AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 44. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1899. NO. 8.

BALTO. FREE LIBRARY Md

November. 1899

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

Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

8:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:30 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; S eamer, 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. 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.

Officers—Harry A Roe, Wm A Stewart, J D [illegible] H Berry, President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., C. H. Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whitby; Secretary, W. K. Scotten; Treasurer, T. Fred 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. P. 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.

P. B. HOPPER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

J. FRANK HARPER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville Md.

J. H. C. LEGG,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

T. J. KEATING,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

A. R. WEEDON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

JAS. T. BRIGHT,
Attorney-at Law,
Centreville, Md.

H. D. W. MITCHELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

JOHN E. WILSON,
Attorney-at Law,
Centreville, Md.

ALFRED L. THARP,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

GEORGE W. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

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.

A Brilliant Career

Earl W. Peabody's Amateur Cycling Record a Wonderful One.

THERE is something approaching the pathetic in the incidents that marked the closing of the riding career of the greatest amateur cyclist the United States, if not the new world, has produced. Earl W. Peabody, winner of over 225 races, honored beyond the usual measure of praise given to a hero of the path, and the only amateur who eclipsed the famous "Jersey Skeeter," Arty Zimmerman, in the brilliancy of his performances, cast his fortune at the twelfth hour with the great racing body of the "outlaws," hoping to conclude his track career with a victory



E. W. PEABODY.

over the young "human locomotive," amateur champion, Frank Kramer, and was humiliated. Kramer won each time that he and Peabody "hooked up." The bicycle world is large and rosy for Kramer. He is young and a "comer." Peabody has battled with the fates on all sorts of tracks, from the dirt affair at the county fair to the most elaborate "soup bowl" ellipse of the big hall, and he has arrived at the conclusion that his place is to attend to a business that he has founded.

That Peabody will never turn professional unless some exigency in the shape of a demand to make a livelihood arises, I can say with authority. That he will not be seen on the cycle path again this year is not so certain. But that he may not ride again after the present season comes to an end, is almost certain.

Peabody sees now what has been apparent to many critics for some time, that the day of the amateur cyclist who can gratify his ambition to travel anywhere—everywhere—for the simple love of contesting for trophies, is about over. Business methods of the sordid and grasping nature have seized cycle racing to such an extent that the sport has been left in the "also ran bunch."

It would appear that the politicians of the League of American Wheelmen do not love a winner unless that winner is one of them. Peabody fell a victim to the prejudice of one or two of the L. A. W. schemers and was transferred to the professional class. If there was ever a hard blow struck at the ambition of a young man that was. The great rider knew he was guiltless of any charge of professionalism and resolved to leave no stone unturned until he had been rehabilitated. One of the stringent and grossly unsatisfactory provisions of the league assembly rules is that a unanimous vote is necessary to save a cyclist from being left in the professional ranks. Peabody's case was ably pushed before the L. A. W. racing board and it reported favorably to the cyclist and the league permitted Peabody to ride provisionally, as an amateur. The next assembly of the race controlling body was to have acted on the case. But learning that he could not have a unanimous vote, on account of the old prejudices of two politicians, Peabody surprised the cycling world by riding his last race as a league man down in Alabama and then casting his lot with the N. C. A., or "outlaw" organization.

"I hope to have another chance to meet Kramer before I retire," said the cyclist. It was the wish of all but Kramer that Peabody would terminate his riding career with a great victory over his old rival. But the Nemesis that pursued him was on hand and Peabody had as much chance, in poor condition as he was, to win over the young man as a flea would have under an elephant's foot. Meeting Earl I induced the modest young man to talk about himself. He is thin of features, and discourses in an intelligent and interesting manner.

"If the poorly concealed injustice of the L. A. W. directed toward me were to be used to make me out a sort of a martyr," said Peabody, "I would not discuss it. The fact remains that I am an 'outlaw' now by choice. I would have been one by L. A. W. action had I waited. I defy any man to prove that I have, in all my racing career, ever departed from the rules and requirements that make men eligible to the amateur class. I began riding because I liked the sport—I continued to ride because I was fond of the life and its adventures—and for that reason I remained an amateur.

