AMERICAN UNION.

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ENOCH PRATT BALTIMORE

1904		SEPT				1904
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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—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

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

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm. T. Hignutt, of E.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

TIME TABLE—In Effect Sunday June 26th, 1904.

EASTWARD READ DOWNWARD				BALTO. FERRY SERVICE STATIONS.	WESTWARD READ UPWARD.				
Sunday only.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday		Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Saturday	Saturday only.	Sunday	Sunday
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		NOON	P.M.	P.M.	P.M	P.M.
8.00	3.15	7.30	7.15	lv... Baltimore ...Ar	12.00	10.30	9.30	10.30	10.30
10.00	5.15	4.30	9.15	Ar... Love Point...lv.	10.00	8.30	7.30	8.30	8.30
.....	6.15	5.30	.....	Ar... Queenstown...lv.	.....	7.30	6.30	.....	.....
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M	P.M	P.M.	P.M.

Sunday Express.	Sunday only.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	RAILROAD DIV. STATIONS.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday	Saturday only.	Sunday only.	Sunday Express.
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
10.10	8.00	4.40	6.25	lv... Love Point...Ar.	9.50	8.20	7.20	5.00	8.20
.....	8.35	5.10	9.35	..... Queenstown	9.20	7.50	6.50	7.25	x7.56
.....	.....	5.35	10.20	..... Centreville	8.53	7.20	6.20	6.55	6.55
.....	f8.48	f5.21	f10.08	..... Wye Mills	f9.08	f7.37	f6.38	f7.09	.....
.....	9.04	5.38	10.22	..... Queen Anne	8.50	7.23	6.25	6.54	.....
.....	9.22	5.52	10.39	..... Denton	8.33	7.07	6.08	6.36	.....
.....	9.40	6.08	10.55	..... Hickman	8.17	6.52	5.52	6.19	.....
.....	9.58	6.23	11.10	..... Greenwood	8.02	6.38	5.37	6.03	.....
11.55	10.20	6.45	11.32	..... Ellendale	7.42	6.16	5.18	5.40	6.42
.....	10.35	6.59	11.45	..... Milton	7.25	6.00	5.03	5.23	.....
12.20	11.00	7.20	12.05	..... Lewes	7.05	5.40	4.45	5.00	x6.15
12.35	11.15	7.35	12.30	Ar... Rehoboth ...lv.	6.50	5.25	4.30	4.45	6.00
P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.
x Stops to let off passengers from Rehoboth

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W. R. CRUMPTON, GENERAL MANAGER.

THE BLUE MOONSTONE

The Luck That It Brought to Portuna.

By Katherine Hamilton Traub.

I WAS in the midst of preparations for leaving Manila for a trip to Japan, so there was plenty for me to do; but here I sat half way up the staircase, wasting precious time talking to old Ram Rao, the Cingalese jewel merchant. My house was situated directly opposite the camp, where the troops waited for the transports to take them home, and I was never tired of watching these vendors of flawed sapphires and Siam rubies, which were apt to drop from their crude setting at the first wearing, trying to induce the soldiers to buy their wares for wives and sweethearts at home. They occasionally paid me a visit, and sometimes I picked up a good pearl or opal for a small price.

Of all these mysterious, soft-eyed people, Ram Rao interested me the most. On the way out, via Suez, I had spent four delightful days at Colombo, and the old man, who was very homesick, used to like to come and talk to me of the jewel shops in his native city, and of the beautiful English bungalows and the Cinnamon Drive, which had so impressed me.

To-day he was crouching beside his boxes, a curious figure with a square of checked cotton wound about his nether limbs, so that it looked like a long tight skirt. Like most men in Manila, he wore a white linen coat, but his long hair was drawn up behind into a Psyche knot, and his tortoise-shell comb was pushed back until it made a crown, the ends toward his face.

Just behind me on the steps squatted my worthless little Filipino maid, Portuna. She should have been at the sewing machine, where I had left her with strict injunctions to finish her work without delay; but I was so interested in listening to Ram Rao that for the moment I did not notice her.

"Yes, Memsahib," he was saying, "I go home to my country. You buy only the one beautiful pin. It is a gift at seven rupees. Three days ago a soldier offer me for it $15 gold, I say no, but to-day with seven rupees more I buy passage on the steamer that goes to-morrow to Ceylon."

