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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.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 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.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 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.—[illegible] J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. [illegible] J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William [illegible] Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of 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.

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THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

I drove my old horse Dobbin, full slowly toward the town,
One beautiful spring morning. The rising sun looked down
And saw us slowly jogging and drinking in the balm
Of honeyed breath of clover fields. We heard in Nature's calm
The chirping squirrel, whistling bird, the robin and the wren;
The sound of life and love and peace came o'er the field again.

'Way back behind the wagon there came a tandem bike,
A ped-ling 'long to beat the wind; I never saw the like.
They started by—the road was wide, old Dobbin feeling good,
The quiet calmness of the morn had livened up his mood,
And stretching out adown the road chased those cyclers two,
And Dobbin in his younger days was distanced by but few.

We sped along about a mile, it was a merry chase,
But Dobbin gave it up at last and, dropping from the race,
He looked at me, as if to say: "Old man, I'm in disgrace.
The horse is surely passing by, the bike has got his place."
And all that day, while in the town, old Dobbin's spirits fell;
His stout old pride was shaken sure; the reason I could tell.

But when that night we trotted back from town, below the hill
We met two weary cyclers who waved at us a bill
That had a big V on it, and said it would be mine
If I would let them ride with us and put their bike behind,
And so I whistled softly, and Dobbin winked at me:
"I guess the horse will stay, old man; he's puncture proof—you see?"
—Harness Gazette.

When the Heart is Young.

THE vestry door of the church of St. John the Evangelist opened about an hour after the Sunday morning service and a spruce figure passed slowly down the asphalt walk to the street pavement. It was M. Auguste, the little organist.

M. Auguste had come to a determination within the past hour. The sun of prosperity was beginning to shine upon this middle-aged Alsatian, and he felt the elation of spirit. He had a good position as organist, he had a large music class, he had composed a successful march, he had a bank account. He would have more; he would share his happiness; he would marry.

Practical thought came back to him with the eating of his Sunday restaurant dinner. His pint bottle of cheap wine stimulated him to an act courageous. He would seek the wife of the minister, and ask her help to find him a suitable mate. He had heard that she made many matches among the church people.

In this state of mind he went to the house of the minister, Dr. Dahl, and was announced to the wife of that gentleman, to her great surprise. She had merely a speaking acquaintance with the spruce little organist, but she came to him at once, and expected to hear a tale of woe or distress. Her surprise may be imagined when the excited Alsatian, in a compound of bad English, German and French, poured forth his heart's desires, his thoughts, his hopes, and besought her assistance in finding him a proper life companion. The hopelessness of the task struck her at once, but the earnestness of the organist gained her sympathies. She questioned, she deliberated, hesitated and was lost. Ere an hour had passed she had promised him her assistance.

"I will introduce you to such ladies as would be suitable, you understand," she said, "you must do your own courting, etc."

"Oh, yah, suitable," he nodded, smilingly; "zat iss suit you an' suit me, as 'tis great affaire for me you un'erstand."

Mrs. Dahl watched him away in the direction of the park with misgivings. Shrewd she might be, but she could not fathom the feeling of this poor alien, who felt that now, at a late day, he might build a nest and find a heart mate. * * *

Mrs. Dahl was a sympathetic woman. She entered the interview in her diary and memorandum book. On Monday she discussed the matter for a half hour with her husband, then prepared a list from the church record of such widows and maidens of uncertain years as she thought suitable to M. Auguste's age and circumstances. The next step was to bring about meetings. She arranged some for a coming church social; she secured a widow as a piano pupil for him; she asked two spinsters to tea on a certain evening and invited M. Auguste to meet them. The seventh and last candidate she would ask to ride out with her and include the organist in a drive to a distant park. Then monsieur would confide in her his choice, his emotions. The rest could take care of itself.

No fault could Mrs. Dahl find with monsieur's conduct. He appeared at the church social, obedient to her hints as to appearance and deportment. He was soon presented to several ladies, whom he treated with reverential politeness, but his gaze kept wandering to the bouquet of young maidens who laughed and joked with the youths of the Luther league and the Endeavor circle.

