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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO. Md.

1899 October. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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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.
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; 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. Bunting, 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.—C. H. Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whittemore, Secretary, W. K. Scotten; Treasurer Towers. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 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 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

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

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A. — Councilor, Miss May Roe; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Murry; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hillsboro Directory.

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

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

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

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

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

GEORGE M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE,
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

J. KEMP STEVENS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

JAMES SWANN,
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
Denton, Md.

RICHARD NICHOLS,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m ;6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Office at Brown's Drug Store.
Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

CHARLES E. TUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

EDWIN H. BROWN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

MADISON B. BORDLEY,
Attorney-at Law,
Centreville, Md.

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J. FRANK HARPER,
Attorney-at-Law,
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J. H. C. LEGG,
Attorney-at-Law,
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A. R. WEEDON,
Attorney-at-Law,
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JAS. T. BRIGHT,
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H. D. W. MITCHELL,
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CLAYLAND MULLIKIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

WM. H. ADKINS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

J. FRANK TURNER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

Harry B. Mason,
House Painter and Decorator,
DENTON, MD.

Having had ten years' experience with skilled mechanics in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Wilmington. I can give estimates, contracts and skilled work. Fair prices by the hour, day, or job.

Saved by the Sexton

By A. A. Smith.

—Written for this paper.

Author's Note: "Saved by the Sexton" is a story based upon facts, which were widely exploited by the newspapers at the time. For obvious reasons fictitious names of the parties to the grewsome adventure are used, and the name of the city near which it occurred is purposely omitted. Newspaper readers with retentive memories, however, will be able to recall both the parties to what may aptly be termed a providential crime, and the locality in which it occurred. The lady who owed so much to the desecration of her grave lived for eight years afterward and became the mother of two healthy children, but the guilty sexton did not long survive the shock resulting from his ghoulish night's work.

IT WAS by no means a tenement house picture upon which the sexton gazed as he stepped across his own threshold. The room was small and poorly furnished, but it did not present the gaunt aspect of poverty in the lowest degree. There were four rooms in the little house and they contained all the essentials for comfortable living, even though the carpets were made of rags and the scant furniture was worn and faded. The most dismal feature of the place was the discontented face of the woman who was facing him in the low rocker.

"What makes you so late, Thomas?" she asked, fretfully.

"I had to finish digging the Whitnell grave," the man replied. "The funeral's to-morrow, and there's a lot to do. Three dollars is not such a bad day's work for us, is it, Mary?"

"Bad," she repeated, turning wearily away. "It's all been bad ever since I could remember. What an aspiring man you are, Thomas, to talk about a beggarly day's work as if you had found a fortune."

Sexton Williams only sighed as he went in to his supper. Long experience had taught him the futility of trying to dispel the fretful melancholy of his wife.

"The same old bill of fare again," sighed the querulous woman opposite him. "Who wouldn't get tired of the same old things over and over again? I do wish we could live like somebody for awhile, just for the novelty of it."

"Why don't you talk?" she demanded, as Thomas ate his supper in silent constraint. "One would think it was gloomy enough without bringing your graveyard manners into the house. I suppose the Whitnells will make a swell affair of their funeral to-morrow?"

"Indeed they will," responded her husband, brightening with the thought of having something of interest to impart to his wife. "She is to be buried in her wedding clothes. There's an elegant necklace and some pearls, and—diamonds."

"Diamonds!" exclaimed the wife. "The idea of putting them into the ground. It's a shame."

"Worse than the barbarians," replied the sexton, "but she requested it, and the mourners seem more anxious than anything that the corpse shall present a striking appearance. The undertaker said it would be done, and I saw her laid out in them myself."

"Oh, dear!" fairly groaned the woman. "And all that shameful waste while I can't have as much as a pair of new curtains to replace these wretched rags. If I were a man I'd—I'd rob that grave before those jewels should be put to such a shameful use."

II.

