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1902 September 1902

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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 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.
1:00 p m, D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m, Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown 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.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
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, TALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-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,

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

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

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

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Concord, Md,

E. M. BAKER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
1209 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

A dollar spent for your home paper is well invested.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

A "MAKE-B'LIEVE" ROSE.

"It isn't a real posy," she said,
With a serious smile, as she pinned to the hem
Of her apron a tissue-paper rose,
With a red, red heart, and a green, green stem;
With many a crumple here and there
'Mongst the crimson folds, and many a slit;
Bearing the tell-tale, dingy marks
Of grimy hands that had fondled it.

"It isn't a truly rose, I know,
The kind that blossoms themselves," said she.
"It's just a make-b'lieve posy, that's all.
It doesn't even smell, you see!
But I don't mind if it doesn't smell,
It hasn't a single thorn; and I
Don't have to water my make-b'lieve rose,
For make-b'lieve roses never die."

"I can keep this always alive," she said.
And all day long by the towering wall
In the sunless alley she played, content;
And envied the wealthy not at all
Who carried home in their jeweled hands
The pride of the tender hot-house bed;
"For I don t'care. I like my rose.
My make-b'lieve posey the best," she said.

—Maude Morrison Huey, in N. Y. Independent.

The Taming of a Terror

By FRANK B. WELCH

LOCOVILLE was plum sick of Buck Tansy, and it was evident from the way the leading citizens of the sagebrush town were hinting around that something would soon be doing. Buck was a bunch of badness from the bush and he had thrown chills through the town from the first hour of his arrival. He started in by exploiting himself as a cataclismic concentration of cussedness with the hairy side out, and he had managed to make good the bluff in one way or another, although there had been nobody to the fore as yet who packed sand enough to go straight against his game. There had been several hardy persons in the community who were red-raw in their comments on his conduct, but they were quickly converted to the belief that they were pushing in when it wasn't their turn. Tansy talked tersely to them, punctuating his remarks with forty-four-caliber astonishers, and the decision was in his favor. There was not a man in town who would not have cheerfully chipped in his service toward the conversion of Tansy's husky hulk into fertilizing material, but none of them were advertising his inclination very extensively. Every man Jack of them passed when it came to make the first play for undying fame. With singular similarity they one and all switched for the undergrush when Tansy's arrival was even suspected. "Mr. Tansy" was always welcomed with the delighted mitt whenever he felt called upon to honor the town center with his presence. That "measly wolf," was the highest compliment handed out for him in his absence. Commerce and industry waited upon the coming and going of the King-pin of the commonwealth, and trade and traffic hung suspended upon the peg of his convenience. Plots and plans innumerable with Tansy as the decadent issue had been laid, hatched—and buried. Hooting, tooting terrors with chile-con-carve thinkwords came, saw and subsided on first tete-a-tete with this main guy of the sage patch.

This was the state of things when one June evening Ferdy Plunker followed his cigarette into the midst of an indignant crowd at the tavern door. He had dropped off a west-bound train to canvass the dry goods trade of the town for an eastern house. His habiliments were what might be considered uproarious in a quiet community, and when the Locovillians got sight of him they stood agape and staring. Some were disposed to make light of the apparition, venturing odds as to the nature of it, etc. Ferdy caught some of the cute comments at his expense, but vouchsafed the gang nothing more than a blank stare and a puff of cigarette smoke. He followed his grips into the chuck-house and proceeded to thicken up with the head shover of the biscuit, an easy thing for any one with the price in his apparel.

The visitation took the public mind off of Tansy for awhile, but not for long, as that worthy happened along in the wake of the tenderfoot. His arrival was the signal for a general dispersal of the indignation meeting in his honor, but not before a resolution had been passed to take steps to abate the nuisance. Those who remained were pointedly invited by the object of their displeasure to wet their muzzles with him, an invitation that was as good as accepted when issued.

While the gang were washing down their disrespect for the terrible Tansy, Ferdy chanced upon them in the barroom. His entrance caused a hush to fall upon the boozy bunch. At sight of him Tansy nearly swallowed his glass, losing his liquor in a gulp of astonishment.

"Great Gulliver! What's that?" he roared, pointing to Ferdy. "Hey, there, Jocko, where's your cage?"

