# AMERICAN UNION.

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December. 1899

| MON | TUES | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT |
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### Post-Office Bulletin.

*Mails Close.*

9:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
9:37 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.

### DIRECTORY.

**Officials.**

Circuit Court—James Pudge; Frederick Stump ... Martin, Associates Terms ... 1st Monday in April and October; ...ry, 2d Monday in January, 4th ...ay in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles Hobbs; Recording Clerk, Charles Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. odd, 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 ...d 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, ...enry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D ...y, President, ...y and Treasurer, ...

...e, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—...Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whit...ary, W. K. Scotten; Treasur...red Towers. Meets every Wed...ay evening at 7 o'clock in Masonic ...all.

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; Thos. 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.

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

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CLAYLAND MULLIKIN, Attorney-at-Law, Easton, Md.

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

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

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

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

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

## THE LADY WITH THE SMILE.

Shall woman come to drive man from his place,
And toll where he is laboring to-day?
Shall he at length retire in disgrace
To scrub and cook and clear the plates away?
Ah, whatever the result at last may be,
There is one who is in power all the while
Who will never cease from ruling you and me—
The charming little woman with the smile.

The woman may be noble and her mind
May be a mine of lore which no e'er
Lets the man who gazes at her visage find
The shadow of a simper lurking there;
But, however good or gracious she may be,
There's another to eclipse her all the while,
And the one who comes it over you and me
Is the foolish one who has the winning smile.

O the diplomats may bring us lasting peace,
They may stop the cruel wars on land and sea;
The bloodshed and the tyranny may cease,
They may set the last benighted vassal free;
But in spite of all diplomacy may do,
And in spite of man's world wisdom and his guile,
He will never cease from paying tribute to
The captivating lady with the smile.

—Times-Herald.

## THE TRANSVAAL DISPATCH.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

THANK Heaven, it is all over! I can breathe freely—can vaguely grasp how that one fatal slip of mine, at a moment when the scales in the Transvaal were balancing so breathlessly, might have come near to spelling a national disaster. Looking back, it all seems dreamlike—incredible. My hard-earned holiday—I had worked in the Cape government office nearly three years without one—was not due for six months more. Five minutes before the chief of my department called me in and handed me the locked leather case I had not the faintest idea that I was to be let off those six months and, moreover, to carry a dispatch invested, in the light of possible events, with an importance beyond words.

"There it is. You thoroughly understand? Straight to the colonial office, and don't lose sight of it for a moment. It may mean war; it may mean nothing. Whether or no, a dozen newspapers in London would pay any price to be able to publish it before it is read in the house of commons—if ever it is. And if that happened—! Your berth has been booked in the Cape Castle, and you start to-morrow morning."

That was it. I know I went in a quiver of indescribable suspense all the voyage, partly for fear anyone might discover what it was I guarded so jealously in that corner of my cabin, and partly because I was free—free to marry Lottie, whose last quivering words had been: "Go, if you must, Brian—if it means advancement; but I never expect to see you again!" And here was Southampton in sight, and in my pocket the superb blue diamond she was to wear on our wedding day. What an exquisite surprise! She would know nothing until the moment when I handed in my card.

The one person in the world I had dared to trust was her brother, Jack Hamlyn, the oldest and best friend I had. I had telegraphed to his rooms from Madeira, just hinting that my luggage was valuable and telling him to meet the vessel at Southampton; and even in that I had taken the precaution to use a crude code that we had concocted in the old romantic days at school. His would be safe company until the dispatch was delivered, and then—but the rest was too intoxicating to bear thinking upon.

At last! The Cape Castle had kept her time almost to the hour. Feeling just a trifle sick and strange after the long suspense, I had passed the customs and stood starting round for a sight of Jack Hamlyn. The telegram had surely reached him—he would understand it—he would be here well in time? Yes! A few minutes of uncertainty and then: "Brian, old fellow—yes, it is you!" struck on my strained ear.

"Jack!" I spun round almost convulsively. Himself!—and yet somehow, the first thrill over, I felt some thing like a chill of disappointment. Was it that my old chum's hand had scarcely the old bear-like grip? In the lamplight, too, he looked curiously haggard and aged. I stood, with a sort of prescience.