He held up a breastpin formed of two tiger claws, fastened together with a clumsy band of gold, set with garnets. It was extremely ugly.

"Oh, Ram Rao," I protested, "I don't want the thing."

"Oh, but Memsahib—only seven rupees, and then I leave this horrible city. You so good to me, I never forget, and some day you come to Ceylon, you find Ram Rao there to show you things most wonderful the tourist never see, and he take you where you buy pearls and ivory elephants for a smile."

I was weak, and yielded. I did not want the atrocious piece of jewelry, but I was homesick myself, and sympathy alone made me take the pin and give Ram Rao his five dollars.

His old eyes sparkled, and with a gesture of infinite grace he kissed the hem of my linen skirt, then turning to his box took out a little gold ring set with a small blue moonstone.

"If the Mem will wear this," he said, "she always have the good luck and bless the memory of Ram Rao."

"Oh, no, Ram," I said, "keep the ring. You might sell it for something."

"This ring I sell never," he said, firmly, and looking not at me but at Portuna, mumbled a few words in a strange language.

"Oh, senora," said the woman eagerly, "take the annillo—it is of no value. He feel bad if you no take—mucho malo, you no take."

I was struck, as I had sometimes been before, by the curious kind of Freemasonry which seems to exist between the races of the East. Here was this stupid, flat-nosed Malay woman who seemed to fully understand the feelings and even the language of Ram Rao, with his lofty carriage and high-bred, intellectual face.

I slipped the ring on my finger, and Ram departed, heaping blessings upon my head.

"It seems to me you're looking unusually well this evening," remarked my husband, as we were seated at the dinner-table.

"Oh, my dear old boy, how can I, in this old jusi?" I protested. "I do need some new ball-gowns sadly, but I thought I would get one more wear out of this and save my money to invest in Japanese crepes and gauzes. I am so glad that I'm not looking like a fright in it, though."

I had been asked, as one of the sober matrons of the army set, to give out favors at the bachelors' cotillion that evening Tom drove with me to the Potenciana Building, then went to the club, promising to return for me when the dance was over.

There was a larger gathering than usual that evening. The cotillion club had increased in size, and several distinguished people honored us with their presence. We had a major-general, an admiral, and a high official of the civil government there that night.

As I seated myself at the favor-table, little Tom Macon, of the artillery, rushed up. "My! Mrs. Crane, you do look stunning to-night! You simply have got to come and dance. Don't sit here, come and join our giddy circle. I'm awfully sorry I engaged my partner so long beforehand!"

Tommy was a nice boy, and if I had been married only five years earlier, might have been my son. Such outspoken admiration on his part was rather a surprise.

"But, Tommy," I said, "I'll dance, of course, if I'm needed, but I have no partner, besides I came to give out favors."

"There are plenty of dowagers here to do that," he said.

The high official was approaching. I knew him slightly. He was a very pompous person, and I had always found him rather hard to talk to.

"I have been told by these young people," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a group of cotillion managers, "that I am expected to renew my youth to-night. I have not danced the german for many years. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with the belle of the ball?"

"If by that sounding title you mean myself," I answered, immensely flattered, "i shall be most happy," and we took our seats in two empty chairs in the cotillion circle, just as the music began for the first figure.

The high official danced abominably, but I did not find him hard to talk to that evening. He was not at all the kind of man I had supposed him to be. He was jocose—indeed, flirtatious, and he whispered stilted compliments in my ear all the time we sat together.

I must confess that this time was rather limited, for I was constantly on the floor. This was a surprise. I had always enjoyed a good dance, and was rather a favorite chaperon with the young people; but such attention as I received this evening had been unprecedented for years. I was past my first youth, and there were many young and pretty girls present; but I noted it with astonishment, I was the belle of the ball.

Before the evening was half over I was laden down with favors. Young naval ensigns, whom I scarcely knew by sight, gave me paper hats and Japanese toys, and then bore me off in the waltz with an unmistakable air of triumph. Haughty officers of the division staff, who always wore such a preoccupied air when I met them on the Luneta, that I almost hesitated to bow and disturb their weighty cogitations, came to me with offerings of fans and wooden shoes. The general and the admiral hovered about my chair until the high official became quite grumpy. When Tom came in later in the evening, he stood watching me with a surprise which I could not help but feel was unflattering.

