AMERICAN UNION.

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1902 October 1902

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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, 2d 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. Whithy.

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, T ALAN 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 & GYNÆCOLOGIST,
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

A fine line of veiling at Miss Jennie Stafford's millinery store.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."
J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

William gazed on Mary Jane;
Longed to tell her that her eyes
Shone like sunlit drops of rain
Falling from enchanted skies.
But poor William, scant of nerve,
Sought in vain these things, to say;
Merely managed to observe:
"It is rather warm to-day."

Mary Jane will ne'er suspect
What a wealth of sentiment
Flourishing, despite neglect,
In that trite remark was pent.
Vows as steadfast as the pole,
Though as tender as the May,
He is uttering from his soul.
When he says "It's warm to-day."

William tries and tries again;
Baffled in his eloquence;
Weary quite is Mary Jane
Of ridiculous suspense.
But each time, just as of yore,
All his wits grow dark and dim.
William feels that he's a bore;
Mary quite agrees with him.
—Washington Star.

His Lady of Dreams

By Susan Sayer Yarmouth.

SHE came suddenly into his sight, dispelling his brown study and interrupting his pipe. She stood beyond the table, beside the door, tall and slight, in a white gown that clung to her arms and shoulders and rounded waist, and swept about her feet in heavy folds. A cross swung from her neck by a long silver chain, and she wore a broad-brimmed hat with a gauzy white veil, so her face was in shadow. She leaned slightly toward Ashe as he clutched the arms of his big chair and sat forward in amazement.

"I am the Princess Constantia Gregorius," she said gently.

"Of—of Russia?" he asked stupidly, trying to fan away the haze of tobacco smoke.

"There are other lands," she said indifferently. "And not so far away."

"Great Caesar!" he breathed, bewildered, and his pipe dropped from his astonished fingers. With the feeling that it was the only bond between him and rationality, he stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he struck his head sharply against the corner of the library table. Dizzy from the blow, he staggered to his feet and looked toward the door. She was gone, as mysteriously as she had come. He rushed blindly around the table and across the room, stumbling over easy chairs and footstools, and sending a revolving bookcase spinning round. The hall was brilliant after the smoky library, and it was also empty. No trailing gown had turned up the edges of the rugs, nor could he hear any hurrying steps on the polished stairs. He blinked at the sun pouring red and purple through the painted window for a moment, and then turned back and sat down on the nearest chair. Good heavens! what a dream! Who was she? What was her motive in appearing and announcing herself in that royal way? And he hadn't seen her face! Well, if it was as pretty as her figure—oh, confound his head! and he was still feeling of it gingerly too dazed to think of more than one thing at a time, when he heard his friends cheerful whistle in the hall.

"Well, old chap," said Thurston, coming in.

"Phew! but that pipe of your's is a fright! If we don't air this room before the mater gets into it, your goose is cooked!"

"Why, what will she do?" cried the other, uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing open one of the windows. "Gee! I didn't realize how rank Cissie is getting. Retire her, Billy, and get another. But say, what's the matter old man? I left you composing a sonnet and going to sleep over it. What's wrong?"

Ashe looked down at his maligned pipe, and then up at his friend.

"Say, do you suppose she thought it was rank?" he asked.

"The mater?" said Thurston, puzzled. "She hasn't been here already, has she? If so, we'd better go back to-night. Did she wake you up?"

"No, I just dreamed it," said the owner of the pipe, and began to feel of his bump with a frown of pain. His friend looked at him for a moment curiously, and then aimed a heavy leather cushion from the nearest Morris chair at him.

"Wake up, you idiot!" he said. "This is no sleeping car." The idiot parried the cushion.

"Dick, has your sister a friend visiting her?" he inquired.

"No," said the other.

"Well, there was one here, any way," pursued Ashe.

"One what?" demanded Thurston.

"One princess," said the other. His host surveyed him in silence for a moment.

"Ashe, you're crazy!" he said at last. "Come out and take a walk."

