A CLEVER TRAP

By Claude Oliver

BATH is a beautiful little place on that famous river made dear to the hearts of all the world, because on its banks Shakespeare was born. It is in a fertile valley, surrounded by towering hills whose verdant sides make a restful picture for wearied eyes.

"Sixty or 70 years ago it was a favorite resort for health and pleasure-seekers, who found there something that they were not seeking. It was the scene of a series of the most mysterious robberies that baffled the keenest sleuth-hounds of the detective forces."

Just as I entered the parlor I heard my English friend relating the above to his little companion, who was listening to his words just as I have often pictured Desdemona listening to the recitals of the love-mad Moor.

I knew that the big, fine-looking Englishman was deeply in love with out little brown American wren, and that he could have wished me in Halifax rather than have a company of three.

"That sounds like a possible romance," I said to myself as I pricked up my ears like a war horse at the first sound of the bugle's call; and I sat demurely down and took out pencil and paper.

The little brown wren was sitting with her hands clasped around her knees, and her pretty, dark head poised to one side. She turned her sweet head slightly toward me and smiled a cordial welcome.

Not so her handsome Englishman! He frowned at me until his scowl was like a thundercloud.

"Oh, you needn't look at me like that, Dr. Gilbert," I said saucily, making a little moue at him, and thrusting my chin defiantly outward. "I am here to stay until I hear the end of that fish story."

"Go away," he said with mock anger. "If you say that to me again," I cried threateningly, "I'll sit right down at the piano and play 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night.'"

I knew how the doctor hated that song, and by this means I always used to cow him into submission. We were stopping at a boarding house in the mountains of Tennessee, and we had all become like one large family and said what we liked to each other in our playful way.

As I uttered my fearful threat the doctor dropped his hands helplessly at his sides, drew down the corners of his mouth and made himself look the very picture of fear and submission.

"I've never turned my back to the enemy's guns," he said in a serio-comic tone, "but I always quail before the fire of a woman's eyes."

"Well, if you will proceed with the romance I will turn the fire of my eyes on Wrennie," I said playfully, "while I take it down, skeleton-like. Then I will weave it into a story.

"And now 'pereeed with the precedence,'" I added dictatorily.

But he didn't proceed. He only sat and looked at Wrennie as if he would like to "drink her into the waste places of his soul."

"Wrennie, will you kindly command that slave of yours to finish his recital for my benefit? Here am I at the very verge of despair for material to make the pot boil, and this wretched old brain of mine won't budge an inch. It's like Jamie's old donkey; when it gets tired it won't 'go' for love or money."

"Resume your story, doctor," she said, sweetly. And the big man immediately obeyed. Love is a wonderful mystery.

"Well—but where was I at?" the doctor laughingly questioned, while he looked askance at Wrennie to see how she would take his slang.

"Oh, yes! Now I remember. I was saying that 60 or 70 years ago Bath was the scene of a series of mysterious robberies.

"Every day some man or woman would find himself or herself relieved of a valuable watch, or brooch, or bracelet, or money, and not the slightest clew could be found to the robbery. The most noted detectives were continually baffled, and the mystery grew deeper and darker.

"Finally a young man presented himself to the head of the detective forces and offered his services to ferret out the seemingly fathomless mystery. The young man was tall and angular, and awkward. But he had a head like Napoleon Bonaparte's, and the head of the detective force, in sheer desperation over all the other failures, told the young man he might try his hand. At that time the best English farmers dressed like the caricatures of John Bull; and Fielding, the new detective, conceived the idea of acting the role of a well-to-do farmer, with pockets full of money and anxious to paint the town red.' There was one drawback to his clever scheme; for Fielding was tall and thin, while the typical John Bull was just the opposite. However, with the aid of a pillow or two and various other paraphernalia he soon had himself rigged 'to the queen's taste'—big stomach, loose pockets with flap unbuttoned and hanging open; rattling his money with his left hand while he walked along gaping up at the houses, and whistling a tune that savored strongly of rusticity.

"Strolling leisurely along, and pretending to be very 'green' and to have eyes for nothing but the houses and signs, he was on the qui vive for suspicious looking characters.

"Suddenly he felt a slight tremor near his right-hand pocket, which was flaring temptingly open.

"The tremor was so very slight that only the most sensitive nerves could have detected it. He pretended not to notice anything and continued to lounge along unceremoniously and indifferently, never quivering even the muscle of an eyelid, until he knew the hand was well in—then he clapped his own over it, whipped out a revolver, shoved it into the face of his captive, and said sternly: 'Surrender, my man; I've got you now.'

