[Cut this out for your scrap-book and watch for the next. These selections are made with great care by the Editor of the GAZETTE.]

Whatever is—is Best.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided,
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error
In the great supernal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man,
And I know my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is—is best."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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Splendid Line of Sample Gloves Worth 50 cents and 75 cents, now 25 cents pair.

Shoes That Will Wear.

Ladies' Button and Lace Shoes, were $1.10 but now selling at 69 cents.

Mens' good Shoes, well worth $1.50, but now selling for only 97 cents.

" Leather Boots, all sizes, worth $2.00, now selling at only $1.27.

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A NOTABLE APPARITION.

Carlo Fenzi, an Italian Senator, Appeared to His Brother After Death.

Signor Falconer, in The Adriatico, recommends to the consideration of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Myers the following psychical experience which happened to Cavaliere Sebastian Fenzi:

Signor Sebastian Fenzi's brother, Senator Carlo Fenzi, a man who had studied much at home and abroad and traveled much, had such a strong antipathy for spiritualism that he begged his brother never to mention the subject to him as he valued their mutual love and the family peace. But in the early days of June, 1881, being with his brother at their father's house at St. Andrea, he held out his hand to him and said: "Look here, Bastiano, I have something to say to you that will please you. Of late I have turned my thoughts to spiritualism and am convinced that if I had investigated it thoroughly, as you have done, I should have arrived at the same conclusion as you about it."

Signor Sebastian heard this with great joy, and, the tie between the brothers having always been very close, he begged his brother, now that they were getting on in years, to promise that the one who should die first should try and give the one left behind a sure proof of life beyond the grave. Carlo pressed his hand and said, "Yes, I promise, with the greater pleasure that I feel I shall be the first to go." To this Sebastian said: "Be that as God will. Don't get melancholy ideas into your head." But Carlo added: "I feel it so strongly that it must be true. Listen. I shall not live to the end of the year. Before three months are gone I shall be dead and buried."

Three months after this conversation. Sept. 2, 1881, Cavaliere Fenzi, father-in-law to Admiral Morin, commanding at Spezzia, was staying at Fortullino, his villa by the sea, ten miles from Leghorn. Cavaliere Fenzi was in good health and in the cheerful company of his daughter Cristina and four grandchildren, when he was overcome by an inexplicable melancholy and a feeling at his heart that something serious was about to happen. He turned to his daughter and said: "I don't know what terrible thing is happening to us at this moment, but I must rush away or in a minute I shall burst out crying before the children." So saying, he rushed out into the rain without a hat and ran to a field, whence he could see some rocks, where he expected to see his cousin, Giuseppe Fenzi, who had gone out some time before to "behold the fury of the elements," as he said, but at that moment he did not see him. Instead, looking carefully, he saw that his brother, the Senator Carlo, was there, in a top hat and without an umbrella, making his way down from rock to rock without heeding the deluge, the flashes of lightning shooting from all sides or the noise of the thunder.

Now, at that day and that hour the senator was at Florence, 70 miles away from Villa Fortullino, so that Sebastian at once thought this figure must he hallucinative, for if Carlo had suddenly arrived at Fortullino he would certainly not have got out of the carriage to take a shower bath on the rocks. He rubbed his eyes, but the figure remained and looked so real that he shouted out Carlo's name and waved his arms to him, but the phantom seemed not to see him, for it passed behind a big rock without showing itself again, although Sebastian waited. While waiting he observed his cousin, Giuseppe, on the rocks, so that he said to himself, "Now, when he passes close to the big rock he will see Carlo and will stop and speak to him."

However, Giuseppe saw nothing in passing behind the same rock, and on joining Sebastian in the field he said he had not seen Carlo and that no one was there. It was now 10:45 o'clock, and the Senator Carlo Fenzi died exactly at that hour, 70 miles away, calling on his brother's name. Signor Sebastian's melancholy passed. He had lunch and was sitting reading a paper when a telegram was brought to him saying: "Come at once to Florence. Carlo very ill." No one at Fortullino knew that Senator Carlo was ill; the last letter from him said he was well. On arriving at Florence he heard from the doctor that Carlo had asked for his brother and died at 10:45 with his name on his lips.

Some days after the death Signor Sebastian was present at a seance of a psychical society that he had founded. There he received a message by raps, by which an intelligence announced itself as Carlo Fenzi, and, addressing Cavaliere Sebastian, said, "I forced you to go out of the house, as I did not want to frighten Cristina's children." What an unexpected proof of identity! —Light.

He Wanted His Pension.

"I wants ter see de president," said an old colored man to the policeman at the door of the White House. He gave his name as Nat Tyler, "born up in Spottsylvania, but bin in dis town since it wus started."

"I wants my penshion," said the old man. He was told to go to the pension office.

"No, sar; I dun bin dar. Dey won't do nuffin. De president knows who I is. Hain't I dun talk ter him wen he live up yander?" pointing in the direction of where the president lived when in congress.

"Did you know the president when he was in the war?"