It was a night well suited to the work of ghouls. The wind came in great waves, shrieking at the height of its fury like a soul in torment, then dying away in a sighing breeze. Great billowy clouds were swept across the sky, while a driving mist would break at intervals into a sudden dash of rain as a gruesome cloud was swept along. In the grewsome churchyard, where marble shafts gleamed weirdly through the rain and darkness, the light of a lantern played fantastically about a new-made grave. Bending over the soggy clay was the figure of a man. With desperate energy he plied the spade, and as he threw aside the little heaps of rain-soaked earth his eyes shot fearful glances into the weird and ominous night. To his guilty senses the howling of the wind seemed like the voices of offended spirits of the dead, and from out the rain and darkness he could see in fancy the accusing menace of ghostly hands. Great drops of perspiration fell from his face and mingled with the rain trickling in rivulets down his rubber coat. He trembled like an aspen; his knees were weak from superstitious dread, and yet with dogged resolution he applied himself to his ghoulish task.

"Curse the rain," he muttered, straightening up and resting for a moment. "But it's a lucky touch. No danger of interference on such a night as this. Mary'll get her curtains all right enough."

For an hour he tossed aside the sticky clay, and then his task grew easier. The grave sheltered him somewhat from the wind, and the earth became less rain-soaked and heavy. Another hour and his spade scraped upon the cover of the box inclosing the casket. He carefully scraped away the remaining clods and threw them out, and then as he prepared to remove the cover the unspeakable terrors of his task swept over him again. With choking breath he stood up and peered over the edge of the grave he had desecrated, his tortured fancy halting between the terrors of the churchyard and the awful proximity of the thing beneath his feet.

"The first time; the first time," he muttered, striving to regain his composure. "And I wouldn't do it now, only it kinder seems as if I owed it to Mary. And she"—he glanced shudderingly down at the box beneath his feet. "She doesn't need them any more, and it was wicked to bury them with her."

Controlling himself with a great effort, he completed his grewsome work. Standing close against one side of the grave, he lifted the cover of the box from beneath his feet and threw it out upon the pile of earth. Then, kneeling upon the lower part of the casket, he quickly removed the screws from the upper lid and threw it, too, outside of the grave. The sexton had reached the climax of his task. Before him in the dim light of his lantern lay the uncovered face of the dead woman, white and cold in the repose of death. In the moment of the greatest tension the sexton grew a little calmer. He lifted the dainty hand and sought to pull the precious jewel from the finger. It would not yield to his effort, and he lifted the woman's head and removed a costly locket and a string of pearls. Then he returned to the sparkling ring upon her finger.

It would not yield. He tried again and again, and as he worked all the wild fancies of the night rushed over him again until he was on the point of fleeing from the grave without the jewel. Then with sudden resolution he took a knife from his pocket, intending to amputate the finger. He pressed the keen blade upon her finger, and then—

Throughout the city of the dead there echoed one awful, frenzied scream, then another and another. From the desecrated grave out leaped the sexton, like a fiend escaped from torment, and, dashing down his lantern, he rushed away from that fearful place as though



BEFORE HIM LAY THE UNCOVERED FACE.

all the wild fancies of his guilty brain had taken form and were rushing in pursuit.

III.

Twelve o'clock found Mr. Whitnell pacing restlessly up and down the parlor of his lonely mansion. He could not sleep, and his own room contained so many reminders of his departed wife that he could better endure the parlor, where he had last seen her radiant with health and happiness.

The stroke of one echoed drearily through the house, and still the grief-stricken man paced up and down. For another hour he wrestled with the memories of his wedded life, and then exhausted nature warned him that he must seek repose. He turned sorrowfully to leave the room, when, quick, clear and distinct, above the roaring of the storm, he heard the summons of the doorbell.

Mr. Whitnell was not a man to be oppressed by superstitious fears. He despised such weakness in others, yet now a nameless dread swept over him. He went to the window and peered into the night. Despite his self-command, he almost cried out aloud, for in the fantastic glare of the electric light he beheld a ghostly, white-robed figure standing at his door. For a moment the firmly-grounded beliefs of a lifetime were swept away, and Mr. Whitnell was thrilled with the superstitious fancies he despised. Then a shriek echoing through the house recalled him to his senses. A servant had opened the door and seen the ghostlike figure and then fled, crying that the spirit of his mistress was standing at the door. Mr. Whitnell's quick brain grasping at a suggestion of the truth, he ran down and caught in his arms the cold, wet, trembling, yet living, form of his resurrected wife.

