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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.
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 Mooe, 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.

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THE PUPIL AND THE MASTER.

O 'tis a sad old world, my master—
This world that we are living in—
Made up of sorrow and disaster,
And toil and suffering and sin.
Why, at the dawning of creation,
Could not the Lord have willed it then
That virtue and not degradation
Should be attractive unto men?
Why was not wrong made to repel?
Why was not right arrayed in beauty?
Why must we labor to do well?
Why is it sweet to flee from duty?

Ah, tell me why the gems that glitter
Are hidden in the deepest caves,
While countless worthless pebbles litter
The shores lapped by the restless waves—
Why men must dig for golden treasures,
While barren rocks bestrew the ground:
Why people turn from common pleasures
That always, everywhere abound?
Ah, tell me, master, tell me, pray,
Why vice's visage is so pleasant?
Why virtue hides herself away,
While shameless sin is ever present?

Behold the grace of yonder mountain!
Look on the fields that stretch below!
Hark to the music of the fountain,
And see the shadows come and go!
You say that all earth's choicest treasures
Lie hidden from the sight of men,
That vice affords our sweetest pleasures,
But go and love and tell me, then,
If you would have things otherwise—
Go forth and do your simple duty;
'Tis only unto righteous eyes
That virtue ever shows her beauty.

The pupil stole away confounded,
For he had sinned, and day and night
By shadows of his sins was hounded,
And beauty fled before his sight!
He left his sinful way and pleasures
First hidden from him came to please;
He found his pathway strewn with treasures,
And joy was in each passing breeze!
He sought his master out and cried:
"How fair the world! how full of gladness!
There's loveliness on every side,
And not a note is one of sadness!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Red Muster Rolls

By George D. Buddy.

PRIVATE JOHN SCHUYLER was a member of Troop M, ——th United States cavalry. He was an old soldier who had worn the blue uniform of the regular army for over 28 years. The sleeves of his dress-coat, as he wore it on Sunday morning inspections, showed six service and three campaign stripes. He had served in every branch of the line—infantry, cavalry and artillery—and his sleeves, from the forearm to elbow, showed an artistic and picturesque display of blue, yellow and red. Above the elbow, where the chevrons of non-commissioned officers are worn, no badge of rank appeared. Schuyler had never been promoted; at least he would never admit that he had been, although it was said by some without any apparent authority for the truth of the story, that he had been a corporal for a short time in the infantry. He had always been a mounted soldier, with the exception of three years as an infantryman, which always remained to him as a kind of nightmare.

"No more 'dough-boys' for me," he often said; "I've carried a Long Tom all I ever will. No more tramping all day, with blistered feet, over the plains, carrying 40 pounds of ball, my blankets, haversack, canteen, and part of a shelter tent. Oh, no! I'm a mounted man, and a good duty man, if I do say it myself. As long as I can get three or four nights in bed and a horse to ride, I am going to stick to the cavalry." And stick to the cavalry he did, waiting until 30 years of service should be up, and he could join the battle-scarred veterans at the soldiers' home.

Schuyler was a born cavalryman. He was over six feet in height, and as straight as an arrow, with closely cropped gray hair on a splendidly shaped head; an aquiline nose; aristocratic features, and everything about him showed the gentleman, by nature and breeding. Drink had brought him into the army, and drink kept him there a private, while his fellow-soldiers, not half as well equipped mentally or physically, had attained non-commissioned rank and some of them their commissions. As a private he had fought valiantly all through the civil war, and had been wounded twice. When the war was finished he served three years in the infantry, but always said that doing so was the great mistake of his military life. He made a splendid soldier—perfectly fearless, as brave as a lion, and in a charge was usually the first one to reach the enemy. But while valiant in repelling one enemy, another always made him surrender. He was always in some sort of trouble through his one weakness and was in the guardhouse about half the time.

His first enlistment came from an impulse at the end of a long debauch, though he was yet a young man.

"I want to enlist in the regular army."

