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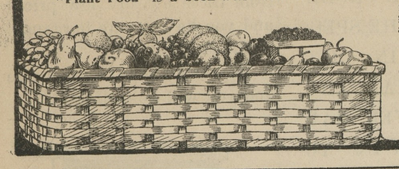

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Including fixtures. Full stock on hand. Needs no painting from 4 to 5 years.

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THE WOMAN'S PAPER

THE SUN is the best type of a newspaper morally and intellectually. In addition to the news of the day, it publishes the best features that can be presented, such as fashion articles and miscellaneous writings from men and women of note and prominence. It is an educator of the highest character, constantly stimulating to noble ideals in individual and national life.

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On New Year's Morning

MARY awoke in the early dawn of New Year's morning with an idea. This was most unfortunate for John, but he, with no premonition of impending disaster, slept in the same early dawn the sleep of the man whose best girl lives in the suburbs and who doesn't reach his downy couch until 2 a. m.

Presently the front doorbell clanged, and John was roused from sweet dreams to be informed that he was wanted at the nearest pay station to receive a long distance message.

A long distance message! As he tumbled out of bed in the chill early morning and hastily got into a few clothes John reviewed in his mind every long distance relative he owned and each long distance investment he had made, prepared to learn of the death of all the former and of the total collapse of each of the latter.

At last, shivering with apprehension as well as with cold, he reached the pay station and sent a trembling "Hello!" through the phone.

The vocabulary of the party of the other part seemed to be limited to the one word "Hello!" and it was not until John's patience was almost exhausted that he recognized the voice as Mary's. He demanded in agitated tones, "What's the matter?"

"Letter?" said Mary. "I didn't get any letter. Did you write to me after you got home last night?"

"At 2 o'clock!" roared John. "Well, I guess not. I said matter. What—is—the—matter? What brings you out so early in the morning?"

"I'm not out," laughed Mary. "Didn't you know we had had a telephone

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

put in the house? It's right outside my door. It's so convenient."

"Convenient!" growled John, his alarm giving way to rage.

"Yes," Mary prattled on; "I can call you up any time now—day or night."

"What a delightful prospect!"

"Isn't it? And"— Mary's voice was suddenly cut off by a babel of "centrals," and John was about to hang up the receiver in disgust when it occurred to him that possibly Mary did have something important to say, and so he waited until the line cleared and again said "Hello!"

"Hello!" answered Mary.

"Oh, he?"—

"Why, John!"

—"lo, I mean. But, Mary, for heaven's sake, say what you've got to say and let me get back to bed!"

"Why, John, you sound real cross."

"That's strange too. Getting a man out of bed before daylight and making him wade through half a mile of snowdrifts is so conducive to angelic amiability."

"And now you're sarcastic! I—I think you're perfectly horrid!"

"Did you call me up to tell me that? If so, you could have done it cheaper by mail," said John coldly. Even the three distinct sobs that the receiver conveyed to him did not soften his heart. He merely calculated that each of those sobs was probably costing his future father-in-law a quarter.

"Well, Mary, if you really haven't anything to say"— John was preparing at last to hang up the receiver when Mary's voice again struggled through her sobs:

"B-but I have!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, say it!"

"It was only that—you're a mean, ungrateful thing—it was only that I wanted to wish you a h-happy New Year, but I won't do it now. I thought you'd be so pleased to know I had thought of you the first thing in the morning, and now I'll never"—

"Hello! Through, 740 River?" called Central.

"Yes," said John emphatically.—New York Press.

The Wassail Bowl.

Some of the old English fashions of keeping the day have become obsolete. Drinking from the "wassail bowl" was one of the popular ways of merry-making. The head of the house would assemble his family around a bowl of spiced ale called the wassail bowl, the name being derived from the ancient Saxon phrase "wass hael," meaning "to your health." And after drinking to their long life and happiness the bowl was passed that all might share it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A New Year Motto.

"Nothing is impossible to the man who can will," said Mirabeau. "Is that necessary? Then that shall be." This is the only law of success.

CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Luck and a Woman

...By FRED MEERS...

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"Close it up soon if you can," said the manager. "We have put some of our best men on the matter, but they can tell us nothing. If we do not manage to locate the cause of these robberies we might as well go out of business."

"I'll do what I can," promised Danvers, "but if Symes and Taylor have given up the case I don't see where I get off."

"Neither do I," admitted the manager frankly, "except that you seem to have fools' luck, and sometimes that is better than good detective instinct."

Danvers bowed at the doubtful compliment and took himself off. There might be something in that luck theory. Since going to work for the burglary insurance people he had more than once stumbled against a clew that developed into a conviction.

But this promised to be a harder case than usual, and after he had interviewed the watchmen who were on the

THE PAIR RETURNED, PUSHING BEFORE THEM A WHEELBARROW.

night job and the men who had been working on the case it seemed hopeless.

The burglary insurance included the services of a night watchman and a burglar alarm system. Nothing seemed to be the matter with either of these, and yet the block on Seaton place had been repeatedly robbed.

Of late a special patrolman had been assigned to the block, and all night long he had tramped from one end of the short street to the other. Seaton place was only a block long, a fashionable residence block that offered rich returns to the men who had systematically looted the houses.

None had seen them go in or out, though strict watch had been kept. Once they had even placed a man in each back yard to make certain that no one could enter through the rear, and yet during that week of special precaution three of the houses had been robbed.

The owners were of the ultra English set, who seldom came to town from their country places until after the opera season set in, and already the company stood to lose the better part of its capital in paying off its losses.

