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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—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm H. Deen, Associates.

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

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm T. Hignutt, of E.

Professional and Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
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SORROWFUL SIMEON.

Sim Grigss is always frettin'; he's never satisfied
Unless he's tellin' people about how hard he's tried
To be a patient Christian, and how it hasn't paid;
He thinks the Lord is always upsettin' plans he's made;
But, as for me, I reckon that greater things than Sim
Are claimin' God's attention and makin' work for Him.

Sim's always sure in April that frost'll kill the fruit;
He always counts on missin' before he knows to shoot;
Before he starts to poundin' he's sure he'll hit his thumb;
He frets in pleasant weather about the storms to come;
He thinks the Lord is watchin' him always, everywhere
And "helpin'" to keep sendin' more cares for him to bear.

Now, I have learned this lesson from hearin' Sim complain:
To yell before you're hit brings a double dose of pain;
The man that's always losin' his crops before he sows
Does very little reapin', and any man that knows
The Lord keeps busy tryin' to push him to the wall
Must have a sneakin' notion that God is mighty small.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

From Generation to Generation.

A Story of Indian Revenge.

By Marguerite Stabler.

THERE was no death-dance, no loud wailing, no burning. Of the five survivors of the horrible massacre, Sikra was the only one unscathed. When the first ray of daylight thinned the blackness around her sufficiently to give her her bearings, she crept out of her covert, back to the scene. The white men were gone, but their work had been well done. The grasses were dabbled with blood, the pools were clotted and red, there were still faint groans from the dying and mocking grins on the upturned faces of the dead.

In the midst of the mangled bodies, Black Wing lay dead. Sikra was only a squaw; she did not know how to swoon and drip tears, but the sun was high before she moved a muscle or drew a deep breath. When, at last, however, she trudged over the sand, slipped into her canoe, and paddled slowly down the bay there was not one hideous detail of the massacre of Indian island not seared deep into her soul.

The government was held responsible for the massacre by outsiders, and the overt acts of hostility on the part of some of the chiefs was cited as the cause by those more closely initiated. The perpetrators, perhaps citizens of Eureka, although suspected, were never charged with the crime, but as time went on it was generally conceded to be the work of private individuals who had their own object in view.

As time went on and the Indians were herded onto the Hoopa reservation, the story of the massacre was buried beneath other debris of its kind—treachery on the part of the redskin and bad faith of the whites—until the stronger race had gotten all the power into its hands and driven the Indian, his wrongs and his rights, out of the path of progress.

But the lapse of time that accomplished this condition did not wipe out the injustice of Black Wing's death from Sikra's memory. Grown haggard and old in the interim, she had not lost one detail of the island scene from her mind. The boy she bore a few months after the massacre was nursed and cradled in the hope of revenge. His lullabies were the death-groans of the wounded warriors and the wailings of the women and children who fell in the struggle. His first lisping words were a vow of vengeance for Black Wing's blood. He knew the gruesome story glibly before he was old enough to understand it, and by the time he was able to grasp the meaning of his early training, revenge was written large in the very fiber of his being.

"He is like Black Wing," Sikra said as each year his straight young limbs grew longer, his lithe young frame stronger, and she saw a hope of her life's object being realized. Mrs. Howe, who lived in the big white house, often asked, when the old squaw came to do the weekly washing: "Why don't you make the boy work, Sikra?" But she straightened her old, bent back, and grunted: "Well-a I not raise him for that."

Meantime the boy fished up and down the streams, content to bask in the sunshine, or roamed through the forests and mountain solitudes, idle but thinking, always brooding, plotting, thinking.

"You will spoil the boy, Sikra, if you do not make him work," the kind woman of the white house said again, one afternoon, while a pile of snowy linen grew under the knotted hands of the old laundress. "Idleness will get him into mischief," she added, as the stalwart figure of the young buck, swung along the roadside, stopped at the driveway, and sauntered up to the back porch, where his mother was working. No one else could have said this much to Sikra, for her boy was the one raw spot in her nature. She never permitted the kind-hearted Mrs. Howe's advice to bother her, however, and only mumbled to herself as the big fellow slumped down on the cellar door, his keen eyes following the chickens preparing to roost in the cedar trees.

