AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 44. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1899. NO. 10.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY Md.

1899 November. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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26	27	28	29	30		

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. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A. P. 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., 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. 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.

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.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Centreville, Md.

JOHN E. WILSON,
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Centreville, Md.

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

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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.

The Greatness of Chicago

Big Figures from the Life of the Big Western City.

The true Chicagoan, and that is anyone who has lived in the big western city for six months or longer, unless he has previously lived in St. Louis or some of the larger eastern cities, never tires of talking of Chicago's greatness. He is proud of his town, and, like a boy with a new toy, never tires of telling of it.



A Walking Advertisement of His Town.

In fact, Chicagoans have all the characteristics of the people of any of the boom towns of the west, and among these Chicago is but a leader. True the city has safely passed the point where she is liable to be stranded by the death of the boom that has made her great, but Chicago is a boom town nevertheless.

It has been these familiar boom methods that are responsible for much of Chicago's present greatness, a greatness which none but her enemies ever dispute or ridicule. Boom editions of Chicago papers find a ready sale and are sent broadcast over the world by Chicago people anxious to impress friends in other places and other lands with the greatness of the city. Every resident of the city resolves himself into a walking, talking advertisement for his town.

The merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man do not growl at the competition which this advertising brings; they glory in it. They put the welfare of the city before self, and the big merchant will strive as earnestly to secure the location of another emporium of trade in his own line as in any other.

So it is with the manufacturers, in which every conceivable line is represented. Every man glories in the greatness of the city in his own particular line. But a few days ago a manufacturer of brick told me, with the greatest pride, that Chicago was manufacturing annually a larger number of bricks than any other city in the United States; that the average year's product in his line in Chicago is over 300,000,000, exclusive of gold brick.

Millions of Money.

But while the trade in gold bricks has been steadily decreasing in Chicago, it is not because Chicago has neither the money to manufacture or purchase them. Chicago has passed the gold brick stage of its existence; it has advanced quite as rapidly in the matter of swindling schemes as in other ways, and it has been but a few months since a large part of the population of the city was glorying in the fact that a Chicago sharper had buncoed a Gothamite out of a considerable sum of money.



Chicago Has Plenty of Money.

If you talk to a Chicago banker or financier he will convince you that the day is soon coming when the big western town will bunco New York out of first place in the financial world, if the eastern metropolis does not look sharp.

One of the few things Chicagoans have to regret is that their city must take second place among the financial centers of the country. But a short time ago it stood third in this line, and then Boston fell an easy victim to her western antagonist, and now nothing but New York stands between the city and supremacy.

I have heard visitors to the city say that Chicago was peopled by a crowd of spendthrifts, and yet Chicago banks are carrying over $300,000,000 in savings deposits, much of it the accumulations of the working classes, and deposited in small amounts at a time.

There is one bank in the city which carries in deposits the neat sum of $43,000,000, and another is a close second, with $41,000,000, and these are only two of hundreds of such institutions. The fact is, one wonders how so many banking concerns can do a profitable business, and yet the bank clearings of this year in Chicago promise to run well over $6,000,000,000, which will be very close to the New York record. That sum would purchase a number of gold bricks had Chicago not gone out of the business.

Chicago's Maritime Interests.

When one is in a mood for figures it pays well to hunt up some of the men who are interested and familiar with the maritime interests of the city, and get a comparison between Chicago and the great ocean ports of the world. Such figures are at the tongue's end of every lake captain commanding a Chicago registered vessel, and they particularly like to compare Chicago's water shipping with that of Gotham.



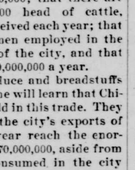
Chicago is Proud of Her Shipping.

Anyone of these men will tell you that Chicago is the greatest port of the world, even though it is situated on nothing larger than a 60-mile-wide lake. They will tell you that the entrances and clearances of the Chicago harbors register more than 15,000,000 tons each year, and that with only some eight months of ocean navigation. Then they will quote you figures of other ports, beginning always with that of New York, which last year was 500,000 tons less than that of Chicago. That Chicago has a larger registered tonnage by several million than that passing through the Suez canal; that Antwerp is left behind by over 4,000,000 tons; that Liverpool has 5,000,000 tons less than Chicago, and that London is the only city in the world which can show a greater tonnage entrance register than Chicago, and even Londin is less than 4,000,000 tons ahead, and that is but a trifle.

