AMERICAN UNION.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1899. NO. 12.

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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.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 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.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 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; 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 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., C. H. Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whitby; Secretary, W. K. Scotten; Treasurer, T. Fred Towers. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 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 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

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

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A. — Councilor, Miss May Roe; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Murry; 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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House Painter and Decorator,
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Having had ten years' experience with skilled mechanics in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Wilmington. I can give estimates, contracts and skilled work. Fair prices by the hour, day, or job.

BEEN BOUGHS OF HOME.

Green boughs of home, that come between
Mine eyes and this far-distant scene,
I see, whene'er my thought escapes,
Your old, serene, familiar shapes.

Each lissome willow-tree that dips
Into the stream her golden whips,
The sassafras beside the gate
Where twilight strollers linger late;

The hemlock groups, that dimly hold
Their own against the noonday gold;
The maple lines, that give the view
A green or luminous avenue;

Those oldest apple-trees, whose forms
Have braved a hundred years of storms,
And turn a face as blithe and free
To greet their second century;

The younger orchard's heavy edge,
Framed in the honey locust hedge;
Fruit-flushed, snow-burdened, or bloom-bright,
They come to my home-longing sight;

The billowy woods across the road,
Where all the winds of heaven strode,
And sang in every towering stem—
Would that I were at home with them!

For under these down-bending boughs
A thousand tender memories house.
Oh, while your old companions roam,
Your peace be theirs, green boughs of home!

—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

CHANGED SHOES.

YOUNG Viscount Petersfield was remarkable for three things, his intense bashfulness, his indecision of character and his abnormally small hands and feet. On the latter he particularly prided himself.

He was the most eligible of bachelors. Equally, of course, he was being everlastingly stalked by husband-hungry mammas and daughters. But they could make nothing of him. Their most sirenic efforts simply frightened him.

But exemption was impossible. He was young, single, a viscount. He had £25,000 a year.

One autumn, three or four years ago, Lord Petersfield went down into Sussex to stay with his friends, the Wentwarps, at Wentwarp hall, a very fine old country seat.

For one thing, they understood his character and did not worry him with excessive hospitality. And then, for another, the daughters of the house, Mabel and Maud—very pretty girls, too, by the way—did not run after him or make eyes at him. They were simply friendly and cordial with him.

Now Viscount Petersfield had contracted a deplorable habit of easing his pinched toes by kicking off his pumps during the progress of dinner and only resuming them just before he had to jump up in deference to the rising of the ladies.

He was rather sorry when he saw Lady Wentwarp preparing to make the signal, and he had to feel for his vagant pumps. He found them and got them on in time—phew! Certainly they were abominally tight! They seemed to throw him forward on his toes in a way to which he was not accustomed. Only as the last fair diner swept past him, on her way out, did he realize that his toes were being tortured in a pair of ladies' shoes.

They were high heeled, of black satin, with large rosettes and silver buckles. He had no difficulty in recognizing them. They were Mabel Wentwarp's.

Then he saw how it was. An unintentional exchange. The young lady must have kicked off her shoes also, and, meaning to resume them, had unknowingly resumed his instead.

He decided that his best course was to slip away on some pretext or other while the gentlemen were still smoking their cigarettes, then to hurry upstairs to his bedroom and exchange the satins for a second pair of pumps, which he had fortunately brought with him.

Having decided on this line of action, he murmured—with a very red face—a few excuses and apologies to his host, and then performed a skillful and speedy exit with so much rapidity as to make it impossible for the black satins to be seen.

Now, as he passed with rapid and nervous stealth along the corridor which led to his room, he happened to notice that one of the bedroom doors on the way stood open. He recognized whose room it was. It was Mabel Wentwarp's. In an instant he had popped them safely inside the door of her room and was proceeding with a lighter heart toward his own apartment at the end of the passage.

On reaching his own room he turned up the gas and was about to hunt out his second pair of pumps from a cupboard when his eyes fell upon his best pair—the pair which Mabel Wentwarp had appropriated—standing in a conspicuous position by his dressing table.

