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SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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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.
11:50 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.—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

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SET YER TEETH AN' COME AGIN!

Don't loaf around an' kick when luck
Don't seem to come your way, but buck
Agin adversity till you
Through breakin' clouds kin see the blue.
Don't think because the skies are black
The sun has jumped his job, but stack
Yer nerve all in a bunch to win
An' set yer teeth an' come agin!

In every life some rain must fall,
In every sweet there is some gall,
An' every earthly trail of ourn
Must have some thorns among the flowers.
If fortune treats you rather rough
Look on its coldness as a bluff;
At every knockdown wear a grin
An' set yer teeth an' come agin!

The man who wins success mus' fight
His way up fortune's rocky height,
Mus' battle bravely day by day,
An' never loiter by the way.
Reverses of'n come; the foe
Will deal you many a stunnin' blow,
But solid nerve is bound to win—
Jes' set yer teeth an' come agin!

The field o' life is thickly strewn
With men who lost their nerve too soon,
Who lacked the gritty nerve to stay
An' give an' take in many way.
Choose fur yer motto: "Win or die!"
When sent to grass don't never lie
An' sadly say: "It might have bin!"
But set yer teeth an' come agin!

When you have reached the goal at last,
With not a cloud to overcast
Yer sky of life, when, day by day,
All things jes' seem to fall your way,
Then you kin take yer lazy ease,
Kin loaf around jes' as you please,
An' then you'll say with cheery grin:
"I sot my teeth an' come agin!"
—Denver Post.

As Marguerite Told It

"THE idea of such a thing!" exclaimed the girl with the tea rose leaf waist, as she balanced herself on the rail at the top of the steps and fanned herself with a magazine. "I'd have told her what I thought of her."

"Wasn't it mean!" said the one with the Merode hair arrangement. "She knew just as well as anything in the world exactly how I was going to have it made. She didn't ask outright, you know, but she told me about what she was going to wear, and I could see she



THE GIRL WITH THE ROSELEAF WAIST.

was dying to know what I had planned. She hasn't got the least taste herself, and her mother—well, you saw what she wore at Mrs. Hubwright's reception."

"Wasn't it awful!"

"I'd have thought somebody would have told her. But that wasn't anything to what she wears sometimes. She thinks Clara's just about right."

"It's a good thing somebody thinks so."

"That's what I say. I thought I'd die when that girl sailed into the room. Why, Maud, she'd even got the same colored slippers I had. The dress—oh, the dress was exact—seven-gored skirt, three flounces and square neck. I came near having it made V-shaped just at the last moment. I wish I had now."

"She must have looked well in pink." The Merode girl giggled.

"Clyde Williams said she looked as if she had bought her hair to match. He was awful about her; and she thought she'd make an impression on him."

"She thinks that about everybody."

"Doesn't she? She's as vain as she can be. I'd hate to think every time a man talked to me five minutes I'd made an impression on him. But that's all she thinks of. I don't like to talk about people, but Clara Mawby isn't a girl I'd like for a sister. I'd sooner have Gladys Thompson."

"Why, Eldridge isn't—?"

"Oh, don't ask me. I've no patience with that boy. I guess he doesn't really—I believe he only talks about her to plague me. That's what brings her round to our house so often. She pretends to call to see me. Mommer is dead on to her, though."

"Why, you awful girl!"

"I don't care. I mean that mommer is not deceived regarding her real motive. Is that what you wanted me to say? Oh-h-h, Maud! Who is he? Isn't he swell?"

A slender young man with a pensive expression and a polka-dot band around his straw hat was coming along the street.. The girl in the tea rose waist looked at him obliquely under her eyelashes without moving her head, and almost imperceptibly improved her attitude. As the young man passed and looked up she assumed a look of pleased surprise and bowed with sweet graciousness to the jerky removal of the straw hat.

"I think you're mean," said the Merode girl, reproachfully, when the young man had passed on. "Why didn't you let him come up? Who is he? Hasn't he got the dearest little mustache! I thought you were my friend, but it's all right for you, Maud Davis."

"Why didn't you say you wanted him? How was I to know? Here, I'll call him now. Well, then, what do you want? You'd have been sorry if I had asked him to come up; he isn't a bit amusing. Besides he wouldn't have come."

"Why not?"

"Oh, just because."

"Well, I guess I'll have to go."