When talking to one of these old-time Chicago lake captains, I asked if New York did not beat Chicago in the number of vessels entering and leaving, even though Chicago did pass her eastern rival in point of tonnage, but he assured me, and produced the figures to prove the truth of his assertion, that while New York is the city's nearest competitor she is still more than 4,000 vessels behind Chicago. Probably the Chicago marine interests have something to crow over after all.

Big School Figures.

When one is not in a humor to listen to educational figures it is not well to mention the subject in the presence of anyone connected with the educational interests of the city of Chicago. They will not make comparisons between the educational interests of Chicago and New York, because the balance is on the wrong side, but it matters not whether you talk to the president of the board of education, the president of a university or the fourth assistant janitor of a suburban ward school, the figures will pour out in a perfect torrent just the same.



More Than 200,000 School Children.

But it pays to listen to these figures, for one can hardly fail to be interested. They represent much to the entire country, for Chicago is educating a goodly proportion of the country's youth. Last year Chicago school ma'ams wrestled with 236,239 youthful minds ranging in ages from five to 20 years. Mixed with the fads, for which Chicago schools are famous, was much valuable instruction imparted to this vast concourse of children.

To impart this knowledge to this number of students, there were employed 5,300 teachers in the day public schools alone, and each teacher had but about 40 pupils under her care. But 40 Chicago pupils is enough is the verdict of the average teacher.

Seven millions of dollars is a great sum, but that is what it costs Chicago each year to maintain its public school system. Aside from this are millions tied up in school property. The city owns 340 elegant school buildings, including primary, grammar and high schools, and the average cost of each pupil's yearly education, based on daily attendance, is about $27.

If you will listen, the same person will also give you a long string of figures of the universities and professional schools of the city that are truly astonishing.

A Medley of Figures.

A large sized volume would not hold all the big figures the Chicago people delight to quote to all who will listen. The railroad man will tell you that Chicago is the greatest railroad center in the world; that there are 28 trunk lines of railway entering the city, with more than double that number of branches; that there are nearly 1,500 regular trains entering the city every day, and that over 950,000 cars of in and out freight are handled over these lines annually.



Chucked Full of Big Figures.

Out at the stock yards they will tell you that Chicago paid last year for live stock over $150,000,000; that there are more than 15,000,000 head of cattle, sheep and hogs received each year; that there are 30,000 men employed in the packing industry of the city, and that their wages are $30,000,000 a year.

Among the produce and breadstuffs commission men one will learn that Chicago leads the world in this trade. They will tell you that the city's exports of breadstuffs in a year reach the enormous figures of $470,000,000, aside from the $200,000,000 consumed in the city handled 320,436,000 bushels of grain.

Out around Twenty-second street, in the lumber district, you will be told, whether you ask or not, that Chicago handles in a year something like 1,500,000,000 feet of lumber and 300,000,000 shingles. The men interested in farm machinery will hear that the city manufactures $50,000,000 worth of this class of product each year. Another item of which everyone hears is the $600,000,000 wholesale trade of the city each year, exclusive of grain, breadstuffs, provisions and live stock.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Too Great a Trial.

Sometimes an employe who is taken on trial is let go because he proves too much of one.—Chicago Daily News.

An Expert.

Bramble—Clarence seems to have made a great success as a criminal lawyer.

Thorne—Yes; they say he won't touch a case now unless the man is guilty.—N. Y. Journal.

When They See Snakes.

"Drink affects the eyesight," says a physician. That explains why a man who drinks sometimes sees more in a minute than other men see in a lifetime.—Chicago Daily News.

A Mysterious Fish.

The home of the shad when it leaves the river for the sea after spawning is unknown, and nothing whatever is known of its habits or food.—Albany Argus.

A Matter of Hands.

The wealthy father is apt to be asked to lend a hand whenever a daughter gives hers.—Chicago Dispatch.

Will Last a Lifetime.

If properly managed one good opportunity will last for a lifetime.—Chicago Daily News.

IN THE GALLERY, LONG AGO.

Oh, yes, Joe, it's good to be sitting
Down here where the rich people are,
To have money to squander for flowers,
Concealing cheap notes to the star;
To visit around in the boxes,
To gossip concerning the play;
To stroll to and fro in the lobby
And smoke in a bored sort of way;
But it doesn't come up to the pleasure
That you and I knew long ago,
When we sat in the gallery cheering
The hero along, is it, Joe?