Mr. Wilmerding Ashe was making for himself a rather neat reputation with readers of current magazines as a writer of clever little occasional verses. Among his friends at his club he was considered a good fellow, and they chose to assume that somewhere he kept hidden away the person who wrote his verses for him. His mother's friends approved of him because he paid his calls, and he was chiefly famous with the young ladies of his rather general acquaintance, as a master of arts of Welsh rarebitry and badinage. But no one was prepared for the almost oriental beauty of his latest verses, which appeared in one of the best of the monthly periodicals under the name of "My Lady of the Realm of Dreams," and which would have done credit to a much more ambitious poet than Billy Ashe. Ashe himself thought rather well of them; he felt that it in some way compensated for the nasty knock on the head that the lady had been the means of giving him, and that he had turned a most perplexing dream to very good account. It was better than taking it to the Society of Psychical Research, which he had thought of doing in the vividness of his first impression, but six months without any further developments, waking or sleeping, had dulled his keen conviction of its psychic value. Meanwhile a comfortable check from the magazine had seemed to take the thing out of the province of psychic research.

Ashe was a modest man, but not too much to find a little lionizing quite to his taste, and he went to afternoon teas and cotillions with a feeling that to-morrow would be someone else's day, and he must gather his roses while he might. So he entered Mrs. Foster's long drawing-room prepared to smile as he listened to his verses misquoted by fair flatterers; he retained that serene attitude of mind while he shook hands with Mrs. Foster, and not one minute longer. Far beyond Mrs. Foster, and standing just outside the ring of light from a tall lamp, was the lady of his dreams, with her white gown that clung to her shoulders and rounded waist, and flared with heavy folds at her feet. This time she wore a fan on the long silver chain around her neck, and she had no hat nor veil, so Ashe could see that she was regarding him with the frankest interest from a pair of most attractive brown eyes. He flushed with surprise, and his remarks to Mrs. Foster died on his lips. She was not a dream, then, his princess! A sudden recollection of the check from the "Hundred Years" made him warm, and as a corollary came the realization of his narrow escape from the Society of Psychic Research—good heavens!

Meanwhile Mrs. Foster was saying graciously, "So good of you to come, Mr. Ashe, and not forget your old friends, now you are such a celebrity. And to reward you, I am going to introduce you to a very dear young friend of mine, Miss Gregory, who admires your poems so much." And Ashe found himself before his princess, while Mrs. Foster went on blandly, "Constance, my dear, this is Mr. Ashe," and turned to greet another guest. All remnants of his self-possession vanished at the sound of the names, and interrupting Miss Gregory's polite expressions of delight at making his acquaintance, Ashe asked abruptly:

"Are you a princess?"

She opened her brown eyes wider and looked at him in surprise.

"Do—do you believe in telepathy and astral bodies?" he went on after a moment's pause. "Or are you only a dream?"

"Dear me!" said the girl. "Mrs. Foster said you were so nice, and not startling—that no one would know that you were a poet or anything else awe-inspiring, and here you have called me three alarming names in as many minutes. Is this poetic license, Mr. Ashe?"

"Did you really mind Cissy Loftus?" he asked anxiously. "You see she's my favorite pipe, but she's rather old, and I'm afraid she's a little too strong to be pleasant to strangers. But I didn't expect you, you know, when you came in so suddenly."

The girl's face was gravely puzzled, but her eyes looked amused. "I'm afraid Mrs. Foster has a mistaken idea of you," she said with a shake of her head.

"Where do you live?" inquired Ashe. "When you are not in dreams, you know—when you are not in Thurston's library."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "I'm relieved. I am glad to find that I can at last take an intelligent interest in the conversation. The Thurston's library—isn't it a fascinating place?"

"You wern't in it long enough to find out," objected Ashe. "And do you think it was quite kind of you to make me bump my head?"

"Long enough! I've spent hours in Thurstons' library," said the girl in mock indignation. "And I never made you bump your head."

"Well, perhaps not consciously," admitted Ashe, "but it was under your spell." Miss Gregory looked at him with a smile beginning to show at the corners of her mouth.

"You are certainly casting a spell over me," she said. "Really, Mr. Ashe, I don't know what you mean—I'm sure I never had anything to do with your bumping your head, but I'm not sure that it wouldn't do it good."

