AMERICAN UNION.

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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

1903		April				1903
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

8 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.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HENRY R LEWIS, T ALAN 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.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

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

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

WM. H. DEWEESE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

J. W. HARRIS,
BARBER
Next door to Law Building. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Cutting at regular prices. Give us a trial. [3-12

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

The World Loves
A WINNER
So It Is Said

And we are trying to win you by fair dealing.

WE are now snugly fixed in the building formerly occupied by Wm. E Greenly, pretty well loaded up with all good things such as are useful in all families. It is useless to enumerate them, instead, we invite you to call and see.

CHECK SYSTEM

Then we are using the Check System with all who deal for cash, which entitles them to something of value in their family. Come and learn of this.

Full line of Groceries, sold as low as any can sell them. Finest line of Confectionery in the county either at wholesale or retail prices.

We call attention of merchants to the fact that we sell them as low as they can buy in the city, and save them freight; think of this. Finest line of Canned Goods you can select from.

One thing more. The Gold Medal Bakery is now turning out the best Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, etc., ever offered. Baked fresh daily. New line of goods. We hope to see you coming.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN at market prices. Very truly,

FIELD & WILLIS
PROPRIETORS
GOLD MEDAL BAKERY
DENTON, MARYLAND

LOOK

We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4 25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be excelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

J. W. STONEBRAKE,
TWO JOHNS, MD.
ALBERT HOWARD, Manager.

FINE Groceries

AT OUR NEW STAND

Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

NOTIONS AND RIBBONS

For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTERS & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

MRS. JULIA DAY
DENTON, MD.

For the Spring Trade.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.

A. G. GELLETLY,
2-5] Williston, Md.

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

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $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.

Reduced Rates to New Orleans.

For the benefit of those desiring to attending the meeting of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, La., May 5 to 8, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to New Orleans, on May 1, 2, and 3, good going on those dates and good to return reaching original starting point not later than ten days from date of sale, at reduced rates By depositing ticket with Joint Agent at New Orleans between May 1 and 12, and payment of fifty cents, an extension of final return limit to May 30 may be obtained.

Good For Children.

The pleasant to take and harmless One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief in all cases of Cough, Croup and LaGrippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes effect right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by enabling the lungs to contribute pure, life giving and life-sustaining oxygen to the blood and tissues. Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

Is There Anything In It?

A Milford correspondent of the Dover Delawarean writes:

"Rumor has it that the Queen Anne's Railroad Company is contemplating the building of a connecting line of road from Milton to Milford, by way of Brick Granary, and that they will ultimately continue the road northward as far as Lebanon. The company sees in this project the way for an outlet to Philadelphia and northern markets, which can be secured by steamers. If the project is carried through, as the people of this section hope it speedily may be, it will open up a large section of country excellent for market gardening and small fruit."

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks. am now a well man I know they robbed the grave of another victim No one should fail to try them Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at R. J. Colston's, Denton, drug store.

How to Start a Balky Horse.

When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him; don't throw sand in his ears, don't use a rope on his fore legs or even burn straw under him. Pat him gently on the head a moment; take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the street, tell the driver to sit still, take his lines, hold them quietly while you lift up either front foot, give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taut and not pull or jerk him back.

A Sweet Breath

Is a never failing sign of a healthy stomach. When the breath is bad the stomach is out of order. There is no remedy in the world equal to Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for curing indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach disorders. Mrs. Mary S. Crick, of White Plains, Ky., writes: "I have been a dyspeptic for years—tried all kinds of remedies but continued to grow worse. By the use of Kodol I began to improve at once, and after taking a few bottles am fully restored in weight, health and strength and can eat whatever I like." Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Hugh Duffy, Hillsboro.

Some men seem to think the milk of human kindness flows only from bottles.

SHE'S GONE AWAY.

Like to take her in my arms;
Like to soothe her as I did,
Shielding her from wee alarms,
On my loving bosom hid;

Wish that I could hear her voice
Ringing out in baby play,
Calling on me to rejoice,
But I can't—she's gone away.

Sorry that sometimes I said:
"Do go 'way! You bother me."
Now there's quietness instead,
And I long to bothered be.