At the conclusion of the cotillion, my partner escorted me to the dressing room door, where he expressed the wish to "wait upon" me soon (he never made calls). He bade me good-by with an almost fatuous smile as he pressed—nay, squeezed my hand.

"Well, old lady, you've done pretty well," said Tom as he edged into the victoria with me and my favors. "The children will think that Santa Claus is abroad in the land. There's enough stuff here to trim a good-sized Christmas-tree."

"I really had a delightful time," I said. "Why, Tom, I felt quite as I used to as a girl at our dances at home. Do you remember that summer cotillion, where we first met?"

"Remember! I should think so! That was nearly twenty years ago. I, a callow second-lieutenant, fresh from West Point, and you a slender little girl in a pink frock! You were awfully pretty then, but——" and here my husband went on to say something foolish, which was quite unusual for him; for, happy as we were, with us those things were more often understood than mentioned.

As I was preparing for my needed repose that night, I took off my rings as usual to lock them away in my jewel-case, and dropped one, which rolled off into some dark corner. I looked for it a moment, but being very sleepy and seeing that only the little moonstone ring was missing, I postponed the search until morning. I then informed Portuna of the loss. She told me later that, after looking thoroughly, she had been unable to find the ring. I was almost sure that it had rolled underneath the washstand, but when we moved that piece of furniture and it was not there, I dismissed the thing from my mind, as the article was really of no intrinsic value.

That evening as my carriage stopped by the bandstand on the Luneta, and as I exchanged greetings with my friends, I saw many of my partners of the previous evening. A few of them stopped for a word or two, but many of them passed on with merely a bow. I was rather amused to see that staff officer who had nearly shed tears the evening before, when a previous engagement had prevented my accepting from him a tin trumpet bedecked with ribbon, pass me by with a stony stare. He never saw me at all. Indeed, I could not but remark that the fervor of my admirers of the night before had waned perceptibly.

Upon reaching home that evening, I found an unpleasant episode in progress. As we drove through the front door into the stable, which occupies the ground [illegible] nila houses, a large group of servants, children, and chickens stood watching a fight between Domingo, the stable-boy, and Juan, the cook's assistant. As Domingo was belaboring his antagonist about the head with a brass candlestick, the consequences threatened to become serious, but the cochero, descending from his box, lay about him with his whip until finally the combatants separated.

I stopped to inquire into the causes of the affray. When a Filipino is angry he is very incoherent, and the mixture of Spanish and Tagalog which the two culprits poured forth was quite unintelligible to me. From the cochero I gathered that somebody had promised to marry them both, and that each was determined to murder the other in consequence. After threatening them both with the calaboose (jail), I ascended the stairs, and then perceived Portuna perched on the newel-post, her bare feet tucked up under her red skirt, her hair freshly anointed with cocoanut oil, and her eyes dancing with an unholy joy. I could not help feeling that she was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Two days before I left for Japan, Portuna came to me and said that she was unable to go with us. She informed me that nothing but the fact that she was to be a matrimonia would have induced her to leave the children and myself.

"Whom are you going to marry, Portuna?" I asked, wondering whether Juan or Domingo were to carry off the prize.

"A man muy rico, senora," she declared, proudly. "He give me jewels and fine casa. You see him often on the Luneta—Simon Sebastiano."

I gave a start of surprise. Sebastiano was one of the most influential Filipinos in Manila. I simply could not believe that ugly, undersized Portuna could have captured his fancy. He was good looking, too; there was a strain of the best Spanish blood in his veins; he had been well educated, and was high in the ranks of the Federal party. It was as much of a misalliance for him to marry Portuna as for the scion of an aristocratic New York family to seek in marriage a Bowery factory-girl of the most humble antecedents. The more I thought of it, the most unlikely it seemed; and when she informed me that she had been brought up in his house as the daughter of his cochero, the news was more incomprehensible than ever, knowing as I did the class distinctions of these people.

For the next two months the children and I reveled in the beauties of Japan. By October we returned to the head of the family, who was hard at work in Manila.

I was greeted with the pleasing news that orders were on the way for us to go home. So I determined to enjoy as fully as possible the last weeks of our sojourn in the East. When we were bidden, then, by one of the various political parties to a great banquet, I decided to go, as it was to be nearly the last of my Filipino entertainment.

