AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 46. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1902. NO. 49.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY BALTIMORE

1902 AUGUST 1902

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8 10 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.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
3:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 3d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.

Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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

T. PLINY FISHER,
LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

OSCAR CLARK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Denton, Md.
Collections and all professional business promptly attended to.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

HENRY R LEWIS, TALN GOLDSBOROUGH
LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties.

N. ALEX. HUTSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton. Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

JOHN W. CLARK,
AUCTIONEER,
Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

C. P. DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Denton, Md

J. W. JOHNSON,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
Concord, Md,

E. M. BAKER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
1209 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

F. P. COVEY,
DEALER IN
Bone Phosphate and Lime.
Agent for the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
and Auctioneer,
AGNER, MARYLAND

Field & Willis sell the celebrated Cinco cigar. Try them.

Half-Sick

"I first used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the fall of 1848. Since then I have taken it every spring as a blood-purifying and nerve-strengthening medicine."
S. T. Jones, Wichita, Kans.

If you feel run down, are easily tired, if your nerves are weak and your blood is thin, then begin to take the good old standard family medicine, Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It's a regular nerve lifter, a perfect blood builder. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

AT THE GATES OF NIGHT.

There are two gates that guard the Night;
The one where shadows creep,
And lullabies come crooning low,
Full-throated, soft, and deep;
Where twilight reaches forth her arms
To all by Day oppressed,
And lulls them into happiness,
Serene upon her breast.

And from that gate, all dark and cool,
The night road stretches far,
By palaces of sweet content,
Where many dreamings are;
Where blind may see, and dumb may speak,
And sad ones laugh and sing,
Where hungered ones may drink and eat,
The pauper be a king.

All through the Night the good road goes,
O'er valley, plain, and steep;
Along its sides, in grandeur, rise
The citadels of sleep.
And many things there be that soothe
And comfort us, and bless—
But best of all the blossom fair
Of rich forgetfulness.

The other gate that guards the Night—
The one that ends the way—
Has trumpeters that loudly call
Us forth into the day.
And though we fear the foes of Day
With bitterness and dread,
We know that through the weary hours
The first gate is ahead.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

BY CONSTANCE MILLER.

THERE is no mistake about it. I am ugly, right down, indisputably ugly. There isn't a regular feature in my face. I am short, thick-set and ill-made. My bearing is by no means dignified—how could it be?—and when I happen to have my hat on one side and my clothes begin to look a little shabby—well, my best friends tell me I look for all the world a veritable bounder.

And yet I triumph in it all. I look at myself in the glass and say to myself: "You, yes you, with the long lantern jaw and the still longer nose, you have won the loveliest creature on earth, a woman who could have had any man in her set she chose, a woman as beautiful and as good as an angel. How you could have done it, Ted Hatherway, nobody is so profoundly puzzled as yourself.

I first met her at a ball given by a friend of mine. Dances were not in my line, for the good reason that I couldn't dance, but I went to please my old friend and schoolmate, Bob Leighton. It was there that I was struck with her beauty and her great popularity.

Three weeks after that I proposed to her and was accepted. However I could have had the audacity I cannot imagine, but I blurted it all out like a big schoolboy without any reason or self-restraint, inwardly cursing myself for my presumption all the time. Yet I won where all the handsomest and richest men of my acquaintance had failed. How was it? That I could not tell, for Olive was as profoundly puzzled as myself.

I remember one afternoon soon after the engagement, when I called upon her to take her for a walk. She was quite ready except for the task

"IT IS RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN."

of sewing a new flower in the dainty hat she wanted to wear. I sat and watched her as she plied her needle and thread. She appeared to be quite thoughtful, knitting her pretty brows together as if she were engaged upon some difficult problem.

Presently she looked up and scanned my face intently. "Whatever makes me like you so much, Ted?" she said, with sudden petulance.

The unfavorable scrutiny of my unfortunate features somewhat hurt my feelings.

"O, why does a girl like any fellow?" I said, evasively.

"But you must know there is a difference," said my fiancee, persistently. "You must know yourself that you have little to recommend you. You are old, short, fat and awfully plain, and, yes—I can see that you are actually getting bald on the top, and if there is anything I object to it is a man whose head shines on top as if it had been studiously polished.

