# AMERICAN UNION.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899. NO. 13.

December. 1899

| | 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 31 | 25 | 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 F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

### Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President. Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., 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.

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.


## "ONE DAY."

Some day, some day, or you, or I alone,
Must look upon the scenes we two have known,
Must tread the self-same paths we two have trod,
And cry in vain to one who is with God,
To lean down from the Silent Realms and say:
"I love you," in the old familiar way.

Some day—and each day, beauteous though it be,
Brings closer that dread hour for you or me.
Fleet-footed Joy, who hurries time along,
Is yet a secret foe who does us wrong,
Speeding us gayly, though he well doth know
Of yonder pathway where but one may go.

Oh, heart of mine, through all these perfect days,
Whether of white Decembers or green Mays,
There runs a dark thought like a creeping snake,
Or a black thread, on which by some mistake
Life has strung the pearls of happy years,
A thought which borders all my joy with tears.

Aye, one will go. To go is sweet, I wis—
Yet God must needs invent some special bliss
To make His Paradise seem very dear
To one who goes and leaves the other here.
To sever souls so bound by love and time,
For anyone but God would be a crime.

Yet Death will entertain his own, I think.
To one who stays, life gives the gall to drink.
To one who stays, or be it you or me,
There waits the Garden of Gethsemane.
O dark, inevitable, and awful day,
When one of us must go and one must stay!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Pall Mall Magazine.

## REVENGE

"IF YOU please, ma'am, could I speak to you for one minute?" asked Mrs. Locksley.

Theodora Dale started from the deep reverie in which she was buried, and looked up with large, startled eyes.

"Certainly, Mrs. Locksley," said she. "What is it about?"

"It's about the rent for the rooms, Mrs. Dale," said the landlady, drawing herself up with a little jerk. "Two good months you've occupied 'em, and it stands to reason, ma'am, as a hard-working widow woman, as has only herself to look to, wants to see the color of her money. Not as I would have hurried you, ma'am," with a half-relenting glance towards Theodora's mourning garments, "while the poor major lay ill, nor yet while he was being buried. But—"

Theodora looked pained. The deep scarlet dyed her cheeks.

"I am sorry to have inconvenienced you, Mrs. Locksley," she said, "but I was, of course, obliged to settle the undertaker's bill at once, and that has taken all the ready money which I had at command. I have written to my husband's relatives, however, and I expect remittances shortly, which—"

Mrs. Locksley compressed her lips.

"I've heard that same thing from my lodgers before, ma'am," said she. "All I can say is that I would very much like to have the bill paid as soon as possible."

"It shall be paid to-night, Mrs. Locksley, without fail," said Theodora, her cheeks becoming even hotter than before. And the instant the door closed upon the short, stout figure of the landlady she let her head fall upon her clasped hands and burst into tears, tears that were almost like distilled fire, so scalding and bitter were they.

Theodora Dale had been married only three months. She had been a schoolgirl of 15 at Mme. Bonmerci's establishment, just out of Saratoga, when Maj. Lionel Dale saw and admired her at the springs. He made some careless inquiries about the young beauty with the gazelle-like eyes, scarlet lips and blue-black hair that clustered so low upon her forehead, and learned, in an incidental way, that she was an orphan, training at the expense of Mme. Bonmerci herself for a governess.

"Hang it!" said Maj. Dale, "she's too pretty for that! I'll marry her!"

Little Theodora Mayder, who had scarcely left off playing with her dolls, and was heartily sick of Mme. Bonmerci's exactions on one side and the unconscious tyranny of the children on the other, was half frightened, half pleased, when the handsome, middle-aged major proposed matrimony to her.

"But I am so young!" she pleaded, the carnations and lilies succeeding each other in her cheeks.

"You are the prettiest little half bloom rosebud in the world," the major made answer, gallantly.

Mme. Bonmerci spoke a word or so of warning to her.

"My child," said she, "beware what you are about. He is three times your age—he gambles. It is true that your life now is a hard one, but—"

"I shall marry him," retorted Theodora.

