AMERICAN UNION.

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ENOCH PRATT STA. NO. PUBLIC LIBRARY

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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.
11:05 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.
8:34 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.

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.

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

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

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

WM. H. DEWEESE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

J. W. HARRIS,
BARBER
Next door to Law Building. Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Cutting at regular prices. Give us a trial. [3-12

FRED. R. OWENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Denton, Md.

FIELD & WILLIS
DENTON, MARYLAND
GOLD MEDAL BAKERY
AND
FANCY GROCERIES STORE

Our new oven is completed, it is the finest on the Shore.
Nothing but the best

Bread, Rolls, Pocket-book Rolls, Parker House Rolls, Cinnamon Buns, Chocolate Cake, Diamond Slice Crullers and Pies.

All HOT if you want them so.

The Only Bakery in Denton

Merchants write or call and get our prices at wholesale. We can save you money.

GET FRESH GOODS DAILY.

Candies at wholesale prices. Stock full of high grade Groceries. Ask for what you want. We have a complete assortment of these goods. See one of our lists it will help you.

BUTTER AND EGGS TAKEN

FIELD & WILLIS
Denton, Md.

LOOK

We have just received a car load of

HIGH LIFE AND WHITE ROSE

Flour which we are selling at $4 00 and $4.25 per Barrel. Made from Spring Wheat and cannot be exelled. Try it and you will be convinced. While coming to see, bring your produce and receive best market prices.

We are also headquarters for prime clover seed, $6 90 a bushel.

J. W. STONEBRAKER,
TWO JOHNS, MD.
ALBERT HOWARD, Manager.

FINE Groceries

AT OUR NEW STAND

Corner of Main and Fifth Streets.

We are nicely fitted up for the accommodation of our customers with new goods of all kinds, and are prepared to serve you at short notice.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

are our specialties, and we are keeping up our reputation for handling the best

NOTIONS AND RIBBONS

For the accommodation of our lady friends we are giving special attention to this department and invite an inspection of our stock.

OYSTERS & LUNCH

A cozy lunch room adjoins our store where Oysters are served in all styles, and a full meal or lunch can be prepared at short notice.

MRS. JULIA DAY
DENTON, MD.

For the Spring Trade.

Strawberry Plants, thirty varieties; also Raspberry, Blackberry and Dewberry Plants; Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum and Ornamental Trees. 50,000 Early Cabbage Plants.
A. G. GELLETLY,
2-5] Williston, Md.

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

Health

"For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way."—John P. Hodnette, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.
$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.

The Horse's First Work.

As it is the time for spring work a few words on the care of the horse's shoulders may be acceptable It is the first work in spring, when horses are "soft," that is most likely to cause sore shoulders. Of course, the collar should fit properly. If the horse is fat he may be better off without a sweat pad, but as a rule good sweat pads are better. The first hot day, when the horse sweats freely and "gets hot under the collar," is the time to gall shoulders To prevent this stop team quite often; back it until the traces are loose; pull the collar forward so the air can circulate freely under it and cool the shoulders, and remove any little accumulation of hair or lint from pads. Do this often. Don't be afraid of waisting a little time. It is the best preventive ever known, and prevention right here is the best investment one can make.

The Wastes of the Body.

Every seven days the blood, muscles and bones of a man of average size loses two pounds of wornout tissue. This waste cannot be replenished and the health and strength kept up without perfect digestion When the digestive organs fail to perform their functions, the strength lets down, health gives way, and disease sets up, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure enables the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that rebuilds the tissues and protects the health and strength of the mind and body. Kodol cures indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. I is an ideal spring tonic. Sold by Hugh Duffey, Hillsboro.

Rival to the Diamond State.

The new rival to the Diamond State Telephone Company—the Peninsula Telephone Company—will probably begin the work of constructing its line from Elkton to Crisfield, within thirty days. The new line will pass through the following towns of the Peninsula: Elkton, Chestertown, Centreville, Queenstown, Denton, Easton, Salisbury, Cambridge, Princess Anne, Pocomoke and Crisfield, Md, and Middletown, Del, with later connections at principal Delaware towns. At Elkton long distance connections will be made with the Maryland Telephone and Telegraph Company The company proposes to issue $75,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds, with a capital stock of $75,000.

A Sure Thing.

