AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899. NO. 51.

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1899 September. 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 Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comeggys, 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 and Business Cards

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Denton, Md.

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

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS.
DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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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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STORIES FROM CHICAGO.

Little Tales from the Lake City That Are Interesting.

Chicago is to entertain Admiral Dewey, at least Chicago thinks she is, and it amounts to quite the same thing at the present time.

Dewey and Cervera to Entertain Chicago.

There has been no definite Dewey programme announced as yet, but there are suggestions from prominent citizens which are receiving careful consideration from the committee which will have charge of the admiral while in Chicago.

Profiting by the turndown the admiral gave the proposed hundred-dollar dinner which Gotham wished to tender him upon his arrival in this country, Chicago has left eatables entirely out of the question, and it now looks as though the worthy old sea fighter might have to go hungry or live on canned roast beef while in Chicago.

But the admiral will receive every attention which he can desire. It is proposed to send a whole train to the east to convey him to Chicago. It is even proposed that this train be manufactured for the purpose, and be so rich in equipment as to put all other trains of the world in a back room so far as elegance is concerned.

But Chicago does not intend to permit the admiral to get to Chicago without receiving a just compensation for the outlay which the city is contemplating. According to the suggestions now on file, it is proposed that Admiral Cervera be borrowed from Spain for a few days, and that the two commanders be equipped with a fleet of lake scows and put out into Lake Michigan where they may show the world how the Spanish-American war was fought and won. If Chicago succeeds in getting both men and carrying out this proposition they will have to build railroads to carry the crowds, and the lake city will have certainly beat Gotham, which, after all, is the main thing.

Marshall Field's Pet Charity.

Marshall Field, the merchant king, gives more unfortunate fellow beings new limbs, perhaps, than any other man in the country. This strange form of benevolence is not a fad with the multimillionaire. He feels keenly the handicap that a poor man labors under when deprived of one or more of his limbs, and endeavors to assuage the troubles of every worthy cripple who appears for a new leg or a new arm. Those who have kept track of Mr. Field's charitable efforts to make optimists out of disabled men, say that there is a record of over 150 cripples provided with artificial limbs through the munificence of Mr. Field's bounty.

He Gives Away Many Wooden Legs.

Recently the merchant gave up a considerable portion of his valuable time listening to the wail of a man whose right leg had been amputated close to his body. Calling his secretary, the merchant ordered that worthy to take the cripple to the usual place where neat and useful artificial limbs, "just as good as the real thing," were to be had.

Thinking that he was to have his pretty dream realized, the one-legged man exhibited his joy at intervals. But to his chagrin the artificial limb doctor declared that there was not enough of a stump to fit a new leg to.

"If Mr. Field were to offer me all of his wealth," said the expert limb maker, "I could not give you a new limb."

This is how one of Mr. Field's objects of a deserving charity failed to become a "new man."

Perfection in Street Cars.

A sunburned man vainly signaled a Madison street cable train to stop. The proud gripman ignored the waving hand, and the sunburnt man had his arm nearly jerked from its socket as he "flipped" on the rear of the rapidly moving train. He made a few sulphurous remarks as he sat down, but after a moment he turned to his smiling seatmate.

As They Do It in the Country.

"Some of these Chicago gripmen ought to be turned loose on a ten-foot ring with an army mule," said he. "But I've no particular kick coming. Did you ever take a street car ride in a small town? One of those places where the car system is proudly pointed out as one of the evidences of prosperity of Bungtown, or whatever it may be? Well, I did one day last week, and now I'm a meek and humble citizen who loves the Chicago street cars with a great love. It was up in Wisconsin. I got on at the terminus of the one-track line, away out on a marsh somewhere, with 30 minutes to get a train, the station two miles away, and, b'gosh, I didn't make it. We went about four blocks when a man half a block away whistled through his fingers, and that blessed motorman waited while the man, followed by three children and two women, one of whom turned back to kiss a smudgy youngster in the yard, leisurely walked to the car. And then after the man and the kids had boarded the car, those two lovely creatures squabbled for about 30 seconds as to which seat they would climb into. Think of a Chicago gripman beaming on a scene like that!

"The car had no conductor until the first switch was reached, where the conductor on the outbound car came aboard. When we reached that switch, the 'other car' wasn't in sight, and the motorman calmly took out his corncob, filled it, sat down and smoked, while for five minutes I said things. The conductor and motorman knew every man, woman and dog along the line. One man in overalls and a large straw hat got on, borrowed a chew from the conductor, whom he addressed as "Jim," and anxiously asked how all the folks were out in Moon Prairie. Oh, it was great. But I wonder what our gripman friend here would have said to those two women."