"Oh! ye do, eh? Well, ye luk as though it would be a foine thing for ye," said the sergeant. "Can ye roide?"

"I've been a rider of horses all my life," said John. "Why do you ask?"

"We're wanting some recruits for the auld First Dhragoons. Did ye ever hear of 'em?" asked the sergeant.

John was obliged to confess that he never had.

"Shure such ignorance I niver heard of. Ye've heard of the Mexican war, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"Well, I didn't think ye had, or ye would know about the First Dhragoons. That's the rigiment I belong to, and there's no finer in the sarvice. I wint through the Mexican war with me throop, and many a brave lad tumbled out of his saddle by greaser bullets. Do ye see this?" and the sergeant pointed to a long, white scar, extending half-way across his forehead. "Wan of their lancers gave me that, but a saber cut him down shortly afther," and his eyes glared at the recollection.

"When I go in I don't care how soon death comes," said John, gloomily.

One night while on stable guard, and with just enough whisky in him to be ugly, he gave his horse "Douglas"—a beautiful bay and the best horse in the troop—a terrible beating with a stable broom. The snorting and thrashing of the horse in his stall, and his half-human cry of distress, partially sobered Schuyler and showed him what he was doing. Dropping the broom he went into the stall, put his arms around the neck of the splendid animal, and whispered, brokenly: "Douglas, old boy, forgive me! It was the whisky, not I. You are the best friend I have on earth, and how could I abuse you?" And the horse looked at him sympathetically out of his large, intelligent eyes, and laid his head on the shoulder of the trooper.

Drink always made a demon of him for the time being, but when the effects had worn away he was repentant and sorrowful. He was more especially remorseful during the 30 days he usually spent in confinement in charge of the guard, after the garrison court-martial had finished with him, for then he could get nothing to drink. On his discharge at the end of each enlistment he would take the sum coming to him from the paymaster on his "final statements," usually amounting to several hundred dollars, repair to the nearest town and have a royal debauch as long as his money lasted. A soldier can get higher pay during that enlistment—called "reenlisted pay"—if he enlists within 30 days after discharge; but in every instance he had overstayed the limit, and now, at the end of 28 years' service, was only drawing $13 a month, the same as the youngest recruit.

He wrote a clear, legible hand and was one of the best clerks in the regiment, but could never be depended upon, as he was liable to go wild at a time when his services were most needed. The former troop clerk, who had held that billet for several years, was a steady man as well as a competent clerk. He had been discharged by "expiration of term of service," and had taken his departure for the east, intending to marry the sweetheart who had been waiting for him to settle down to civil life. The first sergeant while qualified for the executive part of handling the troop, was no clerk, and Capt. Gresham, the troop commander, was in despair. For several weeks he had himself made out the troop returns, quarterly requisitions for all kinds of needed supplies and numberless other official papers. In a week or so the muster-rolls, which had to be made out carefully six times a year for the paymaster, would be due.

The captain sent for First Sergt. O'Brien. "Sergeant," said the captain, "have you got a man in the troop who is capable of making out muster-rolls? I have made them out in years past, but I am not equal to it now."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, standing to attention and assuming a reflective air; "there's no wan I know of except Private Schuyler, and he is drunk all the time. He got 60 days and $20 'blind' the lasht time he was tried, and he only came out to-day. If he would only kape sober enough he could make them out."

"Is he good at army papers, sergeant?"

"Shure he is the finest in the regiment, sir—if he is sober," answered the sergeant.

"Well, he has just got to be sober until he makes out those rolls. You confine him to the orderly-room, and have his meals brought to him from the cook-house. Put a sentry on the door until the rolls are all made out and the troop is mustered on the 30th. Mind, now I shall hold you responsible for him, and if he gets anything to drink till this thing is over, I'll have you reduced."

The sergeant saluted and turned away, with a very serious face, as though the task was almost too much for him. Going into the barracks he found Private Schuyler engaged in cleaning his kit, preparatory to going on guard the next day.