He saw how it was. Miss Mabel, having discovered her mistake, had had the promptness and delicacy to replace them thus in his room. It was certainly most tactful and considerate of her.

When they joined the ladies Lord Petersfield still, however, felt rather nervous in case any of the fair guests might have shared Miss Mabel's discovery about the exchange of shoes. But he was soon set free from anxiety on this point by Miss Wentwarp herself, who, taking the opportunity to approach him as he stood for a moment alone, murmured, with a blushing, downcast look:

"I found out our little mistake, Lord Petersfield, and I at once restored your property to your room. Sh! No one knows anything about it. Ah!" (turning her eyes down upon his varnished toes) "I see that you have already reclaimed your own."

At that moment Julia Slanderson swooped down upon her prey, and to his great annoyance forcibly annexed him for the rest of the evening.

Next morning after breakfast the unfortunate viscount noticed that this persistent young lady was still hovering on the pounce. He evaded her at the expense of some skill and slipped off into the dampest and most secluded portion of the garden to enjoy his cigar alone.

Mabel Wentwarp startled him by suddenly appearing at his side. Her face was white and distressful. Her eyes, he noticed, were bright with unshed tears.

"Oh, Lord Petersfield," she exclaimed, "forgive my intrusion, but I saw you come out, and I have followed you, because I—I have something I—I must tell you."

"I—I—trust there is nothing the matter," remarked his lordship, looking embarrassed and conscious of a vague sense of alarm.

"I—I—cannot deceive you. A great deal is the matter. And—it has all arisen out of our—our—foolish mistake last night. I—I—have just had a dr-dreadful interview with—that—that—odious Lady Slanderson!"

"The de—oh, I beg your pardon. But—but—do you mean to say that she discovered ou—our mistake?"

"She—she—thinks that she has found out some—something dr-dreadful about us."

And poor Mabel, unable to restrain her feeling any longer, began to sob.

"Oh, dear! Pr-pray don't distress yourself, Miss Wentwarp."

"Oh, Lord Petersfield, I—I don't know how I shall tell you the—the shameful things Lady Slanderson said to me. But—but—in justice to you, as well as to myself, I must. It—it seems that she was upstairs last night at a most unfortunate moment, and that—that—she saw me sl-slip out of your room—without my shoes on!"

"Good heavens!" gasped his lordship, in a tone of evident dismay. "What a—"

"And also," Mabel went on, hurriedly, as if anxious to finish her painful disclosure, "she waited up there, spying in the dark, and saw you slip out of my room without your shoes on!"

"But, surely," began Lord Petersfield.

"I—I—told her the truth," interposed the girl. "I explained everything. She—she—scoffed at my version. She said she would—would—publish the scandal to the four winds of heaven. Oh, Lord Petersfield, what is to be done?"

"But, surely," stammered Lord Petersfield, who was naturally in a great state of mind, "people will accept our version rather than that of this vile scandal-monger!"

"Alas," sobbed Mabel, "I wish I thought so. You see, Lord Petersfield, I cannot help recognizing the very unfortunate state of appearances. She will say that if—if—we had—any—anything to conceal we should, of course, be ready with an explanation, and that even at that our explanation is lame and improbable. Besides, she will enlarge and exaggerate and—and tell—falsehoods, until—oh, I had rather have died than have had this happen!"

The viscount was silent for a minute. A sudden idea, born of the circumstances, had flashed across his mind. He had never thought of Mabel in this light before. He would not have done so now unless the situation had forced it on him, but as he looked at her pretty, woeful face he realized that it was not such an uncommon light in which to think of her after all.

"My—my—dear Miss Mabel, I—I—might, for all that Lady Slanderson knows to the contrary, have—have—acquired the right to—to—take your—slippers to your room."

"I—I—what do you mean, Lord Petersfield?"

"Why," replied his lordship, blushing and stammering, "if I were—were—engaged to be married to you, Miss Mabel, it would make a—a—difference—wouldn't it?"

"Oh, no, Lord Petersfield! Not that, not that," she cried, starting away.

"Couldn't you s-stand me at—at—any price, then?" gasped the viscount, painfully mortified.

"Oh, yes! It—it was not that. I should—I mean I could not let you sacrifice yourself to—to—save my reputation."

