AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899. NO. 43.

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1899 JULY. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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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.
2:00 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. Dewees.

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, Paster, 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.

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DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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Old papers for sale at this office at your own price.

TO AID OUR EXPORT TRADE

Such Is the Purpose of an Exposition to Be Held at Philadelphia This Fall.

A NATIONAL exposition of American manufactures for the expansion of export trade—that, in a sentence, expresses the distinctive character of the great exposition to be held in Philadelphia next fall. No other exposition of the kind has ever been held or is now projected in these United States.

Purely for the benefit of the manufacturers of this country and designed to further, in the most practical way, the development of their commercial relations with foreign countries, it will, at the same time, benefit those who have no thought of entering the foreign trade as well as those to whom the exhibition of their goods in the great buildings west of the Schuylkill is designed as a first step toward the extension of their business to the four quarters of the globe.

Just why this is may be explained in a very few words. First, as to the ex-



DR. WM. P. WILSON,
Director General Philadelphia Exposition.

hibits. Side by side with the American manufactured products upon exhibition will be shown similar products from nearly every country in the world, so that by comparison with his goods with them the American manufacturer may learn exactly what class of goods there is a demand for in the countries he intends trading with, and also by studying the foreign modes of packing may know how best to put up his own products for export to meet the competition of foreign merchants on their own territory. Special commissioners

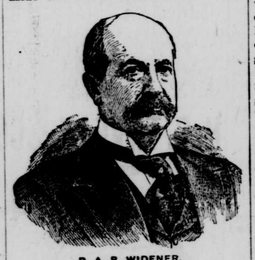


THE BUILDINGS OF THE PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION.

of the Exposition association are now abroad buying these foreign samples, and they are aided in their work of selecting the best specimens by the entire consular service of the United States. It is intended to show our manufacturers in the clearest manner the peculiarities in the demands of every foreign market.

Not only will these parallel displays of American and foreign goods be useful to the American manufacturer by giving him this opportunity for comparison, but they will also prove, indirectly, a material advantage to him. Thousands of foreign buyers who will be here will be given this same opportunity for comparison, and in this way will see in the most striking manner the superiority of American goods demonstrated.

One great feature of the exposition aside from these exhibits which will



P. A. B. WIDENER,
President Philadelphia Exposition Association.

attract these representatives of foreign business houses to Philadelphia this fall will be the commercial congress which is to convene October 10. The last commercial congress, held two years ago by the Philadelphia museums, had about 200 delegates, who were afterwards taken through the country without expense to themselves on a tour of inspection of our large manufacturing industries. The result of that effort was that within a very short time upwards of $1,000,000 worth of new business had been done in the line of exports. This year in place of hundreds, thousands will attend. They will not be taken to the commercial centers of the country, but the commercial centers of the country will be brought to them. These men will represent an area of territory stretching almost from pole to pole. In the discussions and interchanges of views between the attendants at the congress an immeasurable amount may be done towards solving the many problems involved in the increase of the export trade of the United States. In all probability that increase will be as much larger as the attendance this year will exceed that of two years ago.

In addition to those coming from abroad, hordes of visitors from all parts of this country will take the trip to Philadelphia in the fall, buth to visit the show and to see the sights of the city. Whether they go there purely for business or partly for pleasure, they are sure to examine the exhibits, and those who have the product of their factories on exhibition will be sure to reap great benefit from this advertising of their goods, so far as their domestic trade is concerned. Even though a merchant or business man has no idea of extending his trade outside of this country, there is no reason why he should fail to exhibit at Philadelphia in the fall, and every possible reason for his doing so.

In the display of American manufactured products it is intended to have everything which is, can or might be exported, from locomotives and heavy machinery to the smallest novelties. Among applications already received are those from firms manufacturing household hardware, office supplies, pianos and organs, wood boxes, paper boxes, photographic and printing paper, lithographic work, wood veneers, sugar machinery, hosiery machinery, sewing machines; in fact, light and heavy machinery of all kinds; Corliss engines, chemical apparatus, electrical apparatus, typewriters, bicycles, vehicle wheels, Smyrna rugs and dishwashers. This gives only a faint idea of the immense variety of the displays which may be seen when the exposition opens.