And she did.

At the end of three months Maj. Dale's favorite horse, Meg Merriles, ran away with him and killed him, and Theodora, not yet 16, was left a widow.

Naturally enough she wrote to her husband's relatives, whom she had never seen, and now, upon this October evening, she was expecting an answer to the letter.

The color mounted to her face as the postman paused under her window—she caught the letter from his hands and tore it eagerly open.

It contained nothing but her own letter, returned to her with these words penciled across the envelope:

"Mr. Chandos Dale's compliments to the young lady who beguiled his brother into a secret marriage, and he is confidently of opinion that her talents in the husband-hunting line need no assistance."

And this cutting taunt, this gratuitous insult, was all.

Theodora sat pale and silent. She knew that her husband did not care to refer to his relatives much, generally avoiding the subject when she broached it, but she had never dreamed that he had allowed them to think her a mere adventuress who had contrived to entrap him into a disadvantageous marriage. She had long ere this discovered that Lionel Dale was a thoroughly selfish man, but she had never dreamed how selfish.

But the blow, sharp and sudden as it was, nerved her to further exertions. She put on her hat, went out to the nearest jeweler and sold her watch and chain—Lionel's wedding present—for probably about one-third of its worth. With this she paid her bill at Mrs. Locksley's.

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," said the lodging house keeper, "but what be you going to do now?"

"I am going to give music lessons," said Theodora.

She had a full, fresh voice, like a lark's, and she knew that she could make this one gift of God a bread winner.

"It will be a life of drudgery," she told herself, "but I would starve sooner than apply again to the Dales for assistance."

And the years crept by and the 16 year-old widow who stormed the citadel of fortune so bravely won the day.

* * *

"Signora Theodora Dalli! No; I have not heard her yet," said Chandos Dale indifferently. "But they say she is the best Marguerite we have yet had, and I have sent to secure a box for to-morrow night."

Signora Dalli was in her best voice that night when Chandos Dale, her brother-in-law, sat with folded arms in the proscenium box. And the half-blown bud of five years ago had ripened by this time into the full-blown rose of loveliness. Her blue-black hair floated like a jetty, glimmering veil of brightness down her shoulders, while the radiant pink and white of her cheeks owed none of their beauty to cosmetic arts.

And Chandos Dale, sitting there with intent eyes and an artist's soul, all alive to the flutelike richness of her voice thought she was simply the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

The mayor of the city where the signora was singing had a little private reception in her honor after the opera was over. Chandos Dale, of course, was among the invited guests; and then Signora Dale knew who he was.

"I have the advantage of him," said Theodora to herself, smiling a curious smile. "And I shall take care to retain it."

Just a month afterward Mr. Dale proposed to make the beautiful signora his wife.

"Are you really in love with me?" said the signora, opening wide her almond-shaped eyes, while the jetty fires seemed to burn with sleepy luster—"with me—an opera singer?"

And Chandos, although as hopelessly infatuated as it is in the nature of man to be, vowed that he would commit suicide if she didn't have him at once.

"Put it in writing," said Signora Theodroa Dalli, with a laugh.

"Why?"

"It is my fancy."

"Your will is my law," protested Mr. Dale. So he wrote a very pretty and poetic declaration of love upon tinted paper and sent it to the signora's suite of apartments at a private hotel.

The same evening he received the very letter which had come to Lionel Dale's widow that October sunset, with its penciled bit of sarcasm. And under it was written:

"The young lady who beguiled Chandos Dale's brother into a secret marriage has needed no assistance from his relatives. The Signora Dalli—otherwise Mrs. Lionel Dale—returns the inclosed compliments, and has the honor to bid Mr. Chandos farewell!"

Theodora never enjoyed anything so much in all her life as she did the writing of this letter.

She had conquered her own fortune now. She was indebted to no one. And the next month she was married to a young English gentleman who had followed her bright eyes half over two continents.

