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1899 JUNE. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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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 F. 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

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Denton, Md.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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

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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.

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

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TOWNSFOLK TWAIN.

In a vision that falls with the falling day
I tread the lanes and the paths of yore;
And the village green where I used to play,
And the village folk, I see once more.
Ah, ye are there by those purple bars—
My townsfolk twain, of those childhood hours!
The tall professor who hunted stars—
And the little woman who tended flowers

He lived in a big house up on the hill,
A long way back from the village street;
And she in a cot with a crumbled sill,
Set down in a tangle of meadow-sweet.
There were morning glories up to the eaves,
There were riotous roses down to the gate;
There were housekeeping robins among the leaves,
That called if the four o'clocks slept too late!

I met him at times on my schoolward route,
And shivered a bit at his frosty bow;
That he saw me at all I am much in doubt,
Or thought me a sheep or a mooly cow!
But was there a moment before the bell?
I stopped at the gate where the lilacs grew,
For a sprig of her southernwood to smell,
Or a crimson rose with a heart of dew!

Butterflies, bumblebees, birds and boys,
And shy little girls in shakers quaint,
Frolicked about her with revel and noise,
While she beamed on us all like a deaf old saint.
O cool, white lilies! O starry phlox!
O portulaca and larkspur blue!
O bachelor's buttons and hollyhocks—
And pansies! How well I remember you!

I've heard he discovered some mislaid spheres,
Some stellar fugitives brought to bay;
And a comet due in a thousand years
In the latter part of the month of May!
I know she discovered a world of cheer
For sorrowing souls that her pathway crossed;
That her heart was a garden where all the year
Love's green plants flourished, untouched by frost!

You'll read his name in the text books writ,
With a learned treatise on solar spots.
But hers! Ah, the children remember it!
Fashioned and framed in forget-me-nots!
They say when I mention my native town—
"Why, that is the home of Professor J.!"
But I think of my friend in the faded gown,
Who planted roses to give away!

I remember he gave me some sage advice,
The morning I left for my home afar;
And the benefit of a smile precise,
As warm as the beams of the polar star!
But she! Ah! she broke with a tender hug
On my frantic wrestle with tears and winks,
And left on my lap for a railway rug,
An armful of fragrant, feathery pinks!
—Emma Herrick Weed, in Youth's Companion.

A Hand-Shake With Death

By P. Beaufoy.

MANY men can tell stories of wonderful escapes and of deliverances so marvelous that one would fain believe that the day of miracles still endured, but I doubt greatly whether any man ever came so close to the dread shadow and escaped in so marvelous and yet so simple a manner as did I about ten years ago, when I was connected with the secret service department of Scotland Yard, and was looking after the anarchists, who at that time were causing the greatest anxiety by their activity in the direction of violence and crime. Of the escape in question let the lines that follow speak.

The terrible explosion at Edinburgh had just taken place, whereby many persons had lost their lives and many more been injured, and on all sides one heard rumors of still more awful disasters in store.

One afternoon, early in January, the chief summoned me to his room, and said: "Mr. Barrington, I understand you expect to achieve a good stroke tonight, if I am not mistaken."

I smiled as I made answer: "I have every confidence of doing so. By assuming the character of an Irish-American anarchist, I have discovered some very useful information. Above all, I have unearthed a very hornets' nest in Soho, kept by a Russian called Markovski. By arresting the men found in that club this evening, we shall, in all probability, secure several gentlemen who are wanted in connection with the Edinburgh trouble.

"I will tell you my arrangements for this evening. There is to be a meeting at the club of which I have spoken between eight and eight-thirty, and by nine o'clock it is to be assumed that every man will be in his place. I also shall be there in my role as a partisan of the league. Send a squad of men to this address" (and here I handed him a slip of paper bearing the information) "at nine o'clock precisely, and let them arrest every individual on the premises. They had better take me as well, for appearances' sake. This will disarm any suspicion on their part that there are informers in the camp."

"I see—I see," he answered, quickly. "An excellent plan, Mr. Barrington."

He then jotted down the various details necessary, and I went about my ordinary vocations until day should wane and it would be time for me to take my way to the anarchist club in the role of a member of that terrible organization.

The day passed cuckly enough, absorbed as I was with other interesting matters, and shortly before eight I went to my lodgings, and having assumed my usual disguise, took my way to the club. I entered.