Working exhibits will prove one of the most attractive features. Among them will be a sugar mill in operation, a tile plant, complete woodworking and steel and iron plants which will be run during the hours the grounds are open. These last two are to come from Cincinnati. There will also be a large comparative exhibit of filters and various methods of filteration on a large scale, a silk manufactory and an exhibition of electric lighting in connection with which it has been proposed to have tests of the comparative efficiency of various modes of electrical illumination. The exact nature of this feature of the exhibits has not as yet been determined.

To accommodate the display of agricultural and farming implements and machinery, a special building will be provided, situated below the main buildings of the exposition, with one entrance facing the tracks towards the river. It will be 450 feet long by 160 wide, and although of plain construction, the exterior will be pleasing in appearance. The design of the main facade of the building will probably be somewhat in the line of Flemish architecture with open timber work construction in the gables filled in with plaster. Four aisles will run lengthwise of the building between the spaces set aside for the exhibits, and these, with the various cross aisles that will be provided, will make any great overcrowding among the visitors an impossibility.

There will be also a transportation building extending for 450 feet along the tracks of the P., W. & B. R. R. and sufficiently wide to accommodate at least four tracks underneath the roof the entire length of the building. This will give a linear space of about 1,800 feet for exhibits. The exhibition tracks connect with the main tracks of the railroad by switches a short distance below the building. Across the railway and between it and the Schuylkill river is a large tract of offland on which will be displayed wind mills, road rollers, traction engines and such other exhibits as are not suited for showing under a roof. This part of the exposition grounds will be reached from the main building by way of a bridge over the railway tracks and stairways to the ground below. The bridge on the side toward the main exhibition hall will connect with the roof of the power house, which will be made flat, surrounded by an ornamental railing and pillars supporting electric lights, and used as a plaza from which a fine view of the river may be obtained.

According to the plans which have finally been decided upon for the main exposition buildings they will be a most imposing group of structures. As at first designed there were to be two permanent buildings erected very nearly 400 feet apart and each of them about 380 by 90 feet. Each of these was to be two stories high and in the upper floor of the south building was to be the restaurant and cafe. The north building on the upper floor was to have offices for the accommodation of the officers and clerks engaged in the administration of exposition affairs. Between these was to be a center building very nearly 300 by 400 feet in size. This is intended to be merely a temporary structure and used as the main exhibition hall. All of this part of the original plans has been unchanged by later alterations or additions, but that part of the plans originally made that provided for temporary structures enclosing a large court with gardens and an impressive avenue of approach leading up to the main entrance has been abandoned. In place of these, another permanent building of the same size as the others planned will be erected 300 feet to the north of the others and connected with them by two wide arcades of a temporary character, distant from each other about 140 feet. These will be used for the display of exhibits, and between them the space will be covered by a temporary roof, and this large area converted into a fine auditorium, suitably furnished, where the sessions of the International Commercial congress will be held, and where also conventions of trade organizations which have decided to meet in Philadelphia during the exposition, will hold their meetings. The auditorium will be capable of seating about 5,000 persons. The entrance to it will be through an



CHAS. H. CRAMP,
President of the Commercial Museum, Philadelphia Exposition.

elaborately decorated lobby, occupying the central portion of the newly-projected northern wing.

This auditorium will also be an ideal place for the band concerts which are to be held daily, morning and afternoon, during the entire course of the exposition. The best musical organizations of the country, both bands and string orchestras, will be engaged, probably none of them for terms of more than two weeks, thus securing the constant change both in programme and in musical affairs.

The new wing will be the same dimensions and construction of the two permanent buildings which had been designed before as a part of the main exposition structure, and which are now well under way toward completion. Its dimensions will be 380 by 90 feet, and it is likely that the upper floors of this building will be used for the offices of the administration, leaving the second floor of what was formerly to be the north wing clear for exposition purposes. The arcade and the first floor of the new permanent buildings will provide exposition space of about 40,000 square feet, which is the same as has been arranged for in the temporary structures at first proposed. The north side of this new permanent building will be embellished with elaborate designs and groups of statuary.