"Cruel!" said Ashe. "Well, since you won't admit it, let's begin again. I am very glad to meet you, Miss Gregory. Mrs. Foster is too good to me. Do you know your face is very familiar—haven't I met you before?"

"Mrs. Foster has been kind to me, too," returned Miss Gregory prettily. "No, Mr. Ashe, I'm sure that I should not have forgotten it if we had met before. My home is not in New York, and I'm not here very much. But I have heard of you often, from Mrs. Foster, and the Thurstons in Morristown, and, of course, I have read your verses."

"How time must clamor at your doors to be killed!" said Ashe.

"Ah, now you are unkind to your little brain-children!" reproached the girl.

"You have been sufficiently overkind to even up accounts in mentioning them at all," returned Ashe. "There, you see I can do the proper; now, for heaven's sake, Miss Gregory, tell me if I dreamed of you, or saw you, that day at Dick Thurston's?" The girl drew back.

"I don't understand you," she said, a little haughtily, and then she smiled at his crestfallen face.

"It can't be possible!" insisted Ashe. "The Princess Constantia Gregorius—and I was ass enough to ask of what! Don't you know, Miss Gregory—didn't you realize that you are my 'Lady of Dreams'?"

"I?" said Miss Gregory—"I your Lady of—oh, Mr. Ashe! Remember that I'm not a resident—not to the manor born, as it were. I'm just a country cousin from Binghamton. Do you think it's nice to make fun of me? Constantia Gregorius, indeed!" She laughed out, a merry little laugh.

"'She comes from a land nor near nor far,'" said Ashe, guilty of the banality of quoting his own verses. Miss Gregory surveyed him with amusement.

"This is too fine a frenzy for me," she announced. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Ashe? Shan't we go and have something to eat?" Ashe followed her mechanically.

"Don't you sometimes wear a cross on that chain," he asked.

"Sometimes," she answered, with lifted eyebrows.

"Weren't you in Morristown at the Thurstons' last September?" he pursued.

"Yes, I was in Morristown, but only occasionally at the Thurstons'," she returned.

"Then you did walk into the library one Sunday afternoon and tell me you were the Princess Constantia Gregorius," he said, positively.

"Mr. Ashe!" she said, reprovingly.

"Have you a twin sister?" asked Ashe, desperately.

"I am all the daughters of my father's house," she said lightly, but her eyes were dancing as she gave him his chocolate.

"Don't you remember the painful taking off of Sapphira?" he inquired, sternly.

Miss Gregory counted on her fingers. "A princess, Constantia Gregorius, an astral body—let me see! a dream, and now a liar!" she said. "Oh, fie, Mr. Ashe!"

"I have $50 that belongs to you," said Ashe, irrelevantly.

"I beg your pardon?" said the girl, blankly.

"By rights," asservated Ashe, with a nod. "Half of what I got for that poem, you know. I calculate that my thought and labor are good for half, but you furnished the idea, you see." Miss Gregory sat down on the nearest chair and laughed aloud. Ashe sipped his chocolate meditatively and watched her.

"For a poet," she said at last, "you are most unexpectedly practical."

"When I've offered to share my income with a comparative stranger—a chimerical, elusive dream-lady at that?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I'm not sure about chimeras, but I think they were monsters of some kind," said the girl. "And your income is too small to be alluring, Mr. Ashe. If you don't wish any more of that chocolate, won't you have something cold? No. Well, then come back to Mrs. Foster. I'm afraid you'll be borrowing money of me next, to say nothing of the way in which you are straining your poetic fancy to find flattering names for me." She took his cup and turned away. Before he could follow he was seized upon and carried off in triumph by some fair admirers, and a quick glance back showed him that a fortunate elderly gentleman had taken possession of her, so he resigned himself to the inevitable, and did not see her again until just as he was leaving. He had looked for her to say good-by, but in vain, and Mrs. Foster did not know where she had hidden herself, so he was starting off, disappointed, but resolved not to let the thing drop, when her voice stopped him with his hand on the door.

"Au revoir, Mr. Ashe," she said, leaning toward him from the lowest step of the stairway. "Au revoir."