"You just stay right where you are. No, but don't you really know who he is?"

"Why, no."

"Well—oh, quit laughing or I won't tell you a thing. He's Mr. Wallis."

"Oh!"

"Yes—oh, you're just perfectly absurd! Now I'm not going to say one single thing more. There isn't anything to tell, anyway. What were you going to say about Eldridge?"

"Here's Marguerite. I'll ask her about it."

A small, pale-faced girl of 11, with long, black-stockinged legs, slid down the bannisters, skipped through the hall and bounced into one of the porch rockers, where she chewed gum vigorously and kicked her heels together.

"Who's Mr. Wallis, Marguerite?" asked the Merode girl.

"A. L. F.," replied Marguerite, energetically.

"What does that mean?"

"Marguerite!" said the girl in the tea rose waist, warningly.

"That means 'another little fool,'" explained Marguerite. "He's been about the worst of the lot, too. He bought me a doll on my birthday. Wouldn't that kill you! A doll! Maybe I didn't get even."

"Tell me about it, Marguerite, darling," said the Merode girl, coaxingly.

"You needn't ask to ride my wheel any more, if you do," said her sister.

"I don't care; Billy Freeman lets me ride his any time I want to. He goes by here every morning—no, not Billy, Mr. Herb. Wallis—and he generally looks up at the windows; doesn't he, Maud? Last Thursday morning I went into Maud's room and put one of her dresses on the bolster—that gingham, you know the one I mean. Then when Mr. Wallis came along I screamed 'Herbie!' and threw it out of the window. You ought to have seen him! It was gorgeous! Hello! there's Billy now." Marguerite danced off down the steps.

"Don't feel badly about it," said the Merode girl. "He'll get over it."

"The little imp!" said the girl with the tea-rose waist, viciously. "Talk about little brothers being mean! I'd trade her for any little brother in the block. Oh, I don't care whether he gets over it or not; if he had any sense he'd have laughed, but he's one of that kind that is always afraid somebody is going to laugh at them. I wouldn't give a boy like—well, your brother Eldridge—for a hundred of them."

"I'll tell Eldridge."

"If you do I'll never speak to you again. I mean that. There's Mrs. Ruggles. Look at her. Quick! Isn't that hat hideous? She always has the most distressed-looking hats. Why don't you like Clara Mawby?"

"Well, of all things! Would you like a girl who acted like that with you?"

"Eldridge likes her, though."

"I don't believe he does. He just talks about her because he knows I loathe her."

"What does he say?"

"Nothing much. Oh, I want you to see my new silk-rag curtains. I haven't got them woven yet, but I've nearly enough tied. They're going to look swell. Guineyere Collins has got a pair in her room. They're perfectly lovely.

"I'll come over to-morrow evening, maybe. Clara won't be there, will she? Oh, I don't really dislike her. There isn't much to her one way or the other



MARGUERITE.

to like or dislike. Oh! and, Eva, you'll promise you won't say anything about—what Marguerite said to—anybody. There really and truly isn't a thing to it. You know I'd tell you the very first, don't you?"

"I won't tell Eldridge, if that's what you mean."

The girl with the tea-rose waist blushed slightly. "You know I didn't mean that," she said.

"Why, of course you did, you goose. Oh, Maud!"

The girl in the tea-rose waist blushed again and fluttered the leaves of her magazine under her thumb.

The Merode girl jumped up and kissed the girl with the tea-rose waist three times and ran lightly down the steps. —Chicago Daily Record.

Your Mouth.

"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.—Chicago Daily News.

Friendly Comment.

Mudge—It is an awful thing to realize you have made an egregious ass of yourself, isn't it?

Yabsley—Ain't you used to it yet?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Terrible Revenge.

Tom—So that rich heiress refused you?

Jack—Yes, but I got even. I married her mother.—N. Y. Journal.

The Flatterer's Fulcrum.

"Is Thompson susceptible to flattery?"

"Not unless you preface it by telling him you know he isn't."—Puck.

To Marry for Love.

"I am not mercenary," she asserted. "I shall marry for love and not for money. But," she added, a moment later, "I shall take precious good care never to love a poor man." — Chicago Post.

More Than He Expected.

"Scribbler has had a story accepted at last."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. He went home late last night with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Old Mr. Hudson's Bible.