Ferdy without so much as a glance at the grinning Tansy sauntered slowly up to the bar and ordered a soda pop. As the bottle touched the bar a bullet from Tansy's revolver shivered it, spraying Ferdy with glass and soda. "Here's the kind of pop you want," said Tansy poking the muzzle of the gun under the patrician proboscis of the complacent Ferdy, who manifested nothing more than polite surprise at the intrusion.

"I say, old chap," said he, as he mopped his face with his scented handkerchief, "will you kindly sneak off somewhere and die down for awhile and keep quiet?"

"Well, you cheeky chimpanzee!" yelled Tansy in amazement; then with a hilarious hoot he turned to the men saying: "How's that for pluck, eh boys? He's one of those story-book tenderfeet that come out west here and kill off the bad men. Ow-wow-wow! kiddy, but you're brave. You're brave enough to drink with me, Dave," to the barkeep, "hand out that black bottle with the broken lip. That's the stuff that'll curl your hair, boy. Fill 'er up!"

"Not my time o' day for boozerine, old fellow; I beg to be omitted this time."

"Fill 'er up, Jocko!" roared Tansy, with tornadoes in his tones and a flourish of his gun. "Fill 'er up there and hist 'er in quick, or out you go to my cemetery. I'll plant you perpendic'lar in a post hole, you little popinjay, if you don't remember your manners and drink when a gentleman invites you."

Ferdy filled his glass to the rim with the alacrity of one thirsting for a throat tickler, then drawing nearer to Tansy, he said, in tones indicative of the profoundest deference and respect: "My dear sir, I will join you with the greatest pleasure and I take this occasion to pledge to you the lasting assurance of my kindest regards—but, just one moment, if you please; I notice that your glass is somewhat larger than mine. That isn't fair, you know—"

"Here, take mine and I'll take yours, if it's a big drink you want!" said Tansy, pushing his filled glass along the bar and taking Ferdy's. "Now, then, son, here we go."

Together they downed the awful doses. Ferdy set his empty glass down with a tear in his eye and his jaws set, but without a murmur. Tansy dashed his glass upon the bar with an oath, saying: "You're all right, boy, put 'er thar!" extending his brawny paw. "Let's have another. Set 'em up again, Dave; Bud here wants another one of those little smiles of his. Say! isn't he a tank for your life? Well, I should bust a broncho! Fill 'er up, Jocko—fill 'er—what th' devil's th' matter with me! Say, boys, say—" Down went Tansy in a heap on the floor and there he lay limp as a door mat on a wet day.

"Now, then, old chap, we've got you dead to rights!" exclaimed Ferdy as he possessed himself of Tansy's guns. "Has anyone here any objection to a little job on this big brute?" said he, looking around amongst the men.

"No! no! not a one!" cried several with oaths and murderous looks at the prostrate Tansy.

"What's the matter with him?" asked they of Ferdy, who was now on edge.

"He must have a fit of some sort I should say," replied Ferdy. "What shall it be for the bruiser here, tar and feathers or a tanning?" Some said one thing and some another, but they all agreed to let the tenderfoot act as the master of ceremonies.

"That being the case, gentlemen, I'll provide something novel and interesting for your entertainment. This duffer will soon come around, you know, just a simple case of knockout drops, surreptitiously administered. Get me a strong rope about 20 feet long and I'll show you some fun."

A lariat was quickly produced and Tansy, under Ferdy's directions, was carried out to a hitching post in the open. One end of the lariat was wrapped around the bad man and the other around the post, leaving ten feet of slack between them. By this time Buck began to blink and paw around.

"What th' blinding blizzard is all this!" roared he as he sat up and sized the situation. "Who has been doping me? Say! If I don't brand the coyote that did this with the big double D I'll hit the high road to h—l."

Rising unsteadily to his feet he glared around at the grinning gang with Ferdy to the fore. Then he seized the rope and tried to tear it from his body, but it was there to stay. While tugging at it he lashed the air with such a string of strange cuss words as were never before equaled within the ken of his appreciative hearers. Before he could make any impression on the tough cow rope Ferdy stepped up to him and dealt him a smart smack on the chop with his open hand.

"Now, then, you old rang-a-tang," said Ferdy, shucking his jacket and hat and squaring off at Tansy, "if you think you're any good get your dukes up and get busy."

