AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 46. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1902. NO. 52.

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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.

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LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
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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.

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A dollar spent for your home paper is well invested.

Poorly?

"For two years I suffered terribly from dyspepsia, with great depression, and was always feeling poorly. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in one week I was a new man."—John McDonald, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

MY FATHER'S DINNER PAIL.

I found it in the attic in a corner dark and dim,
'Twas dented on the cover, and 'twas broken on the rim,
Yet it thrilled my heart with pleasure as I took it from the nail,
That simple link of girlhood's days, my father's dinner pail.

It was dusty, it was rusty, it was broken on the rim,
Yet it thrilled me for the moment with sweet memories of him,
Of the bloom upon the orchards, and the fragrance in the gale,
As I walked through shining meadows, with my father's dinner pail.

I can see the garden parsies and the sunflowers by the wall,
And through the woodbine covered porch, I hear my mother call,
"Come, Jamey, quick, put on your hat; there comes old Father Kall;
You're none too soon; come in, my dear, and take the dinner pail!"

I pass beside the woodland where the tender violets grow,
And through the pleasant meadows where the honeysuckles blow,
Across the bridge, along the brook, and through the broken rail,
Where some one waits to help me with my father's dinner pail.

I can hear the wild birds singing and the drone of humming bees,
And the voices of my children playing 'neath the shady trees;
Yet memory comes crowding like a pleasant fairy tale
And once more I trip through meadows with my father's dinner pail.
—Portland Transcript.

My Experience as a Burglar

By R. L. BLACK.

I WAS only an awkward country boy of 17. I had never been to a city and rarely beyond the limits of our little "Sleepy Hollow" community. My glimpse of the outside world was through the medium of the tabooed "dime novel"—a thoroughly distorted view, to be sure—but appearing in the rare and beautiful colors of vivid reality to my untrained mental vision. Farm life became too prosaic, so I resolved to change my fortunes.

One night, after father and mother had retired, I dressed in my Sunday clothes, and after having stealthily transferred five dollars of father's money to my own pocket, crept noiselessly out the back way, and with palpitating heart was soon hastening along the highway, my destination a great city some 70 miles away.

By morning fully 20 miles of the distance had been covered, and, being hungry and tired, I stopped at a farm house and paid 25 cents for a breakfast, of which I partook with great relish. Pushing along, by night I was within 20 miles of the city. I again stopped at a farmhouse, went to bed early and slept soundly. After an early breakfast next morning I paid the good old people for my fare and was again on my way.

By noon I was within a few miles of the city. Two hours later I was in the suburbs, and my heart began to sink. In that great city I felt that I would be but an atom, to drift about upon the winds of circumstance.

Soon I was where massive structures loomed up on either side. I wandered aimlessly amid the hurrying throng, with the electric cars rushing by and the draymen's carts rumbling along until I became worried.

Finally I stopped on a street corner where a number of boys were talking, and while looking listlessly around, heard certain remarks that caused me to listen intently.

"Capital," said one. "It's an old game, but it will work out in the country all right. Who wouldn't sympathize sufficiently there to allow a corpse to remain in the house while we camp near by? It sure beats getting your head shot off while you are trying to raise a window, but I am disgusted with you all for being too cowardly to become a corpse. Hello, Greenie. How would it suit you to join us in an enterprise where there is everything to gain and nothing to lose?"

"Don't call me Greenie, or I'll disfigure your face worse than that cock-eye," said I, angrily.

"No harm meant, partner; but how would our little game suit you?" he persisted, and began to repeat his remarks, when I told him I had already heard his plans.

"Well, how will it suit you?" he again questioned.

I reflected for a moment, and as I was eager for adventure and indifferent as to the result, I told him it suited me first-class. The plan was to hire a wagon and secure a coffin from an undertaker, then follow it up as already outlined.

As I had less than four dollars, and therefore not my proportionate share of the expenses, it fell to my lot to personify the corpse. Really that part suited me, as I was eager to be in the thick of the fight.

The next morning, after having secured the grewsome equipage, we departed from the city, taking a direction opposite to my home. All day we traveled through the country and had a merry time. After sunset we stopped on a lonely road, the coffin lid was raised, and with some little hesitation I stepped in and lay down.