But while the soapsuds splashed and the water streamed and dripped over the floor, the thrifty housewife busied herself at tidying things on the porch, for a glance at the young buck made her realize the propriety of her presence on the scene. "I'll do what I have always intended to do with this game-bag," she said, half aloud. "It has hung here long enough collecting trash. This is a good time to overhaul it and throw the rubbish away."

The game-bag was a ponderous leather thing, and its capacity apparently unlimited. Old fishhooks and tackle came first, rusted and rotten from long disuse. Then hatchets, horseshoes, gopher-traps, doorknobs, coils of wire, shot-pouches, rubber gloves—everything, in short, that a catch-all of such sort collects in the course of 20 years. The last thing brought up was an old hunting knife—an ugly-looking weapon, broad and short, with a rude deer-horn handle. The blade was rusted, and looked as if not cleaned after its last thrust.

The white hands touched it gingerly. "I don't know what to do with all these things after all," the woman said, looking up into the quizzical eyes of the tall young fellow, who came singing "Bonnie Doon" through the house whistled the dogs over from the stable, stirred the drowsy canary into a flood of song, and sent the cats scampering away from the neighborhood of the meat-safe. "They were your father's things, Hal, when he wasn't much older than you," she explained in the subdued tones in which one instinctively refers to the dead. But the duty on hand was temporarily dropped when the boy announced that a book agent was in the front hall and the contents of the game-bag left in a heap on the floor.

Sikra bent low over her tubs, but now her eyes were wild, and every nerve in her body tingled with excitement. The back of her benefactress was scarcely turned when the hunting knife was swept into her hands and stealthily concealed under her apron. Her boy did not follow her actions, but sat idly in the sunshine, watching the lower branches of the cedar filling with its tenants for the night. Meanwhile the pile of clean clothes grew with surprising rapidity. A wonderful energy was at work rubbing, rinsing, wringing, and soon the work was completed, and the squaw departed with her son.

The next week's washing was accomplished with the same degree of unwonted energy. Sikra stood upright, no longer bent and decrepit. Her hour of triumph was come. The knife still hung at her belt—the knife she had watched Black Wing make from the horn of the deer she had seen him kill. At last Sikra had found a trace of one of her man's murderers. This fact worked itself slowly into her darkened mind, for the knife in the game-bag cried out Howe's implication in the crime.

But now, at the very moment of her impending triumph, a shadow fell athwart her gleam of hope. The boy, nurtured into stalwart manhood for one end, looked at her listlessly when, with dilated eyes and hushed voice, she told him the story of her discovery. He did not seem to even hear her tale. After a sleepless night, she went to rouse him and try again to wake the vengeance in his blood, but he did not know her.

Wild with apprehension, the old squaw's first thought was of Mrs. Howe, her never-failing source of succor. The kind eyes up at the white house grew large with sympathy and dread. "It's only a fever, Sikra," young Hal came forward to assure her, and catching up his hat he followed the distraught mother to her little hut.

The wild, black eyes that met his, as he entered, startled him with their ferocity, and the wilder words held him on the threshold. But Sikra's dumb look of appeal prompted him to enter the room. The calm presence and the cool, firm hands of the white boy seemed to lay the fever-devils. And the thought that the fever might be contagious was overbalanced in his mind by the grief of the squaw mother.

"He must not die; he must not die," she wailed. "I raise him for now! For just now!"

The weeks that followed were a grim struggle with the fever-devils that filled the Indian boy's frame. When his wild ravings and threats of vengeance rose to shrieks and threatened to exhaust the flickering flame of life, nothing but the cool, strong hands that had first quieted him had any power to calm him. So day after day the struggle with the destroyer was waged.

