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THE WAYFARER.

I.

Travelling the dusty road—
  Merrily I went—
I mind me well how it befell
  I heard one lament;
A Pilgrim weary 'neath the load
  Of years, gray and bent.

"Greeting, sir," I cherrily cried.
  "In God's good grace!"
Sadly then the Pilgrim sighed—
  Woeful his face.
Woeful his tones—replied.
  Slow, like his pace.

"Good young sir, I greatly fear"—
  Shaking his head—
"Empty is song, the world's a-wrong—
  True faith is dead.
Nor lives religion long,"
  Sadly he said.

"'Tis a degenerate day."
  Mournful he mused:
"And to the days of old as dross to purest gold.
  Things are not as they use,
Mankind is gone astray;
  Once, truly, I enthused—
Now for the world I pray,
  Ah, me, the weary way!"

Then, taking up his staff—
  A tear in his eye—
"Farewell," he said: "God's wheaten bread
Be yours—not this world's chaff!"
  "Farewell," said I—
Oh, how the wide fields laugh,
  Under the sky!

II.

Travelling the dusty road,
  Thoughtfully I went;
I mind me well it then befell
  I heard one lament—
A Pilgrom young, who forward strode,
  On the goal intent.

"I pray you but a moment, friend,"
  I cried, "to pause."
"Time is flying," he, replying,
"Whither doth your effort tend?
  This haste—the cause?"
"Crowning at the journey's end:
Yet, nearer as I wend,
  The goal withdraws."

"Nay, more explicit, please,"
  I dared to ask.
"Friend of the way, more plainly say
What gainful things are these,
  Yonside the task?"
"Fortune, nor fame, nor ease—
Knowledge of mysteries
  Under the mask!"

"Success," I wished. He flung
  Crisp "Farewell" to me. Reader of these three—
Pilgrim old and Pilgrim young
  And Wayfarer free—
As you have heard them sung,
  Which would you be?

—New York Sunday Sun.

HE LED A DOG'S LIFE.

ONE DAY WITH FIDO, THE PUP, AND THE FAMILY THAT OWNED HIM.

When Fido the pup opened his eyes that morning he became possessed of a furious hatred against the rug on which he had slumbered.

He bit it. He shook it. He worried it. He chewed it. He tugged it. He staggered around the room with it. He tripped over it. He wrapped himself in it. He emerged from it. He tried to toss it and he would undoubtedly have worked serious injury to that devoted rug if he had not chanced to knock against Tighlam's shoe.

(Tighlam being a cybarite and leaving his shoes against the kitchen fire o'nights to warm his tootsies in morning.)

Fido the pup immediately seized the shoe. His nature craved for shoes. He mauled it. He snapped it. He wrinkled his nose at it. He backed from it. He sprang on it. He ran around the kitchen with it. He banged it against the table legs. He played an Anvil chorus with it. And when Tighlam (disturbed from his beauty sleep) came down stairs to let the pup out, Fido ran through the open door rejoicing and carried the shoe with him. Mrs. Tighlam dressed herself at once (such being the volume of T—'s sighs and lamentations) and ran downstairs to retrieve poor Tighlam's footgear. The pup now developed into as able a strategist as ever planned a campaign.

He dodged. He feinted. He retreated. He made forced marches. He lay in ambush. He made flank movements. He fell back. He dispersed. He reassembled. He advanced. And no matter how difficult his position or how hard he was pressed, he carried Tighlam's shoe in his mouth with a cold and courageous air, his tail flapping in the breeze and the light of battle in his eyes.

After he had been decoyed into the enemy's hand (by a large piece of meat) his mind seemed to rankle over the punishment that had been inflicted upon him, for when Tighlam opened the door to go to work, Fido ran out with a backward glance that seemed to say "You treat me harshly. I am going to run away."

Mrs. Tighlam, making coaxing noises, went after him, but Fido continued to run away. This procession of two wended its course three times around the back yard, the pup's expression being that of a dog whose mind is made up and who is not to be deviated a hair's breadth from the course of action inexorably laid down. And whenever he doubled and passed the entreating Mrs. Tighlam he heeded not that lady's opinion that he was a good dog and a good old man, nor did he obey her request to come here, but instead he preserved a hurt and dignity look and regarded her as though she were not there at all. Mrs. Tighlam went inside. Fido (scorning the back door) trotted around on the front piazza and waited for Mrs. T. to open the front door and coax him. The pup's expectations were realized almost as soon as they were formed.

"Good old dog," pleaded Mrs. T. "Did they, then? Come on in, then. Fine old man."