As the lid was closed and the wagon proceeded I felt creepy, for a coffin is an uncanny resting place for the living. How heartless were my pals! How merrily they rattled along over the rough roads!

Finally they stopped, and after some parley the people consented to allow the corpse (?) to remain in the house, the travelers to camp near by. I felt the coffin roughly lifted out of the wagon and carried into the house; then I heard them all leave the room, and everything became quiet. How quiet and oppressive! I almost held my breath. Time passed slowly, during which time I had ample time for reflection.

Finally the conclusion forced itself upon my conception that the wrong man was in the coffin. This conclusion was adduced from a variety of reasons. First, I knew nothing of the large house to which they had carried me, except what the boys had told me that day, and as I had always been accustomed to backwoods cottages or cabins, I knew it would be a mere accident if I should ever discover any valuables there. I discovered also that I was not that quality of which daring burglars are made, and I sincerely wished myself at home.

At length I heard voices, then two or three persons, whom I judged to be members of the family, entered the room, and one, seemingly a boy of about my own age, said: "Well, I would like to look at that corpse and see what it is like—why, hello!" he continued, "the careless fellows failed to screw down the lid." As he finished speaking the lid was raised.

Oh, the horror of that moment. I held my breath until it seemed that I should burst, while I felt that he was looking at me intently.

The lid closed with a bang, while he repeated: "This looks curious. It will not hurt a sure-enough corpse to have the lid screwed down, and if this is not one it ought to be. Hand me a screwdriver, please."

Great horrors! That would never do! So the next moment I dashed off the coffin lid and leaped to the floor. As I did so the young man gave me a blow that came near knocking me down; but I gained the door and was on the veranda when I heard someone running around the corner of the house.

I must not meet my second antagonist, and yet I saw no earthly means of avoiding him; but suddenly I beheld a well curb and determined to leap into it. No one would think of so daring a feat and I would completely baffle my pursuers.

In a moment I had leaped upon it, but as I began letting myself into the curb I lost my hold and fell with a splash 40 feet into water up to my shoulders.

"Stay there, you fake corpse!" cried my tormentor. "When you come out of there you will be ready to remain in your coffin."

"Do let me out," I pleaded. "This is my first attempt, and I can assure you it is my last."

"I don't doubt that in the least," he retorted, "but when we bring you out of there we will carry you the remainder of the way to the graveyard ourselves, since the cowardly poltroons who brought you here have deserted you."

Then he left me, and although I groaned and prayed and implored all through the night, no one came.

The next morning my tormentor came again, and, after imploring him for a long while, he let the bucket down and told me to grab hold.

The rope was small and old and I told him that I feared it would break. But he jeeringly told me to let it break—he didn't care. When I was half way up he said he believed he would turn loose and let me back. I implored him to finish drawing me, and he finally complied with my request.

When he landed me on terra firma an old gentleman and an old lady, whom I at once perceived to be my young rescuer's father and mother, were also present, and last, but not of least consequence, his sister, as pretty a girl as I had ever seen. Just then she had a merry twinkle in her eyes and a dimple in each cheek. As I noted these symptoms of roguish merriment I suddenly became conscious of my ludicrous plight and blushed for shame.

The old man looked at me sternly and said: "Youngster, you are a failure as a burglar. If you have any folks you had better go to them. Now be gone!" And I went.

I made a wide detour around the city, begging and looking a veritable hobo. A week after I had left home I returned, "foot-sore, worn and weary."

"Father," said I, "I have returned like the prodigal son. Farm life is not all poetry, but it beats turning burglar all hollow."

Years have passed since that episode so fatal to my every aspiration to become a burglar, and although at the command of the irate old gentleman I had fled for other parts, I returned, drawn hither by the loadstones of a pair of merry roguish eyes and a plump little form.

Even as I pen these lines I meet the merry twinkle of those eyes and hear a soft, provoking voice from a pair of cherry lips: "Arthur, you look so sweet. You remind me of the day when brother drew a burglar out of the well."

"Quite complimentary," I reply, somewhat sulkily, for the joke is all going one way. "Your burglar was rather muddy on that day and as wet as a wharf rat, but I feel sure you fell in love with him at first sight, the occasion was so propitious."—Sunny South, Atlanta.

