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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 Distri[illegible]—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth Distr[illegible] F. H [illegible]auchamp, Williston.

[illegible] Directory.

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[illegible]enton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—[illegible] G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stew[illegible], 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.

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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.

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"IF."

If every day were Sunday and all of life were love,
And neither in the earth below nor in the sky above
A cloud was ever gathered to eclipse the light of hope,
And the lilies in the valley and the roses on the slope
Were ever blooming sweetly and the land was ever filled
With the tend'rest notes of nature that the songster ever thrilled;
If a tear of sorrow never came to dim the laughing eye,
Then pleasures would grow palling to the senses by and by.

If the sun could shine forever and the day was always fair,
And Nature e'er a laughing miss, with flowers in her hair;
If life was naught but pleasure, unknown to gloom and pain,
And there were no storms of trial and no sorrow floods of rain;
If there were no fruits forbidden, no joys to be denied,
If the heart was never tempted and the soul was never tried;
If there were no thorny pathways, like the bravest feet have trod,
The heart would grow indifferent and wander off from God.

It requires a night of darkness just to make the day complete,
And behind each wall of trouble waits a benediction sweet;
Then remember as you struggle up the hill, though steep it be,
That beyond its Alpine ruggedness lies fairest Italy;
Each scar received in fighting for the cause of truth and right
Shall be a badge of honor on the breast of honor's knight;
The world may have its burdens and its griefs and tears untold,
But if there were no cross of sorrow there could be no crown of gold.
—Memphis Scimitar.

Similia Similibus

By Charles Dwight Willard

THE Lowdens gave a dinner recently at which ten guests were present. Little Roach told me about it, the next day after it occurred, with a great deal of gusto. I fancy Roach is not asked there to dinner very frequently, nor anywhere else for that matter. His excessive curiosity, and his disposition to talk over affairs that are not his own, makes people nervous about him, and renders his conversation just a little tiresome.

Now there was nothing unusual about the fact that the Lowdens gave a dinner. Max did not dance, and Mrs. Lowden dislikes cards, and neither of them care much for music, so they have compromised on the dinner, as a convenient method of entertaining friends and of repaying social obligations. They keep an excellent cook, and Mrs. Lowden herself, so her husband once told me, watches every detail of the event. Max is a good judge of wines and an agreeable talker. They have friendships among no end of clever people, and they are judicious in their arrangement of their guests. To be invited to a dinner at the Lowdens is at once distinction and a piece of good fortune, and I did not wonder at the enthusiasm of little Roach.

"I sat between Mrs. Gen. Gumm and Count von Haasse," said he, "and we talked—"

"Who else was there?" I asked, looking about me, and planning the quickest method of escape.

He gave me the list, checking them off on his fingers to insure a correct count. As he proceeded, I listened with more and more interest, and when the tale was ended, it suddenly dawned upon me that this was an event of a most unusual character, and one that I must know more about—but not from Roach.

"There goes my car," I exclaimed, and was presently put down four blocks out of my way.

Max Lowden and I are old friends, and our fathers were business associates half a century ago. I was confident that if I gave him a chance, he would explain the mystery of this dinner, and I telephoned to ask how soon he and Mrs. Lowden would be at home of an evening. I had a handful of new opals to show them. Not to-night, nor to-morrow night; but the next, and I would be most welcome."

In the meantime I met another of the guests of that extraordinary dinner, a Mrs. Hoppin, whom I know but slightly. I knew her husband, however, a subdued, crushed, much-married-looking individual, who occasionally wanders unhappily about the rooms of the club where I live. I was making a call, and there were a good many people there, and I was talking to somebody, or trying to talk, for the incessant twitter of a small voice a few feet away made conversation difficult.

"Yes, I met him recently at a dinner at Mrs. Lowden's," the voice said—it was the voice of Mrs. Hoppin. An eloquently vacant look came into the face of my companion. She was not listening to me, which was well enough, for I was paying no attention to what I said. "It was a charming dinner—a most delightful set of people one always meets at the Lowdens." I could tell from the inflection that the person to whom she spoke was not so fortunate as to know the Lowdens. "Let me see; who were there? I am sure you know them all." Then came that list again, and for a second time I felt the strange thrill that comes with an unexplained mystery.

