DON'T LET THE WORLD KNOW.

The world is wide, remember this,
Nor shrink from fate's deep furrowed frown;
Woo fortune with your brightest smiles,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

It spoils your chance for future deeds
To frame your face with dull care's crown;
Brace up, and higher hold your head,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

The world will bow in servile zest
To one who sways it with a frown;
Toss up your head and flash your eye,
Don't let the world know when you'r down.

If scandal's lip would seek to stain
The name you hold as honor's crown,
By your own life refute the lie,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

If bare your purse, your heart most sad,
Your life near crushed by sorrow's crown,
Then mask them well with jest and song,
Don't let the world know when you're down.

—Detroit Free Press.

MRS. ST. ELTON.

JUNE MORELLO was a plain woman, if you looked at her with her eyes closed; but little danger of her being pronounced such if they were not. Her face was one that would naturally attract attention, but where the spell lay that drew one toward her so strangely, not three of her admirers could have told. Some were positive that it lay in the delicate intonations of her voice; others, that it was certainly in her face and manner; but it was rare that one mentioned her eyes. But there the fascination was wholly. Such wonderful power they possessed that her whole face seemed lighted with more than earthly beauty when her soul was speaking through her eyes.

She was one that men raved over, went into ecstacies about, and go where she would, she drew lovers to her feet just as surely as the magnet draws the needle. It seemed to be nothing to her, positively nothing; and that fact had, perhaps, considerable to do with her crowd of admirers.

Her cool indifference was quite enough to craze one; but there was such a heaven in the look she sometimes gave, that it quite compensated for her seeming coolness, and sent her [illegible] away more madly in love than ever.

It was not strange that Elton St. Elton followed the [illegible], when their steps led to such an altar; indeed it would have been more strange had he taken another way. But he received no more real encouragement than the others. True, she now and then gave him [illegible] to the [illegible], and sometimes a rare [illegible], while they were conversing, which made his pulses leap. By gaslight these little nothings satisfied him, and then, when her eyes were looking into his, and the spell of her presence was over him, he would have sworn that she loved him; but in the morning he awoke quite disenchanted, and, with his daylight eyes, it was easy to see how much he had to hope for.

But Elton St. Elton was not a man to be easly baffled. Strong-willed, and accustomed to ruling, he could ill brook defeat at woman's hands; and if for only his pride's sake, he would have striven hard to conquer; but now something more was at stake—he loved her. All the passion of his proud heart seemed to have gathered itself about this woman, and he had no more idea of letting her slip from his grasp, than the earth has of letting the moon slip off into space.

But he knew she did not love him yet. Her eyes never grew brighter at his coming; her cheeks never flushed at his earnest words; she was cool, calm, self-possessed always. He could not tell, either, whether she was aware of his devotion or not. She was so accustomed to receiving admiration that she took it naturally, as one takes the air they breathe, without thinking of compensation.

If he had been sure that she had never loved, he would have thought his chances as good as others, but his own soul—if that was any criterion told him that such a calm as she seemed to have reached could only be attained through much suffering and storm. But if there was somewhere in this world a form sacred to this woman's heart, if there was a being on whom she looked with reverence and love, then Elton St. Elton meant to discover the fact. Suffer as he might, it was surely better to know and face the truth, than build his hopes upon the sand.

He was thinking of these things, as he rode through the long avenue of oaks leading to the Morello estate, and as he sprang from his horse at the door, he said, half aloud:

"I could kill the man who should dare to come between us!"

In truth it might be dangerous business for a rival to stand upon the field beside him, for, being strong in his love, he might also be strong and deadly in his hate.

Upon the steps—as if the Fates were furthering his wishes for knowing of the future—he met a man in uniform, a stranger who had just come out of the door, and he thought he saw June's hand through the window, waving an adieu, as they passed each other. His face darkened involuntarily, but as June was cordial and smiling as ever, he soon forgot his suspicions and anger.

She was in one of her most brilliant moods, and St. Elton thought he had never seen such a light in her eyes as now. If he had only dared believe that his presence had inspired it!

A new picture upon the walls attracted his attention. He crossed to look at it, June also rising and going forward.

A "battle-piece," St. Elton said; then looking at it closer, "the gentleman I passed in the foreground, is it not?"

