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CITY AND COUNTY NEWS IN BRIEF

Social Happenings of Caroline As Reported to The Union.

Mr. J. H. Nichols is spending a few days in Charlestown, W. Va.

Mrs. Lucetta Stevens is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. James Thawley visited Harrington friends on Sunday.

Mr. A. G. Towers of Baltimore was a visitor here this week.

Mrs. Frederick Nichols spent several days in Baltimore last week.

Mrs. Earl Thawley of Harrington spent the week-end at the home of Mr. James Thawley.

Mr. H. Earl Smith of Baltimore was in town a few days this week.

Mrs. Edward W. Breeding entertained the Bridge Club last Thursday.

Mrs. Newman Rickards and little daughter Mable are spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. Rickards parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Locke in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Soloman Sapp of Harrington has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Calvert Merricken.

Mr. George Price is slowly recovering from his recent injuries.

Mr. Harry Whitby of Baltimore visited relatives in town this week.

Mr. C. S. Kauffman and daughter Miss Lilian, left Thursday morning to attend the wedding of their cousin in Quarryville, Pa. on Saturday.

The many friends of Mr. Lawrence B. Towers will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of rheumatism and is expected to be out soon.

Miss Anna Roe who has been taking treatment at Easton hospital, is much improved and has returned home.

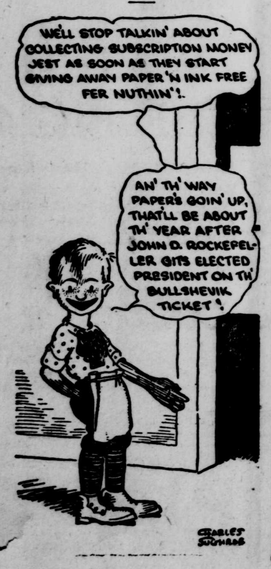
An old fashioned fox hunt was engaged in last week by many persons living in this and adjoining districts in Tuckahoe Neck. The participants included merchants, canners, retired farmers, hotel men and others. It was a bag fox, turned out on the farm tenanted by William Satterfield and owned by G. T. Redden. The fox gave a good chase for the large pack of hounds but was killed, so reported, on the farm of W. J. Shawn near where it was released.

J. Allen Moore died Wednesday at his home in Baltimore, aged 70 years. Deceased was a native of Greensboro but had lived in Baltimore several years, where he was president of the Superior Guano Company. He is survived by a widow, Mary E. Moore a daughter, Mrs. Ross A. Parrish of Baltimore, a grandchild, Louis Parrish, also a brother, George C. Moore of Queen Anne. The remains will be brought to Greensboro to-day for interment.

The people of Tuckahoe Neck are much disturbed by a series of annoying depredations by a mysterious agency on the farm of F. A. DeFord. On Saturday night the wires on his auto truck were cut, and on Sunday night his milking machine was torn apart and scattered. Door fastenings were wrenched off and the doors left open. The Sheriff and his assistants have been investigating the depredations but have not determined who is the culprit.

Ira Clayton, colored, was killed by a train near Queen Anne last Srtur day morning.

MICKIE SAYS



COURAGE OF SAMURAI TESTED

Boy of Twelve Forced to Show He Was Not Afraid of Death by His Own Hand.

Sato told us stories,—the young man who wanted the sword that he might disembowel the Russians and not have to bite their throats in the hand-to-hand fighting.

Then the story of the samurai boy who must once in his life face death—make up his mind that he is to die. His own case, at the age of twelve, coming home from school, to find his great uncle and his mother all serious, a naked sword on a little wooden rack, the house all in order.

To be told that he had disgraced the family, he had dishonored his father's sword and killed a dog. He would be given the privilege of committing harakiri, for he was a samurai's son.

His great uncle gave him an object lesson, showed him how it was done and told him to proceed, wrapping the blade in paper, that it might not cut his hand, and telling him that he must do as he had seen his great uncle do, in earnest.

The boy begged for mercy. His kinsman and his mother were immovable. Was he afraid to die? If so, they might help him, and the uncle put his hand on his sword.

The boy's tears stopped. He knew his time had come and bowed. He opened his dress, rubbed his abdomen three times. He put out his hand and grasped the sword. He knew no more till a cry of "Mate" (Stop) brought him to his senses.

The reprieve at last. An instant more and he would have been dead by his own hand. He waited, dazed in a death sweat. His courage had been tested. He had faced death.—Asia Magazine.

ACCORDED PALM FOR BEAUTY

Miss Harriet Lane Acknowledged to Have Been the Prettiest Lady of the White House.

