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1899 AUGUST. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

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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DOWNFALL OF LITTLE WILLIE.

Being an exposition of the fact that science, though excellent in its way and perhaps indispensable, may not be a good thing all around, after all.

Little Willie's ways are dreary,
He is sick at heart and sore;
Once he cheered us with his laughter,
He is doing so no more.

Little Willie has a sister
Who is fair and twenty-three;
Never was a gentle maiden
Sweeter, daintier than she.

Willie's sister has a fellow
Whom she loved with all her might,
And he comes to see her with the
Regularity of night.

Willie's sister's fellow's father
Is a millionaire whose one
Wish appears to be to pamper
The desires of his son.

Willie's sister's fellow used to
Ride behind a blooded pair
That could "do a mile in '20"
Without moistening a hair.

Willie used to hold those charges
While their owner was inside
Asking Willie's happy sister
To get ready for a ride.

And it used to seem to take her
Long to make her toilet, too;
Or, perhaps, 'twas not her toilet—
Willie didn't care a sou.

Oft he sat there in the carriage
While the hours dragged along,
Holding firmly to the ribbons,
Pouring out his soul in song.

And his pretty sister's fellow
Gladdened him with many a fee—
Ah, the way that child spent money
Was astonishing to see!

Nearly all he ate was candy,
He had friends to turn away;
All the boys were out for Willie
Everywhere and every day.

His opinion was their gospel,
They were all on Willie's side
Willie was their saint and leader,
Willie's heart was full of pride.

Gone, alas, is Willie's prestige!
And his friends, oh, where are they?
One of them gave little Willie
A sad beating yesterday!

Little girls make faces at him,
Who had only smiles before;
Willie doesn't carry candy
In his pockets any more.

Little Willie's heart is heavy,
There's a shadow on his brow—
Little Willie's sister's fellow
Has a horseless carriage now!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A DANAE IN SABOTS.

"DRIVE to the Bois."

The English coachman knew by the way his master slammed the door of the coupe that the world did not wag well with him.

Henry Duval leaned back on the seat and impatiently slapped his gloves on his knee, staring blankly out of the window as the carriage rolled down the broad avenue, gay with equipages and pedestrians. Ordinarily he would have noted each rider's skill, and even the clothes he wore, and would have had a smile for every woman of his acquaintance, but this morning he was overshadowed by a sense of defeat, at which he was as much surprised as confounded.

To think that it was only yesterday—a few fleeting hours ago—that he held his head high among his confreres, and now! What mattered it if all Paris still echoed bravo when she had criticised his "Danae," a picture that had aroused the envy and enthusiasm of the artistic world?

In vain he sought to forget her words, to cry out that one foolish woman's judgment could not count against the public praise which he had reaped as his just reward after years of work.

The reason for her criticism is what stung him most. Her words still rang in his ears:

"You fail, Henri, in achieving the highest; you depict the body, and not the soul. This Danae is beautiful flesh and blood, but the charm of the allegory is lost. The beauty that wins a divinity should possess an inspiration beyond that born of flesh tints and curves. It is this lack, mon ami, that makes me ice to your flame. My late husband was a brutal sensualist; you have dimly outlined my years of penance with him. You are a refined sensualist; you would not throw your boots at my head in a drunken frenzy, or parade your mistress before me in public, but your nature lacks the ideality I need now more than ever. You plead your old friendship as a sure precursor of unending love. Alack! Henri, the boy I once played with has vanished, never to return. Around the man I now know cling affectionate memories of the past, but he is not to me the possibility of a faithful spouse for the future. Unless you can prove to me that your fortune has not degraded your art, that in a luxurious life you rise above yourself, above selfishness, we cannot be one in either thought or heart. When I see a canvas signed by you bearing the imprint of a noble soul, as well as a trained eye and skilled hand, then, Henri, I may listen to your ardent wooing."

