AMERICAN UNION.

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VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899. NO. 36.

1899			MAY.			1899
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
4:15 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:52 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
4:45 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:22 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Deputy, George A Deakyne; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Her[illegible] Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Dov[illegible] and Geo H Berry, President, Har[illegible] Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m., in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.— Joseph H Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens, Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional Cards.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
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Office at Brown's Drug Store.
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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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Shop in Blackiston Block, Main Street. [illegible]ble Assistants. Stylish Work.

SELECTION OF VERSE.

Life Is But a Span.

Thar ain't no use to borrow trouble,
F'r life is but a span,
So when it comes jest grin and bear it,
And prove yourself a man;
Don't worry others with your sorrows,
They've troubles of their own;
Yes, ten to one they're overloaded,
But never make it known.

Perhaps you feel "you're up agin it,"
And think your luck is hard;
Jest take a look at others 'round you—
You hear me talking, pard?
You'll be surprised if you but notice
The faces that you scan
Are not all glum and God-forsaken,
Though life is but a span.

So thank the Lord and smile your brightest
As o'er life's trail you rush,
Always ready to help a brother
And git him in the "push."
Thar are others who've known misfortune
Ever since life began;
So don't git blue and feel downhearted
'Cause life is but a span.
T. J. NICHOLL.

The New Way.

They've taken down the barrier
That custom used to raise;
The girl, if you would marry her,
Must do it all, these days.
Papa and dearest mamma seem
Not "in it" as of yore—
When most they favor love's young dream
The more you may deplore.

It used to be the proper thing
To cultivate mamma,
And give her potted plants, and bring
Cigars for "dear papa;"
But fashion now has made it wise
To court the girl alone,
To read her hieroglyphic eyes
And tremble on her tone.

Then, in some lonesome, dark retreat,
Far from the haunts of men
Or maids, she'll bring you to her feet,
Then bring you up again.
She'll educate you to the ways
That suit her inclination,
And marry you in ninety days
By average calculation.
—Chicago Daily News.

An Old Fable

Curious to know how the great gods are prized
By common mortals, creatures made of clay,
Mercury, as a traveler disguised,
Entered a sculptor's studio one day,
Where all the gods, above and under ground,
For sale, as busts or statues, could be found.

"How much for Jupiter?" quoth Mercury
"One dollar, sir; a gem from foot to head;"
"And Juno there, she is for sale I see;
"How much?" "Two dollars, sir," the sculptor said.

Amused, the smiling god at length espies
An image of himself among the lot;
"Ah, ten times more will he demand (he thought)
For me, the mighty herald of the skies!"

"How much for Mercury? Can I prevail
On you to part with him? Is he for sale?"
"Oh," answered him the sculptor, with a grin,
"If you will buy the pair, I'll throw him in."
—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.

Spring Rain.

The rain began at a rushing pace
As into the barn we fled,
So dry and cozy—the dearest place
Of shelter for heart and head.
We stood on the worn and dusty floor,
And watched the storm through the open door.

The hills were lost in a driving mist,
And the whirling leaves came down,
The rain, from the sloping gable hissed,
And fell, in a cascade brown,
Over the eaves, where the swallows hid,
And the fluttering pigeons cooed and chid.

Oh, the warm, sweet scent of the piled-up hay,
And the cool, sweet scent of the rain—
And the faint blue, brightening far away
Where the heaviest clouds had lain.
Then a bird's low trill—and a silence. • • •
Then
The whole world laughing in light, again!

And whenever a spring storm dims the sky
And the rain sweeps wild and warm,
Oh, back in the old barn door am I,
And three of us watch the storm—
Three who will meet no more—no more
Watch the storm through the open door!
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Youth's Companion.

A CRADLE SONG.

To and fro, to and fro,
With her mother singing low,
Lies my baby, wide awake,
Heeding not the soothing shake,
Nor the swinging to and fro,
Nor her mother—singing low.

To and fro, to and fro;
Steadily the rockers go
O'er some crevice in the floor,
As they did in days of yore
When my mother—singing low—
Rocked her baby to and fro.

To and fro, to and fro—
Hear that midget coo and crow.
See her twist and turn and spy
Just a twinkle in her eye—
Then she laughs aloud, you know,
At her mother—singing low.