It is said that nothing is sure but death and taxes, but that is not altogether true. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is a sure cure for all lung and throat troubles Thousands can testify to that. Mrs. C. B. Van Metre, of Shepherdtown, W. Va., says, "I had a severe case of bronchitis and for a year tried everything I heard of, but got no relief. One bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery then cured me absolutely." It's infallible for croup, whooping cough, grip, pneumonia and consumption. Try it. It's guaranteed by R. J. Colston, drugist, Denton. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes 50c, $1.

Some Sayings.

Every rich man has a lawyer for an heir.

A man never begins to rise in the world until after he settles down.

All things come to those who wait—except now and then the waiter.

It is difficult for a man to decide when he will cease to be middle-aged.

When a man is accused of leading a dog's life it may be an insult to the dog.

Quick Arrest.

J. A. Gulledge, of Verbena, Ala, was twice in the hospital from a severe case of piles causing 24 tumors. After doctors and all remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly arrested further inflammation and cured him. It conquers aches and kills pain. 25c at R J. Colston's, drugist.

HABAKKUK SMITH.

Habakkuk Smith he is always a-hurrying,
Rushing and dashing all over the place;
Hither and thither you'll find him a-scurrying;
Almost you'd think he was running a race.
I never saw a man fellow of business;
Something important he's always begun.
Still, though his speedilness gives me a dizziness,
Habakkuk never gets anything done.

Habakkuk Smith in some effort laborious
Spends all the time he's not tucked in his bed.
No one who knows him, however censorious,
Says he has one lazy hair in his head.
Yet, though a task seems to be fast diminishing,
Somehow or other still longer it's spun,
Till it would take an eternity finishing—
Habakkuk never gets anything done.

Habakkuk Smith is a man of ability,
Lively and brisk and smart as a whip;
Tackles a thing with the utmost facility;
No one would think that he ever would slip.
But, it is funny, with all his celerity—
If you may call such a tragic thing fun—
All of his energy, all his dexterity,
Habakkuk never gets anything done.
—Chicago Daily News.

A Case of Suspended Gratitude.

By Carroll Watson Rankin.

JOHANNA as a housemaid had been a distinct failure; but when, after a lapse of six years, she presented herself at the door of her former mistress with the announcement that she was the widowed mother of three little children, and much in need of assistance, Mrs. Winthrop listened with interest.

"A girl of five, did you say," asked Mrs. Winthrop, kindly, "a boy of three, and a small baby? Why, Johanna, how providential! That's just my number. I have a girl of six, a boy of four and a great big baby, and I've been wishing I could find just the right sort of family to take their outgrown clothes. They all grow like weeds. Just sit down for a moment, and I'll bring you a great big bundle of things."

Four times a year for the next decade Johanna halted her bony, half-starved horse at the Winthrops' neat horse-block and received the unfailing bundle. She lived too far away to come oftener, for besides the three children and the old white horse with truly remarkable bones—"He wore them on the outside like armor," Mr. Winthrop said—Johanna had acquired a farm, about 14 miles from the town. Judging from its productions, Mrs. Winthrop concluded that the farm was even less prosperous than the horse.

Johanna, however, was nothing if not grateful. When the bundle was safely tucked away under the seat of the wagon, which always looked as if each journey would be its last, Johanna would grope about in the straw and finally bring forth an untidy parcel containing a dozen undersized eggs, a few gnarled beets, a stunted cabbage or an emaciated chicken. Apparently nothing ever throve on Johanna's farm; but the poor woman gave the best she had, and Mrs. Winthrop appreciated the spirit that prompted the gifts.

"Johanna," Mrs. Winthrop would say, "is certainly the most grateful creature I ever knew, as well as the most incapable. I would defy anybody to produce knottier turnips or pithier radishes than those Johanna brings me, but it's the best she can do, poor thing!"

The little Winthrops continued to outgrow their garments, and the little Hansens continued to fall heirs to them, and it seemed a most convenient arrangement all round.

"I guess you'd better give this to the Hansens, Pauline would say, holding up a discarded garment. "There's an ink stain on the skirt, and the sleeves are too short." Or Gordon would ask: "Can' I put these shoes in the pile for the Hansens, mother? There's a hole in the toe and they're getting too short."

Even the fat baby learned to add his broken toys to the pile, and the little Winthrops liked to imagine the delight of the little Hansens upon opening the bundle.