He could see her as she stood beside him, calm and thoughtful, her hand resting for a moment upon his arm, yet with an impalpable something separating her utterly from him. It brought little solace to his soul to know that ten years before, if he had but spoken to the fair girl he knew so well, she might have been his; before her parents had hurried her into the marriage with that rich old count whose death at last was the sole comfort his wife ever derived from her marriage with him.

Henri Duval had loved the maiden well, but the young wife better, though her irreproachable life shielded her from even an attempt on his part to express his devotion. So he dreamt his dreams and lived his easy life, reserving always, in the depths of his being, a pure place for her image, while his daily entourage was flavored with the bohemia of art and Parisian youth. His plebeian grandfather had amassed a fortune and the marriage of his father with the penniless daughter of a duke had dowered him with the right to hobnob with the mighty ones of the land, so that Henri had found his path in life a rosy one. Rich, clever and handsome, he was immensely popular, a little spoilt by adulation and very sensitive to praise or criticism.

The contemplation of marriage had not escaped his thoughts, but he feared that he would grow weary of domestic joys, and the women he met were either too frivolous or too serious—all except the one of his dreams, whose marriage had caused him to feel a distinct sense of loss in his life. A thousand times he had blamed himself for letting this treasure slip away from his grasp, and when, at last, she was free again, he found her more beautiful, more gracious. Then he poured out his passionate love, only to find his idol turn cold before his eyes. Never could he forget her cruel words, and yet she had confessed that since she was a child she had loved him, and for that reason had avoided seeing him while married to the count. For one moment, for one heavenly instant, her great brown eyes had gazed into his with tenderness. Then the look had vanished, and a quiet dignity enveloped her, as with an icy mantle. Henri had felt powerless to take her hand, and his eager words died upon his lips. Thus had they parted.

The carriage stopped. The coachman wished to know whether monsieur had any particular route in view.

"Drive anywhere—to the devil," cried Duval, crossly, and they turned down a long alley toward a lake. The young artist looked listlessly at the children playing and nurses gossiping.

Suddenly he pulled the check string. Why should he be mewed up in the coupe? Why had he not taken his saddle horse? Ah, only because he had not known what he was doing or saying since yesterday. This was no day to sit cooped up in a carriage. At least he could walk; the exercise would be a relief. Telling his man to wait for him at the entrance to the Bois, Henri strode into a shady path that bespoke solitude and wandered on, while repeating in his mind over and over again the scene of yesterday. At last a sense of weariness caused him to rest on a bench. There he sat brooding and absorbed till his reveries were broken by the voices of children.

Abstractedly Duval looked up and watched them at their play—a boy of some eight years and a girl perhaps two years younger. Gradually his mood changed, and he became conscious of the radiance of the day, the deep blue sky and the autumn tints that glinted and glowed in the sunlight. The air was as wine to his thirsty lungs, and life grew full of possibilities again, and his thoughts took a new course. Why could he not paint a soul as well as a body He would win Blanche yet. He would not make any effort to see her now, but would work and wait. His life should prove his right to win her love. He would paint a picture that even she would praise. A hundred subjects presented themselves to his busy brain as he sat there watching those two children who stopped in their play and were crossing the roadway. Hand in hand they came, the boy leading his younger companion, now running, now halting, to avoid a passing carriage, until they reached the graveled footpath. There they lingered again, playing on the grass bordering the path. Both had on blue aprons and little wooden shoes. They were without hats, and typical children of the poor. Presently, quite unconsciously, the little girl fell into a pose beneath a slender tree, whose leaves autumn had turned with Midas touch to pure gold.

The breeze blew her short curls about her forehead; her apron was full of colored leaves the boy had thrown to her. Just then a rustling above caused her to look up and a shower of golden leaves descended upon her dark curls, blue apron and little sabots.

"Ah, sweet child Danae," cried Duval, "thou art an inspiration."

A year of work brought forth the picture that made him famous. It was a simple subject—a child with wind-tossed locks, holding open her blue apron to catch the golden shower of leaves, sent dancing down upon her by the autumn wind.