At present the most interesting spot on the grounds is that occupied by a slight frame structure partially composed of canvas, in which all the casting and decorating work as well as all of this statuary is being prepared. In this department about 25 men are employed. The decorations will be sufficiently durable to withstand at least five years exposure to the elements. The work is more than half finished now, and much of the cornice for the main buildings is ready to be put in place, and many of the small statues and groupings are in similar condition. Sculptors are working busily every day in an annex to this building, getting the statuary into shape. Among the principal decorative features of the exposition, the one nearest completion is a pediment which will form the principal feature of the decorations over the main entrance to the auditorium. It is 12 feet high and 60 feet in length. The figures are heroic size, the central one representing commerce. It is the figure of a woman, holding the earth in her outstretched hand. On either side are other female figures, symbolizing peace and abundance. At the feet of the central figure is Mercury, the god of merchants. The second figures on either hand of the central one represent wealth and labor respectively, while those at the extreme ends of the pediment are symbolic of industry and navigation. The modeling on this work is practically completed, and in a few days the pediment will be ready for the mold.

At either end of the pediment will be two groupings, representing respectively railroad and steamboat transportation. The main and central figure of the former is that of a woman standing upon a mountain and symbolic of the genius of transportation. Two smaller figures on either side of the mountain are leaning toward each other and are represented as in the act of exchanging commodities. From a tunnel at the foot of the mountain a heavily-laden train is emerging.

In the other group a woman stands upon the prow of an immense ship. Kneeling in front, and a little to the left of the central figure the genus of the sea gazes far ahead, with one hand shading the far-seeing eyes. On the other side a Triton, one of the sea's lesser deities, is blowing wildly through a conch shell. DAVID WHISTLER.

A Respected Maxim.

"Early to bed an' early to rise," murmured Meandering Mike; "them's my sentiments."

"But you've been asleep in a barn all day," protested Plodding Pete.

"Which is jes' what I'm tellin' you. In dis warm weather de only proper programme is to retire early in de mornin' an' git up jes' before de evenin' shadows gather an' makes travel cool an' comfortable." — Washington Star.

A Passenger's Opinion.

Lady (at railway station)—Is there any objection to dogs in this car, conductor?

Gentleman (on platform)—I am not the conductor, madam, I will say, however, that there is a crying baby in this car, and if your dog is big enough to swallow the baby, I think he will be welcome.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sure to Find It.

"Bridget," he said to the family maid, "I am unexpectedly called out for the evening, and I want you to see that your mistress gets this note."

"Yes, soor," responded Bridget, "I'll lave it in the pocket of the trousers ye've just taken off, then she'll be sure to find it."—Spare Moments.

The Brute.

Mrs. Younghusband—How did you know the pie I made for dinner to-day wasn't the same as the one I made yesterday?

Younghusband—Because it gave me a different kind of pain in my stomach. —N. Y. World.

A Frugal Soul.

"Where's your bottle of cough medicine, Josiah?"

"What do you want with it?"

"Well, you won't take it, and as it cost 65 cents it shan't be wasted. I'm going to polish the piano with it."—

STORM.

Storm and stress on the land,
And storm on the sea;
And a wind that tolls for the unblest souls
That asleep in its green caves be.

The raindrops splash on the pane;
The fogs sweep in from the east;
And the seagulls fly o'er the breakers high,
On the hearts of the drowned to feast.

A horror lies on the sea;
On the land does a terror fall;
'Twas in storm like this sailed the fated ship
To the death that lay wait for all.

And the laugh of the treacherous sea
Rings out o'er their unknown graves;
While its scorn leaps high to the cloud-wracked sky,
With the hiss of its conquering waves.

For the ships may sail from the east,
And the ships may sail from the west—
They may pierce with their anchors its untamed heart,
And furrow with steel its breast.

If it pleasure that heart to wait,
It can smile like some guiltless thing,
And no words can tell of the magic spell
The throbs of its surges sing.

But its hunger is heavy to see;
And its anger is death to feel:
In the awesome hour that beholds its power,
Like reeds are the ribs of steel.

It is hungry for souls to-night;
It has won, it would win once more.
It is sick of the wrecks it has dashed on the rocks
And strewn o'er the sand-paved shore.

Oh! the moan of the wind and the rain—
Oh! the crash of the sea's fierce hand.
As it flings the gage of its quenchless rage
At the feet of the cliffs on the strand!

God pity the ships that reel
O'er its pitiless breast to-night,
And guide their way through the storm-swept bay,
Ere the dawn of the longed-for light.

And God pity the souls that wait,
In anguish and nameless dread,
Till the morn shall wake and the storm shall break,
And the sea toss back their dead.
—Boston Transcript.

In Memory of Martha

By Paul Lawrence Dunbar

YOU may talk about banjo playing if you will, but unless you heard old Ben in his palmy days you have no idea what genius can do with five strings stretched over the sheepskin.

