JOHNNY'S SORROW.

Am I sorry for the czar's boy?
Gee whiz! You bet I am!
He'll never have the pleasure
Of eatin' bread and jam
And slidin' it all over
His chin the same as me—
'Cause they'll be servants watchin'
Wherever he will be.

He'll never go a-fishin'
The way I do, I'll bet;
They'll keep him in the pallus
Fer fear he might git wet,
Or git his fingers dirty,
Or else fall in somewhere
Or stop a bomb somebody
Sent whizzin' through the air.

He can't go to his grandpa's
And slide from stacks of hay
And drive the cows to water
And whoop around all day,
And have pie for his breakfast
And pancakes from the pan,
With doughnuts in between times,
As if he was a man.

I'm sorry for the czar's boy;
They'll watch him day and night
And never let him rassel
Or climb a tree or fight;
He can't go to his cousin'
And help them to raise Ned
And have the fun of sleepin'
About four in a bed.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

KISMET

By EARL MARBLE

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

WHEN Henry Appleby went down into Mexico to superintend the working of one of the big mines in which he had an interest, he left behind him a lovely girl, Estelle Marston, between whom and himself a tacit understanding existed of a future engagement, though no formal love-making or positive engagement had been reached. Appleby had been a college athlete, built almost like a gladiator, and had dark gray eyes and dark brown hair, a firm, but kindly mouth, a positive chin, and a manner which was usually reserved, but which could be aggressive if occasion authorized or warranted. He was a man among men, but was inclined to weakness when the wiles of women encompassed him.

Estelle Marston was a spiritual dream. Blue-eyed, light-haired, fair-skinned, yet healthy, volatile, and happy, as happiness goes, she was the ideal of more than one young man, and many were the smiles of satisfaction when Appleby went away, and, as many of them thought, left a better chance for them to win the fair Estelle.

But she was the star of Appleby's thoughts, and her spiritual nature appealed to him constantly, acting as a milestone to keep his heart true to the magnet. She appealed to his better nature, as a pure woman of that type invariably does when a man becomes interested in her.

So matters rested between them. Though no engagement existed, each expected the other to be as true and faithful till they should meet again.

Appleby attended strictly to his work in and for the mine, and by his management the output was large and profitable. He saw and heard but little of what was going on in a social way, except among the half a dozen American and English families who lived in the vicinity, all of them interested with him in the mine. There were few young people among them, and these not at all to his liking. Somehow he had got the habit, whenever he met a lady, of comparing her with the fair Estelle, of course invariably to the detriment of any of those thus compared with her. He was agreeable, and that was all. He made polite calls, played out-door games when asked, and was looked upon as a desirable but impossible young man.

There came a change, at which his immediate circle was dumbfounded, and the rest of the population shrugged its shoulders and awaited developments.

He had attended a native ball one evening, and noticed a figure rather taller than the usual squat and dumpy ones surrounding her, and had inquired about her.

"Hispano senorita," he was told.

His informant took it for granted that an introduction was desired, where one took the trouble to inquire, and, seizing him by the arm, took him almost by force to a group of which the girl was the center, and introduced him.

What followed Appleby himself scarcely remembered afterward. He danced with her, he walked through the courtyard conservatory with her, he talked with her, he applauded her and his heart leaped with delight as she danced a fancy castanet Spanish dance, and he had eyes, ears and tongue for no one else during the evening.

That some of the young natives muttered imprecations on him for his monopoly of her did not concern him.

"I do not care," he said, recklessly. "She is worth taking desperate chances for."

He asked permission to call and see her, which was granted, rather more than willingly, he remembered afterward.

"I am live with distant relatives," she told him when he called. "Do not mind them—they are nobody—I not introduce you. My father one fine grandee; my mother, Hispano senora—Santa Maria! both dead, poor souls! He was so tall and stately, like you, senor, only more slender; she was graceful, like what you call it—a willow—and I with such a canaille!"

Nothing could have been more certain to win Appleby's attention, if not indeed love, than this sort of talk. He had a theory, that, like parent, like child. The law of heredity, in his eyes, was one in which he most devoutly believed. While he could amuse himself at a ball, or in a flirtation, either innocent or otherwise, with such a person as this Senorita Mercedes, he could not think of going any further with one of the race if her father was squat, and her mother fat and dumpy. The senorita had fathomed him—whether unconsciously or otherwise, may not be known. But probably this was not her first love affair, and possibly the opinions and acts of some other Americano had opened her seemingly innocent eyes very wide.

And those eyes!

"How glorious-" exclaimed Appleby often to himself, as he contemplated their luster and their tenderness, when spending the evening and not a small portion of the night in the parlor of her relatives, or with her at some of the native balls. "Her eyes would woo one down to hades!" was his rather profane expression; and later in the night, away from their seductive wiles, his mind would revert to other eyes, and he would say: "Nothing can save me from their witchery, but those other eyes away back in New England, so full of Heaven that they could woo me back again."