"It wouldn't be much of a sacrifice," said his lordship. "Do you know, I am rather glad now that this—this—unfortunate situation has opened my eyes? It—it—shows me something I didn't realize before. I—I—oh, Mabel, will you?"

"He is a noble man, mamma," said the newly engaged girl to her mother a few hours later. "He—he—says he didn't realize that he loved me till this morning. And I did not realize that—that—I loved him. If I had, I would n-never have played that horrid practical joke upon him about his—his pumps. But when he—he—sp-spoke to me I knew in a moment that—that—I did love him. You will—will—never tell him that I meant it originally for a stupid hoax, will you, mamma, dear?"

"Don't be afraid of that, Mab. Your old mother will not give you away. It was a risky sort of joke, wasn't it, though it has had the happiest results, as it seems to have opened both your eyes?"—Chicago Herald.

The Wit of a Mountain Dance-House.

To the traveler in obscure corners of the world a flash of wit, like a streak of lightning in the night, often discovers an Irishman. The biting wit that is bandied across the floor of a mountain dance house is enjoyable. There are a few villains in each townland who, attending all dances, sit in corners all the night exercising the tongue in preference to the toes. "Jamie Mor," one of these fellows, inquires of a young man on the floor, who has a remarkably sparse mustache, "would ye lend me the loan of that mustache to go coortin'?" "Faith, an' he wouldn't," another of the scoundrels replies across the floor; "ye mightn't fetch it all back till him again." "Throth, an' I will bring it safe back—let him count it." And again—"Who did I hear sayin' Nell Dunnion wasn't musical—an' that ear on him?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Bobby as Court Crier.

A Springfield lawyer has a son about ten years old, and a daughter about twice that age. The boy has been around the courthouse a great deal with his father, and the young woman has a steady beau. The other evening the young man passed the house, and the young woman desired to speak to him.

"Bobby," she said to her little brother, "won't you please call to Mr. Brown?"

Bobby knew the state of affairs, and he hurried to the front door and called out in the usual loud monotone of a court bailiff:

"John Henry Brown, John Henry Brown, John Henry Brown, come into court!"

Mr. Brown came in, and Bobby withdrew to a safe place.—Ohio State Journal.

Thrown Much Together.

Blobbs—Weren't you surprised to hear of Hojack's engagement to that Bjones girl?

Slobbs—Not at all. They were thrown very much together last summer, riding tandem.—Philadelphia Record.

The Three Inseparables

A Boarding School Story.

THE three "inseparables" were sitting in the bay window of Dolly Rivers' room at the Misses Primrose's boarding school for young ladies and looking as glum as could be. And this will seem strange when I tell you that the Christmas holidays were only ten days off, and their young heads should have been full of such joyous things as visions of home comings, sleigh rides and plum puddings.

The trouble was this: Both Dollie and Julia Norris had received a note saying that their midyear examinations in English history and geography had been so poor that unless they were prepared to take another examination in each study before they went home for Christmas the Misses Primrose would be obliged to give them home work to do.

Now, to have to study during the holidays was too horrible to contemplate. It would spoil half their fun, and, moreover, it was a disgrace which both girls would have felt keenly.

Edna had invited both Julia and Dolly home with her for the holidays, as Julia's home was in the far west and Dolly's sole relative—her father—was still abroad.

"Isn't it too dreadful for anything!" exclaimed Dolly, with tears in her eyes, as she gazed blankly at the note.

"I see nothing for us to do but to burn the midnight oil between now and the holiday time," said Julia, despondently.

"What! Study your eyes red and worry yourselves half to death just to please our dear teachers?" demanded Edna. "Why, I won't hear of it. So just put that idea out of your head at once."

Edna was a healthy, robust girl of 15, and, being older than her two friends, she had assumed a sort of guardianship over them which they did not dispute.

"All right, Edna," said Dolly, meekly. "I am not over-anxious to work myself sick, but what do you propose to do?"

"Let me have till to-morrow morning to think out a plan, and I'll promise you to find a way out of your trouble."