You have been told, perhaps, that the banjo is not an expressive instrument. Well, in the hands of an ordinary player it is not. But you should have heard old Ben, as, bending low over the neck, with closed eyes, he made the shell respond like a living soul to his every mood. It sang, it laughed, it sighed; and, just as the tears began welling up into the listener's eyes, it would break out into a merry reel that would set feet a-twinkling before one knew it.

Ben and his music were the delight of the whole population, white and black, master and man, and in the evening when he sat before his cabin door, picking out tune after tune, hymn, ballad or breakdown, he was always sure of an audience. Sometimes it was a group of white children from the big house, with a row of pickaninnies pressing close to them. Sometimes it was old mas' and mis' themselves who strolled up to the old man, drawn by his strains. Often there was company, and then Ben would be asked to leave his door and play on the veranda of the big house. Later on he would come back to Martha laden with his rewards and swelled with the praises of his powers.

And Martha would say to him: "You, Ben, don' you git conceity now; you des' keep yo' haid level. I des' mo'n 'low you been up dah playin' some o' dem ongodly chunes, lak 'Hoe Co'n an' Dig Tates.'"

Ben would laugh and say: "Well, den, I tek de wickedness offen de banjo. Swing in, ol' 'ooman!" And he would drop into the accompaniment of one of the hymns that were the joy of Martha's religious soul, and she would sing with him until, with a flourish and a thump, he brought the music to an end.

Next to his banjo, Ben loved Martha, and next to Ben, Martha loved the banjo. In a time and a region where frequent changes of partners were common, these two servants were noted for their single-hearted devotion to each other. He had never had any other wife, and she had called no other man husband. Their children had grown up and gone to other plantations, or to cabins of their own. So, alone, drawn closer by the habit of comradeship, they had grown old together—Ben, Martha and the banjo.

One day Martha was taken sick, and Ben came home to find her moaning with pain, but dragging about trying to get his supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

"Marfy she down sick, Mas' Tawm," he said, "an' I's mighty oneasy in my min' 'bout huh. Seem lak she don' look right to me outen huh eyes."

"I'll send the doctor right down, Ben," said his master. "I don't reckon it's anything very serious. I wish you would come up to the house to-night with your banjo. Mr. Lewis is going to be here with his daughter, and I want them to hear you play."

It was thoughtlessness on the master's part; that was all. He did not believe that Martha could be very ill; but he would have reconsidered his demand if he could have seen on Ben's face the look of pain which the darkness hid.

"You'll send de doctah right away, mas'?"

"Oh, yes; I'll send him down. Don't forget to come up."

"I won't fu'git," said Ben as he turned away. But he did not pick up his banjo to go to the big house until the plantation doctor had come and given Martha something to ease her. Then he said: "I's got to go up to the big house, Marfy; I be back putty soon."

"Don' you hu'y thoo on my 'count. You go 'long, an' gin Mas' Tawm good measure, you hyeah?"

"Quit yo' bossin'," said Ben, a little more cheerfully; "I got you whah you cain't move, an' ef you give me any o' yo' back talk I 'low I frail you mon-st'ous."

Martha chuckled a "go 'long," and Ben went lingeringly out of the door, the banjo in its ragged cover under his arm.

The plantation's boasted musician played badly that night. Col. Tom Curtis wondered what was the matter with him, and Mr. Lewis told his daughter as he drove away that it seemed as if the colonel's famous banjoist had been overrated. But who could play reels and jigs with the proper swing when before his eyes was the picture of a smoky cabin room, and on the bed in it a sick wife, the wife of 40 years?

The black man hurried back to his cabin where Martha was dozing. She awoke at his step.

"Didn't I tell you not to hu'y back hyeah?" she asked.

"I ain't nevah hu'ied. I reckon I gin 'em all de music dey wanted," Ben answered a little sheepishly. He knew that he had not exactly covered himself with glory. "How's you feelin'?" he added.

"'Bout de same. I got kin' of a mis'ry in my side."

"I reckon you couldn't jine in de hymn to tek de wickedness outen dis ol' banjo?" He looked anxiously at her.

"I don't know 'bout j'inin' in, but you go 'long an' play anyhow. Ef I feel lak journeyin' wid you I fin' you somewhar on de road."

The banjo began to sing, and when the hymn was half through Martha's voice, not so strong and full as usual, but trembling with a new pathos, joined in and went on to the end. Then Ben put up the banjo and went to his rest.