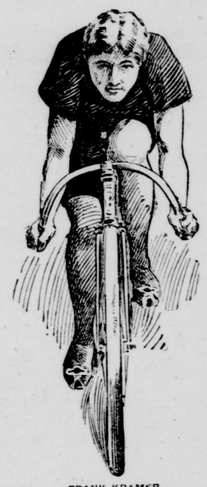
"The cycling problem will resolve itself soon. Neither the L. A. W. nor the N. C. A. is competent to control racing—amateur, I mean. The Amateur Athletic union, that wonderful body that has kept amateur athletics sweet and clean, is able to control and I do not doubt that it will. There will be despairing shrieks from the men of the other organizations, because they are being left out, but the change is coming. The A. A. U. is the logical body to exercise supervision over the amateurs. For the professional end of the sport, the pathway appears to be wide. There will be a mutual government made up of representatives of the cyclists and the owners and promoters of tracks.

"Yes, cycle racing appears to have gone to the dogs in many localities. Chicago, once great center for the sport, would not furnish a paying number for the races at which all the prominent cracks of the country were billed. But I have seen, down in Birmingham, Ala., where the population is not very great, a throng of several thousands at a cycle meet. I have appeared at other places, mainly in the east, where the attendance has been up in the thousands. But there is no telling how long such enthusiasm will continue. Dry rot seems to have seized cycling in most places."

Becoming reminiscent, Peabody replied to my query: What, in your opinion, was the hardest contest of your cycling career? "That would be difficult to answer, for I have won many races that had preliminary and even semi-final and final heats. Usually Zimmerman went out and captured his race with one appearance. However it was at Washington park, Labor day, 1898, when I was in a two-mile handicap with a big field. The course was heavy and holding from the rain. Ziegler and myself were well out in the lead for a mile and a half, each setting his turn at pace making. I was the first man in the turn for home, although to get past the big field that flashed past us, I had to ride through mud that ordinarily would have stopped me. How I passed that big field and won I scarcely realize, even now.

"One day I was entered in all sorts of races at Springfield, Ill., and arrived at the state meet after traveling all night in a day coach—I always took a sleeping car on my many trips if there was one attached to the train. From short dash races to five-mile events I jumped, and, would you believe it, I won five races that afternoon. One feels just like racing sometimes. I recall one time when my knee was so stiff that I had to be helped on my wheel and the first time the pedal came up I was lifted from the saddle, because the knee would not bend. Yet I won my race. Another time I had a fall and the accident tore a huge piece out of my leg. Even while the tissue was building itself up—the open sore had not healed—I raced and won.

"I think that racing with its countless dangers developed two kinds of courage in me. I fully believe in athletics to make men of our boys. I was naturally timid. But I learned to take all chances with a recklessness that I can but admire in others. Besides I gained courage to bear pain. Fortitude came with my racing experience. I would not take a great deal for the benefits that my career has heaped on me mentally and physically. I have always maintained that there was more



FRANK KRAMER.

to the simple hygienic and common sense method of eating in training than in following some of the antiquated rules of some trainers. I used coffee to some extent and even smoked when I wished. While no drinking man, I took a bit of malt beer when I desired it. When it is considered that I would often be traveling hundreds of miles on railroads and participating in three and four race meets a week.

"As to Kramer, I have nothing but words of praise. I could not beat him. He showed the power of a locomotive and drew away from me at will with scarcely no effort. While I would have liked to defeat him, my condition was that of a man who should have quit trying after the first attempt. Kramer was not an unknown by any means when he blossomed out at the national meet at Indianapolis. He won the amateur mile event and that carried with it more prestige, I believe, than did the three victories that Collett earned. Collett was practically the man of all the bunch at the meet. But Kramer is at the top to-day. I wish him success."

E. G. WESTLAKE

Makes Most Glass Bottles.

Alton Ill., a city of 18,000, has the distinction of having the largest glass bottle plant in the world. There are 14 factories, of which four are continuous tankhouses, working night and day crews. The company's report to the state factory inspector last June showed the number of employes to be 2,450. Of these 485 were blowers. Since this report was made the company has built a new continuous tank factory, which will increase the total force of employes to 2,700. The plant has grown from a small beginning in Alton 25 years ago, and its wares are distributed through all the west and south and old Mexico. The glass blower is much the highest paid wage-earner in the Mississippi valley. He works eight hours a day and makes from $35 to $45 a week. His trade union is one of the most powerful in the world. It permits of the admission of but a limited number of apprentices each year and cooperates with the manufacturer in unionizing the employes of competitors and keeping wages up. This year the manufacturers have granted the bottle blowers a ten per cent. increase in wages.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WEIGHT O' DISCONTENT.