Mrs. Hoppin twittered on, her sh[illegible] notes cutting their way through the soft hum of the general conversation about us. She really had never had such a charming dinner as that. She must be excused for speaking of it, for it was like an event in one's life, don't you know.

I assured my vis-a-vis that we agreed perfectly on the matters we had been discussing, and then went off to hunt for my hat. I was anxious to learn about the dinner, but not from Mrs. Hoppin.

The Lowdens were in the library when I called—a cozy little den, which was usually sacred to Max and his friends; but on this occasion Mrs. Lowden was there, seated at the desk, with a writing-pad before her.

"You are just in time," she said, signaling at me with a lead pencil, "to help us determine who beside yourself shall come to dinner here next Wednesday."

"Besides myself," I repeated; "truly I am in time, if my presence has accomplished that much."

"You are just about always on the list, old man," said Lowden. "I should think you would grow weary of our dinners."

I started to say something about oases in the arid desert of social life, when Mrs. Lowden interrupted:

"Come; give me a name."

"Put down little Roach," said I.

Mrs. Lowden pressed the pencil against her lips. "Do you really like him—pretty well?" she asked, doubtfully. "Besides," she continued, with feminine disconnectedness, "he dined here only last week; so it would not do, you know."

"Of course," said I; "let me see. How about Mrs. Hoppin?"

"Mrs. Hoppin!" cried the lady at the desk, and her voice suddenly took on a shrill quality, quite foreign to it. "Oh, no, not Mrs. Hoppin. We had her, too, last week."

I meditated for a moment in silence. "Gen. Grumm," I said, at length.

Max Lowden started up and looked at me suspiciously. His wife laughed.

"Isn't that funny, Max," she exclaimed. "Mr. Robinson has pitched upon three out of the ten people that we had to dinner last Thursday."

"Put down Count von Haasse," said I, seriously.

Mrs. Lowden dropped her pencil and stared. Max rose from his chair near the fireplace and brought a decanter of Scotch and a bottle of seltzer and a glass, and placed them on the tabourette at my elbow.

"The drinks are on us," he said. "Who told you about it?"

"Oh, several," said I, indifferently. "Where do you get this Scotch?" There was a faint cry from Mrs. Lowden.

"Are people talking—" she asked. Mr. Max grabbed the poker, and began hammering a lump of coal in the fireplace.

"What difference does it make?" said I. "People must have something to talk about, and a peculiar affair like that—"

"But it was not peculiar at all," exclaimed Mrs. Lowden, and then added, incoherently; "that was why it was so strange."

"I see," said I, though I really did not see at all, but was, in fact, entirely mystified. "Whose idea was it, in the first place?"

"I will tell you all about it," said Max, waving the poker in a threatening way. "Probably I was more to blame—"

"Max, you mustn't!" cried Mrs. Lowden, with great vehemence; "we ought not to talk about it. Mr. Robinson will excuse us, I am sure."

"Of course," said I, with great dignity; "I did not suppose it was so bad as that."

"Nonsense, Marie," said Lowden. "I am going to make a clean breast of the whole business to Ned; he may be able to help us out. But tell me, first of all, do you think any of them suspect?"

"Not one," said I, with splendid confidence.

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Mrs. Lowden. "You may tell him, Max."

"You are a bachelor, Ned," said Lowden, "and you probably have very little idea of the many and complicated social problems that people who entertain even as little as we do must meet and solve. Now I used to think, in the innocence of my pre-marital days, that the whole social scheme was based on the desire of certain people to make things pleasant for certain other people whom they like and admire. But bless your heart, my boy, that has no more to do—"

"Oh, Max," interrupted his wife, "you are not telling this story the right way. Mr. Robinson understands well enough that every social set has attached to it, inevitably, a class of people that are somehow not exactly what you might call—" She hesitated for the word.

"Desirable," I suggested.

"She means the bores," said Max.

"I mean," said Mrs. Lowden, with dignity, "those people that do not seem to mix well with others."

"Exactly," I assented; "the disintegrators."

"It is perfectly mysterious," continued Mrs. Lowden, "how many people of that sort manage to get strings on you. That is what Max calls it. Some of them are distant relatives of your own, others are near relatives of your dearest friends. Sometimes they do things for you, before you can head them off, and they place you under obligations that way, and sometimes they just cold-bloodedly make demands that you have not the courage to refuse."

