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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.

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States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm. T. Hignutt, of E.

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TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD					BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Sunday only.		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
8.00	3.15	2.30	7.15	11.00	lv.. Baltimore.. Ar	12.00	10.30	9.30	10.30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15	.....	Ar.. Love Point.. lv.	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....	.....	Ar.. Queenstown.. lv.	.....	7.30	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sat. and Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	8.25		lv.. Love Point.. Ar.	7.50	8.20	7.20	8.00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.55		..... Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20		..... Centreville	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.45	f5.21	f10.05		..... Wye Mills	f9.05	f7.37	6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.38	10.22		..... Queen Anne	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39		..... Denton	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55		..... Hickman	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10		..... Greenwood	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32		..... Ellendale	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45		..... Milton	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05		..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30		Ar.. Rehoboth .. lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth

JOHN C. BOSLEY, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT.

W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

Got It at Last.

Binks—Old Skinnem, the trust promoter, is dead.

Winks—That so? He's got now what he always wanted.

Binks—What's that?

Winks—The earth.—Town Topics.

As an Investment.

"Yes, he sent her four dollars' worth of violets."

"But can he afford it?"

"Oh, I guess so. She's worth half a million."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Object of Consideration.

"Why is everybody so obsequious to that young man?"

"He is an amateur photographer," answered Miss Cayenne.

"And they're afraid he won't take their pictures?"

"No. They're afraid he will."—Washington Star.

A Cutting Reply.

Mr. D'Avnue—My Stars! More money? What on earth did you do with all I gave you last week?

Mrs. D'Avnue—Well, I used a little of it in buying a new album for the photographs of the dukes and princes I refused before I married you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Slow Poison.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Coffee," continued the M. D., "is a slow poison."

"Yes, very slow," replied the old man. "I have taken it daily for nearly 80 years."—Tit-Bits.

College Girl.

Ernie—Papa may be very bright in business, but I don't think he knows much about love affairs. He asked if my George was a good provider.

Eva—And is he, dear?

Ernie—Certainly. Why, he's been providing me with novels, chocolates and matinee tickets for the last two years. Pa didn't seem pleased, though.—Columbus Dispatch.

Commercial Rivalry.

"Pa, what is commercial rivalry?"

"Well, commercial rivalry is the way your mother tries to spend what I make faster than Mrs. Dash next door spends what her husband makes."—Chicago Journal.

Saw Her Coming.

Bridget (at the door)—The missus is sick, ma'am.

Mrs. McCall—But—er—don't you think she could see me?

Bridget—Ol'm sure she could an' did, ma'am. Ol'm thinkin' that's what made her sick.—Philadelphia Press.

The Usual Catch.

"So Bragley was out fishing yesterday. How many did he bring back with him?"

"Oh, about a dozen."

"A dozen what? Bass?"

"No, fish stories."—Philadelphia Press.

His Last Shirt.

Mr. Hardup—Look here! you've made a mistake with my washing. You sent home four or five old handkerchiefs that don't belong to me, and nothing else.

Washerwoman—They ain't handkerchiefs; that's your last shirt, sor.—Tit-Bits.

Considering the Lilies.

Full many a man who does not toil
To meet his early need
Believes that he's a lily when
He's just a jimson weed.
—Washington Star.

NATURALLY.



Cora—What is your favorite pet in the animal world?

Dora—Man.—Chicago Chronicle.

OLD-FASHIONED.

This here elimination of the supper sort of breaks
Into my way of livin', an' I somehow can't agree
To the modern innovation and the reckless way it takes,
For the "breakfast-dinner-supper" style is good enough for me.
I was talking to a lady just the other day, and said:
"It's mighty nigh to dinner time;" her shoulders give a hunch.
An' I said: "Let's go to dinner; the sun's right overhead."
She replied: "Did you mean dinnah? Don't you mean, 'let's go to lunch?'"
An' she didn't git no dinner, least ways not at my expense;
I can't have my lifetime's habits sidetracked that-a-way at all;
'F I could fix it she'd go hungry till she got a little sense.
Sense enough at least at midday fer to hear a dinner call.
"Lunch!" Why "lunch" in them days simply meant some butter-bread,
With brown sugar plastered on it just as much as it could hold;
Oh, no modern midday luncheon ever furnished such a spread
As th' bread-an'-sugar luncheon that I knowed 'fore I was old.