There's a heap o' foolish chatter 'bout the way the world is run—
Men an' women allus tellin' o' the way it might be done,
But it seems to me the wisest jus' to let her roll an' siz,
Knowin' discontent is catchin' as the yello' fever is.

Billy Carter had a cabin on a quarter-section: great!
Land was rich as all creation—warn't no better in the state.
Bill kep' workin' late an' early—kep' the children at it, too,
'Ceptin' when the school was runnin'—would ha' pulled the mortgage thro'
If he'd had a mite o' backin'; but his wife she couldn't see
Any future less'n famine—ease in pint you must agree,
Fur Bill caught her discontentment—got discouraged, lost his grip,
An' the quarter-section dwindled to a twenty-acre strip.

Mercy Meredith's another—allus cheerful, peart an' spry
As'n April mornin' robin, or a flicker in July,
Father died an' left the humsted, houses, land an' all to her;
Everybody said 'twuz proper; well, she married Jacob Burr.
Proud an' selfish man wuz Jacob—holdin' gladness as a crime,
Kep' a-naggin' at her, provokin' meek submission all the time;
Jacob had no cause to blame her, ef in time she turned to find
In some other voice the music that wuz singin' in her mind.
Course she's got to bear the burden, but 'twas him that sowed the seed
O' the discontent that druv her to commit the willful deed.

Where's the use o' seekin' trouble? glad ness dwells in everything.
Moles that burrow in the meadow, birds that mount an' sail an' sing,
Are the care o' Him that made 'em—they are happy one an' all;
While a man can leap the ditches he has no excuse to crawl.
You may ride a higher stepper than the gentle nag I own,
But my roan may still be joggin' when your handsome bay is blown.
Runnin' streams'll tell a story just as sweet to you or me
If we've tuned ourselves to hear it. All that's best in life is free.
Man may carry all o' heaven 'thout his shoulders bein' bent,
But is crushed to earth with bearin' half a pint o' discontent.
So it seems to me the wisest just to let the old world siz,
Knowin' discontent is catchin' as the yello' fever is.

—Charles Eugene Banks, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

On a Runaway Engine.

Disastrous Result of the Test of the First Big Locomotive Out of Boston.

IT WAS a proud day for Reuben Finch when he was selected as engineer of the big, eight-wheeled freighter, Massachusetts. Back in the forties, when railroading was young and innovations were regarded with an interest not jaded with the many inventions and contrivances of modern science, the news that the Western railroad, which now forms a part of the Boston & Albany system, had put on a mammoth freight engine, larger than any yet tried, excited a widespread curiosity, not limited to the circle of railroad men, which was then much smaller than it is now. Among the engineers and firemen, however, the curiosity had something of excitement mingled with it, born of the desire to be put in charge of the great engine. And so Finch was an envied man the day his appointment was made known. Not less fortunate than Finch, in the estimation of his brotherhood, was James Marcey, who was selected to run with him as fireman on the Massachusetts. It was something to be placed in charge of a mighty monster, which made all the other engines on the road look like children's toys.

Early in December the Massachusetts was brought up from the shops at Lowell, and was sent up and down the road, while Finch adjusted every little part till she was in good working trim. The test of the engine was awaited with great interest, as fabulous tales were told of the number of cars she could haul. The test was to be a severe one, but there was one thing that interfered; there were not cars enough around to make it interesting. In those days the freight traffic was very limited. Each road kept its own cars on its own road, as the railroad men say, and the variety from every road in the country could not be seen on each track, as it is to-day. So, to get enough cars, a tribute was levied on each passing freight train. It delayed the traffic a few days, but goods sent by freight in the forties were not perishable.

The test was to be made over the track from Worcester to Springfield, and on December 18, 1840, 25 cars had been collected, enough, it was thought, to give the engine a most thorough test, for 25 cars made a tremendous load, as loads were then. In the afternoon Finch and Marcey oiled up the parts anew and made everything ready for the triumphal trip to Springfield.

A couple of toots on the whistle, a clanging of the bell and Finch, opening the throttle, felt the great engine roll out on the main track with seemingly as little effort as though there were not a string of freight cars behind her nearly a quarter of a mile long. There were two or three men in the cab with Finch and Marcey, among them Wilson Eddy, known the country over in later years as the veteran master mechanic of the Boston & Albany railroad. Majestically the Massachusetts swung along and there was nothing to mar the smoothness of the machinery's motion. It was a brisk winter day and the rails were covered with frost, but the great wheels did not slip. Railroad accidents were new things then, and it was as yet an undiscovered fact that an engine could run away, with its engineer powerless to control it. There were but two brakes on the train, but this caused no uneasiness, particularly as there was that great engine to depend upon.

