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AMERICAN UNION

VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1899.

1899 AUGUST. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

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.
6:32 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 Secretary—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 B 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 Mooc, 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 and Business Cards

GEORGE M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE,
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

Professional and Business Cards.

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Denton, Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.

Office at Brown's Drug Store.

Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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Centreville, Md.

EDWIN H. BROWN,
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Established '89

JAMES T. QUINLAN,
Shipping and Commission MERCHANT.
12 W Camden St., Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of all kinds of Produce solicited. Reference: Any member of the Dunkard fraternity. 5 18 3m.

Old papers for sale at this office at your own price.

THE OLD DAYS.

Old friends, old comrades, here's a health,
A cup of greeting to you all,
Where'er the evening shades of life
Around your faithful spirits fall.
A hand to you, and a health to you,
And golden memory's wealth to you,
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

I scarce can think those days are gone—
And yet like dreams, they are no more,
And one by one your faces, friends,
Are turning toward the other shore.
Then hail to you, and farewell to you!
And the cups shall clink a knell to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

How few of us will ever meet
Again this side the narrow stream!
And even if our hands could touch,
We'd seem like figures in a dream.
It's youth, sweet youth, good-by to you!
And we are ghosts that cry to you
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.

Sit quiet, friends, and think it o'er,
Aye, think how sweet the old days were!
Seek not, weep not; take memory:
Let's have a loving cup with her—
A cup with her, and a song with her,
And a sitting still and long with her,
For the old days,
For the old, care-free days.
—James Buckham, in Munsey's Magazine.

Lost for Love

By R. E. Young.

THIRTY years! I close my eyes and live it all again. There stood the model—complete at last. After incredible years of failure and nights of agony, I had stumbled upon the secret of balancing these levers; my windless motor-clock would tick on forever. At first I was crazy—I wanted to rush out and call the world to see; then came the crushing recollection that it had yet to be placed on the market. A step on the stairs, too, reminded me that I owed nearly £50 to Lamont, the young Frenchman in the room over mine. Lamont—no one in the house seemed to understand him; even Netta herself had whispered to me once that she shivered at the look in his eyes at times. And yet he had interested himself so in my scheme, and those small loans of his had really kept me from starvation. Yes; he was going past—something made me open my door.

"Sh! Here!" I whispered. "There it stands. Lamont, I hope I shall be able to pay you all back with—"

"Eh? Never!" Afterward it came back to me that he whitened curiously as he walked across and bent incredulously over it. Jealous?—or was it too much for him to grasp that I might soon be rich and talked about? When he turned, it was with an expression that took away half my thrill. "You're quite certain?" he asked. "What are you going to do?"

"I was still holding out my hand. Take out provisional rights at once—to-morrow. Certain? I gave it ten days, and then, if it failed me again, I meant to grind it to powder. No one has touched it for 12—you hear it now!"

"And what else are you going to do?" he persisted, staring past.

"Why, marry Netta—if she'll have me!" The whisper was out before I knew it.

"Ah, I thought it." He smiled—yet he looked ill. "I thought as much. But you'll make sure; your motor-clock is not in the shops yet; you—I mean, there are accounts to be settled before you could even think of—of that. Well,"—he was at the door now—"you're to be admired—is that the word? Were I you I should say not a syllable to anyone yet. You never know; suppose your model was to disappear?"

"Nonsense!" I gasped, a little coldly. "It could profit nobody unless they had my table of calculations as well. This double spring you see—"

But he had gone. Kneeling beside my precious model, I had forgotten the queer incident in a moment. The unbroken swing of that pendulum was like new life to a dying man—Heaven alone knew what wild dreams I had been rearing up in those past three years. To go forever! Why, everyone knew that the great Prof. Sabraschky, after a lifetime spent in grappling with the theory, had finally committed suicide in despair; and here— Why, I had not whispered yet of my success to Netta. She, unlike the rest, had never seemed to think me mad; wouldn't her tired brown eyes shine when she realized that my persistent experiments had really reached a great finality! Just to Netta—I must; no

...pped-

...much would you take

"Ten thousand pounds down, and a floria royalty on every clock sold." I leaned across, afraid to hesitate now. "But mind, this is in strictest confidence, because it's very possible again, that when I leave here I may ask you to let me take Netta—as my wife. There!"

