weighted down in water to disintegrate the fiber from its woody envelope. Then it is stacked in piles to dry and rot. Then follow the combing of the fiber by hand and the bleaching, which involves some twenty odd separate operations. Altogether, the peasant labor of Belgium, Russia and other European countries take from sixteen to thirty weeks to do this work. No wonder linen is expensive.

To a Massachusetts inventor is due the credit for perfecting a combined mechanical and chemical process that produces linen fiber ready for spinning in twelve hours. Think what this means in lowering the cost of shirt waists, napery, bed linen and everything that everybody would rather have made of linen if the cost were not prohibitive.

Flax straw costs less than a third as much as cotton, so there never has been any reason why linen should not be cheap if a way could be found to get the fiber from the straw by the use of machinery that would save time and labor and chemicals that would remove the flax gums and make the fiber ready for spinning. Confidence that this has been done is shown in the erection of mills in Massachusetts and Vermont that will operate under the new Oxford linen making process. Textile experts can see no further obstacle to the establishment of the industry here on a foundation that promises linens at prices within everybody's reach. Of course the profits of the mill owners will be enormous, but the American woman will not complain if linen prices are reduced, say, 33 per cent, which is well within the realm of possibility.

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Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney Trouble.

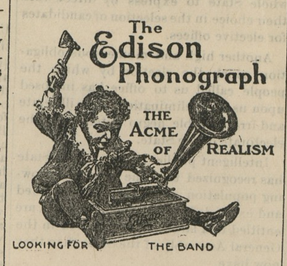
Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper.

Home of Swamp-Root.

IT SOUNDS GOOD TO EVERYBODY



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Auditor's Notice.

M. Blanche Constable
vs.
David V. Middleton.
No. 1626.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, Maryland, in Equity.

The creditors of James H. Vansant, late of Kent county, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, duly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, Maryland, on or before the 25th day of February, 1908, otherwise they will by law be excluded from participating in the fund to be audited in this case.

By order of Court,
LEWIN W. WICKES,
d21-4t Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

A. W. Emory, et. al.
vs.
Hester Pipes, et al.
No. 1612.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, Maryland, In Equity.

The creditors of Henry Pipes, late of Kent county, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, duly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, Maryland, on or before the 25th day of February, 1908, otherwise they will by law be excluded from participating in the fund to be audited in this case.

By order of Court,
LEWIN W. WICKES,
d21-4t Auditor.

Tax Notice

Interest will be charged on all

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not paid on or before Jan. 1st., '08.

THOMAS S. BORDLEY,
d21-tf Clerk.

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ALEXANDER H. ROBERTSON, } Solicitors.

Notice to Creditors.

Alexander H. Robertson,
versus
Farmers Trust, Banking and Deposit Company of Baltimore, Maryland.

In the Circuit Court No. 2 of Baltimore City.

ORDERED by the Court, this 19th day of December, 1907, that Beverly W. Mister, Chas. W. Heuisler and John Phelps, the Receivers in the above cause named, give notice to all persons having claims against the Farmers Trust, Banking and Deposit Company of Baltimore, Maryland, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court No. 2 of Baltimore City, on or before the 20th day of February, 1908, by causing a copy of this order to be published in some daily newspaper in the City of Baltimore, and also in a newspaper published in Kent, Harford, Carroll and Washington counties respectively, once a week for three successive weeks before the 18th day of January, 1908.

JAMES P. GORTER.
True Copy—Test:
JOHN PLEASANTS, Clerk.
Dec. 21, 1907—3t.

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