"I'm sorry," I said, penitently. "I might try something for my hair. Say the word and I'll get a mask and exchange our tandem for one with the man's seat behind."

"Don't be absurd," said Olive, laughing in spite of herself. "But you know, Ted, it is funny."

"What is funny?" I said. "That I should be bald, fat and ugly?"

"No, stupid, but that I should be willing to marry and even look forward to spending my existence with a man who has so many personal disadvantages."

Here was food for reflection. Evidently the penitent tact didn't answer, and I determined to assume a superior air.

"H—m," I began. "It may seem strange to you, but I dare say many other people would be able to understand."

"What do you mean?" said Olive, sharply, staying her needle and looking up inquiringly.

I was bent on having a little revenge.

"Well, it is rather difficult to explain," I began. "You see, I'm a man."

"Well?"

"And you know every girl can't get as much as a man," I remarked, sagely.

"What can you mean?" she cried, angrily. "Do you mean to insinuate that—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing," I put in consolingly. "I only mean to say that when a girl gets—well—on the twenty-fives and looks thirty—"

Here my fiancee stopped my remarks with a tiny upraised hand, and, controlling her temper with an effort, drew herself up haughtily and coldly. "Mr. Hatherway," she said, "I see you are bent on insulting me, and I hag you will leave my house this instant, for I will not lower my dignity any longer by suffering myself to remain in your presence."

O, I thought, I can put on that high and mighty air, too, so I bowed with the utmost deference and spoke with the grave decision of the seventeenth century gallant.

"Madam," I said, "your wishes by me will always be respected, but I fail to see in what way I have offended you."

"Don't speak to me, sir; don't ever speak to me again," broke in the haughty one, almost hysterically.

"Then I am to understand that our short engagement is severed?" I said with a lightness which I by no means felt as I turned to go.

"At once," said my Olive, tragically, "from this minute. I never wish to see you or speak to you again."

In her excitement she stooped to pick up the luckless bonnet. I was bent on the same act, and our fingers and eyes met simultaneously. Olive gasped, and both of us turned away in confusion. There was an embarrassed pause, and then the haughty one's silence made be bold.

"Olive," I began, nervously.

"Don't," said Olive, blushing and averting her face.

I caught one of her hands and imprisoned it softly. "Olive, it's no use fighting against it. It is a case of magnetic attraction. I love you, but don't know why. It is not because you are pretty, although you are—very—but there are thousands of pretty women in the world. It is not because you are lovable and sweet, since there are other girls as charming in this respect. It is something we don't understand—something which is as irresistible as powerful. That is why, dear, I do not think it is strange that you have given your heart to me; for you do love me, do you not, Olive, in spite of all?"

My fiancee looked up with tears standing in her pretty eyes.

"O, yes, Ted, indeed I do," she murmured.

"That is the proper sort of love," I said, kissing her triumphantly. "It is wonderful, holy and inspiring—"

"It is not unused," broke in Olive, reproachfully.

I laughed heartily. "I only had a little revenge for the naughty remarks you make about my personal appearance," I confessed. "Although, do you think I cared? Not a bit. It only made my triumph the more complete; for in spite of all—my ugliness, stoutness, baldness, everything—you cannot help loving me. It's delicious!"

My fiancee picked up her roses and smoothed them out poutingly.

"Still, there are limits even to love," she said; "and I think I quite disliked you when you said I looked 30, and that I was marrying you because I could not get anyone else. Why, I could have married a dozen," she said, defiantly.

"Of course you could, little Mormon," I laughed. "But you knew I was only teasing, and even had it been true I should have adored you all the same."

"But I don't look 30, do I, Ted?" she persisted.

"Not any more than I look ugly and old to you, dearest," I said, determined not to give way. "Come, Olive, I am only 35; is my face so very plain to you?"

"It's the loveliest old face in the world," declared Olive; "and I wouldn't have another hair on that stupid old head for all the wealth in the Indies. There!"

And with this I was more than content. I was radiantly triumphant. I wanted to go up to every good-looking fellow I met in the street and console him for his misfortune.

But this conceit was soon knocked out of me by my wife. After our marriage she used to sit opposite to me at table and regard me affectionately, but oftimes with that intent scrutiny I knew so well.