In those days the railroad had not yet been extended across the Connecticut river at Springfield, but the abutments for a bridge were being built. Before the handsome Boston & Albany station was built at Springfield there was a steep grade which swept down into the city from the east.

Beginning about a mile back from the city the track dropped quickly down past the station and came to an end at the river bank, 300 yards below. This was the jumping-off place, for the tracks had not been built out on the bridge. To the right, diverging slightly from the main track, a spur led to the roundhouse, which stood on the river bank, not far away. It was here that the engines were faced about for the return trips.

As the Massachusetts, coming in triumphantly from its 50-mile run, approached the brink of the hill a mile back from the river, Finch began to slow down and as he did so he began to realize that the heavy train had considerable impetus. He was afraid to risk going down the grade with so few brakes and decided to stop and block the wheels, seeing that the track was very slippery. So he shut off the steam and applied the brakes. To his surprise they seemed to have no effect on the heavy train.

"Watch out, Finch," said Marcey, "or you'll have us on the grade. It's pretty slippery."

Finch made no reply, but nervously reversed the throttle, sending the wheels spinning backwards over the greasy rails in spite of the weight of the engine, but not staying in the least the movement of the train. The dip in the grade came nearer and nearer, and at last Finch cried:

"My God, boys, I don't believe I can stop her!"

Then suddenly the engine leaped forward as it felt the steeper grade, and the speed increased each second in spite of Finch's efforts as car after car swept over the brink and pushed forward with a force that was not to be resisted. The occupants of the cab could do nothing but cling to the engine with a helplessness which became despair, as they saw that the big engine was entirely beyond control. But as the Massachusetts came rushing down toward the depot the full horror of the situation burst upon her occupants, for there seemed to be no way to escape plunging straight into the abutments of the new bridge.

There was a scramble for the side of the cab. Eddy made the first jump and he rolled off the tracks just at the station, unhurt. Moore, the conductor, and Nichols, a fireman who was riding in the cab, jumped next and were not seriously injured, while back of them the trainhands were jumping to the right and left for their lives. Finch bravely stuck to the Massachusetts, doing all he could to stop the headlong rush and planning to jump at the last moment at the river bank, and Marcey stayed with him.

A few seconds more and the whole train would be piled up in the river, but just then a curious thing occurred. As the Massachusetts reached the point where the spur track led off to the roundhouse, Finch felt a sudden jerk sidewise that told him the engine had taken the switch, and realizing that it must plunge into the roundhouse instead of the river he jumped without an instant's hesitation and without seeing what his landing place was going to be. He luckily struck a clear spot just in front of the roundhouse and went rolling yards away from the track, while the mighty engine with its long train of cars went rushing at full speed through the double doors. Marcey had delayed his jump too long and was buried in the debris into which the roundhouse engine and cars were resolved.

Abel Willard, the master mechanic of the road, had heard the engine coming down the grade, and supposing that it was some engine wanting to come in there, had thrown the switch. The force with which the Massachusetts, pushed by the heavy train, struck the roundhouse was tremendous. The old engine, Hampden, which was standing on the track inside, was driven through the brick wall on the further side and brought up standing, after climbing a woodpile which stood on the very brink of the river. But for this the Massachusetts would have gone into the river after all, despite the trifling obstacle of a brick roundhouse.

The cars piling into the house after the engine filled it to the roof with wreckage, and the frightful confusion gave a new idea of the possibilities of railroading. The debut of the Massachusetts had caused the loss of four lives as well as the demolition of the train and the roundhouse. Marcey was buried deep in the wreckage; Willard and a helper were crushed while endeavoring to get the double doors open and a brakeman was killed in jumping, but Finch came off nearly unscathed.—Boston Transcript.

The Waiter Knew 'Em.

A downtown restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Care-worn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern-jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled to the cook: "Two supes and a Ham-omelet!" — Detroit Free Press.

Would Need Some of It.

Hazel—Sandstone has asked me to lend him $25, and I don't know whether to do it or not. Would you?

Nutte (earnestly)—I would, old man. He invited me to dine with him this evening.—Stray Stories.

Wedding Houses in Old England.