There are scents of red roses about us,
There are robes that are soft to the touch,
But somehow the things that they're doing
On the stage aren't thrilling us much;
The hero's no longer heroic,
The heroine's lost her old charm,
And the villain, who cares for his rantings?
We have ceased to go pale with alarm!
Oh, I'd give up my fairest achievement
To be sitting back there with you, Joe,
In the gallery hissing the villain
And living the scenes in the show.

There are soft eyes that look into ours,
There are whispered words pleasing to hear;
There's a charm in the lips that are smiling,
So near—so enchantingly near!
But what of the play they are playing,
Oh, where is the thread of the plot?
And what are the words they are saying?
We have ceased to be thrilled by such rot!
Alas! all the beautiful faces,
All the glances of flatterers, Joe,
Can never make up for the loss of
Those gallery nights, long ago.

It is good to be able to squander
A ten-dollar bill, I admit,
Without being harrowed by feelings
Of sorrow at parting with it!
It is pleasing to mingle with people
Who laugh at whatever we say—
Who would nod and pass on if we didn't
Have money and fling it away;
But I'd give up my fairest achievement
To be back there again with you, Joe,
When we fought for front seats and ate peanuts,
And were gallery gods, long ago.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

One Way to Fame

By Howard Marcus Strong.

ANTONIE, a book-seller of the Quai d'Orsay, tried two matches on the asphalt pavement, and was then forced to resort to the lining of his coat, for the morning was very damp. Having at last lighted the tobacco in his short clay pipe, he proceeded to arrange his wooden cases along the parapet of the river. Next he affixed the price tags—ranging from 10 to 100 sous—and hung out two glaring "Une Feuille Morte" posters.

Thus prepared for custom, the ancient Antonie seated himself on his little camp stool and shivered until the sun came through the fog, bringing with it a fat priest who purchased, and a shabby bibliomaniac who simply browsed. Along toward noon business grew brisker, and even a Member of the Institute paused to look over the stock.

"This is a glorious day, friend," he observed in measured tones; but before Antonie could word a reply, a sallow-faced young man pushed forward and demanded instant attention.

"One copy of 'Une Feuille Morte,'" he cried. "Two copies—three—all that you have—quick!"

"There is but one left," said Antonie, producing a red-and-gold volume; "they sell very readily of late."

With a fierce cry of anger, the young man flung down a gold piece. Then, to the astonishment of all beholders, he caught up the book, wrenched it in two, and tearing out page after page wildly stamped them under foot.

"A curse upon it!" he raved. "I will destroy every copy in Paris—in France—none shall escape me. 'Une Feuille Morte' must not be read."

Persons in the street paused to learn the cause of the disturbance. The gamins formed a circle around the young man and jeered at his insane conduct. In return the victim crumpled up handfuls of printed leaves and hurled them in the faces of his tormentors. At the very height of the excitement a carriage drove up and a beautiful woman sprang out.

"Louis!" she cried, forcing her way through the dense crowd. "Louis, my love, forgive!"

The young man started violently and gazed about as if unable to believe his senses. In a hoarse voice he cried:

"Who speaks?"

"I my love," said the woman, as she ran forward and threw her arms around his neck. "I, Marie d'Amoureux."

There was a murmur of surprise from the onlookers. The writer of "Une Feuille Morte'"—"They were once lovers."

"Louis," pleaded the woman, "forgive be. I was carried away by my success. I still love you."

"Leave me," cried Louis harshly. "I will have no words with you."

"Louis," said the woman, as she quickly mounted the parapet, "if you do not forgive me—if you still renounce my love, I will throw myself into the river."

The young man turned on his heel without a word—and that instant Marie d'Armoureux leaped from the parapet. As she struck the water, Louis uttered a wild cry of remorse, and, before any one could stay him, followed the woman into the Seine.

Old Antonie was so overcome by the excitement that he sank down on his stool and panted for breath. The dignified Member of the Institute seized a book-back and fanned him vigorously.

"They are saved!" shouted the crowd. "A boatman has rescued them. He has dragged them into his barge."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the Member. "She has the eyes and hair of an angel." And then to Antonie: "Have you seen them before? You must get me her book—'Une Feuille Morte.'"

"The man I have seen," replied the old bookseller; "but the woman never. It is not long since I caused the arrest of this same Louis. It was very sad."

"They are being restored on the barge," said the Member. "I will wait until they are brought up. Come now, what of this one of the yellow lace?"

It was seldom that Antonie had so distinguished a listener, and he related the incident with great relish.