Tansy made the rope pop, but it held him to the limit where he couldn't throw his hulk on to his small but scientific antagonist. Ferdy put up the prettiest assortment of jabs, swings, hooks and uppercuts that were ever handed around outside of a prize ring. He passed them over to Tansy so neatly and swiftly that the terror couldn't head them off and he received every one in the spirit in which it was given. Tansy flailed away with the grace and agility of a truck horse doing trotting stunts, but his ponderous blows never once found the wiry young tenderfoot, who with never failing accuracy landed at will such a beautiful bunch of wallops that he soon had Tansy trimmed to a tatter.

"Let up there, tenderfoot; I cave!" yelled the badly-beaten bravo. "Turn me loose and I'll mosey."

"Will you leave the town and never come back?" asked Ferdy, pausing in his work of reformation.

"On the next train," gasped Tansy.

"Turn him loose, men, and we'll see him off."

In the next hour a through freight carried west in its caboose a thoroughly tamed terror in whose ears rung the threat of instant extermination if he ever returned. To the next east-bound express was escorted with the highest honors of the bush town the conquering but collected Ferdy, who, after a hearty shake all around, said: "Good-by, boys. Be sure and carry on the good work if that dub ever comes back."

"Adios, tenderfoot; you're a pippin!" yelled the gang.—Lumber Review.

Hides of Cow and Horse.

The hide of a cow produces about 35 pounds of leather; that of a horse about 18 pounds.

Some Facts About Football

Enormous Sum Required to Equip a College Team

THE football rooters are beginning to make a noise in the land, and enthusiasts predict that the coming season will be the most successful in the history of the sport. Golf cranks who, a short time ago, ventured the assertion that the gridiron would be deserted this fall for the links are drawing in their horns, so to speak, and reluctantly admit that the number of teams and individuals now preparing to engage in football is greater than ever before. Golf is a good game for gentlemen of uncertain age, but it does not particularly appeal to the younger element which prefers tennis and baseball in the summer and football in the autumn.

An authority on football was asked the other day how many players of the game he thought there were in the United States, including high school boys, collegians and amateur teams, referring, of course, to the American college game only. "Fifty thousand," was the reply. He estimated that there were 3,000 teams in the country, and an average of 15 players to the team is a very conservative one. At the big universities, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin and numerous others, the squads run from 75 to 100 men each in the early part of the season.

The amount of money that is expended every season in supplying this army with the necessaries of conducting their campaigns has engaged the attention of a New York Sun newspaper statistician. The game

A MOMENT OF INTENSE INTEREST.

has spread from one ocean to the other and the money spent for railroad fare in carrying out the season's schedule is no small item. Then there are hotel bills, training table expenses, expenses for officials, liniment, employes to look after the grounds and last, but by no means least, the expenditure for equipment, which includes moleskins, jerseys, sweaters, headgears, shoes and footballs.

There is, in fact, no game that puts so much money in general circulation as football. Baseball and horse racing, if the latter can be termed a game, involves larger amounts of capital, but football circulates the money more freely among the public at large. Some of the big universities spend as much as $2,000 every fall for body equipment alone, and the entire expense account of one college last season—and it was not one of the biggest ones either—was $18,000. Take the well-known universities, say Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Brown, Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin, and it is estimated that they will spend for football regalia, which are principally uniforms, a total of $20,000 each season, and these ten form but a small part of the gridiron community of the entire country.

It is a hard thing to say just how much football teams spend in a season, but an estimate of $1,000,000 would not be too high. Football is, nevertheless, a very profitable sport and the colleges make much more out of it than they spend. The football profits support the crews and other athletic branches. With seats at two dollars apiece and crowds from 15,000 to 30,000 at the big games one can readily see that the gate receipts are not to be despised. If a million dollars is spent by all the teams of the country in a season it may be assumed that as much as $2,000,000 is taken in.

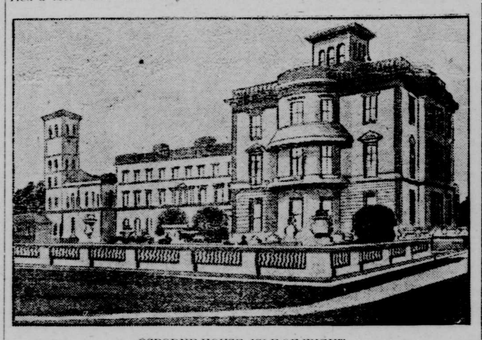
The charge has been made that of late years there has been too much tinkering with football playing rules, that the sport was being made too complicated and that weight and tactics were crowding out individuality and fundamental knowledge of the game. Yet, in spite of these complaints, which are by no means without foundation, the game with its burdens of intricacy is everywhere advancing with tremendous strides and bids fair to become what baseball once was, "the national game."