"Yes, Colonel Brett," June answered. "It must be a correct likeness, since you recognized it so quickly."

"He is a relative of yours? I think I see a slight resemblance," St. Elton added.

"His father acted as my guardian while my mother was in Europe, so we were together for several years."

St. Elton looked at her quickly. Was the secret out at last? Her face was quiet as usual. No tales from that. She could undoubtedly keep her own counsel, and meant to.

"I suppose he is a hero, of course. Every man who has been in the army is supposed to be," St. Elton said.

"He is a very brave man," June answered, passing to another painting and changing the subject by calling St. Elton's attention to the peculiar richness of the sunlight that flooded it.

St. Elton cast his eyes upon it, but he could not have told whether he had been looking at sunlight or moonlight a second afterward. He was thinking of something else.

"You are not well," June said at length, noticing his abstraction.

"No. I was born under evil stars, I suppose."

"Every man can control his own destiny," June answered, going to the piano.

"Every man does not."

"I said that they could, not that they did."

"Be careful of your words. I might believe them if you were not in jest." He turned over the music as he spoke, and selected a piece for her to sing.

"I was not in jest, but I am a woman, and a woman's words are of little account with you men."

"But sometimes they make us wretched."

He was looking at her intently. She shrank away from him a little and began to play, saying under the music. "If they do, it is not our fault."

In turning the music their fingers touched for an instant.

June snatched her hand away, and struck the piano with a hasty, violent touch, but St. Elton could not fail to see the crimson which sprang into her cheeks. It was the first time she had ever in the slightest degree actually acknowledged his power, and St. Elton would have been elated had it not been for this new comer upon the stage. As it was, he went away moody, and angry with June, the stranger, himself, and the whole world generally.

At home he found an invitation which had come during his absence, from June, for the following evening. "An entertainment for her friend," he said, irritated still more. "But what matter? I may as well see the farce out now!"

"Well, St. Elton, I did not think you would allow yourself to be outgeneraled like this," one of the guests said in that gentleman's ear, as he was slowly making his way into the crowded rooms.

"How?" St. Elton asked.

"We thought you the favored one, till up comes a captain, or a colonel, or a something, with straps on his shoulders, and you are slipped as well as the rest of us."

St. Elton did not reply. He was looking at June. She stood beside Colonel Brett, and, though addressing her conversation to others about her, one could see at a glance she was far from indifferent to the man beside her. Her delicate reference to his opinions, the tones of her voice in addressing him, the glance of her eyes, St. Elton thought, all seemed to say she had a right to his devotion, and, more, that he had also a right to hers.

Both men looked at each other with keen eyes when they were presented, and St. Elton's face betrayed more than he had intended it should. Colonel Brett turned to June and said someting in an undertone as St. Elton moved away. She shook her head in reply, and the gay talking went on as before.

Half an hour later St. Elton passed them in the conservatory. The angry look he gave the colonel was not unnoticed by June.

"I believe St. Elton is sick," she said. "He acted strangely last night, and just now he looked pale, I thought. I am going after him."

"Did I not tell you that he was jealous. Do go and hunt for him, for I am afraid of my life now," Colonel Brett answered, as June disappeared.

She touched St. Elton's arm as he was standing in the door leading out into the grounds.

"Something is the matter with you."

He turned upon her sharply.

"You cannot cure me if there is."

"I know I am not a physician," she answered, smiling, "but a stroll in the air will be good for you, I am sure, and I am going to get some one to accompany you."

"Come yourself for five minutes."

"Certainly. I shall be delighted to please you." She took his arm and they stepped out under the stairs.

When they were away from the sound of voices St. Elton stopped abruptly.

"I hate you, June," he said in a low, fierce tone.

She drew her arm from his as though she were touching poison.

"What did you say?"

He could see her eyes flame in the moonlight.

"I said that I hated you."

"That is as you please, Mr. St. Elton."

"And I could kill the man who has dared to look into your eyes as Colonel Brett has to-night and receive such a return."

"St. Elton what do you mean?"

Before she had finished speaking he had caught her face to his.

"I mean that I loved you once, if I hate you now; and that I will have you, too, in spite of that cursed colonel."

He covered her lips with burning kisses.