All the American civil officials and many officers of the army and navy were there. I felt quite lost among so many personages of rank. I was taken out to the repast by a nice infantry major, and we sat far down below the notables.

Some distance from where I sat, I saw my late cotillion partner talking to a Filipino woman; on looking more closely I perceived that he was engaged in an animated conversation with—could it be? Yes, it certainly was—Portuna! Portuna, quite as unbeautiful as ever, but gorgeously arrayed; her camisa stiff with embroidery, a spray of diamond roses four inches long in her hair, and about her neck a string of pearls for which I would have given ten years of my existence. She seemed to find the remarks of the high official interesting; indeed, she laughed in a coquettish manner; and as for him, he did not seem to find the banquet the perfunctory bore these affairs usually are to men of his kind—he really appeared to be enjoying himself.

When the banquet was over, Portuna came up and greeted me with effusion. She was not proud. She asked about the children with tears in her eyes, and promised to come and see them. She introduced her husband, who regarded her with adoring eyes. I found him to be very intelligent, and we talked together of the traffic question and of the future of the Malay race while we were sitting out a dance (I sat out several that evening.)

The high official rushed up to us. Not having seen him for two months, I supposed that he had come to pay his respects. He barely nodded to me.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—er—Crane." Then, "Where is that attractive little wife of yours, Sebastiano? I want to see if she will dance the Rigodon with me."

With that he darted off, and I soon saw him standing, with Portuna as a partner.

The next time I saw Portuna was on the transport Sheridan. We left for home on very short notice, and in some way she heard of it, and appeared just before the vessel sailed, bearing gifts of pina and jusi and Canton linen for me and the children. She was the very same Portuna, but the evident affection she had for me had awakened quite a warm feeling for her in my heart, so I submitted to her embrace, while the children clung to her with tears.

The last gong had sounded, and when half way down the gangway Portuna turned and waved her hand. The sun fell upon her costly rings, and among the diamonds and pearls, I noticed upon her little finger the glint of a blue moonstone.

Leaning over the side of the ship, Tom and I saw her entering a comfortable little private launch, and steam off in state.

"What a promotion for Portuna," I remarked. "How do you suppose it ever happened?"

"It is rather remarkable," said my better-half, as he lazily flicked the ashes from a Germina cigar, "but then you know, for a Filipino, Portuna is really a very pretty woman."—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK.

THE LAST PUBLISHED STATEMEMT OF THIS INSTITUTION SHOWS 267,607 TO THE CREDIT OF DEPOSITORS

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Odd English Custom.

According to a very old custom prevailing at the quaint old town of Oakham, England, every peer of the realm passing through the town is required to leave a horseshoe, or its equivalent, to be placed in the castle.

Chinese Lady's Dress.

"The Chinese lady dresses better than the American, but her styles have been much the same for thousands of years," said a Chinaman to a magnificently clad American woman, as quoted by the author of "As a Chinaman Saw Us." He makes other interesting criticisms as well. He says that it is supposed to add to the charm of the Chinese woman to cripple herself with bandaged feet and then goes on to remark about the evil effects of the corset habit. He also draws some parallels between the varying standards used by the American women on the bathing beach and in society.—Chicago Daily News.

Influence Vs. Affluence.

"How did Scadds manage to secure the nomination?" asked the inquisitive party. "I understand he had no political influence."

"True," replied the man who knows, "but he's simply rolling in affluence."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Experience.

"Your southern girls," said the northerner, "are so funny. Nearly all of them say, 'Yes, indeedy.' "

"Not all of them," replied the southern youth, dismally; "some of them say 'No, indeedy.' "—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Indefinite Fifth.

The Inquisitive Passenger—Pardon me, but have you any children?

The Grizzly-Whiskered Man—Yape! I have two living, two dead, and one married to the landlady of a select boarding-house.—Woman's Home Companion.

New Vs. Old Ways.

Mrs. Newage—Oh, I am almost tired to death. The New Woman club has been in session all day, passing resolutions and drawing up petitions demanding a law regulating the price of bread. Only think! Three dollars' worth of flour costs, when baked into bread, thirteen dollars. It's outrageous! The bakers must be made to feel the power of the law. You should have been at the meeting.

Old Lady—I was too busy.

"What doing?"

"Baking bread."—N. Y. Weekly.

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