"Schuyler, get your blankets and come with me."

"What's the matter, sergeant; are you going to confine me? I am only out this morning, and haven't drank anything yet," said the soldier, despairingly.

"No, I won't confine you. Capt. Gresham says you've got to make out the muster-rolls. I'm agoin' to lock you up in the orderly-room and put a sentry over you so you won't get no whisky till they're done," said Sergt. O'Brien. Schuyler breathed a sigh of relief and accompanied him.

Reaching the orderly-room the sergeant posted a guard, with strict orders to see that no one held any conversation with Schuyler, and that under no circumstances was he to have any liquor. These orders were accompanied with the menace that, in the event of any lax discipline, into the guard-house the offending sentry would go.

The plan seemed to work very well. Thanks to the vigilance of the sentries, there seemed no possible way in which Schuyler could get anything to drink. His meals were brought to him from the troop kitchen three times a day, and he worked steadily on the muster-rolls. Capt. Gresham visited the orderly-room several times daily, and noticed, with much satisfaction, that Schuyler's work was progressing favorably.

Four sets of muster-rolls were required—one for the troop records, one for regimental headquarters, one for the paymaster, and one for the adjutant general's office. It was imperative that the rolls should be clean and accurate, and, as they are written on parchment, they should last for ages. Schuyler seemed in every way equal to the task, and the work went steadily on. His craving for liquor increased the longer he was away from it, and he urged the sentries to get him something to drink, but they sternly drove him back to his work. The paymaster was to appear on the 30th of April, and the rolls had to be ready on that morning.

Capt. Gresham went to the orderly-room on the evening of the 29th and found the muster-rolls completed, with the exception of some trifling details which could only be inserted on the following morning.

"Schuyler, those are the neatest muster-rolls I ever saw. Why can't you let whisky alone? If you only could I'd make you troop clerk at once," said the captain.

"Captain, I can't. I've tried and tried, but liquor has got such a hold on me that I can't give it up;" and Schuyler, what with the weakness due to his unaccustomed abstinence and, possibly, some recollection of his wasted life, broke completely and began to cry.

The captain looked at him keenly for a moment, then said: "Schuyler, I'm sorry for you," and went back to his quarters.

The morning of the 30th dawned. The paymaster was due at the post at ten o'clock. Shortly before guard-mount Sergt. O'Brien took the morning report-book to Capt. Gresham's quarters for him to sign, as was his daily custom.

"Those rolls are done, sergeant?"

"Yis, sir, all except one or two changes to be made," answered the sergeant.

"Well, I'm going on officer of the day, and I'll come over after guard-mount to sign them. After the paymaster comes, you can take that guard off and put Schuyler on duty again."

Guard-mount came, Capt. Gresham reported to the commanding officer as new officer of the day, and started for the orderly-room. The sentry was pacing to and fro in front of the door, and, as the captain approached, faced out and came to "present saber," which the captain acknowledged by a slight motion of the hand toward his helmet. Sergt. O'Brien approached at the same time and followed the captain into the room.

A strange sight met their eyes. Stretched upon the floor, near the desk, and with the chair lying partly under him, was the inanimate form of Private Schuyler. His face, neck and hands were covered with a bright, reddish fluid.

"My God! Sergeant, what's this? Has the man cut his throat? He seems to be dead," exclaimed the captain.

Blood apparently covered everything. The precious muster-rolls were lying upon the desk, drenched and dripping in apparent gore, and on the floor was a large red pool. The captain went to Schuyler, felt his pulse and listened for the beating of his heart. "He's alive," he said, in a relieved tone, "but what's all this red stuff? It isn't blood." Just at this moment he got a whiff of breath from Schuyler, whose mouth was open. "Whisky, by thunder! or something very like it. Sentry!"

"Sir," came through the open door.

"Has this man had anything to drink?"

"No, sir. He was writing there not half an hour ago," answered the sentry.

"Well, this beats me. Sergeant, what do you make of it?"