"And both you and Max are sympathetic by nature," I added.

"What is a man to do?" said Lowden. "There is that chap, Rufus J. Peet. You know him. We all three went to school together. Of course, he is, from a social point of view, just about everything that a man ought to be, but when he came to my office a little while ago, and remarked almost pathetically that he so frequently heard his friends speak of my dinners, but had never been invited to one, although he was an old friend—a very old friend—well, I tumbled in it, and Maria was furious."

"But that was no worse than the case of Mrs. Rankin," said his wife. "You wouldn't believe, would you, that a woman would have the impudence to actually demand—well, I simply cannot tell it."

"I understand," said I; "the hold-up business flourishes in every line of life. But go on [illegible] din[illegible] den, "there has been a sort of a—you might call it a discussion—"

"Row," interjected her husband.

"—Between Max and myself about inviting some of these people, to—to—work them off, you know."

"I understand," said I. "You objected to his particular friends, and he objected to yours."

"Yes, and we both hated to inflict them on people of the right sort. So Max finally suggested—"

"Only in fun, you know, but Marie took it in earnest."

"Well, so did you, finally. Max suggested that we make up a list for one dinner to contain absolutely nothing but bores—the very worst ones we knew."

"There were ten of them," said Max, "all stars of the first magnitude."

"Ten, not including ourselves," commented Mrs. Lowden, with the instinctive arithmetic of a dinner-giver.

"I would not think of including you, of course," said I.

"There was that Mrs. Rickie, who tells you all about the various things her husband died of; and little Roach, you know him, of course; and the Hoppins, he scarcely spoke above a whisper, while she just shrieked; and Max's dear old friend, Peet—"

"Cut that," growled Lowden; "he was paired off with Marie's particular fancy, Mrs. Rankin. They talked religion with great vigor throughout the meal. The solemn Miss Pollock, who never says a word, sat next to Count von Haasse. Did you ever read any of his books?"

"Horrible soggy," said I; "undigested German-English."

"Well, he is worse than his books."

"It is a shame to talk about people in such a way," said Mrs. Lowden, covering her face with her hands; "when one has entertained them, too. That is why I did not want Max to tell about this dinner."

"And Gen. Gumm and his wife," began Lowden.

"Oh, I know the list well enough," said I. "But tell me, how did the affair pass off?"

Mrs. Lowden gave a rapturous little laugh, and her husband's features relaxed into a grin.

"That is the strangest part of it," she said. "Nothing ever took place in this house that was a bigger success than that. We expect our guests to have a pleasant time, or we are disappointed, but we do not look to see them go into ecstacies of joy, and fairly gurgle with happiness, as these people did. They ate enormously—"

"And drank," interjected Max.

"And that is one of the surest signs that people are enjoying themselves. But the queerest thing of all was the way they took to one another. We matched them up with some care—"

"Marie did that," said Lowden. "Tell them your plan, dear."

"It is perfectly simple," said she. "Bores are divided into two classes—those who talk too much, or those who don't talk at all: Little Roach, who prattles incessantly, took out Mrs. Gumm, who was never known to say anything except 'yes' and 'no.' Mr. Hoppin sat next to Mrs. Rickie and listened most attentively to all her troubles. It was like that all around the table. Max and I had nothing to do but to sit up and look pleasant."

"What a triumph!" said I. "What a splendid social achievement! To entertain clever people is nothing—they entertain themselves and one another—but to accomplish such results with such material—it was magnificent. Would that I might have been there to behold it. Tell me, Mrs. Lowden, why I was not invited?"

"Indeed, Mr. Robinson," answered the lady, "we discussed asking you, and at one time had about decided—"

"You see," cut in her husband, hastily, "our first plan was to invite some very clever people—two or three—to help us entertain the others."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Lowden, with an eagerness that seemed to cover a little confusion; "but we changed that, and left you out. Now, won't you help make up a list for a little dinner next week?"

I said nothing more on the subject of my invitation, but I could not avoid giving the matter some quiet thought.

Perhaps Max was right. It would have been better not to have told the story.—San Francisco Argonaut.

NO USE FOR SPEAKING TUBES.