To and fro, to and fro—
"Bread to bake and seams to sew.
Beds to make, and sweep and dust,
Baby go to sleep; you must;
You mus'n't 'tick your legs up so.
Ma must rock you—sing, by lo."

To and fro, to and fro.
O, my darling, could you know
All the weariness and care
You have made your mother there
All your mirth would change to woe
When you heard her sighing so.

To and fro, to and fro.
Patiently the rockers go,
Till at last the eyelids close,
Carried safely to repose
By the tender undertow
Of that song so sweet and low.

O, my pet, my precious one—
When her toil for you is done—
When alone you seek for rest,
Broken-hearted and oppressed,
You will miss the voice, I know,
Of your mother—singing low.

To and fro, to and fro
You to motherhood may grow,
But I'll never forget your glee
As you kicked and laughed at me,
While your mother—singing low,
Rocked and rocked you to and fro.
—Charles D. Tryon, in Ohio Farmer.

A Double Shot

By Stewart Edward White

PAT M'CANN came up from the plains into the hills in a bad humor with himself and the world. He had tried to be cow-puncher and had been promptly bucked off; he had tackled the cooking problem and only escaped mobbing by resigning his job; now he had dragged his little, squab form, with its hanging arms, up into the hills to try mining. He applied to the first camp he came to. King, the foreman, gave him a job.

Early the next morning he and another man walked down the gulch through the sarvis bushes for half a mile, turned abruptly to the right, climbed the uneven length of a zigzag trail and at last halted near the top of a ridge. The pine trees, slim and tall, grew out of the unevenly carpeted ground, through which cropped irregular slices of a red-brown, crumbling rock. At the very crest was a dark gray "dike" of quartzite, standing up steep and castellated for a height of 30 feet or more. This was the "hanging wall" of the prospective mine. Down through the trees were glimpses of vast, breathless descents to other ridges and other pines far below. Over the dike was nothing but the blue sky.

The two men had stopped within a hundred feet of the top. The old hand went over to a rough lean-to of small trees covering a rude forge, from beneath which he drew several steel drills of various lengths and a sledgehammer, which he carried to a scar in the face of a huge outcropping rock. After lumping these he returned and got a can of water and a long T-shaped implement of iron. The two men then set to work.

McCann held firmly while the other struck. After each blow he would half-turn the drill. When a dozen strokes had been given he poured a little water in the hole and thrust the drill through a bit of sacking to keep it from splashing. The other man jammed his hat down closely over his forehead and struck fiercely, alternately breathing in and grunting in rhythmical succession. When the hole became clogged with fine, gray mud McCann carefully spooned it out with the T-shaped instrument, wiping the latter each time on his trousers. While he did this his companion leaned on his sledge or threw chunks of rock with wonderful accuracy at the squirrels that ran continually back and forth on the ridge. As the hole grew deeper longer drills were used, until at last the longest all left barely enough above the surface of the rock to afford a hand hold. With that the miner expressed himself satisfied. He then brought three cylindrical packages wrapped in greasy paper.

"What's them?" McCann inquired.

The miner grunted contemptuously. "Hercules powder," he replied. He pronounced the proper name in two syllables.

With a sharp knife he cut these into lengths of about three inches each and dropped them one by one into the hole in the rock. Then he rammed them home with a hickory ramrod, just as all old miners will insist on doing. Because of this a large percentage of old miners have no fore and middle fingers on their right hands. The last piece he split, inserted in the crack a bit of fuse, on the end of which was a copper cap, dropped it in and then carefully chinked in with the wet grit which had been spooned out of the hole.

"Mosey for cover, Irish!" he said, and touched it off.

From behind his tree McCann saw the sputtering fuse disappear. The next instant the rock seemed to bulge, splitting in radiation as it did so, and then the smoke belched forth in a canopy, filled with fragments of quartz. Following the miner, he found a jagged opening in the rock. Then they sharpened their drills at the forge and went at it again. By night they had fired two more blasts and had made a start toward a shaft. After the third Bob, the miner said, glancing at the west:

"That'll do, Irish."

They cached the tools, caught up the water bucket and swung rapidly down the trail. Bob was ahead, slouching along with the mountaineer's peculiar gait, which seems so lazy, and yet which gets over the ground so fast. In a very few moments he reached the gulch below, plunging from the bare, rock-strewn hillside under the pines to the lush grasses and cool saplings of the canyon bed as from a desert to a garden. He looked around to say something. McCann was gone.