While Mr. Dale had the satisfaction of knowing that he had wrought out his own destiny.—Chicago Herald.

### Fearful Tortures.

For many years I was a teacher in Afghanistan, and during my stay in that country I was often an unwilling witness of some horrible exhibition of torture. Here is one they use in the case of women to extract testimony. It consists in prying off the finger nails by means of a small chisel or bradawl, which is shoved in slowly but firmly from the finger tip downward under the quick of the nail, which is then lifted up and out. This is another that I once saw used in the case of a small child who would not own up to some petty theft: Sticks were thrust between its fingers and the fingers then squeezed together, so that the sticks crushed into the bones. So much for women and children. Here is a method of eliciting information from an unwilling man: The culprit is stripped to the waist, and then boiling oil is flicked on to his back. This seldom fails to find the man's tongue. The above are the chief forms of "fahana," or torture, for the purpose of eliciting information, but it must be stated that such inflictions as nipping of noses, tearing out tongues or splitting eyeballs do not come under the heading of "fahana," they being punishments rather than tortures.—London Standard.

### Advice from the Gallery.

Of the Dublin gallery boys a famous baritone, in his reminiscences, tells some facetious tales—one of "Faust," in which he played Valentine. After the duel Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised his head and held him in her arms, during the first part of the scene, and cries out, in evident alarm: "Oh, what shall I do?" There was a deathlike stillness in the house, which was interrupted by a voice from the gallery calling out: "Unbutton his weskit!"—London Spare Moments.

### What Was Killing Him.

Beggar—Will you please give me sixpence, sir? I'm on my way home to die?

Gentleman (handing him the money) —I don't mind giving you sixpence for so worthy a purpose as that, but your breath smells horribly of whisky.

"I know it does, sir; whisky's what's killing me."—London Topical Times.

### Tomatoes by Weight.

In the canning factories tomatoes are bought by weight, not measure. They are washed and scalded by machinery, peeled and cored by hand. Then they are sorted, packed in cans by machinery, sealed and steamed for about an hour. The cans are next soldered, cooled, labeled and packed in cases.—Philadelphia Press.

### Frozen Almond Custard.

A half pound of blanched almonds, to which six tablespoonfuls of sugar have been added, mixed with a custard made of the yolks of four eggs and a pint of sweetened milk, will make a delicious dish. When the whole is cold pound it to a paste, adding a quart of cream. After straining this put it into a freezer until ready to serve.—N. Y. Tribune.

## EASY BEDS IN THE ARMY.

### Lessons in Diplomacy Given by Private Sevenspot.

IT WAS Monday, September 11, 1899, The United States transport City of Puebla was three days out from Honolulu, on her voyage to Manila. She carried 650 recruits for Uncle Sam's regulars in the Philippines. Of these, about 400 were new men, some 200 saw service in the volunteers a year ago and probably 50 were old-time regulars. The men were scattered about the decks in all sorts of lounging attitudes. The monotony of the voyage was beginning to tell on the new men, most of whom could be identified by their listlessness, a growing disposition to grumble at trifles, and a tendency towards slovenliness in dress and lack of personal cleanliness. On the other hand, the ex-volunteers kept themselves fairly tidy and were the most cheerful element on board. There was a large novel-reading contingent among them, the members of which were to be found squatting on their haunches in corners of the bulkheads, immersed in paper-covered penny-dreadfuls. Back at the Presidio the Red Cross people had given each man a handy little housewife containing needles, thread and buttons. The buttons were now serving to relieve the tedium of the voyage for many of the volunteers, who were shooting craps and playing poker for them with as much ardor as if each button represented a silver dollar. There were among the ex-volunteers, besides the novel readers and card players a number of good singers, and these gathered on the forecastle, where they sang half the day and evening through. The songs ran all the way from the sentimental to the suggestive. One moment it was "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night," and the next "That Broidered Petticoat My Maggie Wore." Then a singer with a talent for improvisation would cut in with a made-to-order song about the transport, and all would join in on the chorus and gleefully roar.

