STATE OF MARYLAND.

Office of Secretary of State

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS at a session of the General Assembly of Maryland begun and held in the City of Annapolis on the fifth day of January, 1898, a Bill was passed proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding a new section to Article Four thereof, to be known as Section 31 A, which said Bill and Amendment are in the words following, to wit:

CHAPTER 193.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of Maryland by adding a new section to Article Four.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND, three-fifths of all the members of both houses concurring, That the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof, as hereinafter provided, the same shall stand as an additional section to Article 4 of said Constitution, to follow Section 31 and to be known as Section 31 A.

31. A. In addition to the sum of five hundred dollars, which by the preceding section the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore is authorized to pay to each of the Judges of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, the said Mayor and City Council of Baltimore is further authorized to pay to each of said Judges annually, a sum not exceeding fifteen hundred dollars; provided that the same or any part thereof, being once granted, shall not be diminished during the continuance of said Judges in office.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED, by the authority aforesaid, that the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof, for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article 14 of the Constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot, there shall be written or printed the words, "For the Constitutional Amendment," and "Against the Constitutional Amendment," so that the voter may elect; and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth Article of the Constitution.

Approved, April 9th, 1898.

NOW, THEREFORE, I LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said Bill proposing said Constitutional Amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published and where not more than one may de published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the City of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election, (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,) at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland. Done at the City of Annapolis on the 13th day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order af the Governor
GEORGE E. LOWEREE,
Secretary of State.

The Famous Wheeler & Wilson.



Three Times The Value of Any Other,

One Third Easier,

One Third Faster.

The Only Sewing Machine that does not fail in any point.

Rotary Motion and Ball Bearings make it the **lightest running** machine in the world.

Rapid. It saves about one day in three, for it sews that much faster than any vibrating shuttle Sewing Machine made, therefore more work can be done, more time saved, more money earned.

Quiet and Durable. The Rotary Motion does away with noise and wear caused by the forward and backward movement of the shuttle.

Best for all kinds of Sewing. Will sew the **lightest goods without puckering** them, and on heavy work makes a seam that is elastic, strong and durable.

J. W. Wheatley,

Sole Agent for Talbot. 6-3-3m

A BARGAIN IN GOWNS.

So at Heart She Tried Hard to Make It Seem.

"It came."

"What came?"

"The gown."

"What gown?"

"My gown."

"Your gown! This is the first I knew about it."

"Why Jack! How can you? Dont you remember?"

"No.; nor you."

"It was two weeks ago, at dinner. I said I must have another gown, and you said all right."

"You said you must have another gown, and I said all right. Ha! I'm a good thing."

"But you did!"

"While you were speaking of gowns, why didn't you mention a diamond cluster, a pair of cobs, a house and lot, yacht, and listen while I said all right?"

"Now Jack!"

"How much was it?"

"That's all you think about—money. You know if I didn't dress well you—"

"Yes, I know. I'd neglect you. I've heard that before. How much was it?"

"Guess."

"Two hundred."

"How absurd! As if I would do such a thing!"

"Then one hundred."

"Now Jack, you know I couldn't get a gown like this for any such price."

"How much?"

"It was—let me show it to you. Here it is. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes. How much did you say?"

"Oh you really don't want to know."

"Don't I? Come now, my dear, tell me at once now how much did that gown cost. I won't have any more nonsence."

"Well, dear, it was just one hundred and ninety—with the trimmings."—Life.

What a Baby Did in One Hour.

He was the good natured bachelor of the family, and, being the child's uncle was left in charge of the baby one day while every one else was out, and out of curiosity he made a list of what the baby did in one hour. Here it is.

1. Yelled fifteen minutes without taking breath. (The bachelor timekeeper declares solemnly that this is a true statement.)

2. Pulled enough hair from his uncles head and whiskers to stuff a sofa pillow.

3. Further decorated the wall paper as high as he could reach with the poker.

4. Broke a glass vase by sitting down on it.

5. Swallowed six buttons and a good part of a skein of thread.

6. Emptied the contents of his mother's workbasket into the fireplace.

7. Tried to squeeze the head of the cat into a cup and was scratched badly in the attempt.

8. Knocked the head off a fine wax doll belonging to his elder sister by trying to drive a tack into a toy wagon with it.