Particularly to Pauline, who was a selfish young person, and not at all given to making sacrifices for other people, was the idea a pleasant one. She was much impressed by Johanna's gratitude to her mother, and she decided that when she grew to womanhood she, too, would be a dispenser of charity, not so much for sweet charity's sake as for the pleasure of having persons grateful to her.

She felt a glow of satisfaction whenever she thought of Hilda, the wearer of her cast-off garments, and she tried to picture the other girl in them. It was a pleasant fancy that somewhere in the world there existed a girl only a little younger than herself who was fitted to the brim with gratitude every morning and every night as she put on, or laid aside, the more or less damaged gowns that Pauline had so generously outgrown. That the girl might be other than grateful Pauline never suspected.

Although she had spent so many hours in wondering about the appearance of the other wearer of her clothes, Pauline had never seen her, for Johanna had always left Hilda at home with the youngest child, who seemed to be perpetually ailing. In addition to the usual ills of childhood, and in spite of his mother's vigilance, he had at different times broken a leg, an arm and a collar-bone, besides having been severely burned while playing with matches.

Once, indeed, Johanna had taken all three of the children to town; but Pauline had been in school that day, and had missed seeing the shared of her wardrobe. The visit was not repeated, for the strain on the rickety wagon had been so great that cautious Johanna would not risk a second time. The day came, however, when Pauline met Johanna's daughter under somewhat unusual circumstances.

The summer that Pauline was 16 years old she was rejoicing in a new bicycle. So, too, was her brother, Gordon; but Gordon would have rejoiced much more heartily if Mrs. Winthrop had not insisted that he should take a daily ride with his sister, who, of course, could not be permitted to ramble about the country alone. As Gordon expressed it, he hated to go poking about with a girl that had not wind enough to ride up-hill, and was scared to ride down.

Still, under her brother's somewhat unwilling tutorship, Pauline was daily becoming more and more proficient. Before the summer was over she could follow Gordon over the winding, thread-like paths at the edge of the roadside, and she had learned to scramble to her feet without brotherly assistance after the most humiliating tumbles.

Within the city limits Gordon always ignored his sister, and pretended that she did not belong to him. With his head up and his arms folded, and with a most exasperating expression of lofty superiority on his boyish face, he would ride for miles along a smooth road without touching his handle-bars, and without a backward glance at his charge.

Pauline, short of breath, pedaling with might and main, and clutching her handle-bars with a vise-like grip, would follow meekly along, a block behind her lordly companion. Sometimes Pauline could not help wishing that Gordon would run over some of the objects that seemed to have such an irresistible attraction for her own wheel, but he never did.

However, since they departed and returned together, Mrs. Winthrop was satisfied, if the children were not, and Gordon and Pauline continued to take their daily ride after this uncongenial fashion.

One day they determined to explore a hitherto untried route. At five o'clock Gordon's cyclometer said that they were 11 miles from town, while Pauline's stated with equal positiveness that the distance was 87 miles. As neither cyclometer ever told the exact truth, however, the young people knew only that they were far from home and that the wind had suddenly turned cold.

As usual, Gordon kept ungallantly far in advance of his plodding sister, Pauline was so occupied with following the deviations of a steep, tortuous path that she failed to notice which turn her brother had taken where the roads forked.

Dismounting, Pauline found faint traces of wheel tracks along both roads, but one seemed more traveled than the other, and Pauline naturally selected it.

At first she found it all up-hill and very sandy. Pushing her wheel before her, she laboriously climbed the hill. At the top she mounted, sailed down a steep incline, flashed round a sharp curve, and plunged head first into a stagnant pool, which fortunately was not deep.

Drenched to the skin, and covered with unpleasant green slime, Pauline dragged herself and her wheel up the muddy bank and looked up and down the road for her brother.

"Gordon!" she called. "O, Gordon, Gordon!"

There was no reply, for Gordon had taken the other road, and finding it smooth and level, was sailing round its pleasant curves, happy in the supposition that his long-suffering sister was following at a respectful distance.

Pauline wrung the water from her dripping skirts as she stood shivering by the roadside. She felt that there was little use in making plans. She could neither walk nor ride, for the front tire of her bicycle showed an ugly gash, and something was wrong with one of her knees.

