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1899 JUNE. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m, D & C R R for Points North.
4:15 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:52 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
4:45 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:22 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Deputy, George A Deakyne; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secietary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry. President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No. 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7:30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m, in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.— Joseph H. Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional Cards.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
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Office at Brown's Drug Store.
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1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
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WM. H. DEWEESE,
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Denton, Md.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

RICHARD NICHOLS,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
DENTON, MD.
Shop in Blackiston Block, Main Street, Polite Assistants. Devilish Work.

SELECTION OF VERSE.

The Poet's Dilemma.

I've an ending for a poem
That I cannot seem to start;
It would please a Hoosier poet
To the bottom of his heart.
I have tried and tried to work it,
But it's clearly no avail;
It's the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail."

You can fancy how he'd take it,
And he'd marshal all the birds
For their yearly journey southward
(How he'd find the fittest words!)
And he'd say that they were flying
Over hill and over dale,
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.

But for me the lines are useless,
So I'm going to take my gun,
And I'll hasten to the woodland—
It's a duty to be done.
There I'll quickly make an ending—
As to start I seem to fail—
To the drumming of the partridge
And the whistle of the quail.
—Harper's Weekly.

Columbia Rules the Wave.

In the good old days of yore
When blockaded was our shore
And the fleets of haughty Britain sailed
our sea,
We had heroes then as now,
Who the ocean's breast ploughed
And who never from an enemy would flee.

Jones and Biddle; Barney, too,
And their small but gallant crew,
With their guns awoke the echoes of the
main,
And now Dewey, Sampson, Schley
Oft have made the proud don fly
And played havoc with the galleons of
Spain.

Now "Old Ironsides" is gone,
But the mighty Oregon
And her sisters with their crews and captains brave,
Always ready for the fray,
Prove to nations far away
Now, as ever, fair Columbia rules the
wave.
—Charles N. Wilson.

Banishing Care.

There was a man who rose one day,
And, gazing at the sky,
He vowed that he would put away
The cares that made him sigh.

He whistled as he went about,
And thought his cares had fled;
But night came on and with it doubt,
And peace forsook his bed.

He tried to smile when skies were bright,
He laughed when clouds were low;
But with the dreams that came at night
Returned his ancient woe.

At last it chanced upon a day
That he pitched in and worked—
That night the worries sunk away
That round his bed had lurked
—Chicago Daily News

FANCY LITTLE TRINKETS.

Match boxes with the miniature portrait of a friend painted on enamel are gaining favor.

Watch pendants for ladies in the shape of a butterfly are enameled and studded with rubies and emeralds.

Cluster bracelets are popular—combinations of turquoises, rubies, emeralds and opals with diamonds are in great demand.

A pretty brooch represents a dragon fly with its wings studded with emeralds and rubies and has a large amethyst for the back.

A dainty addition to the toilet table is a silver perfume stand enameled in mosaic designs, designed to hold three bottles of perfume.

A pretty corsage ornament has a bow of encrusted brilliants, the knot being formed by an emerald with ends terminating in large pear-shaped pearls.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A Peachy Complexion.

Mr. De Bullion—What a peachy complexion Miss Prettie has.

Miss Beautie (a rival belle)—Yes, isn't it awful? Just full of fuzz.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE BEST DOG.

Yes, I went to see the bowwows, and I looked at every one,
Proud dogs of every breed and strain that's
underneath the sun;
But not one could compare with—you may
hear it with surprise—
A little yellow dog I know that never took
a prize.

Not that they would have skipped him when
they gave the ribbons out,
Had there been a class to fit him—though
his lineage is in doubt.
No judge of dogs could e'er resist the honest, faithful eyes
Of that plain little yellow dog that never
took a prize.

Suppose he wasn't trained to hunt, and
never killed a rat,
And isn't much on tricks or looks or birth
—well, what of that?
That might be said of lots of folks whom
men call great and wise,
As well as of that yellow dog that never
took a prize.

It isn't what a dog can do, or what a dog
may be,
That hits a man. It's simply this—does he
believe in me?
And by that test I know there's not the
compeer 'neath the skies
Of that plain little yellow dog that never
took a prize.

Oh, he's the finest little pup that ever
wagged a tail
And followed man with equal joy to congress
or to jail.
I'm going to start a special show—'twill
beat the world for size—
For faithful little yellow dogs, and each
shall have a prize.
—Harper's Bazar.

From Ocean to Ocean

By Rudyard Kipling

In all of Kipling's many books no passage of equal length is more vivid than the description, in "Captains Courageous," of Harvey Cheyne's rush across the continent, to meet the son whom he had mourned as dead. This is said to have been based on a "record" trip between the same points—San Diego, Cal., and Boston, Mass.—made by a western railway president in 1895. By permission of the Century company we print herewith the passage in question, from Chapter IX. of "Captains Courageous."