The public raved over the beauty of the child's eager, upturned face, the blue of the sky and the gold of the tree, but Blanche read the message of the soul in the innocent eyes, and gave her heart into the keeping of the artist who had painted "A Little Danae in Sabots."—Madame.

A Modern Solomon's Judgment.

The Greek ecclesiastical authorities at Aleppo have been called upon to decide a case which strongly recalls Solomon's famous judgment. By a strange coincidence a woman and her daughter both gave birth to a female child at the same time. But the babies got mixed, and as one of them was ugly and the other pretty and healthy both mothers claimed the latter. The elder woman maintained that, as all her other children were handsome, the ugly child could not be hers, while her daughter claimed that, being young, handsome and strong, she could not be the mother of a weak and ugly baby. The religious chief of the town settled the affair in a summary way. He adjudged the beautiful child to the daughter on the ground that, it being her first, the occasion was not to be made one of humiliation and disappointment, while the elder mother could afford to forego her claim, since she had already had several handsome children.—Constantinople Malumat.

The American Plan.

Smith—Are you going to allow your daughter to marry that worthless young dude?

Brown—I haven't decided yet. In fact, I don't know whether my daughter is going to allow me to have anything to say about it.—N. Y. Journal.

A Drama with a Lesson.

"But they marry in the last act, do they not?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "It seems to be understood that they will some day, but there is no definite arrangement when."

She sighed and he took the hint.—Puck.

Another Burden Added.

Mrs. Gotham—I hear your husband has brought you twin bedsteads.

Mrs. Church—That's right.

"Good gracious! Isn't one bedstead enough to have to look under every night, without having two?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Domestic Catastrophe.

"Then there is no hope?" said the man desperately.

"None," she calmly replied. "The iceman must have stolen it."

She had saved a piece of pie from luncheon for his dinner, and now it was gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not All English.

Little Miss Wayupp—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highupp—N—o, but his clothes is.—N. Y. Weekly.

MEAN YANKEE TRICK

How a Dealer in Fireworks Fooled the Maine Authorities.

His Crackers and Rockets Were Loaded with Bad Whisky and Created Havoc in a Quiet Prohibition Town.

The neatest and most successful job of rum smuggling ever heard of in Maine was carried out at Millinockett upon the glorious Fourth. Enough liquor was brought in to lay out nearly the entire population and create a continual uproar from early in the morning until late at night.

Millinockett can hardly be called a village yet, as it consists only of a railroad station on the Bangor & Aroostook railroad and an immense clearing upon which the foundations of the largest pulp and paper plant in the world are growing. The streets of the future village are represented only by lines of stakes. There are some 1,000 men here at work, and they live in shanties, tents, etc., the place resembling a western mining camp without the cowboys and noise. The Great Northern Paper company owns the town and about everything in it. The management has from the first taken precautions to prevent the bringing of liquor into the place, and up to the Fourth had been eminently successful. A deputy sheriff has given his whole time to watching the trains, and every suspicious box or bundle has been carefully scrutinized.

On the day before the Fourth a young fellow presented himself at the company's office and politely inquired if there was any objection to his offering a few fireworks for sale. As the company's store had not stocked up with fireworks and there would apparently be no great demand, permission was readily given. The next train brought several large cases conspicuously marked: "Fireworks. Keep dry," and the vigilant deputy gave them only a passing glance.

As a sort of opening the young man fired off several crackers, and a dozen of the stonemasons sauntered down to look over the stock. Soon business began to be brisk.



"SHAY, HAVE SUPIN' WI' ME."

