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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 District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry. President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W., A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m, in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church —Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.— Joseph H, Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South) — Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

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Denton, Md.

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

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
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DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
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Denton, Md.

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

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

Office at Brown's Drug Store.

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

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On the Ruins.

The ants had built a mound
That I leveled with the ground
  When I sauntered through my garden
    yesterday;
It was made of grains of sand—
Many thousands of them—and
  'Twas a pity so much work was thrown
    away.

This morning I went round
To my garden, where I found
  A new hill to replace the leveled one;
The ants had not repined,
They had not sat down and whined
As a foolish human being would have done.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nil Desperandum.

I asked a maid in fair Bordeaux
To marry me. I loved her seaux,
Ah, me! it was a crushing bleaux
When she replied: "You booby, neaux."

So then I journeyed to Cologne
To wed a girl I long had knogne.
When I got there my bird had flogne,
And I, alas! am still alogne.

So now I linger in Marseilles,
With cheerfulness that never feilles—
Hoping that soon some favoring geilles
Will put new wind into my seilles.
—John C. M. Valentine, in St. Nicholas.

Mexican Railroad Tales

FIVE MEN sat about a table in the Railway Ramblers' Rest, at Houston, Tex., which is half a saloon and half a club, and stands near the union station. They were bearded and grizzled, weatherbeaten and very dark. Whisky of many kinds was within call and also champagne, but they all took beer. That showed they had worked in Mexico, for far down in the Latin republic, where the air is the air of a furnace and beer costs 50 cents a pint bottle, a man learns to appreciate it. Many American whisky drinkers go into Mexico, but only beer drinkers come out of it. Three of the men who sat in the Railway Ramblers' Rest were locomotive engineers, one was a freight conductor and one had been a brakeman. His left leg is buried, however, in Nuevo Laredo, and now he potters about the Union yards and pretends to be at work. They listened to the clang of street car bells outside and saw the electric lights flare up as the dusk settled, and talked of the old days when first the parallel bands of steel were driven through the stony heart of the Dias country, and to be a railway man down there meant hard work, big money and big risk. They told tales, one to another, and there was no question of their truth. They were men who had seen so much in a wild land that they did not have to lie in order to be impressive.

When the train crews went into Mananaland the Mexicans did not like them. They were unused to folks who did things to-day that could be put off until to-morrow. They objected to engines which killed the citizen who went to sleep on the tracks. They encountered a rough class of strangers with whom they could claim no kin. Still lingered in them memories of the invasion from the north—otherwise the Mexican war. That was in the 80's, and an American in Mexico accused of offense of any kind was in hard luck. Sometimes he was tried and shot, but generally he was thrown into a dirty cell, where he died and did not learn the charges against him. The few Yankee consuls were powerless. Often they made no effort to interfere, knowing the futility of it and loving their own skins. Americans came to regard arrest at the hands of Mexican authorities as equivalent to life sentence in a particularly undesirable penitentiary, and were willing to go to any length to avoid it. When Mr. Bayard left the office of secretary of state 200 Americans were confined in Mexican jails with no specific charges against them. The Harrison administration released them finally, but there is no way of telling how many of our countrymen have died in confinement down there without trial and without benefit of clergy.

Occasionally one learns of a similar instance now, but it is seldom. The people have come to know each other better. Peons no longer look upon the locomotive as Satan. When drunk with mescal they go to sleep along the side of the track and not upon it. In much of Mexico an American citizen is safer than in certain parts of New York city. If he gets into trouble a fair trial will be given him. Our emigrants to Mexico are of a higher class than 15 years ago. We used to send our worst. All of the injustice was not on one side. Our dark-skinned neighbors had much of which to complain. There were Mexican gamblers, and we taught them brace games, of which they had never dreamed. There were horse thieves, and we showed them swindles in horseflesh at which they stared aghast. There were confidence men, and we sent them some in whose hands they were children. All of this education cost them money, and they endeavored to get even by means of jails, but things are better now.