Osborne House, Isle of Wight

King Edward's Coronation Gift to His People

OSBORNE HOUSE, Isle of Wight, which was given to the British people by King Edward VII., as a coronation offering, was one of the favorite estates of the late Queen Victoria. It is doubtful if the king could have found a more suitable present, and his intention, announced a few days ago, to convert it into a home for disabled army and navy officers meets with the full approval of the British public, according to enthusiastic accounts received from London.

The Osborne house estate, once called Austerburne, or Easter Brook, was held for many years by the Bowermans, an ancient island family. There were several owners until, in the time of Charles I., it was purchased by Charles Mann. The civil war found Mann with a large sum of gold and silver in the strong box of his magnificent castle. He considered the dense woods near by a more secure hiding place, and buried his treasure. The legend has it that he forgot to mark the spot and was never able to recover his wealth. His heiress and granddaughter married a Mr. Blackford. Lady Isabella Blackford, their descendant, sold the



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

estate to Queen Victoria in 1846. It is stated that the prince consort, father of King Edward, helped Architect Cubitt plan Osborne house as it exists to-day. The estate proper was enlarged from time to time by extensive purchases, until it now contains some 5,000 acres.

The new house is in the style of Palladio. There are two striking towers—the campanile, or bell tower, 99 feet in height, and the flag tower, immediately behind the late queen's private apartments, which rises to the height of 107 feet. The rooms occupied by Queen Victoria will be the only part of the house not given over to the public.

The garden is arranged in terraces, and ends in a superb lawn, which slopes to the water's edge, where there is a little jetty used by the late queen. In these gardens the prince consort made his harmless and at one time much ridiculed experiments in agriculture and forestry.

Outside of the apartments occupied by Queen Victoria the council room at Osborne is of most interest. It was at a meeting in this room, in 1845, that the Peel cabinet split over the repeal of the corn laws as a relief for Irish famine. In the same room hangs Landseer's famous painting, "The Deer Drive," one of the rarest specimens of English art.

A Necessary Precaution.

Don't neglect a cold. It is worse than unpleasant. It is dangerous. By using One Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Allays inflammation, clears the heads, soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane. Cures coughs, croup, throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Children likt it. H. Duffy, Hillsboro.

Just Look at Her.

Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result,—all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at George & Redden's, Denton; Hugh Duffy's Hillsboro.

MAIDS AND WIDOWS.

They Are as Fond of Gambling as the Stronger Sex.

Possessed by Mad Desire to Get Something for Nothing—Make Bets on Grain, Stocks and Horse Races.

[Special Los Angeles Letter.]

THE ease and rapidity with which women, during the last few years, have demonstrated the fact that they are equal to men in their mental powers, even if their thought processes are somewhat dissimilar, while aiding largely toward the evolution of the race into a condition were higher uses may be performed, have also added many drawbacks which drag so heavily on our wheels of progress that we are not likely to have our millennium for some years to come. By no means the least of these is gambling, which in its various forms is making enormous inroads into the fortunes, principles and morals of both sexes. It is well known that this vice has existed since the world began, in various forms, that, through different gradations it has come down to the last century when women of wealth patronized the large gambling resorts abroad and those of lesser renown the lotteries in our own country. But until recent times the desire for gaming in the average woman found ample outlet in the various money-catching devices at church fairs, in one class, and a quiet game of poker, at home, with another. It is a well known fact that in our large cities many prominent women play this game nearly the whole night through, week in, week out, with an utter recklessness and sang froid that frequently renders it difficult to obtain the necessary number of partners from the men of their acquaintance. Darkey women shoot craps with the men. Little white girls play marbles with their school fellows and pocket their ill-gotten "stone alleys" with the greatest satisfaction.

