AMERICAN UNION.

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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. 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.

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

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT—For the remainder of this year and next year, a ten-room dwelling with cellar and porches; good water in back porch Possession given Oct. 15. Apply either to
MR. OR MRS P. H MCSHANE,
10-2] Denton, Md.

Bad Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption.

Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

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.

The Doctor's Ride

By W. E. MACLELLAN.

IT HAD snowed from early morning in the little northern town of Taunton. Toward midday the wind rose, and all the afternoon it blew a gale which whirled the loose snow in blinding drifts and filled the country roads to overflowing. At dark the storm began to abate; but it was still blustering at nine o'clock, when Dr. John Graham plunged out through the banks in his stable-yard for a good-night look at his horses.

"Good-night, Frank, old lad," said he, with a parting pat to the shining, outstretched neck of his pet saddle-horse. "We're in for a good rest to-night. No calls for us before morning."

Dr. Graham soon settled down in the comfortable sitting-room of his home, in fine humor to enjoy the rare treat of an evening with his mother and sister. It was after 11 o'clock before his attention was again called to the outer world by the whistle of a passing train.

"That must be the evening express—nearly three hours' late," said the doctor. He went to a window and peeped out between the closely-drawn curtains.

"What is the night like now, John?" asked his mother.

"It has turned out quite fine, mother. The sky is clear, the moon is shining, and the drift seems to have nearly stopped."

He returned to his chair and resumed his reading aloud, but was interrupted by a sharp peal from the office bell.

"O John, you won't go out to-night!" cried his sister. "Surely, you—" But he was already out of the room on his way to the office door.

When it was opened, the snowy figure of a man, with face and beard so incrusted with frost as to be unrecognizable, stood before him.

"Doctor," said the man, in a shaking voice, "my boy is dying! Come quick!"

"Who are you? What ails your boy?" asked the doctor, drawing the man into the room.

"I'm Sam Williams, of Mountain River, two miles out of town. My boy Bob's cut his wrist—he was makin' shavin's for kindlin'. He's losin' blood awful. His mother's all alone with him. Won't you come at once, doctor?"

"Just as soon as I can get into my coat and boots. It'll save time if you'll saddle my horse for me while I'm getting ready—the one in the first stall."

Dr. Graham turned to his mother and sister, who had followed him into the office.

"What can you be thinking of, John?" cried his sister. "You told us the roads were entirely blocked. How can you expect to get to the Williams place, on horseback, now?"

Williams dropped with a moan into the nearest chair. "God help us, she's right!" he said. "I forgot, too; you can't begin to ride to my house to-night. The banks are ten feet deep in places. If it hadn't been for that train comin' along with its snow-plow, I'd never have got here."

"Then I'll go back with you by the track," said the doctor.

"But you can't ride, that way; and Bob'll be gone before you get there afoot!" sobbed Sam.

Dr. Graham considered a moment. "Yes, I can ride the track, Sam," he said. "It hasn't been drifting since the train came in."

"But the culverts!" cried his sister.

"There are only two open ones in the road between here and Sam's," said the doctor. "Neither of them is more than ten feet wide. Frank can jump them."

"John," said his mother, laying a detaining hand on his arm and looking searchingly into his eyes, "are you sure it is right to try such a ride? May there not be trains on the road?"

"No; not after the evening express is in."

"Go, then, and God bless you!" said his mother, as she stood aside to let him pass.

"Fetch out my horse as quickly as you can, Sam," said the doctor.

Two minutes later Dr. Graham, mounted on Frank and bending well forward in his saddle, dashed down a side street toward the nearest level crossing, and striking the track, rode along it toward the Williams homestead.

He found a thoroughly good road before him, and allowed his horse to break at once into a sharp gallop. Snow, old and new, packed by snow-plows and trains, thawed, frozen hard again, and frequently renewed and softened and hardened, had covered the sleepers completely, so that a smooth, glittering path stretched away between the rails.

"Now, then, Frank, old chap," said the doctor, settling himself firmly in his saddle, "get ahead as fast as you like."

Frank, glad to be out after his long day's housing, struck an eager pace.

More than a mile was covered before Dr. Graham drew rein. He was close upon the first of the two culverts of which he had spoken. A short distance beyond it the road ran into a deep cutting through which it curved out upon the steep side of Mountain River ravine. He knew that for the rest of the way it would be advisable to ride a good deal more cautiously.