"Thank you," he responded, heartily. "And very soon, most fair lady of the realm of my dreams."

"That is really a loving thing, Mr. Ashe," she said, "and I am very proud to think that you think that I had any part in it."

"But didn't you?" he demanded.

"Do I believe in telepathy?" she asked, mockingly. "Am I an astral body, or a bad dream?" He shook his high hat threateningly at her.

"The truth is not in you, Mademoiselle Sapphira," he announced.

"Hear the lion growl!" she retorted, with a saucy nod, and turned to go upstairs. He took a step toward her.

"Miss Gregory!" he said, imploringly. "Seriously, now?" she looked at him over her shoulder with dancing eyes.

"Do you know, until to-day, I always supposed it was Dick Thurston that I woke up that afternoon," she said, confidentially, and ran lightly up-stairs.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Cause and Effect.

Mr. Quipps—The last time I saw Mrs. Newbryde she said her husband was sick.

Mrs. Quipps—Yes, the last time I saw her she was making some sort of a dainty dish for him.

"Ah! then I must have seen her shortly after you did."—Philadelphia Press.

Contradictory.

"Is she a Miss or a Mrs?" was the question regarding a late popular arrival at the seashore.

"Well," was the reply, "while she's a Miss, she also seems to be a decided hit."—Chicago Post.

Not His Job.

"Your husband is a floorwalker in a department store, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then, why don't you have him get up and walk the floor with the baby when she cries?"

"I can't wake him up. When I shake him and tell him what's the matter he mumbles something about soothing sirup in the drug department three aisles down, and then goes to snoring again."—Chicago Tribune.

WRIGHT IN TROUBLE

England's "Monte Cristo" Sued in a London Court.

One of the Most Noted Meteoric Financiers of This Rushing Age—How He Ruined the Late Lord Dufferin.

Whitaker Wright, the London promoter of visionary financial schemes, and who used the late Lord Dufferin as a figurehead for the enterprises, has been called into court to pay $750,000 to a creditor of one of the defunct companies.

Whitaker Wright put 41 companies on the London market. The aggregate capital stock was $111,775,000. The public, gulled by the promises of large dividends, invested something like $100,000,000 in these schemes. They all failed, the creditors receiving five cents on the dollar, the shareholders nothing.

Lord Dufferin, former governor general of Canada, and who had been ambassador to Russia and Turkey and several times a member of the cabinet, was induced by Whitaker Wright to lend his name as president of the London and Globe Finance corporation, the company which was supposed to finance the enterprises in which the public was invited to invest. It was Lord Dufferin's name and his well-known personal integrity that induced the public to invest millions.

When the crash came Lord Dufferin was ruined and although no blame could be attached to him, except that he had been the blind tool of Whitaker Wright, he sank under what to him was a disgrace, and his death, which followed a few months ago, was attributed directly to his connection with the bankruptcy of the company of which he had been the president.

The compulsory liquidation of the London and Globe Finance corporation was ordered on October 30, 1901. Since then there have been insistent demands for action by the public prosecutor. A special petition has

WHITAKER WRIGHT
(London Promoter Responsible for Lord Dufferin's Death.)

been circulating on the stock exchange and signed by many influential men demanding the prosecution of Whitaker Wright, as it is considered that the credit of the city and the stock exchange demands a thorough investigation of the London and Globe methods of finance.

Whitaker Wright is one of the most noted of the meteoric financiers of the many who have filled the public eye. He began life as a footman and friendless, an ordinary mining speculator. But he had suavity and a genius for organization. He formed a number of companies and made money rapidly, millions of it. Then he induced Lord Dufferin to accept the chairmanship of the London and Globe Finance corporation. This gave the public confidence and Wright made millions so rapidly that he had hard work in spending it.

In England Wright began to be called the "modern Monte Cristo." He bought an estate in Surrey and planned a series of alterations requiring 12 years to carry out.

When he entered into possession of the estate a large hill in the center of the park was a source of great annoyance to him, and he forthwith had it removed piecemeal and erected in another part of the grounds which he thought more desirable.