IV.

In the evening papers of that day the marvelous story was told, needing no coloring of imagination to make it more sensational. They told how Mrs. Whitnell had been awakened from a cataleptic trance by the pressure of a knife upon her finger; how she had sat up with every sense awakened to feel the cold, damp walls of the grave about her; how, with those awful screams ringing in her ears, she awoke to a realization of the truth, filling her with a terror scarcely less great than the sexton's; and how, with returning reason, she had climbed out of her grave and made her way through the storm to her own home. Graphically they described the appearance of the grave, which hundreds visited—the heap of earth, with the spade and lantern lying upon it, and the casket lid and cover of the box. They pictured the joy of the reunited family, but in it all there was no definite mention of the shattered, half-crazed sexton, whose mind would never recover from the terrors of that night's work. Powerful influences from a grateful, reunited family had been at work, and the papers contained only the statement that, while the would-be grave robber was known, the happy ending of his ghoulish attempt had not only saved him from prosecution, but had brought him substantial reward.

Electricity in Glass Making.

Electricity has been applied to the manufacture of glass. A pot of "batch" can be thus melted in 15 minutes that formerly required 30 hours.

WILL HE CALL ON MR. RASIN? (Will a Duck Swim?)



"Mr. Gorman called at Hon Thos. H. Lanahan's office and at Mr. I. Freeman Rasin's."—Balto. News, Sept. 23.

Hanging a Screen Door

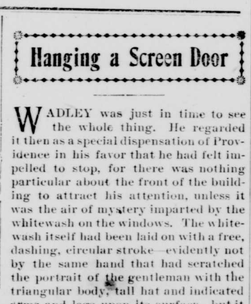
WADLEY was just in time to see the whole thing. He regarded it then as a special dispensation of Providence in his favor that he had felt impelled to stop, for there was nothing particular about the front of the building to attract his attention, unless it was the air of mystery imparted by the whitewash on the windows. The whitewash itself had been laid on with a free, dashing, circular stroke—evidently not by the same hand that had scratched the portrait of the gentleman with the triangular body, tall hat and indicated arms and legs upon its surface—but it was not of itself sufficiently remarkable to arrest the progress of a man who meant to catch a train. The store door was open, but Wadley saw nothing at first except the newly stained counter and shelves and a little heap of shavings on the floor. Perhaps it was the shavings that conveyed an unconscious suggestion to his mind. An unconscious suggestion had its effect, after all.

Just as he was about to pass on, a man came into view, dragging a screen door after him with one hand and carrying a square and a saw in the other. Then Wadley remembered that he had a screen door to put up that Saturday afternoon himself, and he determined to watch the process.

The man went at it with an air of easy confidence. He was an elderly man with a grayish-red goatee. His collarless shirt showed on its bosom evidence that he used tobacco. Wadley did not use tobacco himself, but he had heard it said that it was soothing to the nerves and thought that possibly it accounted for the man's imperturbable expression, which was really noticeable. The first thing the man did after laying down his tools and absolutely confirming the mute witness of his shirt was to pull out a fat silver watch attached to a massive but coppery chain and look at it. Wadley instinctively did the same and saw that it was eight minutes past 12. He concluded that the blotchy artisan would not begin his job, but would go to his dinner, and he felt sorry that he had stopped.

He was mistaken in this. The man laid his square lengthwise and across the door opening, and then, producing a flat pencil from the rear pocket of his slack trousers, measured the screen door and made two rapid marks, and then drew a line along the edge of the square across the top. He dragged the door back into the store and Wadley heard the quick rasping of his saw for a moment, then the "screesh, screesh" of a plane, and the man came out, slammed the door into the appointed place and it fitted to a hair's breadth.