"But his 'man' had no notion of yielding so readily. He gave one quick, sudden jerk in the desperate hope of freeing his imprisoned hand. But the jerk was instantly followed by a sharp scream of pain, as he felt what seemed to him like barbed arrows piercing the tender flesh of his white hand that was soft and dainty as a woman's.

"The ingenious detective had sewed a number of fish hooks in his pocket with the points arranged in such a way that the hand would be firmly hooked in attempting to withdraw it."

"Oh—I said it was a fish story," I cried, jeeringly.

"A fish hook story, my dear madam," he replied, with assumed dignity. "But if you interrupt me again I shall not finish the story and then you can't write it, and then you'll have no pot boiler."

"I'll send it unfinished and call it 'The Second Mystery of Edwin Drood,' or 'The Mystery of the Second Edwin Drood.'"

"Well, it is of no use to threaten a woman—at least a woman like you—so I'll finish the story just to spite you.

"The robber proved to be a descendant of one of Europe's titled families.



FELT A TREMOR NEAR HIS POCKET.

He was one of those men whom the talented English poet painted in his lines:

"'With smooth dissimulation skilled to grace
A devil's purpose with an angel's face.'

"He had been mingling with the best element at Bath.

"All the women with their usual enthusiasm and lack of prudence—where a handsome, dashing, fascinating man is concerned—had received him into their most exclusive circles with smiles of welcome.

"And he had been robbing them even while whispering pretty nothings into their listening ears.

"He was tried, proven to be one of the world's most notorious robbers, convicted and sentenced. The capture created a sensation, the like of which Bath has never since known.

"Fielding's name blazed into sudden fame and he was ever afterward employed on all the most difficult cases—one of which was the capture of a notorious female forger, who had set all Bath wild with her beauty and her voice."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

REELS OF BARBED WIRE.

One Thing That Is Never Handled Without Gloves When It Is Shipped.

Barbed wire for shipment is wound on reels containing about 100 pounds each. In its dimensions a reel of wire is of about the size of a half bushel measure; innumerable barbs project from it all over except for narrow strips of board that extend across the ends and form the end pieces of the reel. Large quantities of barbed wire are exported, and it is a common sight to see reels going aboard ships lying at South street wharves. The wire is brought alongside the ship on the deck of a lighter, such a load consisting perhaps of 2,000 or 3,000 reels; sometimes two or three lighter loads are taken aboard a single ship. If it can be done the lighter is brought alongside the vessel in the slip, in order, as far as possible, to avoid handling; with the lighter alongside the wire can be hoisted directly from the lighter into the ship. Sometimes it is necessary to tie the lighter to the opposite side of the wharf from that at which the vessel is made fast and move the wire across the wharf. In that case more handling is required.

There would be a man on the lighter to tumble the reels down from the load and roll them along to the rail, the rolling being done with the foot. On the deck of the lighter at the rail stand two men, each with a cotton hook. When the reel of wire has been rolled along to them and tipped over on its side between them they each set a hook through strands enough of the wire to hold and lift the reel and set it up on the stringpiece of the wharf. Thence it is tipped over onto the wharf by a man standing there to receive it, and he starts it rolling across the wharf by a push with the foot. He wears hand coverings of some sort, as every longshoreman does in handling barbed wire; these protective coverings include gloves and mittens of leather, and hand leathers. The hand leathers worn are seven or eight inches in length and five or six inches in breadth and are often cut from old bootlegs. Hand leathers have a slit in them across one end, through which the hand is passed, the strip of leather above the slit resting on the back of the wrist. When the palm and insides of the fingers of gloves have been worn out the gloves are put on with the back of the glove on the palm side of the hand and used in that manner until that side is worn out also. The reels of wire are gathered in bunches of six at the foot of the board that rises from the wharf, resting against the ship to protect the side of the ship from being scraped in hoisting cargo aboard; they are hoisted aboard with a bit of stevedores' gear made expressly for the purpose, comprising half a dozen dangling lengths of rope, each with a hook at the end of it, which can be spread out to reach the reels. A hook is put into each reel, under wire enough to give it a secure hold, and when they have all been hooked the bunch is hoisted up the side of the ship.—N. Y. Sun.

Cow Bells on Cab Horses.

Since the introduction of pneumatic rubber tires on the London cabs many of the cab horses wear large Swiss cowbells on their necks.

Peanut Crop.

Last year's peanut crop was a record-breaker. More than 4,000,000 bushels were harvested.

Cost of Burning a Heretic.