"All of the Mexicans aren't so worse," said an engineer. "Now and then we used to find one that was white if he was yellow. Once near Victoria we were loaded heavily with iron, and we hit the usual drunken Mexican asleep on the track. Them folks used to think a roadbed better'n a wool mattress. It was down grade and around a curve, and we were going a fair clip, and, though we had air brakes, we just couldn't hold up in time. We ground him up, and at Victoria, ten miles further on, we didn't have any better sense than to report it. Of course, the train was sidetracked, and we were put in jail. Next day we were hauled up before the alcalde. He was a little, dried-up man, with mahogany skin and snow-white mustache. It bristled fiercely, but I noticed that his eye twinkled a good deal, and I sorter cottoned to him right away. We told him that we couldn't stop the train in the time allowed us, and it was the truth. He said, through on interpreter, of course:

"'I've heard all this before. Five of my people have been killed by trains in six months, and I have let the train crews go. They said they couldn't stop. I'm going to see about this. Your train is on the sidetrack, coupled and loaded. We'll fire up and go back to the place where you killed Vicente. We'll run down at the same speed. When you come near to the curve you must try hard to stop. I will go in the cab with you.'

"Well, we fired up and ran back three miles beyond the death spot. Of course, it was not my business to run too slowly. I wanted to show the alcalde that stopping in the space described was an impossibility. Old 93 was a quick engine, and inside of two miles, it being a down grade, we were doing a two-minute clip. We struck the curve at 40 miles an hour. The alcalde had never in his life been on a train, and he was leaning out of the cab window waving his big straw hat and shouting 'Viva! Viva!' As we sighted the spot where Vicente had been pulverized the air brakes went on with a clamp of death. I was thrown to the floor of the cab myself. As for the alcalde, he shot through the window like a rocket, turned six somersaults and lit on his back in the sand 30 feet away. The train ground to a standstill yards beyond the blood-stained ties. He came limping up, brushing the sand out of his white hair. I remember that his mustache was all bent down on one side. He looked up at me and said, simply: 'Valga me Dios!' which is about equivalent to 'Dern my buttons!' We went back to town; he discharged us all and invited us to dinner with him. We stayed and pulled out that evening. Everybody ran pretty much on his own schedule in them times."

The conductor took up the running: "Twelve years ago in San Luis Potosi they were building a city hall that they said would be the eighth wonder of the world. There was no skilled labor of the kind they wanted, so they imported 20 stone masons from Pennsylvania at big wages. These men were needed to make the ornamental facades, carvings and gingerbread work generally. Everything went along all right until the 5th of May, which is the Mexican Fourth of July. No work was done on that day, and the masons wandered about the town and drank a good deal. In the afternoon one of them, named Morgan, found himself in a little cantina. To him came a big, black, drunken Mexican, who laid his chin on the American's shoulder and yelled:

"'Viva-a-a-a el cinco de Mayo!'

"'T'ell with you!' said Morgan, shoving him off and smiting him mightily on the nose. ''Rah for the Fourth of July!'

"The Mexican picked himself up a dozen feet away and came for his man with a knife a foot long. Morgan, cold drunk and savage, shot him before he had taken two steps. That closed the deal. Morgan went to jail in the middle of a clump of soldiers. The other masons heard of it, rose like a flock of quail and lit running. Some caught passing freight trains, some decamped on borrowed mules, some took to the mountains and eventually worked their way back to the states. Morgan was tried next day and sentenced to be shot. Before his execution it occurred to the authorities, however, that if they killed him they would have no one to finish their wonderful hall. So they gave him a suspension of sentence until he did all the carving. The walls of this building had been put up before the masons came. So every day, in summer shine and winter storm, Morgan, suspended on a platform a hundred feet above the street, chipped away at gargoyles and griffins and things like that while a file of soldiers loafed below. He took his time, you can bet. Fast work meant soon death to him. He put in six months on a fat angel three feet long, blowing a horn. He had 'em foul and used to make 'em treat him pretty white. Sometimes he would strike work for awhile and pelt the soldiers with stone clippings, and they didn't dare to shoot him. After three years of this the authorities, who saw that their hall would not be finished before the end of the next century, told him that if he would get other workmen to help him they would let him off altogether. He wrote to his brother, who was a maker of gravestone marbles in Pittsburgh, and he so worked on the local union that a lot of the men agreed to go down to San Luis. They had an easy enough time after they got there. Indeed, the governor of Potosi state gave orders that they were to be treated tenderly. He was afraid that they might run away and further delay the hall. They got $20 a day in Mexican money and good barracks. Morgan watched his chance and skipped one night. The others stayed on, and I guess the hall is finished by now."

