LOVE ON THE FARM.

A potatoe went on a mash
An' sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash
And all the beets turned red,
"Go way," the onion, weeping, cried,
Your love I cannot be.
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You can elope with me."
But onward still the tuber came
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat,
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose
But spinachat with me!"
"I do not carrot all to wed,
So, go, sir, if you please,
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce pray have peas!
Go think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh,
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your eye."
"Ah, spare the cuss," the tuber prayed,
"My cherryished bride you'll be,
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me."
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—Exchange.

Miss Vandever, Heiress.

BY WALTER REYNOLDS.

"SYD, old man, we're nothing to do. I beg your pardon, I've nothing to do. Let's go for a stroll along the beach. It's a glorious night—moon, stars and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Michael MacDermott—a younger son of an impecunious but highly respectable Irish peer, who was endeavoring to earn a living by law practice in New York, and I had been chums for several years—had been chums from the moment we met in a plain little restaurant where we both made a practice of eating late suppers.

"All right, Mike," I said, putting my proofs away in a desk and locking it securely. "I am not busy to-night."

"You are always busy, lucky man," he said. "But all work and no play—you know the rest. What's this," nodding towards my desk, "the masterpiece?"

"I don't know about that," I replied.

"...rely disagree with your argu-...e said, as we went out. I had ...im my proofs to read. Inde-...criticism is always valuable. ...ten induces us to leave in what ...e half disposed to strike out.

"..." I replied, this being the most ...mmitial ejaculation a man can ...when unprepared with a subtler retort.

"O," he said, "a man who would re-... to marry the woman he loved ...who loved him simply because she ...ened to be an heiress would be an ...itigated ass."

"...would do it," I interrupted.

"...hen you would be an unmitigated ...," he replied, placidly. Unvarnished ...dor is one of Mike's most pro-...nced characteristics. "I'd like to ...ve the chance, that's all."

"My dear Mike, I know you better ...an you know yourself. A man of ...y trade must be a student of human ...ature or he's no good. You'll marry ...he woman you love, though she be ...s poor as an Irish politician."

"I'm not in love with any woman," ...e declared, triumphantly.

"No. Neither am I. Perhaps that ...is why we are both so positive about what we should do in such a case."

We strolled down to the shore. Then, suddenly, a search light shot across the water.

"We're in luck," cried Mike. "I didn't know the naval maneuvers were being held off here to-night. There's going to be a night attack."

We clambered upon the seawall—a sort of esplanade with the lamps and lounges omitted—and took our stand to watch the coming maneuvers. Three torpedo destroyers, we learnt from a chatty sailor, would presently attempt to run the gauntlet of those fanlike arms of light which were now sweeping the sea in every direction.

Presently a cry went up, "Here's one!" Then, simultaneously, a flash, a deep roar as of thunder, from the fort, and our sailor said—speaking, of course, in metaphor: "She's done for—blown to smithereens. They soon spotted her, didn't they? Humph! Pity 'tain't real, 'stead of only make believe."

For some minutes—five, ten, they may have been 15—time gallops when the mind is at high tension—there was silence. The guns, having annihilated the first of the invaders, were dumb, and every watcher began to wonder if the others were never coming. Then the light just behind us swung sharply ashore, and, close in, rushing through the water like a race horse, came another destroyer at full speed. Boom! boom! and again boom! as the fort, detecting the third, gliding stealthily, at half speed, up midchannel, under cover, as its commander hoped, of his comrade closer shore, took a part in this mimic battle.

But, even as our sailor uttered a wild yell of warning, there was a sudden crash, the shouting of men, the whistle of escaping steam, and another searchlight, farther along the beach, played on the second destroyer fast aground in the grip of a ledge.

"There's a pretty kettle of fish," exclaimed MacDermott. Then, ever practical, he made a trumpet of his hands and bellowed, "Do you want any ...?"

"Send—for—coastguard," came the ...ing shout, "and keep—search-...n us—will you?"

...ce the American public—or ...that sensation seeking body ...fair way to be gratified. ...rubbed his hands gleefully, ...ded in my ear, "Syd, this is ...came out for one show, and, ...here is an extra turn."

...e gift of prophecy seldom descends ...on man. It was certainly in no self-...ious spirit of prescience that I re-...ed, "Don't tempt fate too far. Re-...member there is a saying, 'Never two ...but three.'"

The words had barely passed my ..., spoken in heedless jest, when ...e was a piercing scream, a splash, ...that panic-stricken rush of people ...always ensues upon a serious ...ent.