WHATEVER his private sorrows may be, a multimillionaire, like any other working man, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, Sr., had gone east late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless. Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to anyone who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing desk: "What's the use of going on?"

He had taken the wife to his raw new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a veranda-room, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the state of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed forward on to his nose, his big body shrunk inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and in the South Carolina islands, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand * * *

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

"Picked up by fishing schooner We're Here having fallen off boat great times on Banks fishing all well waiting Gloucester Mass care Disko Troop for money or orders wire what shall do and how is mama Harvey N. Cheyne.

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her. May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy, sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She think you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great whitewood square staircase cried: "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rang through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doctor, serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech; and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary she divined there was work in hand. He was looking earnestly at the vast roller map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter, and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of her resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles—

"The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinsey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready?

"Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next."

Click—click—click! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em 60 hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready?

"Also arranged with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now, then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready?

"Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car 'Constance' from Santa Fe at Sixteenth Street next Tuesday p. m. on N. Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany. Take car Buffalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p. m."

"That's for Toucey."

"Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know that!" with a toss of the head.

"Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany. Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three-five p. m. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five p. m. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"'Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modestly. "Now anyone but me would have lost 30 hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to the Santa Fe straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that New York Limited. Chauncey Depew himself couldn't hitch his car to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's message bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed, too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, colonel. We'll come down."

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely roundhouses; Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic & Pacific; and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe management, even to Chicago. An engine, combination car with crew and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those 2,350 miles. The train would take precedence of 177 others meeting and passing; dispatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, 16 engineers and 16 firemen would be needed—each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines, three for watering and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly, for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mamma, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game of dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mamma, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado river. The car cracked in the utter drought and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly the great fire horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry sands and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake hose told them they were at Coolidge, by the continental divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident and dry when they began; white, quivering and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton tunnel on the state line, whence they dropped, rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish leather cushions by the plate glass observation window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, till the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water tank and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for awhile. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

The very best we can, mamma. There's no sense in getting in before the limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles which stand for records to this day), but the 70-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help anyone who bumped her.

Now the highly-paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less she handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him, they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe men, discussing life later, "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. 'Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the western man (though this would not please either city) Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central & Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch chains boarded her here to talk a little business to Cheyne), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston & Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, 87 hours and 35 minutes, or three days, 15 hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

Hadn't Noticed It.

Mrs. Angler—Did you have a good day's fishing, John?

Angler—Exc'lent, m' dear. See all th' fish I caught.

"But you left your fishing tackle at home."—N. Y. Journal.

New English Recruits.

The illiteracy of new recruits for the English army is commented upon in the report just published in London. Only 41 in 1,000 are well educated, and 18 are utterly illiterate. Thirty-five per cent. of the applicants are rejected for physical disability, and this proportion is said to show a slight improvement over former years.

CERVERA'S MISTAKE.

A Statement by Capt. Clark of the Battleship Oregon.

The Spanish Admiral's Best Chance of Escape—Dusk Would Have Been the Time for Him to Leave Santiago Harbor.

In a personal interview, in answer to a question by the editor, Capt. Clark gives in the Century the following opinion of the Spanish admiral's strategy:

"Assuming that the Spanish fleet had to come out (and I for one, had given up the hope that it would do so), it is my judgment that Admiral Cervera should have preferred night to day as the time for the sortie, notwithstanding the search-light watch so rigidly maintained at the entrance. He could have placed as guides to the channel, along the shore, and on the smoke-stack or mast of the sunken Merrimac, lights screened toward the sea, so that we could not have detected them. His best chance would have been to get up his anchors and begin to move about dusk, when he would have had light enough to see the shore and the channel marks, timing the moment so that he should dash out just as darkness fell. We could not then have closed in upon him without great danger to ourselves. The firing would have had to be done virtually in the dark, for the search-lights (even supposing that others than the one regularly in use had been turned on) would soon have become ineffective, on account of the smoke and from the shattering force of the guns, which probably would have extinguished them. The direction of the enemy could thus have been masked, and as each of our captains would have been concerned with the risk of his ship being rammed or torpedoed, our onslaught would have had a far different result than it actually had when full daylight enabled every commander to see what all the others (as well as the enemy) were doing, and exactly what was to be done. It was the difference between certainty and uncertainty. In the daytime we were able to choose our distance from the enemy with relation to the danger of being torpedoed. As all his ships were supposed to be provided with Whitehead torpedoes, I determined, unless an emergency required it, not to go inside of half a mile, that being the effective torpedo range, since our superiority in ordnance and armor would thus have been neutralized.