An' th' luncheon of them old days had a place for lunch alone;
Long 'bout ten o'clock I'd hustle in the kitchen tired o' play,
Th'ow my cap into th' corner with a happy sort o' groan,
Feelin' hungry like a boy is when he's had his fill o' play.
An' I'd git some bread an' butter an' ma'd stand a while an' grin
Whilst I spread th' sugar on it, most as thick's an inch, I guess,
An' she'd look like 'twas a pleasure fer to see me tuck it in.
An' her hand 'ud brush my tousles in a sort o' soft caress.

An' these mem'ries sort o' keep me to th' lick-log like I knowed
When I was a little urchin. "Breakfast-lunch-an'-dinner?" Nit!
That wa'n't how we used to say it back where I was borned an' growed.
An' I can't dispense with supper—couldn't then, an' can't till ytt!
"Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, supper" make the programme read that way
An' I'll stay with it forever—don't want nothin' in its stead;
An' I just want "lunch" fer "luncheon" like when I was tired o' play
I jest wanted ol' brown sugar plastered on some butter-bread.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE ONE SHE CHOSE.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

"KER-CHUG! Ker-chug! Ker-chug!"

The big automobile snorted explosively, and from down the river came the faint answering voice of its tiny rival, as yet unseen.

"Kee-chuck! Kee-chuck! Kee-chuck!"

The Naphtha-launch was puffing valiantly, but this was the giant's day to win. Several people on the hotel veranda smiled, and contrived to peep unostentatiously at Miss Tiverton; but if she had heard the distant sound, she was not giving them the satisfaction of knowing it. The owner of the automobile seemed as deaf as she. He assisted Miss Tiverton in carefully, jumped in beside her, and then they were off down the road in a light swirl of dust, just before the naphtha-launch danced around the bend of the river.

"Too late, Selby," murmured a cynical batchelor on the veranda, squinting his eyes to look at the white-ducked occupant of the launch. "Capital wins this time. That is one of the advantages of your own automobile over a rented launch, to which five other fellows have an equal right."

"This is getting entertaining," commented a married man, but his wife had her own version.

"It is getting pathetic," she said. "They are both such dear fellows, it will simply break my heart to see either of them rejected."

"Bigamy is not considered good form," suggested her husband, mildly. "They can't both win, so you might as well pick your favorite. Personally, I back the capitalist. He is a good fellow, and money hath charms, especially to her family. They look to her to regild the family scutcheon."

His wife took up arms to defend her sex. "Edith would not be human if she did not consider the gilding. Think how depressingly straitened she has been all her life! But then I do think she likes Mr. Selby, too. He won't really be so very poor. He has been back from Paris only two years, and look how his pictures are selling."

She lowered her voice discreetly as the young man in white duck came up from the landing, swept the veranda with hasty and apprehensive eye, and went into the office. He was not particularly handsome, but it was a face with which everybody made friends.

Miss Tiverton had heard the distant panting of the naphtha-launch. It was a sound she heard with some frequency, and it is possible that she felt a slight twinge of regret as she stepped into the automobile; but the exhilaration of swift motion laid its irresistible hold on her, and the wide leather seat was luxuriously comfortable.

She looked at Danvers as he leaned this way and that to see that every part of his big plaything was doing its work smoothly. He was very boyish, and he looked fresh and clean-built and handsome even in his automobiling accoutrements. They are few whose good looks can stand the strain of blue goggles, and a leather cap with the vizor jammed down to the very nose.

She liked him. Oh, yes, she liked him very well, indeed. She knew that her family expected her to marry him, and she almost laughed as she remembered Aunt Julia Tiverton's diplomatic little wiles to bring it about.

"Are you coming to Saturday's dance?" she asked, as Danvers settled back to the enjoyment of a swift spin.

"I'll be there. They tell me it's going to be quite a howling event—proceeds to go to 'the ungrateful poor.'"

"For which uncharitable observation your contribution should be multiplied by ten," she said, severely. "But really, it is going to be very unique. Everybody who can do something clever is doing it for the 'cause.' Mr. Selby is decorating the dance programmes. Isn't it kind of him?"