A Connecticut Blue Law.

Under the blue laws of Connecticut men could be, and were, put into the stocks for kissing their wives in public on Sundays. It was considered to be "lewd and unseemly behavior."—N. Y. Sun.

Sure Sign.

Ida—How do you know he is only a clerk?

Pearl—Because he wears such an expensive panama.—Chicago Daily News.

SUBDUING AN ELEPHANT.

Keeper Gave Him a Violent Beating and the Animal Never Forgot the Lesson.

There are probably not many people who know why elephants are so easily controlled by their keepers.

It is true that an elephant never forgets or forgives an injury, and that is the very basis from which all trainers derive their power.

Some years ago there was a very unruly elephant belonging to a certain circus. The man who had been his keeper was getting old and wanted to give up his position, so another man was found who was willing to take his place. The transfer of keepers was made in a small town in Indiana. Early one morning the elephant was led into an open space outside the tent, and was then chained very securely. His new keeper took a position near by where he could be seen constantly by the elephant's cruel little eyes. By a little teasing he succeeded in annoying the animal until he struck viciously at him with his trunk, which was exactly what the new keeper wanted. At that instant he and some circus men who had been waiting out of sight behind the elephant began to beat him and prod his tough hide with elephant hooks. He shrieked with pain and rage and tried to reach the new keeper, who was the only man his chains permitted him to see. But at each attack the elephant tried to make the blows descended harder and harder, and finally he ceased, convinced at last.

After he had stopped trying to fight and had become quite conquered, his new keeper advanced boldly, loosened his chains, and triumphantly led him back to the circus tent. He never forgot the beating, and he never risked getting another by being ugly to his keeper.—N. Y. Herald.

DISAPPEARING COIN.

A Parlor Trick for Boys and Girls Which Is a Never-Failing Source of Fun.

The performer takes a large coin, marks it before the eyes of the audience, covers it with a handkerchief, and asks somebody to hold coin and handkerchief over a glass filled with water Fig. 1). Stepping back a few paces, he asks the person holding glass and coin to let the coin drop into the glass. Then he removes the handkerchief and—the coin cannot be found in the glass. The performer claims that the coin must be in somebody's pocket, etc., and stepping up to some one pulls it out of its hiding place and shows it to the audience.

To perform this trick provide yourself with a round piece of glass (Fig.

DISAPPEARING COIN TRICK.

2 and 3a), and a piece of thin rubber band, on one of which a hook made of a pin is fastened, while on the other one a small piece of wax is stuck. The rubber band is fastened by the hook to the lining of the sleeve. After the coin has been returned to the performer—having been marked and given to the audience for inspection—the wax is pressed to the coin so that it will disappear under the cuff as soon as the rubber band is let go. Instead of the coin, the piece of glass the size of the coin is covered with the handkerchief and given to one of the audience, together with the glass filled with water. When the order to drop the coin in the water is given, the piece of glass (being transparent) will not be seen in the water, and the coin will have disappeared.

To find the coin in somebody's pocket is easy. The performer pulls it out of the cuff while everybody is looking at the glass of water, pulls it from the wax with the index finger, and is now ready to make it appear wherever he wishes.—Chicago Tribune.

Queer Place for a Nest.

G. E. Fairs, goods agent at the Worthing railway station, supplies an interesting piece of nesting information, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A pair of robins have built their nest in an old beer can, lying between the rails of one of the lines in the goods yard at Worthing station. Trucks are shunted over it daily, and the unloading and carting of goods take place almost every hour of the day within two feet of the can. The nest at present contains four eggs, and the birds do not appear to be concerned in the least at the constant noise about them.

THE ALBINO ROBIN.

Bird Was Entirely White, with Pink Eyes, But Too Weak to Take Care of Itself.

In the summer of 1900 some friends of mine came to me with a story of a strange white bird that had been seen several times among the trees of a small grove in southern Ohio, the state in which my home county is, writes Henry Holcomb Bennett, in St. Nicholas. Finally another friend told me that he had seen a pair of robins feeding it, and, between us,

THE WHITE ROBIN.

we agreed that it must be a white robin—an albino.

