AMERICAN UNION.

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1899 JUNE. 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	

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 P. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President, Harry A 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 and Business Cards

GEORGE M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE,
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

J. KEMP STEVENS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.

Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Denton, Md.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.

Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

JAMES SWANN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
Denton, Md.

RICHARD NICHOLS,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.

Office at Brown's Drug Store.

Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

CHARLES E. TUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

EDWIN H. BROWN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

MADISON B. BORDLEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

P. B. HOPPER,
Attorney-at Law,
Centreville, Md.

J. FRANK HARPER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

J. H. C. LEGG,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

T. J. KEATING,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

A. R. WEEDON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

JAS. T. BRIGHT,
Attorney-at Law,
Centreville, Md.

H. D. W. MITCHELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

WILMER EMORY,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

JOHN E. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

ALFRED L. THARP,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

GEORGE W. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

CLAYLAND MULLIKIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

WM. H. ADKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

J. FRANK TURNER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

Established '69

JAMES T. QUINLAN,
Shipping and Commission MERCHANT.
12 W Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
Consignments of all kinds of Produce solicited. Reference: Any member of the Dunkard fraternity. 5 18 3m.

An Advertising Campaign

By James Barrett Kirk.

THE young man leaned carelessly against the piano and listened to the young woman who sat on the piano stool.

"It's awfully good of you, Jack," she was saying, "and I really like you first-rate, because you're such a jolly fellow and never bore me; but when it comes to marrying you—why, that's a different matter. The idea is not actually displeasing to me, I will admit. Still, it isn't exactly a proposition that arouses my enthusiasm."

"Um!" said Jack.

"You see," continued the young woman, "it has always been a cardinal principle of my life to attain my ends by unusual methods—to get out of the rut, as it were—and people who are actuated by a similar motive are the people who command my admiration. Therefore, I doubt if any man will ever succeed in screwing my affections up to the marrying point as long as he conducts his wooing in the old familiar way. See?"

"I see," said Jack.

A moment of silence ensued, during which the young man looked lingeringly upon the beauty of the young woman. He realized that he had been tenderly rejected by the only girl he ever saw who was "just his style," and he felt disposed to enter the lists and have a joust with fate—to refuse to accept her decision as final. He also felt a strange and abnormal craving for a cigar. Rousing himself, he stood erect and addressed the young woman.

"Now, see here, Mollie," he said, "you've got to marry some time, for girls like you are not born to a life of single blessedness; but if you wait for some fellow to go after you in a new and original way I'm afraid you'll wait several hours, at least. Originality is at a premium these days. Nevertheless, I don't propose to give up all hope myself. I have a bright idea occasionally, and by arduous effort I might even evolve a brand new style of courtship. However, I have nothing available in this line to offer just at present, so I'll say good night."

The young woman looked up and smiled sweetly as he turned to go.

"Good night, Jack," said she.

An hour later found Jack comfortably located in the easiest chair his club afforded, blue smoke wreaths curling above his head and a cocktail at his elbow. His appearance was not, strictly speaking, such as to indicate that his heart and hand had just been respectfully declined by the girl he loved, for his was one of those buoyant natures that never fail to rise triumphant above the disappointments of life. Still, his face wore an unusually serious expression as he lounged in the big chair and smoked his cigar and sipped his cocktail, and he looked as though he was engaged in solving some abstruse problem in philosophy. As a matter of fact, he was racking his brain for a new way to "make love."

When the twenty-seventh scheme had been reached progress in this interesting evolution of a method was momentarily interrupted by the advent of a fellow clubman, who paused as he was passing the big chair and surveyed the unusually sober countenance of its occupant.

"Good evening," he observed, pleasantly.

"Have you used Jugg's Blastoria?" supplemented Jack, shortly. He didn't like the interruption.

"What's the matter to-night?" queried the other. "Anything wrong?"

"Guess not," replied the young man. "This cigar seems to have been 'built on honor,' and the cocktail may be designated as 'the standard of the world.'"

"Then," said his friend, "you must have run up against a case of love grown cold. If so, take my advice and don't despair."