"Overcome, Brian? I hardly wonder—all this time! Oh, aye; I forgot—I've given up my beard since you went." And we both laughed. "This way; I'm simply dying to hear all about it." He had my arm in the old impetuous fashion now. "Been waiting hours! No, not a soul dreams of your having arrived—trust me! Lottie? Er—yes, she's right enough, I believe."

"Believe?" I stopped dead. His voice had trailed off strangely. "Jack," I whispered, huskily, "you look—you've something to tell me! Isn't she—isn't she just the same? Her last letter—"

"Why, of course!" He laughed so boisterously at my whitened face that the weight slipped off my mind at once. Nothing had happened! "Do you think I'd deceive you, Brian?" he was saying. "The idea! Another 12 hours or so and you'll have the joy of seeing the old flush dance into her cheeks. But what was it you meant in the cable about—"

"Twelve hours! I'm going on by the first train—now, at once. I must! Instructions—straight to colonial office, you know."

"Really?" It was Jack's turn to stare now. "There, now; and I've taken the trouble to get rooms at the hotel close here and a good meal all ready for you, thinking you'd start home first thing in the morning. Why, I doubt whether there's any train to-night—all the passengers are stopping. Besides, you couldn't see Lottie till to-morrow, anyhow, could you?"

"No, of course not. Only—" I stood a minute, turning it over. One night could make no difference—the authorities would not be in attendance till morning. I had landed safely, and Jack was here—dear old Jack Hamlyn. "Come along, then; you take the big box. I'm glad I wired now."

Fifteen minutes later we were sitting in a private room at the hotel. The dispatch was safe in my small trunk. If only Lottie could see us at that minute—how her brown eyes would widen! If only the London editors, eagerly competing for information, had guessed at the contents of that little leather case!

"Just imagine!" Jack repeated, craning himself over the red coals. I had just told him; there was no secret in the world I should have dreamed of withholding from Jack. "Eh? I'm looking awfully queer? Pooh, it is you who have taken in a fresh stock of vitality out yonder. Dad and the others? —yes, all going well and strong."

"All?" I dropped my voice—I was touching on the family skeleton here. "Er—you don't include Wilfred, of course? No change or hope in that direction, I suppose? I've never heard a word of him."

"And you won't, Brian!" Jack whispered that with a hand to his eyes—he had been the last to taboo that scapegrace brother of his. I knew. "He doesn't count—a hopeless outsider—we don't mention his name, if we can help it. Living? No one knows; at least, it's some days since he last came trying to squeeze more money by lies from me, and—and you know what I've done for him in times past. But drop that now. You wrote home about some diamonds—do show me!"

"Turned them all into cash at a profit," I laughed; "all except one, that I've had set in a brooch for—you can guess who. It's in the big trunk; you can see it when we go up to bed."

So we chatted on, till an irresistible drowsiness crept over me. I was dozing as Jack talked; and soon after nine o'clock I caught up the small trunk and declared for bed and a clear head in the morning. The morning—the significant morning! I should be thanked by the colonial secretary himself! . . . Up we went.

Oh! my buzzing brain! Try as I would, tired as I felt, I could not quite succeed in losing consciousness. Had I done wrong in staying here? Might the delay of even those few hours mean danger? Was I quite sure I had locked that door? Most provoking! Once or twice I whispered to Jack in the bed opposite, but only a prolonged "ch-r-r-h!" answered me. Finally I gave up trying, and lay framing Lottie's oval face in that wavering reflection of the gaslight overhead. Heaven alone knew what it had meant to leave the woman one longed for, and now—

Oh, what was that? A clock downstairs had just struck 11 times, and at the last stroke Jack had swayed silently up in his bed and sat staring across in my direction. A query was on my lips, but I could not seem to sound it. Perhaps my eyes were nearly closed, but I could see enough to make me lie perfectly still, while a kind of mysterious misgiving crept through me. Why, I hardly knew—I must have been inspired by sheer instinct. But Jack over there, he had lifted himself out of bed with a queer stealth; he had taken a step and still he stared across in that unnerving way. I wanted to spring up and gasp an end to the spell, but there seemed a mesmeric numbness in my limbs. Why, on that craned face of his—almost chalk-white it looked in the low glimmer of the gaslight between us—was there an indescribable expression of mixed dread and evil? Merciful heavens! did it mean that Jack, my oldest and dearest chum, who had chased butterflies with me in the meadows 20 years ago—