Why, I'd give the best I know
Just to hear her romp and play,
And I'd let my writing go,
But I can't—she's gone away.

There were roses great and small,
In her hand that day—that day;
She, the sweetest bud of all—
And she bothered me! I say;

Used to bother me! when I,
I would give the daylight's grace
Just to hear her romping nigh,
Making riotous the place.

House is very quiet now,
Very orderly and neat,
Toys not lying anyhow,
Pitfalls for my careless feet;

No one comes to worry me
In my work, though oft forbid,
Clam'rous for a throning knee,
But I wish—I wish she did.
—Alfred James Waterhouse.

An Auto and Its Results.

By S. Rhett Roman.

"NO GIRL in her senses, my dear, will acknowledge her engagement in the middle of the season," Madge Forrester said, pulling up her furs, putting down her cup on a Beneres Tabouret, and reaching for a Vienese bouche in a silver dish.

"What makes you think Fan is engaged?" a tall, slender girl said, in an indifferent voice, securing with a long, gold pin a bunch of Parma violets among the sweet-scented laces of her tea gown.

"Why, the conspicuous way in which she flashed her solitaire at us. It's a perfect beauty, too. Then, just as we were leaving, Gordon Huntley walked in, and there was no mistaking their elaborate indifference to each other. It was positively chilling. When I went out I found I had left my card case on Fan's table, so I turned back to get it."

Pretty Mrs. Forrester paused and laughed gleefully.

"Of course you found it in your muff?" Alice Castleton, the slender girl with beautiful brown eyes and Venetian hair, suggested.

"How in the world did you guess? That is exactly where it was. Funny, wasn't it?

"Well, when I raised the portiere, their heads were close together and they were talking so earnestly they neither of them saw me at all. So I had beat a hasty and discreet retreat, as you may suppose. Oh, yes, they are positively engaged.

"Is that some of your grandmother's lace, Allie? It's perfectly exquisite. What a lucky creature to be able to go to ancient wardrobes and presses, and pull out all those beautiful laces. Carl says I'm ruining him buying mine. You know laces are one of my hobbies, and a woman can't live without them in these extravagant days. I told that husband of mine it really is not my fault if the horrid shopmen ask such abominable prices. Of course I'll see you to-night at the Cammerons'."

Mrs. Forrester and her Felix gown flitted away, and as it was too late for other callers, Alice settled down in a big armchair, and, leaning back, set to work to face the silly situation.

"Messenger says he was told to wait for an answer, Miss," the butler said, coming in and handing a note. It read:

"My dear Miss Alice, if you have nothing better to do this afternoon, let me take you out in my machine. It drives well and I will promise faithfully to bring you back in time for dinner. I will be round for you at 6. The disappointment would be cruel should you refuse. Yours,
"HUNTLEY."

Alice flushed hotly, laughed, and tossed the note in the fire, on which John, the butler, was piling logs.

Then, settling back among her cushions, she resumed the study of the social problem, which had been interrupted.

"I believe the boy is waiting, Miss," John suggested after a lengthy pause.

Alice made up her mind and acted accordingly.

Her refusal might be construed as result of pique.

She again flushed hotly, sprang up, and dashed off a few lines.

"Dinner to-day is rather more important than usual, as Eva and her husband (they are just back from Paris, you know), and a lot of stupid people are to be here. At any rate I feel sure you will bring back what remains of me. Faithfully, ALICE CASTLETON."

A short while later a very handsome girl was helped into an automobile and the driver, looking suppressedly happy, and giving orders to the groom, who had brought it up to the front steps of a big, stately mansion to wait for it, sprang in and sped down the avenue.

"What a glorious evening," he commented inanely, and with ring of keen exhilaration in his voice, while thinking the girl at his side was a thousand times more so.

Alice, flushed and indignant, had learnt, during her four seasons, how to chat brilliantly, and laugh unconcernedly, quite irrespective of any internal storms or disappointments which might be playing havoc.

"A woman never looks so well as in furs and a well-fitting suit. A handsome woman, of course," remarked Gordon, speeding down a shell road, which led into the country.