Sergt. O'Brien had been pursuing his investigations, and his first discovery was that a quart bottle of red ink, which he had drawn that morning for office use, was lying upon its side on the desk, except for some rivulets of red which still flowed over the muster-rolls.

"Well, sir, it's this way. That man there is drunk, and he got drunk on red ink. Red ink you know, sir, is about three-quarters alcohol; he probably knew it and drunk it up," and the sergeant picked up the bottle and contemptuously poured the little remaining red ink upon the prostrate form.

This explains why the paymaster did not pay off "M" troop that day. There were no muster-rolls to pay off with. It also explains why the general court-martial, which tried Private Schuyler some time afterward, sentenced him to a year at Fort Leavenworth military prison, for "violation of the sixty-second article of war."—San Francisco Argonaut.

When a Man Is Dear at Home.

"How much do you want?" he asked his wife at the breakfast table last Monday. "Make it a light one, for I couldn't get a hand last night and dropped $12 in anteing."

"Gambler!" she hissed. "To think that I should be mated to a gambler!"

"I got into those fellows for $75 last night," he remarked at the breakfast table yesterday. "Pack up a few things to-day and we'll go down to the beach over Sunday."

"When are you going to keep your promise and teach me poker, dear?" she asked him sweetly, coming around to his side of the table.—Washington Post.

A Good Car.

Car No. 83 of the "A" belt line picked up a party of demure-looking school-girls somewhere on the north half of its run. After they were seated comfortably, one of them called the conductor and asked: "Does this car go to the African M. E. church?" The conductor said, politely: "Yes, ma'am." Whereupon the speaker turned to her companions and remarked in a triumphant whisper that did not need a megaphone to be heard at the other end of the block: "There, girls, what did I tell you? This car does go to church. You've no idea how good ears are in Albany."—Albany Journal.

The Soldier Boy at Sea.

A Kansas boy with the regulars going to Manila writes thus to his folks: "For a time this morning we were very badly frightened because we thought we were lost at sea. One of the sailors told us that the captain had neglected to wind the compass the night before; that it had run down, and that nobody knew where we were or which way to sail. After awhile we found it was one of those fool sailor jokes."—Kansas City Journal.

KEPT HIS NERVE.

The Lecturer Was Equal to the Occasion When Asked an Embarrassing Question.

The late Isaac Bromley, a noted editoria writer, was "cool, calm and collected." Seldom was he put into place so tight that his "nerve" did not disclose an open door. The New Haven Register tells this story of the way he once saved himself:

"Bromley was lecturing before a local institute in Litchfield county, Connecticut, upon a trip he had recently made to California and the Yosemite valley, and concluded with a beautiful description of the Bridal Veil falls, which so charm all who visit them. As he took his seat he was surprised to see the man who had presided over the meeting step forward and say: 'In accordance with our usual custom we shall now be glad to hear any questions that the lecturer may be desired to answer in relation to the subject upon which he has been talking.' At this a tall, red-headed man rose in the audience, and with a rasping voice said: 'I would like to ask the lecturer the exact height of the Bridal Veil.' Bromley, who had expected nothing of this kind, and was never strong in figures, was entirely taken by surprise, but gave no sign thereof as he rose and advanced to the front of the platform and coolly answered: 'I did not measure them, but as nearly as I can remember the exact height is 361 feet 9½ inches.' No further questions were asked."

He Spoke from Experience.

"Man wants but little here below," remarked the landlady.

"And here is the place to get it," continued the facetious boarder.—N. Y. Journal.

EMPLOYES LIKE HIM.

President McKinley Appreciates Faithful Colaborers.

Therein He Differs from Most Public Men—Instances of the Rank Ingratitude of Legislative Nabobs.

[Special Washington Letter.]

"MAJ. M'KINLEY was a good man to work for, and he was always kind and considerate while I was with him. He showed his consideration in many ways, and on one occasion voluntarily gave me his check for $500," said Charlie Cooper, the well-known stenographer, to a party of friends.