And then some one who had been tutored by an old service man would start the old-time wail of the First cavalry Indian fighters:

Woe is me,
With no whiskee,
Wofully dry am I;
Damn the day
I ran away
And jined the cavalrye.

A class apart and distinct from both the new recruits and the ex-volunteers was made up of the 50 old soldiers on board. They were scattered here and there in pairs or groups of three or four. As a rule, they had as little to say as so many deaf mutes. They were cheerfully indifferent to all that was going on about them, and always busy in a lazy, we've-got-three-years-to-do-it-in sort of way with some trivial task. In this respect they resembled the ship's crew, who were always making or unmaking ropes or painting or scraping paint off, more than they did the younger soldiers.

In one group an old soldier was scouring his mess pan with sand that he must have brought all the way from San Francisco, another was sewing on a button, a third was polishing the brass on his cartridge belt, and a grizzly-bearded old veteran was trimming his whiskers. The old soldier with the mess pan would peck away at a faint speck of rust in a ridiculously indolent fashion, considering the insignificance of the task. And then he would hold the mess pan up to the sun and inspect it, this way and that, with the air of an art critic viewing a masterpiece. Then he would tackle another faint rust speck and kill another half hour in tenderly obliterating it. The old veteran with the kinky whiskers started to trim his beard immediately after morning mess and completed his task just in time for dinner. He trimmed each hair individually, and took a careful survey of his cherished Van Dyck in a small pocket mirror after each application of the shears. During the entire operation he spoke but once and that was to remark:

"They say vultures don't like hairs in their victuals."

The old soldier with the mess pan stopped scouring long enough to retort: "You'd poison a well-drilled vulture, if you were ever so clean-shaved."

But as a result of all this listless and apparently aimless industry these old soldiers, rough and tough in appearance and wearing uniforms that had seen better days, were the cleanest and most spick and span men aboard the transport. Seated comfortably on the forecastle deck, with his back against the capstan, Private Sevenspot, of the 'Steenth infantry, carefully polished the bowl of a briar pipe and administered occasional doses of much-needed advice to an ex-volunteer for whom he had formed a liking.

"Jack, me bye," said Sevenspot, "Most av th' min phwat get in throuble in th' army trip thimsilves over their own tongues. An' they do be loike Jerry Bolster's watchdog, phwat barked iverry noight and thin, av coorse, whin th' burglars really kem, Jerry got up and threw his boots at him for raisin' such a hullabaloo. Th' soldier pwhat says little may do much—an' conthrariwise. Shure, lad, luck at th' rooks on this thransport pwhat is kicking long and har-rd afther each mess. All th' way from 'Frisco to Honolulu they growled like a grizzly bear with his hair full o' honey bees. An' thin th' first day out from Honolulu a diligation av thim goes to th' captain av th' detachmint an' complained that they do be starvin'. An' pwhat do the captain say? Shure, he asks thim wan by wan how many years' sarvice they've seen, and whin they say wan an' two an' three months, he just grins an' tells thim to go chase thimsilves. Shure, lad, in th' army 'tis wise at th' first to put up with a few discomforts without grumbling. Just bide your time until ye mate with gross injustice an' thin kick har-rd and win. Do the same a few times an' ye'll have established a reputashun av makin' nothing but cinch-kicks. An' whin ye've done thot ye've made your bed aisy in th' army.

"Did ye happen to notice that we had rice and apple sauce for dinner th' day, instead av th' stale slum pwhat th' min have been throwin' to th' fishes th' week back? Av coorse, ye did. But ye don't know the instigation av th' change. Shure, 'twas at inspection this morning. You know Henricksen, the old Dane, who will retoire with 30 years to his credit av he lives till spring. When th' captain comes to him he stops and looks at the new uniform he were wearin'. An' says he, a-cockin' his head sidewise, critical-like, says he:

"'Pwhere did ye draw that burlap bag av a blouse?'