Names Wanted.

The automobile, the horseless carriage, the autocarriage, or whatever it is finally decided Chicago shall call the horseless vehicle which so agitated the South park board not long ago, is giving the citizens of the lake city much uneasiness these days.

Chicago Thinks of Many Names.

The whole trouble is in finding a name that the entire city, or at least a majority, can agree upon. Some insist that it must be an original name, while others say it would be far better to follow the example set by either London or Paris, and the only point upon which there has been any semblance of opinion so far is that it shall not be called by the same name as that which distinguishes it in Gotham.

To this important subject the newspapers of the city have given much attention, and have besides thrown their columns open to the public for a general discussion of a subject fraught with so much importance.

One man who has taken advantage of this opportunity to display his journalistic talents suggests that the machine be called an "autobaine," and that when a woman operates one of them she be called an "autobaineeress," or if the operator is perchance a man he be called an "autobaineer."

Another to whom this is distasteful would have it abbreviated to something short and easy, and suggests simply "rig."

Then another man, also looking for something short and easy, but to whom the word "rig" savors too much of the slang of the day, would have it called "tron." This, he declares, is Greek for electricity, and is so classical. And so it goes through half a thousand names, and Chicago is no nearer a decision than it was when the discussion began. In the meantime they are called "automobile," and Gotham smiles.

Sold the Newspaper Men.

It takes a pretty ingenious peddler or beggar to coax the small coins from the average Chicago man in the downtown district, where long experience in the wiles of the being who wants something for nothing has proved a school, the lessons of which have been learned thoroughly. But a new scheme was successfully worked recently in the last place in the world it should—in a newspaper office. A fairly well-dressed elderly man accosted the city editor. "Wouldn't you kindly buy a small package of lavender?" said the man. "It's fine for packing away your clothes. Moths won't come near it, and the odor is pleasant. It's only a nickel. One package will last four months."

Sold Him But Wet Sawdust.

The city editor growled, looked up at the man's benign face and dug up a nickel. Three or four of the other boys followed suit, and the lavender man got out in a hurry.

But as he disappeared down the stairs some one opened one of the packages—and said something. It was filled with wet sawdust, slightly sprinkled with lavender water.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Made Brave by Toothache.

While some old soldiers were telling war stories one of them recalled a curious incident. He had a raging toothache, and the night before the battle hardly slept a wink. Next day he was in line with his regiment, and there was the usual nervous apprehension among the men, but he was fully occupied with his aching tooth. Suddenly the fight was on, and with a yell he started forward at the head of the company. He yelled and cheered and fought for two hours, and when the victory was won he was highly complimented for his bravery. "Yet," said he, "it wasn't bravery at all. It was that awful tooth, and my desire to do anything to banish the jumping pains!"

EDUCATIONAL.

Western Reserve university has received in gifts the past year an aggregate of $125,000.

Prague seems to extend its chauvinism even to science. There are two botanical gardens—one belonging to the German the other to the Bohemian university.

The directors of one of Pittsburgh's public schools have decided to establish in the school building a spacious swimming pool and shower baths for the use of the pupils.

The University of Bonn has had a windfall. Herr Otto Hoelterhoff, of Hennep, lately deceased, left his whole fortune, estimated at 1,000,000 marks, to the university, in memory of his wife, who was a daughter of the former Prof. Bocking, of the Bonn faculty of law.

The Harvard divinity school is usually thought of and spoken of as a Unitarian school, but one of the official visitors says that three of its teachers are orthodox (Trinitarian) Congregationalists, one "preaches as a Baptist minister," others do not call themselves Unitarians, and two recent graduates will do their preaching in surplice and stole.

SIR ORIOLE.

In the shadows cool and dim,
Hanging from an upper limb,
Of an old ancestral tree,
A wonderful house I see;
'Tis the castle high and tight
Of Sir Oriole, the knight,
Prince of pleasant woodland ways,
Jouster in his lady's praise,
Singing like a troubadour,
Happy in the sweet Amour.
All around his broad demesne
Stretches glossy bright and green;
His a wilderness of love,
Shade below and sun above,
Brook that ever babbling flows,
Wind that laughs and smiling rose;
Brothers are they, one and all,
Bringing tribute to his hall.
Fragrance, mirth and melody
Linked with light and liberty.
Oh, he is a happy wight
In his kingdom of delight,
Like some lord of Brittany
Dwelling by the summer sea.