Slowly the gloomy room filled with the swarthy, evil-looking members, and at length the meeting was complete save for one man, a Russian known as Ivan Menskoff. He was expected to return that evening from Edinburgh, whither he had gone on business connected with the brotherhood. Presently a slight murmur ran round the room, and the Russian strode into the apartment. His brows were contracted—his eyes gleamed with suppressed rage. Hastily looking from man to man until his gaze encountered mine, he pointed at me and cried, vehemently:

"Seize that man who calls himself Edward Withers. Secure him, and gag him at once. He is a spy—an accursed spy in the employ of the British government."

I sprang up from my seat in order to defend myself from the brutal arms that closed round me, but the battle was an unequal one. Two minutes later, bound, gagged, and helpless, I was pinioned to the wall, the cords being drawn so tightly round my chest that I could scarce breathe.

The men slowly returned to their seats, talking in excited whispers. After a pause, Menskoff raised his hand to proclaim silence, and said, in a deep, ominous tone:

"Comrades, I owe you an explanation of what has just occurred. Know then that during my visit to Edinburgh I have learned several things of vital importance to the cause. The first is that this man Withers is a dangerous spy, and that his acquaintance with us has been an official trick which in a few minutes we shall repay heavily."

He paused, and then continued:

"The second thing I have discovered is this: that at nine o'clock to-night the house will be raided, and every man of us present arrested."

A hoarse cry rose from the men, and I could not repress a slight glance of amazement. Menskoff understood my expression, for he came towards me, and striking me in the face said, waspishly:

"Aha, then, my good Mr. Withers, you do not know, evidently, that we also have our spies among the police force even as you have yours among ourselves. Our own informers are as well hind and as clever as yours, and by their agency has all this knowledge come to me. What think you of it, my friend; what think you of it, hey?"

He struck me again, very brutally. The malignity of his glance and the harsh, set faces of the other men showed me only too plainly that I had small mercy to expect now.

Slips of paper were handed round the table, and each member was directed to inscribe thereon what should be my punishment. Then the slips were handed to Menskoff, who glanced at them with a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"Edward Withers," he said, addressing me, after a pause, "the sentence written by each member of this meeting consists of one word, 'Death.' Make ready; your time is short."

The anarchist went to the corner of the room where he had deposited his portmanteau. Hastily opening the bag, he took from it a small bomb with a clockwork apparatus attached, also a tiny clock of common appearance. Having deposited these on the table beside me, he addressed his comrades.

"My good brothers," he exclaimed, talking in a quick, excitable tone, "now that you have pronounced the sentence of death, it is but right that you should be informed how your sentence will be carried into effect. . . . Behold, then, this bomb. I obtained it at our factory at Edinburgh, together with the clockwork gear by which the time of explosion can be regulated. With this little bomb I shall blow our friend to pieces, and it will be well now if you bid him adieu and leave us together. You will also do well to keep in hiding until the present activity on the part of our kind friends, the police, is somewhat abated."

Obedience to this man seemed inevitable. One by one, the whole crowd rose and slowly left the house, each man giving me a look of hatred as he went.

I perfectly understood Menskoff's design in resolving to destroy me by means of the bomb instead of taking up his revolver and dispatching me then and there. The explosion would bring the house to the ground, damage adjoining property, and would be in every way the best "advertisement" that the cause could obtain, whilst at the same time all other informers would tremble when they learned the horrible fate of one of their body. Verily, a fiend's device, and worthy of him who devised it.

When the last footsteps of the retreating men had died away, the anarchist leaned over the table where the deadly apparatus was placed and slowly adjusted it. Then turning to me, he exclaimed, with a malignant laugh which was as brutal as a blow:

"See here, my good friend, see here. I have left the bomb and the clock in such a position that you are bound to see both, and as the hands of the clock creep on, you will have the felicity of knowing that each minute is carrying you nearer to the end. And now, shall I tell you, my friend, at what hour, nay, at what minute, I have timed this little plaything to explode?"

It was impossible for me to convey my desire to know, for I could not move my head or open my lips. However, Menskoff appeared to consider an answer superfluous, for, after a minute's interval, he laughed again and cried:

"I have set it to explode at ten minutes to nine. . . . Why not before? Simply because, good Mr. Withers, it will add tenfold to your torture to remember that had ten minutes more been given you, you would have been rescued by your friends from Scotland Yard. . . Aha! I see you change color. You appreciate the tenderness of my little plan."

The fiend spoke the truth. The terrible cruelty of his scheme burned into my brain. It was hard, unmistakably hard, to be done to death at all—with many hours elapsing between myself and possible rescue. . . . but to know that ten minutes would mean life, and the absence of them death. . . . ah, that was refinement of agony which a man must be in my place to thoroughly and properly appreciate!