9. Fell off the edge of the sofa and brought down with him two costly vases, which were ruined.

10. Broke two panes of window glass with a cane which uncle let him have.

11. Fell into the coal scuttle and spoiled his new white dress.

12. Set fire to the carpet while uncle was out of the room hunting up something to amuse him.

13. Crawled under the sofa and refused to come out unless uncle would give him the jam pot.

14. Got twisted amongst the legs of a chair, which had to be broken to get him out.

15. Poured a jug of milk into his mother's slippers.

16. Finally, when he saw his mother coming, he ran to the door and tumbled off the steps, making his nose bleed and tearing a hole a foot square in his dress.

And still the youngster's uncle thinks that boy will make something yet.

Not So Stupid as He Seemed.

It was in a Duluth court, and the witness was a Swede who was, perhaps, not so stupid as he seemed to be.

The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man, whose object was to disconcert the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Yahn"—very deliberately—"Petersen."

"John Peterson, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Well, John, where do you live?"

"Where Ah live? In Dulut'."

"Now, Peterson, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"Ah tank so. Ah was married."

"So you think because you got married you think you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now, tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury who you married."

"Who, Ah married? Ah married a woman."

"See here, sir! Don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman. Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yas. Mah sister did.'—Life.

Crusty.

"I think," said the dear girl, "that it is a good rule to think twice before speaking once."

"Yes," said the savage bachelor, "I've had a dozen married men tell me that same thing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Beginning of a Fortune.

"No," said her father, 'you are not the man I want for a son-in-law. Why I'll bet you never earned a dollar in your life by your own efforts."

"Ah," exclaimed the young man, brightening up, 'there's where you have underestimated me. She bet me a dollar that I wouldn't dare to come here and ask you for her, and, as you know, I have won out."—Chicago News.

Advantages of the System.

Customer (at shirt counter)—Here's a shirt I bought of you the other day. It's too small for me. I tore it trying to put it on.

Salesman—That's too bad, but you've spoiled it so we can't take it back. I'll tell you what you can do, though. Go over to the drug department, and you can get a small bottle of anti-fat for 10 cents.—Chicago Tribune.

The Easton Ledger says:

"We have refrained from comment on Col. Prentiss Ingraham's book published by the Easton Gazette, until we had opportunity to give it a thorough examination.

"Having done so, we are ready to say that it is the best work on the Eastern Shore that has ever come under our notice, and we have read pretty much everything, we suppose, that has ever been written on or about the subject. The collection of the traditions and legends of this fruitful land in such a permanent form is a worthy piece of work. Every Eastern Shoreman of the old tribe, who loves his land and legends; its history, its misty myths and its truthful traditions;—and the stranger within our gates who has a desire to know "where he's at"—should buy a copy of this book. For such a work the price is very reasonable. The publishers are also to be complimented on the mechanical execution of the book, as to its printing, its illustrations and its binding."

$2.16 by mail, $2.00 at Gazette Office, Easton, Md.

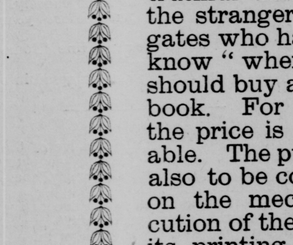
CARPENTRY FOR BOYS.

Simple Rules for Building Inexpensive Kennels.

There are undoubtedly a great many boys who own dogs but perhaps have no kennel in which to keep them. A large box with a hole in it large enough for a dog to crawl through is better than nothing; but a kennel of neat appearance and simple construction can easily be made that when completed will appear like the illustration.

For a dog of medium size, a kennel should measure 36 inches long, 24 inches wide, and from bottom to peak it can stand 34 inches high. The hole at the front will have to be cut large enough so the dog may pass in and out easily, and if made about 10 inches in diameter should be the right size in proportion to the size of the kennel.

To build the kennel right commence at the foundation and build up by making a floor 34 inches long and 22 inches wide. Boards with matched edges should be used, and under the floor boards nail three battens across, one at each end and one at the middle. These battens may be 2 by 3 inches and should be placed so they will stand 3 inches high to keep the bottom of the kennel free from the ground.