One more stealthy step, as if to make quite sure of—yes—of my sublime unconsciousness. Now he was hesitating, like a man weighing all the odds for and against some design; now he was slipping on his clothes. * * * Fully dressed—hat, boots and all! He took something from his pocket, stole across quietly and dropped it ever so lightly across my face—a silk handkerchief. * * * The thing seemed too paralyzing for sanity. I remember I counted just 60—a minute of nameless horror for me; and not till afterwards did I know why I made no sound or sign. Then my teeth closed on a fold of the silk, and drew it down a little; I could just see. * * * If ever a man's heart stood all but still through sick amazement, mine did then. The Transvaal's dispatch! He meant to steal it—to sell its signed contents at a price—to set England ringing with news that might hurry on an awful crisis! The key in my trousers pocket; he had found it, opened the small trunk—was half way to the door with the precious leather case. He was gone—no—he hesitated again, tip-toed back and was on his knees beside the big box. Jack Hamlyn, the brother of the woman whose love had been my guardian angel—he alone knew of my return; he meant to rob me of my honor and of my valuables besides.

Think of it! Perhaps a minute passed—and he had not found the blue diamond. Of course! Another minute, and he would remember that, after making it flash before his eyes, I had placed it in the belt pocket round my waist, along with a roll of bank notes. To come at that he would need to rouse me—to kill me!

And he would do it. Of a sudden he got to his feet—had recollected. And now—did I live a hundred years longer, I could never forget how the cold sweat crawled out upon me at that moment —his hands were plucking back the bed clothes. * * *

"Thief!"

The one choking word burst from my lips as I panted up. Thank heaven! That contact had broken the unaccountable lethargy and for the next moment I knew nothing except that I really had him by the throat in an insane grip, forgetting all but the one monstrous fact that he had attempted the most despicable part that a man could play upon another. What next? Why, there was a brief, blind struggle, deadly shock and balked design on his part, and incredulous passion on mine. And then—then I had send him reeling back to the floor in a spasm of loathing. Just the one dull bump—there he lay, quite still.

Dead? I did not pause to know. Dazed, trembling with the reaction, I had only a wild longing to be out of the place before he stirred. How I dressed I shall never know; but in a minute or so I was at the door, the dispatch safe in my pocket. Down the staircase I went, and, perhaps luckily, there happened to be no one at the hotel entrance to intercept me, or worse might have happened. Now I was out in the sweet night air, hurrying I had no idea where. Only to leave the place and that prone scoundrel behind! Heavens! that struggle was shuddering upon me still. The precious dispatch—the colonial office—

"Brian! Brian—it's Brian! Quick—here!"

W—what was that? The wild cry, from a woman's lips, pulled me up and partially back to sense before, as it seemed, I had gone a hundred yards. "Brian!" rang through my confused brain. Was that—was that Lottie's own dear voice?—had the world come to its end? It was wholly too much for my strained nerves; there came a sort of blank. They told me afterwards that I caught at a railing and slid down beside it helplessly. Why, yes, think of it!

A sob, a broken "Thank God! Oh, thank God for this!"—and my eyes opened. What a dream! My Lottie herself, white and sweet, holding both my hands. Quite enough! After that I know what the touch of firm ground to the feet of a drowning man must be.

"Got it, dear—the diamond—for the wedding!" I recollect whispering up, in quite a childish ecstasy. "Shines so beautiful!"

"Better, sir?" asked a policeman. "Aye, better now, old man?" echoed another deep voice, that startled me to my senses as nothing else could have done. Why, the man who had been supporting me in his arms—

"J—Jack!" I gasped, staring wildly.

"Yes, yes, we know all—or we guess. Never mind, so long as we're here in time. 'Sh, not a word now, for his own sake, if not ours!" He whispered it in my ear—and I knew it was indeed my Jack Hamlyn, if only by the touch of his beard. "Tell us all afterwards. I've blundered; and a scoundrel has taken advantage of it to try on the dirtiest trick of his contemptible life. Wilfred! . . . Here, constable, it's all right; show us to a decent hotel!"