...essed instinctively what had hap-...in the eager throng of onlook-...sing too near the edge of the ...ded wall, some one had fallen, ...n by inadvertence pushed over. ...ed down at the black, seething ... It was no inviting sight, but I ...my coat, flung it into Mike's ...ished face and jumped, ungrace-...enough, feet foremost, into the ...

CHURNING.

The tide was at its height and the water at that particular spot (as I heard later) eight feet in depth.

I grabbed a woman's dress and attempted to seize a projecting point in the masonry, but the stone work was too slippery, and I could secure no grip. Moreover, the waves strove industriously to dash us against the wall. The adventure had more in it than its promise, but I am a strong swimmer, and, fortified by the cries of the spectators, who each shouted different advice, I won my way to the sands. Here, awaiting me, were Mike and a young, pretty girl—I could not help laughing outright; it reminded me so vividly of the chorus of a comic opera—the 40 aforesaid members of the American public.

"Is she dead?" began the girl, in that tone which always indicates the approach of hysteria.

"No, Peggy; don't be silly, dear."

My burden, returning suddenly to consciousness—'tis woman's way when danger is past—spoke herself. "I'm wet through, though," she added, ruefully, and shivered.

"Where are you staying?" asked Mike. He is a practical man—a sheet anchor in moments of emergency.

"Bay hotel," said his late companion.

"Then, by George, Syd," he exclaimed, with the pride of a happy inspiration, "we'll just borrow this boat and row back for all we're worth. 'Twill be quicker than walking along shore. Hurry up, man. A good hard pull will warm you, too, after your cold bath. As for the destroyer, it's found its bed on the rocks; let it lie on it. We've other fish to fry just now."

As we shoved off, taking a couple of oars apiece, the mob on the beach raised a parting cheer. The American public is a demonstrative animal. But Mike was good enough to take this applause as his own, and, rising, bowed solemnly to the delighted crowd. That he nearly capsized our boat in so doing only intensified their enthusiasm.

I was in dread lest these well meaning folk might proceed to the hotel and give us another ovation on our arrival, but evidently the stranded destroyer was too strong a counter-attraction.

"Syd, old boy, you're a lucky chap. D'ye know who the girl is?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. I've never seen either of them before, to my knowledge."

Mike had dropped his voice to a low whisper. The other men in the smoking room were eyeing us curiously, and half enviously, I fancied. Surely, I thought, no rumor of my swim had been carried here. If there's one thing I dislike more than toothache it is cheap notoriety.

"Miss Peggy Burford, only child of Millionaire Burford, an heiress, and as beautiful as she is wealthy. I've already interviewed her, on your behalf, and she's just dying to thank her heroic preserver in person."

"Stop that, Mike," I cried, sharply. "There are some subjects unfit for levity, and that little—er—episode of last night is one. Why, man, 'twas nothing. You'd have done as much——"

"Only you didn't give me the chance. You were always hasty, Syd."

I growled inarticulately. I have no objection to saving a woman's life—assuming my prompt action went as far as that—but I did not want to pose as a hero on the strength of it. Besides, an heiress—probably a million heiress!

"I—I suppose, Mike, I'd better just see her, and—hum!—ask her how she feels after her involuntary dip?"

"Sure, and 'tis herself that's waiting outside in the corridor now for that identical purpose."

I went out, awkwardly enough. The two girls were standing at the hotel door, chatting and laughing gayly. As I bowed, wondering how to begin, one came forward and held out a dainty hand.

"Mr. Weldon, I can never hope to thank you enough for your bravery, but I am grateful."

Our eyes met, and mine fell instantly. For in that brief flash of time I read my fate.

And I could have groaned aloud in bitterness of heart at the cruel irony of it. I—a common scribbler—and she, a millionaire's daughter.

* * * * * * *

Despising myself for my moral weakness, almost ready to curse myself for my folly, I—no better than my brothermen, worse, perhaps, than many—counted henceforward that hour lost in which I did not see, and speak to, Peggy Burford. A week had passed since our adventure, and each day—almost each hour—had brought to me happiness and unspeakable pain that could not be measured in words.

But in my blindness, though I could deceive myself, there was one who saw.

"My dear Syd, you must forgive the frankness of a life-long pal. Last Tuesday I called you an unmitigated ass; to-day I regard you as a——"

MacDermott stopped abruptly, and in some confusion. Even his blunt candor had a limit, and he had just discovered that limit was reached.