The culvert became plainly distinguishable at a distance of 50 yards or more, and the doctor approached it at a slow canter. Only for the last few paces he urged Frank with a low word, and a quick, well-understood movement in the saddle. The culvert was cleaned almost as if in a stride, and he cantered on unconcernedly.

They were at the very mouth of the cutting which led into the ravine when there was a long, shrill whistle behind. The doctor reined his horse almost violently. In the momentary silence which followed, he heard the rumble of an approaching train. The horse heard it, too, and showed fear.

"Steady, Frank, steady, lad, and let me think while there's time!" cried the doctor. "We haven't a moment to lose. That train's whistling at the last road we crossed. Before we could get back over the culvert and to a place where we could leave the track it would be upon us. Our only chance is to go ahead. Forward!"

Frank cleared the cutting at a few strides and passed within the ravine, where a straight but perilous road lay before him.

"Steady, boy!" urged the doctor, with a glance behind. "Fast as you can, but sure-footed for your life and mine. A slip or stumble now will end us. We must have half a mile to go before we can leave the track. But you're good for it, boy! You're good for it!"

The horse seemed fully to understand the situation. He galloped on at his utmost speed, and yet was alive to every tone and motion of his rider. He gathered up his feet and set them down with the agility and precision of a cat.

There was need of the very best that man and horse could do. The narrow, icy track, down which they were speeding so desperately, ran high along the face of the steep, rocky side of the ravine. On the one hand rose a nearly perpendicular wall of rock; on the other a sheer precipice dropped into the foaming current of Mountain river.

They had, in reality, got a long start in the race, but it seemed to Dr. Graham that they had done almost nothing when the pursuing train swept through the cutting and into the ravine behind with a shriek and clang. He could feel the horse shrink beneath him at the sound.

"Bravely, Frank, bravely and fast!" he said, bending far forward to speak encouragement.

The splendid horse fairly flew down the grade. But the train thundered nearer and nearer each moment. To the desperate rider it seemed almost upon them. He fought resolutely against an overmastering desire to look back. He knew well the risk of taking his attention from his horse even for an instant.

But a point was reached when he could stand the terrible uncertainty of it no longer, and he cast a quick glance over his shoulder, almost expecting to be dazzled by the glare of the headlight at his very heels. To his astonishment he saw only a great dark object sweeping down the track, still a considerable distance behind.

What the absence of headlight might indicate he could not guess, and there was not time to think about it, for just then came the recollection of the second culvert scarcely a hundred yards ahead. The remembrance of this terrifying obstacle brought with it more than mere selfish fear—he had a swift vision of his mother's anguish should the assurance of "no danger," which he had given her, fail.

A little beyond the culvert lay the possibility of safety; at it death awaited failure. Its gridiron surface stood out clearly in the moonlight. Frank's pace was tremendous as he galloped down upon it. Could he—would he rise at the right moment? Dr. Graham almost stood in his stirrups, with body bent far forward.

Frank's nose was near the culvert when the quick, final signal came.

He rose to it. The doctor uttered a great shout of encouragement and triumph as he flung himself back in his saddle for the drop—many feet on the farther side of the culvert. Frank flew on with unbroken stride.

The train was right on them, and some echo of that shout must have reached the engineer above the rattle of his fierce machine, for there was a sudden hoarse shrieking of whistle and grinding of brakes. The race, however, continued to be a mad and doubtful one for many paces further. Then the horse drew rapidly away, and a minute later his rider turned him aside at the crossing of the road to Sam Williams' barnyard.

The doctor rode on toward the stable with a look back at his late pursuer, which had come almost to a standstill, but which, seeing him out of danger, went on its way again.

It consisted of an engine, tender and caboose, headed by a high, old-fashioned snow-plow—the one, as he afterward learned, which had been brought in by the evening express, and which was now being returned to the main line for service elsewhere. It was the plow which had concealed the light of the engine, and, no doubt, it had been the cause of his not being seen before.

Dr. Graham hurried his horse into a warm stall, and made for the house without delay. A single glance within showed him that he had come none too soon. The injured boy was lying unconscious and apparently lifeless, with his mother sobbing and moaning helplessly over him.

The doctor set to work instantly, almost without hope at first, but he soon had the assurance that his terrible railway ride had not been in vain. Bob was able to open his eyes and smile a faint welcome to his father when he returned.