So Paddy Flinn Invited the Boss to Put His Head Out of a Window.

A solemn-looking Irishman entered a business house the other day and, walking up to one of the men employed on the lower floor, asked:

"Is dhere anny chanst fer a mon t' get a job av wur-rk here?"

"I don't know answered the man addressed; "you'll have to see Mr. Hobart."

"An' pfwere is he?" asked the Irishman.

"Up on the second floor," was the answer.

"Shall Oi walk up an' talk t' him?" queried the seeker for employment.

"No need of that," replied the man. "Just whistle in that tube and he'll speak to you," pointing at the same time to a speaking tube.

The old Irishman walked over to the tube and blew a mighty blast in it. Mr. Hobart heard the whistle, came to the tube, and inquired:

"What's wanted down there?"

"'Tis Oi, Paddy Flinn," answered the Irishman. "Are ye th' boss?"

"I am," replied Mr. Hobart.

"Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "sthick yer head out av th' second-sthory windy whoile Oi sthep out on th' soidewalk! Oi want to talk t' ye!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Many a man is a bear at home, who is a lamb on the stock market.—Philadelphia Times.

DID NOT DREAD DEATH.

Suicide Became a Moral Epidemic in the Later Days of the Roman Empire.

Among the cultivated men and women of the later Roman empire suicide became a sort of moral epidemic. says the London Spectator. The fashionable Stoic doctrines, acting on a race which had begun to degenerate and decline and lose its grip on life, killed the dread of death. Men left the world for a whim, "only on the thought to do the same thing over and over again." The Christian doctrine that self-slaughter is a sin did not affect them, and the notion that there was something base in quitting one's post was not yet born. Dryden, in one of his dramas, contrasts finely the feeling about suicide of the ancient and modern world. The Romans, he says, might "discharge their souls" and give them leave to enter the other world. But we, like sentries, are compelled to stand "'neath starless skies and wait the appointed hour." Dr. Goodhardt, speaking of the dread of death, says: "I am never tired of saying, because I am sure it is as true as it is comforting, although in opposition to the general belief, that death has no terrors for the sick man. To the living and healthy man it is quite otherwise, but the sick man upon whom death lays his hand pales gently and imperceptibly out of life."

Her Hubby's Teachings.

Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband?

Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone hu[illegible]nd insisted upon, in season and ou[illegible] was that I should never put off til[illegible]morrow what I could do to-day.—N. Y. Weekly.

WE ALL HAVE THEM.

Scientists Say Everybody Has Blind and Dead Spots.

Small Places on the Skin That Are Insensible to Pain and Imperceptible Defects in Each Eye.

Everybody has a blind spot in each eye. Everybody has hundreds of blank or nerveless spots on the skin in which there is no sensation, or in which, if sensation does exist, it is so slight as to communicate little to the faculties inspired by the sense of touch.

The truth of blind and dead spots has been learned through experiments made at several of the colleges last spring, following the lead of Cornell university, and those who have delved deepest into the matter aver that when one concentrates his gaze on anything, which comes within common visual limits, he fails to see completely all at once. This is because there is a point directly opposite his particular blind spot which is invisible to him. This is so of the best eyes in the world. Even horses, cows, dogs, cats and many other lower animals are in a similar fix.

Concerning these blank spaces on the skin, the learned men assert that one could be touched with a hot iron on any one of them, selected indiscriminately, without a sensation of pain. The dead spots are scattered all over the body. In most instances they are small. To locate them and make a sort of a topographical map of a person's dead spots, the experimenters have applied boiling hot water to the subject's anatomical surface. In most places, of course, the scalding water was too painful to be borne, but in other places it could not be felt at all.

It seems almost a revolution in the natural order of things that these blind spots should be caused by the optic nerve itself; that those filaments which give to the eyeball its most vital principle should at this point neutralize it. But this is only one of the many paradoxes encountered by the physiologist. The eye is simply a camera in which the visual object is photographed on the retina—a sensitive plate, so to speak—at the back. The optic nerve enters through the retina, and this entrance causes a rupture in the smooth, reflecting surface of the sensitive plate. Optic nerves are of a "stringy" consistency, but the strings are far from round, and therefore the nerve finds its way into the retina by means of an irregularly shaped hole. This makes the blind spot. Perfect sight is interfered with by the optic nerve to the extent of an irregularly formed spot in the retina, which, when enlarged through the natural and ordinary process of gazing upon a white wall a few feet away, appears, if outlined in black, much like an ink blot about the size of a silver quarter. Of course, the shape of the blind spot varies in different persons, just as does the size or shape of their heads.