In reply to inquiries, he said: "Well, during the campaign of 1896 I reported speech after speech throughout the months of the summer and fall, when delegations were coming daily from all parts of the country. The major never had time to prepare speeches in advance, and therefore usually spoke extemporaneously. I was there with note-book and pencil, taking down what was said, because the newspaper men required the every utterance of the republican candidate for the presidency, just as the papers required copies of all of the utterances of Bryan who was touring the country and talking from railroad platforms.

"Well, while the grass on the lawn was being worn out by the tramplings of the feet of the tens of thousands of callers, I was being worn out, too. Maj. McKinley is a man who never tires. He can stand more work than any man I have ever served, and he has always kept in the best of health. So it was that year. His speeches were sometimes long and sometimes short, but they were always delivered deliberately, and in such manner that it was comparatively easy to take notes of what he said. That part of the work was not hard.

"But after the work of the day was done I had to write out those speeches on the typewriter; and I had to make manifold copies for the newspapers. Many a night I was hard at it until after midnight. Fortunately, the delegations did not require any making of speeches before nine or ten o'clock in the morning, so I had plenty of time for recuperative sleep. But all the time I was wearing out and getting tired. The last three weeks I got out of bed tired every morning. But, of course, I never complained. The major was up late every night also, attending to correspondence and other campaign work, and all of us were busy as bees. There was not a drone beneath that roof.



"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, CHARLIE."

"During the last week of the campaign the major made 21 special speeches in one day. I took down all of those speeches in shorthand, and worked until 1:30 o'clock in the morning transcribing my notes. I was suffering from swelling of the glands of the neck, which necessitated several subsequent surgical operations. The major knew that I was suffering, and several times suggested that I should take a vacation, but I wanted to stick it out to the end. Well, that morning at 1:30 o'clock the major called me to him, and told me that I must quit work and take a rest. He said that he was bound to be elected, and would want me at the white house; and that I must take care of my health on that account.

"I finally consented to drop work and come east for a vacation, and for treatment. He called O'Brien and asked for his check book. O'Brien handed it to him, and he filled out a check, saying: 'You may have saved up a little money, but you will find that when you are laid off on the sick list it will go pretty fast; so take this with you, for you'll need it.'

"I thanked him, supposing that he was giving me a check for about $100. When I looked at the paper, however, it was made out for $500. Seeing my look of astonishment, and half-uttered protest, the major smiled, and said: 'That's all right, Charlie. You'll need it soon enough. When that is exhausted, let me know.'

"Well, I left Canton that morning, came to Washington, then went to the seashore, and rested up for two months. But after we got to the white house my health gave way again, in the same manner, and so I am filling an easier position. I think you will find, if you inquire, that every man who has ever worked for McKinley has some story to tell of the major's kindness and appreciation of those who have worked for him. Therefore it is that every man whom he has ever employed is always shouting for the major and whooping it up for him among the boys in campaign times."

This story was repeated by the writer to Fred Haig, the popular young lawyer, and he said: "Of course, if Cooper says it's so, it's so. But under ordinary circumstances I should pronounce that to be a fairy story. I have been something of a private secretary myself. I worked in the offices of railroad presidents and superintendents for a number of years, and not one of them ever gave me a cent that I didn't earn. I was private secretary to Senator John J. Ingalls for seven years, and he never gave me a red cent that I did not earn, and he never gave me any kind words that were not necessitated by circumstances.

"Moreover, I worked for Senator Wolcott for about a year, and he even undertook to underrate the value of my services. I never heard of any private secretary, however faithful, being rewarded for his skill, his fidelity and his loyalty. Consequently I say this case of Cooper's is so out of the ordinary that nothing but Cooper's well-known reputation for veracity enables me to believe it.

"Look at some of the private secretaries that you and I have known. Take



MR. HAIG HAS DOUBTS.