The spring hinges were already on the door. All that remained was to screw them to the casing. The carpenter had the screws in his mouth, from which he extracted them one at a time, tapped them lightly into place and twisted them down to their heads with half a dozen quick turns of his supple wrist to each. Then he pulled the door



HE REARED IT AGAINST THE DOOR CASING.

open and it swung back into place with a bang and the thing was done. Wadley looked at his watch and found it was 20 minutes past 12.

"That's dead easy," he said to himself, as he walked away. "All you have to do is to measure your door and cut it down to the measurement of the door frame, put on the hinges, and there you are." He had an idea that the thing was a great deal more complicated and demanded special skill. He had a saw and a square of his own at home. The saw was rather a small-sized one, and it needed setting and filing a little, but it was still equal to chewing off the top of a screen door. The square was one of the best made, etched all over with fine lines and figures, the use of which Wadley could only guess, but which inspired his deep respect, nevertheless. The people next door had a plane, he knew, and as they had lately borrowed his garden rake and Mrs. Wadley's clothesline props he did not see why he should not ask to be allowed to use it for 12 minutes. He thought this all over as the train whirled him northward to his suburban home and imagined himself astonishing Mrs. Wadley.

"I think it is about time we did something with it," said Mrs. Wadley when her husband asked where in the basement she had put that screen door. "I don't think you had better try to put it up yourself, though; do you think you can?"

"I think I can manage it all right," said Wadley. "I watched a man put up one as I was coming home, and there's no trick to it at all. I want you to time me from the minute I start."

Before he started he had to take down the old door, which had been simply ruined by the last hired girl. She was a good girl, as girls go, but she had previously worked in a restaurant, where she had acquired the habit of kicking the lower panel of the door she wished to open.

Wadley pried the hinges off with his hammer and then picked out the screws. "That will save buying new ones," he said. "I believe I can make the old hinges do, too."

"Didn't you get hinges when you got the door?" asked his wife. "Well, for the land's sake! What are you doing now, Albert?"

"I'm measuring the door," answered Wadley. "By the way, I guess you'd better begin to time me. What time is it?"

"Half past two. But, look here, Albert. Let me give you a hint, if you don't mind."

"Well, what is it? Hurry up, now; you're keeping me waiting."

"The old door is just a fit, so why not lay it down on top of the new one for a pattern and mark it off? You're sure to get it right that way."

"'Use it for a pattern!'" repeated Wadley, scornfully. "I'm not making a shirt waist, I'm hanging a door. See here, figures can't lie, can they? The opening is just two feet six inches by six feet six inches. Now, if I cut that door down to that size it's going to fit, isn't it?"

"I suppose it will," said Mrs. Wadley, dubiously, "but I think I should do it the way I said."

"I suppose you would. You would probably get your tracing wheel and—That reminds me. I guess I'll have to borrow the screw driver of your sewing machine. I won't hurt it; honest I won't. You go and get it and I'll have this door ready by the time you get back."

Mrs. Wadley rose and went into the house, and Wadley, having marked the screen, laid it on the porch and began to saw. It was hard work, for the screen was considerably larger than the porch was wide and it overbalanced at every downward stroke. It was too wide for him to straddle, and he had to lean over it in a fatiguing position. When Mrs. Wadley returned his saw had bitten about an inch and a half into the screen and he was perspiring freely. She watched him for a minute or two and then suggested that she stand on the end of the door and steady it while he sawed. Presently she informed him that the saw was straying from the straight and narrow path indicated by the pencil, and Wadley, after an ineffectual effort to bring it back, stopped and wiped his brow with the sleeve of his shirt.

"If I only had a saw that was some good," he said.

"There's the meat saw," suggested Mrs. Wadley, hesitatingly.

Her husband looked at her sharply, but it was evident that she had spoken in good faith, and he contented himself with saying that he didn't believe the meat saw would do. "I guess I'll have to start again from the other side," he continued. "I wasn't watching the thing as closely as I ought to have done."