See him flashing through the trees!
Once, in far Hesperides,
His ancestor fought at dusk
Through great gardens faint with musk,
Thronged with trees of golden fruit,
And so won his armor suit—
Orange in a field of black.
And his progeny without lack,
Still his young descendant bears
And that ancient honor shares.
Who would storm his castle must
Be prepared for royal thrust;
Yea, his little heart is bold
All marauders to withhold,
Darting here and there so free
In his realm of greenery.

Rich is he. When winter nears,
And frost the merry woodland seres,
Off is he unto a land
By rude tempests never fanned.
Many, many fields of rice
He may harvest without price;
Many, many evenings dream
By the never-freezing stream,
While his children seek them mates
In his golden vast estates,
Planning how and where to build
When the winter's reign is filled.
Over hills and far away,
When the northern spring shall say:
Come, ye brothers of the sun,
Welcome, welcome, everyone;
Gladden once again my skies,
Make my woodlands paradise;
Lord and Lady Oriole,
Come, oh come and fright the dole
That here lingers till you sing—
Sing a song and flash a wing
In the gardens of the spring.
—Chicago Daily News.

SUBSTITUTION.

By Barry Pain.

MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnies, reigned, temporarily, in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at the restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnies reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnies did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnies' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

NAME. Miss Cynthia Page.
TO SEE. The Editor.
BUSINESS. Private.
DATE. 3.5.99.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnies. He had seen the name, Cynthia Page, in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased when the clerk showed her in to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray eyes seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnies found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt.

"Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose—"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say that it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason, and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults, some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting, all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you?"

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with this business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better, infinitely better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-byed and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Mr. Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies, shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a pint pot. Plugged up with ads., and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took the paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen: I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—oh, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked myself up about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by a telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea-Cup; a Journal Conducted by Ladies for Ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is Mr. J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearlettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of ——?"—Black and White.

ROSA BONHEUR'S PET SHEEP.

The Little Animal Was Her Sole Model Until a Careless Boy Broke Its Back.

When Rosa Bonheur began her artistic career she insisted, as she always did afterward, on having before her any object which she painted. She lived in a flat on the fifth floor, and in a little room not much larger than a closet she kept a sheep, at that time her sole model, which she had reared from a pet lamb, and which a younger brother was required to take out several times a week and exercise in an unfrequented part of a park near by, and give it a nibble of the grass now and then, so it would "not forget to be a sheep," as she quaintly expressed it. At first the boy was required to carry the sheep up and down stairs, so that its clattering hoofs would not betray it to the other residents of the house or annoy them with its noise. But after a time the animal became too large for the boy to carry, when he contrived a pair of mittens, stuffed like a boxer's gloves, which he drew on the sheep's hind feet just before starting out and coming in, he taking hold of the forefeet and making the brute walk noiselessly on its hind legs. It is said that the animal, after a time, would fairly caper with delight the moment the boy would produce the mittens before going out, in anticipation of an hour in the park.

But one day the boy was careless and stumbled near the head of the upper flight of stairs and, in order to save himself, let go of the sheep, which tumbled head first over its companion, struck twice in its descent and not only broke its back on one of the sharp stair corners, but landed in one of the neighboring flats, the door happening to be open at the moment of the descent. The Bonheur family had mutton for dinner that day—all but Rosa, who "could not think of dining with a playmate when that playmate was on the platter," and a shoulder of it was sent down as a peace offering to the flat where the calamity had occurred.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Ironical View.

Mrs. Read—Did you notice Mrs. Oil-Wells at the ball last night? She was literally covered with pearls and diamond jewelry!

Mr. Wise—Her modesty was indeed conspicuous. The other ladies wore very little.—Jeweler's Weekly.

An Impossibility.

Mrs. McLubberty (who has just finished reading a story of suffering and privation)—Murty, how wud yez loike to be lost in the desert?

McLubberty — Hoh! Begorra, Oi hov me name an' address plainly written down on a car-r-rd in me pocket! —Harper's Round Table.

A Deduction.

First Hunter—Do you take notice of that sign that reads: "No hunting in this lot?"

Second Hunter—Yes; and I think it a very truthful one. I was hunting all through it this morning and didn't see one bird.—Judge.

Training.

"That man you have put me up against has an advantage that I didn't know about," said the pugilist, discontentedly.

"What's that?" asked the manager.

"He used to belong to a debating society."—Washington Star.

Her Reasons.