In less than an hour I had come out of darkness into sunshine indeed, and was able to see to the end of what had seemed such an appalling mystery. My fatal slip—my cablegram in code!

Jack, it appeared, who rented bachelor apartments near the city, had received the message from Madeira in due course. Mystified at first, he had at length managed to translate the words into sense, and made arrangements to be at Southampton to meet the vessel. On the all-important day while at breakfast he recollected some vital business affair and hurried off to catch his business partner, leaving the message and its solution beside his plate, and in that unlucky interval something happened.

Wilfred, his scapegrace brother, had called there—for money, doubtless, as he often did—seen the message, and, quick-brained as he was unscrupulous, had instantly conceived some idea of meeting me in the character of Jack and making off with the valuables I had hinted at. How? There was Jack's coffee on the stove—the landlady said Mr. Hamlyn would be back inside half an hour—the schemer saw his likeliest chance in a flash. The half hour had sufficed. Without knowing why or how, Jack had come out of a deadly stupor late in the afternoon, to find that the locked door had been forced, and Lottie and a doctor, sent for by his landlady, bending over him.

Drugged!—probably with the bulk of the very opiate which had been put into my own glass at the hotel hours later. Only recollecting that Wilfred had been, and had seen the cablegram, Jack instantly went off to catch the evening express to Southampton — and, needless to say, nothing in the world would prevent the woman I loved from accompanying him. An anxious tramp up the policeman through Southampton streets, making inquiries everywhere—and then I had rushed by them like a ghost.

Yes, it was a clever plot, conceived so swiftly and carried out with a staggering success—only that my overwrought brain had resisted the drug and turned the scale just in the nick of time. And not the least strange part of the affair was that, making inquiry late that eventful night, we found that Wilfred Hamlyn had contrived to come to his senses and slip out of the hotel unnoticed—with only my small tin trunk and its few contents to compensate him for his cunning and risk.

"He is welcome to that!" says Lottie, with tears in her eyes.

And, all things considered, I agree. For, as it turned out, the contents of that dispatch were never divulged to the public. In the light of subsequent events I can only tremble at thought of what might have happened had they seen the light of day in the columns of an enterprising news sheet!—Tit-Bits.

### Attention.

A married man attracts no more attention than a baseball player in winter, but let his wife die, and he will attract as much attention as a good third baseman at the beginning of the season.—Atchison Globe.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

If love weren't so catching a disease it would probably be a lot less curable.

Love will begin to rule the world the minute the world quits trying to rule love.

To a man there is only one right way to do a thing; to a woman there is only one wrong way.

A pessimist is one who estimates his sorrows by his joys; an optimist is one who estimates his joys by other people's sorrows.

Every man would feel more contented if he thought his wife was; every woman would if she thought her husband was less so.—N. Y. Press.

### A Youthful Operator.

The four-year-old son of a local real estate man is showing a financial instinct that should land him high up in the ranks of the men of great wealth. One Sunday recently his mother took him to church. Before the contribution box came round she gave him a penny to drop in it. After the collector had gone by, what was her horror to discover that the youngster had a nickel tightly clutched between his chubby fingers! By his system of exchange of values he had cleared just 400 per cent. on his original capital.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### This Is a Harmless Joke.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat, and, having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat, unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment when he finds there is no end to it will give plenty of innocent fun.

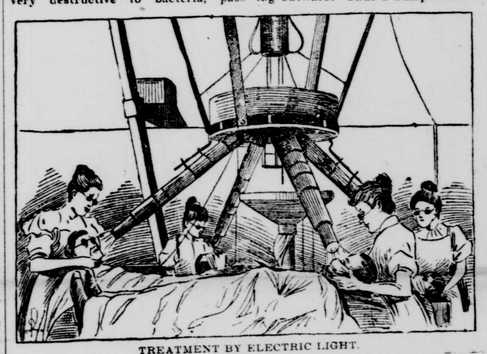
## DISEASE AND LIGHT.

### Danish Physician Says They Are Very Closely Connected.

**New Treatment, Called Phototherapy, Destroys Germs by Means of Powerful Rays—Other Great Medical Discoveries.**

[Special New York Letter.]