As soon as Williams had made certain of his son's safety, the doctor questioned him eagerly about the state of affairs at his own home.

"No," said Sam, confidently, "they can't know a thing about that train comin' out. I must have been in the stable when it went by, and I never heard it. And no one was stirrin' about the house when I left."

"Thank God for that!" said the doctor. "It is the one thing which has been troubling me."—Youth's Companion.

The Stage As a Profession for Women

Clara Morris Tells of Its Advantages in a Chapter of Her Latest Book.

IN HER last book, "Stage Confidences," just published by D. Lothop & Co., Boston, Clara Morris gives much that is interesting of information, incident and story of and about the stage. Of all her books that have attracted such wide attention among the readers of the world, none compare with this latest volume into which she has woven a variety of little essays and stories that seem to spring direct from the heart of the greatly beloved actress. There are so many choice nuggets that the reader is puzzled which one to turn to first, and will usually solve the problem by beginning at the first of the book and taking them as they come. The actress says she receives hundreds of letters from girls and young women asking for advice as to attempting a career on the stage, and in the following selection, taken from this volume, she attempts to answer all of them at once. The selection is typical of all the book contains, so far as literary style and general interest is concerned:

"In looking over my letters from the gentle 'Unknown,' I find that the question, 'What advantage has the stage over other occupations for women?' is asked by a Mrs. Some One more often than by the more impulsive and less thoughtful girl writer, and it is put with frequency and earnestness.

Frontispiece of "Stage Confidences." Reprinted by permission of D. Lothrop & Co., publishers.

Clara Morris.

From a Costume Picture Taken in 1933.

"Of course, there is nothing authoritative in these answers of mine, nothing absolute. They are simply the opinion of one woman, founded upon personal experience and observation. We must, of course, to begin with, eliminate the glamour of the stage—that strange, false luster, as powerful as it is intangible—and consider acting as a practical occupation, like any other. And then I find that in trying to answer the question asked, I am compelled, after all, to turn to a memory.

"I had been on the stage two years when, one day, I met a schoolmate. Her father had died, and she, too, was working; but she was bitterly envious of my occupation. I earnestly explained the demands stage wardrobes made upon the extra pay I drew; that in actual fact, she had more money for herself than I had. Again, I explained that rehearsals, study, and preparation of costumes required time almost equal to her working hours, with the night work besides; but she would not be convinced.

"'Oh, don't you see,' she cried, 'I am at service; that means I'm a dependant. I labor for another. You serve, yes, but you labor for yourself,' and lo! she had placed her stubby little finger upon the sore spot in the working woman's very heart, when she had divined that in the independence of an actress lay her great advantage over other workers.

"Of course this independence is not absolute; but then how many men there are already silver-haired at desk or bench or counter who are still under the authority of an employer! Like these men, the actress' independence is comparative; but measured by the bondage of other working women, it is very great. We both have duties to perform, for which we receive a given wage, yet there is a difference. The working girl is expected to be subservient, she is too often regarded as a menial, she is ordered. An actress, even of small characters, is considered a necessary part of the whole. She assists, she attends, she obliges. Truly a difference.

"Again, women shrink with passionate repugnance from receiving orders from another woman; witness the rarity of the American domestic. A pity? Yes; but what else can you expect? The Americans are a dominent race. Free education has made all classes too nearly equal for one woman to bend her neck willingly and accept the yoke of servitude offered by another woman.

"And even this is spared to the actress, since her directions are more often received from the stage manager than from a woman star. True, her life is hard, she has no home comforts; but, then, she has no heavy duties to perform, no housework, bed-making, sweeping, dish-washing or clothes-washing, and when her work is done she is her own mistress. She goes and comes at her own will; she has time for self-improvement, but best of all she has something to look forward to. That is a great advantage over girls of other occupations, who have such a small chance of advancement.

"Some impetuous young reader who speaks first and thinks afterward may cry out that I am not doing justice to the profession of acting, even that I discredit it in thus comparing it with humble and somewhat mechanical vocations; before I go farther, little enthusiasts, let me remind you of the wording of the present query. It does not ask what advantage has acting over other professions, over other arts, but 'what advantage has it over other occupations for women?'