"Well, I'm d—d!" he ejaculated, and yelled loudly.

After a moment's pause, from far down the opposite slope came a faint whoop. Bob sat down on a fallen tree and waited philosophically, shouting at intervals. In a little while the Irishman came charging frantically up the gulch, tearing along through the vines and bushes at full speed, so terrified that he passed within ten feet of Bob without seeing him. The latter watched him surge by with an odd little twinkle in his eye. Then suddenly he shouted again. Pat slowed up, looked about for a moment vacantly and then his rugged Hibernian face broke into a multitude of jolly wrinkles.

"Arrah, it's yerself, darlin'," he said; "Oi thought it's Pat McCann as is goin' t' slape wid th' mountain lines this night!"

"You stick t' me," was Bob's only comment.

After a short climb the men reached the camp on a knoll overlooking two confluent gulches. There was the superintendent's office, the cookhouse, the bunkhouse, the blacksmith's shop, the stables and the corral—all of logs. Supper was served at sundown. The men filed in, took off their coats and sat down without a word. As each one finished eating he arose, put on his coat again and sauntered outside, filling his pipe as he went. Finally the whole gang was gathered at the bunkhouse, smoking, telling laconic stories or playing cribbage—the great American game in the mountains.

As the last comer, Pat was told to water the horses. He went boldly into the corral with a rope and was kicked flat. The boys straightened him out, and, after he had regained his breath, gave two of the horses' halters into his hands. Except in the main canyons of the Black Hills there is no surface water, the creeks all running down along the bed-rock. As a consequence, wells are necessary even in the upper hills. Pat first let a horse get loose, then he lost the bucket down the well, then he fell in himself in trying to fish it out. The boys fished him out with some interest. So manifestly inadequate an individual it had not been their fortune to meet before, and they looked on him as a curiosity. On the spot they adopted Pat McCann much as they would have adopted a stray kitten or puppy, and doubtless in somewhat the same amused, tolerant state of mind.

The next morning Bob and Pat cleared away the debris of the three blasts, wrenching off the broken, adhering bits with a pick and shoveling them out. King came up with an ax gang and built a rough, square breastwork of logs down the hill, to catch the quartz as in a bin. They also squared a number of timbers and tongued the ends. These were to timber the shaft.

All this interested the little Irishman. He recovered his spirits, and his old blarney came back to him. The clear, fresh air of the hills, the abundant food, the hard work, the sound sleep, the reaction against the taciturnity of the men, and the calm grandeur of the mountains, filled him with animal spirits. He imagined he had found his vocation at last. He wanted to do everything. In time he learned to strike with the sledge, although it was only after long practice on a stake that he could induce anyone to "hold" for him; he sharpened drills—after a fashion; he even helped in the timbering-up. The only thing lacking was the "shooting" of the charges. He had an ambition to touch the thing off. This King roughly forbade.

"That fly-away fool to risk his neck that way?" he said; "I guess not! He don't know enough now to make his head ache. When I want a wild Irishman too dead to skin, I'll let you know. I don't want that man to have the first thing to do with the powder. Understand that!"

What King said went in that camp. Besides, the men knew him to be in the right. Pat was the unluckiest man alive, and the most awkward. He was sure to be in any trouble there was about—in fact, as Jack Williams said, he was a sort of lightning-rod for the whole camp in the way of trouble; everyone else was sure of exemption, if there was only one man's share of difficulty dealt out. So McCann pleaded in vain.

This went to his heart. He would have given his blackthorn shillalah from Dublin to have been looked upon as a full-fledged miner. He used to put on all the airs of one in Sweetwater when he went down there once a week, swaggering about in copper-riveted jeans, with his hat on one side, conversing learnedly though vaguely on "blow outs," "horses," "foot walls," and other technicalities, hauling out of his pockets yellow-flecked bits of quartz—in short, "putting on dog" to an amazing extent. But as he turned past the stampmill of the Great Snake and began to scale the heart-breaking trail that led to the top of the ridge, his crest began to fall. As he followed the narrow, level summit for three miles of its length, standing as it were in the very blueness of the air, his spirits began to evaporate. When he took the shorter and gentler descent to the camp, the old conviction had returned with sickening force. He was not a miner. He had never "shot." He used all his persuasive powers in vain. For one thing, the men were afraid to disobey King. For another, they liked Pat, and having a firm faith in his "hoodoo," were convinced that his "shooting" and sudden death would be synonymous terms. So Pat abandoned persuasion and tried craft.