This time he hewed pretty closely to the line, but the saw began to work harder and harder, and by the time it had got its own width into the wood it stuck fast and obstinately refused to go any further. "It needs greasing," said Wadley, and he procured the vaseline bottle and smeared the saw plenteously. It traveled well for another inch and then stuck again.

"I think," said Mrs. Wadley, "that if you put a wedge in the end where you've sawed it will be all right. Here, I'll show you what I mean."

She pressed a nail into the cleft and the saw sprung forward with renewed vigor until it met the first cut and the strip fell to the ground.

"There!" said Wadley; "that's all right so far. I give you credit for it, though. Where did you learn carpentering?"

His wife looked gratified. "I know a little," she said. "You don't often tell me so, though. Now, you've got the other to do, haven't you? Do you want me to help you?"

"There isn't much to come off on the side," said Wadley, "but you can hold it up while I plane it. Steady now! Hold it down, woman, hold it down. What makes it go all to one side, that way? Oh, thunder! It's going to take all the afternoon to trim it down to where we want it this way. Here, I'll tell you. Bring me the butcher knife."

He took the knife and cut off some generous shavings, bending over from time to time to make sure that he was not encroaching on the boundary. About half way the grain of the wood took a curve and he scooped out half an inch of territory that he didn't want and Mrs. Wadley let go the door and put her fingers in her ears. When he grew calmer he said that he didn't believe a fly could get in, anyway, unless it was a very small fly, and he ultimately worked his way down to the end without any further accident. It was a rather wavery and undulating job, but Wadley said he was not particular about the looks of the thing, so long as it did the work.

He took it and reared it against the door casing and a gulf a full inch in breadth yawned at the top.

It was several minutes before he figured the thing out. Then the irresistible conclusion that he had measured in the inch of protruding side piece and had then ignored it when he marked was borne upon him. But it brought no consolation.

At last, with infinite labor, he sawed out an inch strip of wood and nailed it on the top of the door. It nearly fitted then, but was a little too thick, and in paring it down Wadley broke the blade of his pearl-handled penknife. There was more trouble when he tried to put on the hinges. The rusty screws refused to turn for Mrs. Wadley's sewing-machine screwdriver and he hammered them in and smashed the cast-iron hinge. He had another hinge which was not a spring hinge, and he put it on, but the door closed very feebly and slowly. It stuck at the bottom besides.

Wadley is not an ordinary man. He confesses that he made a failure of the job. Mrs. Wadley denies this, however, and says the door works well, but she buys quantities of fly paper. And she is altogether an angelic woman.—Chicago Daily Record.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

Aluminum is now used for fireproof curtains in theaters.

A capital of $50,000,000 is now engaged and 50,000 people are employed in the various clipping bureaus of the world.

The timber on 30,000 acres of hardwoods at Algoma, W. Va., is about to be cut at the rate of 25,000 feet per day. It is estimated that five years will be spent in finishing the tract.

Some one asserts that a tremendous waste occurs in all the fruit growing districts of this country, and that when there is a glut car loads are thrown away. Most of Oregon's great prune crop last year rotted on the ground.

Gold production in West Australia reached its maximum last January, when 110,690 ounces were taken out. The March output was less than 6,600 ounces. South African gold production reached its maximum in March.

The Murchland machine for milking in Germany is worked by pneumatic suction. An air pump is connected to a system of tubes and reservoirs. Six to eight minutes are required to milk the cows by this continuous and easy method.

In the course of the last decade the manufacture of cotton goods has become a firmly established industry in Brazil. Vast areas of land are available for the growth of the raw material, labor is cheap, water power is convenient and can be utilized without great expense for driving the necessary machinery.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that potatoes are imported into this country in large quantities from Scotland and Germany; but such is the case. For the past five years, however, the Scotch yield has been so small as to preclude the exportation of any part of it; but this season the crop was large, and one ship alone brought 150,000 sacks.

BITS OF CHURCH NEWS.

Of the recorded ministers of the Society of Friends 143 are women.

There are about 550 Protestant churches and congregations in Mexico.

The Presbyterian church in Ireland comprises 600 congregations and half a million people.