At first there was no sign of life in either direction. Pauline was beginning to wonder if she was to be left to starve by the roadside when she saw a cloud of dust at the top of the hill. From it there emerged presently a black-and-white object, that, as it approached, seemed strangely familiar, although for a moment the girl could not place it. Then, with a cry of joy, she recognized Johanna Hansen's unmistakable horse.

"O Mrs. Hansen," cried Pauline, "have you seen my brother?"

"Vell, I tank I don't know heem," said Johanna, with her kindly Swedish voice, that seemed sweeter than music to the girl at that moment.

"O yes, you do. Gordon Winthrop, you know. I'm Pauline. You've seen us lots of times."

"My gracious! I not know you at all, Mees Pauline. Have you yust been tak a sveem in the mud? You get on my vagon, I tak you oil my farm, an' mak you all dry on your clothes. It's only two—tree miles."

No invitation was ever accepted with greater alacrity. Pauline lifted her wheel into the rickety wagon and climbed in beside Johanna, who pulled the straw, on which she was sitting, up about the girl's shoulders, for the air was sharp and Pauline's teeth were chattering.

When, half an hour later, they reached the miserable little farm, Johanna gave shivering Pauline some of the girl's own cast-off garments to replace the wet and slimy ones that clung so persistently to her body. When she emerged, comfortably if somewhat shabbily attired, from the bedroom, she found Johanna making coffee over a battered stove, and a girl of about her own size setting the table. There, at last, was the girl with so much reason for gratitude.

"That," thought Pauline, "must be Hilda. I suppose she is saying inside, 'How can I ever thank my benefactress?' She's probably so full of grateful feelings that she can't say a word. But how awfully that old skirt of mine does hang on her. And my! How cross she looks!"

It was Hilda, and she did look cross. There was a heavy frown between her dark brows, and her dark eyes, whenever they rested on Pauline, were like thunder clouds. She flung the heavy plates upon the table and banged the oven doors.

"There's a storm brewing," thought Pauline. "I wonder why she behaves so. I thought at first that she was only shy, but it seems now as if she resents having me here."

The girls were alone, for while the visitor was eating her early supper Johanna had retired to make some necessary repairs to the harness of the bony horse. Pauline had begged that she might be driven to town that night and Johanna had consented.

Hilda, however, seemed far from sociable. She fairly slammed the boiled eggs upon the table and looked as if she would rather hurl the thick slices of bread at Pauline than pass them politely. This was so foreign to the ethics of Swedish hospitality that the bewildered guest determined to discover how she had offended Johanna's eldest. She went to the point at once.

"Hilda," said she, pushing back her chair, "why don't you like me?"

By way of answer, Hilda flung a stick of wood into the stove and banged the lid into place.

"You don't like me at all, do you?" persisted Pauline, rising with difficulty because of her bruised knee, and standing beside the stove. "Do you, Hilda?"

"No," said Hilda, with a flash of her eyes.

"Why not? I like you—or I would if you'd let me. I should think you'd like me a little, I've done so much for you."

"Do you tank I like your old clothes?" demanded the Swedish girl, an indignant red flooding her cheek. "I tank sometime I hate you! If it is not for you, maybe sometime I have something new, and not all the time old. Always I have your old dress, your old shoe—look at him!—your old hat, your old stocking, your old book, your old doll; not once ever anything new. Always hole or ink or rag, or maybe patch, everything you don't want, then I get him. It is easy to give away what is not good. All the time since I am baby, I tank me, 'There is that Vinthrop girl, all new dress, all new shoe, new book with cover on, new hat, and me—me—'"

But the thought of the contrast was too much for Hilda, who turned and thrust two more sticks of wood into the already crowded stove.

"Why, Hilda!" gasped astonished Pauline. "I'm sorry about it. I never supposed you'd mind. I thought you'd like the things. I'm awfully sorry."

Hilda, however, had not waited for the apology. The storm having burst, the Swedish girl rushed away like any other tornado. Pauline did not see her again that evening.

Pauline was restored at ten o'clock that night to her anxious parents and her remorseful brother, who had not missed her until he was approaching the outskirts of the town. His frame of mind during the evening had been anything but pleasant, and he turned pale under his freckles when Johanna's horse stopped at the gate.