In the course of an article sketching the histories of some early English ecclesiastics, a writer tells what it cost to burn a heretic. The items are taken from the municipal records of Canterbury, dated 1535, and are as follows:

For the expense of bringing a heretic from London	14s 8d
For 1½ loads of wood to burn him	2s 6d
For gunpowder	1d
A stake and staple	8d

—Windsor Magazine.

Silenced the Officious Man.

There was a large crowd on an uptown Broadway corner the other evening densely massed around a prostrate form in the street, and tiptoeing to see over the closely packed shoulders of the people in front.

A tall, important-looking man dashed up to the throng and cried in a loud voice:

"Why don't you confounded idiots move back and give the man a chance to breathe?"

Whereupon a small Milesian gentleman in the front row piped up:

"Begorra, it's a horse, an' it's dead, so it is!"

And the reformer hastened on.—Chicago Times-Herald.

MY TASK.

My Master set a task for me to do,
A fragment in the web of life to weave,
And bade me toil the changing seasons through
Until the fabric finished I could leave;
So day by day, in sun or gathering gloom,
I wrought my Master's work upon the loom.

One day came Fame, a-knockin at my door,
With beaming eyes and soul ensnaring hair;
She held a crystal lens my gaze before,
And showed me all her kingdoms white and fair.
"These dazzling realms may all be thine," said she,
"Leave thy degrading task and follow me."

So lovely was she with those kindling eyes,
I stayed my loom, forgot my tangled thread;
Then I revalled my Master's grieved surprise,
And, turning from her, "Duty first," I said:
She frowned and went her way, and nevermore
Did she come knocking at my humble door.

Then Pleasure came, with laughter on her lip,
And clear, sweet tones that thrilled me when she spoke:
"Too hard the task that claims thy workmanship;
Thy neck is bent beneath a cruel yoke;
Oh, come!" I followed her with captive sense,
Then sought my loom again in penitence.

Months grew in seasons, then in years were lost,
While still I wrought whatever wind might blow,
Against what odds, at what unreckoned cost,
They only who have likewise toiled may know;
My guide was Duty, resolute and stern,
Yet gracious when her purpose we discern.

For she has brightened all the weary time
With sweetest flowers that she has taught to grow;
Luxuriant vines about my doorway climb,
That shelter me alike from sun and snow;
She beckons Love, who comes with gentle tread
And breaks with me her loaf of pleasant bread.

My work is nearly done—in level lines
The sunlight falls across my shortening thread;
By this I know life's busy day declines,
And night comes on with few stars overhead;
When morning dawns my Master I shall see
And understand the task He set for me.
—Frances E. Pope, in Boston Transcript.

A Badger Hunt

By William L. Bradley

HOOP-POLE HIGHTOWER LIVED on the edge of the prairie, not a dozen miles from Pine Grove station. He had sold out his farm in Missouri, and had come to Calcasieu to get rich and to grow old as gracefully as circumstances would permit. Just how he gained his nickname, Hoop-pole himself could not tell. He knew that it had clung to him since he could remember, and believed that it had something to do with his personal appearance at a tender age.

This may have been true; but if it was, time had wrought mighty changes in the old man, as his proportions were far from being after the hoop-pole standard of excellence, nor was he built according to the Grecian idea of perfection. On the contrary, he was very stout, with no more grace in his carriage than in that of an over-fat goose. Hoop-pole's efforts at raising hair had not been crowned of late with all the success he could have wished. The use of half a dozen different "restorers" at the same time had reduced his fringe of glory to a mere frazzle. As a last resort, he shaved his face clean, hoping thereby to turn the tide of hair-making element to the spot where it was most sorely needed. To add to these annoyances, he was growing very nearsighted; but it was more than one's life was worth to tell him so.

Among the old man's many possessions that he had brought away from Missouri were a wife and batch of seven boys in assorted sizes, with voices tuned to every note in the scale. Hoop-pole was good to his family, and always kept the larder and the clothes press bountifully supplied. In his heart he was proud of the boys. As to his wife, he believed her to be the best cook in the western country; but he would not have told her so for the world. In truth, to judge from daily symptoms, his chief aim in life was to convince her that she knew nothing whatever; and he knew it all. The boys dared not differ very much with their father at any time, experience and trunk straps having taught each one to corral adverse opinions behind the doors of his own face.

One morning, upon sitting down to breakfast, old Hoop-pole announced in tones of conviction that he had just seen a badger.

"A badger!" exclaimed the two older boys in the same breath, while all the younger Hoop-poles assumed attitudes of flexibility.