An albino among men is a person whose skin and hair are unnaturally white. Among birds and animals an albino is one which is white, differing from others of its species. A bird or animal the normal color of which is white, or which changes to white feathers or fur for winter, is not an albino. The perfect albino has pink eyes, and no color about it. The white robin I saw was a perfect albino.

The rest of the brood, of which the albino was one, had scattered and were looking out for themselves; but the parent birds were still feeding their white fledgling. The other birds in the grove took a great deal of interest in the strange inhabitant, especially the purple grackles. As the white robin sat on a bough the grackles would perch near it, looking at it with their heads turned, shrewdly to one side, or hopping from place to place, as though to get a better view. All the time they kept up a blackbird conversation about the object of their curiosity, clucking and chuckling away at a great rate.

The white robin did not hunt food for itself, although it was fully old enough to do so, but depended on its parents. When it flew, it did so awkwardly and blunderingly, and generally seemed to prefer staying in one place.

A day or two afterward two boys brought to my office the white robin, dead. One of the local papers had said that an albino robin might be sold to a museum, and I accused the boys of having killed the bird on the chance of selling it. This they stoutly denied, saying that they found it dead. I took off the skin for the purpose of mounting it, and found that the boys had been telling the truth, for there was no sign of an injury. The poor robin was very thin, and its stomach was almost empty, except for the remains of one bug. I wondered if its parents had grown tired of feeding it. I found, also, that the reason it flew so poorly was because its eyes were defective, and that it must have been almost blind. Had its parents fed it until the time of the fall migration southward, the white robin could not have gone with the rest, and must have starved. The robin was entirely white, with pink eyes, a pinky-white beak and pinkish legs.

Albinism, by the way, is caused by the lack of pigment, or coloring matter, in the quills. Birds so afflicted are, usually, not well developed, and suffer from attacks of individuals of their own species.

JOHNNIE'S CHECKER STORY.

Paw he got the checkerboard,
An' says: "Now, come here, son,
We'll spread th' pieces on th' squares
An' show you how it's done."
So I set down, an' he moved first,
'Nen I give him a man.
'Nen he jumped me and chuckled out:
"Just beat me ef you can."

'Nen I moved one, an' he took that,
An' said not to feel sore.
Jest then I see a zigzag line,
'Nen jumped—an' I took four!
My paw—he rubbed his chin, an' thought,
An' says: "Um-m-m, lemme see!"
An' when he moved, I saw my jump,
An' that time I took three.

'Nen paw he moved another man,
An' hitched up to the board.
I took that, too, while maw looked on,
An' maw—say, she jest roared!
'Nen paw—th' king-row's where he wants
To get, like anything,
But 'fore he knows where I am at,
I says: "Paw, crown that king."

'Nen I jest moved the way they do
Down there at Griggses store,
An' first thing paw knows he ain't got
No checkers any more.
'Nen paw gits up, an' slams the board!
I can't say what he said—
'Twas somepin' 'bout "smart Aleck kids,"
'Nen he sent me to bed!
—W. D. Nesbit, in Woman's Home Companion.

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 troebles. 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.

QUEER OLD MANSION.

Known in History as the Clean Drinking Manor.

Was Built in 1750 and Still in Excellent Condition—Washington's Name Associated with It.

(Special Washington Letter.)

ALTHOUGH the law of entailment is fixed in the common law and the statutory laws of Great Britain, there has never been any effort made to engraft that excrescence of aristocracy upon the laws of our land. Therefore it is strange and almost anomalous to find an estate which has been in one

CLEAN DRINKING MANOR.

family for more than 200 years on this continent, and near the capital city of our great republic.

As the French origin of the word is well known it will not be necessary to explain to readers that the law of entailment is a "cutting off" of an estate from all other estates, so that it proceeds directly from one heir to another, through many generations. Although the law is a rule by which estates are fixed it also extends in some instances to incorporeal hereditaments in law. It was with reference to this that Prior wrote of "Joab's blood, entailed on Judah's crown."