The old shaft on which he and Bob had first begun work had been carried down 50 feet. Appropriate cross cuts and drifts had been made to exploit the lead. It was now abandoned. Bob and Pat were put to work at another spot in the same lead a little farther along the ridge. The place marked out for the first blast was between two huge bowlders, or rather between the two rounded cheeks of one bowlder. The passage between them was perhaps five or six feet wide. One end led out in a gradual descent to the broad, open park of the ridge top, the other dropped off abruptly three or four feet to another level place. Around the corner of the first the miners kept their tools and forage; down the second they planned to drop when the blast was fired; and there they had built a little fire, it being, on that particular day, in the lee of the rock.

The hole had been all drilled before Bob discovered that he had forgotten to bring any powder; so, cursing, he started down the passage to get some from the sheet-iron powder house in the draw. Hardly was he out of sight before McCann, chuckling softly to himself, pulled from under a shelving bit of rock the missing powder. With this he loaded the hole; he arranged the fuse, and then dropped down the ledge to get a brand from the fire. It was nearly out, so it took a few moments to start a torch. However, he was in no hurry, as it was some little distance to the powder house, and Bob could not possibly return inside of half an hour. At last he coaxed a bit of pine into a glow, and turned to climb back. A startling sight met his eyes.

When Bob went to get the powder he stopped at the forge for the water pail. As he stopped to pick it up, something struck him a sudden blow in the thigh that knocked him over and set the blood flowing—he said afterward he thought the bone was broken. When he could see, he looked about to find what had hit him, and discovered not ten feet away the long, tawny body of a puma.

The great cat lay watching him through half-shut eyes, lazily switching its tail back and forth. From the depths of its throat came a deep rumbling purr. He tried to rise, but could not. Then he turned over on his left side and started to crawl painfully through the passageway of the rocks. The beast opened its eyes and followed stealthily, step after step, still switching its tail, and still purring. It was in a sportive mood, and played with its prey as a cat plays with a mouse. Inch by inch the man pulled himself along, leaving a trail of blood. At last, within a few feet of the ledge, he stopped; he could go no further. The puma, too, paused.

At this moment Pat McCann, a blazing pine brand in his hand, looked over the ledge. Bob saw him and faintly warned him back. The puma saw him too. The purring ceased, and the lithe muscles tightened under the skin. The game was over. The animal was preparing to make its spring.

It did not occur to the little Irishman's fighting soul to retreat. His comical features stiffened; his little blue eyes fairly snapped. Slowly he drew himself up on the ledge, keeping his eye fixed on the puma, until he stood erect, then he shifted his brand mechanically into his left hand, and drew his sheath-knife. He did not know that the fire was his best weapon, and Bob was too weak to tell him. The brand, held point downward, began to blaze. The puma's great eyes shifted uneasily at this, and its muscles relaxed. It was evidently discomposed. Pat did not await the attack, but stepped forward, holding his knife firmly.

When within a few feet of the animal Pat hesitated and stopped. His nerve was still unshaken, but he did not know how to begin. The puma still sniffed uneasily at the blaze, but had recovered from its first fear, and was again gathering its powers for a spring. For a moment there was absolute silence, and Pat heard through the still air the sharp chatter of a squirrel and the clank of the ore-team's whiffletrees from the ore road far below. While he stood thus uncertain, the fire from the pine, having run up along the torch, began to burn Pat's fingers. Without moving his head or shifting his eyes, he dropped it gently—plumb upon the fuse he had so carefully arranged a few moments before. Then he took a step backward to avoid the smoke. There was a splutter and a flash, then a sudden roar. The man and the beast were hurled violently in opposite directions, and a volcano of rock shot high in the air and showered down again.

The ax-gang found the puma very dead and Pat very hard to revive. The whisky-and-water method brought him around at last. He looked hazily about him in evident bewilderment until his eye caught sight of the dead animal, but then his face lighted up with eager joy.

"Glory to God, Oi'm a miner!" he shouted. "Oi've 'shot' at last!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

SOUTH JERSEY ODDITIES.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county for the tenth successive spring.