In olden times certain towns and villages in England used to possess a wedding house, where poor couples, after they had been wedded at church, could entertain their friends at a small cost, the only outlay being the purchase of such provisions for their guests as they brought with them, the house for the day being given free of payment.—N. Y. Sun.

Autumnal Odors.

"I believe this is the first really cold day we have had," remarked the girl in the fur jacket. "You can almost smell the coming of winter."

"I notice the odor of camphor balls in the air," replied the girl in the yellow buskins.

Whereat the atmosphere became still colder.—Chicago Tribune.

Jews in Great Britain.

The English edition of the Jewish Year Book for the Hebraic year 5660 estimates the British Jews as numbering about 136,000, of which London claims the large proportion of 92,000, the provinces, 35,000, and Scotland about 4,000, leaving for Ireland 2,000 only.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO GIRL BANDITS.

Captured in Oklahoma and Now Awaiting Trial.

Young School-Teacher Passes Lots of Bad Money—Seventeen-Year-Old Girl Releases a Gang of Outlaws from Jail.

Two women bandits are now awaiting trial in the United States jail at Oklahoma City. Both were members of bands of outlaws, and the story of their exploits is interesting as part of a chapter in history which will soon be closed. As the rancher gives place to the farmer, and the red man to the white man in the Indian country, the picturesque and the half-civilized men and women of the borderland disappear. Robin Hood and his maidens will soon live only in the story of times that are past.

Mary Smith, the last of the young women counterfeiters to be taken in custody, was formerly a Missouri school teacher. She formed the acquaintance of Huffman, the leader of a gang in the Indian territory, and forsook her home and friends to come with him to the Indian country. In a short while Miss Smith fell in love with another member of the gang and eloped with him. Huffman vowed vengeance upon the man who had supplanted him in the girl's affection, and the taking of his revenge led to the discovery of wholesale counterfeiting which the outlaws had carried on.

A few weeks ago the rivals met in a saloon near Caney, Kan., and when the smoke cleared away two men were lying bleeding upon the floor, each holding an empty six-shooter. They were placed under arrest. By telling each that the other had confessed the officers got the prisoners to talk, and the fact was disclosed that they were members of a counterfeiting band, and that Mary



MARY SMITH.
(Young Woman Counterfeiter Recently Arrested in Oklahoma.)

Smith, the ex-Missouri school teacher, was the person depended upon to get the money into circulation. In the meantime Mary had decamped, but officers located her here in Noble county. Over $100,000 of spurious money put out by the school teacher and these men has been located and seized.

Jessie E. Findley, the second woman outlaw, is only 17 years old, but is one of the most desperate criminals in the country. She is an unerring shot with a revolver, a dashing horsewoman and absolutely fearless. The present indictment against Jessie Findley is based on the fact that she introduced weapons into the county jail of Oklahoma county in June last to assist the Christian gang of outlaws in making their escape, which they accomplished June 30, resulting in the killing of Chief of Police Jones, of Oklahoma City.

About four years ago Bob Christian, the leader of the "Christian gang," stopped for dinner at the home of Jessie's mother in Pottawatomie county. One day not long after that Jessie was missing. She had run away with the outlaw. She remained with him for several months, riding with the gang on several forages, but usually staying at the cabin and acting as housekeeper and cook. Bob taught her to shoot and to ride, and she soon became proficient in the use of the revolver and rifle, and a bold horsewoman. About this time Bob and Bill Christian were arrested for killing Deputy Sheriff Turner, of Pottawatomie county, Oklahoma, who was attempting to arrest them for cattle stealing. This was the first murder that could be brought home to them, and the prosecution was thorough and prompt. They were convicted of the crime and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary, and brought to Oklahoma City to await transportation to prison. Jessie succeeded in smuggling three revolvers to them with 30 rounds of ammunition, and they escaped, killing the chief of police.

A posse of men was sent out to Bob Christian's cabin to capture Jessie, the authorities believing she would reveal the whereabouts of the men if she could be once got from under the influence of her lover. The friends of the desperadoes received word of the intentions of the authorities in some manner, and at once spirited the girl away, passing her from member to member of the gang in different parts of the territory.

To facilitate her escape, Jessie was dressed in a cowboy's costume—slouch hat, high-heeled shoes and storm coat. In five days they rode 250 miles, doubling and redoubling on the track. The officers finally captured the girl in a lonely cabin in the woods, and by a forced ride of 50 miles at night reached the railroad and landed their prisoner safely in jail at Oklahoma City. Since her imprisonment Jessie has grown to be a great reader and admirer of Hall Caine's works.