The first Christian Endeavor society of Spain recently celebrated its eighteenth anniversary.

In Candia, Crete, there is a Christian Endeavor society of 102 members composed of Greeks, Moslems and Jews.

A missionary paper reports that the opposition to the Natural Foot society in China comes chiefly from the women, who are afraid to go against fashion.

Switzerland has 1,001 Mormons, besides 27 misisonaries, who last year visited 12,944 houses and distributed 26,000 tracts.

The Chinese Christian Endeavor society of San Francisco contributed last year $689 to its own missionary board, $415 to its own home church expenses, and $108 to other benevolences, making a total of $1,212.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, with an official enrollment of 55,813 societies and a total membership of 3,350,000, gave last year, besides charitable and educational expenditures, $500,000 for missionary work.

SOME WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Paul Kruger's favorite dish is salt herring. He eats at least one of these fish every day.

President McKinley's handwriting bears a striking resemblance to that of Bryant.

The prince of Wales has a collection of portraits of himself clipped from newspapers and periodicals.

The pope takes a keen interest in photography, and up to the time of his late illness was himself an amateur photographer of no mean ability.

Secretary Hay, as is well-known, is a devout Omar Khayyamite. It is not, however, so well known that his collection of editions of the Rubaiyat is second only in this country to that of Nathan Haskell Dole.

King Oscar of Sweden is the most musical of reigning monarchs. In his younger days he was regarded as the most accomplished tenor in Europe, and could have made a fortune out of his voice on the stage.

Gen. Gallifet had a Hebrew ancestry. The last Hebrew of his line was baptized in the reign of Louis XIII. He was christened Louis Gallifetus, or Louis-made-a-Frenchman. This was corrupted into Gallifet. The descendants of the convert purchased high financial and judicial posts in Provence.

CURRENT NOTES.

Successful experiments have been made in Paris with an automobile watering cart, and 300 of these will be put in service, replacing 800 horse-power carts now in use.

All batting records at cricket have been beaten by a 14-year-old schoolboy of Clifton college named Collins, who made 628 runs, not out, in a recent school match. This beats the score of 485 made by Mr. A. E. Stoddart in 1886.

Lord Salisbury is an ardent chemist, and has announced that he has discovered an important chemical process at his laboratory at Hatfield house, and that he will communicate the same to the world at a forthcoming meeting of one of the learned societies.

Thurso bay, in the north of Scotland, is having trouble with whales. A large school of bottle-nose whales was recently stranded in the shoals of the bay and driven on the beach. There is no way of hauling them off, so that Thorso people must hold their noses for a good part of the summer.

The collector of customs for Philadelphia in his statement for the year ending June 30 shows that the receipts there for the 12 months amount to the sum of $22,387,642.43, which is nearly twice the amount of the previous year, when the receipts were $12,602,172.81.

Continuous.

Mrs. Sentimental (watching her sleeping child)—How true it is that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Her Cold-Blooded Husband—Yes, and somebody else keeps it up afterward.—N. Y. World.

ABOUT PLAYED OU

Rag-Time Music Has Got to Place to Something

This Popular Style of Melody Has Run Its Course — Now for a Season of Sentimental Ballads.

"Rag-time music," said the [illegible] stands behind the counter in a Wabash avenue shop in Chicago and ladles out harmony by the cord all day long, "rag-time music is about played out. It has had its day. Last fall and winter and the fall and winter before that our very best people were telling each other to take their clothes and go or announcing that they didn't like no cheap men. The formula for writing this sort of stuff is: Two bars of overcoat music and four barber shop chords. You never heard of 'overcoat music?' Well, you will find often in theatrical journals an advertisement which reads: 'Wanted—One heavy. Must be able to double with brass.' That means that he must be able to mouth the lines of the tremendous villain and take his part with a tuba in the street parades.