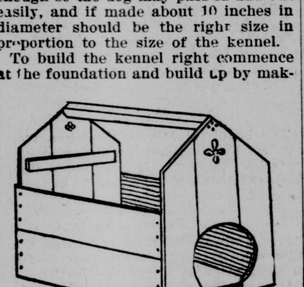


KENNEL PARTLY FINISHED.

Make front and back 22 inches wide, 24 inches high at the sides and 33 inches high at the middle or peak, and attach the boards together with battens as shown in figure 1, which is a constructional drawing. Attach them to the front and rear end of the floor with stout nails and brace them apart at the top with a ridge pole 2 or 3 in. square and 34 inches long.

With boards 36 inches long form the sides, as shown in figure 1, and finally roof the kennel with boards placed as shown in the illustration so there will be a projection forming eaves about 2 inches all around.

At the front of the box near the top cut four holes with a large bit and connect them by sawing a slit with a compass or keyhole saw. This will be valuable as a ventilator, and it would be well to cut two or there small holes in the back boards as well.



NEAT DOG KENNEL.

A few coats of paint will finish the exterior of this kennel, which on completion should prove a very acceptable addition to a boy's possessions, as well as a house for the dog.

More Holidays Than School Days.

The small boy who has to go to school in the United States looks upon the small boy who has to go to school in France with something of the envy with which Lazarus may have looked upon Dives. It is the question of holidays which constitutes the difference in favor of the lad who attends a public school of instruction in the French Republic. The school boys of France have more holidays than workdays in the year, and in that fact lies the grievance of the American youngster. The average boy, be he a native of America or a child of Timbuctoo, is more fond of a holiday than he is of a workday, theorists and moralists to the contrary notwithstanding. And the more holidays he has the better terms he is on with himself and all the world.

Two hundred and six holidays in the year, as against 159 school days! That's the record of public instruction in France. To begin with, there is the regular midsummer holiday, which covers a period of sixty-four days. That's pretty good for a starter. Then there are the Sundays. They are holidays of course everywhere, but they count an additional fifty-two days. Then ten days are allowed for the proper celebration of Christmas and New Year's. To be thoroughly observant of the great feast of Eastertide fifteen days are given. Thursdays are holidays, and that means fifty-two more days of no labor. All Saints' comes in for three days' holiday, St. Charlemagne two days, Whitsuntide three days, and three days to make merry when the national fete in July rolls round. The rest of the year the children are supposed to study.

Cat That Smokes a Pipe.

The adaptability of the cat to his surroundings is illustrated in the case of a handsome young feline who strayed one stormy night to the home of William Thompson, of Glenwood Penn. He has learned to smoke cigars and to drink beer.

Mr. Thompson first observed that the cat manifested a strange liking for tobacco smoke. While enjoying his after-dinner cigar it was Mr Thompson's habit to blow the smoke at the cat. Puss didn't seem to mind it a bit, in fact, he found a certain delight in it.

One night, just for a joke, Mr. Thompson put his cigar in the cat's mouth. Much to his astonishment the cat sat up on his hind legs and puffed away complacently. He was thoroughly happy. His teeth, however, being sharp, cut through the wrapper, and after the next cigar Mr Thompson provided a wooden cigarholder, which is now used every time the cat has a smoke. Then the cat learned to smoke a pipe. Puss took to it quite as naturally as he did to the cigar.

Produced From Coal.

From coal is obtained the means of producing over 400 shades of colors, a great variety of perfumes, explosive agents, various acids and medicines, insecticides, salts, saccharin, fruit flavors, lubricating oils and varnish.

FOOT OUT OF FAVOR.

THE TIME WAS WHEN THEY WERE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF.

No Herald, No Friend Approached Without a Welcome for His Feet—No Modern Man or Woman Can Boast of Happy Feet.

The time was when no good news made a journey and no friend came near, but a welcome was uttered, or at least thought, for the traveling feet of the wayfarer or the herald, but the foot is so out of favor now that one may doubt whether even love (except in the case of her who lies with two feet, newly born, within the palm of one hand) pauses often upon the dearest feet, or is much aware of them. It must be chiefly the fault of the boot for the boot has no character, language or nature in it, nor any pathos until it is very old and out of the question.