"'At th' Presidio, sir,' says Henricksen.

"'An' pwhy,' says th' captain, 'did a toothpick loike you draw blouse that was made for a Grover Cleveland?'

"'Av th' captain plaise,' says Henricksen, doin' th' military to perfection, 'thot same blouse were too small for me when I kem aboard this thransport.'

"'Shure,' said th' captain, 'they must have been overfeedin' ye at th' Presidio.'

"'Or underfeedin' me,' says Henricksen, 'on th' thransport.'

"'An' at that a rook laughed an' were sent to th' guardhouse, an' says th' captain to Henricksen:

"'Is it th' breast av partridge an' wine jelly ye're expectin' on a troopship?'

"'Av I should find th' kay to th' officers' ice chest av a dark noight, yis,' said Henricksen, 'but lackin' thot, there do be rice, an' cornmeal an' dried apples an' prunes an' salt cod an' bacon in th' hold av th' ship, sir.'

"An' av ye noticed they throwed th' stale beef to the sharks th' mornin'. An' thot do be a good example av th' kick-courteous pwhat will win in th' army."

Just as Sevenspot completed his homily, a youth in a brand new uniform, with a sergeant's chevrons on his blouse sleeves, stepped up and holding out an empty cigarette paper asked for a pinch of tobacco. Sevenspot continued to rub away on his pipe bowl and hummed significantly:

Hang to your money and always save your rocks,
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box.

The young soldier blushed to the roots of his hair and then made the mistake of getting angry.

"All right!" he exclaimed, hotly. "I'll show you that there's such a thing as a fatigue detail on this ship!"

"Pwhat's thot?" said Sevenspot, suddenly losing interest in his pipe bowl and glaring up at the young fellow. "Pwhat's thot? You will detail me for fatigue duty? An' as a punishment for refusin' to supply you with tobacco? 'Tis lucky, lad, thot me timper do be mild an' me head gray in th' service, or 'tis a buck private in company Q and on the prisoner's fatigue you'd be before sunset. Pwhere did you get these chevrons? Draw thim at th' quartermaster's department? Shure any man who can sign a clothin' schedule can get them there. Th' lasht time I drew them they were 18 cints to th' yard. Do they still cost th' same? Av you have a rale warrant, phwy don't you spend th' extra pay for tobac'? Shure, I do be thinkin' that you're but wan av these casual noncoms phwat me friend, Sergt. Flaherty, were tellin' me about at th' Presidio.

"Sevenspot," said he, "I'm glad to see you. Come an' have a drink. Shure, I'm on th' shady side av Aisy strate, an' I'm not forgettin' th' noomber. I'm top-sergeant av th' casual compiny pwhere they do be sendin' all th' new rooks. Say, 'tis rale coffee-warmin'. I'm makin lance noncoms, twoscore a wake. An' th' tariff do be $2.50 for corprils and five dollars for sergeants. There were 243 answered roll call th' mornin' an' but 21 were privates. Have another drink."

"Shure, bye," continued Sevenspot, "niver let a little white ribbon puff ye up. They kape a special pair av shears in iverry regiment to rip th' stripes off av Flaherty's noncoms. When I have no money for tobacco I chew me cud an' whin I've no money for beer I run an account with th' garrison poomp. For 'tis a man's own waywardness pwhat breaks him in th' army, an' he's no right to punish his comrades for it."

Contented with this rebuke, Sevenspot resumed work on his pipe and the young sergeant slipped away without a word. A moment later another recruit stopped and asked Sevenspot's ex-volunteer companion for a match to light his pipe. Sevenspot's example had not been lost upon the ex-volunteer, and he was prompt to follow it.

"Do I look like a cigar lighter?" he asked. "Save your money and buy matches. If you haven't got a match, get a light from your rifle."

"How in thunder am I to do that?" asked the recruit.

"That's dead easy," said the ex-volunteer, contemptuously; "stick a cartridge in your rifle, put your pipe close to the muzzle, pull the lever with your foot and puff like a locomotive. The flash will light your pipe. That's the way we did in Cuba last year."