Once I asked her what was the problem.

"O, the old one," she said, laughingly. "Dear Ted, do make a grimace now and again just to let me see how much uglier you might have been."—Chicago Tribune.

Dog Nurses Foxes.

An interesting family is being exhibited by James M. Wilson, of Townsend, Del. It is composed of a motherly dog and three half-grown fox cubs. The mother fox had been traced to her den and killed when the cubs were found, their eyes not yet open. The dog was just then raising a family of puppies and the little foxes were taken home and given her. The dog welcomed the little orphans and is raising them as her own.

Regular.

Superintendent—Do you attend Sunday school regularly?

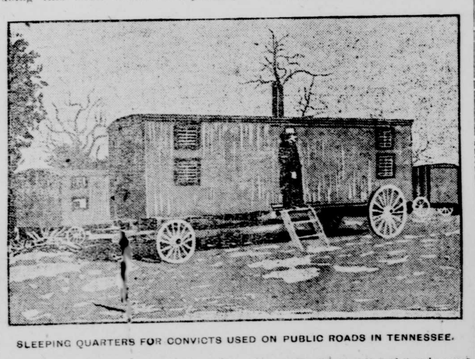
The Kid—I ain't missed a Christmas tree in five years.—Chicago American.

Building Roads With Convict Labor in the South

Systems That Have Worked Successfully in Several Southern States.

THE principle which obtains in the punishment of the criminal is the prevention of crime, both by reforming or permanently confining him and by deterring others from following his bad example. In the accomplishment of this purpose it has come to be generally admitted that during the infliction of punishment the physical health of the prisoner should not be impaired; and that everything possible should be done looking to such improvement of his character as may fit him for better citizenship.

Another principle, in no sense out of harmony with the first, and which, in this connection, is worthy of more general acceptance, is that the prisoner who has injured the community through the commission of crime, and whose capture, conviction and punishment have added to its financial burden, should, if possible, in connection with his punishment, do something to benefit the community which he has injured. The correctness of this principle is coming to be widely accepted in the southern states, where the belief prevails that perhaps the best way in which a criminal can benefit the community he has injured is in helping to improve its public highways. And in doing this work without compensation and at a cost actually less, in many cases, than that of his keep in the county jail, he is benefiting his community without imposing on it an additional tax burden; he is not in the ordinary sense competing with hired labor, and he is doing work which hired labor does not care to do unless paid such wages as will prove a too serious drain on the public treasury.



SLEEPING QUARTERS FOR CONVICTS USED ON PUBLIC ROADS IN TENNESSEE.

This method of employing convict labor in a majority of the southern states may be fairly said to have passed the experimental stage, and to have become a part of the accepted practice.

The use of convict labor in public road building is most largely practiced in the states of Georgia, Tennessee, Texas, North Carolina, South Carolina and Kentucky, in the order named. In Virginia, where only 23 convicts are reported as having been used on the public roads of the state, and these confined to four counties, and in Alabama, where only 22 convicts are reported as being used on the public roads in two counties, the system is still in its infancy. In Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and Mississippi the system has been more largely adopted, but in these states only short term convicts are used, and in most of the counties the number so employed is small; consequently the per capita expense is large, which is also the case in Alabama. Hence, even in these states, the custom has not yet been established on a satisfactory basis.

Laws of the different states on this subject usually specify that only able-bodied male convicts sentenced for short terms are to be assigned to work on the public roads. In the states of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Florida and Georgia prisoners convicted of misdemeanors only may be assigned to work on the public roads, and for these the sentence does not usually exceed one year, which, when the costs are added, may be thereby extended to nearly two years in extreme cases. In Alabama, in a few cases, all able-bodied male prisoners whose terms of sentence do not exceed two years may be assigned to work on the public roads. In South Carolina the limit is extended to five years, and in North Carolina to ten years.

As a rule, it has not been found economical to work convicts on the public roads when the squad consisted of less than eight or ten men. It is customary to have one guard for each ten or 15 men, and, of course, this one guard would be necessary even were there only one or two men in the squad. In addition to the guards, there is usually a superintendent of the work; consequently this work is carried on most efficiently when the road force or camp contains from 50 to 50 men. When the number of convicts to be employed on the roads in any county is more than 50 or 60, it has been found better to divide the force into two squads or camps, each having its own local superintendent and guards, and both squads managed under the general supervision of the county superintendent of roads, he in turn being responsible to the county court or board of county commissioners.