"There's Fleecem's union underwear," murmured Jack.

The other laughed.

"My dear boy," he said, "when you read the magazines you should confine yourself to the literary pages. The others are undoubtedly interesting and attractive, but they exercise too great an influence on your conversation. What are you thinking about that makes you look so deuced serious?"

Jack sighed for the first time since the episode with the young woman.

"How to attain the unattainable," he answered.

"A fascinating problem, truly."

"Yes; but the solution is difficult."

"Not particularly so, providing you go about it in the right way."

"How would you do it?"

"How? Oh, I'd advertise. That's the only way results of any sort can be obtained nowadays. Well, so long, old man. Sorry I interrupted your cogitations."

The intruder moved away while Jack took the cigar from his lips and gazed abstractedly at the retreating form.

Then suddenly he started and sat erect in the big chair.

"By Jove!" said he.

Then he flung away his cigar and gazed earnestly at the smoldering stump for five minutes, after which he finished the cocktail, set down the glass with a crash and ejaculated:

"I'll do it! Jove! if she doesn't call that getting out of the rut, I'll give it up."

With one of the young man's energetic disposition to think is to act, so when he had finally decided to lure the young woman's affections in the direction of himself by means of a personally conducted advertising campaign he lost no time in commencing operations.

As a preliminary step in the matter the young man hunted up his late companion for the purpose of working that individual for a little information. He didn't know much about the gentle art of advertising himself, therefore he felt the need of a few pointers, and when he succeeded in locating his friend in the billiard room watching an exciting game he drew him off to one side and propounded a leading question.

"See here, Tom," said he, "you're a journalist and must know something about advertising. What are the essential features of a good advertisement?"

"What have you?" asked Tom. "A dyspepsia cure, or a new food for infants?"

"Neither," replied Jack. "I merely have curiosity."

"In that case," said Tom, "it can be easily satisfied. Select a couple of attractive catch-lines, fill in with a few terse sentences, and if possible offer something free. This sort of an advertisement will sell anything that's made."

"Ah! thanks," said Jack. "Close game, isn't it?"

And he returned to the big chair.

His next move was to order newspapers and writing materials. Then he spent an hour diligently studying the advertising columns of the papers and examining the various forms of advertisements, following which he deliberated with himself concerning the amount of space he should use. Considering the character of the "goods," he concluded that a deliciate little space of about three inches would be the proper size, and that the best position would be on the page where the fearfully and wonderfully constructed maidens were wont to pose arrayed in the latest fashions. As far as selecting a medium was concerned he didn't have much trouble. He remembered that Mollie's favorite newspaper was the Saturday edition of the Evening Universe, which was largely devoted to "styles," and he accordingly decided to place his business in its columns. Then he turned his attention to the preparation of his first ad.

This, he found, looked easier than it really was. Good catch-lines failed to suggest themselves with any degree of promptitude, while the "something free" seemed absolutely impossible. But another examination of the newspapers obviated the former difficulty, and after a long cogitation he hit on an idea that overcame the latter; whereupon he once more seized his pen with feverish haste, and finally succeeded in producing an affair that struck him as being attractive, unique and appropriate, and possessing qualities which he thought ought to have some effect.

And the pioneer advertising campaign having for its object the wooing of a woman was at last begun.

On the following Saturday advertising circles were mildly amazed to see in the usually sedate columns of the Evening Universe this remarkable advertisement:

MOLLIE KNOWS

all about the state of my affections because I have already given her information concerning it. Moreover, she will doubtless be able to recall the fact that on the occasion of our last interview I intimated that I would not take "no" for an answer. In this connection I wish to mention for her benefit that while there are many thousands of words in the English language,

ONE GIVES RELIEF

If it is the right one. And I will also suggest that the little word "yes" will relieve me of further anxiety and make both her and me happy for life.

To write "yes" and forward it to my address nothing more is required than a sheet of note paper, an envelope, and a postage stamp. I will furnish these articles Free on Request. JACK.