It was out. And Baldwin—he could not have even suspected; he sat staring and incredulous for a time, and then swayed up unsteadily.

"Well! How queer—Netta again! Let her go? I couldn't; what on earth should I do without. . . . You're rich, and you want my girl? I—I daren't think now, Marcel; let it wait a bit. No, no, don't, don't see her yet. Shake hands—yes, indeed! Heavens, I sha'n't sleep this night!"

I went out, leaving him standing so. That kitchen door was closed; but I fancied—I was sure—I heard a suppressed sob in there. Should I—no, presently she would be bringing up my supper, and then—! Back to my room in a whirl I went, and sat down for the thousandth time to compare those precious calculations. Why, yes, the simple idea was perfect; the uncoiling of the one spring implied the tightening of the second, and so the motor-bar was bound to revolve. My last valuable ...st ... to obtain the preliminary fees, but that . . . The softest tap.

"Your supper, Mr. Marcel—and good night!"

I stumbled to the door. Netta—she had placed the tray on the floor. I caught just a glimpse of her dress whisking round the staircase below. Ah, then, she knew there was something in the air that night! She was nervous—fluttered; the very cocoa seemed to have been spoiled in the making—for the first time. I sipped it, and then sat thinking wildly again. Tick, tick, went my darling clock over there. Now—was it wavering? No, no—only my poor, tired brain. The reaction was setting in, of course. To bed! To-morrow. A clear brain, at any price!

I must have fallen asleep before I touched the pillow. Sunshine was streaming in when, partly dressed, I sat up—sat up with a vague but terrible sensation as of something being wrong. The time? The time—I looked across to that bench, gave a half scream—and then my heart seemed to become still.

My clock was—not there!

What did I do first? I hardly know; something had seemed to snap in my brain as I struggled to realize. Gone—stolen while I slept! My table of calculations—gone too. I had left it beside the model. . . . Lamont! The flash-thought sent me reeling. His manner—his jealousy—his hint at theft! Dazed, I only knew there was a rameless thing in my mind as I stepped out on to the landing and listened. The hands of the clock there pointed to seven, and Lamont left for his work at eight. He would swear to his innocence; I would simply hold him by the throat while I crashed open his box. . . . I opened his door quietly. Lamont was not there. I started round for his trunk. It was gone.

I felt my way down the stairs again like a man suddenly blinded. At the foot I met Baldwin, our landlord, and clutched his arm. Just one tense whisper: "Lamont—that man?"

"Goodness, Mr. Marcel, what's the matter? . . . Lamont? Why, he's gone—came down here an hour ago, woke me and gave me a week's money instead of notice, and left the house without another word."

A month had passed—a terrible month that I lived through in alternate fits of madness and spells of dumb stupor. One day I would tramp the streets with eyes strained for a sight of the man who had ruined my life; the next, I would sit huddled over that empty bench, seeing no one, speaking to no one. At times there would come that soft tap at the door, and Netta's whisper that she had something to tell me; then her father would call me from the stairs; but I never answered either—my interest in life was suspended.

A month; and then, one never-to-be-forgotten evening, a still stranger thing happened. Sitting there so, I heard heavy footsteps outside, and next a peremptory knock. Before I could stir, two men had walked in. I know that then I sprang up with a choke of incredulous passion. One man was a stranger to me; the other—Lamont, haggard but smiling. Lamont! He had folded his arms; he could speak coolly, sneeringly.

"So you think I made off with your precious invention, Mr. Marcel? Stand still—wait! I might have done—I should have been justified, considering that it was you who robbed me of the one woman I'm ever likely to love or want. No matter! Shall I tell you why I went from this house as I did? Can you believe me?"

Speak I could not. The very world seemed to have stopped turning.