"Go on, old chap. Nothing you can say would ever offend me. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, I will. Sydney Weldon—you don't know it—but you're a scoundrel."

"Anybody can see the girl's madly in love with you—I, your best chum, can see you're madly in love with her. Yet you say nothing!"

"There is nothing to say," I muttered, sullenly, though my heart cried shame upon me.

"For the sake of a foolish whim—an idiotic, false idea of honor, or delicacy, or whatever the thing is—you are going deliberately to wreck two lives," he repeated, fiercely. "Yours is your own affair, but Peggy's—— C, I've no patience with you, Weldon."

"Mine is inexhaustible," I observed, coldly, "though you are giving it a greater strain than it is used to."

"I don't care. Punch my head if you can't bear to hear the truth. I must speak."

"Then"—I began to change the topic and carry the war into his own country, most valuable strategy in such controversy as this—"if you want to talk, let us discuss your own matrimonial intentions. Have you proposed to Miss Vandever yet?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I can see she has accepted you."

"Faith, she's the sweetest girl in the world—so simple and artless, and—O, go on!"

I went on imperturbably.

"And you—the man who wants to marry an heiress, to further his parliamentary ambitions—have succumbed to the pretty face and demure facinations of a poor gentlewoman who is the companion, friend if you like, of a millionaire's daughter."

"I have," he cried, defiantly. "After all, 'tis love and love only that spurs a man on. Besides, Margaret, who was a schoolfellow of Peggy and has lived with her, being an orphan, ever since, has considerable influence with Burford. She thinks he might make me his private secretary, as a start, so the dream of my life seems in a fair way to come true. But you, Syd——"

"I absolutely decline to ask Peggy Burford to make the tremendous sacrifice that marriage with me——"

"A successful novelist!"

"Yet none the less hopelessly out of her proper groove—would entail. Moreover, I will give no one—not even my dearest rivals—a chance to point the finger of scorn at me as a fortune hunter."

"Then, in heaven's name, why all these walks and talks, these picnics and boating trips of the last week, unless you were as serious in the game as I?"

It was no easy question to answer. I shrugged my shoulders, a careless gesture concealing my inner self-reproach. Indeed, I felt much like a convicted felon before his judge.

"You'll break the girl's heart, Sydney."

"God forbid!" I cried, fervently. But, for my own part, I had no prayer to breathe.

An hour later I was sitting with Peggy, looking down at a busy scene below; a beach crowded with laughing children, the yachts and sailing boats scudding about like larger sea birds, the excursion steamers lying at the pier.

"Mr. Burford is coming down to-morrow," said Peggy, apropos, apparently, of nothing. Neither of us had spoken for several minutes, so she was perhaps justified in thus introducing a new topic of conversation.

I was in a captious mood, the result of much self-restraint, which, like excess of learning, can drive men mad.

"I don't profess to be familiar with the—er—manners and customs of the highest aristocracy——"

"No?" she queried, innocently, digging up the soft turf with her sunshade. "Then who got up the local color in 'My Aunt the Duchess' for you?"

"But I should have thought," I went on, ignoring her question, "that you might say 'my father.' You see," I added, by way of explanation, "we have not been on such terms of strict formality up to now."

"But Mr. Burford isn't my father," she cried, and a sudden flush crimsoned her cheeks.

"What?" I shouted, springing up from the seat in amazement. "Not your father! But I understood—that is, Mike—I mean MacDermott—told me you were Miss Peggy Burford. And I took his word for it," I finished lamely.

"Mr. McDermott didn't know any 'better' then," she said, with a mischievous echo of his occasional brogue. "He does now."

"But who—what—are you, then?"

"I? O, plain Margaret Vandever. There is the only real and genuine Miss Burford."

She pointed along the walk. A couple were coming slowly towards us, the man, Mike, appearing to be protesting earnestly.

"But why did you practice this—er—wicked deception upon us two unsuspecting males?" I asked.

"It was her idea, Peggy's. That terrible night when I fell into the water she found your friend, Mr. MacDermott, was a little——"

"Mad? It's only his way. He's absolutely harmless, I assure you. It's the national characteristics——"

"No, not mad, of course. I was going to say impressed, and he grew confidential, telling her all about himself, and his prospects and his ambition, and she was afraid if he found out who she really was he'd get frightened—for he's not a fortune hunter—so we arranged to change places for few days until Mr. Burford came down. The hotel people didn't know which of us was which. Peggy always makes me take the lead—not from shyness, but laziness, I think—so the thing was easy enough."