"Poor old Sikra's heart seems set on his accomplishing something before he dies," young Howe explained, one day, to his mother. "It is pitiful to see her hopelessness whenever the symptoms are discouraging." And when others said: "Let the good-for-nothing redskin die; he is a menace to the neighborhood," the boy's blue eyes flashed his scorn at their sentiments. "He is all she has," he answered.

When at last they were able to say to Sikra, "He will live," it was at young Howe's feet she flung herself, for it was Hal whose presence, she declared, had saved her boy.

In time the old conditions of the two households were re-established. Mrs. Howe tried to be more considerate of the old squaw. Her selfless devotion to her boy during those high-pressure weeks had awakened a sympathetic feeling in the mother-heart of the other woman. But Sikra was more stolid and glum than ever before—much to the surprise of the kindly lady of the white house, who had been Sikra's one friend. When she had fled from the scene of the massacre hunted and helpless, it was Mrs. Howe who had taken her in and given her shelter and employment. When she had fallen ill, it was Mrs. Howe's cool, white hands that had ministered to her, saving her and her child's life. Then in the dark hour, when the great aim of her life's struggle seemed about to be torn from her, it was Hal who had come to her assistance. She, like the poor squaw, had only this one son, the light of her eyes. A troop of such thoughts came in sluggish train through Sikra's mind as the suds flew high, frightening the canary from his perch by their rising tide; and she wondered if she could have raised this boy for the purpose of vengeance without this woman's help.

The bonnie blue skies smiled blandly on the summer world, and the air hung heavy with a stillness and peace that brought a certain lethargy to her determination. Young Howe's voice, whistling or singing, came floating through the woof of her fancies and recalled the hours he had sat patiently in her fever-ridden little hut in his effort to save her son. For what?

As Hal dashed out of the pantry, a moment later, he caught a look in her eyes as guilty as his own, which prompted him to count the pies to see if she had been stealing, too.

"Here's one for you," he said, finding the number even and slipping her a turn-over. As he perched on the bin to munch his plunder, his hat fell back. His face was very fair, and his hair curled on his forehead like a woman's. But in his laughing blue eyes shone the image of the elder Howe. The hideous grin of Black Wing's upturned face mocked her from the seething suds. A stifled groan seemed to rise from the hissing steam. The warm stream that trickled down her arm was only water, but the red, clotted pools were still vivid in her memory. Howe had killed Black Wing. Was she this white woman's slave, or was she Black Wing's squaw? Before nightfall the question was definitely settled in her mind. The victuals always left for her to take home to warm over were tied into her apron, under which the rusted knife still hung.

The Indian boy grew stronger each day with the recuperative power of a wild thing. Day in and day out he loitered idly around the white house, and sometimes a doubt arose in the mind of the white house woman as to the effects of this ill-assorted friendship between the two boys. Once, as she saw her son turn and fling his arm across the broad shoulders of the Indian lad in evident affection, she flinched instinctively. Since their babyhood they had tumbled over the porch together, squabbled, fought and played like brothers—this blue-eyed, rollicking young Saxon and the swart, lithe aborigine.

There were many new squirrel traps devised, new schemes for spearing fish and snaring small creatures in the forest, and enthusiastic preparations for a deer hunt in the mountains before the young fellow's vacation should end.

"We'll leave all these things just as they are till we get back from our trip to Redwood creek," Hal said, one day, as he planned his outing with the Indian, "and finish them when we have more time." The Indian did not answer. The moon was bright, and the young fellow's blue eyes shone with the light of future hopes and plans.

The hunting trip was prolonged from one week to two; then three. At the end of that time, Hal's mother began to grow uneasy. At the expiration of the fourth week, when the Indian returned without young Howe, consternation spread throughout the town. Ragged, gaunt, barefooted, half starved, the Indian had arrived in the village, telling of a fierce storm, separation from his comrade, and weeks of search and danger to find him in the impenetrable forest. Search-parties were quickly formed, and the mountains and lagoons scoured in the hope of finding the boy.

"I can't believe anything has happened to him," Hal's mother repeated day after day, when the searchers reported failure at every turn. She would not let her lips form the word "dead." "I can't. Oh, I can't!"