"I had noticed this Louis," he began. "Every morning he would come and look, but go away without buying. One day a gentleman came to me and said: 'Antonie, you are being robbed by a young r[illegible] sallow face. I can see the wa[illegible] ha[illegible]

ing. The young man approached, handled the book and then turned away. He was immediately arrested, and two copies of 'Une Feuille Morte' were found beneath his coat.

"Before the magistrate he told a story so strange that it has since been on every lip. His sweetheart, Marie d'Amoureux, wrote 'Une Feuille Morte.' No one would publish it. Marie was in tears. The young man took his savings and had the novel printed. No one would sell it; for there was no one to buy.

"Then came an act of still greater devotion. Louis, with so much of his salary as he could spare, purchased copies of the work from Marie, telling her that they were ordered by the booksellers. These copies he would place on the bookstalls by stealth, hoping that they might be read and appreciated. It was for such an act that I had caused his arrest. The papers told the pitiful story, and since then there has been a great demand for the book."

"But what of the trouble to-day?" interrupted the Member, impatiently. "Why did he treat her so cruelly?"

"In return for her ingratitude," replied Antonie. "When success came she forgot Louis, who was poor and unattractive. Her smiles were all for another. Heaven only knows what has worked so great a change in her heart, and brought her to so passionate a deed. Perhaps she has only now learned all that Louis has done for her."

"Ah, friend," sighed the Member, "how could he resist such an appeal? She has the eyes and hair of an angel."

"See," said Antonie, "there is a journalist using my bookstall for a desk, while he makes notes of this interesting happening. How his pencil flies over the paper!"

The Member withdrew his gaze from the river. On beholding the object of Antonie's remarks, he exclaimed:

"My nephew!" and then louder: "Pierre, I congratulate you on being an eye-witness of this event. Your paper will doubtless appreciate your account."

Pierre glanced up, smiled, nodded, and went on with his writing. At last he closed his notebook, placed it in his pocket, and then waved a handkerchief above his head.

"Now, uncle," he said, coming to the Member's side, "you will soon have a good look at Louis and Marie; they will enter their cab at this spot. They are now ascending the steps from the river, followed by the boatman."

Before the Member could form a question, the crowd fell back and the lovers appeared on the quay. Hand in hand they advanced toward the bookstall where a cab was in waiting. As they passed Pierre, the Member saw Louis direct a sly kick at the journalist's shins, while Marie favored them both with an expansive grin.

"Nephew," said the Member, when the cab had driven off with its wet occupants, "do you know these persons?"

"In one moment," said Pierre, as he transferred some bank notes from his pocket to the hand of the gallant boatman who had rescued Louis and Marie. "You may question presently. Now," he laughed, when the boatman had moved away, "I am at your disposal."

"What do you know of this affair?"

"Everything."

"What will be the end of it?"

"A third edition of 'Une Feuille Morte.'"

"I cannot believe," said the Member, "that they would be guilty of making public their inner lives for the sake of vulgar advertising."

"Yet such is the case," replied Pierre. "The book would never have sold without it. This is an enterprising age, uncle. Look!"

A wagon piled high with books and decorated with "Une Feuille Morte" posters had driven up. The crowd closed in around it, struggling to push forward their money and secure a copy of the novel.

"Behold the fruits of vulgar advertising," murmured Pierre.

"Is the book worth reading?" inquired the Member.

"Judge for yourself," answered Pierre. "You have witnessed a part of it. Louis and Marie are playing the plot of the novel—this was the second act. Would you call it interesting?"

"That goes without saying."

"I will also add, for your ears alone, uncle, that the actors are hired ones. The Zoinni brothers, high divers, were paid for leaping into the river, just as the boatman was paid for being there to pull them out. It was all carefully planned by the author."

"It almost surpasses comprehension," said the Member, earnestly. "But the real Marie d'Amoureux, the author—I would give something fine to meet a person of such genius. Minds of that calibre are rare, nephew; exceedingly rare."

"You flatter me, uncle," said Pierre, the journalist.—N. Y. Times-Democrat.

Wouldn't Wear Out.

Mr. Konomize—You have gotten a great deal of wear out of that broadcloth jacket, haven't you, love?

Mrs. Konomize—Yes; that's what I don't like about it.—Ohio State Journal.

Appropriate.

Assistant—How would you designate a paper devoted to palmistry?

Editor—Call it a hand organ.—Chicago Evening News.

Superstition in South America.