"Extremely," said Danvers, with [illegible] Stanton Selby in the state of Texas, and veered the conversation into a safer channel.

"How many waltzes do I get on that artistic card?"

Miss Tiverton laughed provokingly. "None at all until the time comes. It isn't nice to be greedy."

"Yes, but— The devil!"

Edith caught her breath, and held fast, as they swung around a sharp curve and came full upon a shambling, unkempt figure plodding down the middle of the road. The horn tooted a belated warning, but he seemed deaf to it, and Edith felt herself jerked unceremoniously sidewise as the big machine lurched abruptly around the astonished tramp and swung past him by the breadth of a hair, the outer wheels barely hanging to the edge of the steep gully.

It was a beautiful piece of steering, and she thrilled to the masterful skill of it as they swept back into the road and she recovered her suspended breath.

"If you had been thrown, I should never have forgiven myself!"

His boyish face looked quite tense. He waited until they came to the shade of a wooded road, then slowed down and stopped.

"Did the jerk hurt you any?" he asked, anxiously.

She laughed and confessed, "Oh, no; but I was desperately frightened."

"I was a careless brute not to slow down around that curve." Danvers was the picture of remorse. Then he smiled deprecatingly. "And I was just getting ready to ask you to trust yourself in my brilliant care for good. I know I've made a beautiful start, but if you will only give me the chance—"

"It is not that I would doubt your ability as a caretaker, Mr. Danvers."

Her voice was gracious, but a trifle too remote to be immediately encouraging.

"Try me," he begged, and this time she looked at him directly. There was a little of the cloud of doubt in her eyes and somewhat of the light of battle.

"I cannot answer you now," she said, slowly. "Give me a little time. I will tell you—well, Monday."

The dance for "the ungrateful poor" was a success. The ball-room was a marvel, the dance programmes a delight; every feature was as daintily unique as it might be.

Miss Tiverton had danced the first waltz with Selby. She was on the veranda with him now, sitting out a lancers.

Danvers had arrived just as Miss Tiverton was starting the first waltz with Selby, and had promptly taken out the plainest girl in the room for the same dance. At the end of it the men had gathered about her four deep, and before another had begun Danvers had disappeared.

That was an hour ago, and he had not come back. She had saved a few waltzes for him, but they had gone one by one to others. She knew he had not gone home, because once, in passing a little side-room, she had seen him there alone, smoking glumly. It was ridiculous of him to be sullen because she had given Selby the opening waltz.

"I wonder if this affects you as it does me?" Selby's agreeable voice conjectured beside her. "I mean that swinging sound of stringed instruments behind us, vibrating with life, and the great mysterious dimness stretching out ahead. It crawls down into my soul and stirs it until I feel equal to any manner of impossibilities."

She smiled appreciatively as her eyes followed his. They looked out, across a dim glimmering river and into a distant sea of shadows, which by day was prosaic flat lands, and by night a wide ocean of dreams.

"Yes, it does 'crawl into my soul,' only it makes me feel so little and frivolous and mean. What are some of the wonderful things you would do?"

"Well, for instance"—he leaned forward, and smiled—"if I dared now, I should take you and fly directly away from here, out over that mysterious plain of shadows and into my own kingdom, where the sun always shines. It is very beautiful when you get there, but it's a trifle hard to find."

Miss Tiverton shook her head in alarm. "Oh, I am quite too material to fly with. I should drop straightaway to Mother Earth, and she would chastise me terribly for my temerity.

"You could not fall if love bore you up. Could you care enough for me to try, little girl? You know what I am—just a poor artist struggling to make himself a great one. Will you help me find the kingdom where the sun always shines?"

His voice was peculiarly winning, and his eyes did not waver from her face. He was on the high road to fame already, and he was pleading very convincingly that she should walk it beside him.

"I cannot answer you now," she said, hastily. "Will you come again—Tuesday?"

Her next partner was the cynical bachelor, and he looked at her with a curiosity slightly grim.

"Too bad about Danvers, isn't it?" he inquired, innocently.

"What is it? I have not heard."