"Yes, badger—b a d g e r, badger. Is there anything remarkable about that?"

"No, sir," answered Cap, the first-born; "but I didn't know they had badgers down here in Louisiana."

"Ah-ha! Well, there are a sight of things you don't know yet, my man."

"Oh, poppy!" cried the last born. "Was hit des like a 'Souri badger?"

"Yes, sir; regular old Missouri badger."

"Who-o-ee!" exclaimed several in chorus.

"Where—where did you see him, pa?" asked Cap, with some reluctance.

"Going into a hole beside the smokehouse, of course," snapped old Hoop-pole. "Where do you suppose I found him—in the parlor sitting on the piano stool?"

"Oh-h, won't it be fun digging him out!"

"Who-ee! but I just know Tige'll give him fits!"

"Pshaw! I bet Bulger can whip the thing by himself."

These were some of the excited remarks heard from both sides the Hoop-pole board at the same time, while the youngest asked, eagerly:

"Poppy, may I run see the hole right now?"

"No, sir; you cannot. Such manners! Leave the breakfast table to see an old badger burrow! Mrs. Hightower, I fear you are sadly neglecting your duty toward these children. Not one of them has a particle of manners—not a particle."

"'Tis very strange if they haven't, Mr. Hightower, when you took their table manners into your hands some time ago."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hightower, but I did nothing of the kind; I merely said I intended doing so. I hope that some day you will learn to be more accurate in your statements before these children. Keep on, and they will be wholesale liars by the time they are grown, and there will be no one to blame for it but you. If you would take my motto for the rule of your life you would not be making a ninny of yourself half the time. Never assert anything until you are absolutely sure that it is true. Now, please, for gracious sake, Mrs. Hightower, try to remember that. Do you hear?"

"That's a good motto, my dear," replied Mrs. Hightower, with a smile; "but do you always follow it yourself? Are you quite sure of that badger story you were telling just now?"

"Mrs. Hightower, what do you take me for? Of course I am sure of it. Don't you suppose I know a badger when I see one, after my living 50 years in Missouri, where they are so thick that you cannot walk across the yard after night without falling down over a dozen of them?"

"Oh, I have no doubt, my dear, that you do; but you have been getting powerful nearsighted of late, and I didn't know—"

That was the coal that fell into the powder keg. Up jumped old Hoop-pole, kicking his chair two somersaults backward. "Who—told you I was nearsighted?" he cried, shaking his fist across the table. "My eyes are just as good as yours ever were or ever will be. My father never wore glasses in his life; nor my grandfather, either, and he could see a needle sticking an a post a hundred yards away—when he was 87 years old, too!"

"Oh, pa! Sure enough?" ventured one of the boys; and Mrs. Hightower laughed as she poured herself out another cup of coffee.

Toward the door stamped old Hoop-pole, kicking the cat across the room as he went. "Cap! Go straight and get the shovel and grubbing-hoe. The rest of you boys, come on here; I'll convince that mother of yours in just 15 minutes that I know what I am talking about."

At this good news everybody except Mrs. Hightower jumped up from the table and followed the old man out into the yard. Some ran for tools and some called the dogs. In a few minutes all were assembled at the east end of the smokehouse, where a burrow, fortified about with a pile of fresh dirt, gave evidence that some animal had been at work during the night.

"Pa," said the 12-year-old, in an unguarded moment, "that doesn't look like the badger holes do up in Missouri; it's too small."

"You go in the house, sir!" ordered old Hoop-pole, giving his pride a slap on the jaw. "Go straight this minute and stay there. If you must follow your mother's example and dispute my word, go and keep her company;" and with a very red face and eyes that glittered Hoop-pole jerked a grubbing-hoe from the hand of another son and fell to work loosening up the ground. The harder he grubbed the redder his face grew, the farther back the boys stood and the faster Bulger and Tige wound up their tails. In a few minutes he ceased, and with as much breath as he could find said, between his gasps:

"Get—get in there—whew!—Cap, and throw—whew!—out that dirt with your sh-shovel."

In Cap went, with both dogs mixed up among his legs, and barking the badger's death song.

"Get out of there!" growled old Hoop-pole, making a telling kick at Bulger and falling over a hoe in the hands of a young Hoop-pole. "Take that blamed thing away from here!" he yelled, scrambling to his feet. "I'll teach you—" but the boy had anticipated what was coming by taking the shortest cut to the house. "Confound my picture! Get out of the way with that shovel!" And the old man loosened up some more dirt for the boys to throw out.