Quick as a flash she had snatched herself away and stood erect before him.

"I demand an apology this instant," she said, angrily.

He went upon his knees before her.

"I ask your pardon most humbly. But I have loved you too long, June, not to touch your lips once. Forgive me."

He turned away, as if to go.

June caught his arm. St. Elton felt the quiver of her hand, as she touched him.

"Come back, St. Elton."

The clutch he had given her was like the grasp of a vise.

"To you?"

"Yes." She covered her face.

"Truly? It would not do to trifle with me now."

"Truly!"

Colonel Brett laughed heartily when he knew that what he had said was true, and often tells June that if he had not stepped upon the stage when he did, St. Elton would never have proposed, and therefore she would never have been Mrs. Elton St. Elton.
—New York News.

Where Splints are Made.

Down below the Santa Fe roundhouse, near the railroad tracks, is a factory unlike any other in the United States, or, for that matter, anywhere else. It makes splints for the use of surgeons in bandaging broken limbs, from a peculiar fibrous material that possesses especial adaptability for the purpose. This material is the wood of the yucca palm, which grows plentifully on the Mojave Desert. The trees are cut down and trimmed into logs about ten or twelve feet long, and from ten inches upward in diameter, and shipped to the factory, where they are stripped of bark and carefully inspected. About half or more of the logs contain what might be called flaws, or kidney colored masses, so hard that the machinery used cannot cut them. Nobody seems able to explain how these formations are caused, but they make the men at the factory a great deal of trouble and spoil much timber. The logs are sawed up into suitable lengths, a length put into a lathe and a long knife is pressed against it, taking off a shaving about one-eighth of an inch thick, more or less, according to the use to be made of it. This long shaving or board is then cut into smaller pieces and put away in racks to dry, for the trees are cut up when green, it being impossible to soften them after they are dried. Although they grow in the desert and look parched to the eye, they are full of water and weigh so much when green that they sink in water. The poorer quality of the yucca is cut up into narrow strips, which are fastened around young fruit trees to protect them from sunburn and the attack of rabbits, for which purpose they are found to answer admirably, and a great many of them are used, But the use of this material upon which the greatest hope of ultimate profit is based is for splints, for which it is much better adapted than any other material used, as well as being cheaper.—Los Angeles Journal.

A Monster Sawfish.

One of the most wonderful catches ever made with the rod and reel was accomplished by Mr. N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., on Friday last. He was fishing for tarpon at the Head, a few miles down the river, with A. F. Gonzales as guide, when he got a strike. It did not take long to ascertain that the game was even bigger than the silver king, and Mr. George settled down to give the fellow battle. The fish soon came to the surface. He was a monster sawfish and he slashed his saw about in the water at a great rate. Mr. George handled the fish most skilfully and proved that he is a thorough expert in the use of rod and reel. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes, when the sawfish was brought to the gaff and killed. He measured fourteen feet eight inches in length, and weighed 625 pounds. His saw was forty inches in length and five in width, and his flippers measured fifty-six inches. This gives Mr. George the record on the Caloosahatchee for the largest sawfish ever caught with rod and reel. Mr. George says he doesn't care to tackle another, and this is the conclusion of all the noted experts who have ever played a sawfish. This may read like a great fish story to people who know little of the great fishing on the Caloosahatchee River, but the facts as given are absolutely correct. The gentlemen who came here from all parts of the world to catch tarpon are genuine sportsmen, and would scorn to have an incorrect record made of any of their catches, which are all made with rods and reels.
—Tropical News (Florida).

Sixty Years Married.

The anniversary of their sixtieth year of married life was celebrated at Lancaster on Sunday by Christian Hookey and wife, aged eighty-four and seventy-eight years, respectively. A family reunion at which were present sixty relatives including the six surviving of ten children and eighteen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren, was held. Mr. Hookey is a native of Berne, Switzerland. His wife was born and raised in Lancaster, and belongs to one of the city's old families.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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RAILWAY DIVISION.
PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

Time table in effect May 4, 1896.
Steamer connections between Pier 4, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and the Railway Division at Claiborne

WEST BOUND.