Harry Watson, a Goshen (N. J.) trapper, upon visiting his muskrat trap a few mornings ago, found a huge bald eagle fast in one of the traps. The bird showed fight, and Watson had an encounter he will long remember before he succeeded in securing the prey. The eagle measured seven feet from tip to tip of wings.

In Cape May county, N. J., there are three of the smallest incorporated towns in the country. At the last municipal elections, the town of South Cape May polled 12 votes, Avalon 24 votes and Wildwood 27 votes. Fully one-half the voters at Avalon and Wildwood hold office, while at South Cape May there are not enough voters to fill all the places.

Councilman Gilbert Smith, of Avalon, Cape May county, N. J., recently found washed up on the beach an old flintlock musket which is covered from the stock to the end of the barrel with a solid mass of barnacles, small clam shells and mussel shells. It is believed the musket was lost overboard from some British warship that cruised in Cape May county waters during the war of 1812.

Cornelius Allen, a Salem county (N. J.) farmer, is the owner of a cat that has from kittenhood slept among a large flock of ducks. Recently the cat was deprived of a litter of kittens. A few days ago Mr. Allen heard the peeping of little ducks in his cellar, and, upon investigating, found 13 ducklings huddled about the cat. When the cat lost her kittens she deprived a mother duck of her brood and carried all the ducklings into the cellar to prevent the mother duck from coaxing them away.

Ancient Warning Against Wine.

The oldest Egyptian papyrus, which contains a series of moral aphorisms of the fifth Egyptian dynasty (3566-3333 B. C.), is said to afford the earliest instance of the moral treatment of intoxication and the first warning in writing against drinking in wine shops. "My son," runs the injunction, "do not linger in the wine shop or drink too much wine. Thou fallest upon the ground; thy limbs become weak as those of a child. One cometh to do trade with thee and findeth thee so. Then say they: 'Take away the fellow, for he is drunk.'"

A New Departure.

Margie's father was accustomed to wear a tall silk hat. One afternoon, however, he came home with a soft felt one on. "Oh, mamma!" cried Margie, as she turned from the window, "here comes papa with a soft-shelled hat on."—Judge.

NEW SIAMESE ENVOY

Mr. Phya Visuddha Chosen for the Important Post.

He Is a Typical East Indian, and Will Divide His Time and Abilities Between Washington and London.

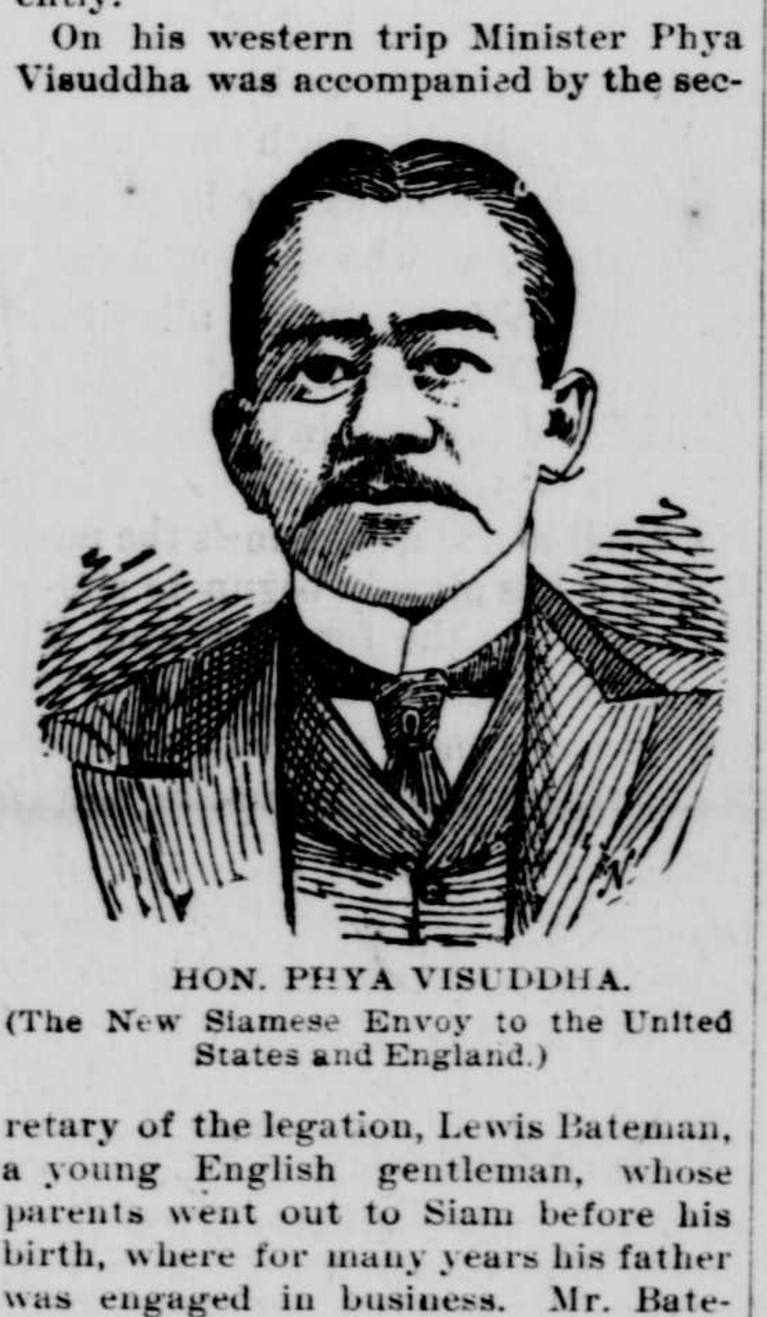
Siam is again represented at Washington by a minister plenipotentiary, and the kingdom of Central Indo-China is once more to maintain a legation at our capital after an intermission of several years.