At Mrs. Dahl's suggestion he even escorted one of the widows to her home, and was cordially invited to call upon her in the future. The widow pupil was exceedingly kind to him, but he regarded her with curious eyes, eyes that had something pathetic in them. On the occasion of Mrs. Dahl's tea M. Auguste met the two maiden ladies of good family upon whose virtues Mrs. Dahl had discoursed to him the day before. One played the piano for him very well, the other was a paragon as far as housekeeping qualities were concerned.

Still monsieur rewarded not Mrs. Dahl by a sign of preference. Quite puzzled by his reticence, the minister's wife chose the next day for her drive, and placed by the side of the sensitive organist the last of her several eligibles. This candidate was younger, handsome and more worldly than any lady the aspiring musician had met. She was merry, she was pleasant, and exerted herself to please monsieur. He smiled freely; he was even voluble, but he made no sign to the astonished Mrs. Dahl that he had any choice. Instead his eyes kept their puzzled expression during the whole drive.

Mrs. Dahl requested monsieur to call upon her the next day, and at the hour swept into the room with something of indignation in her mind. The little organist stood at the window and bowed quite as gracefully to her as ever.

"Well, monsieur, and have you found a suitable lady among those you have met?"

Monsieur looked at the minister's wife as a terrified child looks at its tormentor.

"Good madam, are doze all ze ladies zu haf zelected for me?" he stammered.

"Why, you've seen seven. That is a great many to select from, is it not?"

"Zey are all old ladies, iss it not? Zey air not fraish, zu call it; not full of feeling."

"Man alive!" cried Mrs. Dahl, forgetting her politeness in her vexation, "did you expect to meet young girls—to marry as if you were young and fresh yourself? Why, man, look at yourself! You are past middle age. You are not attractive to young girls. Look at yourself!"

She pushed him in front of the long mirror. The poor little organist looked long and hung his head. Then he sought for his hat, and as he took it he turned and spoke:

"Madame, zu haf been kind, verra kind. Zu speak truly. I am nicht young; ze work, ze study, ze poverty has made me old, but I forgot, for ze heart has yet ze youth. I may nefer find ze lady dat I seek—I grow old Madame, I will return to my musique. Forgive me, madame."

"I wanted to cry, and yet I never was so provoked," said Mrs. Dahl to her husband. "Is he or is he not a fool?"

Her husband did not reply. * * *

In the dusk of the evening M. Auguste leaned from the attic window. The magnificence of sunset was in his face, the silvery moon rode high in the east. His eyes showed that he had wept. Now a calmness was in them, the calmness of a resigned hope. A pile of music lay on a chair near him. He would soon go down to the church, and by the single gas jet lighted in the vast room give his whole soul up to his goddess, Music. She would be richer by the death of a hope, the rude dominion of a foolish but ecstatic dream.

There was a timid knock at the door When he opened it there stood a tall, slight girl there. She was very young and very timid. On her arm hung a basket, from which she took a bundle for him.

"Zanks to you, Mlle. Marguerite. Could not ze small brozzer come wiz ze article? Nicht zu?"

The girl colored and tears came into her eyes.

"He is sick—there was no one else. Mother hopes the mending will suit you and that you will have more."

"Yah, oui. I mean yes," said M. Auguste, gravely. "I will come to see small brozzer to-morrow. It will be ze great plazzir to me. Tell him. I will go down ze stairs wiz zu, mademoiselle. Zu air one brave girl, one goot girl."

They proceeded down three flights to the street door. In the light the organist saw the traces of tears on the girl's cheeks. His heart melted. Another wept in sorrow, one so young and who would, were it not for grinding poverty, be fair, be happy. His voice was very gentle.

"Go home, my child," he said. "Ve must all suffer mooch. I will not forget to see ze small brozzer to-morrow; if he is in great dangair come to ze church for me zis evening. I play ze organ to ease my soul. Good night, mademoiselle. I will not forget to pray for ze happiness of one so young, so sorrowful."