By Mary Emily Hull.

"MY SON George gave it to me," Mr. Hudson was explaining to an old neighbor, Caleb Sawyer, who had come in to chat for a few minutes. "George is in New York, you know. He's a lawyer, and I guess he must be doing pretty well, for Letty says she just got back yesterday—that he lives in a fine, big house, and they keep three hired girls, besides a man to drive and look after the horses. Oh, George is smart!"

The old man rubbed his hands and smiled in evident satisfaction. George was his only son, and Letty, who kept house for him, was the orphaned child of his only daughter.

Mr. Sawyer wiped his gold-bowed glasses on his faded silk handkerchief, adjusted them carefully, and began to examine the present—a large Bible—very critically. He was a small, weazen-faced old man of an extremely pessimistic temperament; quite the reverse of cheery Grandpa Hudson.

"The print is clear," he said, after a survey through Genesis.

"Yes, George knew my eyes were getting dim," Mr. Hudson said, "so he sent me one with good large print. I can almost read it without my glasses."

"But it seems to me the binding ain't overstrong," the neighbor continued. "Looks as if it might come to pieces."

"I guess it will last me," the old man answered, quietly, "though I should like to leave it to Letty when I'm gone. I keep a newspaper around it most of the time."

"Is that your son's writing?" Mr. Sawyer asked, as he turned to the first fly-leaf and gazed with wonder on the elaborate flourishes which he finally deciphered to mean: "Presented to Josiah Hudson by his son George."

"Oh, no," Mr. Hudson replied, hurriedly, "and I don't mind telling you—don't let it go any further—but that's the only thing about the book I don't quite like. I wish George had written that himself, for I don't see much of George's writing," he continued, pathetically, "and it would be nice to have some where I could see it every day."

He stopped for a moment, and then added, with an attempt at cheerfulness: "But Letty says it's fashionable to have names written that way, and George's folks are real fashionable."

As Letty sat in the sitting-room that afternoon, sewing, she noticed that her grandfather was busy at his desk. He was evidently writing a letter, and the undertaking was arduous, for he bit his pen, used up several sheets of paper, and succeeded in getting much ink on his fingers before the unaccustomed task was done.

Letty usually wrote his letters for him, and she wondered why she had not been asked to write this one; but she asked no questions.

From that day for nearly two weeks Mr. Hudson went about with an air of mystery. He mended the few broken places in the fence, whitewashed the chicken-house, and was very solicitous as to the condition of the late fall garden. Every evening he might be seen walking to or from the town.

"It's only half a mile," he replied to Letty's protest, when this daily walk had been kept up for a fortnight, "and I need exercise. I don't get near enough to do here. The kindling to split and the cow to milk! Why, they're only play!" and he started toward town again at a nimble gait.

"Anything for me to-day, Mr. Jones?" he asked, as he walked into the post office, trying to speak as if it were a matter of no importance.

"Why, yes," the postmaster replied, slowly, "there is a letter for you around here somewhere. Hank Golder was just in, and we were curious to know who it could be from. You don't get letters very often, you know."

But the old man took his letter, ignored the hint and went out without giving any information.

"Think he might have been more sociable!" muttered the postmaster—he was storekeeper as well—as he began weighing out sugar for a customer. "A body likes to know what's going on!"

It was not until after supper that Mr. Hudson found time to read his letter. To be sure, he had gazed at it all the way home, studied the postmark and wondered if it was "yes" or "no;" but he would not open it till he had plenty of time. Then he read it several times before he mastered the whole.

"I guess we'll get up early in the morning," he said to Letty, as she came out to empty the dishwater.

"Why, grandpa?" she asked, in surprise. "Is there anything special tomorrow?"

"We're going to have company," the old man answered, complacently.

"Company?" the girl echoed. "Why, who?"

"I could tell," he answered, "but you'd rather be surprised, would you not?"

"Of course, if you'd like it that way, grandfather—only I should like to know how many are coming, and just when," Letty answered, pleasantly. She knew his weakness for surprises.

"One, with an appetite for two, about six o'clock to-morrow evening." Mr. Hudson went to shut the gate without offering any further explanation.

At the appointed time the next evening the kitchen fire was burning brightly and the kettle was sending up a cloud of steam. The room was filled with the odor of frying chicken. The biscuit were in the edge of the oven, covered with a white cloth, and Letty was so busy creaming the potatoes that she forgot to wonder who, after all, was coming, when the door opened and her grandfather and Uncle George walked in.