The anarchist gave one more glance at the apparatus to see that it was all in order, and then turned toward the door. He returned, however, to where I was bound, and greeted me with a mocking smile.

"You are admiring my little clock, are you not?" he asked, grinning so widely that his black gums sickened my sight. "Well, it may interest you to know, good Mr. Withers, that you and I are the only two persons in the world who shall have had any use for it. . . . I bought it in Edinburgh only this morning, little thinking that its career would end so soon."

Then, tapping the timepiece gently, he exclaimed: "Farewell, little clock. Do thy work well and send this cur to his reward. Mr. Withers, good-night. I wish you a pleasant journey to the new country you are about to visit. Adieu!"

With an ironical bow he glided from the room, shutting and locking the door after him. When he had retired, I shut my eyes and tried to think.

Escape was out of the question. I could not move—my bonds were tied so tightly that already cramp was seizing my limbs, and to utter a cry for help was impossible. A dozen times I cursed my action in having instructed the chief to send no men to the house until nine p. m., for had they come earlier all would have been well. But then, how was I to have foreseen the horrible events which the night was destined to bring forth?

The clock pointed to 8:30, showing that the whole dread scene through which I had passed that evening had consumed barely 25 minutes, though naturally the space of time had seemed like hours. Eight-thirty. . . . In 20 minutes more, the inexorable clock ticking out the minutes so patiently would have brought its minute hand round to the fatal stroke, the bomb would explode—and then. . . . A feeling of nausea rose in my throat as the hideous reality beat its horror into my brain, and I strove with all my might to shut out the black thoughts which overwhelmed me.

For the first ten minutes the agony of waiting was softened somewhat by the hope that something might happen to save me. But when the ten minutes had passed, my soul grew sick, and a dull feeling of resignation took hold of my being. My time had come; my course was run; my hour was at hand. Let me face death like a man, for, in spite of my profession, I retained some of the instincts of manhood, and I resolved to meet the end as quietly as though a thousand eyes watched my exit.

Fifteen minutes to nine. . . . The minute hand seemed to linger a long time, and a sudden hope raced through my mind that perchance the clock might stop. But a second later I saw with a pang that my fancy had deceived me, for the cruel hand moved on, and now, O Heaven, another minute was registered!

Thirteen minutes to nine! An icy feeling shivered through my body—my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—nausea seized me with a mighty grip. In three more minutes the explosion would occur, and I should have gone out to the great mystery which laps the shores of this world's life. Three minutes more!

My eyes began to swim, a red light was in them, burning them like live coals—a thousand fiendish voices buzzed in my ear—but above them all there rang out the tick-tick of the clock, every second bringing me nearer and nearer to the end.

I tried to grasp a prayer, but my lips were parched and could not have moved even if the gag had not held them rigid; I tried to frame a silent supplication to the Almighty for deliverance, but my mind could not work coherently, and the entreaty languished unmade. A feeling of measureless despair enveloped my soul, and then, as the minute hand of the tiny clock glanced towards the fatal figure, a faintness clutched my being, a white mist was in my eyes, and unconsciousness mercifully claimed my senses.

When I recovered, the room was full of policemen, and Inspector Grierson, one of my best pals, was kneeling beside me, holding some liquid to my lips. His fat, honest face was full of sympathy as he exclaimed, cheerily:

"Drink that, Mr. Barrington, and don't try and talk till you feel a bit better. There!" he added, encouragingly, as the raw brandy brought back a semblance of life to my cheeks—"you're looking livelier already. . . . By George! you've had the narrowest squeak that man ever had in this business."

"The bomb, the bomb," I asked, faintly, "where is it? What has become of it? Why didn't it explode?"

The inspector pointed to a bucket of water in the corner of the room.

"The bomb is there," he answered, quietly, "and can do no harm now. The rascals have escaped, bad luck to them. Did they tell you at what time they had set that little bit of machinery to explode?"

"Most certainly they did," I made answer, as I slowly raised myself from the floor; "at ten minutes to nine precisely."

"Then your escape is all the more inexplicable," returned the inspector, "for we did not arrive here until nine o'clock exactly, as arranged with you."

"I am as amazed as you are," said I; "surely the clock could not have been wrong. It was quite new, for the man Menskoff told me he had purchased it only this morning in Edinburgh."

On hearing these words, Inspector Grierson uttered a low whistle, and an illuminating intelligence shone in his face.