Now, there were several thousand Mollies and an equal number of Jacks in the city; therefore, these two names failed to furnish a clew to the identity of either the advertiser or the "people" he wanted to reach. Of course, there was much speculation indulged in, and several theories were advanced; but it was generally believed that the advertisement was not to be taken seriously—that it was merely a bandwagon attempt on the part of some enterprising manufacturer to attract public attention preparatory to the arrival of his main parade, and that this space would ere long be filled with the unrivaled merits of a new patent medicine, beauty promoter, or brand of complexion soap.

Jack had counted on a condition something like this following the appearance of his ad., so he was perfectly satisfied with the results.

True, he felt rather tremulous when he considered the matter calmly, but nerved himself with the consoling thought that he certainly was getting out of the rut.

The week passed very slowly to Jack. Also, it passed without bringing a reply to his advertisement; but as he scarcely expected such quick returns he was not greatly disappointed thereat.

When Saturday again arrived the Evening Universe was eagerly sought by that select coterie of individuals, y-clept "ad- men," who help the world to wag by "promoting trade," and therein was found, in the same position and occupying about the same space, another curious advertisement, attractively yet delicately displayed, which read thus:

WHEN MOLLIE SMILES

she doesn't do it in exactly the same way that several fellows of my acquaintance do their "smiling," but the effect is even more intoxicating.

In fact, so delightful is Mollie's smile that I am quite positive the

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT,

and to acquire exclusive rights in this desirable article I am ready to give in exchange a heart full of love.

The deal may be consummated at once if she will forward to me a simple "yes," the paper, envelope, and postage stamp for which purpose I will furnish Free on Request. JACK.

By the time this second ad. appeared the young man had lost all nervousness about the probable result of his audacity, and he even decided to make his advertising campaign more extensive and vigorous if necessary.

He subscribed for all the journals devoted to the science of publicity that he heard of, sat up nights conning their pages for available ideas, and finally went so far as to visit an advertising "expert," who said "I" 97 times in a five-minute conversation and charged Jack $25 for performing the feat.

The result of all he read and all he heard was his safe arrival at the conclusion that keeping everlastingly at it would win the girl, or at least some sort of recognition from the girl, and acting on this principle he proceeded to insert in the next Saturday's edition of the Evening Universe his third announcement:

AFTER THE WEDDING

march has been played and I can call Mollie my own, I shall at once commence active operations having in view her future comfort. My one object in life will then be to show her how to be happy though married, and if I can help it

THAT TIRED FEELING

will never chase the brightness from her azure eyes nor the roses from her cheeks. Isn't this proposition worth considering?

When ready to write "yes" remember that I will furnish the necessary articles, guaranteed first quality, Free on Request. JACK.

The young man had now reached about the same state of mind as is enjoyed by the gambler who plays with the intention of "breaking" either the bank or himself. His habitual light and airy manner had been suspended temporarily, and his entire attention was devoted to making his advertising campaign bring forth results of some sort.

Therefore, when three ads. had appeared without bringing him a single reply he began to consider a way in which he could reenforce his newspaper advertising, and with this end in view he evolved the scheme of erecting a billboard on a vacant lot opposite Mollie's home.

Accordingly he called at the office of a billposter and engaged him to secure a permit from the owner of the property and to handle his posters. Then he dropped a line to a well-known poster artist requesting the latter to call at his address.

The evolution of this project and completion of arrangements for carrying it out kept Jack busy the greater part of the fourth week, its close being marked by the appearance of another newspaper advertisement, which the Evening Universe placed before its wondering constituency:

A MAN LOVES BEST

that which he thinks of most. Consequently the time he devotes to thinking about different matters indicates in what proportion his love belongs to each one.

By close observation and accurate calculation I have discovered that I devote all but 56-100 per cent. of my time to thinking of Mollie, and so my love for Mollie is

99 44-100 PURE!

I trust that she will give this interesting fact her attention and consideration. Beware of imitations, and do not be led into accepting "something just as good."

"Yes" is a small word and easily written. To facilitate the matter I will send a sheet of fine note paper with envelope to match, also a postage stamp, Free on Request. JACK.

On the evening of the publication of this masterpiece the young man held a conference with the poster artist behind closed doors.