"I told you she'd be surprised!" the old man said to his son, misinterpreting the look of astonishment on the girl's face.

"I hope Letty enjoyed her stay in the city," George Hudson remarked to his father as he sat on the porch after supper while Letty did up the dishes.

"Yes, she had a good time," the old man answered, "but I guess she must have got rather confused with the noise and everything, for she clean forgot all about a new dress she had been planning all summer to buy. She picked berries to get the money. You see, Hal Markham's sister's going to be married pretty soon—I guess Hal likes Letty pretty well," he added, with a sly wink—"and Letty was to stand up with her, but she forgot all about the dress." He laughed heartily at his granddaughter's lapse of memory. "Funny how forgetful some people are!" he resumed after awhile. "Why—" The old man stopped suddenly and stared at his son in amazement.

"What is it, father?" the son asked, with anxiety.

"I declare!" he exclaimed. "Talking about forgetfulness made me remember. Why, George, I forgot to thank you for my present! Here I've been using it every day, and haven't said a word to you about it! Of course, when Letty went away," he continued, while the look of perplexity on the son's face deepened, "I didn't know what you'd send me, but I knew it would be something nice.

"I said to Letty: 'Letty, what do you think George will send me?' She couldn't guess, and neither could I, but I said I hoped it would be a Bible with nice large print; and when she got home, this is what she brought me! Why, where is it?" he exclaimed, with concern. "I always keep it right here. Letty must have put it away," and he started in quest of the missing book.

"But, father, I don't understand. What is this about my giving you a Bible?"

The old man stopped for a moment, gazed at his son with a quizzical look, and laughed loud and long. "You thought Letty wouldn't tell who sent it, didn't you? Oh, you like secrets as well as your father!" Still chuckling, he went into the house.

One look at her uncle's face as he hurried into the kitchen, and Letty knew that he had found out.

"I know I'm wicked to deceive him so," she stammered, while the tears began to gather, "but, Uncle George, I couldn't help it! He wanted the Bible so much, and counted on your sending him one. I had to get it! I couldn't disappoint him!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked, severely. "I didn't know he wanted one!"

But he did not wait for an answer. He suddenly remembered how little he had seen of Letty while she was on her visit. He had been busy on an important case, and had hardly noticed her. He recollected with a pang of remorse that he had scarcely even asked after his father, much less thought of a gift for him, until he had received the letter asking him to come back to the old farm for a few days. His wife and children were at the seacoast, business was dull, and he had come—come empty-handed.

"Another Bible?" asked Mr. Sawyer, in surprise, as he came in a week after George's departure.

"Yes, George took that one back. I guess he hadn't examined it very closely before, and he said the binding was poor, just as you thought, and he sent me this." He displayed a beautiful Bible in an adjustable holder. "It's real comfortable and handy," he continued, "and George wrote my name in it himself." He showed the strong, businesslike writing with a pardonable pride.

"I told him I'd rather have his writing, if it wasn't quite so fancy—though he is going to write once a week now, so it doesn't matter so much," he added. "He sent Letty some things, too—some dresses and hats—and last night I got a letter from his wife. She wants Letty and me to come to the city for the holidays. I haven't been to New York since George went there, ten years ago, and I want to see the town ever so much. And then they're going to have a Christmas tree," he added, with childlike enthusiasm, "and I am to be Santa Claus!"—Youth's Companion.

Chesterfield's Wit.

Lord Chesterfield was never at a loss for a polite retort. Once he proposed a person as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent, and it was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up. "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual: 'Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counselor?'"—a repartee at which the king laughed, and with great good humor signed the grant.—N. Y Success.

Socialism Explained.

A Scotch socialist, who was explaining the meaning of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be equally divided. "If you had two horses would you give me one?" asked his friend. "Of course," replied the socialist. "And if you had two cows would you do the same?" "Yes," was the ready reply. "Well, supposing you had two pigs, would you give me one?" asked his friend, slowly. "Eh," he said, "ye've got owre near hame. Ye ken I got twa pigs!"—Spare Moments.

BITS FROM ABROAD.

There is only one flock of pure merino sheep in England.

Buckingham palace has a scent fountain, which on state occasions is fed with cologne water.