Historians are inclined to give to Miss Harriet Lane, niece of President Buchanan, the palm for being the prettiest woman that ever ruled the White House social life. She was a blond with hair of a rare gold, deep-blue eyes, and her mouth was said to be one of the most beautiful ever owned by a Washington belle. Her beauty was so noticeable that at the dawn of womanhood, when she accompanied her uncle, then America's representative in England, to Oxford, where he was to receive the degree of doctor of civil laws, that the student body greeted her appearance with terrific cheers, inspired entirely by the smile of her lovely lips as she turned her flowerlike face toward them.

Not only was she beautiful in line and curve, but in addition she was a picture of perfect health, an athlete of no mean order, as many a young gallant discovered after she had challenged him to a race and beaten him so badly that spectators of the race unmercifully chaffed him. She played many games with skill and vigor, and there was not a woman in Washington that could compete with her in any game calling for strength and great activity. In spite of this she was not unwomanly, and excelled as a harpist, wrote poetry, and, as the young people of the capital reported, "danced like a feather."

Look Out Upon the Desert.

Come to the eastern side of the peak and look out once more upon the desert while yet there is time. The afternoon sun is driving its rays through the passes like the sharp-cut shafts of searchlights, and the shadows of the mountains are lengthening in distorted silhouette upon the sands below. Yet still the San Bernardino range, leading off southeast to the Colorado river, is glittering with sunlight at every peak. You are above it and can see over its crests in any direction. The vast sweep of the Mojave lies to the north; the Colorado with its old sea-bed lies to the south. Far away to the east you can see the faint forms of the Arizona mountains melting and mingling with the sky; and in between lie the long pink rifts of the desert valleys and the lilac tracery of the desert ranges.—"The Desert," by C. Van Dyke.

A Flying Chariot.

. . . All Paris, I think, myself among the rest, assembled to see the valiant brothers, Robert and Charles, mount into the air yesterday, in company with a certain Pilatre de Rosier, who conducted them in the newly-invented flying chariot fastened to an air-balloon. It was from the middle of the Tuileries that they set out, a place very favorable and well-contrived for such public purposes. But all was so nicely managed, so cleverly carried on, somehow, that the order and decorum of us who remained on firm ground struck me more than even the very strange sight of human creatures floating in the wind; but I have really been witness to ten times as much bustle and confusion at a crowded theater in London, than what these peaceful Parisians make when the whole city was gathered together. . . .—Mrs. Piozi (1784).

A Half Truth.

Silk Sox—Did Angeline tell you the truth when you asked her whether she wore half hose?

Knit Tie—Yes?

S. S.—What did she say?

K. T.—None of my business.—Iowa Frivol.

TIMELY MENTION OF CHURCH NEWS

The ministers of the several churches of Denton, irrespective of denomination are requested to furnish the news and announcements of the services for their respective churches, for publication under the above heading.

Denton Methodist Episcopal Church.

VINAL E. HILLS, Pastor.

Extra meetings are being held four nights each week at this church and are being attended with much interest.

Dr. Hill's sermon last Sunday night was a remarkably strong appeal for more constant and earnest religious practice, and scathing criticism of the class of church members whose interest in the church is only periodical.

The Epworth League was led last Sunday night by Miss Shipman and was a very interesting session. The attendance is growing and the League president Mr. Baynard expreses his gratitude and encouragement.

The Pastor's subject Sunday morning will be, "Evidences of Growth in Spiritual Life." A special service for the promotion of revival work will be held in the evening.

The League Devotional Service will be led by Miss Ida Simmons.

Denton Methodist Protestant Church.

J. E. DUDLEY, Pastor.

The annual election of officers of the Sunday School, of the Methodist Protestant Church took place on January 9th, the following officers were elected: Superintendent. Mr. T. Pliny Fisher; Ass't Superintendent. Mr. Clarence H. Roe; Secretary, Miss Elva Perry; Treasurer: Mr. William S. Crouse; Librarian, Mr. R Boon Beauchamp; Ass't Librarians, Charles Bell and Edward Mitchell; Organist, Miss Cleomenza Dunham; Ass't Organist, Miss Pauline Nichols; Chorister, Rev. J. A. Dudley: Home Department, Mrs. Emily DeFord; Junior Department Superintendent, Miss Mattie Moore; Primary and Cradle Roll, Miss Emma Clark;

The re-election of Mr. T. Pliny Fisher as Superintendent of the school makes the twenty-fifth year in which he has served in this one capacity.

WHITELEYSBURG.

Mr. Samuel Alwanger has gone South for the winter.

Mr. Louis Bickling who has been very ill is able to be up again.

Mr. George Dean has his new building completed.

Mrs Samuel Alwanger and children are the guests of her mother near Denton.