Stations.	Distance	Exp. daily ex. Sun.	Acc daily ex. Sun.
		A. M.	P. M.
Ocean City, leave	....	6 30	....
Berlin	7.24	7 00	1 40
St. Martin's	10.50	f 7 06	f 1 47
Whaleyville	13.97	f 7 13	1 54
New Hope	15.46	f 7 16	f 1 57
Willar's	16.56	f 7 19	f 2 00
Pittsvill	19.97	7 26	2 07
Parsonsburg	23.04	f 7 32	f 2 14
Walstons	25.11	f 7 36	f 2 18
Salisbury	30.08	7 50	2 32
Rockawalkin	34.43	f 7 58	f 2 40
Hebron	36.40	f 8 03	2 45
Mardela Springs	41.16	f 8 12	2 55
Vienna	45.06	f 8 21	3 08
Reed's Grove	48 51	f 8 28	f 3 13
Rhodesdale	51.62	f 8 35	f 3 20
Ennalls	53.29	f 8 38	f 3 23
Hurlocks	55.84	8 44	3 31
Ellwood	59.69	f 8 51	f 3 39
Linchester	60.57	f 8 53	f 3 41
Preston	61.75	f 8 57	3 45
Bethlehem	64.85	f 9 03	f 3 52
Easton	72.01	9 19	4 10
Bloomfield	74.55	f 9 24	f 4 15
Kirkham	76.63	f 9 28	f 4 19
Royal Oak	78.48	f 9 34	f 4 25
Riverside	80.60	f 9 38	f 4 28
St. Michaels	82.34	9 47	4 37
Harper's	84.42	f9 51	f 4 41
McDaniel's	85.72	f9 56	f 4 46
Claiborne	87.06	10 05	4 50
Baltimore, arrive	131.06	1 20	....

EAST BOUND.

Stations.	Distance	Exp. ex. Sat. Sun.	Ex. Sat. only.	Acc ex. Sun.
		P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Baltimore, leave	....	4 30	3 00	....
Claiborne	44.00	7 55	6 25	8 25
McDaniel's	45.34	f 8 00	f 6 30	f 8 30
Harper's	46.64	f 8 04	f 6 34	f 8 34
St. Michaels	48.72	8 11	6 41	8 41
Riverside	50.46	f 8 14	f 6 44	f 8 44
Royal Oak	52.58	f 8 20	f 6 50	f 8 50
Kirkham	54.43	f 8 24	f 6 54	f 8 54
Bloomfield	56.51	f 8 29	f 6 59	f 8 59
Easton	59.05	8 40	7 10	9 19
Bethlehem	66.21	f 8 55	f 7 25	f 9 36
Preston	69.31	f 9 02	f 7 32	9 43
Linchester	70.49	f 9 04	f 7 34	f 9 45
Ellwood	71.37	f 9 07	f 7 37	f 9 48
Hurlock's	75.22	9 16	7 46	f 9 58
Ennalls	77.77	f 9 20	f 7 50	f10 03
Rhodesdale	79.44	f 9 24	f 7 54	f10 08
Reed's Grove	82.55	f 9 30	f 8 00	f10 14
Vienna	86.00	f 9 38	f 8 08	10 23
Mardela Springs	89.90	f 9 47	f 8 17	10 32
Hebron	94.66	f 9 55	f 8 25	f10 41
Rockawalkin	96.63	f 9 58	f 8 28	10 46
Salisbury	100.98	10 10	8 40	11 00
Walston's	105.95	f10 18	f 8 48	f11 09
Parsonsburg	108.02	f10 23	f 8 53	f11 14
Pittsville	111.09	f10 30	f 9 00	11 22
Willard's	114.50	f10 35	f 9 05	f11 28
New Hope	115.60	f10 38	f 9 08	f11 31
Whaleyville	117.09	f10 42	f 9 12	f11 35
St. Martin's	120.56	f10 48	f 9 18	f11 42
Berlin	123.82	*10 55	* 9 25	2 50
Ocean City	131.06	....	....	3 10

"f" Stops on flag to receive and discharge passengers.

*Trains No. 9 and 11 run through to Ocean City with through passengers from Baltimore.

Connections made with Steamer Lines at Easton, Vienna and Salisbury.