"I thought you said at Mrs. Catherwood's that she ought to live in a ball gown for that very reason," Alice reminded him.

"You certainly were stunning that night. Absolutely perfect," Gordon asserted, entirely unabashed, while guiding his machine in and out among the increasing holes and hollows of the road.

They were running past scattered houses, florists' farms, pastures and cattle, and merging into the country along a solitary winding road.

Alice drew her straight brows into a slight frown and bit her lips.

"A case of lost identity. You mean ran, of course? Please look out for that cow!"

"Why, Miss Broughton?" Gordon asked skillfully avoiding the cow, which was ambling along from one side of the road to the other in an affrighted and dangerous manner.

"Wouldn't it be rather strange if you did not think Fan the prettiest girl in the world?" Alice asked rather scornfully.

"I don't see why. Miss Fan is the best little thing going. But she herself acknowledges she is no beauty."

Gordon was beginning to find that the inequalities of the road, cut up by wagons after the recent rains, required him to fix his attention more on his driving, and much less on his beautiful companion.

"How hateful men are. Are they ever true to anyone, themselves included?" Alice thought with a feeling of bitter indignation, while admiring the straight cut bold profile of the man by her side, and his next dexterous management of the auto, as they spun along the edge of the wood and a grass-grown ditch, whose proportions of depth and width were uncertain qualities, owing to a thick growth of water weeds, clogging it. A country wagon came rumbling and creaking along, and the team pulling it shied violently at sight of the horseless vehicle. Of course Alice gave vent to a little scream, Gordon thought it musical.

The winter afternoon was paling rapidly and Alice declared they must turn round and go back.

"Must have more room and a dryer road. At the next cross-road," Gordon said regretfully, showing Alice the gorgeous glow of the western sky, the setting sun behind a dark rim of trees, and the tall chimneys of a house set back in a clump of trees, a short distance off.

"That used to be the old de Courcy place. The house is crumbling to decay. It used to be beautiful. If you say so, we'll get out and I'll pick some roses for you; It's haunted now, you know."

Alice gave a cry of delighted assent. Running up to where a wide gate had once stood, Gordon stopped and they got out.

"Just one little glimpse," Alice declared as they pushed through tangled bushes and vines, and followed a once broad path up to the imposing and beautiful ruins.

Tall colonial pillars ran up to the roof and the marble flooring of the porch was stained and cracked. The hall door, partly open, sagged on its broken hinges, and the red glow from the west falling through the skylight of the roof showed the noble proportions of a great winding stairway and graceful galleries running around the upper stories.

In a fire place, whose marble mantle towered far up the wall in medieval fashion, there were burnt logs and traces of ashes, and standing in the melancholy, deserted and still magnificent old house, Alice felt a shiver of delight and apprehension.

"What has become of them all? Are they dead and gone? Are there no heirs to inherit this splendid old place, and live in it?" Alice asked, struck by the paneling of the hall and its splendid ornamentation.

"Some of them are in France. The people who lived here—well, they must have been a queer lot. Bernard de Courcy, the last of 'em, killed his young wife and then blew out his brains very properly. No one knew anything about it for several days, nor was the cause discovered. At least it never got into the papers, which was doing better than we can manage these modern times. To-day, the when, how and wherefore is found out before the thing happens; murder or what not, neighbors know much more about our doings and intentions than we do ourselves."

"Which means?" Alice queried.

"Nothing special. Of course I don't believe the report of your engagement to that cad Barkdale. People have to talk, you know," Gordon said, looking squarely at Alice.

Alice, who stopped short, laughed and returned the look, blushing furiously.

"Of course not," she answered, after a pause.

"As you say, what would become of us if our neighbors did not gossip about us? Such manage our affairs for us."

They went out in the sweet old tangled rose garden, where century-old roses still bloomed, and the once violet borders of the beds had run riotously in all directions.

It was quite dark when they sauntered back to the gateway and automobile.

Several dark forms scampered off down the road as they approached, and vanished.

"I'll take you back in no time," Gordon said, encouragingly, tucking the laproie over Alice.

"It's horribly late to go as fast as you can," Alice urged, casting a regretful look back at this beautiful, melancholy old place.