"They still do funny things in that country," said another of the engineers. "Nearly all of the railway building is now south of the capital, over toward the Pacific coast. In that part of the world conductors of construction trains are still putting away $500 a month hauling freight and passengers on their own hook. Last winter there was an Irishman named Doyle, boss of a camp of tie-cutters not far from Tehuantepec. A hundred men got their grub and bedding in that camp, and one of the three cooks was a Chinaman. This Chinaman got a black sickness of some kind. It was one of the many fevers of the coast country, and it meant death to him. Doyle was afraid it was catching. He had a big contract on and good labor was hard to get. He didn't want his men to die. The Chinaman laid down on the outer edge of the camp for two days, wrapped in his blanket, shivering and burning by turns. No doctor was nearer than 50 miles. On the third day, when all the axmen were out in the woods, Doyle went to the Chinaman and stooped over him.

"'Kape th' blonket wropped close about ye,' says he. 'How're ye feelin' th' day?'

"'Me feel plenty slick,' said John. 'Me velly blad.'

"'A poor haythin, y' are,' says Doyle, 'an' Oi misdoubt thot ye have anny soul at all, but if ye have ut, th' saints be good to ut.'

"So he shot the Chinaman through the head and piled dry logs upon the body and burned it, blankets and all. When the men came back at night they looked at the spot where the heathen had been, and saw some ashes and a little smoke rising. They did not ask any questions, and the other cooks had nothing to say."

"It used to be a great country for gambling," said the third engineer, "and is yet, for that matter, but things are not so easy to our boys. Even a Mexican will learn in time. They are an honorable people in games of chance, as well as the most genuinely polite folks in the world. Formerly it was the custom of a man who wanted a little sport to walk into a room where a blanket game was in progress, go up to the table, lay a roll of bills down and say that he would bet so much on a certain card. If he won he received the amount he stated, and if he lost his roll was taken, and, when counted, was found always to contain the exact amount. That is the way the Mexicans did it. The Americans worked this to death in a little while. They bet in the same way, and if they won they were paid all right. If they lost, however, their rolls, when examined, were found to be of brown paper on the inside, with a couple of trifling bills for the covering. Now, down in Mexico, when a man throws a roll on the table the dealer counts it through before he turns a card. A suburb of the City of Mexico is called Tacubaya, and there they run the largest gambling bank in the world. Talk about Monte Carlo! At Monte Carlo the most a man can win at one bet is $1,300. At Tacubaya the limit is the size of the bank roll. That is habitually $25,000 in gold, silver and bills, placed in front of the dealer. The game is monte, and the number of players, as in faro, is limited only by the size of the tables. I used to know a freight conductor named Hunter who ran into the City of Mexico over the Mexican national line. His run extended clear up to the Rio Grande, and he got to the city not oftener than once in two weeks. He frequented Tacubaya, and figured on beating the game, but could arrive at no way to do it. Then he thought of a fellow named Matterson, who lived at Bremond, and was, I think, one of the most expert short-card men in the world. The two of them devised their scheme, and Hunter took Matterson down in his caboose. They had $2,500 between them. I was in the city at the time, and Hunter had told me of his contemplated coup. He did not explain it, but I knew that some sort of stealing was contemplated. It was not my business, however, to interfere. They worked it in this way: Matterson walked into the monte room at Tacubaya early in the evening and took a seat opposite the dealer. He bet for an hour, trifling amounts, and at the end of that time was not much ahead or behind. Then Hunter entered and sat down at the table some four or five chairs from him. No greeting was exchanged. The men were apparent strangers. In monte, at the beginning of each deal, the dealer hands the pack to each player in turn and asks him to cut. This is a privilege which bars the percentage against the cutting player for that deal. Hunter waited for 15 minutes before it came Matterson's turn to cut. That was the agreed moment. As soon as the lay-out was made Hunter bet $2,500 on the queen of clubs against a deuce of diamonds. The dealer paused as the bet was called, methodically counted the roll, found it correct and began to pull the cards. Queen won.