EUROPEAN physicians have become much interested in the methods employed by Dr. Finsen, a Danish practitioner, in treating skin diseases of various kinds. It is generally known that sunlight is fatal to the growth of certain kinds of malignant bacteria, but the new treatment which its discoverer calls "phototherapy" makes use of the chemical rays of light while the red or heat rays are partially excluded. This is probably the first systematic attempt to utilize the chemical rays of light in therapeutics. In summer sunlight is employed, at other times the light of electric are lamps of from 50 to 80 amperes. If light in its normal condition could effect a cure in a patient, a run in the open air each day would be sufficient, but as ordinary rays are not strong enough the light must be so concentrated that its chemical rays will penetrate the skin and act as a bactericide. When this is done it must be so cooled as to prevent burning, but not necessarily irritation, of the skin. An apparatus for strengthening and cooling light at the same time consists of a lens of eight to sixteen inches in diameter. This is composed of a brass ring in which are framed a plain and a curved glass between which is a weak ammonial solution of copper sulphate of a bright blue color. It resembles an ordinary plain convex glass lens in function, but the water absorbs the ultra-red rays, while a large amount of red and yellow rays are excluded by the blue color. The latter rays are weak in germicidal power, while very strong in heat. The ultra-blue, blue and violet, which contain less heat, but are very destructive to bacteria, pass



TREATMENT BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

readily through the blue liquid. This lens is so adjusted that it can be placed at any angle. When electric light is used a system of lenses inclosed in a tube is employed.

As so many germs producing baldness and other skin diseases lie at various depths beneath the surface, experiments were made with dogs and cats to see if the sifted rays would penetrate their hides. Sealed glass tubes filled with muriate of silver were inserted under the skin and some of the animals were placed in the dark, others in the chemical beams. When the tubes were removed the solution had turned black in the latter cases and remained unaltered in the former. Experiment has proved that the rays pass much more quickly through bloodless tissue.

Dr. Finsen first attracted attention by his success in treating smallpox. He



SHAPING PLASTER JACKET.

has cured hundreds of cases of lupus, or tuberculosis of the skin, and baldness. It is a recognized fact that owing to differences in food, lighting, heating and other causes too numerous to mention, the growth of the bacteria producing baldness is so stimulated that, as a people, we are compelled to be satisfied with a much smaller amount of hair than fell to the share of our progenitors. Hence anything likely to prevent the "passing" of our hirsute appendages attracts very favorable notice. The rays just described have proved especially efficacious in curing the kind of baldness which comes in patches, the germs being quickly killed and the hair soon renewed.

One of the noted miracles of olden times, one which caused devout worshipers to fall upon their knees in adoration, was the appearance of red masses, believed to be the blood of the Saviour, upon the consecrated bread of the Host. But alas for tradition! Investigation has revealed that instead of a manifestation to command worship, the scarlet spots were colonies of loathsome little bacteria which find bread shut up in dark and dampness a very suitable culture medium. These bacilli, confined in a glass tube, now form a part of the stock of a modern bacteriologist. One of Dr. Finsen's first experiments was to expose a culture of these germs to the direct rays of the sun. In a short time all of the "miraculous bacilli" were nonexistent.

Together with the possibility that the coming man may have a skin without blemish and not belong, as some have prophesied, to a hairless race, travels the announcement that there need never be any more hunchbacks; that the disease producing this deformity has been studied so carefully, coped with so successfully and the modus operandi for curing it been so carefully mapped out that from henceforth a hunchback will be a living monument to the ignorance or carelessness of his family physician, whose fault it is that he is in his present condition. Potts' disease is not, as many suppose, caused by a fractured spine. However, a slight fall may bring on the ailment, which is of a tuberculous nature, and develops into a consumption of the spine. It may be checked long before the stage when deformity puts in its appearance. Diagnosis is easy. Before any change in form is manifest the spine becomes somewhat rigid and severe pains are felt in the abdomen. Because of these pains a careless physician will often treat a young child for worms. Bending the body forward produces, and backward relieves, pain. If able to walk, the patient steps carefully. Instead of stooping, he crouches to pick up an object. There is often much pain in the back, where, in time, a knob appears. Nearly always more or less of paralysis manifests itself when the disease invades the spinal canal.