Did he wish to have them woo him back? In the mines, and in the quiet of his own apartments, yes; when in the presence of the Lady Mercedes, as he used to call her in which he was encouraged to do so by the girl herself, no.

His love-making had grown to dimensions far beyond the casting of glances and the pressure of hands.

He had been picking up considerable Spanish, and she was teaching him more, in addition to teaching him to make love to her.

"Poco amado," he said to her one evening as they sat in the little Mexican parlor.

"No, no—no poco, no little," she replied. "I tall, stately, fit for illustre amante such as you," rising to her feet, and displaying her really fine proportions to their best effect. "Yes, I little by the side of grand senor like you," as he seized her in his arms, and she threw back her head and cast at him one of those looks which it would be difficult for any man to resist when his blood was inflamed with passion. "I look up to you; look up to no one else in all the world. You look down on poco amado; no one but you do so."

As she threw her arms about him, while he clasped her still more closely, she buried her face in his neck, and began to cry hysterically.

The rest was easy, even to the forgetting of Appleby's lode-star to the far north for the time being.

"Yo carino vosotros," he said, as he took his departure that evening. "Adios."

As he turned from the door he noticed that the squat Mexican and his fat, dumpy wife, to whom she had referred as her distant relatives, stood just outside, where they had seen the leave-taking, and heard his endearment spoken in Spanish. They turned away, seemingly having taken no notice.

"I say, Appleby," said the only one of his associates at the mine, who presumed on speaking of such matters to him, "you will pardon me, old man, but I have strong reasons for asking. How much are you committed to that Mexican girl with whom you are flirting so desperately, and about whom the entire town is talking?"

Appleby flushed, and at first was disposed to resent the remark.

"I am afraid it has gone beyond a mere flirtation. Besides, she is a Spanish girl, not Mexican."

"Spanish grandmother! Do her father and mother look like Spaniards?"

"I have never seen them. She told me they were dead."

"Why, they are not dead, and you see them every time they watch you come and go from the house."

"Those old people; she told me, were distant relatives."

"They are her father and mother. Do you want such a looking old crone as that woman around your house, to do the honors, a dozen years from now, if you are foolish enough to marry this adventuress?"

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"I am. Everybody knows it but you."

"What shall I do. The old man would probably kill me if I should attempt to break with the girl."

"There is but one thing to do. Resign your position here quietly, and take the stage to-morrow night for the north. You can catch the train at some station 25 or 30 miles away. They will watch the trains, but will not think of the stage."

"All right. Thank you. I shall be glad to get away from her wiles. The sweetness was beginning to cloy, excepting when I was tasting it."

"Take no baggage. We will send that on afterward."

The next night, instead of making his usual call at the home of Mercedes, Appleby, disguised as a rough miner, boarded the stage, and the driver cracked his whip and started northward.

Half a mile on the way, just in the edge of the town, stood the home of Mercedes, where he had passed so many happy hours in the company of his enchantress. He sat well back in the stage, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, to avoid recognition.

Directly opposite the house, the stage was halted by a musical feminine voice, the owner of which opened the door of the vehicle, and gave a glance inside.

Then she got in, and gave the order to the driver to go ahead.

"Perfido novio!" she exclaimed. "You go without Hispano senorita? No! Poco amada go too. Yes. Yo carino vosotros, illustre amante! You would not break my heart? No!"

And she threw her arms about his neck passionately as the stage rolled away into the darkness.

Until a few years ago little attention was paid in Germany to athletic sports. To-day tennis and football are said to be more popular than in the United States.

Sir Thomas is apt to find that the cup is still just as heavy as it was when he last hefted it.

Is It False?

"When a woman comes down to breakfast late," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "and her husband says: 'You've forgotten something,' why is it that she invariably puts her hands up to her hair?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Enjoyable.

"Hello, old man. Had your vacation yet?"

"Yes; had a fine time."

"Where'd you go?"

"Didn't go anywhere, but my wife was away for six weeks."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Resolve.

Cousin Kate—Now that you are well off, Charles, you mustn't let them say of you, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Cousin Charles—No; you bet I won't. I'll show 'em that I'm an exception to the rule.—N. Y. Life.

A Word of Warning.

Wife—I must run across the street and bid Mrs. Neighbor good-by. I'll be back in a second.

Husband—Well, you'l have to hurry. The train leaves in three hours.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Love's Young Dream.

Old Gentleman—What? Marry that young pauper! Why, he can't even afford to buy coal.

Daughter—But he won't have to buy coal, pa. We're going to board.—N. Y. Weekly.

Juvenile Happiness.

"Did you boys have a good time at your bonfire, Johnny?"

"You bet we did! We burnt a back yard fence, half a dozen piano boxes, an' the most of old Squilligan's smokehouse, an' had a be-yootiful run when the police got after us."—Chicago Tribune.

Pleasant Anticipations.

"Why can't you marry me? It's true I'm not enormously rich, still I have an income plenty big enough to support us nicely."

"Yes, but think how ridiculously small the allimony allowed out of it will be."—Town Topics.

Paradoxical.