"A very sweeping inquiry, you see; hence this necessary comparison with shop, factory and office work. As to the other professions, taking, for instance, law or medicine, preparations for practice must be very costly. A girl puts her family to a great strain to pay her college expenses, or if some family friend advances funds, when she finally passes all the dreaded examinations, and has the legal right to hang out her shingle, she starts in the race of life handicapped with crushing debts.

"The theater is, I think, the only place where a salary is paid to students during all the time they are learning their profession; surely a great, a wonderful advantage over other professions to be self-sustaining from the first.

"Then the arts, but ah! life is short and art, dear lord, art is long almost unto eternity. And she who serves it needs help, much help, and then must wait, long and wearily, for the world's response and recognition, that, even if they come, are apt to be somewhat uncertain, unless they can be cut on a marble tomb; then they are quite positive and hearty. But in the art of acting the response and recognition come swift as lightning, sweet as nectar, while you are young enough to enjoy and to make still greater efforts to improve and advance.

"So it seems to me the great advantage of acting over work is one's independence, one's opportunity to improve oneself. Its advantage over the professions is that it is self-sustaining from the start. Its advantage over the arts is its swift reward for earnest endeavor."

Brother Millsap Not to Blame.

Sister Durham—Well, you've read the list of conference appointments. How do you like Brother Millsap, the young man that is to preach for your church the coming year?

Sister Middleton—I've got nothing against Brother Millsap, but I don't like the bishop for sending him to us. —Chicago Tribune.

Quiet.

Proprietor of Resort—We aim at quiet above all things.

Guest—Yes; I've remarked that the table never groans.—Puck.

America's Famous Beauties.

Look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores, Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains. Infallible for Piles. 25c at George & Redden's, Denton; H. Duffy's, Hillsboro, drug stores.

Forty Years' Torture.

To be relieved from a torturing disease after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude of anyone. That is what DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve did for C. Haney, Geneva, O. He says: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years." Cures cuts, burns, wounds, skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. H. Duffy, Hillsboro.

BURNING SOFT COAL.

Handling of Bituminous Fuel Must Be Studied Carefully.

But If Directions Here Given Are Heeded, Houses May Easily Be Kept Warm—Top Draft Is Necessary Always.

How many people understand how to burn soft coal? Of course, the problem presents but little difficulty when proper furnaces and specially prepared grates are installed for the purpose, but when, as in this instance, one turns hurriedly from hard to the soft fuel with the determination to make present fixings do, something more than a will is required to find the way. Of course, there is a way and it is simple enough in reality, but it is a very different way from that which must be employed with anthracite.

In the feed door of every furnace there is a slide damper to admit air over the fire. When anthracite is used this is opened only if it is desired to deaden the fire and lower the temperature of the house. With soft coal it must be left open all the time.

The great volume of gases evolved from it in the coking process, which is the first stage in its combustion, calls for more air than can be had through the body of fuel, and unless this is supplied above the fire the greatest value of the fuel is lost up the chimney in unconsumed gases.

Too much air for good combustion can be admitted over the fire, but it is not likely to be the case if the slide damper in the feed door of a furnace built for anthracite is left wide open all the time. The drafts opening in the ash pit, on the other hand, needs to be less widely and continuously open than for anthracite.

With the same amount of bottom draft which it is customary to give hard coal, soft coal would simulate the combustion in a blast furnace and call for constant stoking. The householder must also remember that the check draft in the smoke pipe, which with anthracite is usually kept open in moderate weather, cannot be opened much if any with soft coal, or the house will fill with smoke.

The best way is to leave it closed altogether. With the attention to

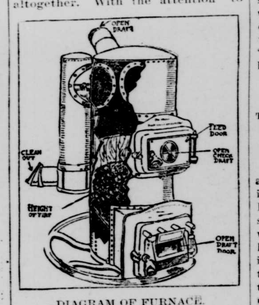

DIAGRAM OF FURNACE.
(Showing How the Various Drafts Should Be Manipulated.)

these details, which reverse the customary practice with anthracite, a furnace may be run on bituminous coal so as to keep a house entirely comfortable.

To the novice perhaps the most difficult problem will be in keeping the fire going all night, but even this is easy when one knows how to do it. In this case the first requisite is one or two big lumps of coal, big enough between them to cover completely the entire surface of the fire, then slack must be heaped high over this and beaten or pressed down into as solid a mass as possible. A fire thus fixed will burn from 12 to 14 hours in most cases. The product of some coal mines, however, burns quicker than that which is dug from other districts, and it may be necessary, therefore, to dampen the top of the fuel and scatter a plentiful supply of ashes over the top.