"Hunter was paid, stuffed the money in his pocket and rose with the remark that he was no hog and had enough. Here Matterson's nerve failed him slightly. He should have sat still, but he rose also. Now the dealer, an old gambler knew that he had been robbed. That fact stuck out like a sore thumb. But he did not know how it had been done and, not knowing, he could not object. He looked steadily at the two men, bowed his head gravely and said in Spanish:

"'Senores Americanos, very well done—very well done, indeed!'

"Full of glee, Hunter and Matterson came to me at the Hotel Iturbide, showed me their wealth and told me how it was done. The thing was ingenious, but absurdly simple. All Mexican monte decks have backs of the same pattern. I think that the cards are made by the same firm. Matterson had bought a large, heavy red silk handkerchief. He bent four pins and stuck them into the corners of this handkerchief. While sitting at the table he had taken the handkerchief from his pocket and fastened it by the four corners to the inside of his trouser legs, making himself an artificial lap. When it came his turn to cut he merely substituted his own for the dealer's deck, handed his deck to the dealer, and, with a single motion of his hand, emptied the dealer's cards into the handkerchief. While all eyes were intent upon Hunter's bet, Matterson had unhooked the handkerchief, wadded it up with the cards in it, and stuck the whole business into his pocket. He had rung in a cold deck."

The one-legged brakeman, who had been impatiently waiting a chance to break in, said: "Them Mexikins ain't got no sense. I heard onct of a alcalde in the little town of Valladeras, out in Noovo Leon, close to the narrer guage. There was a hole five feet deep an' six feet across in the middle o' th' only street, an' some Amerikins that happened along arsked him w'y he didn't fill it up. The hole had been there fur 50 years, an' he hadn't never thought of fixin' it, but he said it wouldn't be a bad idee. So he set some peons to work. Under his bossin' they dug a hole in front o' th' old hole an' threw in th' dirt. When they got through th' old hole was full an' they had a new hole. They had to fill thet hole up, an' they did it in the same way. They kep this up for two months, workin' slow, in Mexikin fashion, an' layin' off on feast days. They allers had a hole to spare, but it didn't bother 'em any. Finally they got out into th' country an' quit with a big hole in th' middle of th' road, but thet weren't any o' th' alcalde's concern. I guess he's th' only man alive thet ever dug a hole out o' town."

"I suppose that will be about all," said the conductor, and the railroad men went home.—N. Y. Sun.

Not Yet.

Globe-Trotter—Are you going to recuperate this summer?

Stay-at-Tome—No, I shall wait until my family gets back, and then we'll see what there is left to recuperate on.

Office Chat.

"It is said that a full-grown elephant can carry a load of two tones."

"Yes, and even then he probably wouldn't wobble as much as you did under the load you carried when you started for home last night."—Chicago Daily News..

A Difference Only in Name.

We call it ice cream. To the English it is known as cream ice. Just when or where it was invented is the question many people have tried to solve. In the beginning of the century it was almost unknown in England, though well known in Naples and Sicily, where the cream was artfully made into copies of peaches, apples, apricots and such dainties, much as we have them to-day made in molds.

CHINESE "HELLOS."

The Telephone Extensively Used in San Francisco.

Kitchens in That City Are Supplied with Up-to-Date Conveniences for the Celestial Cooks.

In San Francisco, where cooking and the matters pertaining to the kitchen are the subject of more thought than in the east, there has been introduced what is known as the kitchen telephone, and it has been voted such an unqualified success that no well appointed house in California is without a "hello machine" in its kitchen.

The maid of all work and the kitchen fairy of the Pacific coast is a Chinaman. This peculiar feature of the far west has not yet come into favor in the east, but those Americans who have tried it say that there is no superior to the pig-tailed chef and the addition of an almond-eyed president of the kitchen realm is a distinct advance in the direction of overcoming the national complaint of dyspepsia.

But to send the cook out to order the dinner was found to be accompanied by various drawbacks. The tradesmen were disposed to "guy" the celestials; the celestials were not averse to paying a visit to the nearest fan-tan game when sent on an errand and the troubles that followed in the train of this dereliction of duty were almost too numerous to enumerate. So the Californian housewives set about to discover some means of communicating with the provision dealer, the grocery man and the fruit merchant without the necessity of sending a messenger to them; and the telephone was the result of their cogitations.