The recruit stared open-mouthed for a moment and then started down toward the gunracks.

"Niver give a recruit advice," said Sevenspot, "good or bad, it makes no difference. Whichever it is, he'll get in trouble an' blame ye for it. Pwhat if thot rook swallows thot, loads with ball cartridge an' blows his hat peg off?"

"Let him blow," said the ex-volunteer, cheerfully, and stretched out on the deck for a sleep.

Two minutes later the ex-volunteer was snoring with a will. The spiteful crack of a krag-jorgensen echoed from the stern of the transport. Sevenspot stopped rubbing his precious pipe bowl and glanced down at his sleeping companion. Then he got up slowly and sauntered indifferently down the guard.

Half an hour later he lounged back and resumed his old seat. Then he reached down and gently touched the back of the ex-volunteer's ear, awakening him without any start.

"Jack," said he, "between now and rethreat this noight ye'll be a mimber av company Q with quarters in the guardhouse. They're luckin' for ye now, an' they'll get ye whin ye line up for mess, if not before."

"For what?"

"For gettin' gay an' givin' advice to a rook. Ye'll get about six-six. Six months in th' guardhouse and six months' pay. By th' best av luck thot rook didn't load with ball, but with blank cartridge. His face lucks loike he'd had th' blue smallpox. The surgeon says thot by bein' rale industhrious he could pick all th' powder out av it in th' course av six months. Thin th' captain kem an' asked how it happened. An' av coorse th' rook blamed you. At first th' captain laughed an' thin he drew a long face an' ordered your arrest. Whin they take ye, say as litthle as ye can without standin' mute. Take it aisy an' don't fret. I'll see av I can do anything for ye. An' I'll be a witness mesilf."

It was just daylight on the morning of the fifth day out from Honolulu. All about the deck of the transport the men were sleeping soundly with the sky for a roof. Private Sevenspot rolled out of his blankets, rubbed his eyes and sat up. Then he gathered up his uniform, folded it neatly in his blanket and started below for a shower bath. As he passed the bridge the ship's first officer called to him:

"Hello! Sevenspot!" he shouted, "have a banana. It will do your insides good."

Sevenspot made a one-handed catch and asked: "Now, pwhere do you sea fakirs pretend thot ye've figured we are th' mornin'?"

The officer laughed. "You don't take much stock in latitudes and longitudes, Spot?"

"I wanst knew a man," said Sevenspot, "pwhat claimed he could measure th' distance to th' stars. Shure I'm thinking he'd need a long pole to do th' loike av thot."

"Just the same, we crossed the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude last night, and we've skipped a day. Yesterday was Tuesday, September 12, 1899. To-day is Thursday, September 14, 1899. We dropped Wednesday, September 13, 1899, entirely. There never was and never will be any such day on this ship. What do you think of that?"

Sevenspot stopped as he was about to take a bite from the banana and stared up at the officer. Then he chanted, Gregorian measure:

It may be true,
But it sounds to me
Like a blanked-blanked lie.

Then he scratched his head as if puzzling over a deep problem, and finally said, with a serious face:

"Do you raylly mane thot this boat has skipped wan day an' thot thot day were Wednesday, September 13?"

"That's what I mean."

"I misdoubt ye, but I'll take your word for it. But if I iver find that ye've lied to me, ye red-headed sea turtle, I'll pull out your bowlegs be th' roots an' bate ye to death with 'em."

With this parting shot Sevenspot went below.

At nine o'clock that morning the court-martial to try Sevenspot's ex-volunteer protege convened in the officer's cabin. The members of the court sat in a semicircle at one end of the cabin. The accused and a young shavetail, who acted as attorney for the defense, occupied a table at one side of the cabin. Sevenspot, by virtue of his position as a witness for the defense, occupied a chair near the young West Pointer. The charges and specifications were solemnly read. They stated, among other things, that the accused was to await trial in the guardhouse, and that the trial should take place on Wednesday, September 13, 1899. At the conclusion of the reading, Sevenspot leaned over and whispered to the young shavetail.