The death rate of the French colonial army is 39.8 per 1,000 a year. In Madagascar it is 103.1 per 1,000, and in west Africa 107.1 per 1,000.

A great cave, said to be larger than the Mammoth, in Kentucky, has been discovered in Victoria, B. C. It has been explored a distance of 12 miles without the end being reached.

The total length of electric railways in Switzerland is 105 miles, of which 47 miles were opened last year. The power for nearly one-half of the lines is obtained from waterfalls.

Electricity has supplanted steam on the railroad from Milan to Monza, the oldest railroad in Italy, opened for traffic in 1840. Storage batteries are used, the electricity being obtained from the turbines on the Adda at Paderno.

A full grown lion will tip the scales at 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger, killed two years ago by an English officer, scaled 520 pounds.

HISTORICAL COTTAGE.

House in Which John Brown Was Born at West Torrington, Conn., Still in Existence.

Perched high on the Connecticut hills at West Torrington, on the road to Goshen, stands the battered but historical old farmhouse in which John Brown, called by his biographer, Sanborn, "the liberator of Kansas and martyr of Virginia," was born and where he lived for the first five years of his life. The records of the old town of Torrington show that "Owen Brown, now of Torrington, late of Salisbury, was married at Salisbury on the eleventh day of February, 1798," and that "John Brown, son of Owen and Ruth



JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHPLACE.
(Built in 1784, and Still Standing at West Torrington, Conn.)

Brown, was born in Torrington the 9th day of May, 1800."

The weather-beaten building, which is known for miles around as "the John Brown house," is about one mile from the First Congregational church, which is also historical, inasmuch as young Brown and his parents attended service there up to the time when Owen Brown emigrated with his family to Hudson, O.

The house was built in 1784, and is in a better state of preservation than would be supposed. In summer, and when the roads are in good condition, the birthplace of John Brown is often visited by the summer residents of Litchfield county. There seems a sort of irony of fate in the fact that the house is rented to and occupied by colorde people, the race that Brown loved, and for which he laid down his life. Now the place is overrun by dogs and very dirty and unkempt children, and the doors are not opened nor the interior of the house shown unless something in the way of a fee is forthcoming.

As the centennial anniversary of Brown's birth approaches the old farmhouse acquires a new interest, especially to the admirers of the famous abolitionist, and next spring and early summer will probably draw many visitors to the "house on the hill." To-day the visitor is shown the room in which John Brown was born, but all that remains of the original furniture owned by the Browns is a pair of ancient andirons, which are exhibited with no little pride by the tenants.

QUITE A DIPLOMAT.

Dr. Leyds, Secretary of State for the Boer Republic, Is a Match for Joseph Chamberlain.

Dr. W. J. Leyds, secretary of state for the Transvaal, is likely to give Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary of England, many a troublesome hour before the Boer is Anglacized. Dr. Leyds is described as a man of peculiarly strong personal power, gifted with a persuasive tongue, and fully alive to the fact that the Boer and the Englishman can never agree. Dr. Leyds is particularly known for his hatred of everything English. He is the statesman who visited Germany and secured from Emperor William recognition of the independence of the Transvaal republic. The emperor promised him that he would appoint to the Transvaal a German resident instead of a consul. That is the way in which the independence of the Transvaal is acknowledged. Emperor William likes the man, for he decorated him some 18 months ago, and other honors were shown him. He is considered one of the very ablest members of the Transvaal government. President Kruger intrusted to him the negotiations with Germany, which have been in progress for some months past. These negotiations are of a nature by which in reality Dutch and German interests become as one in the South African country, and make the task of England in conquering the Transvaal all the more difficult. The friendship of Emperor William for President Kruger has been inspired by Dr. Leyds. The doctor is now in Holland, where he has also aroused public sentiment and secured action in the form of protests to Queen Victoria against the carrying out of the Chamberlain programme in the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds is of Dutch descent, but is not a Boer.



DR. W. J. LEYDS.
(Diplomatic Representative of the South African Republic.)

This Is Not a Joke.

"Shall have to charge you 75 instead of 63 cents for this preparation, sir, on account of the war tax."

"And how much is the war tax?"

"Two cents a bottle."—Philadelphia Call.

Not a Fair Divide.

Brown—That new milkman seems to be getting the cream of the trade in this part of the city.