George Gilliland, for instance. He looked after all of Senator Brice's political interests, attended to all of his executive department work, wrote his letters for him, signed them, and mailed them. Gilliland was 'the whole thing' and did the senatorial business completely. When Brice left the senate he left Gilliland without a job; and when Brice died his will contained no mention of his able and astute private secretary.

"Then there was brilliant McCarthy, who left the Cincinnati Enquirer to become private secretary to Millionaire Leland Stanford, the California senator. McCarthy wrote speeches which made Stanford's utterances in the senate respectable. He attended to all of his senatorial business so that the people of California were as well served as though they had a real senator with brains for statesmanship. But when Stanford died he left not a penny and not even a word of thanks for poor McCarthy.

"Have you forgotten Frank Fenniken, the physical and intellectual giant who carried the burdens of statesmanship for Senator Plumb, of Kansas, for 12 years? Have you forgotten that Frank Flenniken attended to all of the correspondence, looked after all of the appointments, and took care of the routine work on Capitol hill, for Plumb? Well, when Plumb died suddenly his will contained no mention of Flenniken, and that faithful fellow was out of a job. Because of the chaotic condition of the affairs of the late senator, it became necessary for Mrs. Plumb to employ Flenniken to assist in settling up the estate. But when that work was done Flenniken was sent adrift.

"Look all over the list. Tickle your memory and you will recall a score or more of good men who have been splendid private secretaries, and who have all received the same kind of treatment. I tell you, the big men have little heart for the little fellows who serve them and help to keep them great in public opinion, as well as in their own opinion.

"Think of Irwin B. Linton, who served Associate Justice Field for almost 30 years, who grew gray and almost a back number while he followed Justice Field like a faithful lackey up to the time of his death. He was the confidential private secretary of the richest man on the supreme court. But when Justice Field died he left a will in which Linton was wholly ignored. But Justice Field left $500 to his colored body servant. Think of that! The black man who carried coffee, ice-water and gruel to the old man was of more consequence to him than the man of trained intellect who did a great deal of his thinking for him in the years of his decrepitude.

"If these instances are not enough, let me remind you of old man Fitch, whom you used to know well. He worked for Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, the millionaire. He looked after Sawyer's pension business so carefully, consistently and diligently that Sawyer got the reputation of passing more private pension bills than any two other senators. Well, when Millionaire Sawyer left the senate he left Fitch without a job, and without hope of a job, because Fitch was too old to hunt a job."

Mr. Haig was asked to tell something about the method pursued by Senator Ingalls in preparing his celebrated speeches for delivery in the senate, and he replied: "I have given you enough now for one letter. If you will come to see me some Sunday afternoon, and stay for supper, I will tell you some interesting things about Ingalls, in the height of his fame; some things creditable to him, and also creditable to his able private secretary."

What Fred Haig will tell on that line will be exceedingly interesting to the writer, and also to every reader.

SMITH D. FRY.

Enough Said.

Giles—How was it your vacation lasted only one day?

De Garry—I went to the races.—Judge.

Forgetful.

Soph—The professor is getting old, isn't he?

Fresh—Yes; they say he is too absent-minded to die.—N. Y. Journal.

BAITING THE BEAR.

It Was the Favorite Sport of English Gentlewomen in Days of Old.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool, which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons, and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which Bruin sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

FROM TRIFLING CAUSES.

Petty Quarrels Have Brought On Long and Bloody Conflicts in the Past.

Many wars have had trifling causes, says Leslie's Weekly. A dispatch altered in one or two points by Bismarck brought on the Franco-German conflict. Palmerston said facetiously that only three men in Europe ever knew what the Schleswig-Holstein troubles which led to the wars were about, and two of them died before the conflicts began, while he, the third man, had forgotten. A slighting reference by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Mme. Pompadour of France was said to have been one of the causes of the Seven Years' war, sometimes called the "war of the three petticoats" from the fact that the France of Pompadour and the Russia of Catherine II. joined the Austria of Maria Theresa against Frederick.