Lawyer—So you want a divorce from your husband, the flying-machine inventor. What are your reasons?

Client—Well, he is flighty, and his machines ain't.—Judge.

WOMEN'S ODD PETS.

Pigs, Frogs, Turkeys and Even Mice Have Found Favor with the Ladies.

Some minds are strikingly original, even in the choice of pets. Certainly this was the case with the wife of a gentleman farmer who made a pet of a pig. The animal lost its mother early, and the lady, taking pity on the little orphan, bore it off to the kitchen, where she succeeded, by the aid of a feeding bottle, in rearing it.

The pig became a great pet, and used to follow its owner like a dog. It could hardly have been its outward attraction that won her heart; it must have been its qualities which endeared it to her.

Another very singular pet was a frog, which was tamed by a young girl in the country and would come out from under the leaves at her approach to be fed with a strawberry.

A lady who was confined to her room had a fowl which, before her illness, was a constant companion. It used to be regularly brought to her room every morning to see her and to be fed by her own hands, and allowed to take a short walk about her room.

Another member of the feminine gender actually made a pet of a turkey, and declared it should "never be eaten, but die in its own good time," which it did of old age.

A much more extraordinary instance of a strange pet, for a woman at any rate, was where an old lady so far overcame the natural repugnance of her sex as to tame a mouse which had been caught in her store cupboard. So successful was her treatment that at last the tiny animal would take crumbs from its mistress' fingers.

NATURE'S COLOR BOX.

Fruits and Vegetables When Properly Used, Help to Enhance Human Loveliness.

Mother nature is a great artist, and will beautify the plainest face if she has a chance. It sometimes takes months or even years for her to complete her task, but it can be done with patience and full surrender to the invisible genius, says the New York Herald.

Onions, from leeks to Bermudas, are bleaching, and so are lemons, asparagus and celery. Spinach is the broom of the stomach, as the French say, and sorrel, in soup of puree, as they cook it in the provinces and at the students' restaurants in the Latin Quarter, is a great beautifier. Dandelion, lettuce and all the salads will bring out the red and white tints of the skin.

Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are red and blood making, developing infantile loveliness in cheek and lips if eaten, not now and then, but three times a day. This is the fruit cure or Garden of Eden breakfast, and it will be remembered that Eve had no patent medicines, cosmetics or doctors.

Pineapple is good for the stomach and air passages. Rice, all cereals and white vegetables, such as cauliflower and parsnips, are wholesome. But pickles and piercrust, hot cakes and too many sweets will make one look pasty, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the olive and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.

THEY KISSED VICTORIA.

Death of the Last Member of the Society of the Royal Kiss in Paris.

Mrs. Eleanor Jeffreys, English, from Raleigh, Essex, died in this city, aged 96, says a Paris correspondent. With her disappeared the Society of the Kiss Royal, of which she was the only surviving member.

The society was composed originally of 45 young women who had kissed Queen Victoria at the cost of a shilling each. That happened when her gracious majesty was an infant in the cradle.

One day her nurse had taken her out in a pony cart for an airing in Richmond park. The tiny princess was recognized by the students of one of the most aristocratic girls' schools in London. They surrounded the little carriage and one of the girls offered to give the nurse a shilling if she would let her kiss the pretty baby. The nurse accepted.

Then all the other students, amid great laughter and endearments to the child, in turn paid the toll and kissed the princess, and the servant made quite a little sum.

When Victoria had succeeded to the throne of England the girls who had kissed the queen formed a friendly association, the Society of the Kiss Royal, which Victoria honored shortly afterward with a very gracious, good-humored autograph letter, that finally passed into the possession of Mrs. Jeffreys, the last member.

Germ Killers.

It has been shown by Koch and others that soap is a microbicide, or germ killer, and, according to Prof. Serafini, soda or potash soap is quite a good disinfectant, not only because of the alkalis, but the combination itself. Heating the water favors the effect. Resinous soaps are not the best disinfectants. Marseilles soap is very good. A solution of three or four per cent. kills the most resisting microbes.

Weather Station in a Church Spire.

It has been decided to establish a meteorological observatory at the top of the great cathedral spire in Ulm, Germany. The Ulm cathedral is one of the most extraordinary in existence, on account of the great size and height of its spire, which reaches an elevation of 528 feet. Although the great church was begun more than 500 years ago, the spire was not completed until 1890.

ODD BITS OF FACT.

The United States coast and geodetic survey has sounded and prepared charts of 164,000 square miles of sea.