He turned up the street, but as she hurried away the girl smiled at him through a very rainbow of tears. That smile went with him, and after he lighted the gas jet in the church gallery he turned to the organ and once more played out an ecstatic, improvised chant to Love, to Home, to Peace, to his hungry heart's best wishes.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Character Not Good.

In some rural districts of England there are held annually hiring fairs, where farmers and others attend to engage servants. At one held in Gloucestershire last autumn a farmer opened negotiations with a lad who seemed suitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer inquired at last:

"Hast got a character from thy last place?"

"No," replied the boy, "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write one."

"Very well," was the reply; "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The time came, and so did the farmer and the boy.

"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came, short and sharp:

"No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."—Detroit Free Press.

Lucid.

A German, who had taken great interest in the completion of the Saengerfest building, and who watched the tearing out of the false work in the inside last Wednesday evening, went to his home, near the big building, ate a hasty supper, and then returned. Wishing to know if all the false work nad been removed, he approached Lieut Hall and asked: "Vell, ees all of dot insite on dot outsite, yet?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Willing to Divide.

Dr. Squills—Are you going to call a consultation?

Dr. Pills—I think not. I don't believe the patient has any more money than I need myself.—N. Y. Journal.

How He Takes It.

"How does your father like the idea of taking you all to Paris next year?"

"Every night he prays for another French revolution." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worst Case on Record.

Scotty—I think Dotty is the most absent-minded man in the world.

Notty—Yes. The other day he discharged his wife and kissed the nurse girl.—Town Topics.

What Tells the Story.

"Do you believe men show character in the way they carry their umbrellas?"

"No; but they show lack of character in the way they carry other people's umbrellas."—Chicago Record.

He Was Quite Sure.

Irate Father—Are you sure you love my daughter for herself alone?

Suitor—Quite sure. If she marries me I shall never ask any of her relatives to live with us.—N. Y. Journal.

HIS LITTLE BEN.

"The gladdest day in all my life was that day Bennie come,
Though when his ma was made my wife my blood was tinglin' some;
How cute and beautiful he was, a-layin' there asleep!
I had to jist kneel down beside his little bed and weep,
Because I felt so good, you know! I promised God that day
That I would leave the way below—The broad and sinful way.

"How proud we was to show our boy—I mean his ma and I—
Each day he brought us greater joy and raised us to'rds the sky!
We hadn't reely lived before he come to make us glad,
The bindin' link between us was that happy little tad;
We lived fer him, we saved fer him, in every way we knew,
Day in, day out, I slaved fer him, well pleased to do it, too.

"We planned a grand career fer him, his happy ma and me—
Wa'n't nothin' too good here fer him, as fur as we could see;
He'd got to go away to school—to college—so we planned,
He'd got to have the best of all a-goin' in the land,
And so we saved and slaved away and sent him off at last—
I guess that I was proud the day I heard my boy had passed!

"He's home agen to stay awhile, until vacation's through;
He's learned a lot concernin' style, he's kind of distant, too;
He brought another chap along, they're college chums, you know;
They ride the horses 'round, and gol! how they do make 'em go!
It's harvest time, but, somehow, they don't sort of seem to care;
While I must stay and work away they gallivant somewhere.

"My back was lame as it could be from puttin' in the hay;
I overheard them talk of me—this happened yisterday!
My boy I used to carry 'round and pray for every night—
My boy that I have battled for and loved with all my might—
He said: 'My folks are good and kind, as you have seen, but, oh,
I'm sorry they are not refined, as yours are, you know.'

"My gladdest day was that day when I learned a father's love,
The day God sent my little Ben down to me from above!
I've slaved fer him, I've saved fer him; I held his little hand,
And guided his first steps; for him I've laid awake and planned!
When he was near the sky was fair; I've prayed beside his bed—
O God of Love, why was I there to hear them words he said!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Jones' Surprise Party

Mrs. Jones Gained a Glorious Victory.

WHEN you get a woman who is a genuine diplomat you'll always find her in the excelsior class. It is the privilege of her sex to go to extremes and when she sets out to attain an end she holds the possibility of death much more lightly than she does that of defeat.