In all parts of South America wooden crosses are still erected on the outskirts of the towns and villages to frighten away evil spirits. They are also erected along the highway where people have met with death by violence or accident, and pious travelers are expected to say a prayer for the repose of the dead as they pass.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Excuse.

Mrs. Good—Why will you drink, my friend? Why not welcome Admiral Dewey soberly?

Patrick Murphy, U. S. N.—Me good lady, Oi'm not only welcomin' Admiral Dewey, but Oi'm dhrownin' me grief. Think av me bein' twinty-wan years in the navy an' missin the battle av Manila! —Puck.

Government of Honduras.

Honduras has had but one president who turned over the office to his successor in a friendly way. He is visiting America, and says Honduras could support 10,000,000 people. Its unstable government keeps the population down [illegible] less than 500,000.—St. Louis Republic.

ARE FINE HORSEMEN

French Army Has a Corps of Wonderful Rough Riders.

They Ride Down the Slope of a Mountain Without Injuring Their Horses—Trained for Warfare in Hilly Countries.

The French army makes the claim that it possesses the boldest and cleverest rough riders in the world.

They offer a series of very striking photographs in proof of this claim.

It seems to be a common feat with these French cavalrymen to ride down the slope of a mountain.

The soldier who is shown in the accompanying picture belongs to the Fourth squadron of the Third regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, which means African chasers, stationed at Tebessa, near Algiers.

All the troopers in the regiment are required to take part in these exercises. They are not confined to particularly skillful riders or men having very fine horses.

The place illustrated in the photograph is a bluff about 20 feet in height. The face of it may be divided into two parts. The upper is a very steep descent, having an inclination of two feet to one. The lower half is practically perpendicular, having an inclination of six to one.

An officer may be seen jumping his horse from a height of seven feet after he has slid down the upper face of the bluff. Another officer walks his horse all the way down on his feet. The captain comes down the bluff with his horse's haunches sliding on the earth. The quartermaster jumps off the bluff half way down. Another subofficer slides down the bluff without letting his horse quite sit down.

The rider may choose his own way of doing the trick. All that is required of



DARING EQUESTRIAN FEAT.
(Horse and Rider Jumping from a Height of Seven Feet.)

him is to land at the bottom in the saddle, both himself and the horse being alive and sound.

The Arab horses which are used in these feats are spirited and adroit, but not powerful. Those who are soft let themselves slide down the bluff.

It is pointed out that steeple chases would be much more exciting if such obstacles as the one shown here were included in the course.

The exercises in which these French soldiers are trained would of course, says the New York Journal, be of great value to them in campaigning in a rough, mountainous country. It has been suggested that the place of horses will before long be entirely taken by bicycles in warfare; but it is quite clear that bicycles could not do the work of the horses in these pictures. In fact, a bicyclist even carrying his machine would have pretty lively work in scrambling down this bluff.

There is a lively rivalry between the French and Italian armies in this department of rough riding. In case of a war between the two countries there would be a good deal of campaigning in and near the Alps, and this, of course, would give the cavalry a fine chance for work of this kind. It has not been generally supposed that cavalry would cut much figure in mountain warfare, but the French and Italian armies are prepared to prove that this is not so. No mules could slide down the face of a mountain with such ease and assurance as these Arab horses. The mule is sure-footed and reliable up to a certain point, but when he reaches that he exhibits his well-known obstinacy and refuses to go any more.

The Italians have a school for teaching mountain horsemanship at Tor de Quinto. They recently exhibited some very remarkable pictures of feats performed at this place. The photograph of the French cavalrymen now published is a sort of reply from the French army to the Italian pictorial boast. The French picture is official, and may be regarded as entirely accurate.

Much encouragement is given to the French cavalry to excel in horsemanship. Steeple chases are held all over the country, in which officers and noncommissioned officers take part. The former ride thoroughbred horses and the latter have the pick of the regular army mounts. They receive valuable prizes and large crowds come to see them.

It would perhaps be a good thing if similar events could be arranged for the benefit of American regular cavalrymen. The American cowboy is famous all over the world for his riding, but the regular cavalryman receives comparatively little attention, even in his own country. Doubtless Uncle Sam's troopers would be able to do even cleverer tricks than these "mounseers."

The Prices of Horses.

In 1883 the average price of a horse was $74.64, in 1897, $31.50. In the 13 years from 1884 to 1897, while the number of horses in the United States has increased by more than 3,000,000, their total value has decreased nearly $400,000,000.

Antics of a Gay Shark.