In experimenting upon the dead and sensitive spots some of the instruments used are sharp-pointed, heated with boiling water and passed forward and backward over the skin, touching every minute part of it in succession, and reproducing by the aid of an instrument like a pantagraph, as the sensations of the subject indicate, a complete diagram of his blank spaces.

One direct result of such experiments has been to prove that we do not possess a varied sense of touch, after all.

If any part of the body is touched we do not become aware of the contact by any sense of acute feeling in the affected part, but by the mental picture of the proceeding which we instantly form. Thus the sense of touch, in normal persons, is dominated wholly by the sense of sight. For instance, when you are touched in the dark, how do you know where you are touched? Scientists assert that in a majority of cases it is from the picture instantaneously composed in the mind, and not by the touch at all, which would indicate that we possess a better idea of the appearance of our anatomies than we generally believe, for if we have not an accurate sense of the appearance of our bodies it is a question whether or not we would know precisely where any part of them is touched on occasion. At best the sense of touch is liable to quick dissipation, and unless mental pictures are composed instantly we would not be able to locate the sensation a minute afterward.

The proof of this is learned easily. Blindfold a person, touch his hand with the end of a small stick and bid him find the place of contact without looking at it. This it will be found almost impossible to do, and the hand being only a few inches wide, even the difference of half an inch in finding the correct spot would count enormously in favor of the theory.

In the case of a blind man matters are complicated still more. If stricken with blindness he would have a memory picture of the appearance of his body. If born blind he could not have any visual map, and, therefore, performs the curious operation of building up, bit by bit, like a mosaic, a touch picture. By many means independent of sight the blind man has preconceived ideas of the general shape and appearance of his several anatomical members, and when he is touched this introspective picture immediately looms up in his mind, and he knows that it is his head, arm, hand, leg, foot or other part of his body which is affected.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Specialty.

"You seem strangely indifferent to-night," said the fair girl as she twirled the large solitaire on her engagement finger.

"Pardon me," replied her plumber lover, "I must admit that I am not much good at cooing, but when it comes to billing I'm strictly in it."—Chicago Evening News.

BOBBLETON PACKS UP.

Mr. Smart Aleck Shows His Wife How to Get Out of Town in a Rush.

With nervous haste Mr. Bobbleton rushed into his flat where his wife was giving the dinner a finishing touch.

"Well, Mary, my vacation has come at last and we are going to start to-morrow morning for the country. I bought the tickets on the way home, and here they are."

Bobbleton flourished two long green slips of paper, and marked at the end: "Good for 30 days."

"The baggage expressman will be here at six o'clock in the morning for the trunks," said Bobbleton. "I'll pack my trunk right after dinner. It won't take me over an hour."

Immediately after dinner Mr. Bobbleton went to his room. For the next hour or two Mrs. Bobbleton heard him slamming around, upsetting things, and muttering to himself.

"I wonder how Henry is getting along?" thought Mrs. Bobbleton.

Yet she did not dare go into his room, for there are times when Mr. Bobbleton becomes highly irascible and consequently dangerous to approach. About half past nine Mr. Bobbleton emerged from his room very hot, but still triumphant.

"That's the way to do," he said. "Pack up in a hurry without any fuss and feathers. Why, I could get ready to go to Europe just as easily! You women don't know how to do anything! My trunk's all ready to go."

"So is my trunk," said Mrs. Bobbleton, quietly, as she banged down the lid and snapped the lock.

Early the next morning the expressman was on hand for the trunks.

"Hawkins, the baggagemaster, is a particular friend of mine," Bobbleton explained to the expressman. "Just tell him to check those trunks to Daisytown and hold the checks until I reach the station. I want the trunks to go on that 7:55 train. We follow on the 8:40."

When the expressman had departed Mr. Bobbleton turned back into his flat and about an hour later Mrs. Bobbleton heard her husband storming around his room.

"I wonder what's the matter now?" she thought.

Just then Bobbleton came out of his room very red and very angry.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Bobbleton.