Peas and bens are the most nutritious of vegetables, containing as much carbon as wheat and double the amount of muscle-forming food.

A very novel sight was seen in Barnard, Vt., on a recent Sunday, when Mrs. Mary M. Gale, with her daughter, granddaughter and great-granddaughter (four generations) all walked in company to church.

The highest mountains of the Philippine islands are Halcon (Mindora) 8,868 feet, Apo (Mindanao) 8,804 feet, Mayon, active volcano (Luzon), 8,283 feet, and San Cristobal (Luzon), 7,375 feet.

Tips to sleeping car porters not exceeding 25 cents have been recognized by auditors of the treasury department as a legitimate charge against the treasury in the expense accounts of government officials, but not tips to hotel and station porters and waiters.

A Swiss physician, Dr. Otto Naegell, declares that the best way to overcome insomnia is to imitate the breathing of a man who is asleep, and to make the head undergo the various movements to one side and the other which one occasionally makes while falling asleep in a sitting posture.

Achieving His Aim.

He said that in the growing west he'd rise
to lofty height,
To station far above the common herd;
He'd be a leader, too, of men who'd recognize his might
And slavishly obey his slightest word.
Long did he seek for eminence, his motto
"Do or die!"
Pricked onward by ambition's cutting
goad,
Until he won position most unquestionably
high—
He's a section foreman on the Pike's
Peak road.
—Denver Post.

The Old Man's Hint.

Materfamilias ((11 p. m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.

Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and, giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.

"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"

"No; he said 'Thank you.' "—N. Y. Weekly.

Well Spent.

Rigby—Come here, Mary; I want to show you the woman Billings spends his money on.

Mrs. Rigby—What, that person in black lace?

Rigby—You wouldn't have believed it, would you?

Mrs. Rigby—Why, that's his wife, stupid!

Rigby—Of course.—Brooklyn Life.

No Trouble.

"Did you have any trouble about your vote while you were at home?"

"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I didn' have no trouble. I jes' stood on my dignity. I picked out my canerdate and when de 'spute stahted I said dat ef dey wouldn' let me vote foh him I wouldn't vote foh nobody."—Washington Star.

Inharmonious After All.

"No, we couldn't agree," sighed the man. "I said I wasn't worthy of her, and she said I was. For the sake of harmony I yielded my opinion and said I was worthy of her, and she, not to be outdone in generosity, I suppose, yielded her opinion and said I wasn't."—Detroit Journal.

Impartial.

"I have come, sir," said the foreigner of title to the American of wealth, "to ask for the hand of your daughter."

"Which one?" asked the millionaire. "I have three."

"It is immaterial," answered the nobleman, magnanimously. "They might draw lots for me."—Chicago Post.

Now She Just Hates Him.

Mrs. Younglove (pouting)—George, you have been treating me just as if I were a child. Why do you do it?

Mr. Younglove—I don't know. I must have been thinking of something else. There surely is no reason why I should treat you that way.—Chicago Times-Herald.

In Kentucky.

He wasn't any artist—
Vowed the critics—till one day
He drew a seven-shooter
In a most convincing way.
—Washington Star.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Father—You are wasting time—and time is money, you know.

Son—Is it? Then I wonder how long it will take to settle all my debts? —Ally Sloper.

A Cautious Lover.

Mr. Millyuns—How dare you ask me for my daughter's hand when you are working for such a small salary?

Mr. Brasscheek—Well, I didn't want to throw up the job until I was sure of your daughter.—Judge.

One Girl's Dilemma.

Giles—What induced her to tell you her real age?

Merritt—It was at her birthday party and I was giving her a kiss for each year.—Town Topics.

Encouraging.

She—Do you think my voice has enough volume?

Professor—Good gracious, yes. Why, two or three voices could be made out of it.—Detroit Free Press.

Already Knows It All.

Brown—You can always tell a young man who is just out of college.

Jones—That's just where you are wrong. You can't tell him anything.—Ohio State Journal.

Another Capture.

D'Avnoo—I hear young Richfello is engaged to the Widow Dash.

Miss Ann Teeke—I presumed she would get him. He is a little lame and can't run very fast.—Harlem Life.

What's the Use!

Bramble—I understand you got a verdict in your favor in that damage suit.

Thorne—Yes, I got the verdict all right, but my lawyer got the money. —N. Y. Journal.

Too Independent for Him.

"They say, Blakely, that your wife has an independent fortune."

"That's right. It's so independent that I can't get any of it."—Tit-Bits.

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