Mr. Paul Longfellow and sister have returned to their school in Virginia.

Mr. Gay Reed has returned home home after a visit with his uncle at Whiteleysburg.

Martha and Samuel Bickling have returned to their school at Greensboro, being compelled to stay at home on account of their father being sick.

Carry a Light on Your Vehicle.

Complaints by the score are being made by drivers of motor cars against the failure of drivers of horse-drawn vehicles to display warning lights after dark.

Accidents occuring in cases where this light is not carried offer little chance for the driver of the horse drawn vehicle to recover damages, even though the fault may really have been that of the operator of an automobile with good lights.

In darkness, it is impossible to see a carriage or wagon moving along the highway in the country and a motor usually all but crashes into it before it is shown up by the automobile lights. It should be a point of self-protection for the man driving the horse to carry a light at night. It might mean the saving of life, and at any rate it would offer him a better chance to recover damages in case his rig was damaged.

Palace Theatre Opened.

Bryant's New Palace Theatre was opened to the public last Saturday night and was visited by about a thousand persons. The furniture had not arrived but Manager Bryant constructed some very comfortable seats and patrons of the Palace seemed well satisfied with the accommodations. The pictures shown are high class and are receiving much favorable comment. On Saturdays the Palace will open at 3.00 p. m. giving continuous shows until 11.00 o'clock, p. m.

Turnip greens have arrived.

CALLS FOR MANY QUALITIES

Archeologist Must Be Scholar, Linguist, Engineer and Artist, and Expert Handler of Men.

The modern archeologist in Egypt must be more than a scholar. He must have studied history, it is true; he must be familiar with what is known of the art and life of Old Egypt and he must have mastered the ancient language so that he can read the hieroglyphs carved on temple and tomb.

But scholarship is only part of his equipment. He must know something of engineering and something of drawing; he must have a sense of organization; he must himself be ready to turn to with pick and shovel, should occasion arise.

The task of disinterring ancient structures and their precious contents uninjured is a delicate one, not to be done hastily or haphazardly.

In addition to being scholar and engineer, linguist and artist, the modern archeologist must understand how to handle men. The men employed in archeological excavation in Egypt are usually boys from 10 to 20 years of age. Older than that, in a country where men and women age tragically fast, they are likely to be stupid.

Usually they are irresponsible and, spurred on by the light-fingered "antika" dealers in neighboring villages. The wise archeologist puts them on piece-work—so much for every cubic foot of earth removed, with bakshish, carefuly calculated on the basis of the "antika" dealers' current rates, for every object unearthed.

Since the bakshish varies with the condition of the object, it is to the interest of the worker to get each "find" out entire, if possible, or, if breakage is inevitable, with no part missing.

Half of the minor objects discovered go to the Egyptian government and half are retained by the institution conducting the exploration.

SHOWED ENMITY IN BOYHOOD

Encounter Between Youthful Cromwell and King Charles I Might Be Called Prophetic.

Cromwell and Charles I of England first met when they were children at Hinchinbrook house, the home of a mutual friend of both the king and Oliver's father. The boys were told to play together while their elders talked over affairs of state and fashion. They got along well enough for a while, and then a dispute arose. The young king was not used to opposition to his princely will, and when Oliver stoutly clung to his rights the king struck him.

Oliver cared not a bit that the blow was aimed by a king's hand. He swung his somewhat grimy fist as hard as he could, and caught Charles on the nose with the to-be-expected result. Blood flowed in quantities, and the young prince set up a great howl. Servants came running, and all might have gone ill with the careless commoner had not Charles' father taken a hand and declared that the blow was to be forgiven, as it was given in defense of a right, and his son must learn to know that right was greater than kings.

Cough May Originate in Stomach.

In the Bulletin de la Societe Medical of Paris, Dr. G. G. Hayen describes a patient, a man of fifty-three, who for twenty-five years had had vague dyspeptic disturbances for which he had taken pounds of sodium bicarbonate and other drugs in the course of the years. During the last six years he had been tormented with a cough and spitting of thick mucus from the stomach. Under treatment of the dyspepsia by lavage of the stomach and dieting, the cough disappeared. Hayen reiterates the necessity for seeking latent stomach disease with a puzzling cough, and also the necessity with chronic gastritis to restrict to two meals a day, with a nine-hour interval.

Lovers in the Next World.

A marriage ceremony in unusual circumstances is reported from Japan.

A young man and a young woman committed shinju, or double suicide, for love, by throwing themselves into the sea. Both bodies were recovered and cremated with Buddhist ceremonies. The ashes were then brought to the home of the girl's father and he performed a marriage ceremony with the ashes of the two lovers.