Gordon's intentions were good, but his machine refused to obey orders, and remained immovable.

"Hello! Those little darkeys must have been fooling with it," he remarked, jumping out.

A half hour of coaxing, pulling, jerking and experimenting, resulted in the discovery that no motion could be induced out of that costly and comfortable auto. The night had fallen, and they were 20 miles from the city, in a lonely part of the parish.

No one lived near the De Courcy place, Gordon knew, as also that there was no possibility of getting a horse or a vehicle of any kind within a radius of five miles.

"D—d idiots!" Gordon apostrophised under his breath, the causes of the catastrophe, while scratching a match to light the lantern.

"What on earth are we to do?" Alice asked anxiously. The whole extent of the evil had not yet dawned on her, Gordon plainly saw.

A full moon had risen, and threw its pale, white glory over the pillared front and white marble steps of the once beautiful old home, poetizing its ruins and giving a solemn grandeur to its melancholy solitude.

"We must go back to the house. I'll build a fire in the hall, and I dare say I'll find a chair or something for you to sit on. We'll take these cushions. Then I'll go in pursuit of some sort of trap or wagon. After all, we are in a civilized community. I can't tell you how awfully sorry I am. I know you'll never forgive me."

"Oh, it might be worse," Alice said. "You might have run into a tree and broken my neck. Those things happen when one goes driving in autos, you know."

There was no trouble about making the fire. Tramps had evidently done so before.

But when Gordon started to go in search of help so distressful a look came over Alice's face that he stopped short.

"Oh, don't leave me here all alone!" she cried, half laughingly. "That murdered girl will be sure to come out to keep me company. I'd much rather you'd stay. A market cart or somebody will be sure to pass by before long. Let us sit out on the porch."

Gordon held her hands and looked in the lovely upturned face, and along with his remorseful anxiety a strange exhilaration pervaded his whole being.

They stood on the porch, and long shafts of moonlight flooded the tangled garden and threw long shadows from the tall pillars over the marble flooring.

The voices of the night were abroad, but Gordon and Alice were strangely silent.

A jingling of harness and a rumbling of heavy, slow-moving wheels were audible down the road.

"Alice, sweetheart, you are engaged to me, you know, if only for a short time, and it your sweet will and pleasure," Gordon said, holding her hands and drawing her gently toward him.

"And Fan?" Alice said, drawing back.

"What has she to do with us?" Gordon asked, surprised.

With a low cry Alice yielded.

"That's the way them durned machines act," the man said, who, driving his cart piled up with vegetables to market was hailed by Gordon. "I guess you and your wife can sit up here. You'll be pretty crowded, and you won't get to town for over three hours. Them machines can't be trusted."

Three hours? It seemed about half an hour to Gordon when they reached the outskirts of the city and they took the belt electric car.

"What a lovely, terrible adventure! How you must have enjoyed being thrown out and smashed up!" exclaimed pretty Mrs. Madge Forrester, fluttering in the next day for five o'clock tea. "How dreadfully mean of you, Alice, not to tell me of your engagement! To think of your keeping it a dead secret all this winter! Wonderful!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

The rubber factories of the United States use annually 60,000,000 pounds of crude material.

Great Britain has 11,121 mines and quarries. From these was dug last year over 275,000,000 tons of minerals and ores.

Ten years ago the rate for ore shipments from Marquette to Cleveland was $4.50 per ton; now the rate varies from 40 and 60 cents per ton.

British coal mines possess only 400 coal cutting machines. Those of the United States have already 3,500, and the number is increasing at the rate of 300 a year.

The most highly concentrated industry is the making of collars and cuffs, of which 99.6 per cent. is within New York state and 85.3 per cent. is in the single city of Troy.

Thousands of tons of straw produced in raising flax for its seed in Minnesota and the Dakotas has hitherto been burned. It is now found to be valuable for making both binding twine and paper pulp.

WHERE THE KAISER RULES.

The number of trusts in Germany exceeds 400.

Readings from the Bible are now given in Berlin by professional reciters.

The manufacture of glass in Germany has become a thriving industry. The number of factories has reached 400 and they give employment to about 35,000 workmen.