This charming little lady, who would prefer to be called Mrs. Jones under the circumstances, lives within a block of Woodward avenue in one of the best sections of the city. She has been married for eight years, and during seven years, eleven months and three weeks of that time there was one great drawback to her happiness. It is readily figured from this statement that her release came but one short week ago.

Jones must be classified as a good fellow. In a few years more he is liable to be called "Old Suavity," "Old Smoothology," or by some other modern designation equally expressive and irreverent. His voice has a native note of cordiality and is unctuous. His laugh is a contagion, his handshake suggists a vise and he at once impresses one with a desire to do something thoughtful and agreeable. The impression is not misleading, and one of Jones' favorite ways of showing his generosity was to invite people home to dinner. Where the average friendly man would say to "Take a cigar," or "Come in and have something," Jones would smile his genial smile, laugh his happy laugh and insist that you go up and have dinner with him.

There is a commendable feature in such a display of hospitality, but what was to be condemned in Jones was the fact that he never told his wife of these sudden invasions. She repeatedly asked this consideration, but Jones is a busy man and forgot. He would promise volubly and kiss his wife by way of acknowledging his shortcoming, but three days would not pass before he would surprise the patient little matron by suddenly landing in with from one to four men for dinner. He always told them in his hearty way that they would have to take pot luck, but no woman with the pride of a housewife is going to set out a stingy little spread for her husband's friends. She would suffer from it as a reflection bordering upon the shame of being niggardly and improvident. So she hustled, planned, stirred the maid to prodigies of exertion and gained temporary accommodation from the larders of her immediate neighbors. Frequently it was a close shave, but never did Mrs. Jones feel that her guests had been misused or that her dinners were not at least passable.

Her mother frequently urged that she set these predatory birds of passage down to short rations and let them go away hungry for a few successive times. "That'll bring Jones to his senses," declared the elder lady. "He needs a lesson, and that's the way to give it to him. I'll show him. Do you expect to go through life feeding a lot of strangers on short notice? The uncertainty in itself is torture. Have some spunk about you and give Jones such a setback that he'll give you due notice from now on. I would."

But that is not the way of young wives. Mrs. Jones even rebuked her grim mother for such advice, and things moved along in the same uneven groove. But last Sunday there came a crisis. "Saw Jones down town" said a friend of the family as he was passing. "Lot of fellows he used to know in the east are here with the Christian Endeavorers. They are having a picnic talking over old times, and I heard him invite half a dozen or so of them up to dinner. Did he send you word?"

"O, we know they're coming," she answered loyally, though she had just heard of it, and the finest expert could not have detected that her smile was counterfeit. She was in the kitchen before her informant had gone a block. She imparted her enthusiasm to the girl and the whole culinary department rattled with activity. It was hot, but a full head of gas was turned on in the big range and there was a cooking utensil in commission wherever there was room for one. Tribute was exacted from all the people who were in reach, baskets and brown paper being used in the delivery of plunder. Two or three women of the neighborhood were enlisted as assistants, and the hilarity maintained through such a stress of work was something to be wondered at. A little later four young girls in "wash" dresses and becoming aprons put in an appearance and one of the women devoted her entire time drilling these young recruits to wait on the table without sniggering.

Jones and his friends arrived with the noise of a team of horses clattering over the front porch. "Whew!" he began, as soon as he had introduced his wife and could get her by herself, "what's the matter here? It smells like a pickle factory with half a dozen imported odors thrown in. It's something horrible. An oil refinery and a tannery in the neighborhood would be a decided improvement. Anybody been burning junk or garbage? What in creation is it?"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me, dear, that you would bring company to dinner?" and there was a world of troubled solicitude in the face of the demure little Mrs. Jones. "But we'll get through with it. It happens that we have a real surprise. I've heard you tell so often of the merry Dutch lunches you have had down town that I thought I'd get up something warm in that line, with a few other foreign dainties thrown in."