It is usually urged against this system of road building that it offers too many opportunities for the escape of prisoners. Experience in many counties, however, has shown that the average annual escapes amount to less than two per cent., and the few who do escape are usually recaptured within a day or two. Often the prisoners assigned to the roads are men who live in the community and have families and some property there, and consequently do not care to leave permanently; hence they rarely attempt to escape. Such prisoners as show a desire to escape, or who, in the judgment of the superintendent, are men liable to make an effort in that direction, are usually required to carry a ball and chain, which, while it makes it impossible for a prisoner to run rapidly, does not seriously hamper his movements in the regular road work. On the other hand, the convict who does his work faithfully and shows himself worthy is often rewarded by receiving generous treatment.

Morning and evening the prisoners are marched along the road from and to their temporary quarters, which consist usually of either heavy, large tents, portable houses on wheels or structures of wood or corrugated iron, built in sections, so they can be easily taken to pieces, removed, and set up again. In order to facilitate their being safely guarded during the night without too great risk and expense, each prisoner, when he goes to bed, has either one foot or one hand fastened loosely to a chain or rod, from which he can be easily released the following morning. The beds or bunks for these prisoners are easily and cheaply made comfortable, and the comfort of their temporary quarters is improved during the summer by ample ventilation and during the winter by the use of stoves.

The cost of convict labor in road building, as might be expected, varies greatly with the efficiency or inefficiency of the management and the number of prisoners employed in any squad. The cost per convict per day in this work, including the cost of his food, tobacco, clothing, washing, medical attendance and guarding, as reported for the year 1900 from representative counties in each of the several southern states, is given:

	Cost per day.
Florida	$0 20 to $0 25
Georgia	16 to 22
Kentucky	50 to 60
Louisiana	30 to 50
Mississippi	15 to 45
North Carolina	15 to 40
South Carolina	17 to 22
Tennessee	20 to 40
Texas	20 to 40
Virginia	25 to 50

A comparison of the figures given with similar figures for hired labor shows that the cost of convict labor in several states ranges from one-third to one-half that of the hired labor employed on the public roads in those states. In the two Carolinas and Georgia, where the road work is carried on with great efficiency, the cost of maintaining and guarding the convicts at work on the public roads ranges in many counties from 20 to 30 cents per convict per day, and is even considerably less than the cost of feeding them in the county jail. In explanation of this fact, it may be said that during the stay of convicts in the county jail the jailor is paid so much per day for feeding and caring for each; but that while they are employed on the public roads provisions are purchased at wholesale and competitive rates; that the convicts do their own cooking and washing; and that, owing to the usually healthy condition of the convict camps, the cost of medical attendance is almost nothing.

J. A. HOLMES.

Cocoanuts in Philippines.

Cocoanut trees grow in large plantations close to the shore all over the Philippine islands. Within the last 12 years the trade has increased tremendously. The product is periodically affected by heavy typhoons, but it requires only a few years to pick up again.

A Necessary Precaution.

Don't neglect a cold. It is worse than unpleasant. It is dangerous. By using One Minute Cough Cure you can cure it at once. Allays inflammation, clears the heads, soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane. Cures coughs, croup, throat and lung troubles. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Children likt it. H. Duffy, Hillsboro.

Just Look at Her.

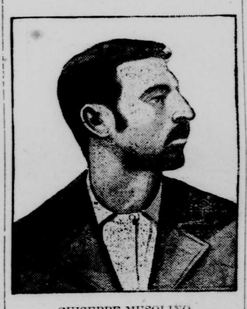
Whence came that sprightly step, faultless skin, rich, rosy complexion, smiling face. She looks good, feels good. Here's her secret. She uses Dr. King's New Life Pills. Result, —all organs active, digestion good, no headaches, no chance for "blues." Try them yourself. Only 25c at George & Redden's, Denton; Hugh Duffy's Hillsboro.

BANDIT IS POPULAR.