The next morning at breakfast a telegram was brought to Edna. She opened it, frowned and bit her lip. "So provoking!" she murmured.

"I trust there is nothing wrong at home, Miss Edna!" said Miss Tabitha Primrose, looking over her spectacles at her pupil.

"Why, my cousin Nora, who lives but a few miles from here, wants me to spend a couple of days with her. She is not well and her husband is away on business. She says the carriage will be here for me in an hour or so," replied Edna, as she handed the telegram across the table to Miss Tabitha.

"I am very sorry to have you miss any recitations at this time," said Miss Primrose. "But of course you must go if you think it is necessary."

"Yes, I think I had better go," replied Edna, and, hurrying through the meal she excused herself, and went to her room and got ready for her departure.

"You're a nice one!" cried Dolly, breathlessly, "running off in this fashion, when you promised to get us out of our scrape."

Edna burst out laughing.

"My dear children," she began, "this visit of mine is simply a part of my little scheme to help you out of your scrape."

Edna went to her little desk and picked up some slips of paper.

"Here girls," she said, "take these papers. They contain a list of questions in English history and geography. Learn the answers perfectly. It won't take you long. Now, my dears," she went on, "don't be surprised at what may happen during the next two or three days. All I ask of you is to learn the answers to these questions and give them when they are asked of you. And now, good-by for a little while."

"But Edna," cried Julia, "please tell us more. What does all this mean?"

"The less you know—now—the less danger there is of my little plan going amiss," retorted Edna, and not another word could her friends draw out of her.

That night at dinner Miss Tabitha made the following announcement to the school:

"I have just received a letter from Miss Mary Clark, who is (so she informs me) a teacher in a southern school for girls. She says that she has heard of our excellent method of instruction and she is going to take the liberty—as she expresses it—of calling here to-morrow. She would like to spend a few hours attending our various classes with the idea of studying our methods.

"I need not tell you," Miss Tabitha added, "that I shall be most pleased to entertain Miss Clark, who, I am sure, must be a very fine woman, judging from her nice letter. Of course, I trust all you young ladies will make it your special duty to be well prepared for to-morrow's recitations, as I shall naturally feel a pride in your making a good showing before a strange teacher."

Dolly looked at Julia and Julia looked at Dolly. Then they grew red in the face. Presently they both stole from the table and went straight for Dolly's room.

"What can it mean?" burst out Dolly. "You don't think that—that—"

"Oh, no! It's just a coincidence! that's all," replied Julia. "Just the same, we had better study the questions Edna told us to, and to-night."

And they did, working till long past their usual bedtime. Miss Tabitha, seeing a chink of light under Dolly's door, walked in.

"Under ordinary circumstances I should not approve of such late hours," she announced to the two girls, "but owing to the fact that you are both deficient and that we are expecting a visiting teacher I regard this studiousness as most commendable." And so saying she bestowed a faint smile on Julia and Dolly and left them.

Miss Clark did not arrive the next day, much to the disappointment of the school, which had carefully prepared itself in its studies. The second day, however, the lady arrived shortly after morning prayers. The maid came in and told Miss Tabitha, whereupon that excellent lady hurried down from the rostrum and made for the parlor. She was gone about three minutes, when she reappeared, leading in a medium-sized elderly lady, in a bonnet and gown, and whose eyes were rather weak, evidently, as she wore blue goggles. Her hair was neatly plastered down and parted in the middle in the old fashioned way, and a very plain bonnet adorned her head. Altogether she was an intensely respectable and old style lady, of apparently middle age. She had a wonderfully clear and ruddy skin for her years and not a wrinkle was to be seen.

Miss Tabitha introduced her to her sister, and then Miss Primrose came forward to the edge of the rostrum, and said, in impressive tones: "Young ladies, I have the great pleasure and honor to introduce to you my esteemed fellow teacher, Miss Mary Clark, of Louisville, Ky." A loud clapping of hands greeted Miss Clark as she stepped forward, with a smile.