A Truly Wonderful Gown.

Princess Czartoryski has just had a remarkable gown made in Paris on which her coat of arms is produced in jewels on a white satin ground. For this purpose the stones had to be pierced, and though their value is thus deteriorated, the costume as it stands is reputed to be worth $75,000.

Chartreuse of Game.

Prepare the meat (one pint) as for souffle, season with salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, two teaspoonfuls of onion juice and two of lemon juice. Blend in two well-beaten eggs, and fill into a mold that is completely lined with rice one inch thick, cover over with rice so the meat is entirely incased in it. Steam three-quarters of an hour, turn onto a hot platter, and pour around it some tomato sauce. This is a dish that is pretty sure to appeal to the palate.—Woman's Home Companion.

MAY SUCCEED REED.

Amos L. Allen Nominated for Congress by the Constituents of the Late Speaker of the House.

Amos L. Allen, who has just been nominated to succeed Thomas Brackett Reed in congress, is about the biggest man in the town of Alfred, Me., not far from Portland. He is of the type that is the pride of the self-made New Englander. For his education at Bowdoin college he played the part of "hired man" on the "place" of one of the professors. The ambition with which college life learning and the classics



AMOS L. ALLEN.
(Nominated to Succeed Thomas B. Reed in Congress.)

inspired him drew him away from the business career he had outlined in his own mind, and after leaving Bowdoin he got into the law, and it was not long before he was a member of a crack firm of attorneys in Maine. Law and politics are proverbially cousins, and before middle age Mr. Allen found himself engaged in government positions, such as postmaster of the house of representatives and minor offices in the pension bureau and the treasury department. He was more recently private secretary to Mr. Reed. Mr. Allen is one of the most familiar figures in Washington. He knows everybody and knows everything about the business of the house. At 62 he is livelier on his feet and quicker of wit than most men are at 50. As Mr. Reed's secretary he developed a turn for diplomacy and promptness of decision that will be of vast help to him as congressman.

WILL HAVE MILLIONS.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Supposed to Be the Principal Heir of the Late Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who will probably inherit the bulk of the $100,000,000 fortune left by Cornelius Vanderbilt, is the second living son of the late steward of the Vanderbilt wealth. The supposed principal heir is now on [illegible] home, or soon will be, from his travels in the orient, whence he has been called by the family, who await his arrival before probating the will. Young Vanderbilt gets the name Gwynne through his mother, whose ancestors have been traced to Charlemagne. Alfred was educated at Yale. He was very popular among the students at the big university. While at



ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.
(He Will Be the Richest Young Man in the United States.)

college he was quite studious, but evinced a notable liking for athletics. His apartments in no way gave evidence of his wealth, but were much as were those of other students. While still in his studies Alfred fell in love with Miss Elsie French, and, Vanderbilt-like, he was quite impatient to be married. His father, however, persuaded him to wait until after his graduation and likewise until he had made a tour of the world before settling down. Miss French is only 18, and very beautiful. She is the daughter of the late Francis Ormono French, and a sister of Elizabeth French, who married Col. Francis Eaton, of the Grenadier guards. The future Mrs. Vanderbilt has a fortune of her own of nearly $5,000,000.

Mexicans Saw the Point.

An American farmer near Guadalajara cleverly convinced his Mexican neighbors that oxen could do more work under American yokes than under the old-fashioned head yokes so generally used in the republic. The American brought several modern yokes from the states and used them with success. The curiosity of his Mexican friends was aroused and they proceeded to ask questions. "Well," said the American, "when you lasso a steer and the lasso gets around his neck, what do you do?" "Turn him loose," was the reply. "Why?" "Because he's too strong for us that way." "That's it," answered the American; "his strength is in his neck, not in his horns." The Mexicans saw the point, and now yokes of United States manufacture are generally used in that neighborhood.

A Colony of Epileptics.

In Bielefeld, Germany, there is a colony of epileptics, numbering about 1,500. The colony was established in 1868, and patients from all parts of the world go there for treatment.

How It Worked.

Mrs. Newlywed (reading)—Love is a balloon that lifts us up to heaven;—marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth again!

Mr. Newlywed (also reading)—Another parachute horror! Man falls 3,000 feet and is dashed to pieces! Same old story! Parachute fails to work!—Puck.

Little Drops of Water.

Some one has made the startling discovery that drops of water falling continuously on a two-inch board will wear a hole through it in 35 years.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3534-0136.jpg