I looked around. Miss Peggy and Mike were drawing near now. I wondered if my face wore such a look as shone on his.

I turned to my companion abruptly.

"Miss Vandever—Peggy—you have read my secret. Will you be my wife?"

She gazed at me inquiringly, and smiled, then sprang into my arms with a little sob of joy.—Chicago Tribune.

Desiring and Doing.

To hope is one thing, to desire is another thing and to do is another thing. Hope never built a tabernacle, desire never bridged a chasm, but action has surmounted obstacles that were all but impossible. The men who do are those who reach success; it is the men who act that arise above the surface of society and become leaders among men.—"Vest Pocket Confidences," in Four-Track News.

A SYMPOSIUM ON SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything off-hand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Doorbell.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Trust to your stars for your success," said the Night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.

"Make the most of your good points," said the Compass.

"Be always on the lookout for a snap," said the Camera.

"Be ever ready to do a good turn for anyone," said the Crank.

"Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted," said the Ball.

"Sacrifice yourself, that through you others may succeed," said the Orange.

"Keep a good heart, though you be drawn and quartered for it," said the Oak.—N. Y. Life.

ON RAILS OF STEEL.

A single modern rail, 60 feet, 100 pounds to the yard, weighs just one ton.

The North-Eastern railway of England has decided to substitute electricity for steam in operating the company's locomotive works.

Gen. Charles A. Whittier, of Boston, who has just returned from a tour of the world, traveled over the Trans-Siberian railroad, a distance of 6,000, in 14 days, which is about 430 miles a day.

A four-cylinder compound locomotive operated on the Adriatic railway of Italy recently hauled a train of 400 tons at the rate of 62 miles an hour. The roadbed is crooked, with heavy grades.

Freight pays the bills. This is truer of this country than of any other. Freight revenue is over $1,000,000,00 a year, passenger receipts about $350,000,000. Our average passenger train carries only 42 people. English people take railroad trips four times as often in proportion to Americans, but shorter ones.

The tunnel through Khingan pass, Manchuria, will not be completed for another year. It will be some 10,000 feet in length. Many thousand Chinese are employed. Two tunnels are being cut, the upper one for removing the debris. Considerable difficulty has been met with, but there is no doubt of its ultimate success, nor of the saving in time it will effect over the Chinese Eastern railroad.

LITTLE POINTS OF LAW.

A combination of the manufacturers of a product of a state, the market for four-fifths of which is found in other states, to limit production and raise the price, is held in Gibbs vs. McNeeley (C. C. App., 9th C.), 60 L. R. A. 152, to be a violation of the antitrust act of July 2, 1890.

The United States circuit court at Los Angeles has declared the use of oil for sprinkling roads in California a public necessity, and not coverable by a patent. A suit for damages recently brought by a sprinkling company against Los Angeles county has been dismissed.

A city, in clearing an alley of weeds, is held, in McFadden vs. Jewell (Iowa) 60 L. R. A. 401, to be exercising its police power, so that it is not responsible for negligence in the performance of the work by one whom it has employed for that purpose, which results in the injury of a child attracted there by his operations.

The taking with felonious intent of fish which are inclosed in a net, or in any other inclosed place which is private property, from which they may be taken at any time at the pleasure of the owner of the net or inclosure, is held in State vs. Shaw (Ohio), 60 L. R. A. 481, to constitute larceny. With this case is an extensive note on the subject of the right to fish.

IN HALLS OF LEARNING.

Alfred Mosley, of England, writer on economic subjects, has entered his two sons at Yale in preference to Oxford or Cambridge.

Miss Laura Drake Gill, dean of Barnard college, has been appointed adviser to women graduate students at Columbia university.

Dr. Albert B. Storms, recently elected president of the Iowa state college of agriculture, is 49 years old and a graduate of the University of Michigan, class of '84.

William Allen White, the Kansas newspaper man denies that he is to be dean of the school of journalism in the state university. "In the first place," says Mr. White, "the job has not been offered me; in the second place, I wouldn't have the job, and in the third place, there is no such job."

President Thompson, of the state university at Columbus, O., addressed the students in reference to recent disorders on the campus. He declared hazers to be cowards, and said those who refuse to submit to such indignities were heroes. He was glad that the excesses to which he referred were not committed by representative Ohio men.