"Girls," said the visitor, "it is a great pleasure to be standing here addressing you to-day. (How great a pleasure it was none of her hearers knew then or ever did know except Dolly and Julia.) I have heard a great deal about you and this excellent establishment. (Here the speaker turned and smiled graciously at the two principals, who bobbed their heads and fairly beamed with gratified pride.) And I hope today to learn with my own ears that the good reports of your high standard of studiousness had not been exaggerated."

At that a perfect buzz went around the room, and each girl wondered with a good deal of trepidation if she would be the one to be called upon.

"I should inform you," Miss Clark went on, "that English history and geography are the branches which I am most interested in (which was perfectly true at that particular time), and I trust the Misses Primrose will permit me to put a few questions to you at random."

Here Miss Clark turned to the two sisters. Immediately Miss Tabitha jumped up and got a couple of books, which she placed in Miss Clark's hand.

"You will find to-day's lesson marked in each book," said Miss Tabitha.

"Oh! Thank you," said Miss Clark. "But with your permission I should prefer to ask the girls some questions of the work they have gone over instead of to-day's lesson. It is so much better test of what they know."

There was a doleful silence at that, and the Misses Primrose looked glumly at one another, for none knew better than they how quickly their pupils forgot, and Miss Tabitha was afraid the result would not be flattering to her pride. She could not very well refuse Miss Clark's request, however, and so, rather ungraciously, she gave her consent to her scholars being examined on their back work.

Miss Clark asked a couple of questions, one of which was answered correctly, but the second floored two or three. Then Miss Clark looked at Dolly. "Can you give me the answer?" she asked.

Of course Dolly could, for it was one of the questions which Edna had told her to study. Miss Tabitha beamed upon Dolly. It was a very hard question, and she had not expected such cleverness from her. Miss Clark went on picking out hard questions in both history and geography, and somehow it was Dolly or Julia who answered most of them. At length Miss Clark said she must take her departure, at which the Misses Primrose expressed their great regret. They went with her to the front door to see her off, and on the way Miss Clark inquired very particularly about those two girls who were so quick with the right answers.

"Dolly Rivers and Julia Norris are the young ladies to whom you refer," replied Miss Primrose.

"My dear Miss Primrose," replied Miss Clark, impressively, "I must congratulate you on having two such clever, intelligent girls. Quite out of the ordinary, my dear madam, quite out of the ordinary. Now, good-by, and let me thank you for your hospitality. I have enjoyed myself immensely. In fact, I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more!"

And then Miss Clark left with considerable haste. If the Misses Primrose could have seen her after she turned the corner they would have been astonished. For the stately Miss Clark was leaning up against a fence in a fit of hysterics. When she had recovered sufficiently to proceed she picked up her skirts and ran—yes, actually ran—till finally she came to a waiting carriage. She climbed in and fell into the arms of a bright, cheery looking little woman who was evidently expecting her.

"Well," said this person, "did it work all right?"

"Oh, Cousin Nora!" cried Miss Clark. "Not a soul suspected. It worked like a charm!"

And then Edna, for of course it was she, went off into another spasm of laughter. It was fully a half hour before her young married cousin who had helped her carry out her daring trick could get six words from her as to how the thing went off.

The Misses Primrose were so delighted with the credit which Dolly and Julia had brought upon the school by reason of their splendid showing before Miss Clark that they excused the girls from taking the extra examination.

Needless to say both Julia and Dolly learned the truth about Miss Clark. But to this day the story has gone no farther.—N. Y. Herald.

Possibility of Trouble.

"You tallow-faced slob!" snarled the bad boy of the neighborhood. "For two cents I'd break yer face!"

"I shall go and consult the lexicons in reference to that word 'slob.'" responded the other, a little boy from Boston wrathful but self-possessed, "and if it has an opprobrious signification I will return and chastise you."—Chicago Tribune.

Incomes of Public Servants.

Admiral Dewey's salary amounts to $37.50 per day; President McKinley's is equal to $131 a day; cabinet officers, the vice president and the speaker of the house get $22.22 a day; senators and congressmen $13.90, and the chief justice of the supreme court $29 a day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Looking Ahead.

Asker—How does it come that you recommend bicycle riding? I should think it would mean a loss to you if it makes people healthier.