Presently Mrs. Hightower made her appearance. "Mr. Hightower, I thought you were going to town this morning so fast that you could hardly wait for breakfast," she remarked.

"Madam, will you please stay in the house and mind your own business," he panted, while the sweat flowed in streams.

"Oh, well, you need not get out of joint about it. I merely wanted to remind you, as you said you wanted to meet Simmons there at 11 o'clock and get him to sign that deed."

"There you are again, meddling where it does not concern you. That deed is my own affair, madam. What's more, this is all your work. Had you kept your mouth shut, I should not have bothered this blamed varmint until I came home. But, in 15 minutes by this stemwinder," he said, patting his vest pocket, "I am going to show you that I know a badger when I see one."

"That's all right, dear; but mightn't you better come in and put on your overalls? You are soiling your best trousers; see there!"

"Mrs. Hightower, I will do nothing of the sort! Here, you, Cap, stop listening to your ma's gabble, and throw out that dirt; lively, I say."

With this the good woman went back into the house; and, for awhile, things went along more smoothly. The hole widened and deepened. But a sudden change in the direction of the burrow convinced old Hoop-pole that if he followed out his intentions he would have to start digging inside the smokehouse. So, flinging open the door, he set the boys to moving barrels and tubs aside to make room for fresh operations. Down through the well-tamped dirt floor Hoop-pole started another hole to intersect the burrow.

After what seemed only a short while to him, his wife came out a second time.

"Mr. Hightower, your 15 minutes is extremely long. Do you know it is 11 o'clock, and that I've got to have that gingham to-day, and the thread and those buttons and—"

"Mrs. Hightower, will you go back into the house and stay there? Or take the buckboard, for gracious sake, and go into town yourself if you are in such a rush, and stay there. I'm going to have this badger before I stop, if it takes all night. Do you hear?"

Just then Cap's shovel sank through into a cavity.

"Oh, pa! pa!" he called, springing out of the hole, "I've struck the burrow, and I saw something move, too."

"Did you? Where?" asked old Hoop-pole, excitedly, running to the edge and looking in. "Where, Cap, my boy?"

"Right there in that corner. There!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" I see the dirt moving. Call the dogs, quick! Get out of the way there, you tads, and give them a chance. Here, Bulger—Tige. Hey, sick him!"

In tumbled the dogs, too excited for a bark. Rapidly they scratched aside the dirt, while every youngster stood around and cheered them on with clapping hands.

Suddenly there was a scuffle in the hole.

Old Hoop-pole shouted for joy: "There he is! There he is, Mrs. Hightower! They've got him! Regular old Missouri badger, too. What did I tell you?"

At that instant both dogs sprang from the hole and dashed through the door; but they did not have the badger. It climbed out of the hole right after them, however, and met Hoop-pole face to face. It was the blackest badger he had ever seen. Wickedly its bright eyes snapped. It flirted its tail just once, and the boys fell over one another in getting out of the house. Old Hoop-pole fetched one whoop and fell backward into a tub of dirty soapsuds. His wife screamed hysterically on the gallery, and the wreck of Hoop-pole's former self sprinted across the backyard, with a big skunk close to his heels.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST LOVE AFFAIR

By Michael Corday

AT NINE o'clock sharp Capt. Chereau left the Cercle and went home to bed. Twenty years of bachelor life had made him the slave of a number of typical habits which kept him in fetters as strong as iron, and would not permit him to follow the slightest independent impulse.

Every night, after undressing methodically, he would hang his dolman over the back of a chair, lay his trousers lengthwise on the sofa, folding them carefully in the creases, and wind his watch and drink a glass of water. Then one good blow of the fist—just one—upon the feather pillow, and he would crawl into bed and extinguish the candle flame between thumb and forefinger, after having moistened them for their protection. This was his invariable method of procedure, performed almost mechanically for 20 years past!

The captain closed his eyes and thought about the events of the day. He had lost at dominoes and had to pay for the coffee for two, and that had angered him just a little. Then he sighed, turned over, and fell quickly asleep. Just how long he had been sleeping he could not tell, but for some reason he awoke. He lay still for a moment trying to find a reason for the unusual occurrence.

Everything was as he had left it when he retired. It was not raining outside, so he determined that it was mere restlessness, and soon fell into a doze.

Suddenly there was a queer noise in the next room—a baby was crying. As if bothered by an oppressive dream, the sleeping captain tossed about restlessly, muttering under his breath something that sounded like: "Horrid little imp!"

But the screaming of the child became worse and more penetrating as the time wore on, until the room seemed fairly filled with it. Then the captain found himself wide-awake, and he gave vent to his feelings in a single strong word. For a year he had not had a whole night's rest!

