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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

The First Bluebird.

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slash! and then—
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To *wake* up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of the Spring!

Mother she'd raised the winder some;—
And in acrost the orchurd come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet fer anything!

The winter's shroud was rent a-part—
The sun burst forth in glee,—
And when *that bluebird* sung, my hart
Hopped out o'bed with me!

From *Neghborly Poems*,"
by James Whitcomb Riley.

MOTHERS COOKING.

The Plainfield boys always had the name of being smart, and Igness Lute Baker was just about the smartest boy the old town ever turned out, Well, he came by it naturally. Judge Baker was known all over western Massachusetts as the sage of Plainfield, and Lute's mother—she was a Kellogg before the judge married her—she had more faculty than a dozen of yours nowadays, and her cooking was talked about everywhere; never was another woman, as folks said, could cook like Mis' Baker. The boys—Lute's friends— used to hang around the back porch of noonings just to get some of her doughnuts; she was always considerate and liberal to boys. Maybe Lute wouldn't have been so popular if it hadn't been for those doughnuts, and maybe he wouldn't have been so smart if it hadn't been for all the good things his mother fed into him. Always did believe there was piety and wisdom in New England victuals.

Lute went to Amherst college and did well; and he taught school a winter, for Judge Baker said that nobody could amount to much in the world unless he'd taught school a spell. Lute set on being a lawyer, and so went down to Springfield and studied in Judge Morris' office, and Judge Morris wrote a letter home to the Bakers once testifying to Lute's probity and acumen—things that are never heard tell of high up in the legal profession.

How Lute came to get the western fever I can't say, but get it he did, and one winter he up and piked off to Chicago and there he hung out his shingle and joined a literary social and proceeded to get rich and famous. The next spring Judge Baker fell off the woodshed while he was shingling it, and it jarred him so he kind of dropped and pined around a spell, and then one day up and died. Lute had to come back home and settle up the estate.

When he went west again he took a wife with him—Emma Cowles that was (everybody called her Em for short), pretty as a picture and as likely a girl as there was in the township. Lute had always had a hankering for Em, and Em never thougt there was another such a young fellow as Lute; she understood him perfectly, having sung in the choir with him two years. The young couple went west well provided.

Lute and Em went to housekeeping in Chicago. Em wanted to do her own work, but Lute wouldn't hear to it, so they hired a German girl that was just over from the vineyards of the Rhine country.

Lute, says Em, Hulda doesn't know much about cooking.

So I see, says Lute feelingly. She's as green as grass; you'll have to teach her.

Hulda could swing a hoe and wield a spade deftly, but of the cuisine she knew somewhat less than nothing. Em had lots of patience and pluck, but she found teaching Hulda how to cook a precarious hard job. Lute was amiable enough at first; used to laugh it off with a cordial bet that by and by Em would make a famous cook of the obtuse but willing immigrant. This moral backing buoyed Em up considerable, until one evening in an ungarded moment Lute expressed a pining for some doughnuts like those mother makes, and that casual remark made Em unhappy. But next evening when Lute came home there were doughnuts on the table—beautiful, big, plethoric doughnuts that fairly reeked with the homely, delicious sentiment of New England. Lute ate one. Em felt hurt.

I guess it's because I've eaten so much else, explained Lute, but some how or rther they don't taste like mother's.

Next dav Em fed the rest of the doughnuts to a poor man who came and said he was starving. Thank you, marm, said he, with his heart full of gratitude and his mouth full of doughnuts; I ha'nt had anything as good as this since I left Connecticut, twenty years ago.

That little subtlety consoled Em, but still she found it hard to bear up under her apparent inability to do her duty by Lute's critical palate. Once when Lute brought Colonel Hi Thomas home to dinner they had a chicken pie. The colonel praised it and passed his plate a third time.

Oh, but you ought to eat some of mother's chicken pie, said Lute. Mother never puts any undercrust in her chicken pies, and that makes 'em jucier.