The young man had all he could do to attend to customers. As the forenoon wore on there came a regular bargain counter crush. Men were buying cannon crackers and mines and rockets as if their life depended upon having a supply. And the prices were something wildly out of proportion. A cannon cracker brought one dollar; mines, two dollars; rockets and Roman candles, from one to two dollars. But the funny thing about it was that every man put for the woods as soon as he made the purchase. In every direction men were seen hurrying away with two or three mines and a Roman candle in their arms and a cannon cracker or two sticking out of their pockets. And, strangely enough, there were no reports. Everyone seemed to be saving his fireworks until evening.

The young man sold out his stock, slipped an elastic around a big wad of bills, and with every pocket loaded with silver struck a line through the bushes for a siding a mile below, and at last accounts was speeding away toward Oldtown on a handcar.

Meanwhile things began to grow warm at Millinockett. It seemed as if the whole town was getting gloriously and uproariously drunk. Finally, the mystery was solved. One of the men, more drunk than wise, walked up to the sheriff and held out a cannon cracker, saying:

"Shay, have supin' wi' me. Good shtuff. Ginuine firewater, right out of the fire."

The sheriff snatched the cracker from the man's grasp and the truth flashed upon him. It was no firecracker, but a shell containing a glass bottle, which held, when full, half a pint of the most villainous whisky ever compounded.

Just a Trifle Too Suggestive.

Jacob A. Riis tells of a reporter detailed to police headquarters by a well-known newspaper. His special forte was fires. He is dead, poor fellow. The firemen in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when off duty, so that he might always be within hearing of the gong, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the florist. He hit upon a floral fire badge, as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in full view of all, that triumph of the florist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortelles: "Admit within fire lines only."

Collection of Caricatures.

One of the daughters of Senator Clark, of Montana, has a large collection of the caricatures of her father published during his recent political contest for a senatorial seat.

Wasn't in the Mood.

"I thought you intended to preach on the evils of profanity this morning," said the minister's wife, after the service. "Why did you change your mind?"

"I dropped my collar button while dressing for church, my dear," replied the good man, "and I didn't feel I could conscientiously do the subject justice."—Chicago Daily News.

Same Old Ocean.

"What does Polly write home from the sea shore?"

"She says everything is just like it was last year—plenty of simpletons and surf."—Detroit Free Press.

WITH THE RHYMSTERS.

The Story of the Klondike.

They are coming from the Klondike,
Loaded down with bags of gold;
Every day or two the story
Of the wonder is retold!
They are bringing home their fortunes
And the figures that they name
Make us stare and make us sorry
That we aren't in the game.

They are coming down from Dawson
To astound the toilers here;
They are coming home with money
To fling in the atmosphere;
They are keeping us excited
With the tales that they unfold,
And they fill our sleep with visions
Of alluring heaps of gold.

But for each who comes to tell us
Of the fortune that he found
There are hundreds who are digging
In unprofitable ground—
Hundreds who, alone and hungry,
Labor on from day to day,
Looking back and longing vainly
For the crusts they threw away.

They are coming with big stories
Of the riches that they bear,
And their figures may be truthful,
But the bones that whiten there,
And the moaning and the yearning
Of the hundreds left behind
Tell a story that is truer
Of the treasures that they find.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald

The Woods.

When I was sad, to the heart of the woods I stole—
To the woods alone—
And the grave woods listened to my burdened soul
When my soul made moan;
No need of words, for the heart of the woods to hear—
To the soul's mute cry
In her solitude the quiet trees give ear,
And the still blue sky—
The sky that looks through the trees like loving eyes—
Till the soul-pangs cease;
And the solemn pines point singing to the skies—
And the pines sing "Peace!"

When I was glad, to the heart of the woods I went—
To the woods alone—
And the kind woods listened, making my content,
My joy, their own;
The blue sky smiled, and the leaves made merry with me,
For they understood;
Who seeks will find a friend in every tree
In the heart of the wood.
Yet, lingering there, so deep the soul-joy grows,
Light mirth must cease;
And far above, where the free wind comes and goes,
The pines sing "Peace!"
—Francis Barine, in Youth's Companion.

The South Wind.