"I wanted Netta—and you were too blind and busy to see it. Her father had said: 'Netta's husband must have £500 of his own. She will never marry without my consent.' Very well; for long enough I sweated and starved for that. I own that I lent you money from time to time just to keep you buried in what I considered a fool's dream. I knew she cared for you most, if any man; but that you would never think of a wife while your problem remained a problem. That night, sir, when you told me you had solved it, I knew the crisis had come for both. I forestalled you. I went straight to Baldwin. I got leave to speak to Netta—she refused me point-blank. There were high words. I offered to buy the house and make it over to her; but no. Finally she locked herself in the kitchen. I haven't your British phlegm; in a fit of chagrin I told Baldwin I should pack my box and go back to France the next morning—he might let her think I had committed suicide—anything he liked. I kept to that; I left the house as soon as daylight came But you have accused me; it shall be thrashed out. This gentleman will see to that."

The other man cleared his throat. Now I saw that he had kept his back against the door.

"Mr. Marcel, I'm a detective. Rather curious information was quietly brought to us by Miss Baldwin the day following the theft. Your invention had been stolen by a man named Pierre Lamont, and you were too prostrated yourself to take any sensible steps. We were to get back the article intact without making an arrest, if possible, and she would settle expenses and—"

"Miss—Baldwin!" I whispered, a hand to my heaving brain. What were they saying? Netta—Netta had done this for me, while I had sat stupidly crushed and inactive!

"'Sh! Miss Baldwin—the young lady who let us in just now. I was told off. I went to work, and ran across my man here three weeks ago—he had not gone so far, after all. He told me something that put me on another scent altogether. You'll be rather surprised, if nothing more. It stood to reason that the thief, if he meant business, would never attempt to patent the affair here, or in his own name either. I made inquiries, and yesterday, sure enough, word came to hand that a shady agent, well known to the police, was forming a syndicate in Berlin to put your clock exclusively on the market there, keeping himself well in the background in London. I shadowed him for just two hours, and then I saw him in confab with the man we wanted—the man who, as it happened, Lamont here saw creeping down this staircase at five a. m. on the day of the theft—with your invention under his arm, no doubt. Lamont thought little of it, but there's no doubt the thief had his notion as to where the blame would be sure to lie next morning. Now!" He lowered his voice a note. "Er—Mr. Marcel, it is rather unfortunate that the man who stole your brainwork should be the father of the girl who thoughtfully put us up to the job!"

"Baldwin!" I got out, with a husky quiver. For me, the room was spinning round; one dear face looked imploringly at me out of a mist. Baldwin! Netta's father! . . . The cocoa that night—drugged by himself!

"Aye! I fancy it's not altogether his first attempt at shady work, either. We shall see. I've a warrant here for both of them, and—but you'll have your clock back, sir, with a grand advertisement, in a few days; and I hope you won't forget me. . . . Baldwin's out, the girl says, but he'll be back in a few minutes. She knows nothing, of course, and you'll like to avoid a fuss, I know. I shall have him as he steps in. If the matter hadn't gone so far—"

A faint, thrilling scream from behind the door. He threw it back, and there stood Netta. She had heard all—saw what she had done in her loving desire to help me—her face told it. White, wide-eyed, her shaking hands put out, she stood there—a picture to go to a man's heart and print itself there for ever . . . and just at that moment, to complete the unnerving tragedy of the situation, we heard the turn of a key in the halldoor below. Merciful heavens! I know I stood dumbed and thrilled as much by the nameless suspense as by the incredible thought that my life's triumph was within reach again. Baldwin? Yes, and he was going down the passage.

What really happened? It seemed afterwards like some dream. The detective took a step. Another pitiful cry—I could never forget it. Netta's arms barred the way.

"Dad! Dad! Go—go, for your life! They know! . . . Sirs, you dare not! Mr. Marcel, you couldn't—oh, for love of me, you'll never let them take him!"

And I—no! All the blood seemed to take life in me again as Netta's prayer sank into me. For love of her! her own father! It all happened in an indescribable minute; there was a rush in the passage below, and simultaneously I must have thrown both arms about the detective's waist, and held him fast. In that wild moment of revulsion I thought of nothing but sparing Netta—of sparing the man because he was what he was to her. And the door down there banged; he was gone.

"You madman! You'll lose him—everything!" panted the detective. But Netta had put me to the greatest test of man's love—I clung on as if for my own life—till suddenly the reaction came. For love of her I had lost what had seemed dearer than life itself. I slid down, and knew nothing more.