The new Siamese envoy, Phya Visuddha, came some weeks ago with quite a party of his countrymen and their wives. Phya Visuddha made a visit to the west to make a study of some of the industrial schools of the country, and will leave shortly for London, where he is also accredited.

Minister Phya Visuddha is a typical East Indian in appearance, although in some respects he strongly resembles his Japanese cousins. He is below medium height, and while not of stout build, he has a compact, well-knit frame. His complexion is of a yellowish olive hue, his hair jet black, and as straight as an American Indian's; his eyes are quite Japanese in their almond shape, but they are as shrewd and piercing as they are oblique.

He comes from a family of the Siamese nobility, and through his father is allied to a princely house. He was born in Bangkok about 35 years ago, and was educated in the native colleges of that city. After leaving school he entered upon his profession, the law, but five years ago was appointed secretary of the Siamese legation in London. In 1896 he was made charge d'affairs, and last spring he was raised to the rank of envoy extraordinary to both London and Washington. He is married and has three children, and up to this time his family has always remained in Siam. His manner is rather of the orient than of the occident, but there is an unaffected cordiality in his handshake, and he speaks English fluently.

On his western trip Minister Phya Visuddha was accompanied by the sec-



HON. PHYA VISUDDHA.
(The New Siamese Envoy to the United States and England.)

retary of the legation, Lewis Bateman, a young English gentleman, whose parents went out to Siam before his birth, where for many years his father was engaged in business. Mr. Bateman was also born in Bangkok, and spent his early boyhood there; and is, in consequence, as familiar with the people and their customs as a native. He was educated, however, in England.

"Minister Phya Visuddha, which, by the way, is pronounced as though it were spelled Peer Veesooddah," said Mr. Bateman, "is immensely interested in educational matters, and his trip out to Chicago was largely to investigate the western schools. Siam is wakening in many ways, but in nothing more than in her desire to overcome the ignorance of her people. For many years it has been the custom of the government to send a few young men to Europe, England and America for a technical education, and within the last half decade several large public schools have been established in Bangkok, where European arts, sciences and languages are taught. The effort is being made to extend these schools throughout the kingdom and to have them for the girls as well as the boys.

"Siam is very enterprising. Her native name is Muang Thai—kingdom of the free—and, although her people are a little too near the equator to ever attain the Yankee's idea of freedom, yet they have been taking some mammoth strides toward it of late years. The last two kings—Maka Mongkut and Chulaongkorn—have both been aggressive men, and have tried to introduce modern enterprises. There are two lines of railroad running through the kingdom now and more are under construction, while telegraph lines intersect all sections of the country. Bangkok, the capital, has a population of nearly a million, and it has electric roads and lights, telephones, elevators, modern residences and business blocks. While we have but a small standing army and navy, we have that which offsets it—no public debt; our exports double our imports, and our trade with the western world is increasing every year."

Poisoned Baker's Bread.