There was recently held in Germany a competitive exhibition of the work of journeymen shoemakers. In the United States the cutter is the only skilled workman in the shoe industry.

Germany has built the finest, fastest vessels afloat although she is not geographically a maritime country and no other country is so largely dependent on others for the raw materials which enter into the making of a ship.

A Sadly Sinful World.

Housekeeper—Was it the hard times that threw you out of work?

Moldy Mike—No, mum; it was the wickedness of the people, mum. I used to earn ten dollars a week an' travelin' expenses, but the sinful world has lost all interest in th' cause I was a-helpin', mum.

"What cause?"

"The glorious cause of temperance, mum."

"Goodness! Were you a temperance lecturer?"

"No, mum; I was the horrible example!"—N. Y. Weekly.

Made Up for It Later.

Mamma—I was surprised and shocked by the coldness with which you greeted Miss Boresome when she called.

Ethel—Yes, mamma; but I made up for it later.

Mamma—Did you?

Ethel—Yes, indeed. You should have seen how cordially I bade her good-by.—Tit-Bits.

Lost Advertising.

"Why does she weep?"

"She notified the papers that she wished no mention made of her divorce suit."

"And they ignored her request?"

"No; they ignored the suit, and now the manager says it would be a waste of time to try to put her forward as a star."—Chicago Post.

"MAKES PROPER DIET" PLEASING FORCE

GOSSIP OF THE GREENROOM.

The garden scene of "Faust" is to be acted in vaudeville.

Francesca da Rimini will be one of the characters in London's "Dante," a forthcoming Irving production.

An attempt to represent a burning house on the stage of the theater at Marysborough, Victoria, ended in an unexpected sensation. The scenery actually took fire, and before the flames could be subdued many of the audience had fainted, and others had rushed for the doors, with the result that several persons were injured.

Sarah Bernhardt frequently "composes" the costumes which are used in her theatrical productions. On the eve of an important event of this character she has a corps of girls in a workroom pinning dress materials lace materials and general trimmings on manikins. Once in awhile madam personally superintends these operations, and even the forewoman bows to her opinion.

A tragic little story of theatrical life comes from Hungary. Julia Pakey and Julius Bardos, both American players, were engaged to be married. The man broke the engagement. They were acting together in a play in which the heroine shoots the hero. The actress loaded the revolver with bullets, and in the scene of the play shot her faithless lover, who was playing the hero, dead. The curtain was lowered immediately. Before the other actors could reach the stage, the murdress had killed herself.

The fad for drama founded on Japanese and Chinese themes still continues. In England a new play, called "The Heart of O Hana San," has just been produced. It tells of an Englishman living in Nagasaki with a Japanese wife who was formerly a geisha girl. His uncle dies and he comes into a title and estate. He must go back to England and give up his Japanese wife. She returns to the teahouse, refusing his offered money, and, during a dance for the amusement of the English guests, falls dead from poison.

IN VARIOUS STATES.

Trackwalkers of certain Massachusetts railroads are now required to wind a registering clock at certain points every hour, and records are kept, to be examined weekly by the superintendent.

Dr. Barnett A. Elzas, of Charleston, has begun an examination of the state records of South Carolina with a view to studying the part the Jews took in the early history of that commonwealth.

Members of the Montana legislature are protesting because a railroad in that state issued passes to them good only for 60 days, the term of the session, when each for the most part does little traveling.

Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, has been astonished to find that a great many people in the eastern states think that New Mexico is a foreign country. A friend of his who runs a big store in the territory was in New York recently and went into a wholesale house to purchase goods. He told a lordly looking attendant that the goods were for shipment to New Mexico. "The export department is on the next floor," said the New Yorker, which so enraged the would-be purchaser that he left the place after giving the astonished attendant a rather sulphurous lesson in geography.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

London now has 21,369 lunatics. The number has increased 50 per cent. since 1891.

In Ireland there are 211,000 widows, as compared with only 88,000 widowers.

London has 30 King streets and the same number of Queen streets of roads.

Six hundred and eighty thousand acres of Lincolnshire is land reclaimed from the sea.

Eighteen pounds ten shillings was paid in London recently for a Charles I. pound piece coined at Oxford.