The feet, the feet were beautiful on the mountain; their toil was the price of all communication, and their reward the first service and refreshment. They adored poetry with the primitive word, and the civilization that was single, simple and humane sang them. They were blessed and bathed; they suffered, but they were friends with the earth; dews in grass at morning, shallow rivers at noon, gave them coolness. They must have grown hard upon their mountain paths, but never so hard but they needed and had the first pity and the readiest succor. It was never easy for the feet of man to travel this earth, shod or unshod, and his feet are delicate like his color.

If they suffered hardship once, they suffer privation now. No modern man or woman can boast of having really happy feet. And yet the feet should have more of the acquaintance of earth and know more of flowers, freshness, cool brooks, wild thyme and salt sand than does anything else about us. It is their calling; and the hands might be glad to be stroked for a day by grass and struck by buttercups, as the feet are of those who go barefoot; and the nostrils might be flattered to be, like them, so long near moss. The face has only now and then, for a resting while, their privilege.

If our feet are now so severed from the natural ground they have inevitably lost life and strength by the separation. It is only the entirely unshod that have lively feet. Watch a peasant who never wears shoes, except for a few unkind hours once a week, and you may see the play of his talk in his mobile feet; they become as dramatic as his hands. Fresh as the air, brown with the light, and healthy from the field, not used to darkness, not grown in prison, the foot of the contadino does not keep the undignified and ashamed stillness of the foot of high life. That foot is prim, and never lifts a heel against its dull conditions, for it has forgotten liberty. It is more active now than it lately was—certainly the foot of a woman is more active; but whether on the pedal or in the stirrup, or clad for a walk, or armed for a game, or decked for the waltz, it is in bonds. It is, at any rate, inarticulate. —Collier's Weekly.

The Curse of Ugliness.

You hear a great deal more about the fatal curse of beauty than you do about the fatal curse of ugliness, but, for all that, the latter privilege has its drawbacks. It is an inestimable boon—that of being homely and unattractive, but there is a price to pay, as there is with most boons. The penalty in this case is not lessened because it is a negative one. Not what a homely woman may do, but what she may not do, is the greatets drawback to her condition. No ugly woman may ever murder, steal, or, indeed, commit any crime worthy of being calendered in yellow print. It isn't that she is absolved from it; she is simply incapable of doing it; her unattractiveness disqualifies her for crime, and never, never, no matter how wicked her impulses and strong her incentives may be, can she hope to rival her good-looking sister. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Whoever heard of an ugly murderess, or an unattractive forgeress or a shoplifter that was not fair to look upon? They are all and each, according to yellow print, of such wondrous beauty and rare intelligence that the strange thing is that there are any other beautiful women left in the world. One would think that the criminal class must have monopolized them all. But that doesn't lessen the obligation thrust upon the homely woman. Like the Peri at the gates of Paradise she is forever outside the pale of criminality. Her fatal curse of ugliness debars her from ever, even in the smallest degree, identifying herself with wickedness. It may be argued that much is thus spared her, but at the same time it is hard to be shut out from anything merely on account of one's looks. If yellow standards and statistics are to be credited, woman is not a free immoral agent.—New York Sun.

One Instance.

The bearded man who was asked to speak at the Women Reformers' convention on the subject of "Corsets—Their Injurious Effect Upon the Human Frame," had spoken at considerable length, and closed by saying: "In short, the corset is the abomination of abominations. It serves no good purpose whatever."

He sat down amid loud applause, and the professor, who happened to be present, was called upon for a few remarks. He said:

"My friend who has just preceded me has said the corset serves no good purpose. In the course of a life, now well past the middle age, I have known just one exception, which, indeed, may be considered as proving the rule. A California cow had become so emaciated that when she ate grass it dropped out through the spaces between her ribs before it could be acted upon by the stomach and assimilated into her corporate system. In this emergency and as a last resort, a large corset was strapped around the cow. This kept the grass in and thus the cow's life was saved. Still, she was not a valuable cow, and I should not mention her case here were it not that in the pursuit of science we must be rigidly exact. I thank you, ladies, for your attention."—Chicago Tribune.

How to Pack a Dress Skirt.