"What I want," said Jack, "is a series of good designs showing a happy home in which the young wife is surrounded by every comfort and all that sort of thing. That's the main idea. The details I leave with you."

"And the wording?" queried the artist.

"There will be no wording," Jack answered.

The artist looked surprised.

"That's rather unusual in poster advertising," he said.

"I hope it is," replied Jack. "The—eh—business I'm engaged in is rather unusual itself. Oh, yes. I also desire—"

But as to just what more the young man did desire in the poster line the artist was left as ignorant as a Filipino, for an interruption occurred at this moment in the shape of a loud knock and the entrance of a servant with a telegram.

Jack felt very much annoyed at the interruption. He wanted to have his new idea developed as soon as possible, and hated to delay the outlining of his plans by a single second. However, he opened the sinister-looking envelope and glanced at the contents.

One glance seemed to be sufficient.

He sprang to his feet and brought his fist down upon the table with a startling force.

"By Jove!" said Jack.

The artist appeared interested.

Remembering his visitor, the young man succeeded in reducing himself to a condition of comparative calmness and turned to the artist.

"I have changed my mind," he announced. "I shall not use posters."

"But—" began the artist.

"That's all," said Jack, tersely.

And the artist departed without a word.

Left alone the young man hunted up a decanter. He felt a trifle faint and needed a "bracer."

Next, the excitement under which he was laboring demanded action, so he spent five minutes stalking up and down the apartment, staccato passages in the march being furnished by occasional assaults upon the unresisting table.

Then he sat down and gazed at the photograph of a girl for another five minutes, after which he reread the telegram. It said:

JACK:
Please send at once envelope, paper, and postage stamp free on request, as advertised. MOLLIE.

Three hours later the young man once more leaned against the piano and listened to the young woman on the piano stool, who smiled at him sweetly.

"We will help one another, and get out of the rut together, Jack," she was saying in a soft whisper.—From Profitable Advertising (Boston).

Very True.

Mistress—It isn't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary!

Cook—Perhaps not, mum; but it's the clothes that makes the polaceman!—Puck.

GIVES HIS ALL TO POOR.

Mr. How Thinks He Has No Right to Money He Has Not Earned.

J. Eads How, of St. Louis, a nephew of the late James B. Eads, the engineer, is wealthy in his own right, but believes that he has no right to money not earned by his own hands. Much of his property is in the form of real estate, which is so tied up that he cannot dispose of it, but he at times comes into possession of ready cash. This was the case the other day, when he received $2,700. He went at once to the mayor's office at the city hall and asked him to take charge of it and expend it for the poor of the city.

The mayor could not undertake to become the trustee, so he turned the young man over to the health commissioner, who suggested that the money be given to the fund for the erection of the new city hospital, as being the best way to reach the greatest number of poor. Mr. How was more in favor of direct relief to the poor, but promised to consider the proposition.

Mr. How has long been an earnest worker among the poor. He is an ardent social reformer and lives himself among the poorer classes, especially among the foreigners, whom he endeavors to help both morally and physically.

To Beautify the Complexion.

For the complexion and general health, drink slowly half an hour before breakfast one large tumblerful of water as hot as you can swallow, and once a week instead a tumblerful of cold water in which a teaspoonful of common salt has been dissolved. This is better for the complexion than any cosmetic. Another recipe is the juice of half a lemon, pint of warm water and one ounce of rose water.

HUNT FOR A WILDCAT

A Day's Sport in Tangled Sullivan County Swamps

"THE bay lynx, or wildcat," said Judge Crane, of Port Jarvis, "is not a striking example of domestic devotion. Unlike the hero of the popular ballad, he loves to wander from his own fireside, and he is more fortunate than most fellows in the ability to indulge his wayward propensity. Most animals of our woods are extremely local in their habits. The wildcat is a tramp. It is customary for him to have two lairs, a dozen wayside haunts and perhaps as many more occasional stopping places. His two homes are frequently ten or a dozen miles apart, and mark two points on the circumference of an approximate circle which incloses his stamping ground.