There were two results from the girl's adventure. Gordon henceforth looked after his sister with a brotherly solicitude, wonderful to see; and it slowly dawned upon Pauline, who had been singularly thoughtful all the way home, that there were several kinds of charity. She puzzled out for herself the difference between making sacrifices of the things, material and otherwise, that she herself really wanted, and the giving away of things for which she had no use. The result was quite as beneficial in her case as in Gordon's.

The next bundle that went to the Hansens contained for Hilda a fresh, bright ribbon that Pauline really hated to give away, and a new book "with a cover on," purchased by Pauline with her own not too abundant pocket money. When spring came, Hilda, who was, perhaps, a little ashamed of her outburst, drove to town with her mother and carried to Pauline a huge bunch of marshmarigolds, which Pauline readily recognized as a peace-offering.—Youth's Companion.

TREE PLANTING HINTS.

Much Depends on Preparation of the Soil and Doing the Work Just at the Right Time.

A hole should be dug three feet wide and 20 inches deep, the tree being placed in the center, and the hole filled in with rich soil. Different varieties of trees require different depths in the soil. You will find a mark on all trees showing the depth that they should grow. Plant two inches deeper than they originally grow in the nursery rows. This will allow for settling.

Before filling in the soil around the roots of the tree straighten the roots in proper position and fill in with rich earth, tramping the earth solid around the roots. If any part of the roots is broken by digging, prune back from the under side of the root to the live wood. Leave branches as low as possible to the ground; this will shade the body of the tree.

Trees are damaged from the south and the southwest by the rays of the sun.

The current of sap that feeds the roots comes from the leaves of the tree. The water which falls on the leaves follows down the leaf stem to the bark of the tree. When examined with a microscope you will find that the bark is perfectly porous. Anything that disturbs the bark of the tree stops the flow of sap that feeds the roots, thereby enabling insects to more successfully attack the trees. There are numerous things to prevent this. First, the trees should be washed to kill the insects in the months of April and May. This will destroy the germs that make the worms and the borers. Such can be prevented with a very little expense. There are numerous chemicals that will kill the insects, but the cheapest and best thing you can use is to make a solution of soft soap; say, take five boxes of concentrated lye and 35 pounds of lard, boil into a slurry, set aside and cool. Use as whitewash. This rule of washing will apply to all shrubs and vines.

The main feature in getting the trees and plants to grow is not to plant too deep and to plant with rich earth and have the earth solid around the plants when planted, and not to plant too late in the season, when the stock is in bud.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dropping a Gentle Hint.

Timid Lover—Your parents seem to have gotten over their dislike for me.

"Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something."—Life.

Ingratitude.

Jaggles—What did that college do with the money it got from the millionaire?

Waggles—Established a chair of socialism.—Puck.

Strong Proof.

"So you think he's a genuine count. Did he show you his credentials?"

"Well—er—he showed me his bills."

WICKED BY NATURE.

Catamount, Although Beautiful and Interesting, is a Failure as a House Pet.

The wild nature of Cherry, the pet catamount owned by Miss Jessie Van Nest, in Tiffin, O., has at last manifested itself. Strangers are no longer allowed in its presence, unless one of the family is near by, and, much as the owner prizes her pet, she has decided to dispose of it. Many people in different cities will remember this catamount as one of the main attractions at the cat shows, where its frequent growl made its attendants stand in awe. It is seldom one of these animals is tamed, even when taken as young as was Cherry. When wild they are very savage, attacking their victims with both teeth and claws.

Cherry has grown larger, stronger, and handsomer than even he appeared at the cat shows. The only way Miss Van Nest can handle him lately is to punish him if he displays his claws and thus keep him in fear of her. Although he is so strong that she can scarcely manage him, she daily puts him through a course of training which is calculated to subdue him. As yet it has not been necessary to cage Cherry, though it no doubt would be if strangers had charge of him.

WHEN CHERRY WAS HARMLESS.

Although usually referred to as a catamount, to be more accurate, Cherry is a "spotted lynx"—a species which has often been hunted by President Roosevelt. Miss Van Nest's father, while engaged as a land appraiser in Indian territory, found Cherry on Bushy mountain nearly two years ago. The nest of the mother was located by an Indian, and while the mother was away, Cherry at the age of about four days was captured. After being kept in the camp of the United States land appraisers for ten weeks Cherry was taken by V. W. Van Nest to Tiffin and was presented by him to his daughter. The animal grew rapidly and in less than a year weighed thirty pounds. The weight of a full-grown spotted lynx is about forty pounds.