Doctor—Oh, no; you see, I figure that one healthy bicycle rider will place in my hands at least seven pedestrians a ...

LAND OF THE BOERS.

Authentic Information Concerning Its Climate and Topography.

Snow in Winter Is Not Uncommon, But the Summers Are Very Hot—Cattle-Raising the Principal Industry.

[Special Correspondence.]

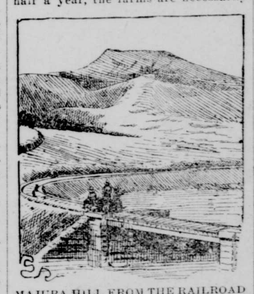
THE impression that the South African republic and the Orange Free State are tropical countries seems to prevail quite generally. Some imaginative newspaper writers have gone so far as to compare the climate of the two countries with that of Cuba and the West Indies. Nothing could be more misleading than such statements. While the climatic conditions of the district in question are

A TYPICAL BOER FARMER.

not by any means ideal, still some sections, especially that called the "Hooge Veldt" (the high field), which forms the major part of the Transvaal, is very healthy. The heat of the summer is mitigated by great elevation (in most places 4,000 feet above the sea level), and the winters are quite cold, snow frequently falling on the slopes of the Drakenberg, a mountain chain whose summits are 11,000 feet above the level of the sea in several places.

Pretoria, the capital of the South African republic, has had a weather bureau for a number of years, and in its reports the January temperature is given as 90 degrees Fahrenheit, that of the winter months as 40 degrees. The summer is the rainy season, and storms with thunder and hail are frequently severe. The rains usually begin about the middle of October and last intermittently until April, almost the entire fall taking place during this period. At Pretoria the average rainfall is 30 inches. This increases toward the east, reaching a maximum in the mountain region, and decreases toward the west, in the direction of the Great Kalahari desert, a barren and dry strip of unproductive land, so that on the frontier it is not more than 12 inches. A climate such as this is, of course, not favorable to the growth of timber, except in the river bottom lands. Consequently anything bigger than bushes is not often seen in either of the two states, although the soil supports an abundant herbage which, in the winter, becomes dry and brown, but springs up with renewed vigor and increased succulence with the first rains. Nature has made the Transvaal country a vast pasture, and that is why cattle raising is the chief industry of the burghers.

General farming is profitable only where costly irrigation plants have been established. The soil is adapted for the cultivation of all kinds of vegetables and fruits, and in some districts a very fine quality of tobacco is grown. Grain also does well in certain districts, but as a whole the two Dutch republics are purely pastoral in their industries. As the pasturage is scanty for half a year, the farms are necessarily



MAJUBA HILL FROM THE RAILROAD

large, for the stock must often be driven long distances in search of fodder. This accounts also for the small population of the immense territory covered by the Boer states, the average in the Transvaal being seven inhabitants to the square mile and only four in the Orange Free State.

Until the discovery of gold the Transvaal was a country of farms. The gold regions are of small area, and nearly all controlled by English capitalists and miners. Although the Boers were given every opportunity to engage in mining, they stuck to their farms which, by the way, are truly picturesque establishments. They consist of sheep kraals, ostrich farms, Kaffir huts, where the boys eat and sleep, wagon houses and outhouses roofed with zinc. The dwelling house usually is a square, red brick building, with thatched roof, fronted by a low brick wall. The walls surrounding the sheep kraals are made of sod. The average Boer house consists of one big room, into which the front door opens. It is called the "sitkame," or sitting-room, and has no flooring beyond clay, or clay studded with peach stones, to prevent the wear and tear of passing feet. It is furnished with a table, couches and chairs, seated with strips of hide.

Large game of many varieties, antelope and giraffes were once abundant, but they are now comparatively scarce. Nevertheless, the Boers are still famous hunters and can handle a rifle perhaps better than their English neighbors in Cape Colony, Bechuanaland and Natal. Frequent troubles with the Zulus and Kaffirs have, moreover, given them quite a little knowledge of warfare. A British officer, who is thoroughly familiar with Dutch customs and ment that the older generation delights in remembering Majuba hill, Laing's Nek, Ingogo and all the rest of English humiliation, and some of them to this day retain their old guns, with a notch in the stock for every "rooinek," or Englishman, they allege to have shot. They fill their cartridge belt, put a piece of biltong in their pocket, mount their horses and ride off to war. Biltong, it should be explained, is sun-dried venison cut into strips, and is said to be very nourishing and sustaining. The Boers, when out on the veldt, live on it for weeks at a time and seem to crave no other food.