"He starts from one of his habitations on his lonely jaunt, covering in the first 24 hours five or six miles on the main line of his route, while his excursions to the right and left through thicket and swamp comprise many more miles. His route seems to be composed of innumerable small circles and eccentric figures. When he reaches his second residence he hunts the adjacent covers until his wayward fancy again asserts itself. Then he strikes off home, which he reaches by an altogether new route, or rather a series of routes. He is not a creature of habit. Occasionally he curls himself up like a house cat and sleeps on the ground, hunting usually by night, and sometimes two weeks may elapse before he regains his starting point. Without doubt he keeps his roving up all the time, although it is only during the the winter months, when the snow holds the record of his wanderings, that we can be sure of his movements. For this reason, too, the winter is the only time we can hunt him scientifically. If he is disturbed by man he will pike off for the more distant home, perhaps running for eight miles in a perfectly straight line. If you can set a dog upon his hot track he will take to the nearest swamp or patch of briers, and wind and twist and turn until he almost unseats the reason of the calmest and most calculating old hound that ever followed a trail. He will not take to water or resort to the other methods of obliterating his trail that a deer adopts. He simply goes around and around in the thickest brush he can find, depending all the time on mere strength of grit and endurance to win out and throw off the pestering hound. He is not afraid of the dog, but the latter bores him by his persistency, and he resorts to the same measures adopted by the man who owes you ten dollars. It is very difficult to tree a wildcat. Sometimes, after being hunted for hours in the way I have indicated, a fresh and fast hound might make him climb a tree, but this is rare. The man who shoots a wildcat without understanding these principles is lucky.

"Last week Lew Boyd, the presiding genius of the hunt at Hartwood, telephoned to me that he had found the fresh track of a cat.

"'That cat's come back from Eden,' was the way Lew put it—Eden was the second place of residence of this particular cat—'and he's on this side of the Monticello road, now.'

"So I telephoned to Miles Sturtevant to come down from Hartwood the next morning to meet me. I met his wagon on the road four miles from town. We bumped our way over the turnpike to the top of Sullivan county, and then turned into the old Texas road, picking up Lew Boyd and his hound on the way. Three miles further on the Gray road strikes out to the east at right angles. Here we dismissed the wagon, chained the hound, and walked on in the direction of Gray swamp. At the head of Gray swamp we found the tracks of a big cat pointing toward the swamp, and a few yards further on we came upon a similar track crossing the road in the opposite direction. Lew asserted confidently that the two tracks were made that day, and by the same animal, and the question remained to be decided on which side of the road he was at that moment. He was of the opinion that the cat was in Long swamp. So we trudged through the woods for three miles along the top of a low ridge.

"We passed innumerable deer tracks on the way. As we neared Long swamp we put up a fine deer that went dashing off toward Port Jervis, and a little later another jumped through the brush close by. Long swamp is of the shape of an enormous two-fingered hand, covering hundreds of acres. After we gained the swamp the hound went under the clouds, and even the instinct of direction possessed by Lew Boyd, trained woodsman as he was, was at fault. We made our way by the aid of my pocket compass.

"On the west edge of the swamp we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was torn and trampled. Tufts of hair and pieces of pelt lay about on the blood-stained snow, and there was every sign of a terrific struggle. On the edge of the battleground lay the paunch of a deer, and a few feet further on we found its head and spine, gnawed clean. The work had been done two nights before, and from all signs this had been no running battle of miles. The tragedy had all been enacted within a few feet, and we both felt a new respect for the animal that could do away with a nearly full-grown deer. Lew cut through to skirt the east end of the swamp in quest of a fresh track, and I went up Handy hill in the opposite direction to look over a smaller swamp in the vicinity.

"'The cat ain't here,' Lew announced, definitely, when we met again. 'He's back in Gray swamp.'