Musolino Highly Esteemed by Peasants of Italy.

Single-Handed He Conducted a Vendetta and Killed 19 Persons—Considered a Demigod by the People.

What a career of crime, bloody and vengeful, it is in which has indulged the last of Italy's bandits, to the great joy of south Italy peasants and the amusement of the civilized nations. Born of a family more or less affected with brain trouble and otherwise abnormal, Guiseppe Musolino, epileptic since childhood, started on his career of crime when, at the age of 11, he inflicted a mortal wound upon a companion with whom he had quarreled. For this act he was imprisoned for several years. Upon his release he was accused rather naturally of most of the crimes of any neighborhood in which he happened to be. At the age of 15 he threatened his father so seriously that the protection of carabineers was asked. Two years later he joined the local section of that infamous society, the "Mafia," which in the southern part of Italy is known as the Piccaotheria or "bad life." Musolino had a rival for the leadership of the Piccaotheria, whom he killed. This was October 27, 1897. This man, Zoccoli, and his relatives of the same name seem to have been the Nemesis which drove Musolino on to his career of crime and brigandage. In his trial for the killing of Zoccoli, Musolino's companions in the "Mafia" did not observe the usual custom of secrecy, but gave witness against him. This was the additional bitterness which made him vow to get revenge on anyone who had been in any way connected with his arrest and trial. His sentence was for 21 years of hard labor, but in less than four months Musolino escaped and retreated to the forest where he started on his career of vendetta. He at once let his fam-



GUISEPPE MUSOLINO.
(Italian Peasants Consider This Bandit Chief a Demigod.)

ily know that he was free, and they and his many sympathizers supplied him with food and clothing. Twenty days after his escape, learning that one of the witnesses at his trial lived in the neighborhood, he made his way to his cottage. Upon the door being opened by the witness' wife, he shot her dead and then killed her husband. Then he laid in wait for Zoccoli, but instead, Zoccoli's brother appeared, and was immediately shot. His next victim was a peasant who had assisted in his arrest. He warned, by shooting in the legs, various persons whom he thought might inform against him, and in this manner terrorizing some, appealing to the prejudice of others, and to the superstition of most, he procured immunity from immediate arrest, it being said that at one time, for a period of many months, he could count on the aid and support of 150,000 people, against the efforts of the 500 police and gendarmes sent to arrest him. Musolino contemptuously denies that he ever killed anyone who had not a clear chance to take his own life, and ever waged war in an underhand manner. Before his arrest, which did not occur for another two years and eight months, he put to death in all 19 persons included in his scheme of life-long vendetta.

The curious side of his career, says Current Literature, is the fact that Musolino convinced the people of the southern provinces, the wealthy and enlightened as well as the poorer and more ignorant classes, that he was supernaturally aided and was immune from death by the authorities. The southern imagination at once took hold of his adventurous career, embellished it with romance and threw around it a glamor which makes him, even now, while in prison, serving the life-term fixed by his recent conviction, a hero, a demigod and a martyr.

The Sultan's Simple Diet.

The sultan's diet is very simple. He eats very little of the plainest food and never touches wine or liquors of any kind but consumes enormous quantities of coffee, which aggravates his nervousness. Up to a few years ago a servant with a coffee pot always followed him when he went out for exercise, and while driving in the park coffee stations were placed at frequent intervals, where he could stop and refresh himself. By the advice of his physicians he now limits himself to five or six cups of his favorite beverage a day, and it is said that he has himself noticed an improvement in his health. He is not so nervous and sleeps better.

Poor Country for Barbers.

The women of Ainu, North Japan, admire bearded faces, and they tattoo their own faces, to make them seem sprouting with whiskers.

MEN AND AFFAIRS.

A. E. Dolbear, who has just received the degree of LL. D. from Tufts college, first came into prominence 40 years ago, when he invented a writing telegraph. In 1874 he invented a magneto telephone, in 1879 the static telephone, and as long ago as 1881 a system of wireless telegraphy.

The sultan of Turkey is anxious to win the good graces of the czar of Russia. He has recently given the Muscovite ruler a present of two large porcelain vases and a tea service made in his own factory. One of the vases, intended for the empress, is covered with oriental ornaments, the other with scenes from oriental street life and pictures of Turkish palaces.