The next day Martha was no better, and the same the next. Her mistress came down to see her, and delegated one of the other servants to be with her through the day and to get Ben's meals. The old man himself was her close attendant in the evenings, and he waited on her with the tenderness of a woman. He varied his duties as nurse by playing to her, sometimes some lively cheerful bit, but more often the hymns she loved but was now too weak to follow.

It gave him an aching pleasure at his heart to see how she hung on his music. It seemed to have become her very life. He would play for no one else now, and the little space before his door held his audience of white and black children no more. They still came, but the cabin door was inhospitably shut, and they went away whispering among themselves: "Aunt Martha's sick."

Little Liz, who was a very wise pickaninny, once added: "Yes, Aunt Marfy's sick, an' my mammy says she ain' never gwine to git up no mo'." Another child had echoed "Never!" in the hushed, awe-struck tones which children use in the presence of the great mystery.

Liz's mother was right. Ben's Martha was never to get up again. One night during a pause in his playing she whispered: "Play 'Ha'k! I'om de Tomb.'" He turned into the hymn, and her voice, quavering and weak, joined in. Ben started, for she had not tried to sing for so long. He wondered if it wasn't a token. In the midst of the hymn she stopped, but he played on to the end of the verse. Then he got up and looked at her.

Her eyes were closed, and there was a smile on her face—a smile that Ben knew was not of earth. He called her, but she did not answer. He put his hand upon her head, but she lay very still, and then he knelt and buried his head in the bedclothes, giving himself up to all the tragic violence of an old man's grief.

"Marfy! Marfy! Marfy!" he called. "What you want to leave me fu'? Marfy, wait; I ain't gwine be long."

His cries aroused the quarters, and the neighbors came flocking in. Ben was hustled out of the way, the news carried to the big house, and preparations made for the burying.

Ben took his banjo. He looked at it fondly, patted it, and placing it in its covering, put it on the highest shelf in the cabin.

"Brothah Ben allus was a mos' p'opah an' 'sponsible so't o' man," said Liz's mother as she saw him do it. "Now, dat's what I call showin' 'spec' to Sis Marfy, puttin' his banjo up in de ve'y place whah it'll get all dus'. Brothah Ben sho is diff'ent f'om any husban' I evah had." She had just provided Liz with a third stepfather.

On many evenings after Martha had been laid away, the children, seeing Ben come and sit outside his cabin door, would gather around, waiting, and hoping that the banjo would be brought out, but they were doomed to disappointment. On the high shelf the old banjo still reposed, gathering dust.

Finally one of the youngsters, bolder than the rest, spoke: "Ain't you gwine play no mo', Uncle Ben?" and received a sad shake of the head in reply, and a laconic "Nope."

This remark Liz dutifully reported to her mother. "No, o' co'se not," said that wise woman with emphasis; "o' co'se Brothah Ben ain' gwine play no mo'; not right now, leas'ways; an' don' you go dah pesterin' him, nuther, Liz. You be perlite an' 'spectable to him, an' make yo' 'bejunce when you pass."

It was several months after this that a number of young people came from the north to visit the young master, Robert Curtis. It was on the second evening of their stay that young Eldridge said: "Look here, Mr. Curtis, my father visited your plantation years ago, and he told me of a wonderful banjoist you had, and said if I ever came here to be sure and hear him if he was alive. Is he?"

"You mean old Ben? Yes, he's still living, but the death of his wife rather sent him daft, and he hasn't played for a long time."

"Pshaw, I'm sorry. We laughed at father's enthusiasm over him, because we thought he overrated his powers."

"I reckon not. He was truly wonderful."

"Don't you think you can stir him up?"

"Oh, do, Mr. Curtis," chorused a number of voices.

"Well, I don't know," said Robert, "but come with me and I'll try."

The young people took their way to the cabin where old Ben occupied his accustomed place before the door.

"Uncle Ben," said Robert, "here are some friends of mine from the north who are anxious to hear you play, and I knew you'd break your rule for me."

"Chile, honey—" began the old man.

But Robert interrupted him. "I'm not going to let you say no," and he hurried past Uncle Ben into the cabin. He came out, brushing the banjo and saying: "Whew, the dust!"

The old man sat dazed as the instrument was thrust into his hand. He looked pitifully into the faces about him, but they were all expectancy. Then his fingers wandered to the neck, and he tuned the old banjo. Then he began to play. He seemed inspired. His listeners stood transfixed.