"Great Scot!" he exclaimed, slapping his knee, "I see it all!"

"See what?" I shouted, mad with excitement. "See what?"

"Why, the explanation of your salvation. You say that clock was bought in Edinburgh. Well, you may not know it, but it so happens that Edinburgh time is just 13 minutes behind the London hour, and to that fact, Mr. Barrington, you owe your life this evening."

And so it was.—Tit-Bits.

Sped Behind Time.

Paul Plodder—I wonder if I have time to catch the train?

Policeman Rounds—Ye have toime enough, but yez haven't the speed, Oim thinking.—Boston Transcript.

SOME ODD UMBRELLAS.

Europeans Take More Pride in Their Rain Protectors Than Do People of This Country.

Many curious umbrellas are made. One I have seen can be taken apart and put in one's pocket. The stick is of wood about an inch in diameter. The cover can be turned inside out and folded into a small bundle. By touching a spring the ribs come off, straighten out and may be placed in the hollow of the stick, which is then a very presentable walking stick. It is found very convenient by its owner, who is a drummer. Another is still more ingenious. The handle is curved, and when a spring is pressed a pipe flies out. The ribs are stowed away in the center and the owner has a walking stick, but in the center there is also a rapier, which may be drawn out. Another neat invention is a hollow stick which contains a camp chair. Three steel supports are pressed out of the top of the stick, a triangular piece of canvas put on, and a seat is had which is at least as comfortable as a bicycle saddle. All of these strange umbrellas come from the old world. The umbrella-makers say that Europeans take much more pride in their umbrellas than do people of this country. Many little jokes are concealed in the umbrella handles there. A handle may present the appearance of the head of a monkey or a cat or some other animal, and a secret spring will cause the little creature to open its mouth and spurt a drop of cologne on the beholder.—John Gilmer Speed, in Woman's Home Companion.

Jerusalem's Population.

The population of Jerusalem has been rapidly increasing of late, and is now about 45,000; of these, 28,000 are Hebrews.

PRESIDENT OF YALE.

The Great Position Has Gone to Prof. Arthur T. Hadley.

He Is Only 43 Years Old, But Enjoys an International Reputation Both as Author and Scholar—Sketch of His Life.

Arthur T. Hadley, the new president of Yale, was one of the youngest and most popular presidents in the university. He is close to the students, shares their ambitions and sympathizes with their life. The son of a Yale professor and a Yale student and teacher himself, he has a full flow of the university spirit, and is in all respects an ideal man for the post of president if he can only develop the necessary executive ability, and everybody believes he can.

For some years Prof. Hadley has had charge of the training of Yale's debaters, in addition to his duties as professor of economics. In the latter capacity he has won a distinguished reputation, which has been enhanced by his scholarly work in his chosen department of science. His latest book, brought out in 1897, and entitled "Economics; an Account of the Relations Between Private Property and Public Welfare," embodies a treatment of this vast subject from a point of view that is original—a quality possessed by few works on this peculiar subject.

It is curious to note incidentally, how he made the book. The first draft was dictated in five weeks. Then the author spent years in revising, rewriting and correcting, so that when "Economics" at last went to the press great portions of it had been rewritten seven or eight times. In this book is carefully considered almost every problem with which the new economics has to do. The book, as he says himself, is designed for students in the broad sense—for those who are doing the world's work.

As an economist Prof. Hadley came early to fame. Before he was yet 30—



ARTHUR T. HADLEY.
(Just Elected President of Yale University.)

he is now 43—he was summoned as a witness before the Cullom senate committee which drafted the interstate commerce law, and his opinions were considered weightier than those of many great railroad officials. It was about this time that the professor published his now celebrated work: "Railway Transportation; Its History and Its Laws." This useful book has been generally translated. Two Russian translations were made under the direction of the minister of finance for the czar. Of this Prof. Hadley humorously remarked: "I am told that his majesty, after finishing one chapter, felt that assassination had lost its terrors."

This brilliant young educator, man of science and author, is a native of New Haven. His father was James Hadley, the eminent philologist and Greek scholar. Of him the late Prof. Pierce, of Harvard, one of the foremost mathematicians of his time, once said: "I can never forgive Yale college for spoiling the finest mathematical mind we have." Thus from his father he inherits a great mind. His mother, who was Miss Anne Twining, passed through the full course of Yale mathematics. Arthur prepared for college at the Hopkins grammar school and was graduated the valedictorian of his class from Yale in 1876. After two years' study at Berlin young Hadley returned to Yale to become a tutor. He was afterward a lecturer at his own college and at Harvard. He was meanwhile contributing articles in his specialty to the Railroad Gazette and writing editorials for the New York Financial Chronicle and the Evening Post.