The same authority says that when taking the field the Boers harass themselves with no cumbersome commissariat or ambulance wagons. Everything is left to chance, and in the war of 1881 it seemed truly wonderful how they escaped all manner of horrible dangers. If they get wounded they seek a refuge in the nearest farmhouse. If they are mortally wounded they look upon it as a decree of Providence.

Practically every Boer is mounted, and although they have no regularly constituted regiments they join together in what is called "commandos." These are the aggregate collections of the farmers and their sons from one particular district gathered together in a heterogeneous mass under the leadership of the "field cornet" or the commandant of that particular district. In the past the Boers have never fought in the open, but in the war now in progress they have several times made bold charges and accepted hand-to-hand encounters. They have also added field hospitals to their equipment, and the forces around Ladysmith are accompanied by an ambulance train and staff of Boer physicians, who are, almost without exception, graduates of Edinburgh.

The Boer women excel in marksmanship; and when the British troops shall

THE BOERS AT WAR.
(Handing Out Ammunition to a Commando Near Ladysmith.)

finally succeed in invading the Transvaal they will find them enemies by no means to be despised. They handle a rifle with ease and can shoot a bird on the wing without missing more than once in ten times.

In view of the fact that Sir Redvers Buller, commander in chief of the British forces in South Africa, is about ready to start on his march of conquest, the topography of the country to be subdued is of timely interest. The two allied Dutch republics are separated by the Vaal river only, and in physical geography are practically one region. Natal cuts off the Orange Free State from the Indian ocean, and Zululand and Portuguese East Africa do the same for the Transvaal. Both states have British territory on the west, which also forms the northern boundary of the one and the southern of the other. The principal natural defense of the Boer country lies on the eastern side, where it is protected by mountains. In fact, the two states have been described as a vast upland plateau, bordered on one side by a group of mountain ranges.

The Drakenberg separates Natal from the eastern part of the Orange Free State; then enters the Transvaal, having Portuguese East Africa between it and the ocean. North of the granite region of Basutoland the Drakenberg is not imposing, the mountains being rounded and consisting of stratified rock, sandstone and shale, capped occasionally by sheets of basaltic rock. Cliffs now and then offer some striking scenic variations. Majuba hill has such a structure—alternating sandstone and shale, capped with igneous rock; and the adjoining ridge, to which it sinks down, is Laing's Nek, over which the road from Natal to the Transvaal once ran, and which is now pierced by a railway. The mountain barrier once passed, the great South African plateau, of which the two Dutch republics is the eastern portion, is entered. This plateau extends westward beyond Mafeking and Kimberley; and that is the reason why these two towns were so easily reached by the Boers who are now besieging them.

After the British troops have once ascended this great plateau they will have no difficulty in maintaining a direct line of communication with Cape Town, nor will they experience much trouble in carrying artillery across the mountains. That is why the Boer generals invaded Natal and fortified the passes leading to Johannesburg and Pretoria. They know that the doom of their country is sealed as soon as the British have crossed the Drakenberg.

G. W. WEIPPIERT

'Twas Ever Thus.

"I've got a clew!" cried the great detective exultantly.

"Have you, indeed?" said the modest reporter. "I haven't got anything but the man who committed the crime."—N. Y. Journal.

What Phased Him.

Cassidy—So you are glad to get back from your trip to Oirleland?

Costigan—Oi am. Shure, an Oirishman is thought no more of there than anybody else!—Puck.

Love.

It isn't so hard oftentimes to love your neighbor as it is to have even a tolerative feeling for your wife's relatives.—Chicago Daily News.

School Children Smoke.

In Mexico the school children are allowed to smoke in school hours when their lessons are well prepared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Cabinet Meeting Records.

At meetings of the British

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