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The first prize each month, awarded for the most helpful suggestion, is $50 in cash, with a second prize of $25 in cash, and eighteen other prizes of sets of books, ranging in value from $32 down to $5, making in all $329 of value given in prizes each month. There are, in addition, cumulative cash prizes, for those who win prizes in successive months, and a big cash prize of $1,000 for the most valuable suggestions during 1903.

For the convenience of intending contestants who can not be promptly supplied by newsdealers, all the copies of Collier's for the current month will be sent postpaid, together with a handsome proof of a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, upon receipt of 40 cents in stamps addressed to The Lion's Mouth, Collier's Weekly, 436 West 13th Street, New York. [7-16 02]

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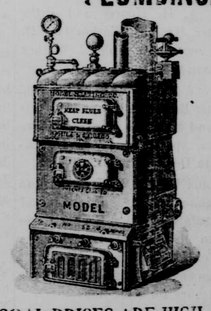

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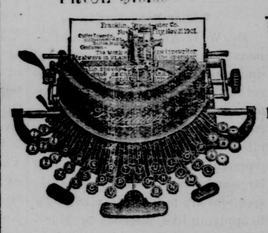
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Delaware & Chesapeake Ry.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 24, 1903.

GOING SOUTH Pass P. M.	Pass A. M	STATIONS Daily Except Sunday.	GOING NORTH Pass P. M.	Pass P. M.
1 20	5 03	lv Wash'ton ar	1 15	8 15
2 50	6 35	Baltimore	11 23	6 55
3 26	7 40	Philadelphia	10 52	5 44
4 03	8 28	Wilmington	10 05	5 00
5 17	9 43	Clayton	8 50	3 45
5 26	9 52	Kenton	8 41	3 35
f 5 35	f 10 01	Hartley	f 8 33	f 3 26
f 5 37	f 10 03	Slaughter	f 8 30	f 3 24
5 44	10 10	Marydel	8 23	3 17
f 5 50	f 10 16	Henderson	f 8 17	f 3 11
f 5 53	f 10 22	Goldsboro	f 8 11	f 3 05
6 03	10 31	Greensboro	8 02	2 56
6 14	10 40	Ridgely	7 53	2 47
6 22	10 48	Queen Ann	7 44	2 38
f 6 31	f 10 57	Cordova	f 7 35	f 2 29
f 6 34	f 11 00	Chapel	f 7 32	f 2 23
6 40	11 13	Easton	7 20	2 14
f 7 03	f 11 20	Trappe	f 7 06	f 1 58
7 12	11 38	ar. Oxford lv	6 55	1 49
P. M.	A. M		A. M	P. M.

"f" stops only on notice to Conductor or Agent, or on signal.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE.—In Effect Monday, Nov. 9th, 1903.

Daily Ex. Sun. P. M.	STATIONS.		Daily Ex. Sun. A. M.
4.00	Lv.....Baltimore.....	Ar.	12.00
6.00	.....Love Point.....		10.00
6.50	.....Queenstown.....		9.15
7.15	.....Centreville.....		8.50
7.04	.....Wye Mills.....		9.02
7.20	.....Queen Anne.....		8.47
7.40	.....Denton.....		8.29
7.59	.....Hickman.....		8.13
8.16	.....Greenwood.....		7.57
8.37	.....Ellendale.....		7.33
8.52	.....Milton.....		7.10
9.12	Ar.....Lewes.....Lv		6.45
P. M.			A. M.

JOHN C. BOSLEY, General Passenger Agent.

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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, Williston, Md.
2-5]

ECZEMA
and all Skin Diseases cured by
BANNER SALVE
The most healing salve in the world.
The Doctor Said "Stick To It."
Geo. L. Heard, of High Tower, Ga., writes: "Eczema broke out on my baby covering his entire body. Under treatment of our family physician he got worse as he could not sleep for the burning and itching. We used a box of BANNER SALVE on him and by the time it was gone he was well. The doctor seeing it was curing him said: 'stick to it for it is doing him more good than anything I have done for him.'"
GUARANTEED. Price 25 Cents

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.
It can't help but do you good
Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

JAMES T. COOPER,
—PRACTICAL—
Undertaker & Embalmer

Having had several years experience and practice in all departments of the business I offer my services to the public. Calls attended to day or night. My office is at my residence, corner of Main and Third Streets.
JAMES T. COOPER,
mch3y Denton, Md.

DeWITT'S
WITCH HAZEL
SALVE
THE ORIGINAL.
A Well Known Cure for Piles.
Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.
Cures Piles Permanently
DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY
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