Rev. Frank B. Rose, a chaplain in the United States navy, bears a strong resemblance to Admiral Dewey. He and his wife were in Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently and the rumor got abroad that the admiral was in town. Mr. and Mrs. Rose took a trolley ride in the afternoon and were followed by such crowds that it was necessary for some one to announce that he was not Admiral Dewey and that the demonstration was annoying. Then the visitors were left in peace.

Naglyanpe, a full-blooded Sioux Indian from Fort Shaw, Mont., has just been elected leader of the municipal band of Carlisle, Pa., and thus enjoys the distinction of being the first red man to assume dictatorship of a musical organization composed entirely of whites. Naglyanpe, who is a modest and unassuming young fellow, has assumed the name of Robert Bruce in his intercourse with the pale face. He is an excellent performer on the trombone and has been a professional musician for some time.

Charles T. Yerkes is credited with saying that men are in their apprenticeship until they reach the age of 40 and that a business man is not ripe until he is ten years older than that. The London writer who quotes him thus draws this brief pen picture of the former Chicago traction magnate: "Pallid, dark-eyed, soft-voiced, with white hair and mustache and an air of subdued refinement, the railway autocrat might be taken for a quiet scholar rather than a graduate of the most strenuous rough-and-tumble school of fighting in the world."

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York millionaire, caused much astonished comment some time ago by requesting that his box in the Metropolitan opera-house be exchanged for one in some other part of the house. It is now learned that he objected to having the box next to that owned by David Lamar, the Wall street man and trotting horse owner. Mr. Schiff and Mr. Lamar met in a speculative fight at one time and it is understood that the experience cost the former and his associates some $20,000,000. The sting left by that incident is what induced Mr. Schiff to change his box.

HOW TO HANDLE CUT FLOWERS

Most cut flowers will remain fresh much longer if placed in water only with those of their own kind. The water should be changed daily in any case, and the flower stems well washed before replacing in the vases.

Mignonette, heliotrope and most woody-stemmed flowers are better away from other flowers after cutting, since they decompose quickly. And a single decaying leaf or stem will cause speedy fading for the contents of a large vase.

A few drops of ammonia or a small pinch of salt will aid in keeping flowers fresh occasionally. Place in the bottom of the vase or receptacle and pour the fresh water on top. But do not allow the medicated waters to touch the blossoms.

Heliotrope may be kept fresh some time by dipping the freshly-cut stem tips into water just "off the boil." Dip again, into very cold water this time, and set in a cold and shady place. No cut flowers will stand hot sunshine or dry, hot air.

The fancy for placing each kind of flower by itself has many points to commend it. The artistic Japanese flower lovers follow this mode almost invariably. And the Celia Thaxter way of arranging single blossoms in tiny vases in a row about the room results in much delicate loveliness and shows off the flowers well.

Tall, long-stemmed flowers should have tall vases, as a rule; low-growing blossoms bowls or low holders. If the latter must be placed in a high receptacle, drop some stems or leaves into the water for artistic effect. And surround each flower with its own foliage whenever this can be done.

THOUGHT WAVES.

[According to Hubbard in the Philistine.]

Civilization is an evolution.

Teachers and those who educate people to appreciate the things they need.

The man who studies mankind, and ascertains what men really want, and then supplies them this, whether it be an idea or thing, is the man who is crowned with honor and clothed with riches.

As mankind multiplies in number, the problem of supplying people what they need is the important question of earth. And mankind has ever held out offers of reward in fame and money—both being forms of power—to whomsoever would supply it better things.

When a man acts as he believes the infinite within him would have him act, he draws power to himself from unseen sources that power may be shown in many ways. Things work smoother, plans carry out, people begin to say "lucky," "he's a winner," etc. Ever try it? If you ever do you will agree that it is the greatest proposition on earth.

A Flirtation.

I did not even know her name,
Nor where she lived, nor whence she came—
'Twas said, and yet
Was I so very much to blame
That all my heart should start to flame,
And flare and fret?

She was so sweet, so passing fair,
With such a smile, with such an air—
What could I do?
A glance as sly, as debonair,
An eye as bright, a smile as rare,
I never knew!