Grace—Did you hear about Blanche having to go to a sanitarium to take a rest?

May—Gracious! She has been away on a vacation all summer.

Grace—Yes, that's the reason.—N. Y. Herald.

Misunderstood.

She—Your new machine, Mr. Goby, is perfectly killing.

He (doubtfully)—You think so? I can tell better after I've had it a month or two.—Brooklyn Life.

The Way of the World.

Yes, Possie dear, you will observe,
Whatever way you walk,
That largest scandals often grow
Out of our smallest talk.
—N. O. Times-Democrat.

CARELESS FELLOW.



Customer—Here, waiter! Here's a beetle in my soup.

Waiter—Sorry, sir. Thought I'd picked 'em all out.—Ally Sloper.

High Art.

I've been in galleries where pictures hung
That set my soul a-thrill;
But the handsomest picture I ever saw
Is the face of a five-dollar bill.
—Chicago Chronicle.

Where Art Failed.

Jay—Wonder why Smartee turned that portrait back on Ochre?

Flay—Well, you see, no artist can paint Smartee as big as he thinks he is.—N. Y. Times.

He Had It.

Mrs. Newwed—What! You have no income but your salary? You told me you had "money to burn!"

Mr. Newwed—Well, I've just paid for a ton of coal, haven't I?—N. Y. Weekly.

The Height of Optimism.

"He is an optimist, is he?"

"Optimist! Why man, he carries optimism to extremes. They say that he has been known to seem pleasant at breakfast!"—Cleveland Leader.

Several Years Late.

Bully—Come here, young fellow, and I'll make a monkey out of you.

Smarty—You're too late.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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This great stock medicine is a money saver for stock raisers. It is a medicine, not a cheap food or condition powder. Though put up in coarser form than Thedford's Black-Draught, renowned for the cure of the digestion troubles of persons, it has the same qualities of invigorating digestion, stirring up the torpid liver and loosening the constipated bowels for all stock and poultry. It is carefully prepared and its action is so healthful that stock grow and thrive with an occasional dose in their food. It cures hog cholera and makes hogs grow fat. It cures chicken cholera and roup and makes hens lay. It cures constipation, distemper and colds in horses, murrain in cattle, and makes a drought animal do more work for the food consumed. It gives animals and fowls of all kinds new life. Every farmer and raiser should certainly give it a trial.

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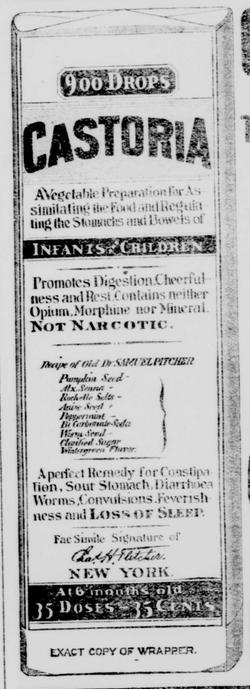
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Pass P. M.	Pass A. M.	Daily Except Sunday.	Pass P. M.	Pass P. M.
12 35	5 00	Lv Wash'ton at	1 20	8 15
1 40	6 35	Baltimore	11 25	7 05
3 00	7 40	Philadelphia	10 52	5 44
3 40	8 25	Wilmington	10 05	5 00
4 58	9 43	Clayton	8 46	3 42
5 07	9 52	Kenton	8 22	3 33
5 16	f 10 01	Hartley	f 8 23	3 25
f 5 18	f 10 03	Slaughter	f 8 21	3 24
f 5 23	10 10	Marydel	8 14	3 16
5 31	f 10 16	Henderson	f 8 08	3 10
f 5 37	f 10 23	Goldsboro	f 8 02	3 04
f 5 46	10 31	Greensboro	7 53	2 55
5 55	10 40	Ridgely	7 44	2 46
6 03	10 48	Queen Anne	7 35	2 37
f 6 12	f 10 57	Cordova	f 7 26	2 28
f 6 18	f 11 03	Chapel	f 7 20	2 22
6 30	11 15	Easton	7 7	2 10
f 6 38	f 11 23	Llandaff	f 6 59	2 01
f 6 44	f 11 29	Trappe	f 6 54	f 1 56
6 53	11 38	ar. Oxford lv.	6 45	1 47
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

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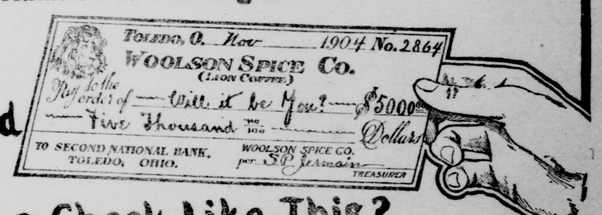
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2	Prizes	$500.00 each	1,000.00
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20	Prizes	50.00 "	1,000.00
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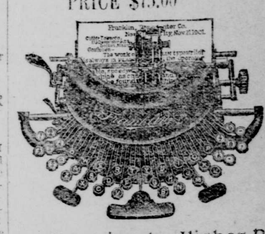
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