It took a long time to get the Chinese cooks educated to the idea that the telephone was a perfectly harmless invention. Every Chinese cook in the west had not read that Confucius speaks of the use of the telephone in deceiving the guileless Chinaman of thousands of years ago, and it required a special meeting of the Chinese cooks, at which the story was read to them, to convince them that the god of the telephone would not visit his wrath upon their heads if they dared to exorcise him in the way suggested by the white employers. The story told by an intelligent Chinaman, who was pressed into the service by the California women when they were endeavoring to educate their cooks up to using the telephone, went on to say that the priests of the time of a few thousand years before Confucius had two temples, in one of which the confession of the Chinamen would be received. Then the confessor would be told to go post-haste to the other temple, where the second priest would grant him absolution. While the Chinaman was covering the space between the two temples the first priest was hard at work telephoning the substance of the confession to the second one, so that by the time the Chinaman arrived at the second temple his story was ready to be reeled off to him until he was compelled to grovel before the supernatural being who possessed such powers of divination.

Since the innovation desribed the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company has gone among the 25,000 Chinese in San Francisco, many of whom are wealthy merchants, and has induced so many of the Chinese to subscribe that a telephone exchange has been established in Chinatown, which is the only one in the United States. — Chicago Chronicle.

A Clock That Runs a Year.

Peter M. Ravenskilde, of Cabrey, Ill., has invented a clock that will run a year, perhaps longer, without attention. It was started August 26, 1898, and has not stopped or lost or gained time since. The clock is run with a wheel 60 inches in circumference. From the outer surface of the wheel are suspended 120 cups, each one-half inch in diameter and a third of an inch deep. Forty of these cups contain steel balls three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Every minute and a half, as this wheel turns by the weight of the balls, one of the balls falls out of the cup and rolls down an inclined plane 20 inches long, when, by its own weight, it reunites a broken circuit of electricity and is elevated by a little car traveling along an inclined plane to the top of the wheel, where it falls into a cup which stands vertical for a short time. After the car discharges its cargo it returns to its original station by its own weight. From the time one of these balls is dropped into a cup until it is again dropped into another cup it travels 36 inches. Thus the work done by all the balls is equivalent to one ball traveling over a mile a day, 400 miles in one year, and in 60 years the distance around the globe. The electricity used is generated in an ordinary storage battery. —Kansas City Star.

Medical Research in the Army.

The Philadelphia Medical Record asks: "Why should we not always look to our army and navy medical service for important scientific communications? The opportunities for work in many of the army posts, if proper encouragement is given, are great. In the newly acquired districts in the Antilles and in the Philippines these opportunities will be considerably extended." The malarial parasite was discovered by Laveran, a French army surgeon, while Ross, a British army surgeon, recognized that the mosquito is an intermediate and plays an important part in carrying disease.

String Beans Stewed in Butter.

Prepare the beans as usual, parboil them, then put them on in just enough new boiling water to cover them, and add as much butter as you would use in dressing them to serve. Let them cook in the water and butter for two hours, adding water as it boils away. Pepper and add salt to taste, add a little milk if preferred, and you will have a dish, fint not only for a king, but for the independent American citizen who pays his way as he goes.—Housewife.

Melons.

Ice cold melons may be delicious, but they are by no means safe things for delicate people to eat. In moderate quantities and at a reasonable temperature melons are wholesome and harmless. They are eaten raw and usually without seasoning. Sometimes a little salt or sugar, or both, are sprinkled over them.—Ledger Monthly.

INGRATITUDE AND MURDER.

How an Ingrate Laid the Plans Which Resulted in the Killing of His Friend.