Just as readily as he whisked hills about, so Mr. Wright made and unmade lakes, and one which he had constructed is certainly a novelty, if a somewhat costly one. It is situated at some distance from the house, and beneath it a large cavern fitted with a glass roof has been built. This concern is connected with the house by a subterranean passage, and in hot summer days formed a favorite retreat of Mr. Wright's. What sort of an effect the sudden collapse of the glass would have had can better be imagined than described.

One of the features of Lea park is a magnificent Italian fountain, which Mr. Wright saw in the courtyard of an old Italian palace and promptly bought, paying the owner his own price. Two days after it had changed hands it was on board one of its new owner's yachts, accompanied by several Italian masons and sculptors, on its way to England. This is merely one instance of Mr. Wright's extreme way of securing what he wanted. When he desired anything to improve or beautify his estate he forthwith bought it, paying almost any price to gratify his desire.

The grounds at Lea park abound with grottos and summer houses, nestling in secluded corners among shady trees, while almost priceless marble statuary is to be found everywhere.

UNIQUE MONUMENT.

Erected in an Ohio Cemetery by a Union Soldier in Confederate Burying Plot.

To the memory of the confederate soldiers buried in Camp Chase confederate cemetery, near Columbus, O., a monument has just been unveiled which was created through the efforts of a man who fought against them on the union side. This man is Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, and he was assisted financially in the work by William P. Harrison, of the same city.

The monument consists of a solid granite arch, standing 12 feet high, built over the huge boulder which

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.
(Erected in a Northern Cemetery by a Union Veteran.)

marks the resting place of the dead confederates. On it is chiseled in bold letters the word "Americans." At the top of the arch is the statue of a confederate solder in full uniform. The memorial stands in the center of the cemetery. Immediately in the rear is the tall flag-post upon which Old Glory floats.

Col. Knauss, through his efforts of other years has become well known among the confederate camps in the south, and this year, for the unveiling of the monument, he invited them to send flowers. Boxes of blossoms and plants were received from nearly every state in the south, and there were many contributions from both northerners and southerners who live in the north.

The cemetery plot contains about two and one-half acres. The land was held by the United States government during the war under a lease. April 23, 1879, it was bought by the United States government and described as "The Confederate Cemetery formerly occupied by the Camp Chase Rebel Prison."

In the inclosure were buried 2,260 confederate soldiers. From Virginia 337, from Kentucky 150, from Tennessee 239, from Alabama 431, from Texas 22, from Georgia 265, South Carolina 85, Arkansas 55, Mississippi 202, Florida 62, Maryland 9, Missouri 8, Louisiana 52 and unknown about 250. Of these 135 were buried at City cemetery, southeast of Columbus, and afterward removed to this inclosure.

MISS ELSIE MACOMBER.

Young Lady Selected by Governor of Iowa to Christen the New Cruiser Des Moines.

Gov. Cummins has selected Miss Elsie Macomber, of Des Moines, to act as sponsor for the cruiser Des Moines, which will be launched at Boston, Mass., September 20. The event will

MISS ELSIE MACOMBER
(Iowa Girl Who Will Christen the Cruiser Des Moines.)

be made a state occasion and the governor and staff and state officers, as well as the mayor and city officials of Des Moines, will participate. Miss Macomber is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macomber. Mr. Macomber is a prominent attorney and for several years served as city solicitor. Mrs. Macomber has traveled extensively in foreign lands. She is well known as a lecturer, her subjects relating chiefly to her travels. Miss Macomber is a pronounced brunette, with a shock of black hair, fine dark eyes, and a complexion that is the envy of her sex. She is one of the most popular girls in Des Moines. She spent last summer traveling in Italy, France, Switzerland and Spain.

Horse Swam Ohio River.

An incident transpired at Augusta, Ky., that shows that some animals are as fond as some people of their "Old Kentucky Home." Dr. Norris sent one of his horses across to an Ohio farm to be grazed and given a rest. The animal soon tired of Buckeye pickings, however, and, making his way to the river, plunged in and swam back to Kentucky.

PURELY PERSONAL.