"But the house reeks with garlic and—"

"That's Spanish, you know, dear. They're all old chums of yours, aren't they, Jones? It will be a lark for them. It's the pot roast that gives forth the variegated and pungent aroma. It is a regular vegetable bouquet, and if you and your friends are at all analytical you could name most of the ingredients. There are onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage—red cabbage, dear—rutabegas—"

"Thunder! Abbreviate by telling me what there isn't in it. I told them they'd have to take pot luck, but a pot roast! It's enough to drive them out of the house on the dead run. What kind of meat have you with this agricultural medley?"

"Don't be cross, dear. I know that it's beef, but I can't make out just what part, and then we have a few German meats. If you had only sent me word! But we must make the best of it now."

Jones groaned and nearly fell off his chair with surprise when the young ladies filed in to act as waiters. His companions also looked perplexed and recognized a distinct jar in the domestic machinery. Jones swore in a loud whisper when the round-faced girl from three doors below asked the gentlemen whether they would prefer roggen brod or pumpernickel. The others were dazed and stammered as assurance that they had no choice. The fearfully and wonderfully constructed pot roast lost none of its fragrance by being loaded on the individual plates, and as no one liked all the concomitants there was an ostentatious pretense with scarcely any eating.

The guests made a gallant bluff at weinerwurst, cervelet wurst, kippered herring, dodged the limburger, which Jones declared with savage emphasis was a relief from the abominations of the other odors, took kuchen on faith and came in unanimously on ein beer.

Little Mrs. Jones had fluttered about, chattering merrily and trying to animate her guests, but Jones was as grim as a graven image, intimated that he would have the house fumigated before he slept in it and finally so far lost self-restraint as to want to bet his wife ten millions of dollars that it was all a put-up job. She only smiled angelically and said she was afraid Jones had lost his appetite because of the hot weather.

There was a suppressed period of scattered and halting conversation after the meal and the guests left as soon as they decently could do so. Jones could muster no language equal to his anger, so he jerked a chair where he usually lifted one, kicked things out of his way, slammed doors and growled without deigning to specify what he was growling at. The next morning he dictated a blank form to his typewriter and told her to run off 200 or 300 of them. One of these forms will be filled out and sent in a hurry whenever Jones is going to have anyone with him for dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

New Blood Disease.

Hermology, a comparatively new medical term, is a knowledge of blood and disease as evidenced by the changes observed in blood. It has already made such advances that many diseases may be recognized by examination of the blood. From a mere observation of the relative number of leucocytes (white blood corpuscles) and erythrocytes (red blood corpuscles) it has advanced to elaborate analysis of other elements of the blood and the recognition of bodies foreign to normal blood. This 'ology promises to be of especial value to mankind in giving early warning of disease otherwise not manifest and showing the advance or decline of abnormal conditions.—St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal.

Imitated His Mother.

He criticised her pudding and he didn't like her cake; she hadn't made the biscuit like "his mother used to make." She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make the stew; and she didn't mend his stockings "as his mother used to do." O, well, she wasn't perfect, but she tried to do her best, until at length her time had come to have a little rest; so when one day he growled and whined the whole day through and through, she turned him up and fanned his pants "as mother used to do."—Glasgow Echo.

Homelike.

"I'll know better next time," said Mrs. Ferguson, speaking of it afterward. "I told George's uncle to consider himself at home in our house."

"Well?"

"Well, it wasn't five minutes afterward that he began to grumble about the cooking."—Chicago Tribune.

Proof Wanted.

Softleigh (time 11:59 p. m.)—Yaws, the fellows all say I'm a dweadfully easy-going chap, doncher know.

Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn) —Well, I don't believe it.—Chicago Daily News.

FARMER AND SNAKE.

They Fight to a Draw After a Most Spirited Contest.

On Points the Reptile Would Have Gotten the Decision—Both Badly Winded at the Finish and Willing to Quit.

From Massachusetts a New York Journal correspondent sends this extraordinary story of a fight a man with a cartwhip had with a 15-foot blacksnake.

And the story is true, for it comes from the lips of Henry Peters, a respectable and trustworthy son of Massachusetts, whose farm is at East Brookfield.

Peters weighs more than 200 pounds, is strong as a lion and can hold a man over his head with one hand. Yet Peters, with his cartwhip, was unable to vanquish the snake.