A detective told a story a few evenings ago which illustrates the ingratitude of criminals. The ingrate, says a Chicago exchange, was one of the principals in the McGee murder, which was committed a little over a year ago. His name was W. J. Willows, a well appearing youth, but the man who decoyed the aged creamery agent into the Indiana avenue apartment building where Jacks killed him. Willows had "been in trouble" before that, and the man "who came to the front" for him was the keeper of a lunch counter near the Criminal Court building. The man's wife had known Willows in his days of respectability in a small Michigan town. She urged her husband to do what he could for him, and, with money for attorney's fees and a few well placed words of commendation, Willows was helped to get out of the scrape. The lunch-counter man was a close personal friend of the old man McGee, and liked him much. He talked to Willows about him in their short acquaintanceship in the days of Willows' trouble, and the lunch-counter man told his acquaintance how much this friend had done for him, yet, while in jail, Willows met Jacks and the two of them formed the plan of robbery which led to McGee's murder. The lunch-counter man lost his best friend through a needless and useless murder and Willows earned a sentence in the penitentiary.

BRAVE JAPANESE WOMEN.

How Count Ito's Wife Saved His Life During a Rebellion Many Years Ago.

A Japanese lady is noted for her courage, her strength of mind and her self-possession. It is wonderful to think what physical trials and dangers these fragile little creatures will undergo in an emergency. The late prime minister's life was saved by the courage and presence of mind of his wife.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, during a rebellion, Count Ito was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his house, send a band of "soshis" to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching, and trapped like a rat in its hole, the count drew his sword and prepared to die, but the countess whispered: "Do not die; there is hope still," and, removing the "hibatchi," or fire box, and lifting up the mats and the planks beneath, she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese houses. The murderers broke into the room just as the fire box had been replaced and demanded of the countess their victim. In vain they threatened and cruelly ill-treated her, dragging her about the room by her long black hair. But it was of no avail; they could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage Count Ito escaped and has lived to give to his country a new constitution.

REMEMBERED PARTING.

After Three Years of Separation Naval Officer and His Spouse Exchange Greetings.

Navy families are used to separations. A middle aged officer of the navy left Washington three years ago for a cruise on the China station, says the Post. On the evening that he left his wife herself prepared an especially dainty dinner for him, the bill of fare winding up with strawberry shortcake. Only half the shortcake could be eaten by the family, so heartily had they partaken of the other viands, and the officer said to his wife: "You can just put the remaining half of that shortcake in the refrigerator and we'll have it to-morrow." He forgot for the moment that he was going away that night. His wife went down to the station with him and among the final instructions she gave him was an imperative command to have his hair trimmed as soon as he reached San Francisco. The officer had, absent-mindedly, permitted his hair to grow rather long.

He returned to Washington recently, after an absence of a month more than three years. His wife met him at the station. After their first salutation she said to him, smiling:

"I observe that you obeyed orders and had your hair cut."

"Yes, my dear," replied the officer, "and did you save me that bit of strawberry shortcake?"

A COUNTESS' REVENGE.

She Called Her Hated Rival to Her Deathbed and Disfigured Her for Life.

A tragic story of feminine revenge comes from Vienna. The count and countess Napodano lived happily together until the count fell in love with the daughter of the local doctor, Concetto Devajo by name, a charming young girl of 18 years. The count deserted his wife and eloped with Concetta Devajo. The Countess Napodano obtained a divorce from her husband, who then married Concetta. Two years later Count Napodono and Countess Concetta returned to Matuggacci. The former Countess Napodano was now on her deathbed. She sent a message to the Countess Concetta that she would like to see her before she died. The countess, wishing to humor the wishes of the dying woman, went to see her. The invalid asked her to stoop and kiss her. As the fresh young face of her rival came near her own the dying woman raised herself, and by an almost superhuman effort bit a piece clean out of Concetta's cheek and mouth, then fell back dead, with a contented smile on her features. Concetta was disfigured for life, and her husband, the fickle count, left her for a new love.

AGE OF MAN IN AMERICA.

A Subject That Has Been Soberly Discussed and Intemperately Ridiculed.

The claim of satisfactory evidence of the extreme antiquity of man in the valley of the Delaware river has been soberly discussed and intemperately ridiculed until the public, both scientific and general, have become tired of hearing the subject mentioned; but this is no valid reason why the truth should not be ascertained, says the Popular Science Monthly. If a man in a paleolithic stage of culture did exist on the Atlantic seaboard of North America, then we have a basis upon which to build—a tangible starting point from which to date a history of human activities on this continent. As it is, we have but an immense array of facts, largely underrated, and the greater portion sadly distorted and misleading because of the reckless theories set forth with them by their discoverers, and undoubtedly there never has been, in the whole range of scientific agitation of a simple question, so great a volume of reckless assertion, illogical deduction and disregard of exact statement. The main question was often wholly lost sight of and the author's sole purpose that of demonstrating some one else in error. Predetermination on the part of many has been fatal to the value of their field work. Convinced on theoretical grounds, such are necessarily blinded when on the spot where positive evidence occurs. He who does not desire the object searched for seldom finds it; and later in the day pride declines to accede to the just demands of candor—the admission of having reached a wrong conclusion.