Sweet is the power the South Wind holds,
With his pinions of sunshine and garments of air
That scatter from out of their weightless folds
The scent of magnolias, faint and rare.

When the South Wind comes, th the daisies awake,
And nod at the great white clouds as they pass;
And out on the meadow the breeze-blown lake
Can scarce be told from the rippling grass.

He sets the ripening corn atune,
Then sweeps it with his magic bow;
And listen! An enchanted rune—
A whispered lullaby, soft and low,

That tells of shimmering jungles deep,
Of warm, blue skies and forests calm—
Of plains where buried cities sleep,
Of lemon-grass and ancient palm.

This is the South Wind. Mark him well—
This soft-spoken, blue-eyed enchanter, who seems
To weave round the senses a delicate spell
Of bright, fragile clouds and of midsummer dreams.
—William Hurd Hillyer, in N. Y. Observer.

A Summer's Day.

How does a summer's morn come up?
Winds that wake the listless leaves;
Sky that rose and purple leaves;
Vague, dim chirp of birds again,
Deepening with the dawn; and then,
Woods that ring with joyous din,
Bees that flowery search begin,
Rustling plumes of ripening corn—
This is summer's morn.

How does a summer's noon begin?
Quivering glare on vale and hill;
Heavy leaves hang thick and still;
Bird-songs hushed, and drowsy chir
Of the tired-out grasshopper;
Butterflies, in throngs, unfold
Wavering wings, like tangled gold;
Faint and low, the brooklet's croon—
This is a summer's noon.

How does a summer's night come down?
Sudden fire-flies roundabout—
Sparks of daylight dying out;
Call of testy katy-did,
Under dusty vine-leaves hid;
And the cricket's shrilling cry,
Pausing at a footfall nigh;
God's own restful, starry light,
This is a summer's night.
—George Cooper, in Golden Days.

Shapes Forever Fair.

Wouldst look upon what ruthless years have done
With loveliest things that ever knew the sun,
Delve not where
The mold is on old marbles rare;
Look not there.

For purest beauty that has passed away
Look not in ruined fanes of old decay
Seek not there
The sovereign shapes forever fair;
Look not there.

Look in the pale sad face no longer young,
Look through the suffering that has found no tongue;
That despair,
Mute, gentle, let it be thy care;
There, seek there.

Look in and in, with tender, tireless art,
Among the beauties of a ruined heart;
Shapes made fair
With glory only love can wear,
Seek them there!
—Harper's Weekly.

Sweet Service.

To toil for her is blessing; to suffer still is sweet;
To wear the thorns, if roses only blossom at her feet!
In the thrall of storm and thunder to endure the darkest night,
If only the dear eyes of her are lifted to the light!

To dream of her is heaven, where white the angels throng;
To sing of her is sweeter than for the sake of song.
And all the world is loveliness in even its darkest night
If only the dear eyes of her are lifted to the light!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Kiss of the Innocent.

I hear the patter of her feet,
I hear her anxious little cry;
She runs to meet me down the street,
My heart, at sight of her, leaps high.

Ah, here is love—true love—for me!
No guile is in her baby breast!
I run to clasp her hungrily,
My lips to hers are fondly pressed!

Why She Can't.

"Pooh!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I could marry a title as well as anyone if it were not for one thing."

"What's that?" they asked.

"I haven't the money to make the purchase."—Chicago Post.

A Natural Question.

Little Clarence—The funny-bone is in the elbow, isn't it, pa?

Mr. Callipers—Yes, my son.

Little Clarence—Well, pa, is that what makes people laugh in their sleeves?—Puck.

UNDERTAKER'S PROGRESS.

A Rubber Tired Carriage for Church Aisles Is One of the Newest Inventions

Among the many new appliances of up-to-date undertakers is the casket carriage, upon which a burial casket may be moved up the aisle of a church. The latest form of casket carriage, upon which a patent was issued in the present year, is of lattice construction, of brass. It is supported upon six low rubber-tired wheels, three on a side. When not in use it can be closed up together, occupying a small space; when opened for use it is of ample size to bear a casket, which can be moved upon it securely, smoothly and noiselessly along the aisle, says the New York Sun.