Driving over the country roads north and northwest of this city it sometimes happens that the oldest residents here come upon places of historic interest which are not known to the public and have no place in history. Such a place is Clean Drinking manor, within an hour's drive of the executive mansion, on a road over which not less than three score of our people travel every day in their peregrinations for pleasure and recreation. The old manor house is sheltered by foliage and does not attract the attention of casual observers. It is half surrounded by a broad veranda as beautiful originally as any of the verandas of colonial and ante-colonial days.

Built in 1750 the venerable frame mansion is yet in good condition, although time has dealt unsparingly with it, giving the outer timbers a weather-beaten appearance and wearing away some of the interior woodwork. But there are very few evidences of decay in any portion of the place. There have been no changes nor alterations made in the house. On one side is clustered

The estate of Clean Drinking manor has been in the family whose descendants live there to-day since 1680, when it became the property of Col. John Coates, who was the grandson of either John Coates or Col. Henry Coates, who came from Sproxton, England, in 1639. It descended to Elizabeth, the daughter of Col. John Coates, who married Charles Jones, gent., who built the present manor house in 1750. The land records of Maryland show this gentleman to have been a man of great energy, having recorded 17 deeds for land, built a mill, the ruins of which still stand near the house, and to have been a member of the first court of Montgomery county, Md., also a member of the committee of safety. A granddaughter of this Charles Jones, gent., Eleanor Selden, married John Augustine Washington, the grandnephew of Gen. Washington, and last member of the Washington family to own and reside at Mount Vernon.

The estate of Clean Drinking manor covered originally 1,400 acres, but it has been divided among the various members of the family, and sold, until but 25 acres are left of the original estate. The interior of the manor house is of a type well known in Maryland and Virginia, containing large square rooms of hospitable dimensions. In the drawing-room, which is entered directly from the porch, stand numerous family heirlooms. On a high, triangular-shaped gilt-legged table are a pair of handsome gilt candelabra, beside various other ornaments of rare and quaint workmanship. Above the high mantelpiece is a long gilt-framed mirror and on the table beneath a group of family portraits. One of the most interesting of these represents a handsome boy of 14, John Coates Jones, taken while a cadet at West Point. He was born in the manor in 1801, and his widow survived him until within three years.

Built into a corner of the drawing-room is an old-fashioned cupboard, inclosed by an arched glass-paned window. Beside this stands a high backed oak chair of our grandmothers' times, and near it another of greater antiquity. The latter is of black walnut, triangular in shape, with dark red leather covered seat. It is more than 200 years old. From the drawing-room we passed through another large square room, and thence visited the family graveyard, which lies a few yards to the rear of the manor. Here are buried the remains of all of the members of the family who have been

PUNCH BOWL AND ANDIRONS.

born, reared and died upon the estate.

Until recently there have been retained in the manor some of the heirlooms, the venerable widow of John Coates Jones having taken great pride in their preservation. She willed them to the Daughters of the American Revolution. There was a punch bowl of India ware which once belonged to Col. Robert Hanson Harrison, a close neighbor and friend of George Washington, and it was a recognized fact that Washington had often been on familiar terms with that same punch bowl. There was also a pair of fluted and irons which also belonged to Col. Harrison. The venerable widow who so long dwelt as mistress of the manse, until long past her ninetieth year, was a daughter of Copeland Parker, who served in Washington's army, and also as collector of customs at Norfolk while Washington was president; and who served in the same capacity during Jackson's presidential terms. Whether the office sought the man in those good old days doth not appear in the family traditions. It is only known that the man held the office.

Two hundred and twenty years have elapsed since this estate became the property of Col. John Coates, and the frame mansion has been the home of generations for more than 150 years. Considering the fact that there is no law of entailment in this country, it is a remarkable fact that one family should have retained possession for so long a period of time. Members of the family claim that there is no other estate of that age; they use the word antiquity, which scarcely fits anything yet in this new world.

Visitors to this city might well spend a couple of hours going to Clean Drinking manor. The driveways are excellent and the country beautiful all the way.

SMITH D. FRY.

New Dental Anaesthetic.

A Berlin dentist's new local anaesthetic is a preparation from fresh suprarenal capsules of oxen and calves. Injected into the gums, this gives insensibility as deep as the bone.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Recent prices for mezzotints in London showed an advance.