Danvers, looking about for a coign of vantage, hit upon a theatrical boarding house at the rear of the block. Here he obtained a rear room, and for several nights he kept vigil. The moon was in its last quarter, and it was not always easy to keep watch, but he sat peering into the dusk, looking to see some one jump the line of fences and attack the houses from the rear. That entrance was effected from the rear he was certain, because the watch from the front was too strict to be evaded.

It was the fifth night that, happening to look up, he perceived a shadow crossing the sky line of the houses. He rubbed his eyes that were drooping with sleep, but he still saw the shadow advancing toward the opposite roof.

"They can't have a flying machine," he muttered to himself. "If they have it's no wonder the boys couldn't locate them. I guess I'll go up on the roof and have a better look."

He stole out of the room and up the stairs to the roof. The trap was left open in pleasant weather to ventilate the stuffy halls, and as he climbed softly through the scuttle hole he almost lost his balance.

Standing on the edge of the roof was a second man, and even as Danvers looked he stepped out over the edge of the roof and glided toward the opposite side.

There was a third figure, a woman's, and Danvers waited a moment to see if she, too, would essay walking upon the air, but she made no effort to follow her companion's example, and at last the detective slipped through the opening and crept softly behind her.

With a bound he was upon her and had clapped his hand over her mouth before she could make outcry. Even in the dim light he could recognize her as one of a trio of acrobats he had noticed at the tables. More than once he had sought to attract her attention, for she was a remarkably pretty girl, but the two men with her resented even a look and kept such close guard over her that there had been no chance to make her acquaintance.

"What are you up to?" he demanded roughly. "I am a detective."

"They thought you were," she gasped as he raised his hand to permit her to reply. "Don't let them catch me, will you? They have gone to rob the houses."

"But how?" he asked curiously. "They seem to walk on air."

"They used to be wire walkers," she explained, "but they tried tumbling afterward. They are walking on the telegraph wires."

"They won't hold up," he scoffed.

"Yes, they will," she persisted. "Over here they have fastened them, and they are strong on the other side. It's easier to walk on a slack wire than on a tight one, you know. This gives just the right sag."

"But how do they bring the stuff back?" he persisted.

"Wait and you will see," she cautioned.

Danvers slipped behind a chimney, and presently the pair returned, pushing before them a wheelbarrow with a grooved wheel. One of them carried a Japanese umbrella painted black, with which he preserved their balance while the other pushed. They dumped their load on the roof and turned back. When they had disappeared down one of the scuttles on the other side Danvers stepped out again.

"How long have you been with these men?" he demanded. "You don't look like their sort."

"They were with a circus," she explained. "I ran away with Jim; that's the smaller one. He watches me so that I do not have a chance to get away from him."

"Is this a regular trick?" he demanded. She shook her head.

"Business is bad this year. The boys can't get work. They were fooling one night on the roof and found that the wire was strong enough to bear them. They used to carry me in the wheelbarrow in the show, and they got the idea of robbing the houses. They cut the alarm wire and can come and go as they please. When the men were watching they walked right over their heads."

"I'd like to get after them," he said. "I could drive them down to the street where the watchman is."

"If you won't tell I'll take you," she volunteered. "Don't be afraid. I can do it."

She caught up another parasol from the roof and spread it. "Ride pickaback," she commanded.

Danvers put his arms about her shoulders and raised his feet clear. Slowly she adjusted her weight to the wire and began to make her way across. Somewhere he had read that it would not do to look down, so he shut his eyes and hung on.

Once or twice the girl seemed to lose her balance and for a moment worked the parasol violently while she regained it. Then she pressed on again, and at last, with a sigh, she stepped off the wire, and Danvers opened his eyes.

They were on the farther side, and just beyond was the open scuttle.

"Let me go back," pleaded the girl. "They must not know that I helped you or they would kill me when you got out. You must never tell how you made the trip. Pretend that you saw them and climbed a fire escape. I am going to be gone by the time you get back to the house."

"But how can I reward you?" he questioned.

She threw a glance at him.

"I can get a divorce if Jim is convicted. My freedom is a rich reward."

She kissed her hand to him in imitation of the circus ring, and he watched with admiration as her lithe figure sped across the open. Then he dropped through the scuttle.

"Bull luck, I suppose," laughed the manager when Danvers reported the next morning.

"Just that," assented Danvers, "bull luck—and a woman."

But he would not explain the latter part, and the manager imagined it to be the girl he married on the strength of his increased pay.

The First Photography.

It was in 1842 that John Draper, then a professor in the University of New York, made the first portrait photograph. The subject was Elizabeth Draper, his sister. Professor Draper had the idea that in order to produce distinct facial outlines in photography it would be necessary to cover the countenance of the person photographed with flour. This seems a strange notion now, and it proved not to be a good one then, for all of Professor Draper's early attempts were failures. Finally he left off the flour and then was quite successful. This so delighted him that he sent the picture to Sir William Herschel, the eminent English astronomer. Sir William was in turn delighted and made known Professor Draper's success to the scientific men of Europe. He also sent Professor Draper a letter of acknowledgment and congratulation which has been carefully preserved in the archives of the Draper family.

Testing Eggs For Freshness.

Dissolve two ounces of salt in a pint of water and then place the egg to be tested in this liquid. A new laid egg will at once sink to the bottom; an egg three days old will remain suspended about midway, and an egg that is five days old or more will float on the top of the solution. The vacuum in the shell is the explanation of the varying actions of the egg. The larger it becomes owing to the evaporation of the contents through the shell the more easily the egg floats.

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A nice little farm of about 4 acres near Chestertown, Md., well improved and good buildings. Also farm of 3 acres near Rock Hall with good buildings. Immediate possession given if desired. Apply to

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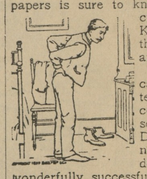

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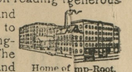

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