The idea, it will be readily seen, is to shut off quick drafts, to force the fire to burn slowly and evenly as possible, and so cause combustion to last as long as possible. This method of "banking a fire" is commonly resorted to in countries where milder winters and less abundant supplies of anthracite make hard coal furnaces rare and costly.

At the same time it is quite possible that the housewife will prefer to let her fire out every night and so save the labor of banking and raking out the plentiful supply of ashes which will have formed by morning.

With soft coal it is a matter of a few minutes only to get the fire going and the kettle boiling for breakfast. It kindles nearly as easily as shavings and the coke of the previous fire does not have to be removed from the fire pot. All that is necessary is to shake down the fine ash and make the new fire upon what remains.

With a little judgment one having a small supply of anthracite available may run his furnace through the day and evening with soft coal, and by adding anthracite at night have a fire in the morning. But with no anthracite at all he can, with a little more trouble than he is accustomed to, keep his house comfortable with soft coal.

Longest Continuous Stairway.

The longest continuous stairway in the world is that which leads to the tower of the Philadelphia city hall. It comprises 598 steps.

CIGAR IN A CHEESE.

Singular Happening in a Paris Shop Which Precipitated a Remarkable Battle.

There was an extraordinary occurrence recently in a cheesemonger's shop in the Avenue Parmentier, Paris, relates Pearson's Weekly. One of the tradesman's customers, who had invited five friends to dinner, had purchased a large cheese, and when it was cut into the stump of a half-smoked cigar was found in the middle. The host and his guests marched round in a body to the cheesemonger to demand an explanation and the return of the money or the substitution of another cheese, but the tradesman refused all three propositions, and even suggested that they ought to be satisfied, as they had not only the cheese, but half a cigar as well. One of the guests then threatened to report the cheesemonger for selling tobacco without permission. High words followed, and at length the customer picked up the offending cheese and hurled it with correct aim at the dealer's head. A regular battle ensued. The shopkeeper was backed up by his wife and three assistants and the customer by his friends. The counter was piled with cheeses of various kinds, and these were converted at once into missiles, while the butter also came in handy. The uproar attracted the attention of a policeman, who arrived just as a large Dutch cheese crashed through the window and caught him on the chest. When the officer had recovered his breath he separated the combatants and took them to the police station, where they were discharged with a caution.

LOBSTER CLIMBS TREES.

Inland Sea Captures of the East India Islands That Are Fond of Cocoanuts.

In the East Indian islands is found a curious lobster which climbs trees. Although it prefers a home on land it at times feels a longing for the water, where it goes to moisten its gills; and here the eggs are laid, and the young are raised on the coast, where they have the benefit of salt air, always good for children. But most of their time is spent inland, living at the roots of trees where they have burrowed deep hollows which they carpet luxuriously with fibers stripped from cocoanuts.

They come out of these homes at night to climb the palm trees, for although it seems funny to us, their climbing is quite a serious business to them, since it is in this way that they secure the cocoanuts of which they are so fond and on which they live principally.

To get at the contents of the nut the lobster first tears away the fiber which covers the three "eyes." (You must all have noticed those black spots on one end of a cocoanut that makes it look like the wierd face of a monkey.) It hammers away with its claws at these spots or "eyes" until a hole is made, when it extracts the kernel by means of its smaller pincers. Sometimes after drilling through the perforated "eye" it grasps the nut in its claws and breaks it against a stone.

STUCK TO HIS EYEGLASS.

The English Diplomat Wore It, Even When He Was Capsized in the Sea.

Recently a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life-saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of life-boat work, so, clothing themselves in bathing costumes and cork jackets, they each took an oar in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boatmen.

One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass, and is said even to sleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his eyeglass and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsized and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise came from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared, with the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

ONLY A LITTLE CLIP.

An Ingenious Device for Holding Paper, Which Has Become Very Popular.