From piece to piece he glided, pouring out the music in a silver stream. His old fingers seemed to have forgotten their stiffness as they flew over the familiar strings. For nearly an hour he played and then abruptly stopped. The applause was generous and real, but the old man only smiled sadly, and with a faraway look in his eyes.

As they turned away, somewhat awed by his manner, they heard him begin to play softly an old hymn. It was "Hark! From the Tomb."

He stopped when but half through, and Robert returned to ask him to finish, but his head had fallen forward close against the banjo's neck, and there was a smile on his face, as if he had suddenly had a sweet memory of Martha.—Saturday Evening Post.

MABEL'S GOOD LUCK.

A Pretty Story Showing That It Pays to Be Respectful to Old People.

Perhaps the young woman who wrote this moral story had read about that nice girl who always looked pleasant at the deaf and dumb man and found herself heiress to his large property when his will was probated. This is only a supposition, of course. The story speaks for itself, as the reader will see:

"Mabel was a beautiful girl, just dawning into womanhood, and she ran a typewriter. She helped support her widowed mother, her father having been lost at sea many years previous to the beginning of this tale. Mabel could earn but little wages with her typewriting, because she was also obliged to answer the telephone, and she couldn't expect regular typewriting wages for doing that. But she did not complain. Every day when she rode downtown in an electric car she noticed an elderly gentleman whose clothes were old-fashioned and pretty shabby. He had a good face, but she could not help seeing that his trousers bagged at the knees a great deal. Other people noticed it, too, and snickered and made remarks, and even called him 'Old Baggy Knees;' but Mabel never did. She was too well brought up, for one thing, and, besides, she had a good heart. Whenever she could she made room on the seat for the old man, and once when there was no room to make she stood up and gave him her seat. After awhile he talked with her, and found out who she was and where she lived. One day she missed him. In fact, she saw him no more. It may have been a week or so when there came a heavy rap at the door. It was a man with a package. The address was 'Miss Mabel Pinklington, No. 972 Skidmore place,' and Mabel opened it with nervous haste. All it contained was a pair of much-worn trousers and a card which read: 'For the little woman who never called me Baggy Knees, from her sincere admirer, John Tewksbury.' Mabel laughed, but her mother shook out the garment and said: 'That's a funny present.' She felt in the pockets, but there was nothing there. Then she threw the trousers across a chair and plaintively said: 'You know, Mabel, dear, that if we cannot make the last payment on this home to-morrow we will lose it.'

"Mabel sighed heavily and answered: 'Yes, mother, we will lose it.'

"Just then her mother, who had been looking at the trousers idly, said: 'I don't think I ever saw such baggy knees on a human person. They look fairly solid.' She came a little closer and felt of them. 'I declare, they are!' she excitedly said. She turned them inside out, and lo! two huge wads of $20 bills fell on the floor, one from each knee. When they counted them up they found there was $4,180 in the two bunches. Oh, but that was a happy household! And next morning when the cruel agent came for his money he was given it before he could ask for it.

"All of which shows that it always pays to be good and respectful to old persons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Fastest River Boat.

Portland, Ore., claims to have the fastest sternwheel steamboat in the world. The Hassalo, recently completed for the Columbia river trade, has made spurts of 26 2-3 miles an hour. She is 186 feet long, with a tubed boiler eight feet in diameter, and compound engines of over 3,000 horse power. The boat is so swift that it was found necessary to strengthen her rudder.

Delaware River Shad and Herring.

The annual catch of shad in the Delaware river, from Trenton to the bay, is worth over $600,000 at the nets. The herring catch in the same water amounts to $100,000.

His Memory.

"Did you ever find that when you stood up to talk before an assemblage that you forgot everything you ever knew?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I never was investigated."—Washington Star.

About the Size of It.

Ideals die too fast, 'tis said,
But then why should we mourn;
For everyone that shuffles off
At least two more are born.
—Chicago Daily News.

FRESH FROM THE PAWNSHOP.



Mother (to her son, just home from college)—What is that number on your overcoat for?

Son—It's the coatroom number—I was at the theater.

Mother—But here are your trousers! You didn't leave them at the coatroom, too, did you?—Heitere Welt.

Proportions.

"He's a 7x9 politician?"
They say to him. Were they fair
They'd say he is 7x7—
He's little, but he's square.
—Detroit Journal.

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