"Who say anyt'ing 'bout knowing him in de war? I know he fit in dem battles. I druv de amunation wagon in de Six corpse, but Mr. Kinley knew me, he do, and he'll gib me dat penshion. I jes' tells yer, I wus in so many battles dat I didn't count 'em. De way dem t'ings was rolling was awful. I jes' got under de amunation wagon and stay dar. W'en de war was over, I druv 'em six mules back to Washington and guv dem to de governmen' down in south Washington. Dey didn't guv me a t'ing, and I wants my penshion."—New York Tribune.

THE FRENCH ARISTOCRACY.

How Some Plebeian Names Attained to the Patrician Degree.

Under the government of July, and also when the second empire came, many of the old families were averse to entering the diplomatic service, where their names would have been a pledge of welcome abroad. Resort was therefore had to what are called in France hommes de carriere. These had not and could not have any other authority than their talents gave them. This was not enough either for the government or them. They were therefore made barons and counts. Some of them acquired their titles from foreign governments. The court of Rome, while not prodigal, rarely refused to grant a title of count when asked for it. Several French charges d'affaires, and even embassadors, got their semblance of nobility from Rome. Some still exist which had no other origin.

The operation was at times rendered awkward by the too plebeian form of the name. Ne change pas de nom qui veut, but with a little smartness and the help of the chancellor's office the difficulty could be got over If the name began with De, which is the particle indicative of nobility, it was an easy matter, the only thing necessary being the separation of the initial syllable from the rest of the name. For instance, M. Delamare became M. de Lamare, M. Delestrade was transformed into M. de Lestrade and M. Dervilley signed "D'Ervilley." But the operation became a little more troublesome when the name was a very commonplace one, such as Durand, Regnault or Dupont. In that case the name of a town or a political division was added, and the gentleman called himself Dupont de l'Eure or de Nemours, Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Durand de Romorantin, and so forth.

When no name of a town or village was available, the would be nobleman applied for permission to add his mother's maiden name to his own, especially if it had an aristocratic sound. In this way a certain embassador, whose family name was a ridiculous one, but whose mother's name, though plebeian, was easy to disguise, dropped by degrees his own name and retained only the maternal appellation, just prefixing the particle "de" and the title of baron conferred on him under the empire. In the elevated circle in which he moves, thanks to his intelligence and superior education, no one suspects that his real name, if he went by it, would associate him more intimately with kitchens than with diplomatic salons.

A fair idea can be formed of French society as it exists today. A tenth part, at most, consists of old families that have survived the revolutions and who live generally in retirement, far from the busy, noisy world. Many have placed their sons in the army, and a number cultivate their land, some of them with an energy worthy of being imitated by professional farmers. Nearly all their names can be found in the list of the Agricultural society of France, mingled in equal proportion with the names of the men most esteemed in scientific agriculture. Three-tenths at least belong to what is called la noblesse de la contrebande, while another tenth are connected with the higher liberal professions, literature, the sciences, pure and applied, the different classes of the institute and the upper professorships. The remaining half consists partly of politicians, many of whom have held office, and partly of great financiers, a large number of whom are of foreign origin, some of them occupying, owing to their intelligence, their wise conduct, their generosity or the circumspection they display in their delicate position, a very high place in public esteem.

Such are the elements forming French society at the present time. It has no pronounced vices, little pride, enough vanity not to care to be caught in fault, a sufficiently moderate thirst for pleasure to allow others, sprung from the ranks, to take the lead, fairly broad principles, measured convictions, elevated judgment in matters of taste and intellect, a love of country that has nothing narrow about it, and, to crown all, a charity so beneficent, so efficacious, that slanderous tongues attribute it to a selfish desire to satisfy oneself in helping others. For our part we look upon this kind of egotism as being equal to a virtue.—Nineteenth Century.

Irish In the Sixteenth Century.

They live in huts made of straw. The men are all large bodied, and of handsome features and limbs, and as active as the roe deer. They do not eat oftener than once a day, and that is at night, and that which they usually eat is butter with oaten bread. They drink sour milk, for they have no other drink; they don't drink water, although it is the best in the world. On feast days they eat some flesh half cooked, without bread or salt, as that is their custom. They clothe themselves, according to their habit, with tight trousers and short, loose coats of very coarse goat's hair. They cover themselves with blankets and wear their hair down to their eyes. They are great walkers and inured to toil. The most of the women are very beautiful, but badly got up. They do not wear more than a chemise and a blanket, with which they cover themselves, and a linen cloth, much doubled, over the head and tied in front. They are great workers and housekeepers, after their fashion.—From "Captain Cuellar's Adventures In Connacht and Ulster."

Wasted Eloquence.

The Teacher—And suppose, my dear children, that you went up to the great marble entrance, and you found it closed, and you rattled on it and called to them to let you in, and there was no reply—oh, my dear children, what would you do then?

Little Jane—Please, teacher, I'd take my pail and go round to the side door and knock three times, like papa does every Sunday.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

PHILEMON J. STICHBURY,

late of Talbot county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the

4TH DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1898,

otherwise they may be by law excluded from all benefits of said deceased's estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

CLAYLAND MULLIKIN,
11-27-4t Administrator.

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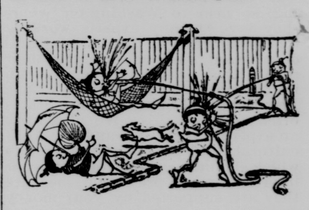
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