CAPT. CHARLES E. CLARK.
(Commander of the Oregon During the Battle at Santiago.)

"Considering the courses that were open to Cervera, I should probably, in the circumstances, have done as he did—head to the westward, keeping the fleet together in the hope of destroying any vessel which might be able to overtake me. Cienfuegos was his nearest and natural port, and there he would have been in direct communication with Havana by rail, and, so to speak, would have been in a Spanish environment. If he had intended to go to Havana, it would have been better to go westward than eastward, for, though the distance is somewhat greater, the current would have favored, and there was no additional force to be considered like that at Guantanamo. To have divided his fleet, part going eastward and part westward, would have been to leave one-half to Admiral Sampson and the other half to Commodore Schley.

"There remained one other course. The result of the sortie shows that he might have stood a better chance of saving one or two or even more of his ships by the policy of scattering, with an ultimate rendezvous. Only three of our vessels were superior in speed to his vessels, namely, the New York, the Brooklyn and the Oregon—possibly the Texas. Even if each of these could have selected and pursued a Spanish ship, it is possible that not every one of them would have been equal to the task of destroying her chosen antagonist. The armored cruisers, the Brooklyn and the New York, might have found that they had 'caught Tartars.' They could not have pierced the armor of the Spanish vessels, while the Spanish guns could readily have pierced theirs. There were no orders to our vessels for such separate action, for neither Admiral Sampson nor anyone else could have anticipated such tactics. It is a matter of pure conjecture, but I am inclined to think that the confusion resulting from such a movement would have strongly favored Cervera."

SAYING OF SAGES.

Pride brings want.—Aesop.

Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.—Franklin.

It is a wise thing to be polite; consequently it is stupid to be rude.—Schopenhauer.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.—Thackeray.

We seldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much.—La Bruyere.

Men are not influenced by things, but by their thoughts about things.—Epictitus.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—Lowell.

Say nothing good of yourself; you will be distrusted; say nothing bad of yourself, you will be taken at your word.—Joseph Roux.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him than to their perfections which please him.—Greville.

OUR RICHEST SENATOR.

So the Politicians Refer to Stephen B. Elkins, the Senior Lawmaker from West Virginia.

Although Stephen B. Elkins, senator from West Virginia, has long since won for himself a national reputation as a politician, little is known of him as a business man, and only those who have come in close contact with him realize that he is one of the biggest and broadest men in the United States.

Senator Elkins began life as a poor boy with nothing but a college education, and has worked up to his present financial and political environments without aid from any source.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS.
(Senior United States Senator from West Virginia.)

He is a man of strong personality, is full of ideas, and as the late James G. Blaine used to say, "knows more people than any other man in public life."

Mr. Elkins is also extremely fond of literature. He reads the works of the best authors, studies the classics, and interprets the poets. He reads Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the original, and can quote Tennyson, Browning, Lowell and Longfellow by the hour. Mr. Elkins is very fond of walking and takes long tramps daily, although his stables are stocked with some of the finest breed.

His country home is one of the most beautiful estates in West Virginia and is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is inclosed by beautiful flower and vegetable gardens and surrounded on every side by magnificent views. Some years ago Mr. Elkins purchased a mountain which is near his estate for fear some ruthless farmer would destroy one of its views, and mar its beauty by cutting off the trees, and he turned a country road in order to improve the symmetry of his homestead.

In Washington the Elkins family occupy a palatial home and are lavish entertainers.

MINISTER TO PORTUGAL.

President Confers a High Honor Upon One of Iowa's Most Popular Republican Leaders.

The president has appointed John N. Irwin, of Iowa, formerly governor of Idaho, to be United States minister to Portugal in succession to Lawrence Townsend, who has been transferred to Belgium, where he succeeds Bellamy Storer, the new minister to Madrid. W. W. Rockhill, minister to Greece, has resigned and Arthur Sherburn Hardy, of New Hampshire, succeeds him in Athens. William P. Lord, formerly governor of Oregon, is appointed to the post of minister at Teheran, Persia, vacated by the promotion of Mr. Hardy.

Mr. Irwin, the new minister to Portugal, lives in Keokuk, Ia., where he is very popular. Two years ago he was mentioned prominently as a candidate for governor of Iowa. Although

JOHN N. IRWIN.
(New United States Minister to Lisbon, Portugal.)

born and educated in Ohio, Mr. Irwin has spent most of his life in Iowa. He started out in life as a lawyer, but abandoned that profession for commerce, in which he has had a long and successful career. Business, however, did not interfere with his active participation in politics. He has been honored by election to the mayoralty of Keokuk on a citizens' ticket without opposition from either party.