Dr. A. M. Phelps, professor of orthopedic surgery in New York post-graduate medical school, is said to be foremost in treatment of Potts' disease at this time. The cure is almost purely mechanical. Except cod liver oil and other nourishment to repair wasting tissues, no medicine is given. The hunchback is treated, as is a consumptive, to plenty of good food and fresh air, but in the case of the latter it is impossible to apply any mechanism to the lungs to compel them to remain still. If they could be held rigid, the disease would not spread, but remain confined to the small area of inflammation first infected. The constant agitation of the tissues by breathing spreads the germs. Until a few years ago spinal was considered as incurable as pulmonary consumption, the difference being that the former was always checked at a certain point. The germs once located, with every movement of the patient they spread. They always fasten to the interior or softer portion of the spine. Soon this is eaten away and a collapse follows, the column bulging outward. Thus a hump is formed. Finally the curve allows the ribs to settle on the hip bones, which act as a support. The germs can no longer spread. New bone tissue is formed, inflammation ceases, and the patient is well except for his deformity.

This process is at the present time anticipated by using a jacket of plaster. In the early stages of the disease the patient is suspended until his toes just touch the ground. This adds to his height. He is now wrapped in bandages upon which wet plaster of paris has been rubbed. A snug fitting corset is thus made, and after the plaster becomes hard the patient is taken down, for the support is perfect. Thus a hump may be avoided. A new aluminium corset is also used which is light in weight and allows the patient to go in bathing. In cases where the disease has already run its course, the new bone matter is sometimes removed and supports of silver wire introduced. A close observer will perceive that this deformity is much less common than formerly and the time will probably soon arrive when it will be a thing of the past.

And now, according to a new theory, we may escape cancer by being willing to have smallpox in the good old-fashioned way. It has been believed by many recently that cancer is caused by healthy cells accidentally introduced where they do not belong and, attaining too rapid growth, develop into that abnormal thing which everyone regards with horror.

In a paper recently read before the State Society of Homeopathic Physicians, in Indianapolis, the idea was brought forward that the great increase in the disease is due to vaccination. "It takes 21 years or more to make a man and only three or four to make a cow." The diseased cells of a rapid-grown animal introduced among the slow growing cells of a man might perhaps hardly be safe companions. EDWARD JULIAN.

### Truth-Telling Is Dangerous.

Muggins—Did you ever call a man a liar?

Juggins—Yes, once, and it was a sad day for me. He happened to be one.—Town Topics.

## ADOPTED BY A COUNTESS.

### Gertie Gerlach, a Little Wisconsin Orphan, Finds Rich and Powerful Friends.

There are few orphans to whom such good fortune comes as that which lately befell Gertie Gerlach, a flaxen-haired miss of ten summers. From the station of a poor waif, dependent upon the charity of poverty-stricken neighbors, the little girl has been suddenly lifted to the position of an heiress. She is now on her way to Sweden, in company with Count and Countess Tourni, who are now her foster parents, and with whom she became acquainted by the merest chance.

Gertie has lived the greater part of her life on a farm near Tornado, Wis. Her mother died when she was seven years old, and when the reports of the gold fields in the Klondike country reached Wisconsin her father set out to seek his fortune in the Yukon. His four children he left in charge of neighbors, from time to time sending a small sum for their maintenance. About three months ago news of his death reached Gerlach's friends, and, as he left no property, his family became a charge on the bounty of the neighbors.

The three younger children were given homes, but there seemed no place for Gertie. She was shifted about from one house to another, until Mrs. Amelia Bauermeister, whose husband also died in Alaska, decided to return to her old home in Germany, and agreed to take the little girl with her. Mrs. Bauermeister had only a little money, but expected to get work in Chicago that would enable her soon to save enough to proceed to Germany. At Manitowoc Count and Countess Tourni boarded the train. In the druwing-room car every seat was taken, and they found places in one of the common coaches. They sat directly across from Mrs. Bauermeister and her young charge, and soon noticed that the little girl was crying bitterly. As she continued to sob and weep the countess tried to comfort the child, and she drew from Gertie the story of her sorrows. The countess was much moved at the child's story, and questioned Mrs. Bauermeister as to her ability to care for the child. Learning that the woman was little better than destitute, the countess agreed, after consulting her husband, to take Gertie off her hands and adopt her as her own child. Mrs. Bauermeister consented to give her up, and Gertie being willing to accompany her newly found friends the compact was closed. Upon arriving in Chicago, clothing suitable to her new station in life was provided for the child.