"Have you seen my blue serge vest?"

"No. I have not."

"Well, I can't find it anywhere. It had two week's salary and the railroad tickets in it."

"You mislaid it in your room."

"Mislaid nothing. I didn't."

"Then you packed it up in your trunk."

Mr. Bobbleton groaned. Then he sank feebly into a chair.

"By thunder, so I did!"

"Henry!"

"It's true. I haven't another red cent with me. The tickets are no good to us now. I'll have to get them redeemed, I suppose, if we ever get them back again."

Mr. Bobbleton jammed his hat on his head and went out. In 20 minutes he was back again.

"I borrowed $20 from Pillets, the corner druggist. Let's get out of here."

"I'm awfully sorry you packed up that vest, Henry," said Mrs. Bobbleton, timidly.

"What do you think I feel like?" snorted Mr. Bobbleton, as he hailed a passing car.—N. Y. Sun.

WEATHER DEFINITIONS.

How One May Understand the Bulletins Issued the Warm Summer Days.

Heat—A system arranged by nature for the purpose of sending people to the mountains and seashore and the hospital. From the Latin words "swetoribus geewhizibus," meaning "Ain't it awful?"

Prediction—A plan of prophecy invented for the purpose of telling the future movements of the weather which the weather never makes.

Breeze—An atmospherical condition which arrives in time to make the weather colder on a cold day and which stays away for the purpose of making the weather hotter on a hot day. From the Latin words "Grinoribus bearibus," meaning "Grin and change your wilted collar."

Thermometer—A thirst-producing machine invented for the benefit of drug stores. When hung on the outer walls it denotes ice on the inside, and by insinuation drives humanity to drink. From the Latin words "Jumpo jameshyhickybus," meaning "The more I climb the more you kick."

Weather man—A species of torture invented for the purpose of saying "cooler weather and westerly winds tomorrow." Supposed to be the only living relic of the Spanish inquisition. From the Portuguese words "Guessa gain," meaning "The air is so full of climate that I cannot find the weather."

Seashore—A disease which breaks out violently when the weather gets warm, and costs from three dollars to ten dollars per day to cure, according to the size of the hotel and the location of the room. Also a remote place where everything is cool till you get there. Derived from the French words "Sichim et soakhim!" meaning "Take your bank account with you if you don't care to walk back."

Cool spot—A peculiarity of everybody's house except your own in hot weather, if you let them tell it. A place that is easily found when not wanted and cannot be located when sought for.

To-morrow—A remote period of time used as a guess foundation by the weather man. A twin brother to Never and a second cousin to I Don't Think. From the Greek words "Morrowbus perhapsibus," meaning "It will be if it isn't."—Baltimore American.

OUR SPORTS IN HAVANA.

Cubans Readily Take to Horse Racing, Baseball, Golf and Other Amusements.

An army officer said to a Havana Herald reporter recently that, in his opinion, the successful meet of a jockey club, combined with the enthusiasm which exists for baseball, to be followed, he predicted, by golf, tends to prove that American amusements will take root in Cuba. Continuing, he said: "Heaven speed the day when the cock fights and the bullfights are superseded by contests improving to the moral and physical nature! The soldiers, sailors, marines and officers have given a practical demonstration of what they can do, and I trust that our insular and peninsular friends will now follow suit. Why should there not be foot races, jumping, leaping and vaulting? Perhaps some of our Cuban friends would like to play polo or ring-tilting. Their small, wiry ponies would give them an immense advantage in this respect over the large American horse.

"If Capt. Bellairs is as well posted in Tattersall rules as we believe him to be, no doubt he could get up a series of exercises involving the Balaklava melee and pegging, participation in which would be healthful and instructive to those who witnessed.

"Capt. Lucien Young has shown himself such an admirable judge, toastmaster and citizen that we venture to suggest that he provide an aquatic contest between soldiers, Cubans, sailors and marines."

Locomotives in Use.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various countries.

A "GRAVE" ADVERTISEMENT.

London Is Making Merry Over an Attempt to Make a Cemetery Attractive.

The much-debated "grave advertisements" which the St. Pancras vestry has planted with an eye to business, in the various recreation grounds under its control, were a fund of delight to many who saw them for the first time one day lately.