An Ilfracombe sailing party was disturbed recently by a thrasher shark 15 feet long and weighing half a ton, which jumped on board and wedged its head in the cabin, smashing the boat's gear in its passage. The passengers left for shore in a rowboat immediately, but the crew succeeded in lashing down the shark's tail and getting the animal to land, where it was put on exhibition.

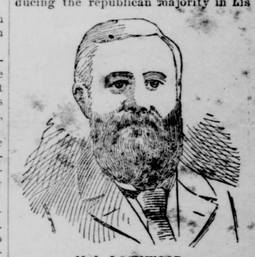
Pays a Fortune in Taxes.

William Waldorf Astor has paid $403,896 taxes in New York this year.

OPPOSED TO TRUSTS.

Hon. M. L. Lockwood, of Pennsylvania, Elected President of the Anti-Trust League.

M. L. Lockwood, of Zelienople, Pa., president of the American Anti-Trust league, is a free silver democrat of the radical type, and on this question he is at odds with his party in Pennsylvania. In 1898 he was a candidate for congress, but withdrew from the race when the state convention failed to indorse the Chicago platform. His district finally drew up a platform which met his views and he made the race, reducing the republican majority in his



M. L. LOCKWOOD.
(President of the American Anti-Trust League.)

district. Mr. Lockwood was elected to the legislature of Pennsylvania in 1876 and served two terms. During his legislative career he fathered a free-pipe bill, giving corporations the right to condemn land for pipe extension purposes, but it was defeated in the senate. He also advocated the right of the states to control railroads, and was an ardent supporter of the anti-discrimination bill. Before the industrial commission Mr. Lockwood read a paper in which he arraigned the methods of the Standard Oil company. He has been engaged in the oil business since 1865 and has given the oil business much study. A paper was also contributed by him at the Chicago conference just adjourned, and he took an active part in organizing the anti-trust delegates to the convention. Mr. Lockwood was born in Erie county, New York state, in 1844. His father died when he was 14 years old, and he managed the home farm with his mother until 1876. In 1871 he married Lydia H. Thompson, of New York.

CAREFUL AS A HEN.

Mrs. Python Does Not Trust the Sun to Hatch Her Eggs and Care for Her Offspring.

Many people think that a mother snake trusts to the sun to hatch out her eggs, but here is a picture from the New York Journal that shows Mrs. Snake as a most tender mother.

The original of the picture is a big Indian python who is now living at the Zoological gardens in Manchester, England. Mrs. Python is not giving her eggs the sun treatment, but is herself coiled around them as carefully and contentedly as a barnyard hen.

The python in question is ten feet long, and she needs every inch of her length for her self-imposed task. Python's eggs are a little larger than those of a goose, and this one's "setting" consist of 35 eggs.

Naturalists say that, in their natural state, pythons often, if not always,



MOTHER PYTHON AT HOME.
(Coiled Around Her Eggs as Carefully as a Barnyard Hen.)

hatch out their eggs. The fact that many nests of eggs have been found without any mother snake around is said to prove only that the snake is more careful of her own person than she is of her eggs, and that she promptly deserts them when she hears an intruder coming.

It is rare for snakes to lay eggs while they are in captivity, and rarer still for them to make any attempt to hatch them. Another python in the same town twice laid eggs, but refused to attend to them afterward. Attempts were made to hatch the eggs artificially, but the experiment was a failure. As this python is attending to her maternal duties, the officials of the gardens are hoping for many young pythons.

Municipal Printing Plant.

The annual report of the Boston municipal printing plant has just been issued. The total business performed during the year amounted to $125,136, with a net profit of $10,286. During the six summer months of the year the employes were allowed the Saturday half-holiday without loss of pay, thus working on the average 51½ hours a week. It is now 23 weeks since the City of Boston undertook to do its own printing, and in that time a saving of $18,290 has been effected.

Rhodes on Marriage.

Cecil Rhodes regards marriage as a hindrance to the full employment of a man's business capabilities. When one of his secretaries got married Rhodes dismissed him, but gave him a check for $25,000 as a set-off.

China's Musical Clock.

One of the masterpieces of musical clocks has just been completed for the emperor of China, in whose palace, besides pointing out the correct time, it will play selections with a fully equipped automatic orchestra. It is pronounced the most complete musical automaton in the world, having eight divisions, each of which has a repertoire of eight melodies. All of the pieces played by this musical clock are selected by the emperor himself, and consist of 40 [illegible] sign and 24 Chi[illegible]

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