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GIRLS IN SECRET DEBATE.

The Sylvania young ladies determined a few days ago that in the course of human events the times were mellow for a secret organization, it was to be a kind of secret debating club, and boys of all ages were of course excluded. They said it was to be a "girls' secret" society, and they solemnly declared they were going to have it that way or not at all. For about an hour the young ladies sat and conversed, yet no one had the courage to propose an organization. At last, however, one of them suggested that they get to work. They knew they ought to have a President, but how to elect one was the question.

One girl said she had heard her father say that all Presidents ought to be elected by a popular vote. So they selected a young lady who everyoneconsiderod a favorite, and she declared which one of their number should be presiding officer, and thus the President was elected by a popular vote. Next a Secretary was chosen by the voice of the whole assembly. It tickled the girls immensely to vote, and after they said "Yes!" or "No!" they would all laugh for the space of about five minutes.

When order was permanently restored the Presid announced that a question was open for discussion. The words had hardly had time to escape her lips before sixteen girls leaped from their chairs and sixteen simultaneous voises shouted, "Mr. President!"

The scene that followed beggars the pen. Imagine sixteen girls all making a speech on the same subject at the same time. The President rapped and rerapped on the table and tried to bring them to order but her voice as well as the sound of the gavel was lost in the din. It was evident the debaters were well prepared for the discussion, for as time wore on they warmed up to the queston, and their sixteen impassioned voices made the ceilng rattle. The lamp begun to sway, the scriptural mottoes that hung on the wall rose and fell, and every now and then a chair would be sent furiously across the room as an excited speaker advanced nearer to the front.

The bending af sixteen pairs of arms in unceasing gesticulations confused and dazzled the eye like the revolving of rapid machinery, and added but direr confusion to the babel that fell upon the ear. Occassionally two opposing arms would become entwined as they aspired together to the ceiling. Then there was an instant pause in that locality, and eyes wonld gaze back on the eyes that glared with the fire of debate.

Sometimes a fair debater would stop for a second at the end of a sentence to catch her breath and see what effect her oratory was having on the rest; but when she saw that they all rushed heedlessly on she plunged once more into the maddening speech, and her voice was heard above the roar.

The President a good talker herself, had at last yielded to the fearful odds against her and sank back into her seat wrapped in silence and despair, the secretary buried her face in her hands and wept, but still those sixteen richly freighted orators floated gallantly on over the stromy waves of debate. But as time wore by nature's exhausted forces began to rebel, and at last, the deacon's wonderful one-horse shay, there was a grand collapse, and the whole sixteen in the same intant dropped panting from the ranks.

After a fearful silence of about a minute one of the girls got up to remark that she thought it perfectly disgusting for all the other girls to commence talking when she started to speak, to which there followed an excited chorus of voices which said plainly, although the words were not distinguishable, that each one was under the same impression.

By a powerful use of the gavel aided by her foot the President was able to quell the mutterings of this second storm and declare peace in Warsaw again. The armistice, however, was of short duration. The girls began to call for the decision of the Chair. Each one was sure she had made the best points, and felt her brow warming to the laurel.

The President arose and in a few words stated that she could not decide the question from the fact that she had not been able to distinguish a single word that was said.

That was enough. The last syllable was still lingering on her lips when pandemonium broke loose again. Cries of "Treason" rent the air, and in a great throng they made for the President and brought her down from the chair with force of arms. The scene was undescribable. The wildest excitement prevailed, and amid the confusion, while battle cries and shouts filled the room, the reporter made good his escape, and once more in the open air faltered thanks to heaven for life.

And this is how the "Girls' Secret" Society rose, flourished, and decayed in a single night.—*Sylvania Telephone.*

This Infant had Nerve.

Little Charles Lee Burdon, the 25 months-old grandson of Lee Burdon, is being petted and caressed by the citizens of Elmwood, both as a musical prodigy and more particularly in recognition of his wonderful presence of mind and courage in the presence of death by drowning which he recently displayed under the most trying circumstances even to one of maturer years.

Charley was visiting Grandpa Burdon on Greenwitch street a few days ago, and clad in an ulster and tight-fitting bonnet, was playing in the yard, accompanied by his grandmother. There is a cistern in the yard ten feet in depth, about eight feet in circumference and containing seven feet of water. It is supplied with an iron coyer, and precautions had been taken to have it securely fastened. Charley decided to make an investigation. His grandmother left for an instant, and the child in some unexplainable manner either succeeded in tilting the cover by partly raising it or else as he stepped on the edge it was raised sufficiently to make an opening through which the adventurous infant was precipitated. The grandmother returned to the spot where she had left him, but he had dissappeared. She called out to him but no response was heard. She made a circuit of the grounds, but no trace of the boy was discernible. Happily she thought of the cistern, and seeing that the cover was bottom side up she removed it from the opening and was terrified to discover Charley floating on the surface of the water. He had probably fallen in to the cistern feet foremost and his clothing had bouyed him up, so that he was able to float temporarily.

The frantic grandparent called to him, and he responded bravely. She besought him to raise his head a little, and then called out to the gardner to come to the rescue. Peter hastened to the spot, and in his perplexity could not devise an immediate plan of action. Mrs. Burdon realized the dire peril of the situation, and seeing a small pitchfork near by she seized it, and it was with extreme difficulty that the exact location of of the child could be discerned. All the while the grandmother was urging Charley to keep up courage and uttering words of loving solicitude, and the little fellow responded with lisping assurances. Finally the handle of the pitchfork was thrust within reaching distance and Charley was bidden to cling fast to it. He is a vigorous, well developed boy, and he quickly clasped his hands around the staff and clung to it with dogged determination.