DECEIT IN A PUNCH BOWL.

The Clever Resourcefulness of a Bachelor Girl Who Gave a House "Cooling."

The bachelor girl had a house cooling the other night. The house warming is so effete that she disdains it, and instead gives frequent and merry house coolings. The house cooling takes place whenever she moves, says the Chicago Times-Herald, and as she moves whenever she gets tired of the wall decorations her parties are one of the standbys of the season.

The last one before her summer flight took place the other evening. It did not differ from the ordinary except that a huge punch bowl, surrounded by a Bacchanalian wreath of grapevines, completed the artistic beauty of the dining table. Whether the claret cup was better than usual or whether it only seemed so, who can tell? At any rate, the house cooling was a success, so much so that the next flat neighbor stayed after the last guest had fluttered away, and when the next flat neighbor stopped to discuss matters it was a sure sign that the evening was a red letter one.

"Tell me," said the hostess, after the portiere had gathered its Bagdad folds together, "was it all right? Could you detect it?"

The next flat neighbor demanded further explanations.

"Why, the punchbowl," whispered the bachelor girl. "If the lynx eyes of my dearest friend did not discover it I could trust my enemy. The punchbowl, with its Bacchanalian wreath of grapevines, is only an old washbowl which I borrowed for the occasion.

A HANDCUFF ADVENTURE.

The Awkward Predicament of a Jocular Mail Clerk Who Got Caught in One.

A little fun at the Birmingham post office led to a remarkable sequel, says the South Wales News. Among the postal tickets was a parcel containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the package had, during transit, been badly torn, with the result that when the handcuffs reached the Birmingham sorting officer they were exposed to view.

They were an object of curiosity, and presently one of the clerks jocularly clasped one of the cuffs round the wrist of his left hand. To his dismay there was no key to unfasten it, and he therefore went to the central police station. Here a key was found, but as the officer was turning it it broke off in the cuff. The situation, at first comical, had now become really serious. The broken key would have to be drilled out or the handcuff filed through before the clerk could be released from his unpleasant incumbrance. But it was Sunday and no place of business was open. The clerk therefore returned to the post office and explained his plight to his superintendent, by whom he was ordered to go to Derby by the first train the next morning, explain the whole circumstances to the owner of the handcuffs and apologize; and then return to Birmingham and proceed to the manufacturer and have the handcuff taken off.

An Uncertain Quantity.

"At what period of life does female beauty decline?" queried Flitterly.

"Well," chirped Flatterly, "that depends a good deal upon the girl; the last beauty I tackled declined very suddenly about 19."—Town Topics.

The Hardest Part.

Uncle Silas—So ye've been studyin' art, hey? Well, hev ye larnt the business?

His Nephew—Not quite, uncle. I haven't learned how to sell my pictures yet.—N. Y. Journal.

Technical.

She—I suppose now that you are studying surgery you have a great deal of brain work to do.

He—Well, sometimes; but more often we just have to cut up muscles and such things.—Town Topics.

A Surprise.

Lord Dedbroke—Ah, my American wife is one out of a million!

Jack Dasher—Indeed! I didn't think you could get way with it so soon. —N. Y. World.

Better by Far.

"Married yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."—Tit-Bits.

Where He Excels.

"Is your office boy systematic?"

"He hasn't any system about his work, but he is abnormally systematic about his holidays."—Chicago Daily Record.

Not Much of a Loss.

Patrice—Charley lost his head in the interview, I hear.

Patience—Well, he didn't lose much. —Yonkers Statesman.

Regular to a Fault.

Boggs—Is Dobbs a man of regular habits?

Biggs—Yes. He gets drunk every pay day.—N. Y. Journal.