The serpent not only showed the most astonishing agility, but showed that it had genuine courage and could fight like a cornered panther. It gave Mr. Peters the prettiest tussle for points history has probably ever known.

It is to be added that after two fierce rounds the fight ended in a draw with both contestants thoroughly winded.

Peters had occasion to go into the strip of woods that skirts his farm and separates it from North Brookfield. He had not been there long when he heard a tremendous thrashing in the underbrush.

Thinking perhaps a cow had escaped from his pasture, he advanced, and was almost paralyzed with fear and astonishment when he saw an enormous blacksnake rear its ugly head over the top of a quivering bush.

Peters looked around for some weapon of defense, but finding none turned and fled to his barn, where he snatched a heavy cartwhip from a nail and scurried back to the woods. He thought it would be great fun to cut the snake into mincemeat with the sharp lash.

The snake had not escaped upon the reapproach of Peters, but had opinions



WHIP SHOT THROUGH THE AIR.

of its own in relation to the impending combat.

It coiled itself in a huge mass in an opening near a tree and assumed a defensive position. Figuratively, its guard was up in a minute.

With wide-open mouth, glittering eyes and wickedly darting fangs it was anything but an inspiring picture, and when Peters rolled up his right sleeve and swung the heavy whip through the air he rightly calculated he would have all the fun he wanted.

Swish! the whip shot through the air and caught the snake around the head. It was like a miniature crack of lightning. For an instant the snake wavered. Then, like a hissing rocket, it shot forward and made a lunge at Peters.

The young farmer stepped aside instantly and escaped the blow. Before the serpent could recover its balance Peters had again given it a terrific welt with the whip.

Beyond stinging and maddening the snake, the whip did not have the slightest effect on the reptile, for its skin was tougher than Harveyized steel.

Like a thing possessed the reptile beat the bushes and frantically essayed to give Peters a knockout blow. The young farmer rained blow after blow upon the crazed creature, and once was sent sprawling to the ground.

Before he could get on his feet the snake had seized him around the waist and was endeavoring, python-like, to crush him. It was now Peters' turn to struggle, and this he did with all his might.

Fortunately, the snake made no attempt to bite him. It tried to crush him. Peters wriggled loose and jumped behind the tree. At the first opportunity he reversed his whip and gave the reptile an awful blow on the neck with the butt end of the whip.

Down into a heap went the snake, and Peters was certain he had knocked it completely out. But he was mistaken. The snake was up almost immediately, and after the farmer again. Peters leaped aside, feinted with his whip, and the snake, carried by the force of a redhot lunge, landed into the bushes on the right.

Then it backed out into the open and glared at Peters. The farmer was getting winded. He leaned against the tree, and contemplated the snake with increasing wonder.

The reptile shook with anger and weariness, but made no attempt to renew the battle which had for ten minutes been so fiercely fought.

After a short rest Peters again attacked the snake. The fight became as furious as at the start, but did not last long, for the two contestants were too tired to keep up the battle.

Peters turned and started homeward, while the snake, overcome by exhaustion, sank in the undergrowth.

MANILA NOT DEADLY.

A Chicagoan Writes that Americans Can Live There in Comfort If They Have Means.

The private soldiers' lot in the Philippines may not be a bed of roses, but reports from civilians connected with expeditions make Manila out a very decent sort of place. A Chicago boy, whose connection with the government gives him a "pull," writes that life is far from unpleasant in our new possessions.

He and two other Americans are keeping house. They have a Chinese cook, who does all the marketing. They pay him $140 a month, which is equal to about $65 in American money, and he feeds them well and makes his profit out of this sum. Each of the Americans had a "black boy," to whom he pays $3.50 a month. These boys do pretty much everything, except eat and sleep and breathe, for their masters. Before the Americans arrived their wages were $1.50, but prices have risen. Everything is bought fresh in the morning and eaten the same day, in order not to attract flies and ants. Frozen meat was delivered at eight cents a pound.