Slowly and steadily the weight was lifted to the surface of the cistern, and the wet and dripping figure was clasped in the arms of his deliverers. Charley was cool and self possessed, and was quickly taken into the house and supplied with an outfit of dry clothing, and hot drink was administered to him. He lisped that he was pretty wet, but that he was a smart boy because he swimmed in the water.

Keep the Horse's Legs and Feet Clean

A great many farmers never think it necessary to clean the mud from their horses' legs and rub them dry after they have come in from wet and muddy roads. A pail of warm water and a stable sponge will make all clean in three minutes' time and as little more will suffice to rub them dry with an old piece of cloth that should be kept for the purpose. The mud and gravel ought to be cleaned out of their feet at the same time, and a clean bed of straw or other material given them to stand upon. How can a horse's feet keep sound when all sorts of filth work into them and remain there, perhaps for days? When a horse has been perspiring his hair becomes full of the exudation, which is mixed with dead skin and dirt, if the roads be dusty. When the surface becomes dry this accumulatiod should be brushed out, or the hair and skin will get into a unhealthy state. Too few farmers' horses have that bright, glossy coat that betokens a healthy skin.

Clover Hay and "Slobbers."

I sowed some Alfalfa or Lucern—Medicogo sativa—White Alsike, with other clovers, for bee pasture three years ago. The growth was excellent and I have used the hay each year for my driving horse. While I could never see that the animal "slobbered' when eating the Alsike Clover alone, yet while eating the Alfalfa he seemed to secrete a very large surplus of saliva. I believe the Lucern in some way increasing the action of the salivary glands. When in California the past winter I found that there was a pretty universal prejudice against Alfalfa as food for horses. While it is thought excellent for cattle, people object to it especially for working horses. Upon inquiry, I was told by more than one ranchman that it produced inordinate salivation which confirmed the views I had already formed from my own experience. Regarding the effect of this over-secretion of saliva, I cannot say that I have observed any serious injury from it. It is quite unpleasant but otherwise I doubt if it works any very considerable harm.—*A. J. Cook, in The Rural New Yorker.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

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The Ladies' Home Journal.

The art of giving lawn parties, and a score of new ideas for all kinds of out-door fetes, make the subject of an excellent paper by Mrs. A. G. Lewis in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*, the same magazine presenting another striking feature in Mrs. Potter Palmer's exhaustive paper on "Women an the World's Fair." Mrs. Palmer, as President of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Commission, speaks with authority upon a subject with which she is familiar. An article which will likewise elicit interest is "A day in an Adirondack Camp," by Jessamy Harte, the eldest daughter of Bert Harte. Miss Harte makes her literary debut in this number of the Journal. Miss Fannie M. Johnson contributes a sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Edward Bellamy, the wife of the celebrated nationalist, and Alice Graham McCollin gives the first authentic sketch ever published of Anna Willess Williams, the young lady who posed as model in 1878 for the head of the Goddess of Liberty, which now adorns the face of our silver dollars. The Rev. Dr. Talmage takes a new departure by discussing "The Horse and the Race Track." The fiction of the number includes, besides the conclusion of Sarah Orne Jewetts story, "An Every Day Girl," two excellent short stories "The Byrntell Golden Wedding," by Majorie Richardson, and "The Story of Two Hearts," by Isabel A. Mallon The other editors fill their departments with all that is interesting and attractive, and altogether there seems no end to the good things in this issue of this popular magazine. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is published by The Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia for ten cents per number, and One Dollar per year.

Dyspeptic Persons

and those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Convention of Christain Endeavor Society.

For the convention of the Young People's Society of the Christain Endeavor, to be held in New York Ctty July 7th to 10th inclosive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it will sell excursion tickets at one first class limited fare for the round trip by route travelled on continuous passage tickets. These tickets to be sold July 5th to 7th, good going only to reach New York not later than the 8th, valid returning July 10th to 15th inclusive. Tickets, however, may be extended until August 15th, if deposited with agent of committee on or before July 15th, to be held by him and only surrended to passenger on date journey is commenced.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Lighthouse,

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Deiroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones" —Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at George & Redden's Drug Store.

Examiners Notice.

The undersigned duly appointed by the County Commissioners of Caroline County, as examiners on the new County road in the Fourth election district of Caroline County, beginning at the County road leading down to the Wheeler wharf in Choptank and running with the present road laid down along the river through Choptank to Main street thence with said street to the road leading to the farm of E. S. Zell, thence with said road to the South side of the peach orchard on said farm, thence at right angles and with said peach orchard across the lands of E. S. Zell to the mouth of Hunting Creek or Linchester River at a point opposite the wharf on the Dorchester shore and at this point to join the County Commissioners of Dorchester county with a ferry, hereby give notice that we will meet at Choptank on Thursday August 4th, at 10 o'clock a. m., to execute our commission.

ROBERT M. MESSICK,
JOHN A. TRIBBITT,
PERRY D. TAYLOR,
July-7-30d Examiners.

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PADS,
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BRUSHES,
HALTERS, &c.

in fact everything for a first class carriage outfit, with prices to suit the times.

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