Since women went into business speculation seems to attract some of

DICTATING A STOCK ORDER

them to an alarming degree. Especially is this true of those who inherit money, knowing little of the toilsome processes by which it was obtained. To these may be added the large number who receive regular allowances from fathers and husbands. Money-making schemes galore attract their attention and dollars, and the fear of confession of losses often leads to deception opening the door to a thousand and one other vices. If a person banks his money, the greatest care is taken to investigate the character of those in control and their financial integrity. But the same people will, in the most astonishing manner, put their funds in some wild-cat scheme that promises unnaturally large returns on the investment. A woman whose business ability had been unquestioned was, not long since, approached on the subject of converting sea water into gold. She became enthusiastic, a company was formed and she, desiring to invest $10,000, used her ready cash, mortgaged her residence, and gave her negotiable notes for the balance. The rest goes without saying; but results were very disastrous to her, a widow, long past middle age. It was all her little fortune.

The extent to which the women of our country gamble in stocks and grain is but little realized, but it is increasing so rapidly that the attention of the general public is being turned in that direction. There seems, however, no prospect of finding any means of preventing it; in fact, the very things written against it seem to advertise and aggravate the evil. The fact that women have not had the business training of their brothers, and thus are less able to judge the market and make advantageous investments, does not deter them at all.

There are some brokers in eastern cities whose clients are all women. There are others who have rooms especially devoted to that sex, and a few where men and women deal indiscriminately. In those offices devoted entirely to the interests (?) of women, no men are allowed, so there is no danger of interruption of a deal by an anxious or angry relative of the male gender. An able woman has charge and promptly at 9:30 arises and gives quotations, after which various women telephone their orders, each giving her number instead of name, to avoid notoriety. Those near to the scene get woefully mixed on the "puts and calls" and are dismayed and bewildered with long wheat and short pocketbooks. They receive small satisfaction from the head of the house, who, as likely as not, assures them that they should not buy until they know the market. In those states where there is legislation against selling puts and calls, the law is easily evaded by dealing through brokers in other states.

There are women in this city who operate more or less in the bucket shops, and stock brokers here have been repeatedly solicited to open a private office for women, and in several instances the experiment has been tried, but as one old broker said yesterday: "The women are so reckless and plunge so heavily, that brokers have been obliged to close them. They become greatly excited and when they lose do not always bear their troubles philosophically. Sometimes they want their money back, too, and declare they have been cheated. Most women have not been trained to know when and how to buy and sell. As for me, I have never yet accepted one cent of a woman's money to invest in stocks or grain, and never shall. It is frequently very hard for them to get

JOTTING DOWN QUOTATIONS.

enough to live on afterward if they lose; and they are not, as a rule, amenable to advice."

This statement is recorded as uttered, and may be taken for what it is worth. Meantime there are plenty of women here speculating along these same lines. "Isloated cases," they are called, but the isolation is not very lonely. Many people here, of both sexes, put money in some of the eastern investment companies, where the puts and calls are so skilfully balanced that there seems no chance for loss. At least I have never been able to learn of a period passing without their declaring a good dividend. Those investing in wheat pools must let their money remain until the end of a period. Corn people can call in their cash any time. Those whose money is in the care of these companies have nothing to do with the investments. They have only to receive their dividends. How long this untarying good luck will last, remains to be seen. The company I have in mind has been in successful operation for two years, and is in the hands of an experienced man. Returns are fabulous, but many of the most skilful operators lose their own money sooner of later, and why should he who invests that of other people always remain infallible? Every investor realizes that he is in for gain or loss, and must take the consequences.

One of the principal styles of rapid return investments up and down this coast, perhaps the favorite, is the book-making companies. Each, as it starts out, has an unfailing method of winning which, though appearing a little hazy at first, perhaps, when explained

SPECULATORS AT TELEPHONE.

by an earnest and convincing talker coaxes the dollars from the purses and old stockings of the charmed hearers, whose visions of future grandeur seem about to be realized.

A short time ago, on the day before his failure, the man running one of these companies obtained $1,500 from from an elderly widow—all her money—and absconded. There have been numerous instances of this kind, but each new company professes to have profited by the mistakes of its predecessors, and the good work goes merrily on, attracting ever increasing members. Men support their families selling chances in horse-racing companies, and to hear them talk, if one did not notice their home surroundings, one could almost believe that their knowledge must lead to affluence. Some live in very shabby places, others are arrayed like the lilies of the field. One woman, in town here, a dressmaker invested $100 in a horse-racing company. In a few days it was all lost. She knew that the man to whom she paid the cash made ten dollars by the operation, and requested him to refund. His answer may be imagined. She retired, in tears, but is now, herself, agent for several similar companies persuading all the women possible to invest—and so the world goes around.