People have been poisoned with bread containing salts of lead, which came from the timber used to heat the oven. The Paris council of hygiene has, therefore, forbidden the employment of painted or unpainted wood from old houses, old sleepers impregnated with creosote or sulphate of copper, and disused blocks of wood paving for heating ovens, on the ground that poisonous volatile salts may arise from them and deposit on the roof or floor of the oven.

"Clean as a Whistle."

The origin of the saying: "As clean as a whistle," is ascribed to the "whistle tankard" of olden times, in which the whistle came into play when the tankard was emptied or "cleared out" to announce to the waiter that more liquor was required.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another View of It.

He knew what they always say, so he thought he would forestall her.

"I suppose you've never been kissed by a man before?" he said.

"Do I look as homely as all that?" she demanded, haughtily.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BLACKS AND MULATTOES.

They Will Fight Each Other Down in Hayti and San Domingo, When They Run Things.

If President Simon Sam, of the black republic of Hayti marches his guard of the government out, composed of 650 men and headed by ten generals, to do battle with Gen. Ulysses Heureaux, president of the mulatto republic of San Domingo, it will add only one more war to the many which vexed the beautiful island of Hayti since it was discovered by Columbus in 1492.

Hayti was the first part of the new world colonized by Europeans; on the island African slavery was first estab-



PRESIDENT SIMON SAM.
(Head of the Little Negro Republic of Hayti.)

lished in this continent, and here also, and chiefly by the instrumentality of the blacks themselves, it was first abolished.

The island is 400 miles long from east to west and about 160 miles wide. It contains 31,000 square miles of territory. Its scenery is most beautiful, and it presents almost every variety of climate.

The republic of San Domingo embraces the eastern two-thirds of the island, though the population is mostly confined to the eastern third. The western third is the republic of Hayti. Between the two republics a bitter animosity has always existed. The territory over which they are now fighting is the central third of the island, nominally belonging to San Dominigo, though practically uninhabited.

Within the last century San Domingo has belonged successively to Spain, France, the Haytian empire, Colombia, Haytian republic and Spain again, and has been twice independent.

In 1804 the natives of Hayti, almost all blacks, successfully revolted against France. They have been independent ever since. At first they set up an empire, then monarchies, constitutional republics, and a second empire in 1848. Of the 11 rulers of Hayti since its independence only one has escaped being shot or transported, and only two have completed their terms of office.

From Columbus down everyone who has ever visited the island described it as naturally an earthly paradise.

THE HARP-O-CHORD.

A New Musical Contrivance Which Is a Combination of Wind and String Instruments.

Carl Brown, a musical genius of Columbus, O., has invented a strange new instrument, which he calls the "harp-o-chord."

It is one of the most unique instruments of the present time and is the first combination wind and string instrument of its kind in existence. It consists of a high-grade cornet harmonica or mouth harp and zither of peculiar construction, strung in simple open chords.

In shape the instrument differs from any other, it having a large head, in



THE HARP-O-CHORD.
(New Instrument of Torture Invented by an Ohio Man.)

which are set the tuning pins. The sides gradually taper toward the lower end, giving the sounding board a slanting position.

At the upper end of one side of the instrument, near the head, is a slot in which the harmonica is inserted so that its tunes when played will enter directly into the body of the instrument and emanate at the sound-hole under the strings.

Concerning a harmonica with a sounding board over which are a series of strings, changes the tone of the harp and gives it exceptional volume and a vibratory effect.

The strings are arranged in simple open chords. In practice the instrument is held vertically against the body, the harmonica pressing the lips.

The air or tune is played upon the harmonica and the chords upon the strings with the thumb or a finger of the right hand, producing exquisite harmony. The tone of the mouth harp is not only increased in volume, but possesses a richness and mellowness before unknown.

Hostilities Discouraged.

"I'd like to make a fuss about this canned beef, Eliza."

"Well, you'd better not. Remember you haven't got the whole army and navy back of you."—Detroit Free Press.

Quite the Contrary.

Judge—Did you knock this man down

Prisoner — No, judge, I didn't; I tried to hold him up.—Yonkers Statesman.

Copper Near El Caney.

An immensely rich copper mine has been located near El Caney, in the province of Santiago de Cuba.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Engagement rings among the Egyptians were always made of iron, symbolizing the mutual sacrifice of liberty.

The gift of a ring in Spain is looked upon as the equivalent of a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof for a maiden to claim her husband.