The residents in other parishes were joyful over oysters and cocoanuts, swing boats, and ponies at a penny a time; but those living in St. Pancras had their burial boards to make merry over, and scorned the common delights to be found on Hampstead heath. For, this day, as is customary in St. Pancras on bank holidays, people went in for fresh air and exhilarating pastoral scenery to be found in the converted church yards which serve the quarter of a million inhabitants as places of recreation. At the entrances to these cheerful pleasaunces they were confronted with nicely painted boards, bearing the following notice:

"St. Pancras, London—The cemetery of this parish is situate at East Finchley, two miles from the parish boundary. It is the largest and most beautiful of the London cemeteries. Private and family graves from two guineas.

"Attractive portions of the cemetery have been laid out for Roman Catholics and other non-conformist interments. For particulars apply to the burial department, Vestry hall, Pancras road, N. W."

There is nothing glaring about these notice boards which have been planted about the recreation grounds of St. Pancras. They are neat and not gaudy, and they don't overdo the thing at all. They merely assure the fortunate quarter of a million of inhabitants that their future resting place is the "largest and most beautiful," and that even people who don't belong to the established church can have "attractive portions."

No wonder the people of St. Pancras rejoiced with exceeding joy, and made merry—although they were alive. They saw the inward meaning of those notices, and laughed in exultation over less fortunate citizens of London. At East Finchley cemetery is the solution, for St. Pancras, of the housing question.

A Daily Mail representative came across a decrepit old gentleman who was chuckling to himself in one corner of the "gardens." "What am I crying about?" responded the old gentleman to an inquiry. "I'm not crying! I'm laughing. Don't you see that board? Well, we're crowded out in St. Pancras. There's 'no room to live in.' But just wait till we die.

"Why," he exclaimed, in uncontrollable glee, "we've got the largest and most beautiful cemetery in London. Ho, ho! Attractive portions for nonconformists. Ha, ha! For two guineas! He, he!"—London Mail.

Fight Between Man and Pig.

An interesting fight between a man and a pig entranced a crowd of Norristown people the other morning on the Main street. The man, a young farmer, was driving a big, uncovered wagon. He sat on some boards that were snatched from the wagon's two sides, and under the boards was the hog, which his weight held down. Suddenly, in front of the Montgomery house, the man flew high in the air, the boards clattered down on top of him, and the porker began to climb out of the wagon. "You'll buck me, will you?", said the man, getting up, and he grabbed the animal by the throat and began to punch it in the nose. The pig, erect and shrieking like mad, struck at him with its forepaws and tried to trip him with its hind ones. The intelligent horses stopped so as to let the crowd view the fight in comfort. The man and the hog fought all over the wagon until they both panted for breath. The animal's nose was bleeding, and the man's clothes and skin were torn here and there. The duelists were revolving in a tight embrace in the middle of the wagon, like a couple waltzing, when a spectator reached up and knocked the hog down with a club. Then the boards were arranged again and the man drove off.—Philadelphia Record.

Pinching Flowers.

A peculiar species of climbing plant from Brazil has lately been introduced in the south of England, where it grows freely in the open air. Its flowers are provided with flat, horny plates, situated above the nectar cups in the center of the blossom, and which are called "pinching-bodies." When an insect thrusts its proboscis into the nectar, the plates pinch it fast, and on its departure the insect must either carry off the pollen masses of the flower, or leave its proboscis behind. In the former case, the pollen is likely to reach and fertilize another flower; in the latter, the unfortunate insect, deprived of its proboscis, dies. Sometimes the legs, as well as the noses, of insects are found sticking in the flowers. Only the bumblebee appears to be strong enough always to escape amputation.—Youth's Companion.

Suspenders for Girls.

One of the new fads is to wear regular men's suspenders with the shirt waists and golf skirts. These suspenders are made of colored or white silk elastic and webbing, and have leather straps, just as men's have. Some of them are embroidered and are very pretty. One pair seen some time since, designed as a birthday gift for a smart young miss, was of white, beautifully embroidered in meadow daisies. The delicate shades of pink and white were exceedingly effective. The fad is to have the suspenders show underneath the summer shirt waist, if possible; so, of course, they must be worn over a dainty corset cover, lace trimmed and set off with ribbons.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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