Jones—He takes good care that none of his customers gets any.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

HONORED AS A SAINT

Santa Teresa Who Leads the Rebellious Yaquis of Mexico.

Accredited with Strange Powers and Maintains Her Influence Through Credentials Presented by Archangel Gabriel.

A conflict of reports would seem to be the given causes for the Yaqui uprising in Mexico.

From the fastnesses of the mountains of Mexico comes tales of hidden mines, the greed of adventurers, the resentment of the aborigines.

That no one has located the mythical mine—and Mexico has many—may be inferred from the fact that as yet "the man with the camera" has produced no picture of it.

But a living, breathing element in the disturbance, says the St. Louis Republic, has shown up in the person of Teresa de Urrea, otherwise known and hailed by fanatical Mexicans, "the Yaquis and what remains of her own tribe, the Tomachics, as "The Saint of Cabora."

She has been photographed, too, and the picture shows her to be just what is claimed for her, the 21-year-old daughter of ignorant Tomachic parents.

Were it not for the "letter from Heaven," which she claimed the Archangel Gabriel brought and delivered to her at a spring near her home about five years ago, it would be hard to account for the wonderful hold this strange young woman possesses over the pugnacious portion of the Yaqui populace.

Her own tribe, the Tomachics, were the first to accredit her with saintly attributes, and after the Mexican government got through with them there was practically no tribe left. An insurrection, started by the girl under alleged Divine promises of success, was what brought about the extinction of the Tomachics, and after two battles had been fought and her tribe had been



MEXICO'S JOAN OF ARC.
(Known Among Her Devoted Followers as Santa Teresa.)

wiped out, Santa Teresa de Urrea found herself a prisoner of the Mexican government at Guaymas.

However, a few days after her incarceration a note arrived by courier from the chief of all the Yaquis, threatening an outbreak if the girl was not immediately released. President Diaz concluded it would be expedient to exile the Saint of Cabot, and shortly after she took up her residence in Nogales, A. T., whither a steady stream of Mexican and Yaqui pilgrims made their way to be cured of their ills.

She disappeared one day, and when next heard of she was the leader of a band of Yaqui Indians, who made a raid on the town of Fronteras, near the United States border. Again she was forced to leave the country, and this time took up her residence in El Paso, Tex.

She again disappeared, and next came to public notice as the chief actor in an army of about 1,000 fanatical Mexicans in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico.

They had their camp just across the Rio Grande from Presidio del Norte, Tex., and the wonderful woman seemed to have full sway over her followers. This gathering of fanatics became so large that the Mexican authorities became alarmed, the report having reached Chihuahua that they intended starting a revolution against the Mexican government. A regiment of soldiers was sent out from Chihuahua to disperse the fanatics. The troops went to Sierra Mojada by train and then marched overland to the border, a distance of 100 miles. The religious fanatics refused to obey the order to disperse and a conflict took place in which six soldiers and 20 fanatics were killed.

Santa Teresa escaped across the river and kept the bridge in Texas until the excitement died out. She then returned to El Paso, where she lived until her recent disappearance.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

Not less than 1,000,000 persons attend the 73 branch Chautauqua assemblies every summer.

An electric gun, invented by a gentleman in Portland, England, throws an explosive projectile 5½ miles in two seconds. The gun is noiseless, and smokeless powder is used.

A new electric organ placed in St. Michael's church, Chester square, possesses 64,500 miles of wire. The action of the organ is so rapid that it would "repeat," if necessary, 60 times per second.

Experiments made in the engineering department at Cornell university have shown that, other things being equal, a bicycle runs more easily with a large tire than with a small one. A two-inch tire, for instance, was decidedly easier to run than a tire of an inch and a half diameter.

There are only seven ambassadors representing England abroad. The seven great powers entitled to receive them are France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Russia, the United States and Turkey. Their salaries range from £7,000 to £10,000, the British ambassador at Paris receiving the highest sum and holding the most coveted post in the diplomatic service abroad.

The Sydney (Australia) cycle track has been lighted in a novel way by means of inverted are lights. Fifty-five are lights and 70 incandescents are placed around the track at intervals of 35 feet, the lamps being inverted with the reflectors immediately over the arc. There are absolutely no shadows cast, and leading cyclists are of the opinion that it is safer to ride at night under this light than by daylight.

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