According to the Buddhist faith, the marriage tie contracted in this world will carry over to the next. When circumstances prevent a marriage in this world, many Japanese men and women commit suicide in the hope of a happy married life in the world to come.

Monkeys Mourned Comrade.

Monkeys are very human in their desire to help one another, and quite skillful in their rude surgery. An African explorer tells a story of a female monkey that was shot by one of a campaign party that he was with. Several of the tribe of which she was a member came as close to the tent where her body was lying as they dared, holding out their arms and making mournful cries, as if begging that she should be given back to them. Then a gray old man monkey, probably the chief, came still closer, chattering and one could imagine almost weeping. When given the body, he took it in his arms, examined the wound, then walked away, the others trailing him in single file, thus forming a regular funeral procession.

THAT HAPPY DAY

First Lover's Kiss Lingers Always in the Memory.

"New Hopes May Bloom and Days May Come, Etc.," but That Sweetness Never Fades.

It was before your voice and your nerve had developed sufficiently to permit you to ask Dorothy Doremus if you could take her to church prayer meeting nights, says a writer in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

It was after you had foresworn your small-boy scorn of all womankind under forty to the extent of permitting Dorothy to walk home with you when meeting was over.

And then one night the Lewis girls gave a party and you were invited. Dorothy was there, and she had on something pink. It was—well, it was like the haze that lingered about the new-born Aphrodite, though, of course, considerably opaquer.

Right there, God or Satan, or maybe the old Adam that lies deep in each of us, whispered in your ear a most universe-swaying suggestion.

"Kiss her," something said. "Kiss her on the way home."

Right there, with your eyes on the slender figure in pink, you swore you would.

Your heart hammered in your throat when you asked if you could see her home, and she said you could, with a smile that made it skip four beats entirely.

You didn't talk much as you walked through the scented night together, clamorous with insects singing in the starlight. Your mouth was dry and once or twice you thought she was watching you out of the corners of her eyes and smiling.

Oh, Eve!

At last you stood at her gate. What made you stand there, too, waiting while you stammered inane things and shuffled your feet and wondered if she couldn't hear the pounding of your heart?

"Well," you said at last, sort of gruffly. "Guess I'll have to say goodnight."

"Goodnight," she said, but she didn't move.

You took her hand. There never was a braver deed.

Then madness and a tidal wave of enormous force and power overwhelmed you. Your face was on fire and your hands were freezing, and some one had hit you in the back of the head with a baseball bat and the stars in their courses were singing together.

You had kissed her and the little boy who had been was gone forever.

Where is she now? you wonder sometimes. And does she know that no one has ever paid her a cleaner, fresher, purer tribute than did that little boy, long ago in the starlight?

To this day you can smell the fragrance of her hair.

Tricking Fate.

Every Hindoo must have a son to perform the proper rites in his behalf so that he may be released from purgatory after death. Especially cursed, therefore, is he whose fate is to be sonless. One such, a Brahman, propitiated the god Vishnu and obtained a boon. He asked for a son, but, since a son was not in the man's fate, Vishnu refused. Twice this happened, but the third time the Brahman asked that his merriments might be shared by gods and men alike. This was granted. He then went home, locked his door and, with his wife, began to sing and dance. Thereupon, all the gods and men, by the terms of the boon, were compelled to sing and dance with him, and the business of the universe was brought to a standstill. "Stop!" begged the gods. "Only when you grant me a son," answered the Brahman. And he had his way.—W. N. Brown in Asia Magazine.

Where Ice Makes Crops.

We are accustomed to think of Alaska as a moist part of the world, but except in the southern portion it is rather arid, having a rainfall insufficient for the production of crops.

When an area is first cleared for planting the soil is moist enough, being frozen nearly to the surface the year around. Then the ice in the ground gradually melts, so that the first few crops require only a slight rainfall—the melting of the ice furnishing sufficient moisture to the roots of the growing plants.

In the course of a few years, however, the ice recedes to a depth of six or more feet, and this reservoir of moisture is no longer available for the crops. It then becomes necessary to resort to various expedients, such as "mulching," for hindering evaporation and economizing the available water.

Fever Present in Mental Disease.

Doctor Bond in the Boston Medical Journal adds a new item to medical knowledge of mental disease. In 71 mental patients, fevers, slight or severe, transitory or chronic, occurred in over 50 per cent, a surprising result for consecutive cases. The diagnoses varied and show that fever occurred in imbecility, epilepsy, arteriosclerotic dementia, general paralysis, dementia praecox and maniac depressive psychoses. Of 19 maniac depressive insanity patients, 13 had fever and 6 did not. Of 19 dementia praecox patients, 8 had fever and 11 did not, this being the only disease in which normal temperatures were found more often than the reverse.

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