And so I smiled across the aisle,
And met the winsome, merry smile—
She sent so bold;
At last she laughed, then after while
She cooed aloud in friendly style:
"I'm free years old!"
—N. Y. News.

Change Sorrow Into Song.

Change sorrow into song—for song hath wings
To mount o'er earthly things,
Up, up, and upward still, she soareth high
Into the azure sky.

Change sorrow into song—for light she floats
And flings her liquid notes
Down through the ether, like a golden ray,
Or rainbow-tinted spray.

Change sorrow into song, and bid her soar
Till earth be seen no more,
But call her soft (lest she escape thee then)
To shine own heart again.
—Elizabeth French, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion offers an easy way out of the difficulty. Child weakness often means starvation, not because of lack of food, but because the food does not feed.

Scott's Emulsion really feeds and gives the child growing strength.

Whatever the cause of weakness and failure to grow—Scott's Emulsion seems to find it and set the matter right.

Send for free sample.
Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., New York
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

FROM OUR AMERICAN POETS.

The Misplaced Man.

I'd love to be a farmer; there's a charm in country life
That I would be unable to resist;
Away from dingy cities with their money-grabbing strife,
Clodhopping with a plowshare in my fist.
Or would I were a sailor and could sail the salty seas
To wonderlands where spicy breezes blow!
In fact, I'd like to occupy myself just as I please,
But somehow I can never get a show.

A soldier's life's a jolly one, though dangerous, may be;
But, after all, campaigning must be fun.
There's plenty of excitement, interesting sights to see,
And lots of fame and glory to be won.
A blithe and gladsome tinker, as he roams around to tink
The thrifty housewife's leaky pan or pot,
Must find it very pleasant; I am quite inclined to think
I'd be contented with a tinker's lot.

The tailor's to be envied—he would seem to have a snap;
The beggarman has quite an easy
A thief, if he's a big one, is a fine chap
And ought to be as ha[illegible]
For me, I am not happy [illegible] want to shirk—
Some other jobs I know are that way, too—
And yet I somehow feel I could do any sort of work
Except the work I find I have to do.
—Chicago Daily News.

On the Way to the City.

Men go rushing to the city when the morning's young and fair,
In a thousand ways, all eager for the fortunes waiting there;
Some a-foot and some in wagons that go rumbling slowly on,
Some in cars all bright and gaudy that [illegible]
Poor and p[illegible] proceed upon
To the mighty, wait[illegible] busy day;
Oft the weak are pushed and [illegible] swift and strong who strive,
And each morn Fate goes selecting some who never shall arrive.

There's a great and splendid city that is gleaming far away,
And we all go fondly hoping to have glory there some day;
In a million ways we travel; some but slowly trudge along;
Some in gorgeous, gilded chariots swiftly pass, with jests and song;
Poor and proud and great and little, we proceed as best we can,
Here and there one nobly helping on some pallid fellow man—
But the weak, alas! are often crushed by stronger ones who strive,
And each morn Fate goes selecting some who never shall arrive.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Let Something Good Be Said.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fail so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye by the thorny crown
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in Ledger Monthly.

Beleaguered.

Full strong his mighty donjon wall;
His serried ramparts scraped the sky;
"What, ho!" he cried. "Beleaguers all
I now defy."

And faithful watch his warders kept
That none the least approach might win.
No eye that swerved, no ear that slept;
But Love slipped in.

The grim portcullis stayed in place.
Unbrown was e'en a wicket-pin.
The guards marked never stranger face;
But Age pushed in.

The banquet board was heaped anew.
Rose clear and loud the wassail-din.
Why fear, when stores and hearts were true?
But Death strode in.
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

Reduced Rates to Butte, Mont.

On account of the meeting of the International Mining Congress, at Butte, Mont., September 1 to 5, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Butte and return, on August 16, 20, 21, 26 and 27, good to return to original starting point not later than September 30, at reduced rates. For specific rates, stop-over privileges, etc., consult nearest ticket agent.

At one HALF THE COST
Lion Coffee
has better strength and flavor than many so-called "fancy" brands.
Bulk coffee at the same price is not to be compared with Lion in quality.
In 1 lb. air tight, sealed packages.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3535-0051.jpg