"Gray swamp is the worst place in Sullivan county. It is almost impenetrable. It is perfectly flat, and in addition to the usual dense underbrush it is overgrown with laurel whose branches are interlaced so deftly that it seems impossible for any creature to get through. I would not cross Gray swamp for money; for a wildcat, I might. Unless he had winded or sighted us the animal was somewhere in the neighborhood, and we had reduced all likely hiding places to the depths of this swamp. Lew told me to go in and select as open a position as I could find while he walked around the swamp to look for tracks leading out. I wrig-



THE SULLIVAN COUNTY CAT.

gled and twisted and tore my way through the brush until I found a well-worn deer path, along which I came upon several of their round beds. One of them, a little larger than the others, was surrounded by the tracks, not much larger than a copper cent, of two fawns. It was pretty tough work getting inside of that swamp, and long before I had a suitable position I heard the deep bay of the hound. A moment later something heavy bounded through the brush within 50 feet of me. I couldn't see a thing but laurels and so I kept still and cursed my luck. My only chance was to remain quiet and wait for the dog to bring the animal around again. After the dog passed I hunted around until I found a fallen log, from the top of which I could see for a few yards about me. The sounds of the hunt held on quite to the further edge of the swamp and then gradually turned.

"Suddenly something lithe and soft and graceful made a curving leap over the brush. I caught another glimpse of the tawny skin a few feet further on, aimed at it quickly and fired. The thing dropped and sank slowly among the bushes. It looked as though it lay crouching for a spring when I worked my way to it, its face toward me, and the fire in its eyes not yet dead. A moment later the dog burst through the brush and buried his teeth in the cat's neck without a moment's hesitation. That hound is of the Josh Cole breed, a strain known throughout this region for honesty, gameness and grit. Many a good dog will flinch from a wildcat, dead or alive. But this one went at it as though he had never known any other kind of business."

The dead wildcat measured four feet five and a half inches from tip to tip, and stood 21 inches high at the shoulder. The hide is being mounted for Judge Crane.—N. Y. Sun.

LAWRENCE TOWNSEND.

Our New Minister to Belgium Is a Diplomat of Experience and a Model Gentleman.

Lawrence Townsend, who has been transferred from the American mission at Lisbon to that at Brussels, is the youngest son of Henry C. Townsend, lawyer of Philadelphia. He was born in Philadelphia August 13, 1860, and in 1877 entered the University of Pennsylvania, but left college at the close of his junor year on account of failing health resulting from an accident. For this reason also he traveled extensively abroad, and afterward purchased and managed for some time a large ranch in Mesa county, Col. In 1893 President Cleveland appointed Mr. Townsend, although he and all his family are republicans, secretary of the United States legation at Vienna, where he served under Minister Bartlett Tripp, just appointed the American member of the Samoan joint commission. Mr. Townsend for several months acted as charge d'affaires. In June, 1897, President McKinley appointed Mr. Townsend, who was still on duty at Vienna, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Portugal, from which place he is now transferred to a similar position at Brussels, with an increase in his salary of from $7,500 to $10,000. Mr. Townsend married Miss Hanna, whom he met at Nice, in southern France, while sojourning there soon after leaving college.



LAWRENCE TOWNSEND.
(New United States Minister to Brussels, Belgium.)

THE SMALL BILL SHORTAGE.

Due in Some Cases to Bankers Failing to Send in Large Bills in Exchange for Small Ones.

United States Treasurer Ellis H. Roberts, who is on a business trip to New York city, in talking of the scarcity of bills of small denominations throughout the country, said: "This lack of small bills is due in some parts of the country to the fact that the bankers don't take the trouble to send in their bills of large denominations and get some ones in exchange. This is the case nearly everywhere except in the larger cities of the east and in the northwestern states.

"In the northwest there has been such a wave of prosperity during the last two years that the bankers and merchants have had no occasion to send their money east, as they did in previous years. They are rich enough to keep their money at home.

"There was a lack of small bills in New York city up to a few months ago, but now the bankers, merchants and business men of every kind have all the small bills they want. They have got them by sending on their larger bills. The revenue stamps on checks have probably had something to do with bringing into more general use the smaller bills.