The weather is not terrific, at least at certain seasons. In May, for instance, at six p. m. the mercury always stood close to 86. During the night it went down to 78. At noon it was from 91 to 95, and something like 115 to 120 in the sun. Americans have to be careful about exposure in the middle of the day, but the writer said he had been out with a camera without injurious effects. Any indulgence in alcoholic drinks, notwithstanding the prevalence of the whisky and soda habit, is dangerous. Good water is hard to get, however. The city water is boiled and filtered, and even then is used only in coffee and for cooking. Dependence is placed almost entirely on bottled waters.

As to dress, all sorts of costumes are in evidence. Three white suits a day is the regular allowance. An ordinary, common American "boiled shirt," with a stiff bosom, can be worn outside the trousers. A collar is necessary, but no necktie. Hats and shoes are white. Mosquito nettings are vitally important in every establishment.

The conclusions of the writer seem to be that the American can live in comfort in Manila, provided he has means and takes care of himself.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Broncho Bill's Denomination.

During the five years of his career as an actor, Will had in one of his theatrical companies a westerner named Broncho Bill. There were Indians in the troupe, and a certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of the Indians. Thinking that Broncho Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table and remarked, pleasantly:

"This is Mr. Broncho Bill, is it not?"

"Yaas."

"Where were you born?"

"Near Kit Bullard's mill, on Big Pigeon."

"Religious parents, I suppose?"

"Yaas."

"What is your denomination?"

"My what?"

"Your denomination."

"Oh—ah—yaas. Smith & Wesson."—From "The Last of the Scouts," by Helen Cody Wetmore.

Tomato Jelly Salad.

Stew three pints of tomatoes. Season highly with salt and pepper, adding a grain of cayenne and a tiny bay leaf. Have soaking a half box of gelatine. Strain the tomatoes, return to fire and add beaten white of one egg to clear it. Stir one minute, add gelatine and strain through flannel into tiny molds. When chilled, turn out of mold and serve on shredded lettuce with a bit of mild cream salad dressing on top.—Ladies' World.

MR. HERBERT WROTE THEM.

Little pitchers have wide ears.
His bark is worse than his bite.
God comes to see without a bell.
God's mills grind slow but sure.
An ill laborer quarrels with his tools.
Wouldst thou have thy cake and eat it, too?
The wearer knows where the shoe pinches.
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
The mill cannot grind with the water that is past.
Half the world knows not how the other half lives.
Whose house is glass must not throw stones at another.

HIT BY CUPID'S DARTS.

When a girl has a man's heart she knows it's in the right place.—Evansville Courier.

In love affairs when inclination and duty go hand in hand, one is apt to grow suspicious.—Philadelphia Times.

When a man is in love he either works himself to death or doesn't attend to business at all.—Harvard Herald.

The more a man loves a woman the less he likes her failings; the more a woman loves a man the more she loves his faults.—N. Y. Press.

ONCE CHIEF OF THE HURONS.

Edmund Kean, the Great Actor, Selected to This Honor by the Quebec Tribe.

Among the valuable paintings and engravings mentioned in the London papers as having been sold lately in that city at auction at Sotheby's was the engraving of a portrait of the great actor, Edmund Kean, as an Indian chief. This is explained as follows: When Kean was acting in Quebec in 1826 four Huron chiefs witnessed his performance of Sir Giles Overreach. Kean gave each of them a silver cup as a souvenir. They in return, to show their gratitude, begged him to honor them by becoming a member of their tribe.

He assented with avidity, and under the nom de gerre of Alentenaide was chosen as a chief of the Canadian aborigines. Dressed as one of the tribe he had his portrait painted by F. Meyer in 1827, and an engraving from that painting, presented by Kean himself to his friend Halpin, was the one included in the sale.

Another lot at the same sale comprised a miniature portrait of Mrs. Kean, with a lock of her hair and also a lock of her husband's hair. There was likewise sold an autograph letter, in which Mrs. Kean complains to her husband of her treatment.

Alternative Hypotheses.

"I love you," he whispered.

Ernestine trembled, and regarded him perplexedly.

"Do my ears deceive me?" she asked herself. "Or does my complexion deceive him?"

For it was her misfortune to lack confidence in herself.—Detroit Journal.

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