His neighbors were a young couple, a simple lieutenant and his wife. Since the time of the arrival of a baby next door the crabbed old bachelor had had to suffer its moaning, then its crying, and now it was old enough to shriek lustily.

Instead of mending, matters had, indeed, become still worse since the baby's father, this "simple lieutenant," with his sharp voice and his stupid baby-talk, had tried to take a hand in the quieting of the child. His "Where is baby's hair?" and "Does baby love papa?" which he would repeat ten or twenty times, until the little tot would point to its head or stroke its papa's cheeks—oh, how trying it was!

But never before had the crying of the child been so piercing as it was this night. It was a succession of screams of fright; the shrieks of a child left alone at night, crying until the little throat was raw, until it lacked breath to utter another sound. Alarmed and angry at the same time, the captain jumped out of bed, exclaiming: "Well, well, what's the matter now?"

Ordinarily, the sharp voice of the lieutenant or a lullaby from the mother quickly soothed the troubles of the little tot. This time, however, the tears remained undried. The old bachelor quickly put on his uniform and went into the hall.

The door of the adjoining apartment had by some accident been left ajar; a lamp was burning brightly on the table in the anteroom. He took it and entered the sleeping-room. Next to the large bed stood a cradle, the curtains of which the captain threw back. There lay the little tot in a jumble of cushions, beating the air with her little hands and feet. Her face had become a dark red from the exertion of yelling and kicking.

What? The baby all alone? Quickly the captain looked through the apartment, stepping into the dining-room, the elegantly furnished parlor, the girl's room, the kitchen. Not a soul was there! Even the nurse-girl, that useless piece of household furniture, was nowhere about.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "So, while the lieutenant and his wife spend the evening at an entertainment, the nurse-girl runs out to flirt with her beau! Humph!"

Quickly he returned to the cradle, put away the lamp, and lifted up the little baby, a tiny girl. But she struggled so hard with her legs, and made such violent movements with her little body, that the captain was afraid he might drop her. Quickly he sat on a chair and placed her upon his knees. But she still kept on crying. To quiet her down, the captain got up, held her before him with outstretched arms, and began to dance some step which he invented on the spur of the moment. It resembled the trot of a horse more than any known dance.

To complete the effect he sang, keeping time with his fancy step: "Houpla, houpla! tolderollol!" over and over again.

His efforts to quiet the baby were almost crowned with success; she sobbed a little less, the tears became scarcer and scarcer—the last drops from an empty vessel!

Sudenly she lay quite still; her eyes, her expression, her outstretched arms plainly conveyed a desire for something. The captain turned his eyes in the direction of the object coveted by the little girl; she wanted his cross of the Legion of Honor. For a moment, the red ribbon and the enameled trinket seemed to her, as to many other babies, the most desirable object in the world. The old bachelor allowed the awkward little fingers, which were so slim and fine and straight, to take his cross. The little one at once quieted down and began to smile sweetly at him.

The rough old captain looked down upon her with the eyes of the explorer who discovers a new, a blessed country. The little round cheeks, with the dried tears still visible upon them; the little, half-opened mouth, made him feel curiously soft-hearted. With exuberant enthusiasm he drew up the little head to his own bearded face.

"Do you love me?"

But the red ribbon of the cross was a far greater attraction for baby than the captain's big mustache. Then he hit upon the idea of disguising his voice and imitating the "simple lieutenant," and asked coaxingly: "Does baby love papa?"

He had to repeat this question at least 20 times. If there had been on the other side of the wall a certain captain about 45 years of age, how angry he would have been to have heard that!

But this very captain just then permitted a rather young lady to kiss him, and the oddest thing about it was that the two fresh, moist lips that touched his cheeks made his eyes grow dim with tears and refreshed his kind and loving old heart.

A near-by clock struck midnight. Nobody came home, neither the nurse nor the young couple. The little one was tired enough to drop, but Capt. Chereau was a novice in the art of putting babies to sleep. He remembered, however, that the baby's mother had always hummed a melody. That he might try also. But alas! he only knew military marches. Well, he would try a march on the baby. Pacing up and down the room with long steps, he rocked the little girl, who had long ago succeeded in loosening the ribbon from his coat, and was now busy trying to chew the cross, and softly hummed a soldier's song:

"When a dapper young hussar
Meets a pretty country lass,
Then he—hm hm hm hm hm hm—"

But the sweet little burden upon his arm did not care to go to sleep just then; she mumbled inarticulate sounds, laughed and looked at him with her big, blue eyes. Then Capt. Chereau thought that the rhythm of his song must have been too lively; he started up another, a very slow, monotonous, almost endless couplet, all about 'the boy that went away and would come back on the morrow."