WILLARD THOMSON, Gen'l Manager.
A. J. BENJAMIN, Supt. and D. P. A

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Schedule in Effect, May 6 1896

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.30 A. M., Express 7.00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.40 P. M., Express 11.05 P. M.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

For Washington, week days, 5.00, x6.15, x6.25, 6.35, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.30 x10.30 a. m., (12.00 noon, 45 minutes) 12.10, x12.50, x2.40, 2.50, (x3.45 45-minutes) x4.10, 5.10, x5.40, x6.00, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30 x7.48, 9.15, x9.39, x11.05, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, x6.25, 6.35, 8.35, x9.30, x10.30 a. m., (12.00 m. 45 minutes) 1.05, x2.40, (3.45, 45 minutes) 5.10, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, 9.15, x9.39, x11.05 and 11.30 p. m.

For Annapolis 7.20, 8.35 a. m., 12.10 and 4.10 p. m. On Sunday, 8.35 a. m. and 5.10 p. m.

For Frederick, 4.00, 8.10 a. m., 1.20, 4.20 and 5.25 p. m. On Sunday. 9.35 a. m. and 5.25 p m.

For Luray, Roanoke, and all points in the South via N. & W. R. R., 9.39 p. m. daily

Through Sleeping cars from Washington to Roanoke, Chattanooga and New Orleans. For Luray 2.40 p.m. daily.

For Lexington and points in the Virginia Valley, †4.00. †10.30 A. M. For Winchester †4.20 p. m. Mixed train for Harrisonburg, §4.00 a. m.

For Hagerstown, †4.00, †8.10, †10.30 a. m. †4.10 p. m.

For Mt. Airy and Way Stations, *4.00, †8.10, §9.35 a. m., †1.20, (†4.20 stops at principal stations only,) *5.25, *6.30, *11.10 p. m.

For Ellicott City, *4.00, †7.00, †8.10, §9.35, a. m., †1.20, †3.30, †4.20, *5.25, *6.30, *11.10 p. m.

For Curtis Bay, week days, 6.28 a. m. Leave Curtis Bay, week days, 5.10 p. m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, and the Northwest, daily, 1.00 and 6.05 p. m.; from Pittsburgh and Cleveland 7.55 a. m., 6.05 p. m., from Cincinnati. St. Louis and the West. 7.55 a. m. 1.35 p. m. daily

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Boston East, week days, 7.50 8 10 (Dining Car) All trains with Pintsch light. For New York. 8,50 (10.50 Dining Car) a. m 12.50, 3,50, (6.00 Dining Car) 9.00 p. m. (1·15 night, Sleeping Car attached, open for passengers 10,00 p. m.) Sundays, (8.10 Dining Car and 9.50 Dining Car) a. m. (1.45 Dining Car) 3.50, (6.00 Dining Car), 9.00 p. m. (1.15 night, sleeping car attached, open for passengers 10.00 p. m.)

For Atlantic City, 10.50 a. m., 12 50, p.m Sundays, 1.45 p. m.

For Cape May, week days, 12.50 p. m.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington & Chester, week days, 7.50, 8.50, (10.50 stopping at (Wilmington only, Dining Car) a,m. 12.50, 3.50 (6.00 dining car) 9.00 p.m.; 1,15 night. Sundays 8.10 dining car) (9.50 dining car) a. m., (1.45 dning car) 3.50 (6.00 dining car), 9.00 p. m., 1.15 night.

For all stations on Phila. Div., week days, 8.20 a. m., 2.55, 5.15 p. m. Sundays, 9.20 a. m., 5.15 p. m.

†Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily
x Express train.

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Lyford's		Oyster Shell Point	
Williston		Cambridge	6 P. M.
Two Johns		Kirby's	
Turkey Creek		Oxford, 7 p. m.	
Kingston		Bellevue	
Dover Bridge, 2 p. m.		Double Mills	
Hog Island		Easton	9.30 P. M.
Windy Hill		Oxford	10.30 "
Choptank		Corner's	
Wrights		Tilghman's Island,	11 30 p. m.

Arriving in Baltimore at four o'clock following morning.

Returning the Steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4, Light Street Wharf, at 8 o'clock p. m. daily, except Sunday, for all points named and arriving at Easton about 4.00 a. m.; Oxford, 4.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 7.00 a. m.; East New Market, 8.35 a. m.; and at Denton, 12 o'clock noon.

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