"The reason we cannot issue the smaller bills as fast as the bankers want them is because we are restricted by law. The law allows us to issue only $346,000,000 in United States notes, and the silver certificates are restricted by the number of standard dollars held in the treasury. We are now printing only small bills, and have a big supply on hand, but cannot issue them because of the restrictions I have mentioned. So the only recourse for the banks that want small bills is to send in large bills in exchange for them. In the ten subtreasuries throughout the country there is now $242,000,000 in gold, but only $18,000,000 in paper. We are sending out paper money in bills of small denominations now at the rate of about $3,000,000 a week. But a good part of this is sent out in place of old and mutilated bills. Although there is a shortage of small bills in circulation, the treasury was never richer in funds than it is at the present time."

DAVID B. HENDERSON.

Iowa Congressman Who Would Not Object to Being Speaker of the House of Representatives.

David Bremner Henderson was born at Old Deer, Scotland, March 14, 1840. His parents brought him to America and to the state of Illinois in 1846. Three years later, in 1849, they moved to Iowa and settled on a farm not far from Dubuque. Young Henderson attended the common school of his town and the Upper Iowa university at Fayette. Thereafter he studied law in the office of Bissel & Shiras, at Dubuque, and was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1865.

He remained at work on the farm, however, until 21 years of age, and in September, 1861, enlisted in the union army as a private in company G, Twelfth regiment, Iowa volunteer infantry. He was soon elected and commissioned first lieutenant of that company, and served with it until discharged from the service, owing to a wound in the leg, February 16, 1863. In May, 1863, Mr. Henderson was appointed commissioner of the board of enrollment for the Third congressional district of Iowa, and served as such until June, 1864, when he recentered the army as colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa infantry. He then remained in the field until the close of the war. Upon his return home in November, 1865, Col. Henderson was appointed internal revenue collector for the Third, or Dubuque district, of Iowa, which position he held until June, 1869, when he resigned to enter upon the practice of law, and almost immediately was appointed United States district attorney for the northern division of the Iowa district, serving two years, then resigning. Afterwards the law firm of Henderson, Hurd, Daniels & Kiesel was formed, and soon became known, largely through the ability of its senior member, as one of the strongest legal combinations in the state.

Mr. Henderson was first elected to congress in 1883 from the Third district, and has served in the house ever since.

Mr. Henderson is a republican leader of influence, whose advice is frequently acted upon in the councils of his party.

For years Col. Henderson has been on the committee on rules, which has considered every question brought before the house, from a public building to the declaration of war. This has resulted in taking him off the floor most of the time, but it has also given him a close acquaintance with general legislation of all kinds, and, coupled with his position as chairman of the judiciary committee, has made him an authority on parliamentary law.



DAVID B. HENDERSON.
(Representative in Congress from the Third Iowa District.)

FOR GOETHE ANNIVERSARY.

Memorial Services Planned for August 28 in This Country and in Germany.

Imposing ceremonies will be held in this country and in Germany on August 28 of this year, this being the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of Goethe's birth. In many American cities, and especially in Chicago, New York, Cleveland and Milwaukee, there are Goethe societies, and the members of these organizations are already making arrangements to fitly honor the great poet. Banquets will be held on this day wherever German-Americans congregate.

In Germany the ceremonies will be especially notable. In Frankfort-on-the-Main a great historical exhibition will be held, the features of which will be documents relating to the life and works of Goethe. Most of these treasures will come from the Goethe museum and Goethe house in that city, and among them will be manuscripts, portraits and copies of the first editions of his works.

Fifty years ago the anniversary of his birthday was also celebrated in Chicago, the principal figure on the occasion being the learned bookseller, Solomon Hirzel, whose fine collection of Goethe relics is now in the Leipzig library. On the coming anniversary Goethe will be honored at Leipzig not only by the city, but also by the university and by the members of all the theaters.

In Strassburg, whither Goethe went to study after leaving Leipzig, and where he formed a close intimacy with Herder, a statue of the poet will be erected. In the towns, near the Rhine, and especially in Dusseldorf, the day will be appropriately celebrated.

Earnings of a London 'Bus.

A London omnibus earns on an average $11 per day from passengers and $25 per day from advertisers.

Turkish Tax on Male Children.

For every son born into the family of a Turkish subject a military tax, amounting to about two dollars a year for each person, has to be paid.

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