According to John Bright, England and her allies drifted into the Crimean war without realizing it until after they got in, and they did not know what they were fighting for even after they started; while it is certain that everything which is supposed to have been fixed by that results of a quarter of a century of war beginning with the commencement of the French revolution and ending with Waterloo "pleased nobody and settled nothing," according to Sheridan. The average person who lived in those days knew as little about the causes of the slaughter as old Kaspar did about the battle of Blenheim when questioned by little Peterkin.

SAMOAN LIFE.

When Not at War They Have a Very Easy and Agreeable Time.

When native Samoans are not at war they seem to foreigners to have a very easy and agreeable life. There is never very much to do, and what there is is not arduous or tiring. The old women, for instance, braid mats or sit upon the rocks and beat and strip the bark for making tapa, the native cloth. The men spend much of their time in making fishing nets and tackle.

In spite of the simplicity of the national attire, the Samoans are rather vain, and spend a good deal of time in beautifying themselves. The hair is often plastered with white lime, giving it, when dry, the effect of a white wig. The lime is washed off by night. The result is a gradual change in the color of the hair from a red to a bright yellow. Apart from this strange fancy, the Samoans quite share the Europeans' ideas in regard to beauty. They particularly admire tall persons.

A fad of the young man of Samoa is to wear the name of his sweetheart tattooed upon the forearm. As the Samoan wears no sleeves this ornament is always visible, and he is very proud of it, which is easily understood, as the young lady herself always does the tattooing, it being impossible to intrust to a professional workman a task so full of sentiment.

MODERN RUSSIA.

The Land Still Feels the Autocratic Influence of Peter the Great.

All nations feel more or less the original impetus given them by one great man, but probably none so much as modern Russia. It may almost be said to have been the creation of one man, Peter the Great, and the features he impressed upon the Russian state are still distinctly visible. A mass of barbarism was transformed by him into a powerful and active member of the family of civilized nations. He gave to his subjects an army, a navy and an educational system. Commerce with foreign countries, previously forbidden, he warmly encouraged. The autocrat transferred his capital to the shores of the Baltic, and built the great city which bears his name to be the open door to the civilization of the western world. He introduced the arts, the literature, the sciences and the economic theories of the most advanced nations. Russia at the present day is actuated by the ideas of the great czar. In its restless ambition, its subtle and unscrupulous policy, its varnish of culture, scarcely hiding the ferocity of the barbarian, its intolerance of popular liberty and its real solicitude for the material welfare of the people, the Russia of to-day is the Russia of Peter the Great.

ONE ON THE MERCHANT.

How It Came That the Value of His Stock Was Subject to Fluctuations.

One of the lawyers says that a client of his is the hero of this story and that it happened here within a year or two. A man from the assessors' office went into the store of a Hebrew merchant in the pursuit of his duties. The two had a slight acquaintance, so that the assistant assessor did not think it necessary to explain his business. He was rather surprised when, in answer to his questions, the storekeeper proceeded to dilate on the value of his stock. "De finest in any store of de size in de city. It issn't vort' a cent less than $5,000."

"Suppose I put it down at that then," said the assessors' man.

"Do it. Do it," said the proprietor. "Yer von't maig no mistake."

So the assessors' man did it. There was lamentation in the store when the tax bill showed the proprietor that he was taxed on $5,000 personal, and he rushed over to the assessors' office with all possible speed.

"Vat iss dis? Vat iss dis?" he asked them, excitedly. "I have no personal but de stock in my store. I'm a liar if it's vort $800. Come down and look it ofer."

They told him that the records showed that he had given the figure to the assistant assessor.

His hands went up over his head in horror. "My goodness, my goodness!" he shouted. "Vas dat your man? I thought he was from Bradstreet's."

A Small Salary.

The smallest salary paid to the head of a civilized government is three pounds sterling a year—to the president of the republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees.

Anchorage Two Miles Deep.

The greatest depth to which a ship has been anchored is 2,000 fathoms—considerably more than two miles.

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