Same way when they had fried pork and potatoes; Lute couldn't understand why the flesh of the wallowing, carnivorous western hog shouldn't be as white and firm and sweet as the meat of the swill fed Yankee pig. And why were the Hubbard sxuashes so tasteless, and why was maple sirip so very different? Yes, amid all his professional duties Lute found time to note and remark upon this and other similar things and of course Em was—held responsible for them all.

And Em did try so hard, so very hard to correct the evils and to answer the hypercritical demand of Lutes foolishly, petted, and spoiled appetite. She warred valorously with butchers, grocers and hucksters; she sent down east to Mother Baker for all the famous family receipts, she wrestled in speech and n practice with that awful Hulda, she experimented long and patiently; she blistered her pretty face and burned her little hands over that kitchen range—yes, a slow constant martyrdom that conscientious wife willingly endured for years in her enthusiastic determination to do her duty by Lute. Doughnuts. chicken pies, boiled dinners, layer cakes, soda biscuit, fiapjacks, fishballs, baked beans, squash pies, corned beef hash, dried apple sauce, currant wine, succotash, brown bread—how valorously Em toiled over them, only to be rewarded with some cruel reminder of how mother used to do these things! It was terrible—a tedious martyrdom.

Lute—mind you—Lute was not willfully cruel. No; he was simply and irredeemably a heedless idiot of man, just as every marr.ed man is, for a spell, at least. But it broke Em's heart, all the same.

Lute's mother came to visit them when their first child was born, and she lifted a great deal of trouble off the patient wife. Old Mis' Baker always liked 'em; had told the minister three years ago that she knew Em would make Lute a good Christian wife. They named the boy Moses, after the old judge who was dead, and old Mis' Baker said he should have his grandpa's watch when he got to be twenty-one. Old Mis' Baker always stood by Em, maybe she remembered how the old judge had talked once on a time about his mother's cooking, For all men are, as I have said, idiotically cruel about that sort of thing. Yes, old Mrs Baker braced Em up wonderfully! brought a lot of dried catnip out west with her for the baby, and showed her how to tell the real Yankee codfish from the counterfeit—oh, she just did Em lots of good, did old Mis' Baker.

The rewards of virtue may be slow in coming but they are sure to come. Em's three boys—the three bouncing boys that came to Em and Lute—those three boys waxed fat and grew up boisterous, blatant appreciators of their mother's cooking. The way those boys did eat pies—wow! Other boys—the neighbors' boys—came around regularly in troaps, battalion, armies, and like a consuming fire licked up the wholesome viands which Em's skill and liberality provided for her own boys' enthusiastic playmates. And all those bOys—there must have been millions of 'em—were living. breathing, vociferous testimonials to the inapproachable, excellence of Em's cooking.

Lute got into politics and they elected him to the legislature. After the campaign, needing rest, he took it into his head to run down east to see his mother; he had not been back home in eight years. He took little Moses with him. They were gone about three weeks. Grandma Baker had made great preparations for them; had cooked up enough pies to last all winter, and four plump, beheaded, well plucked, yellow legged pullets hung stiff and solemn like in the chill pantry off the kitchen, awaiting the last succulent scene of all.

Lute and the little boy got there late of an evening. The dear old lady was so glad to see them; the love that beamed from her kindly eye well nigh melted the glass in her silver bowed specs. The table was spread in the dining room; the sheet iron stove sighed till it seemed like to crack with the heat of that hardwood fire.

Why, Lute you ain't eatin enough to keep a fly alive, remonstrated old Mis' Baker when her son declined a second doughnut; and what ails the child? she continued; h'an't he got no appetite. Why, when you was his age, Lute, seemed as if I couldn't cook doughnts fast enough for you!

Lute explained that both he and his little boys had eaten pretty heartily on the train that day. But all the time of their visit there poor old Gran'ma wondered and worried because they didn't eat enough—seemed to her as if western folks hadn't the rig kind of appetites. Even the plump pullets, served only in a style that had made Mis' Baker famed throughout those discriminating parts—even those pullets failed to awaken the expected and proper enthusiasum in the visitors.

Home again in Chicago, Lute drew his chair up to the table with an eloquent sigh of relief. As for little Moses, he clamored his delight.