The pup sitting in the sun on the top piazza step insolently presented his back to this endearment. He stretched forward and looked up the street. He stretched forward and looked down the street. And each time that he looked his face bore a truculent leer as though he were looking for a vagabond dog who would teach him bad and naughty habits. When Mrs. Tighlam next looked out for the pup she saw him disappearing around the corner of the street. Immediately there was consternation in that house, and within five minutes every available boy in the neighborhood was looking for Tighlam's pup, ten cents reward.

Disquieting news came in. Just such a pup had been seen way over on Main street. A little collie pup was fighting a bulldog in somebody's stable. Two strange men in a buggy had driven off with a dog in the wagon. Then came a hiatus which Mrs. Tighlam tried to fill by calling "Fido, Fido, Fido. He-e-e-re, Fido, Fido, Fido," standing on the back piazza, and rattling a plate. Presently a joyful sound was heard and drew nearer. Running to the front, Mrs. Tighlam saw a swarm of boys approaching. In the centre an important boy carried Fido, and all the others had one hand on that worried-looking pup. The important boy had found him, but the others wished it to be seen from their manner that they had helped.

When the bread boy came, Fido barked at him, and when the butcher came, Fido barked at him. The butcher gave the pup a large bone, and Fido wrestled this important article of diet over three back yards and an alley. He buried the bone and scuttled through a fence to play with a neighbor's dog.

They rolled. They jumped. They fell. They bit. They struggled, snapped, collided, tumbled, grappled, tussled, panted, grunted, and raced. On the way back home Fido met a cat and followed it. An abstract thinker of a boy who had hung around the house gave chase and carried the pup home. He claimed ten cents reward and got it. Two other boys came up and carelessly leaned against Tighlam's trees. After a conference, one of these boys alternately whistled and made noises like a cat that is afraid of dogs, while the other boy stood virtuously aloof, ready, however, to find any pup that might get lost to return him to his generous family.

Inside, Fido was playing with a golf ball. If there had been a pedometer attached to that golf ball it would (on a conservative estimate) have registered at least one hundred miles before the pup left it to play with a clothespin.

Fido played tableaux with the clothespin, the characters being as follows:

Welling..	Fido Napoleon...	Clothespin
Flame	Fido Moth.....	Clothespin
David	Fido Goliath....	Clothespin
Virtue	Fido Vice.....	Clothespin
Red Sea..	Fido Egyptians..	Clothespin

Meanwhile Tighlam went to his office, sat at a desk till 12, strolled a block for his lunch, strolled back, sat down again till 5 and then rode home.

"What's the matter with the pup?" he asked that night.

"Tired," said Mrs. Tighlam.

"Tird? What is there to do to make him tired? Now, if he was a man and had to work hard all day"—

—New York Evening Sun.

QUAKERS AND HATS.

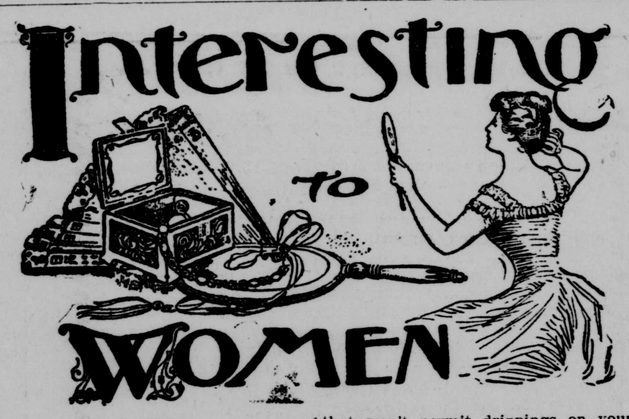
"Fixtures" That Were Rarely Changed or Doffed.

Just as the cardinal's hat was never put on, it might also be said that the Quaker's hat was never taken off. The Quaker, to emphasize his reverence for the Creator, refused to pay any respect to persons; and, further, as he said that God did not care for outward marks of respect, he would not take his hat off in church. Thus by a different route he reached the same end as the Jew, who does not remove his hat in the synagogue.

William Penn's old father tried to persuade his son to remove his hat, stipulating that the young man—he was only twenty-three—should take his hat off in the presence of the King, the King's brother, the Duke of York, and himself. But young Penn would not remove his hat even before his father, let alone the King and the Duke, and so the old man gave in and William wore his hat where and when he would.

The Quaker costume is an interesting proof of how inconspicuous a person fashionably dressed really is. It was not a new and specially chosen dress when George Fox advised his followers to adopt it, with its sober-colored clothes and its broad-brimmed hat. It was the usual costume of country people who did not follow the fashions of the court; when it was adopted there was nothing about it to make a person conspicuous. It was that of both the Roundheads and the Cavaliers—at least of the poorer Cavaliers, who did not follow the fashions of the court, and simply wore their hair long, while their opponents cut theirs.