THE CAPTAIN LOOKED INTENTLY AT THE CHILD.

He sang so convincingly well and developed such zeal that the little girl actually went to sleep. The captain was so afraid that she might wake up if he tried to put her back into her little nest of lace and feathers, that he sat down carefully in an armchair and remained there without stirring.

The room had become still again; only the clock on the wall ticked with every swing of the pendulum. The captain looked intently at the child; sleep seemed to have overcome her in the midst of some motion; one of her dimpled fists lay on his breast, the other still clasped the cross of the Legion of Honor. Peace rested upon the pure, closed eyelids, upon the curls over that moist forehead, upon the tender cheeks, upon the half-opened lips, from which a deep breath issued at regular intervals.

The warmth of that little body permeated his, and rose in him as a wave of intoxication. Does that joy really exist, then, he asked himself, which fills all those who are near to a child? And that warm tenderness issuing from a child's heart is not an empty delusion either.

Oh! what a difference between the empty, superficial life he led and the ever-anxious, solicitous love inspired by such a sweet little creature whom one could love from first to last, from birth to death!

The noise of the clock suddenly seemed to fill the room, and Capt. Chereau felt that he was an old man; he felt it plainly, just as one notices the hairs getting white.

"How short is life after all!" he sighed. And he regretted his lost years, his wasted years, his selfish life, of which there would remain nothing—nothing at all. There would be no one to mourn him, even.

A great discouragement came over him, and went from his heart to his eyes.

There were steps in the anteroom; the young couple had come at last—she wrapped in furs, he with the collar of his coat turned up. On the threshold of the room they halted, thunderstruck; next to the table in the big armchair sat their neighbor, the captain, holding in his arms their child, fast asleep, and still holding the captain's cross of the Legion of Honor in her tightly-closed fist.

They were about to cry out at the unusual scene: "Oh, captain—!"

But Capt. Chereau lifted up his head, and, showing his face flooded with tears, he whispered softly to them, placing his forefinger upon his grizzled mustache:

"Hush! She's asleep."—From the French in the Saturday Evening Post.

Reproving an Archbishop.

An English paper tells how the archbishop of Canterbury some time ago entered an East end (London) church during a week-night service, and, taking a back seat, joined in singing one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Next to him was a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The primate was wretchedly out of tune, and his singing evidently upset the workingman, who patiently endured the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the archbishop, whispered in his ear: "'Ere, dry up, mister! You're sp'iling the show!"—Chicago Chronicle.

A. G. GELLETLY & CO.,
Nurserymen, Williston, Md.
Growers and Dealers in the Leading Varieties of Small Fruits

A FREE PATTERN
your own selection to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.
McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR
A LADIES' MAGAZINE.
A gem; beautiful colored plates; latest fashions; dressmaking economies; fancy work, household hints; fiction, etc. Subscribe to-day, or, send 4c. for latest copy. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.
Stylish, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect-Fitting Paper Patterns.
McCALL BAZAR PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢
(No-Seam-Allowance Patterns.)
Only 10 and 15 cts. each—none higher. Ask for them. Sold in nearly every city and town, or by mail from
THE McCALL CO.,
138-146 West 14th St., New York.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

—THE—
American Union
—IS A—
Valuable Advertising Medium,

As it circulates among all Classes of Business Men and Farmers, and is considered a profitable investment by those who use its columns for advertising purposes. The UNION, has a large circulation in every Town and Village in the County of any size. If you want to Buy, Sell or Exchange Anything, try a UNION Advertisement. We can put your goods before the public and send you buyers — you must do the rest.

Job Printing

If you are in need of any Job Printing, it matters not what you want, call at the UNION office and place your order. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Full Sheet Poster. All work done with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Give us a trial order for either advertising or Job Work. We believe we can please you.

For any further information call at or address the

Union Pub. Co.
DENTON, MD.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD

Schedule in effect Novmber 21, 1898 Steamer connections between 9½ Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and Railroad division at Queenstown.