A short time ago someone put on the market an ingenious device for holding sheets of paper together. It took the place of the pin, says the New York Press. By "short time" is meant a matter of some five or six years. Today there are more than 20 different kinds of clips, selling from 60 cents per 1,000 to 25 cents per 100, and considerable capital is invested in their manufacture. The same general principle is followed in all, and it is assumed that each improvement is patented. Corporations have been formed to make nothing but clips, and competition is lively. The original patentee will no doubt become a millionaire, though he may make only one cent on each 1,000 sold. It is the simple, dirt-cheap invention that brings the big returns—something so inexpensive that all the millions of us want it.

Uncle Sam's Salt-Water Farm.

For 30 years the United States commission of fish and fisheries has been making a study of Uncle Sam's salt-water farm, its products and the men who work it.

MONEY GREW ON BUSHES.

Railway Section Gang in Nebraska Comes Upon a Singular Find by the Roadside.

The fairy tale of money growing on bushes was lately realized along the right of way of the Burlington railroad between Hyannis and Alliance, says a Lincoln (Neb.) report.

A gang of section men were at work, when one of them noticed something that looked like a bill waving from the tangled top of a sunflower growing by the roadside. He investigated. It was a treasury note for $10.

He walked a few steps farther and there, nodding from a branch of a bit of dog fennel, was another bill of similar denomination.

He called to his companions, and the entire gang threw down their tools and started on a money hunt. For three hours they searched up and down the right of way and far afield.

At almost every yard their trouble was rewarded by finding either a five or a ten-dollar bill. Some bills were tangled in the tops of weeds, others half hidden in bushes along the fence, and still others in the stubble of the field.

The entire day's clean-up of the sight was $2,135. When the find was reported, word came from headquarters that a money pouch containing $3,500 had been lost from an express shipment the day before.

The supposition is that the bag fell out of the open car door and was ground to pieces under the wheels, and the contents were scattered to the winds. This hypothosis is supported by the later discovery of portions of the damaged pouch.

Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

RELIGION OF THE BLANKET.

The Navajo Squaw Prays as She Weaves the Threads of Her Beautiful Production.

It is a religion to make a Navajo blanket. Through the kinky, bristling twine of the warp are woven the hopes and aspirations of an immortal soul. In the warm colors are expressed the ardors of passionate hearts, the sandstorms they have faced, the cloudbursts under which their backs have bent, the smiling sunshine that has dried their wool, all the adverse and good fortunes that have befallen are wrought into the intricate designs. The squaw prays as she pushes the wool cart, and she prays as she twirls the distaff in her hands or rolls it on her thigh; she prays as she arranges the heddle; she prays as she lustily pounds down the woofstrands with her scrub oak batten, says the Southern Workman.

A blanket is all a prayer, a human document, a biography bright with the joy tints of canary yellow, dark with the olive green of pain. One is drawn to it because one's heart is moved by its ineffable, intangible humanness. One is strangely moved to both laughter and tears by its exquisitely variant colors, each expressing an emotion by its warmth of blended fibers, each throbbing to a note of triumph or of woe.

THE FRUIT PLETHORA.

Fine Apples Fed to the Pigs Because of the Superabundant Product of the Orchards.

Rarely, if ever, has there been such a superabundance of fruit as now abounds in the New England orchards. The limbs of the apple and pear trees hang heavy under the weight of their enormous yield, and the ground beneath the trees is covered with the decaying droppings. In some localities fine apples may be had for the picking, and an offer of half a dollar a barrel for the fruit on the tree is eagerly accepted in the rural districts. Thousands of bushels are being fed to the cattle and pigs and the cider mills are glutted with raw material for the presses. It seems a pity to see such a large quantity of fine fruit going to waste. It is almost superfluous to offer suggestion in the line of thoughtful philanthropy to Dr. Hale, but the glutted condition of the orchards suggests that it might be a good idea to renew his Farmers' fruit offering scheme, which furnished such a liberal supply of free fruit to the poor people of Boston when it was originally undertaken. Undoubtedly a great many bushels of apples can now be had for the asking.

Buddhists in America.

It is stated that San Diego, in Southern California, is fast becoming the Buddhistic center of America. In one house there has been erected a shrine to Buddha, and the owner, a woman of means, has brought a Buddha priest from India, who gathers a large congregation together every week.

Increased Receipts Explained.

The largest increase in postal receipts in the history of the service was shown in the reports of 50 leading post offices for September. That was the month, says the Chicago Record-Herald, in which the people who were away on vacations wrote home for money to get back with.

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