A. H. Wright, mayor of Merrill, Wis., is the youngest chief executive of any city in the northwest. He was born December 26, 1876, and was elected to the position he now holds in May last.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is an enthusiastic rose grower. He is very fond of the flower, of which he has an exact scientific knowledge, and three bushes at his Cambridge home are his especial personal care.

Frank L. Coombs, who represents the First congressional district of California, is the only man in congress born on the Pacific coast. He was born in the Napa valley in 1853.

Mrs. Leishman, the wife of the American ambassador to the porte, has been the recipient of what is considered a very high honor from the sultan. She had asked his majesty to write his name on her fan. This he did in pencil, the next day sending an aid de camp for the fan, when he inked his autograph over.

Jay Cooke, formerly looked upon as the greatest financier of the country, is 81 years old, but is one of the best-preserved men of the day and is as interesting in his reminiscences of the times when he dealt with enterprises in which billions of dollars were involved as he ever was. His life is a quiet one at Ogontz lodge.

President Merrill, of Fisk university, points out that the well-educated and competent negro doctor has an amazing opportunity among the 8,000,000 of his race. President Merrill knows of 12 negro doctors in Nashville alone all doing well and six of them amassing property. He reports also that it is easier for a colored physician to build up a self-supporting practice than for the white doctor.

Nicholas H. Torney, a wealthy New York broker who was the double of Andrew Carnegie in appearance, died recently. It was his fad to live for an occasional month or so in some Bowery lodging house and then change over to the Hoffman or Astor house, being equally well known in either of the places. So generally was he recognized on the Bowery that regular patrons of one lodging-house there always referred to him as "the regular of room 37." That was where he slept when he first made his appearance there, something over ten years ago, and that was where he died.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The movement to erect a monument to Gen. F. E. Spinner is making progress under the care of Miss L. R. Whelpley, of East Capitol street, Washington. Gen. Spinner was the first to admit women to the treasury department on equal terms with men.

When Clara Barton was in Russia attending the quinquennial conference of the International Red Cross association she was presented to the czar. In accordance with the custom of the country she bent to kiss the imperial hand, but his majesty said: "No, not you, Miss Barton," and gave her a hearty handshake.

Representative George H. Fall, who introduced and championed the bill which recently passed the Massachusetts legislature making mothers equal guardians of children with fathers, says that most of the credit for its passage is due his wife, who, after her marriage, took up the study of law. She is a member of the Malden school board, and the mother of five children.

Hallie Erminie Rives, the southern novelist, has been on a visit to Atlantic City and while there created somewhat of a sensation in a fashionable shooting gallery. The proprietor has rather a poor opinion of women's powers with the rifle, but after Miss Rives had made havoc of his tin birds, rabbits and fowls he ceased to smile inwardly. She is a dead shot and made her mark every time.

THE TAG ENDS OF THINGS.

Good-by is a contraction of "God be with you."

Hot water is supplied from wells direct to houses and offices in Boise, Idaho.

The barking of a dog is said to be an acquired habit and one lost if the animals are allowed to run wild.

An ostrich lives about 30 years, and the average annual yield of a bird in captivity is from two to four pounds of feathers.

By a recent ruling of the license commissioner of St. Louis, Mo., local users of motor cycles are compelled to pay an annual fee of ten dollars.

The originator of the automobile is said to have been Capt. Planta, a Swiss, who, in 1760, invented a steam carriage which ran on any ordinary road.

Owners of steam vehicles in Minneapolis, Minn., have been notified by E. E. Steele, state boiler inspector for that district, that every steam vehicle must be submitted for inspection, at a cost of five dollars, every year, in accordance with the boiler inspection law of the state.

A BOOKISH LOT.

The first complete edition of Poe's works in a German version was printed a few weeks ago.

At an auction sale of rare books in London a Caxton Royall book sold for £1,400, and a second folio Shakespeare brought £615.

James Carlton Young, the Minneapolis millionaire, has agents scouring Europe to obtain a unique collection of the first editions of living authors.

Miss Fanny Gowdy, daughter of the United States consul general at Paris, is said to have succeeded in reestablishing the literary salon, a social feat which brilliant French women have failed in attempting.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

There are 5,416 different parts in a modern locomotive.