Eastward. Exp.	Eastward. Mix'd		Westward. Exp.	Westward. Mix'd
3	1		2	4
Leave P. M.	Leave A. M.	STATIONS	Arrive A. M.	Arrive P. M.
3.20	6.00	Baltimore	11.55	9.45
6.25	9.10	Queenstown	9.02	5.35
6.31	9.16	Bloomingdale	8.57	5.25
6.38	9.23	Wye Mills	8.50	5.17
6.44	9.30	Willoughby	8.45	5.04
6.51*a*		D. & C. Junc	8.38*a*	
6.53	9.43	Queen Anne	8.37	4.49
6.55	9.45	Hillsboro	8.35	4.45
6.59	9.50	Downes	8.31	4.40
7.02	9.53	Tuckahoe	8.28	4.37
7.07	10.00	Denton	8.22	4.30
7.16	10.15	Hobbs	8.12	4.15
7.23	10.23	Hickman	8.06	4.05
7.27	10.27	Adamsville	8.02	3.58
7.31	10.32	Blanchard	7.58	3.53
7.37½	10.40	Greenwood	7.52	63.45
7.44	10.55	Owens	7.44	3.25
7.47	11.00	Oakley	7.40	3.20
7.58	11.15	Ellendale	7.33	3.12
8.06	11.24	Wolfe	7.17	2.58
8.11	11.30	Milton	7.12	2.51
8.19	11.38	Whitesboro	7.05	2.43
8.22	11.41	Overbrook	7.03	2.40
8.26	11.45	Greenhill	6.59	2.35
8.30	11.50	Lewes	6.55	2.30
A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

CONNECTIONS.

a connects at D. & C. Junction for points on Del & Chesapeake R R.
b connects at Greenwood with the Del. Division of the Phila, Wilm & Balto R R for Bridgeville, Seaford, and points South.
c connects at Ellendale with the D Md & Va. R R for Georgetown.
e connects at Greenwood with the De Diviston of the Phila, Wilm & Balto R

I. W. TROXEL, Gen'l Manager.
Queenstow

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROA
P. W. & B. R.
Delaware & Chesapeak

Commencing May 30th, 189 will run as follows

GOING SOUTH		STATIONS.	GO NO
285	205	Week Days	240
Mail.	Pass.		Mail
A M.	P. M.		A. M.
6 25	3 00	Baltimore	11 15
7 25	3 46	Phila.	10 46
9 38	5 47	Clayton	8 45
9 48	5 56	Kenton	8 36	3
f9 57	6 04	Hartley	8 26	3 27
f10 00	6 06	Slaughter's	8 23	3 24
f10 08	6 12	Marydel	8 17	3 18
f10 16	6 19	Henderson	8 10	3 11
10 24	6 26	Goldsboro	8 03	3 04
10 34	6 39	Greensboro	7 52	2 54
10 44	6 46	Ridgely	7 42	2 43
10 54	6 55	Queen Ann	7 31	2 33
11 04	7 02	Cordova	7 24	2 24
11 12	7 08	Chapel	7 18	2 17
11 24	7 20	Easton	7 08	2 07
11 42	7 37	Trappe	6 55	1 50
11 53	7 47	Oxford	6 45	1 40

"f" stops to leave or take passengers on notice to conductor.

J. B. Hutchinson' J. R. Wood
Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Passenger Agt

Chester River Steamboat Company
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Beginning November 7th, 1898, the STEAMER EMMA A. FORD will leave Chestertown on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 o'clock a. m., stopped at Rolph's Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogles', Queenstown and Kent Island. Leave Queenstown at 9:30 arriving in Baltimore about 12:15; leave Baltimore on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Queenstown about 1:30 p. m.; arriving at Chestertown about 3:30 p. m.

STEAMER B. S. FORD, leaves Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.00 a. m., stopping at landings on Corsica River, Bogles, Queenstown Jackson Creek and Kent Island; leave Queenstown at 9.30 a. m., and arriving in Baltimore at about 12-15 p. m.; leave Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m., arriving at Queenstown about 1:30 p. m. Centreville about 3.30 p. m.

☞ Until further notice the B. S. Ford will make the landings of the Gratitude at Rock Hall.

GEORGE WARFIELD, President.
James E. Taylor, Gen. Agt.

OUR NATIVE HERBS
The original Herb Compound and Great
BLOOD PURIFIER
AND LIVER REGULATOR. GUARANTEED TO CURE ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURE BLOOD AND INACTIVITY OF
THE LIVER.
200 days treatment for $1, and the $1 back if you are not Cured.
Any one sending $1 by mail to the underigned agent the medicine will be sent post paid. Prompt attention given to Mail Orders. Not sold by Druggists.
THE ALONZO O. BLISS, CO., Sole Proprietors.
SMITH GOOD,
Agent for Caroline county, Md., and Kent county, Del. 11-24-6m.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3534-0011.jpg