"Av th' lieutenant plaise," he said, "I place no reliance in th' hoogery boogery tales av anny man who'll pass his loife floatin' round in a big pond a-wather, an' salt wather at thot, far from wimmin an' whisky an' fightin'. But av th' lieutenant plaise, thot sea lawyer, what wobbles back an' forth on th' bridge an' kapes luckin' through a spyglass at nothin' at all, at all, do be sayin' this mornin' thot last night th' ship do skip a whole day, th' same bein' Wednesday. Av coorse, it's only a dom whale story. But av it were thrue—"

Private Sevenspot never finished his sentence. The young shavetail was on his feet in a flash.

"If it please the court," he said, "I object to any further proceedings in this trial. The trial was duly set for Wednesday, September 13, 1899. This day happens to be Thursday, September 14, 1899. At midnight last night this ship passed from Tuesday to Thursday. There is nothing left which the court can do but discharge the prisoner and dismiss the case. To hold the prisoner for trial on Wednesday, September 13, 1899, would mean life imprisonment. I request that the ship's captain be called to testify as to the correct date."

Private Sevenspot and his friend, the ex-volunteer, were seated on the forecastle deck with their backs against the capstan.

"Spot," said the ex-volunteer, "you are the only thing that ever happened."

"Me bye," said Sevenspot, with pardonable pride, "I can see through th' dure thot th' carpenter made av it is open."—N. Y. Sun.

## THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

### It's a Matter Where Great Latitude Is Permissible, a Matron Tells a Maiden.

"I never could accept a proposal from a man unless the conditions were just right," said the romantic maiden, thoughtfully.

"Of course, not," replied the matter-of-fact matron. "He must be the right man, in the first place, and he must propose, in the second. Those are the conditions that must be always just right before any sensible girl will think of marriage."

"Oh, I don't mean that," returned the maiden. "He must know how to propose. Do you know, I believe if I were really in love with a man, and he didn't propose properly I should reject him."

"When it comes to proposals for marriage," replied the matron, with decision, "any way is the right way."

"Oh, no, it isn't," asserted the maiden. "The surroundings must be appropriate. Everything must be in harmony. If my Prince Charming proposes to me in the house he must be in a dress suit, and he must be earnest, but dignified. There must be a certain ease and elegance of manner, and his actions must conform to his actions. If he proposes to me in the woods or on the lawn he may be in negligee attire, outing costume or something like that, and he may then be more impassioned and vehement in his declarations. But I never could accept a man in negligee costume who proposed in the house."

"Don't you be too sure about that," returned the matron.

"Oh, but I am," said the maiden. "I have figured it all out very carefully. The scene must make a perfect picture. It would just kill the romance if it didn't, and I couldn't possibly accept him. And his words and tone! Both must breathe love, and yet be in conformity with all the surroundings."

"I've known lots of girls who thought that," said the matron, reflectively.

"And it didn't happen that way?"

"No-o; hardly."

"But in your case?"

The matron sighed.

"I had the same idea," she said, at last. "I pictured some quiet nook, the birds twittering, the sun shining brightly, and all the world joyous as he poured well-rounded sentences throbbing with love into my ear. Or else I saw him sinking on one knee in front of the divan upon which I was sitting and looking me straight in the eyes with a long, lingering look of love, while he said: 'Oh, adorable one, be mine! Say that this is not to be a world of Stygian darkness for me, but that the sunlight of true love shall shine ever brightly as we go through life hand in hand!'"

"Oh, beautiful! Lovely!" cried the maiden. "That's just the way I've pictured it. And when your Prince Charming did come, what did he say?"

The matron sighed again.