President Arthur appointed him governor of Idaho. At that time he won a national reputation by refusing pay in that office. He was later made governor of Arizona by President Harrison. He is 50 years old and has a wife and two charming daughters.

Aluminum Five-Cent Pieces.

It is reported that experiments have been carried on at the United States mint in Philadelphia for nearly a year with a view of ascertaining the fitness of aluminum for minor coins. Some 10,000 blanks of the size of the nickel five-cent piece have been delivered at the mint for this purpose. It may be mentioned that congress some time ago appointed a commission of experts to investigate and report upon this subject, and the experiments above referred to are being carried on under the direction of its members.

What Is in a Watch.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.

High Living in Japan.

In Japan a man can live like a gentleman on $300 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the wages of two servants, and supply plenty of food.

ALBERT J. HOPKINS.

His Friends Want Him to Be Speaker Reed's Successor.

The Interesting Life History of an Illinois Congressman Who Has Scores of Friends Among His Congressional Colleagues.

Albert J. Hopkins was born on a farm nor far from Cortland in De Kalb county, Ill. His father, Cyrus B. Hopkins, was one of the pioneers of the county. The future congressman did chores around the farm just the same as any other farmer's boy. He grew to be tall and angular and redheaded and to have a constantly present desire to be a lawyer. When he was 17 years old he was sent to Sycamore to prepare for college. The next year he was admitted to college at Hillsdale, Mich., where later he graduated.

As he was leaving college he found himself at a parting of the ways. His ambition to be a lawyer had been nurtured all the years, but on his graduation he was offered the principalship of ap academy in Maine. The offer opened the door to immediate honor and success, but his heart was true to his first love. A few weeks later he was sitting in the musty atmosphere of the law office of C. J. Metzler, in Aurora, with a volume of Blackstone equally musty before him. He had devoted some time to the study of law before, and after a little more than a year he was admitted to the bar.

Some quality in him recommended him to Judge Parks at the opening of the Greeley campaign. Parks was out to fight Greeley and he needed help. He enlisted young Hopkins as his lieutenant. He had heard Hopkins in a trial before a justice of the peace and liked his style of talking.

"I want you to make a speech, a good strong speech," said Parks.

He did. He made a speech so vigorous, so strong and so logical that it made him a candidate for state's attorney, and that fall he was elected to that office.

John C. Sherwin was elected congressman for the Aurora district in 1884.

ALBERT J. HOPKINS.
(Representative in Congress from the Aurora District.)

In 1886 Hopkins was put forward to defeat him. He accomplished this, but the nomination went to Reuben Ellwood, of De Kalb. Hopkins, however, had made the fight, and had made it so well that when Ellwood died before the end of his term Hopkins was elected to fill the vacancy. He has been reelected six times.

On the floor in debate Congressman Hopkins is regarded as strong, alert, quick, clear, logical and convincing. He has a fine presence. The lanky, redheaded young lawyer from Aurora has become one of the most polished and attractive figures in the house. He always commands attention when he speaks, and when he is speaking he holds it. More than once he has demonstrated the power that is in his speech. When Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, died the Illinois delegation presented the name of Congressman Hopkins for the place, but by right of seniority it went to Payne, of New York.

If Mr. Hopkins should become speaker of the house his succession to the place would be hailed with delight by the social side of Washington. Mrs. Hopkins, who was Miss Emma Stolp, of Aurora, is endowed with the charm of manner and the happy disposition to become a leader of society, and such she would be in the capital as the wife of the speaker. Her daughter Fannie made her debut in Washington last season. The Hopkins family live in the Willard in Washington.

Reading a Thousand Miles.

"You read a thousand miles," is the calculation of a clever individual fond of details. The eyes of the average busy man, in reading alone, travels 1,000 miles, which is equivalent to an "ocular trip," a third of the distance across our continent. Even the busiest man probably travels with his eyes 19 miles of type yearly, and there are doubtless many readers who travel six times the distance. If you read a yellow-backed novel your eyes have traversed from a mile to a mile and a half of type. The busiest pen cannot keep up with this pace. With ordinary use, your pen has not traveled over two miles during an average lifetime. Perhaps a Kipling or a Zola, if he live to be 60 or thereabouts, has journeyed 120 miles with his pen; that is, he has not traveled as far as from New York to Albany.

Royalty on the Scales.

The queen of Italy, says a gossip, weighs 176 pounds; Queen Victoria, 171 pounds; the queen of Spain, 147 pounds; the queen of Belgium, 143 pounds; the German empress, 136 pounds; the queen of Portugal, 132 pounds, and the czarina, 129 poun