That, gentlemen, was 30 years ago. That model was lost—destroyed, no doubt, within 24 hours—we never heard of it or the man again. But here, to-night, stands its duplicate—and a duplicate of this we can see in a thousand shop-windows. Need I say that we owe it to Netta—the loving wife who has stood by me, built up my hope again, and spurred me on to the great task, day by day, for those 30 years? Need I say what I won when it seemed I had lost everything? Left alone, I could never have brought myself to go over all that old ground again, but the patient inspiration of years has done at last what you see. And when I lost her. . . . when death took her from me, a year ago, her last whisper was . . . There, no, I can't. But here it is—and Netta knows! Netta knows!—Tit-Bits.

English Women's Jewels.

Among the wonderful collections of jewels owned by English women Baroness Burdett-Coutts' unique set of sapphires is celebrated; the marchioness of Bath's necklace of black pearls is estimated as worth $500,000, and the duchess of Westminster's Nassau diamond at nearly $200,000. The princess of Wales has a beautiful necklace which she always wears on state or gala occasions.

MAN FROM MEMPHIS.

His Opinion of Chicago Weather Was Formed from Seeing a Radiator Salesroom.

A stranger in Chicago trudged along Dearborn street the other day with a yellow valise in one hand and a tattered and travel-worn copy of a Memphis paper in the other. At the corner of Lake street his gaze wandered to one of the big windows in the block, and he paused and sidled up to it. Before him was the salesroom of a steam radiator company, and various styles, shapes and sizes of radiators were strewn through the rom at frequent intervals; there looked to be enough of them there to heat the Klondike and a portion of Siberia.

The stranger's eyes grew big and round as he put down his valise, tucked the paper into his breast pocket and clasped his hands behind his bottle-green frockcoat. His gaze traveled down one vista of radiators and up another. He tried to count them, and got lost at 240, because the ones at the far end began to jump up and down before his sight—or seemed to. Then he shook his head slowly and reached for his valise.

"I've heard tell that Chicago is a cold place in winter," he muttered as he went on, "but, dog my cats if I thought it was cold enuf to take 'bout 500 of them radiating things to heat a room no bigger'n Odd Fellows' hall at home."

Not to Be Envied.

"My wife never has said a cross word to me in all the time we have been married," he announced proudly.

"Is that so?" returned his companion commiseratingly. "What a spiritless creature she must be!"—Chicago Post.

WITH THE INVENTORS

A Few of Their Latest Triumphs Described in Detail.

Portable Bridge for Army Purposes—Largest Air Compressor Ever Constructed—Adjustable Vehicle Motors.

[Special Correspondence.]

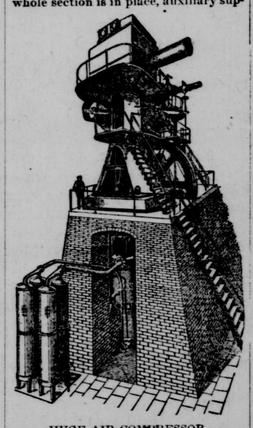
THE "signs of the times" indicate that the new portable bridge recently invented by Lieut. Col. Paul Pfund, of the French engineer corps, will interest all those concerned with military matters. The increase in the size of armies makes it imperative that means be provided for crossing rivers at several points at the same time. The most reliable temporary bridges have been found to be those supported on horses. These horses have had to be built to measure, as a stream varies so much in depth at different points and the surface of a bridge must be as nearly horizontal as possible. Even after a large amount of time has been spent in manufacturing them, these supports are often difficult to plant in line. In Col. Pfund's bridge the horses are made of jointed pieces, extremely light, which can be shortened or lengthened and planted at any required angle. A pair of steel tubes compose each of these parts and are fitted to a pivot which they slide past lengthwise.

Four tubes form a horse whose shape can be adapted to any change of level, each of its four feet always being fixed in the river-bed. In beginning a bridge, a plank is laid from one X-shaped piece to another placed opposite. Between the first pair and the next are auxiliary supports. The pivot connecting the two steel supports serves as an axle enabling them to act like a wheel on which the free end of the bridge rolls out in process of erection. The "wheel" always rests on the river bottom, while

ERECTION OF PFUND BRIDGE WITH REGULATION FLOORING.

the axle is always at nearly the same level, because the spokes slide lengthwise.