Gertie is remarkably pretty. Her hair is long and heavy, and while quite fair is of a bright color. She has big, pathetic eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, and her complexion is a clear pink and white. For a child of her meager advantages she seems unusually intelligent, and has a stock of common sense that would do credit to a much older person.

Count and Countess Tourni were in this country on a pleasure expedition, and had been here nine months when they met Gertie Gerlach. They spent a month in Chicago last spring, and then went to California, and, returning, ran up to Manitowoc for a day to visit a distant relative of the count. They sailed the other day for Europe, taking their adopted daughter with them. Count Tourni holds a government position in Sweden. He owns a large estate near Stockholm, and is of a very old and noble family.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## THE BOTTLE FISH.

### It Has an Almost Limitless Stomach and a Voracious Appetite.

There is a strange deep-sea fish which it has puzzled amateur naturalists to find a name for, but which by some is called the bottle fish, and by unscientific observers named the whip tail. In the Smithsonian institution a specimen of it is labeled "saeco-pharynx," which means "throat sack."

This fish is rare, and when any are found they are sent to one of another museum of the world. It is not related to any other and yet there are other fishes that resemble it. It has the same habits of feeding as the black swallower —they both swallow their prey head first, and are not particular as to its size.

The bottle fish has slender, curved teeth, set wide apart, and its fins are few and poor. The long filament which it carries is a continuation of the vertebrae, in which some fins are lost, according to some authorities, and to others that it is simply an attenuated bit of flesh and skin.

These fishes vary. One that was caught in 1824 far out in the ocean was afloat in a helpless condition, having swallowed a fish ten inches long. The body was 14 and the tail 58 inches long. In 1827 one was discovered in a helpless condition, almost worn out by unavailing efforts to gorge a fish of about seven inches in circumference. This was the largest ever secured, its body being 20 and the tail 32 inches long.

Still another was taken off Medeira in 1862. It was floating on the surface, and was found to have swallowed a deep-sea fish about nine inches long, the stomach of which was forced up into the mouth by the distended air bladder.

The body of this specimen is 8½ inches and the tail 23 inches long. It is preserved in the British museum.—Philadelphia Press.

## SMART WOODPECKERS.

### They Saved Themselves Much Hard Work by Calling Chemistry to Their Assistance.

A Chicago professor who has been in the Maine woods this summer tells an interesting story of the intelligence of a family of woodpeckers which he encountered near the headwaters of the Allegash, and which were most uncommonly bright birds. As everybody knows who has observed these at all, they feed on the worm that burrow into trees. Any woodpecker has to make a gallery three or four feet long in a tree in a single season, so to find his prey the woodpecker has to make several holes in the tree in order to get at his victim. This particular family of woodpeckers, having some difficulty in getting at the worm after they had drilled a hole into his gallery, proposed to save themselves unnecessary work. And what do you think they did? In the Allegash woods grows the "Indian poke," a plant with berries possessing an alkaline juice particularly disagreeable to all animal life. And so these Allegash woodpeckers, having made an entrance into the domain of the borer, proceed next to drop berries of the Indian poke into the opening. And so much does the worm dislike the odor of the poke berries that he comes out to get away from it, and incidentally to see who has had the impertinence to cause him so much discomfort. He never gets any farther than the entrance, because Mr. Woodpecker is waiting there, and that worm is gobbled up so quickly that he never knows what happened to him. This seems like a good deal of a fairy story, doesn't it, but Prof. Eastman J. Clarke says he saw it with his own eyes.—Chicago Post.

### A Wise System.

Saloonist (to new bartender)—One rule of this house is never to sell any more liquor to a man after he has had enough.

Bartender—How am I to know he has had enough?

"As soon as his money gives out.—Baltimore American.

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