Two hundred insurance companies do business in England. Of these 42 are fire, 81 life, 14 industrial life, 19 marine, and 44 accident.

The Bank of England began operations on January 1, 1695, at Grocers hall, Poultry. In 1696 it stopped payment altogether for a time. In 1741 it had to pay claims in sixpences in order to keep afloat.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To prevent salt from caking add a little arrowroot.

A piece of linen wet with alcohol will remove mud stains from silk.

Before cooking in new tin dishes boil water and ammonia in them.

Flour the cake pan after greasing it if you do not want the cake to stick or burn.

Two pounds of melted suet added to five pounds of lard makes a frying fat superior to the lard alone.

If cauliflower is boiled with the head downward, well covered with water, it will come out much whiter than if exposed to the air while cooking.

Ink spots on furniture may be removed by an application of niter. Mix together one teaspoonful of water and six drops of niter, and apply to the stain. Rub with a damp cloth to remove the niter, which will otherwise leave a white spot behind it.

All Wasn't Forgiven.

"There's a rather funny circumstance connected with the elopement here last week," remarked the loquacious landlord of the tavern in a remote Sussex village, addressing a cyclist who had stopped for refreshment.

"A young man who hadn't known her so very long ran away with the squire's eldest daughter and a day or two later the old gentleman sent this message by letter to his new son-in-law:

"'All is forgiven. Come home.'

"To this the young fellow telegraphed the reply:

"'All won't be forgiven till I have kicked you well for letting me elope with your daughter. You'd better not be at home when I come, that's all.'"—London Tit-Bits.

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.

Parental Strategy.

"It must be a task for you to wash the hands and faces of your nine children every day," we say in a sympathetic tone to the mother of the lively brood.

"Indeed," she answers, "I do not have to wash them."

"But they always look so clean."

"I know. In the winter time I tell them they must not play in the snow, and in the summer their father threatens to whip them if they go swimming."—Judge.

No Labor Troubles.

We note in this particular
All builders are alike,
For on your castle in the air
There never is a strike.
—N. Y. Sun.

WISDOM IN BIRDLAND.

Young Bird—What an extraordinary development of legs it's got!

Old Bird—Of course—that's why they call it a spring chicken!—Ally Sloper.

More to the Point.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, an' then pray fer Casey.—Brooklyn Life.

Effectual.

"I have heard that Miss Chopchin married young Flimbers with the idea of reforming him."

"Well, she succeeded. He says he'll never marry again if he lives to be a thousand years old."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Necessity.

Mrs. Gotrox—Are you really going to move? I thought you were satisfied with your house?

Mrs. Purseproud—So I am. But it is the only way to show the neighbors all my new furniture.—N. Y. Sun.

Kindly Directions.

Footpad—Hold up y'r hands!

Lone Citizen—I haven't a cent with me. Just loaned all I had to a friend.

Footpad (in disgust)—Go ahead. You'll find the idiot asylum three squares to th' left.—N. Y. Weekly.

Reason Enough.

"Why on earth did you elect to take up the study of Spanish rather than German?" inquired the visitor.

"Oh," replied the co-ed, "the Spanish professor is so handsome."—Philadelphia Press.

After.

Bridegroom—Well, I'm glad that's over.

Bride—Yes, isn't it nice? Now we can get a divorce any time we like.—N. Y. Herald.

Where It Stops.

"Education," remarked the argumentative man, "does not stop crime."

"No," said the practical citizen, "but it stops convictions for crime."—Town Topics.

Best Kind of Art.

Friend—I've often wished I could draw.

Artist—You can draw a check. That's more than I can do.—Chicago American.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

It is a fact, whether confessed or not, that there is more tinsel and glitter and more show and boasting in this world than real merit or true worth. This is true in some cases but not in all. R. S. McCrum, Ohiopyle, Pa., says: "I have sold Victor Remedies under a guarantee and have never had a bottle returned. But every one speaks in the highest terms of them. The Victor Lung Syrup is a Great Remedy, but Victor Liver Syrup is worth its weight in gold. Any of the Victor Remedies will do marvels in restoring health." Sold everywhere.

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