A few years since an oil exchange was operated very successfully by women, but speculation in that product now seems a thing of the past.

EDWARD JULIAN.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The late duke of Sutherland is said to have left 92 wills.

Queen Wilhelmina does not have to depend upon the royal allowance for support. Her private fortune is one of the largest among European monarchs.

A colored physician of high character and skill, Dr. Samuel Patterson Stafford, has received the appointment of government physician at the Yakima Indian reservation, state of Washington. He is the first member of his race to be thus honored.

Lord Avesbury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the scientist, has been teaching his dog to read. He has progressed so far that "Van" finds a card with "out" printed on it when he wishes to go for a walk, and picks out other words in the same fashion.

The school trustees of Summit Hill, Pa., have elected as a director one Jack Bonner, a middle weight prize fighter. He has many admirers in the town and the school trustees declare he will make a satisfactory director of the educational affairs of the district.

New Orleans is to have a home for orphan boys, built out of funds bequeathed by the late George Xavier Carstairs. Mr. Carstairs was himself orphaned while very young and had a hard struggle with the world. He accumulated a large fortune, however, all of which he has left for the purpose indicated.

Four million dollars is the sum annually left in Paris by visiting Americans, according to a writer in the Petit Parisien. Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes is credited with spending $20,000 a year on gowns purchased there and Mrs. Mackay sometimes orders $10,000 or $15,000 worth at a time. Among male customers the best are said to be Morgan, Carnegie, Schwab and Vanderbilt.

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

IN THE JEWELRY LINE.

What are olivines? Why nothing but green garnets—so the jeweler says.

A lovely gun metal watch has a porcelain dial with crystal inlaid panels and gilt figures and borders.

For the hair are enameled wreaths sparkling with an occasional diamond, like a drop of dew in among the leaves.

Fresh water pearls are wrought into dainty brooches, representing marguerites, chrysanthemums, roses, lilies and columbines.

The low chignon is revived for coiffure modes and is confined with a net—a lovely medieval affair of slender gold or platinum links, gemmed with diamonds, pearls, turquoise or rubies. Rather costly, but beautiful.

Earrings are coming into vogue, but one doesn't need to have the ears pierced to wear them, for here is a clever little device which clamps them on. The best is said to be the French clasp which closes with a snap fastening.

The Carmen bracelet is one of the most popular shown by the shops. It is adjustable, will fit any wrist and is usually set with a large jewel—emerald, ruby, amethyst, turquoise and turquoise matrix being the most popular. These bracelets can be had either in gold or silver.

Family lockets are among the new things. Each locket holds four pictures, the center circle holds two and the back and front each holds a picture, and yet when closed it is as thin as the two picture lockets. These lockets are made in Roman gold, extra bright finish, with plain raised figure and brilliant set designs.

FRESH FROM FRANCE.

Paris has double the number of firemen, and 50 more engines than London.

Parisian butchers who sell horse meat intimate the fact by exhibiting a gilded horse head on their shop fronts.

The French Academy of Medicine has refused to adopt a recommendation to the government to prohibit the sale of absinthe in France.

France makes annually 143,000,000 pounds of chocolate and bonbons. In this respect she stands second only to Great Britain. Germany ranks third.

Some of the students in Paris, when perusing ancient books in the National library, protect themselves with muzzles. This is done to prevent the inhalation of dangerous microbes said to infest old volumes.

No Cause for Jealousy.

He—Your dog seems to be jealous of me.

She—Oh, he won't be—as soon as he knows you better.—Judge.

An Adequate Supply.

"Henpeck has given up smoking, eh? That takes a good deal of will power."

"Yes; his wife has it."—Puck.

Reduced Rates to Butte, Mont.

On account of the meeting of the International Mining Congress, at Butte, Mont., September 1 to 5, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Butte and return, on August 16, 20, 21, 26 and 27, good to return to original starting point not later than September 30, at reduced rates. For specific rates, stop-over privileges, etc., consult nearest ticket agent.

Coffees "Coated" with stale eggs, glue and other things are not fit to drink.
Lion Coffee is pure, uncoated coffee—fresh, strong, well flavored.
The sealed package insures uniform quality and freshness.

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