But by and by the fashions changed in the world at large; the Quaker fashions did not change, however, and in no long time the habit which was assumed because it was not noticeable became conspicuous. It became so noteworthy that most, even of the devout, Quakers, gave it up, they felt that they kept Fox's rules in the spirit, if not in the letter, by dressing in modern style. Nowadays the best of Quakers wear a present-day hat and a modern suit; he would as soon think of inviting men to watch him pray as to wear the Quaker costume. By being in style, he ceases to be—well, the man who isn't in the style if often called a freak.—The Hat Review.



On Hats.

Buds.
Roses.
Laces.
Buckles.
Velvet loops.
Ostrich plumes.
Maidenhair fern.
Frills of Neapolitan braid.
Any quantity of soft, satiny ribbon.
Very little trimming—it's mostly beneath.—Philadelphia Record.

Revival of a Delightful Odor.

Lemon verbena, that fragrant plant dear to our grandmothers, is having a revival among flowers. One leader in society in this city is so much in love with the perfume that she seldom goes abroad without a spray or two of verbena among the violets she wears. She has a few leaves also among the decorations on the dishes at table and jars of the plant grow in every sunny nook in her home. The odor of lemon verbena is deliciously spicy, and many wonder why it was not used long ago to lend perfume to smilax or asparagus in draping rooms or to parsley or lettuce leaves on the table.—New York Press.

The Tragic Forty.

The sacredness of woman's age was well illustrated in the absolute resistance made by the Daughters of the Confederacy at their meeting in Richmond to a resolution limiting life membership to women over 40. It just wouldn't do at all, and the requirement had to be dropped. Ladies, it seems, never reach 40—at least they never record it. Meanwhile it is up to the Daughters of the Confederacy to consider whether they must not change their name. As the confederacy died 41 years ago, it is clear that the objectors at Richmond are either "over 40" or granddaughters of the Confederacy. Their present title gives them away.—Baltimore Sun.

Pastime for Embroiderer.

Embroidering your new dress is quite a pastime with the woman who has a few minutes a day on her hands. The work is very simple, for it requires nothing more than the ordinary amount of needle craft, but it must be done neatly and with patience. If one is willing to spend the time, one can obtain a dress which is every whit as beautiful as the most fashionable Paris gown of the season. One example of this will suffice.

A very handsome black broadcloth was stamped with a conventional daisy pattern. The petals of the daisy were cut out and embroidered in eyelet fashion. This made the English eyelet embroidery effect, which was carried out all over the whole gown.

Knowing Temper by Thumb.

"By her thumb ye shall know her," is the latest guide to the young man who contemplates matrimony and yet is doubtful how the chains of wedlock will sit on the girl of his heart. Delightful a companion as she is before marriage, will she turn out a termagant? He can learn readily, say the modern sages, and by the folding of her thumbs. He should take her to church and watch her closely. When she crosses her hands piously he should note if she folds her right thumb over her left, or vice versa. If the left goes over the right she has a dominating mind and he will be walking a chalk line when he's hers. If the right goes over the left she will be a docile, uncomplaining mate, who acknowledges the superiority of the masculine mind.—New York Press.

Kimono Has Won Out.

A middle-aged man who has just returned from a trip to Chicago says that, though he takes very little notice of feminine dress, one change struck him forcibly.

His family immediately thought he had been fascinated by either the horror or the loveliness of the varied new headgear.

"Tell us about it," suggested his daughter.

"Well," said papa, "when I took your mother on her wedding journey she went to and from the toilet room night and morning in a black surah—yes, she said it was surah—mother hubbard."

"Oh, that's ancient history as far as fashion is concerned," laughed the daughter of the house.

"Wait till I've finished," said her sire. "I had never thought of that mother hubbard since, until my first night away from home in the sleeper. Then I met in the aisle a woman in an overgrown gown in the shape of a kimono, figured with lobsters and birds, or something similar. It set me to thinking, and to wondering, as to when the garment from Japan had usurped the place long filled by that old timer, the mother hubbard."—Philadelphia Record.

Hints for the Busy Girl.

When you buy an umbrella be sensible enough to get a good sized one that won't permit drippings on your shoulders and skirts.

When you buy a pair of rubbers get those that come up well on your feet and protect them, rather than the strap sandal, which is only of use to women who can pick their steps as they go along.

When you are fixing your skirts over make one of suitable length for a rainy day, so that your ankles will not get wet.

Eat suitable food for your luncheon rather than unpalatable things. Choose bread and meat rather than sweets.