Sikra knew the pangs of this woman's soul. She had learned that tone and look when Black Wing lay dead before her. But she regarded the white, stricken face in stoic silence.

It was now late in the summer. All search for young Howe had proved fruitless. His mother, suddenly old and feeble from grief and suspense, stood, one day, looking toward the bay in a blind hope. The Indian came swinging slowly toward her. The boy had been found. It was on Indian island. A knife-wound gaped in his breast, his wide blue yes were upturned in a mocking grin, and the grass around him was clotted and red.

Again there was no swooning, no overt demonstration of grief. Weeks of suspense had taught the family in the white house stoic endurance.

Sikra came every week to do the washing as usual, while her son loitered near the cedar trees. One evening he brought the heartbroken woman what he considered a rare present, a melon of prodigous size. The Indian sat down silently, and slowly and carefully he cut it. It was a trifle overripe, the rich, red heart gleaming as with blood. The knife with which he dextrously sliced the melon was ugly looking, broad and flat, and the deer-horn handle broken, as if by a desperate struggle when last wielded.

The woman did not recognize it. "You are a good boy," she said absently to the Indian, "to do these little kindnesses to Hal's mother."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Foolishness of Horse Racing.

Calib Pasha, the new Turkish minister of Evkaf's, or "Pious Foundations," some years ago visited England. The prince of Wales, one day, sent him an invitation to the Derby. "What is the Derby?" said Calib Pasha. "A horse race, your excellency," replied the young nobleman who had brought the prince's invitation. "A horse race. Then I'll not go," said Calib Pasha. "Why should I? All men who are not fools know that some horses are faster than others."—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL MENTION.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, says the United States is Janus faced, looking both ways—to the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Thomas Jefferson's sun dial is to be exhibited at the St. Louis fair. It was made by Jefferson himself, and will be sent to the government building at the fair, along with other valuable relics to be brought from Washington.

Lyman Warren Ayer, of Belle Plaine, Morrison county, Minn., is the first white person born in the north star state. He is now nearing his seventieth birthday, having been born June 10, 1834, at a mission in Pine county. He is still enjoying good health and follows the occupation of timber cruising.

Col. Charles H. Heyl, of the inspector general's department, on duty at St. Louis, has applied for retirement under the 30 years' service clause. The secretary of war recently denied a similar application from Col. S. W. Fountain, Fourth cavalry, on the ground that the services of officers are needed and that they should not be retired except for disability.

CROSS-CURRENTS.

Over three miles of copper wire is used in the construction of an ordinary railway motor.

In 1903 the United States produced $234,500,000 worth of electrical apparatus and machines used in connection with electric plants and workings.

Since the adoption of electricity for power purposes in one of the great English shipyards in 1901, the output of the yard has doubled, but the expense for power has not increased.

A representative of one of the large manufacturing concerns said the other day: "The country has gone turbo-crazy and hardly any consulting engineer dares to advocate reciprocating engines for fear he would be considered behind the times."

A 21-foot electric launch now on the market that is capable of traveling 30 miles at 7 miles an hour has a weight of only 1,600 pounds; a 30-foot boat will travel 60 miles with one charging, and a 36-foot boat 75 miles. A 60-foot launch with a combined electrical and oil engine equipment develops enough power to travel at the rate of 14 miles an hour.

Impossible.

"She's of a very old family, is she not?"

"My dear! She's too rich!"—Brooklyn Life.

To Cure Constipation

take just a mite of Liver Food before retiring each night. Ramon's Tonic Regulator supplies it in a palatable form of powder, tea or tonic. 25c, and money back if not satisfied.

Disease takes no summer vacation.

If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

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

FROM OUR AMERICAN POETS.

An Evening Thought.