There are only 25 factories of paints and colors in England.

The first machine for folding envelopes was patented on the 17th of March, 1845.

Of all metals lead causes the greatest number of deaths in factories and workshops.

From nettle fiber a thread has been produced so fine that a length of 60 miles of it weighs but two and one-half pounds.

The heating surface of the boiler of a modern locomotive is equal to a space of 50 feet long by 47 feet wide.

The Wisconsin dairy industry employs 1,700 hands at an annual cost for wages of nearly $1,000,000.

NATURAL HISTORY FACTS.

A single pair of rabbits can multiply in four years to 1,250,000.

The pig is the only domestic animal which does not suffer from cancer.

A whale of 50 tons exerts 145-horse power in swimming 12 miles an hour.

A newly born giraffe stands high immediately after birth. He then measures six feet from his hoof to the top of his head.

The horned screamer of Brazil—a bird of the blackbird family—has on each wing two sharp claws, and a pointed horn upon its head.

The common herring is the most difficult of all marine creatures to catch alive for an equarium. A whale is the most difficult to preserve alive.

Skeptical.

"They were married in haste, you say?"

"Yes; each was afraid the other would back out."—N. Y. Times.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

A few drops of camphor added to the water in which the face is bathed in warm weather will do much to remove the shiny appearance of the skin.

Not everyone would consider that to blush indicates intelligence, yet blushing is an eminently human attribute, and Darwin says that "it would require an overwhelming amount of evidence to make us believe that any animal could blush." Idiots, too, rarely blush.

Drink something immediately on rising. A quantity of cold water is beneficial. Some people get a better effect from a glass of hot water with half a lemon squeezed in it. The principle of the early morning drink is that it washes out the stomach, which during the long hours of the night becomes coated with mucus. It tones up the digestive apparatus and gets it ready for work.

A healthy child travels miles in a day—plays cars with the chairs in the dining-room, playing conductor, taking tickets, riding its broomstick horse. He will look at pictures or books, but all the while he is squirming, rolling or kicking. He must not be restrained. Give him plenty of room and freedom of movement. Thus he will digest his food and thrive as a child should. If he is kept still, then begin sick spells. He must not feel that he is hampered. He must know, however, that some one is in authority, ready to enter into fun with him or to put a brake on when advisable. The child is to be petted who has at the strong arm of authority to lean upon.

Everybody—that is, everybody who assumes that life is worth living—takes a bath at night, but a good many people feel too many duties pressing insistently upon them to stop for a bath when they rise in the morning. And yet the moment when she lifts her head from the pillow is the worst in the day to many a woman, especially in the hot weather. She feels languid and "headachy," lethargic and carries dull eyes and face to the breakfast table. A cold shower bath and a brisk rub would brighten her eyes and enable her to begin the day with a smile. Failing the shower, a plunge bath will serve, and if this be inconvenient a brief sponge at the washbowl will set the blood circulating to clear the heavy head.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Jupiter has 4,500 eclipses of its different moons in one of its years.

There are 52,157 varieties of fungi now catalogued. No fewer than 4,960 species have been added since August, 1899.

Besides oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid, there are present in the atmosphere five other elements—argon, neon, helium, krupton and xenon.

An eminent Swiss naturalist says that the Arolla glacier, which in 1865 could be reached from the hotel in five-and-twenty minutes, is now a good hour and a quarter's walk away from it, and the shrinkage can be paralleled in many other parts of Switzerland.

One of the most remarkable and interesting products of German chemistry is the cubic inch of radium lately prepared for Prof. Curie. It cost $2,000 and required the use of several tons of barium salts. It shines like a lamp, also exciting phosphorescence in other materials, like zinc sulphide. So energetic is this action that a small particle lights up a mass of zinc sulphide a thousand times as large, and this phosphorescence continues a considerable time after removal of the radium.

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.

A Generation Ago coffee could only be bought in bulk. The 20th century way is the

LION COFFEE

way—sealed packages, always clean, fresh and retaining its rich flavor.

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