Prof. Hadley is not, personally, the dry-boned man of science. He is fond of clubs, plays tennis, in which he has trained a few well-known experts, and is now busy with "skat." He is fond of travel, having "done" Switzerland on foot, and has visited Europe frequently. As a teacher he is kindly, and he is never so happy as when entertaining his friends at his hospital home in Whitney avenue, New Haven.

Pope for a Few Days.

Cardinal Luigi Oreglia, camarlingo of the Catholic church, will, if he outlives Leo. XIII., be pope for a brief period. The papal election cannot take place until the last pope has been dead ten days. Until a successor is duly chosen, the camarlingo assumes all the papal functions. He is thus temporary successor to the pope. Leo XIII. was camarlingo before his ascension to the pontifical throne.

Why Moths Fly to Flames.

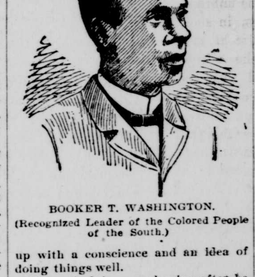
Moths fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of a candle their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

SOOTHED TO SLUMBER.

A New Method for the Treatment of Persons Afflicted with Nervous Maladies.

An English physician claims to have discovered a new and efficacious cure for persons afflicted with nervous or mental maladies. If such persons, he says, can only procure pleasant dreams, they will soon regain their health, and his aim is, therefore, to furnish them with delightful dreams.

For this purpose he uses a soft leather cap, which covers the patient's head and ears and leaves only the face uncovered. Beside the ears are placed two metal plates, which are joined by a rubber tube in a phonograph. The patient rests on a divan in a dark room and in front of him is a sort of magic lantern, from which are projected at brief intervals various enjoyable pictures. In this way, it is claimed, the eyes of the sick person are delighted,



SOOTHED TO SLUMBER.
(The Latest Cure for Insomnia and Nervous Troubles.)

while at the same time his ears are soothed by the vibrations of the phonograph.

As a result weariness comes upon him and is soon followed by slumber, and it is while he is dozing in this manner that happy dreams are evoked, thanks to the phonograph and stereopticon. After this light slumber comes a deep sleep, which, we are assured, is always most beneficial.

Several tests of this kind have been made with success, and it is said that not only are tired nerves refreshed by this method, but the patient's body also rapidly increases in weight. That pleasant sounds and sights are soothing to the nerves we have all known for a long time, but that pleasant dreams have a tendency to make persons fat will certainly be news to the general public.

Fresh Air Is Cheap, Too.

There's nothing like fresh air and plenty of it for health and beauty. Every apartment or house should be thoroughly aired every day, winter and summer, and beds should be left open for an hour or two. The lazy housewife neglects to turn the mattresses every day, but the wise ones know that her family will be far less likely to be nervous and tired if this is done.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Instructive Incidents in the Life of the Recognized Leader of the Colored Race.

Booker T. Washington was born in Franklin county, Va., but he does not know when—no record having been kept of colored children's births in the days of slavery.

His first memory is of clinging to his mother's skirts while she shouted hallelujah for her freedom. Whether it was under this mother's instruction or that of his teachers in the colored schools, or both, the boy evidently grew

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
(Recognized Leader of the Colored People of the South.)

up with a conscience and an idea of doing things well.

He worked in a coal mine after he was old enough to earn his living, but his hunger for knowledge drove him to study whenever and wherever he could get at a book.

Dr. John F. Cowan, in the Christian Endeavor World, tells how Booker heard of a place where students worked for their education, and how he finally entered Hampton normal institute.

He arrived there afoot, shabby and covered with dust. The faculty did not know what to think of him, and doubted whether they could offer him anything beyond a meal of victuals and a chance to wash himself. But at last they concluded to give him a room to sweep, and accordingly a broom was put into his hands.

He swept the floor once, and looked at his work. It did not satisfy him. He went over it a second time, carefully brushing out all the corners; but another inspection did not convince him that he had done a perfect job. He swept that room a third time, and then he concluded he had done the best he could.

Soon after one of the lady teachers came in and took note of his performance. A quick survey showed her that at least the floor was clean. She touched the walls and chairs with her white handkerchief in search of dust, but if she found any she did not say so. The next day he was admitted as a student at Hampton institute.