When a section of bridge is completed, workmen standing on the fixed part push along a new section to a considerable distance, while others on the free end lower a support on each slide until it touches bottom and thus holds up the end. Sections are continuously and rapidly pushed out while the supports turning on their axles with their points resting on the bottom act like wheels, and when the outer end decidedly droops the workmen standing upon it drop the other arm of the Xs. This touching bottom shares the weight with the first pair. When a whole section is in place, auxiliary supports fix it firmly in position. The ends of the supports are pointed for hard bottoms and flat for mud.



HUGE AIR COMPRESSOR.
(It Furnishes Power for Several New York Car Lines.)

A Pfund bridge, four feet wide and 22 feet long, weighs 1,122 pounds. Where timber abounds all that need be transported are the jointed supports. Twelve men in 35 minutes erected a Pfund bridge 92 feet long over a river 11¼ feet deep.

Compressed air has already so well established its reputation as a motive power that it only remains necessary to find new purposes for which to use it. For a number of years more or less satisfactory attempts have been made to utilize it for operating public conveyances of different kinds, but only recently with success. In New York city a new plant, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, has just been installed at West Twenty-fourth street and the North river to furnish compressed air for running some of the cross-town cars. It is the first ever made in which there is a combination of a compressor developing 2,500 pounds to the square inch with an engine of 1,000 horse power.

The compressor, which is a counterpart of a steam engine, at the first stage of its work, brings the pressure up to 40 pounds, at the second to 180, at the third to 850 and at the fourth to 2,300. It has four cylinders. The largest has a diameter of 46 inches and carries on the first part of its work. The next has a diameter of 24 inches, the third of 14 and the fourth of six inches. The pistons in all of these cylinders have strokes of 60 inches. The work is divided because air in a compressor becomes hot and mor... sure were carried ... the inch, with a si... sor, atmospheric ab... possibly 550 degre... injuring the machi...

Each of the cyli... stage compressor ... cooler so that the ... age tanks at very ... perature. The co... erally put in these ... at a higher pressure ... it is used, or about ... square inch. But ... bottles which are ... the cars are charg... about 2,000 pounds ... sure safety these b... to 4,000 pounds pe... though only requi... about one-half that ... About 600 of these ... at the new powe... connected with ... the charging tube ... and pipes.

The horseless c... tracting more att... recent invention, ... of the automobile ... calculation at thi... facture. In spite ... with which it is, ... greeted, the undo... offers over a vehi... are so apparent t... cupy a prominent ... great inventions ... closing.

This is especial... cities, where horse ... much space in the ... the wagons and c... they are attached. ... drawbacks to increas... comotion is the cos... which places them ... reach of the majorit... now employing hors... the animal be dispos... crowded market, but ... large and small, whi... sess, for the automo...

This latter difficulty, however, may now be overcome. For some time inventors have been endeavoring with varying success to construct a motor which may be attached to the vehicles now in use. All those which have to be "hitched" to a carriage and operated as a horse are cumbrous and possess one of the great disadvantages of the latter—occupying too much space.

But recently a French firm, Messrs. Arniot & Peneau, seems to have met all difficulties and is placing upon the market a motor attached to a pair of front wheels which may be substituted for the ordinary front wheels of a carriage. The wheels serve at the same time as both steerers and drivers, any variation of their position controlling the direction of the carriage without independent movement of the naphtha motor with two vertical cylinders which propels the conveyance.

There is a flexible axle which serves as a prolongation of the motor axle on each side. The different mechanisms to effect change of speed are carried on the front axle. The naphtha and water reservoirs are suspended behind and the motor further forward. A strong metallic band fixed to a sleeve fitted to the rear axle connects this axle with the motor, as the weight of the latter would cause too great a strain upon an ordinary carriage. A solid whole is thus formed of the front and rear wheels so that the motor moves the carriage by both pairs of wheels. Any wagon or carriage can in 15 minutes be changed from its ordinary form to an automobile and vice versa, the only expense being for the motor and one pair of wheels, which may be used alternately on a whole series of different vehicles, as may be done with a horse.

The case containing the motor is decorative, and when electricity is preferred to naphtha as a motive power, will contain storage batteries.