A dress skirt should be folded for packing with the right side out. It will crease it less than if folded wrong side out.

HE GOT THEM.

Individuality as it Stands Out in a Country Town.

Individuality is lost sight of in the cities. It is swallowed up, as it were in the mob. In a village it stands out with surprising distinctness. The odd characters of the place are known to everybody, and their queer sayings and doings are told from mouth to mouth.

In a certain town not a great ways from Cleveland there are probably as many of these peculiar people as any place of its size can boast. One of them is an ancient man who longs for the good old times that followed the war, and is a firm believer in the criminal weakness of the present financial system. He is a man of considerable property, but nevertheless is economical to an extreme degree. In fact he was never known to spend a penny that didn't go for some actual necessity.

There is another character in the town who keeps the village general store. He is a good-hearted fellow who after a long course of bachelorhood, finally married. In this little town it is the custom for the happy bridegroom to set up the cigars for all the congratulating males who drop in to wish him joy. So the bridegroom in this instance had a box on the counter, and most of his patrons were regaled from it.

Pretty soon the ancient gentleman first referred to lounged in. The storekeeper who felt friendly to all the world just then, pushed the box toward the newcomer.

"Have a cigar, Uncle Jim," he smilingly said.

"Uncle Jim looked at the box and looked at the storekeeper.

"Wat's this for?" he asked.

The storekeeper slightly blushed.

"Been gettin' married," he answered.

"Eh?"

"Been gettin' married.

"Who? You?"

"Yep Me."

"An you're standin' treat, eh?"

"Yep." said the storekeeper.

"How much did these seegars cost ye, Ah?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied the storekeeper. "they cost me bout 4 cents. They 're nickel cigars."

The old man dropped the cigar back in the box. Then his gaze wandered around the store.

"Well, Ab," he slowly drawled, "ef it's all the same to you I'll take a pound o' nails!"

And he got them.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Worried Her.

Mrs. Bobson—I was so surprised to hear something about your husband yesterday.

Mrs. Fribley—What was that?

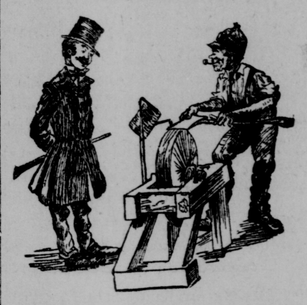
Mrs Bobson—My husband said your husband invited him into a saloon to have a drink.

Mrs. Fribley—Dear me! My, oh, my! Well, well, well! Oh, I just can't—

Mrs. Bobson—There, don't worry about it. My husband declined and your husband didn't drink, either.

Mrs. Fribley—It isn't his drinking that worries me. Where could he have had enough money hidden to pay for it if your husband had accepted his invitation? He must have some secret pocket in his clothes somewhere. —Chicago News.

Its Ultimate Use.



The Gentleman with the Top Hat—It's seldom you see a man with an axe to grind doing it himself. I suppose you're going to shave your face with it.

The Gentleman with the Axe—You have another guess, Cassidy. Sure the old woman is going to manicure her nails.

Illusions.

Before you praise youth's industry
'Tis prudent now to wait
And see what he is digging for.
A garden crop or bait.

Pleasant Prospect Ahead.

Little Brother—Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle?

Mr. Mangle—Of course I can. Why, do you ask?"

Little Brother—"Oh, nothin'; only I heard sister say she'd make you walk straight when she married you; and ma said she'd help her.—Stray Stories.

Not in a Trifling Mood.

Mrs. Tilford, of Sorosis—It must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?"

Tilford—Daniel? You mean Noah, don't you?"

Mrs. Tilford—(tartly)—Now, don't be silly. Noah built the ark.—Brooklyn Life.

At the Mission.

Pretty Teacher (intent on the lesson) —And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel.

Small Boy—Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either.—Harlem Life.

Domestic Thrills.

"Have you ever experienced the excitement of being aroused from sleep in a house at night when it was on fire?"

"No, but I have several times gone through the excitement attendant upon my wife's announcement of her belief that the baby had swallowed her thimble."—Chicago News.

Strangers Now.

Mrs. Quick Fit—I always send the children out on the street when I'm quarreling with my husband.

Mrs. Sharply—I understand now why they are always on the street.