"He was taking me home under an umbrella in a rainstorm," she explained. "I was wet and he was wet. My hair was stringy and there was mud on his trousers, and we were altogether two of the most unprepossessing looking mortals you ever saw. When he was about to leave me at the door he suddenly exclaimed: 'Say, I'd like to carry that umbrella over you all the time.'

"What!" I said, in some surprise.

"'Oh, to put it in plain words,' he said; 'let's get married. How about it?'"

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Wasn't it?"

"Such an inappropriate place and time!"

"Yes, indeed."

"And such prosaic words!"

"Most prosaic."

"Oh, I couldn't accept a man under those circumstances."

"If he was the right man you would, nevertheless."

"Oh, I couldn't do it, possibly," protested the maiden. "I'd feel that I'd lost half my life. Why, in a case like that he couldn't even fold you in his arms and all that when you said d—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the matron. "Not so fast. You'll know a lot more about men than you do now when you accept one, no matter how, when or where it may be. There are some features of the occasion they never overlook, but don't you build your hopes too high on everything else being in harmony."—N. Y. Sun.

## HEALTH NOTES.

### The Importance of Husbanding One's Strength When They Are Young.

Few people realize the importance of taking special care of their health when middle life begins, and fewer still understand the tremendous necessity of husbanding their strength when young.

When we start out in life we have stored within us a reserve of strength to draw upon in later life. Besides that, we have strength for our daily needs if we live reasonably and have fairly good constitutions; in other words, if we are built of fairly good materials.

If we spend our strength unwisely and recklessly in our youth, no matter how excellent our constitutions may be, we shall have to live out the remainder of our lives on half pay, so to speak, and only half enjoy existence.

On the contrary, if we have frail bodies and small strength, if we husband that strength by living and working and exercising moderately, it will be possible to live to a green old age. Moderation, good food and sufficient sleep are prime necessities. The high prices at which flesh food is being sold are not without their benefit to man, for they will make meat less easily obtainable, and therefore less will be eaten. Meat once a day is all that is necessary, for health's sake, for any person.—Ladies' World.

### Advice to the Busy Man.

Take a day off occasionally and your years will accumulate more slowly.—Chicago Daily News.

### Looking Glasses.

Persia is the ideal place for a looking glass peddler to live and move and have his trade in, for the Persians are as fond of the shiny reflectors as are savages of beads. Every year immense numbers of mirrors of all sorts and kinds are shipped into the country of the shah. Germany, France and Belgium furnish most of the supply. In addition to having a fondness for seeing themselves as looking glasses show them, the Persians know no more pleasing parlor decorations than brilliant mirrors in gilt frames. Some of the Persian drawing rooms are so completely hemmed in by great pier glasses that visitors often become bewildered and try to walk through the glasses down the long aisle that seems to stretch in front. So bumped noses, knees and toes are not uncommon in that land of oriental splendor and mystery.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Uncle Gabe Takes Notice.

Money talks, but de men dats got mos' ob it don't.

De diff'rence twixt a negro an' a niggah is dat one ob 'em nevah puts off till to-morruh de loafin' dat can be done to-day.

I guess one reason why de way ob de transgressor am hard is dat it's done got packed down by so many people walkin' ober it.

De longes' pole may knock down de passimmons, but de man dat ain't cumbered with any pole at all am mos' likely to pick 'em up.

I s'pect de reason why a little bug likes to fly close to de 'lectric light is dat his shadduh on de buildin' ercross de street looks as big as an eagle. When I see a little, good-for-nothin' cuss braggin' erbout how intermate he is with some great man hit makes me think ob dem little bugs.—N. Y. World.

### Bread for Church Goers.

Two thousand pound loaves of excellent bread are distributed daily at the early mass of a Parisian church to needy applicants, the only condition being attendance on the services. A prayer book is handed to each, and at the close of the service is redeemed with a loaf of bread.—N. Y. Sun.

### He Swiped Them.

Admirer—Isn't it awfully difficult find melodies for your songs?

Song Writer—No, the har is to disguise the melodies I fin Journal.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3534-0157.jpg