Chicken pie! he cried gleefully. and then he added, a soulful wow as his eager eyes fell upon a plateful of hot, exuberant, voluptuous doughnuts.

Yes, we are both glad to get back, said Lute,

But I am afraid, suggested Em timidly, that grandma's cooking has spoiled you.

Little Moses (bless him) howled an indignant, a youthful remonstrance. Grandma can't cook worth a cent! said he.

Em expected Lute to be dreadfully shocked, but he wasn't.

I wouldn't have her know it for all the world, remarked Lute, confidentially but mother has lost her grip on cooking. At any rato her cooking isn't what it used to be; it has changed.

Then Em came bravely to the rescue. No, Lute, says she, and she meant it; your mother's cooking hasn't changed, but you have. The man has grown away from the boy and the tastes, the ways and the delights of boyhood have no longer any fascination for the man.

Maybe you're right, said Lute. At any rate, I'm free to say that your cooking beats the world.

Good for Lute! Virtue triumphs and my true story ends. But first an explanation to concinnate my narrative.

I should never have known this true story if Lute himself hadn't told it to me at the last dinner at the Sons of New England—told it to me right before Em, that dear, patient little martyred wife of his. And I knew by the lovelight in Em's eyes that she was glad that she had endured that martyrdom for Lute's sake.

To remove ink stains from the fingers moisten the spot and rub it gently withe head of a parlor match keeping the skin wet, and the stain will gradually disappear.

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Notice of Bridge Letting.

Office of the County Commissioners,
Denton, Md., July 26th, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the County commissioners will receive sealed proposals at their office in Denton until Aug. 9th 1893, to be opened at 1 o'clock p. m. of that day for building a new bridge in the 3rd election district of county aforesaid over the stream known as "Watts Creek" on the road leading from Denton to "Hobbs Corner" and at the foot of the hill near the 'Slaughter Farm' the bridge to be built according to the following specifications.

The bridge to be 28 feet long 16 feet wide with 3 tiers of piling each having 3 piles making 9 in all, the piles must not be less than 8x10 inches, 12 feet long—3 of said piling to be 14 feet long.

The piling to be driven until they become solid but not le s than 4 feet, each to have a tenon 2x6, cut on the top end, 3 cap sills 8x10 6 feet long mu t be mortised and pined to the tops of the piles. There must be 14 sleepers 3x9 15 feet long and shouldered at each end 1½ inches. The leaf or floor is to be of good white oak timber 16 feet long and 2 inches thick, 4 pieces of railing 4x4 15 feet long. Railing for post ro i caps is to be 3 feet high. 4 boards 15 feet long 6 inches wide 1½ inches h ck to be mortised in post between railing and bridge, the bridge to have a raise in center of 2 inches. The floor is to be well spiked down, the contractor to [illegible] at the ends if necessary. The above timber to be of the best white oak, the contractor to furnish all material and complete the job to the satisfaction of the county commissioners before any money is paid therefor.

By order county commissioners.
GEO. A. DEAKYNE, Clerk.

Order Nisi.

B. Gootee Stevens, Trustee,
vs.
Samuel C. Culver, and Hester A. Culver his wife

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County
In Equity.

Ordered this 19th day of July 1892 that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by B. Gootee Stevens Trustee be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22d day of September next, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Caroline County once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $660.00

EDWIN C. FIELDS Clerk

True copy
Test: EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk,
July-21-4t

Order Nisi.

MARY E. GAREY, infant, by her next friend ROBERT J. W. GAREY and others
vs.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN LIDEN.

In the Circuit Court for Caroline County No. 641 Chy.

Ordered this 26 day of July 1892 that the sale of the property mentioned in the proceedings made and reported by Robert J. W, Garey and T. Frederick Garey, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28 day of September next: provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Caroline County once in each of three suecessive weeks before the 27 day of Angust next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $8,025.00

EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk,

True Copy
Test: EDWIN C. FIELDS, Clerk.
July 28 4t.

SAMUEL GRIFFIN,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton Md.,

All business entrused to me will be promptly and faithfully attended to,
4-7-3m