"These fellows travel about the country in the winter time, they all wear overcoats on their parades and the music is jammed into the right side pocket. It is of the simplest kind, of course. You may depend upon it that next winter a different class of songs will catch the public. Sentimentals are about due to come to the front. We have not had a 'Sweet Marie' season in some years. These things work in cycles. One winter it is love and two winters it is comics or 'nigger singing.' Of course, anything that's got 'mother' in it goes all of the time. The first fellow who comes along next September with a moan about moonlight and dear eyes and tender tones and a bruised heart is going to stack up like a pile of blues a mile high. Stuff concerning possums and razzers and he sut'nly was good to me isn't wanted."

A New Lice Exterminator.

A new lice exterminator, recommended by the Arkansas experiment station, is as follows, being a kerosene extract of pyrethrum: 1½ gallons kerosene soaked through 2½ pounds pyrethrum, resulting in a yellowish, oily extract, which will not mix with water, but which will form an emulsion with soap, similar to kerosene emulsion. One pound of soap dissolved in 1 gallon boiling water added to 1 gallon of the extract, well mixed or churned with a force pump, made a perfect emulsion, which, when diluted—one part of emulsion to 450 parts water—readily killed cotton worms. It seems to combine the properties of kerosene and pyrethrum, and to be more effective than either, easier to handle and cheaper.

WITH THE POETS.

The Good-Cheer Bird.

(A Camping Song.)

Where the tinseled pine leans o'er the green thick brule,
And the purple berries grow,
Where the bear roams wild, and the lake waves lap
On the cool dark rocks below,
There's a bird that waits for our coming again,
And sings of the good life here,
Of fishing and peace and enough for all—
Good luck! Good cheer, good cheer!

Around the bend where the alders grow
Shoots the bow of a bark canoe;
And tired eyes light up with the joy
Of the woods and the waters blue.
And see! in the pine with the wind-swept top,
By the spring where we camped last year,
The herald of plenty, a gray-brown bird—
Good luck! Rest here, good cheer!
Round the outlet's bend when the summer ends
Drifts the stern of a bark canoe.
The paddle's trail, while the brown hands rest,
And quiet eyes with the wood's peace blest—
Turn back for a good-by view.
And hark! From the green of the wind-swept pine
Rings a parting message clear,
Where Sipsis sings and flutters his wings—
Good luck! Next year, good cheer!
—William J. Long, in Youth's Companion.

The Seven Ages of Women.

At first the infant's cap, soft, warm and white,
With strings well mouthed and mauled, in sorry plight.

The giddy schoolgirl's hat, a waif and stray;
Any old thing that hinders not her play.

The budding maiden's hat, pert, smart or trim,
According to "sweet sixteen's" mood or whim.

Bravest of all, the bridal wreath and veil,
Which marks life's great event and turns the scale.

The new-fledged matron's "dream," by Worth designed,
Which "Hubby" pays for, sighs and looks resigned.

The well-planned bonnet of the chaperon,
Which hides Time's ravages from her alone.

Last scene of all, the widow's ruche and weeds
Sans feathers, flowers, ribbons, lace or beads.
—P. R. Oliver, in N. Y. Sun.

Longing.

O, for the meadow-lands, warm and sweet,
Where the tall grass whispers the whole day long,
And the meadow lark on the old rail fence
Floods all the silence with exquisite song;
To lie on the south hill slope and dream—
O, wonderful dreams that never come true:
Then home to the kitchen, cool and wide,
Where grandma's caraway cookies grew.

O, heart of mine, 'tis a weary way
From the city's streets to the meadows wide,
From the clearer vision of manhood's years
To youth's sweet dreams on the south hillside;
So far from the ways that bruise the feet
To the grassy paths that my childhood knew,
From crowding walls to the kitchen wide
Where grandma's caraway cookies grew.
—Florence A. Jones, in Good Housekeeping.

In the Shadows.

Because I wander in the shadows now
And scarce can see the path before my feet;
Because I cannot know the Why, the How,
Nor from this weary road find safe retreat,
Wilt Thou, O God, be near. Be Thou my guide,
My helper, friend. May I from Thee receive
Assurance of Thy presence at my side.
Give me the strength to trust Thee, to believe
That just beyond the shadows is the light
With tend[illegible] lead
pray
Up to T
sigh
Till th

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