It is not expected that the casket carriage will take the place of bearers in state and military and other funerals in which bearers would naturally be employed, but it is found useful in other church funerals, and especially in churches having narrow aisles in which there might not be room for bearers to walk at the side of the casket.

The removal basket is a modern means of conveyance, used by undertakers for the removal of bodies from hospitals or hotels or other places where it might not be convenient or desirable to carry a cumbersome ice box. It is coffin-shaped in its general form, but with rounded outlines and a rounded top. It has a steel framework, upon which the basketwork, of rattan, is woven. Stout wicker handles are woven into the sides. In such a basket, occupying comparatively little space and which may be conveniently handled, the body is removed to the undertaker's.

GIVES BOUNTEOUSLY.

Portugal's Queen Devotes Much of Her Time and Money to Doing Good.

We hear less about Portugal than about Spain at any time, and of late have heard less than usual. The queen of Portugal is a sovereign deserving a long mark for her interest in hospitals and hygiene, and also in the welfare of the children of poverty, says Harper's Weekly. At Alcantara she founded, in 1893, a dispensary peculiarly for meeting the demands of childish invalids, as pleasantly situated as possible, and spaciously planned, combining a diet kitchen, consultation rooms, surgical halls and much of the departmental work of a hospital. Almost every day the queen herself goes to the establishment and takes a personal share in the labors of the charity, now waiting in the kitchen distributions, and again assisting in the surgery.

Several well-known women of her court are equally practical. The general charge of it is committed to a religious order, a favorite of the queen's, but the eminent Portuguese physician, Dr. Sylva Carvalho, heads the staff of medical workers. In one year (1895) there were given in the building 8,559 consultations, 63,704 rations from the diet kitchen, 33,521 bandagings, 76,486 presciptions and 470 vaccinations. The milk and vegetables are furnished gratis by the queen, and the medical supplies are also defrayed by her. Fifteen hundred babies were treated in one twelvemonth. It is said that there is not any royal charity of the sort in Europe so efficiently managed, with the additional active cooperation of the founder.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

Spendthrift Spinsters Were Able to Avoid Their Debt Liabilities by Foregoing Finery.

It was an old idea that a husband whose wife at her marriage was clothed only in a sheet or in the most elementary linen garment was not in any way liable for the debts previously contracted by her, says the writer of "Love and Legend of the English Church." Our parish registers and local traditions give us ample illustration of this quaint idea. At Chiltern, All Saints Wiltshire, is the following entry: "John Bridmore and Annie Selwood was married Oct. 17, 1714. The aforesaid Anne Selwood was married in her smock without any clothes or headgear on." Similar cases occurred at Gorton Green in 1738, at Ashton-under-Lyne in 1771 and at Otley in 1808. Avis' Birmingham Gazette for 1797 vouches for an extraordinary story, according to which a bride disrobed in the vestry and appeared at the altar without even the amount of clothing worn by the ladies in the above cases.

The latest example of which the present writer knows comes from Lincolnshire. The register of Gedney has this commonplace entry: "Dec. 2, 1842. David Wilkinson, full age, bachelor, laborer, of Gedney, to Susan Farran, full age, widow, of Gedney." Local tradition supplements this brief account by relating that the bride was dressed in a sheet stitched about her with holes cut for the passage of her bare arms.

Our Fish Industry at Paris.

It has been decided that the fisheries and forestry exhibit of the United States at the Paris exposition shall be utilitarian only. An exhibit of natural fish will be avoided, but tinned, preserved and dried fish and fishing tackle will make the department of forestry and fisheries one of the most attractive sections in the United States division of the exposition.

Foe of the Trained Nurse.