The invention has passed the experimental stage and has been operated with great success. It is likely to be of great practical service and will meet a popular demand.

EDWARD JULIAN.

A Touching Tribute.

Widow Farrelly—Do ye moind the beautiful bookay Mr. Googan presinted me this mawnin'? Ah, the poor mon! His woife died jist tin days ago.

Widow Murphy—Begorra, they kipt well, didn't they?—Harper's Weekly.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

Wigg—"Bonesetter, that young doctor, has committed suicide." Wagg—"Yes, some doctors have so little to do that they kill themselves."—Cleveland Leader.

Druggist—"What mistake did you make with that patient I sent you?" Doctor—"I charged him two dollars a visit, while I find he could have stood five dollars."—San Francisco Examiner.

Patient—"Do you think a sudden fright would be likely to bring on a relapse?" Doctor—"Most certainly!" Patient—"Then please bear that in mind when making out your bill!"—Detroit Journal.

A Case of Doubt.—Doctor—"James, did that lady in the waiting-room come in her own coach or a trolley car?" Servant—"Trolley car, sir!" Doctor—"Thanks! I couldn't tell from her dress whether to prescribe three months at Newport or sulphur and molasses."—Puck.

"See here," said the doctor to his patient, "I've been a physician for ten years, and I know what treatment your case requires." "That cuts no ice with me. I've been an invalid for 30 years, they were ... H. Hobbs, ... sin, has begu... ridges of Ohio, ... vania, New York, Minnes... gan, with a view of discoverin... source of these diamonds. The investigation will be made under the direction of the Wisconsin geologists' survey.

CEYLON ELEPHANT HUNTING.

The elephant shooting of Ceylon is the best in the world and the easiest attainable.

As a rule the Ceylon elephant does not carry tusks and the hunter gets little in the way of a souvenir. To be sure he can bring home the feet and have them made into liquor stands, umbrella racks and cigar cabinets.

Experts say the Ceylon elephant hunter should carry in his baggage two heavy double rifles, a single express and a shotgun. The best clothing is green-drab drill, brown canvas boots and a large pith hat. The cost of a trip in the jungles is roughly estimated at five dollars a day apiece.

The reason all the Ceylon elephants have not been exterminated is that they have been carefully preserved by the government, which regulates the shooting according to the number of animals. The idea is to keep a constant herd of 2,000 and when there is not an excess of this number the shooting is forbidden absolutely.

FOR THE REAL ESTATE AGENT

One of the best ways to keep real estate up is to keep sand and dust down.—Galveston News.

"I don't suppose a woman ought to be a real estate agent." "I don't know. Why not?" "Well, it's a woman's place, you know, to be the housekeeper."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"There's no use," he said, positively. "of my trying to build a house according to these plans for a $5,000 home." "Why not?" inquired his wife. "Because I couldn't possibly raise more than eight or nine thousand."—Washington Star.

"I thought you said this property was only a couple of steps from the post office?" said the prospective buyer. "It is," responded the ever-resourceful real estate agent. "You step on an electric car here and step off at the post office. That's only two steps. See."—Ohio State Journal.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

It is the opinion of Prof. Tyndall that blue-eyed women should marry black-eyed men.

Thomas A. Edison's handwriting bears a close resemblance to that of Edgar Allan Poe.

Five ex-mayors of Boston are living: Green, Martin, Hart, Matthews and Curtis.

John D. Rockefeller's usual luncheon consists of a glass of milk and two crackers, with an occasional piece of fruit.

Charles Dorr, of San Francisco, has a wonderful memory. He can recite verbatim almost any play after witnessing it once.

Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, professor of American archaeology and linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania, has presented to the university his entire collection of books and manuscripts relating to the aboriginal language of North and South America.

Gov. Tyler, of Virginia, has received a letter from a woman of that state, whose name is withheld, asking permission to take the place of any life-term convict in the penitentiary. She wants to serve out such a term faithfully in order that she may feel that she has not misspent her life. The governor was so impressed with the idea that the woman was neither a lunatic nor a crank seeking notoriety that he answered her letter at length, explaining that the laws of the state prevented him from granting her request.

Censorship in Turkey.

Turkish papers were not allowed to print the news of the assassination of the Austrian empress. They simply announced that she had died.

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