Make your room, even if it is but a hall room, pleasant and sweet, and have your girl friends in to see you often to enjoy it.

If you live in a boarding house keep as much as possible out of gossip and ill-natured talk and never discuss the other boarders.

Try not only to say but to think what is kindest and most pleasant about people.

Rid your brain of the silly ideas that some special favors are shown to some girls and that there is a clicque against you. Watch the other workers and you will be very apt to discover that special favors shown result from their being good workers and from their employers recognizing that the one who merits it deserves consideration and praise.

Iowa's Chicken Queen.

Mrs. D. C. Johnson of Maxwell, is Iowa's chicken queen, says the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune. Not only has she more domestic fowls than any one else in the state, but she has more money than most chicken fanciers that are known in the state.

Fourteen years ago her husband died, leaving her with a large family and a mortgage of $14,000 on her little farm, but she went bravely to work. She had had success with hens, and it occurred to her that as the season was too late to plant a crop, she might raise chickens. She set many hens.

They did not hatch, and she was discouraged. The next spring, after a hard winter, she was working about her house when it occurred to her to try and hatch the eggs artificially.

She put some eggs in some sawdust near the stove and watched and tended them carefully for the allotted time, and at the end of three weeks she was rewarded by 12 chickens out of the 14 eggs. With this experience, she built a double box, with the space between the two sides around the inner box filled with sawdust and pipes of tin running through the material. She set oil lamps beneath, and watched and tended them carefully, and out of 300 she hatched 273.

She has constantly in the past seven years improved her incubators, until she now has a patent on a peculiar but effective one, and has the biggest flock of fowls in the state. She sells chickens by the carload, and has paid off the $14,000 mortgage and built a new seven room house and new farm buildings.

Fashion Notes.

The shoulders of all new gowns are broad in effect.

Neapolitan and Milan straws are both in evidence.

Italian braid, closer woven than the Japanese, is very smart.

Nearly all walking suits have the skirts plaited in one way or another.

Embroidered roses in pink, green and silver decorate a white tulle hat

Japanese straw, something like the tea-box coverings, is new and dashing.

One of the Japanese tan-and-blue puress is very "it" to carry with a blue suit.

To trim chiffon with cloth is a popular fad, and the contrast of the two materials is certainly most effective.

Very smart is a stiff hat with crown of red Japanese straw, brim of mixed red and white, and trimming of red wings.

Little capes reaching only to the elbow are likely to be good style for the spring costume that has a princess skirt.

The smart set in New York do not hesitate to wear elaborately embroidered white shirt waists even when in mourning.

A very great use of ribbon is made on evening gowns, on some falling in long pointed ends from the belt all around the skirt.

Real Venetian point lace in the form of a bertha and insertings, trims a dinner gown of orchid yellow bond suiting. The girdle is of gold cloth.

There is no diminution of the fad for beads and necklaces, though there is a tendency toward better ones. Cornelian beads are seen among the newer necklaces. With low-necked frocks one must wear something in the shape of an ornament about her throat.

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For Clayton and way stations, 7 19 a. m. and 2.11 p.m. week days.
For Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, 7.19 a.m. and 2.11 p. m. week days.
For Harrington, Seaford, Delmar and way stations, 7.19 a.m. and 2.11 p. m. week days.
For tickets and other information apply to Ticket agent.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

Schedule effective Sept. 11th, 1905.

Trains leave Daily except on Sunday.

West Bound.		
Ocean City	6.40 A. M.	2.05 P. M.
Berlin	6 56 "	2.21 "
Salisbury,	7.47 "	3.18 "
Hurlock,	8.37 "	4.10 "
Easton	9.11 "	4 45 "
Claiborne,	9.55 "	5.20 "
Ar. Baltimore	1.20 P. M.	

East Bound.		
Baltimore		† 4.10 P. M.
Claiborne	*9.45 A. M.	† 7.45 "
Easton	*10.18 "	† 8.22 "
Hurlock	*10.53 "	† 8.56 "
Salisbury,	*11.45 "	† 9.48 "
Berlin	*12.30 P. M.	†10.33 "
Ar. Ocean City	*12.45 P. M.	†10.45 "

East Bound, Saturday Only.
Le. Baltimore . . . . 3.00 P. M.
Easton, ... 7.12 "
Salisbury . . . . 8.38 "
Ocean City . . . . 9.35 "

† Daily except Saturday and Sunday.
* Daily except Sunday.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.

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Returning Steamers will leave Windy Hill at 1 p. m. for Baltimore daily except Saturday, stopping at all the above points.

On Sunday and Monday steamers leave Denton at 10.30 a. m., take the above schedule at Windy Hill.

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