A German journal is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the trained nurses actively engaged acquire and die of tuberculosis.

Smallpox in London.

Only one death from smallpox has been registered in London during the past 12 months.

Just in Vogue.

"Clementine, what did you do with that curtain goods you bought last week?"

"Well, it was entirely too gay and loud for curtains, so I made a shirt waist of it."—Chicago Record.

An Instance.

She—Do you honestly believe that we women have such a failing for anything that is reduced?

He—Well, there is Miss Antique, whose age is 23—reduced from 38.—Puck.

ONE OF OUR HEROES.

An Instance of the Splendid Courage and Loyalty of Uncle Sam's Soldiers.

The brightest page in the history of any war is, perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officers and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which, when conjoined, make a regiment an almost irresistible force. In "The Story of the Rough Riders," Edward Marshall tells how, when Capt. McClintock was wounded, one of his troopers came and lay down beside him.

"You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot."

"Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firing line."

McClintock, touched as he was by this exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He urged him to leave. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"I'm your captain, and I order you to go. You are doing no good to anyone but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you."

Then the man had to tell.

"I ain't no well man," he slowly admitted. "I'm shot."

"Where?" asked McClintock.

"Oh, it's only a scratch!"

They lay there in silence for a long time. The firing began to come from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak. Then a hospital man came and lifted McClintock to carry him back.

"Take him, too," McClintock managed to articulate.

"No use," said the hospital man. "He's dead."

A SOPORIFIC PLANT.

Cows and Horses Are Peculiarly Affected by One That Grows in Texas.

Mr. Gillespie, of Edinburgh, has called attention to the curious soporific action of certain plants found in Russia and in America, says the Boston Transcript. These plants are known to botanists under the name of stipa. On the Mediterranean coast, where the stipa grows in profusion, it is called virgin's flax, and because of its beautiful blossoms is used extensively for bouquets. In Texas and New Mexico a species of this plant, called stipa viridula, possesses soporific qualities. Cowboys and herders of the west, where the plant grows luxuriantly, often find to their astonishment that their cows and horses are suddenly overcome with sleepiness, accompanied with great weakness. They are rendered incapable of traveling and cannot exert themselves without great effort. Horses and cows are affected alike. The head falls low, the body trembles, the breath comes with difficulty and the heart beats tumultuously. Accompanying this there is profuse sweating exhaustion. The poor animal seems violently sick. However, in a few days his state becomes normal again.

Strangely enough, sheep are not affected by this plant. As an experiment, Mr. Gillespie inoculated frogs and rabbits with an extract from the stipa viridula. After the injection the animals were apparently seized with hallucinations and suffered the anxiety and paralysis of a strong narcotic.

POOR BABY.

A Philadelphia Father Is Bound to Make a Wonder of His Year-Old Infant.

There is a physician in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket and kneads his muscles for 30 minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth is remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It takes a cold bath every morning.

"If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald, and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, as hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."

An Army of Paper.

Lord Charles Beresford in citing illustrations of the causes which have contributed to the decadence of China tells of a Chinese general who is supposed to have 10,000 soldiers under his command, but who keeps only 800 in service. On inspection day thousands of coolies are hired at 11 cents each, so that full lists may be returned to Peking and a year's pay obtained for the larger number.

Photographing Convicts.

After a convict has served out his time in the state prison of Maine and has donned the suit of clothes given to him by the state he is required to sit for his photograph, and it is kept for future use, should his subsequent career call for it. Heretofore only the picture taken upon commitment has been kept and this has often been found of little avail in later years.

Another Sufferer.

They sigh for the man with the hoe,
Who patiently delves in the soil;
But what is his mild sort of woe
To that of the man with a boil?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Advice.

"Young man," said the veteran, "learn to say—"

"I know what you are going to tell me," said the high-browed youth who wore a uniform, "you are going to advise me to learn to say no."

"Not at all. I was going to advise you to learn to say nothing."—Washington Star.

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