To stand some morn, within a white, white gate,
And in the strange new light confused to wait—
Earth's mists still clinging to our tired eyes,
Too new to Heaven to feel its sweet surprise,
While thought goes roaming back the ways of pain,
To count life's little deeds and find them vain,
So poor our love, so dim the heavenly fire
Stained with self-pity all one's best desire,
How can we meet Him, Him the brave and sweet,
Whom we in name have served? How at His feet,
Lay down the petty gifts our hands have wrought?
Mayhap we have not loved at all, but sought
Our own upgrowth! Ah, if He turn away,
And owns us not, 'twere wretchedness to stay.
E'en in His Heaven. Think then if sweet and clear,
A voice fall through the radiant atmosphere,
Like softest music, on the pulsing air:
"Didst thou not love me, Child, thou wouldst not care."
—Mrs. Cara Waterman Bronson, in N. Y. Observer.

A Word for the Jay.

We seldom compliment the jay—
I mean the blue jay in the tree—
We sneer at him, we jeer at him,
And often treat him shamefully.
Yet which bird, when the wind blows raw,
And when the sky is dull and gray,
Comes first to cry: "Spring's drawing nigh,"
And helps to chase the gloom away?

We call the jay a greedy bird,
But still we honor many a man
Who beats the rest, or cheats the rest
To selfishly get all he can;
We cheer for men who crowd ahead,
Or boldly go to show the way,
And, therefore, why should you and I
Contemptuously treat the jay?

The jay is splendid, he is proud,
His color brightens up the scene;
He's first to tell us all is well
And that the fields will soon be green.
He is the fabled early bird
That whisks the squirming worm away,
And screeches: "Hear! The spring is near!"
It's time to speak up for the jay.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Blossom Winds.

O, do you hear the blossom winds
Go singing through the trees?
Across the level meadow lands
And o'er the rolling leas;
Adown a thousand forest ways,
Where thrush and linnet stray,
And drifting farther out, they cross
The bosom of the bay.

O, do you hear the blossom winds?
In cadence soft and clear,
They whisper all the beauty of
The dawning of the year,
Of azure skies and April showers,
Of lambkins at their play,
And robin matins ringing o'er
The verdant fields of May.

O, do you hear the blossom winds?
Their breath the breath of flowers,
They brush as with an angel's wing
These weary brows of ours.
They whisper peace and calm delight
And, wheresoe'er they stray,
They bring an embassy of hope
And waft a grief away.
—Lalla Mitchell, in Farm Journal.

Tribulation.

Dis ol' world keeps a-travelin', as hard as it kin go;
Travelin' through de sunshine an' a-travelin' through de snow,
Travelin' through de roses, an' travelin' through de rocks,
Gittin' some caresses, an' a mighty sight o' knocks.
It's been a-goin' dat way ever since long, long ago,
An' it's gwine to keep a-goin' foh a million years or so.
An' I sometimes specks de sorrows an' de joys dat I goes through
Don't mount to nothin' like as much as I suppose dey do.
It's habd to bear de penalties when fortune doesn't smile,
But when you counts 'em up, it's only foh a little while.
De 'speriences you runs across is mighty tough, foh sho',
But dis ol' world's got to stan' 'em foh a million years or so.
—Washington Star.

Their Visions.

THE POET.

What do you see in yonder tree?
Although its limbs are bare,
I have the precious gift to see
A wee nest swaying there;
I see the fragrant blossoms which
Shall scent the breeze in May;
I see the ripe fruit, rare and rich,
That shall be there some day.

THE CHILD.

I don't see any nest up there;
The limbs look bare and brown;
They ain't a blossom anywhere
That I see floatin' down;
They ain't no fruit that's rare and rich,
As fur as I can see,
But every branch looks like a switch
Fer pa to wallop me.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Song of Winter.

When the fire of life burns low,
And the darkness gathers round,
When without is falling snow,
For the winter wild is found—
Bring the wood to feed the fire,
Let your hope as logs be cast,
Quicken up the heart's desire,
Love the future as the past.

Time will perish with its flowers,
Fruit will fall from off the tree;
Dark and dreary seem the hours—
As departs the olden glee;
But the days march on and on
To renewal of the spring;
When you think of what is gone,
Think what future days will bring!
—William Brunton, in Boston Budget.

If Nervous and Run Down

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