One of the earliest gems used in the engagement rings was a loadstone, which was supposed to indicate the force of attraction which drew the maiden from her own family to another.

Gold money used to circulate in form of rings in Egypt at a very early time, and the Egyptian at his marriage placed one of these gold rings on his wife's finger to signify that he trusted her with all his property.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bridegroom gave a pledge, or "wed," at the betrothal of the ceremony. This "wed" included a ring, which was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until, at the marriage, it was transferred to the fourth finger of the left.

A well-known custom is that of passing a piece of bride cake through the wedding ring, and those to whom the pieces are given place them under their pillows at night in order that they may dream of their husband that is to be. These "dreamers," as they are called, should be drawn nine times through the ring. Many brides, however, are so superstitious that neither for that purpose nor on any other occasion will they take the ring off the finger when once it has been placed there.

USEFUL CONTRIVANCES.

A company has been formed in Illinois for the manufacture of an artificial stone resembling marble, the components of the substance being glue water, ammonia, glycerin, alum and plaster of paris.

Doctors will appreciate a new medicine case having hinged partitions with spring clamps for the bottles, the ends of the case dropping into a horizontal position and exposing paper tablets for writing prescriptions.

To fasten a key in a lock so it cannot be turned from the outside a new escutcheon plate has a hinged member on one side, which swings to the center of the plate, a slot in the end engaging the flat portion of the key to lock it.

Two New Yorkers have designed a kneading machine for mixing dough, a pan being mounted at the end of a vertical shaft, with fluted rollers inside the pan carried by loose spindles to revolve with the pan, the corrugations entering the mass of dough to mix it.

Gloves are made to go on the hand easier by the use of a new stretcher, which is of a similar shape to those now in use, with the exception that one finger is hollow and contains a powder which is discharged inside the glove when the stretcher is in operation.

Two Frenchmen have invented a new method of stopping up shot holes in warships, water-tight compartments being arranged around the hull, filled with compressed bodies of elastic material, which expand as soon as water enters, filling the compartment and closing the hole.

A BOOKISH LOT.

Rudyard Kipling's favorite poet is Swinburne and his favorite novelist is Thackeray.

Hall Caine shows the carelessness permitted to genius in his dress, but London has few more handsomely gowned women than Mrs. Caine.

The Congressional library at Washington has a set of the London Times from 1796. It is not strange that a file of this newspaper is now of great value, for in 1800 only 1,000 copies were printed. The set in the Boston library dates from 1808 and consists of 232 bound volumes.

Laurence Sterne, the English writer, had fine theories about conjugal behavior, but did not carry them into practice. He said one day to Garrick: "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head." The famous actor said, quietly: "I hope yours is well insured."

Cecil Rhodes' literary tastes are thus described: "Reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he enjoys heartily; favorite reading, biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favorite work of fiction, 'Vanity Fair,' which he admires more than any other single work in literature."

GOWNS OF ROYAL LADIES.

The empress of Germany patronizes a Viennese modiste, but keeps a number of Berlin seamstresses constantly employed repairing and altering her gowns.

Princess Louise of Lorne dresses more gayly than any other of Victoria's children, but she scorns to waste money on the dainty fripperies which go under the head of chiffons. She gets most of her frocks from Vienna.

Royal ladies as a rule are less extravagant in their dress than most society women of wealth. Though Queen Victoria spends much more than is commonly supposed, her dressmakers' bills would be modest for a lady in ordinary circumstances. The princess of Wales gets most of her gowns from Paris and is economical in her ordering.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, who was commonly supposed to live for her toilettes alone, spent far less than the majority of the ladies of her court. Once Patti was present at a dance at the Tuileries and wore a frock of white tulle embroidered with lilies of the valley. The gown struck the empress at once. "Who made it?" she asked. "And might I copy it?" Needless to say, the permission was hastily given.

Heard in a Happy Home.

Hewitt—Do you get any satisfaction out of smoking?

Jewett—Yes, it annoys my wife.—Town Topics.

Excelled in Every Way.

She—John, the Joblots' new house is much larger than ours.

He—Yes, my dear; so is their mortgage.—Tit-Bits.

The Usual Way.

Gasleton—Her husband claims to have perfect control over her!

Grimshaw—Yes? [illegible] suppose he can make do [illegible] chooses?—Puck.

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