Booker continued to use the broom, and pay his way with it, when not handling the hoe and spade to the same purpose on the school farm, climbing at the same time in his studies till he became the representative man in his class. Every task he undertook, whether in learning or labor, was as carefully finished as his first.

And when, in 1881, Gen. Armstrong sent him to teach school in a Tuskogee shanty, he faced, and felt, as he had never felt before, the helpless ignorance of his race, and resolved that he would try to sweep some of it away. The story of his thoroughness and his success is now part of our national history.

Working for Himself.

Bill—Gill says he's doing the work of a mule.

Jill—Then he must be doing his own work, now.—Yonkers Statesman.

No Wonder.

"Winkle grows smaller every day."

"I should think he would. His wife sits on him so often."—Detroit Free Press.

Only Religious Daily Paper.

Canada lays claim to what is believed to be the only religious daily paper in the world. The Montreal Daily Witness has been in existence more than 30 years, and in its pages no advertisements have ever been inserted of theaters, public houses, or tobacco manufacturers, nor is general printing accepted for these trades. No dramatic criticisms ever appear, racing results have no place, and prize fights never find mention in its pages. There is no Sunday edition. The price of the Witness is a half penny, and it consists of 12 to 14 pages, the Saturday issue having sometimes 32 pages.

Chance for a Rest.

Mrs. De Fashion—Is Mrs. De Style at home?

Servant—No, mum.

"Will she be back soon, do you think?"

"No, mum; she'll be away all day, I'm thinking. Ye see, I've given her notice, an' she's gone out ter find a gurrul good enough to take my place. Yez might come in an' rest y'rself. There's none o' the family home to talk ye to death."—N. Y. Weekly.

Why She Did It.

It was evident the moment she entered the parlor that he was angry.

"What do you mean by suing me for breach of promise?" he demanded. "I never proposed to you in my life."

"Why, of course you didn't," she answered in a conciliatory tone. "And I wouldn't have accepted you if you had. But you know I am going on the stage, and I must make some preparations."—Chicago Post.

His Happiest Hour.

He—Do you remember the night I proposed to you?

She—Yes, dear.

"We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth.

"Yes, I remember, dear."

"Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life."—Answers.

Incomprehensible.

"Funny how mothers will believe that their own children are so much better than anybody else's children," said a North Fourth street woman to her High street friend. "I know it," replied the latter. "If all children were like my little Georgie it would not be so strange."—Aurora News.

An Opening for Mr. Ham.

"Are you the man who advertised for a track walker?" he asked, as he put his head in the door of the railroad office.

"Yes," said the man at the desk; "what qualifications?"

"Been an actor three years."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Case of Doubt.

Doctor—James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley car?

Servant—Trolley car, sir!

Doctor—Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses!—Puck.

Saved by Her Husband.

Yeast—My wife spends money as fast as she gets it.

Crimsonbeak—But she's not extravagant.

"Not extravagant?"

"No; she doesn't get money fast enough to be extravagant."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Usurpation.

The nights shall be filled with music,
But no one can understand
Why the tomcat goes
On the fence to pose
As the manager of the band.
—Washington Star.

SUITED TO THE POST.



"My position is quite a sinecure—I have really nothing to do."

"My dear fellow, you are quite equal to it."—Ally Sloper.

The Men Who Give Advice.

If "all the world's a stage—"
And who can doubt it any?—
You'll certainly agree
The prompters are too many.
—Puck.

Wise in His Day.

"Nehemiah, compare the adjective cold," said a schoolmaster to his head boy.

"Positive cold, compative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.—Tit-Bits.

Stygian Amenities.

Nero—What do you think was the real reason that I fiddled while Rome was burning?

Queen of Sheba—To add to the torture of the populace, I suppose.—N. Y. World.

Some Other Girl.

Chappie—The fortune teller said I was to marry soon! What do you think of that?

Miss Peachly—You can't prove it by me!—Puck.

A Reflection on the Sex.

A woman was recently arrested in Ireland for manufacturing illicit whisky. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.—Ally Sloper.

Just a Gentle Hint.

They were just starting for a stroll.

"Which way shall we go?" he asked.

"Oh, we might walk down toward the parsonage, don't you think?" she answered.—Chicago Post.

Surprising.

Mr. Gotham—Here, sir, is some whisky which I have had in my cellar for 20 years.

Col. Kaintuck—Well! well! How did it get lost?—N. Y. Weekly.

A Paradox.

Biggs—Funny, isn't it?

Boggs—What is?

Biggs—They call them fast colors because they won't run.—N. Y. Journal.

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