J. L. G. Ferris has recently finished painting an original composition of "The Surrender of Fort William Henry" for a wealthy New York man.

John Wanamaker, the successful Philadelphia merchant and former postmaster general, has had his collection of pictures in his galleries at Lindenhurst catalogued.

Some of the prices paid for paintings at the Lutz sale in Paris were: Daumier's "Amateur d'Esetampes," $6,650; Bonvin's "Brothers' School," $3,300, and Barye's water color entitled "Tiger Seeking Prey," $3,000. The figures paid for Jongkind's works were high, ranging from $1,620 to $8,400.

The announcement that the Russian government is going to erect an archaeological museum at Sebastopol carries with it considerable interest. The building is to be fashioned after the plan of the Christian basilica, and is to be divided into three sections, for the Greek, Roman and Byzantine ages respectively. Grand Duke Michaelovich is said to be the chief promoter of the scheme.

The statue for the German soldiers' monument which is to be erected in Philadelphia by the veterans and soldiers of the German army in the United States is to be the work of Albert Moritz Wolff, of Berlin. It is an infantryman wearing the Prussian helmet, with a flag in one hand and a musket in the other, and the German emperor has contributed 1,000 pounds of metal toward its casting.

Men of Oak

Timbers of oak keep the old homestead standing through the years. It pays to use the right stuff.

"Men of oak" are men in rugged health, men whose bodies are made of the soundest materials.

Childhood is the time to lay the foundation for a sturdy constitution that will last for years.

Scott's Emulsion is the right stuff.

Scott's Emulsion stimulates the growing powers of children, helps them build a firm foundation for a sturdy constitution.

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

FASHION HINTS.

Smart silk evening gloves are elaborately embroidered with flowers.

Large butterfly bows of tulle—generally of white, have a brilliant buckle in the center.

All the new walking skirts shown in the shops clear the ground by one inch. Bless Dame Fashion!

One of the smartest belts of this season is of snow white sealion lined with white moire silk and fastening with a gilt or black buckle.

Veils are more cobwebby than ever. Black and white are worn and white veils with big black dot predominate. These veils reach only to the nose.

The kilted skirt is shown in the new fall gowns. Some of the light autumn cheviots in heather shades and the soft neutral tints are especially pretty and smart in these kilt plaited models.

BRITISH BREVITIES.

Britain has 16 different orders of distinction.

In Edinburgh printing houses there are over 300 female compositors.

The lord chief justice may exercise the office of coroner in any part of England.

The dome of the observatory at Greenwich, which weighs 20 tons, is made of paper.

The Bank of England is empowered by its charter to sell any goods of merchandise upon which it has advanced money, and which have not been redeemed.

Doncaster (England) town council has been presented with a carved chair made out of oak found in the bed of the river Don half a century ago. The chair won a medal for its maker at the 1851 exhibition.

A Common Sentiment.

I grieve to see these millionaires
Who glitter on the highway
Spend money on these fads of theirs.
I wish they'd spend it my way.
—Washington Star.

Disconnected.

He ran a street car for a while
And took the fares up merrily,
Until they found he kept a few—
A non-conductor now is he.
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Outlook.

Her Papa—Yo' aspiah ter marry mah daughtah, sah? H'm! Whad am yo'r prospec's?

The Suitor (a widower)—Ebery single one ob de pussons fo' whom mah late lamented wife done washin' fo' hab promised ter liber'ly paternize her successah.—Judge.

Probably Did.

"You told me the other day you were going to put creosote on a corn you had. Did you do it?"

"Yes."

"Did it cure the corn?"

"I don't know. The surgeon that removed the toe took it away with him."—Chicago Tribune.

Did Very Well.

"How did your son do at college last year?"

"Very well, indeed. He did so well that he got an encore."

"A what?"

"An encore. You see, the faculty requested him to repeat the year."—Chicago American.

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.

In a Glass of Water.

Put a handful of *glazed coffee* in a glass of water, wash off the coating, look at it; smell it! Is it fit to drink? Give

LION COFFEE

the same test. It leaves the water bright and clear, because it's *just pure* coffee.

The sealed package insures uniform quality and freshness.

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