Cherry, when he came to his new home, was given the freedom of the house. He provoked much interest by his entertaining movements, jumping every now and then from the floor to the top of a five foot bookcase, and from there, perhaps, to the top of the piano. In expressing his attention to small children he would often jump high over their heads. Like a cat, he enjoyed being stroked. His wild inclinations are evidenced in his choice of a sleeping place.

This, if out of doors, is always on the limb of a tree; if indoors, on top of a high piece of furniture. All the cats in the neighborhood run when they see Cherry, and now even the dogs, with which he has often held boxing matches, seem suspicious of impending danger.

In the autumn, when the leaves are raked in piles, and before he became at all dangerous, Cherry would bury himself in a pile of leaves and watch for a sparrow which subsequently would always fall prey to him. Cherry lives on cooked beef, chickens and birds. He prefers water rather than milk.

This animal, which, on account of the nature it inherited, is soon likely to leave a beautiful home, possibly for zoological quarters, has a beautiful coat of silky gray fur handsomely marked in spots and stripes. His hind legs are larger and much better developed than his fore legs, for it is with these that he makes his many springs or leaps. It has long been found necessary to clip Cherry's claws often They grow rapidly, and, like his teeth, are extremely sharp. Like all animals of the cat species, Cherry has excellent hearing and sight, but has been tested in many ways, and is not believed to possess the sense of smell. He has displayed considerable intelligence from time to time.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Head Her Off.

Wife—Really, she's the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Why, I heard this morning that she—

Husband—Come, now, don't try to beat her at her own game.—London Tit Bits.

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.

PRUNING ROSE BUSHES.

Valuable Suggestions by Prof. S. T. Maynard on a Subject of Universal Interest.

Next to a rich soil, the number and perfection of the blossoms produced upon a rose bush depend upon the way in which the canes are pruned. Fig. 1 represents a rather large two-year-old rose bush as received from the nursery, the dotted lines showing where the branches should be cut, either before planting or immediately after. The result of this pruning or heading back will be to encourage numerous side shoots to start, resulting in the condition shown in Fig. 2, the light lines representing the old canes and the small growth coming from them. If the soil is rich, a few strong shoots will be produced from the base of the bush, as shown by the heavy lines.

Fig 1
PRUNED AS TRANSPLANTED.

In pruning for the second year's growth, the small, old wood is all cut away at the dotted lines a a a a, in Fig. 2, and the strong shoots headed back to the lines x x x x x x, Fig. 2, which will give the plant somewhat the appearance of the bush pruned just after planting.

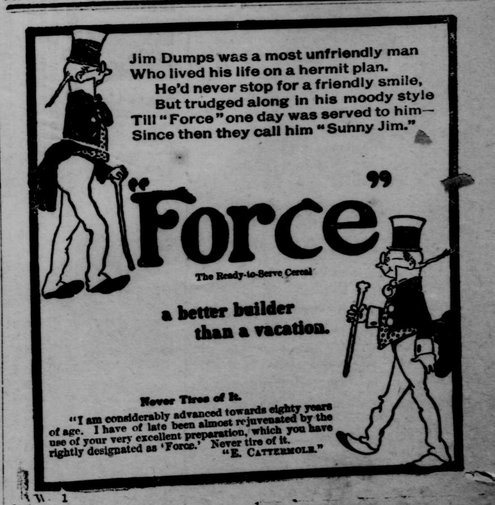
Fig 2.
SECOND YEAR'S PRUNING.

If every large specimens or prize flowers are desired, these strong canes must be cut back to two or three buds, but if the bushes are grown more for decoration or quantity, rather than size, these canes must be cut as shown.

In allowing strong canes to come up from the base of the bush, the lower down they come the better. If budded or grafted, one must watch and destroy any that start from below the bud, as these will produce only single flowers and take all the strength from the shoots startigg from the bud or graft.

As shown in the cuts, the bud must be set below the surface of the soil four or five inches, which will check this tendency of the growth of the stock and encourage a growth of roots from the bud or graft.—Prof. S. T. Maynard, in Farm and Home.

Trim up the raspberry and blackberry bushes and stake them in place if not stock enough to stand close and compact of themselves.



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