"Oh, indeed! Why, people are just finding out that a message came over the wire for him early this evening, saying that there had been an awful slump in Wall street, and his father has gone clean to the wall. It seems hard on a fellow who has been brought up in the expectation of millions."

"I am sorry to hear it," she said, slowly, and then to his surprise she actually smiled. "I thank you for telling me."

The cynical bachelor did some grim musing. "The same old story, 'I am sorry.' It was the gilding that made poor Billy a glittering catch, and now that it has been rubbed off, she thanks me for telling her—in time. I didn't exactly think it of her."

It was early to be leaving, but Danvers had no heart for gaiety to-night. He was going home to break the news as gently as he might, granting they had not heard already, and he would take the first morning train to New York to see what he could do for the poor old governor. Perhaps together they might put up a fair fight for life. It struck him that the support of his strong young shoulders would mean more to his father now than it ever had before, and he squared them involuntarily.

Of course, he would go to work at something right away, either with his father or for some one else. He did not mind the work, but there was a more sordidly pinching side to it. Doubtless things would have to be sold. How he would miss his automobiles, for instance. He loved the big, handsome things like babies. There were his hunters, too, who knew his very footsteps.

There was something else, but he would not think of it. It had formed his chief reason for getting away from the vision of lights and flowers and floating gowns, and for having his machine brought around to the end of the hotel farthest from the ball-room, that no one might hear his departure. Already he was ready to start. The heavy "ker-chug! ker-chug!" spoke of tremendous power held in leash and ready for a touch to loose it. It drowned out the distant intoxicating strains of a waltz, and he was glad of it. Neither could he hear the soft swish of skirts until Miss Tiverton stood beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Danvers, I have just decided. You need not wait until Monday, you know!"

For a moment Danvers thought the world was standing on its venerable head. Then a thought came that hurt, and he pushed the gate of paradise shut.

"Don't say that," he begged. "It is only from pity, because I am down, and that is not what I want."

Miss Tiverton laughed, half cried, and laughed again. Her cheeks flamed, but she went on, valiantly, "Oh, no, you do not understand. They threw you at my head so because you were rich, and it turned me. That great, ridiculous dollar-mark rose up every time I saw you, and I felt that there must be a huge 'for sale' written across me for everybody to read. Or, stupid, must I brazenly come out and tell you that I'd rather take you poor than anybody else rolling in—Billy! Billy! Somebody will see you!"

Two hours later the automobile still stood there alone. Its explosive voice was mute, but from far down the river came the "kee-chuck! kee-chuck!" of a naphtha launch, carrying Mr. Stanton Selby, artist, back to camp and a suddenly recalled engagement in New York city.—Reprinted by Permission of Woman's Home Companion.

Men of Oak

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

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Juvenile Strategy.

"What have you got in that package?" said the attendant at the great public museum.

"Bananas," answered the boy, "Dozen of 'em. Want one?"

"No, and you can't bring them in here."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. But you can check the package at that window and get it when you come out."

"Cost anything to check it?"

"Five cents."

The boy said he wouldn't pay it, and went away.

Ten minutes later he reappeared, without the package.

"I guess I can go in now, all right," he said.

"Hold on. Have you got the bananas concealed about you?"

"Yes, sir, all but the peels. I throwed them away."

And there was a grin of satisfaction on his face as he went through the turnstile.—Chicago Tribune.

Emperor's Little Joke.

The Emperor Francis Joseph sometimes rebukes his officials in a fashion which, in a less exalted personage, might be looked upon as a practical joke. A short time ago the emperor noticed that the roads were in a very bad condition, so he sent a message to the official who was responsible for keeping them in order that in a couple of days a royal carriage would be sent to bring him to the castle of Lainz. On the day appointed the coachman, who had received his orders, drove the official over the worst roads in the district, going at full gallop, with the result that the wretched man was splashed with mud from head to foot. When at last he reached the castle, he began profuse apologies for the state of his clothes to the grand duke who received him, but was met with the laughing reply, "O, that's nothing! The emperor comes home like that every time he goes out for a drive." In a few days that official had put his road in perfect order.—Boston Globe.

His Only Chance.

Husband—My! but I wish I had your tongue.

Wife—So that you could express yourself intelligently?

"No; so that I could stop it when I wanted to."—Detroit Free Press.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

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