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J M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBORO, MD.

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

I have on hand the following winter goods which I do not want to keep over another season. I do not want to pay insurance on them and I do want the room they occupy. Look the list over and see what

YOU WANT!

	Reg. Price	Red. Price		Reg. Price	Red Price
Men's Boots,	$1 75	$1 50	Men's Pants,	$3 50	$3 00
" "	2 00	1 75	" "	4 25	3 50
" "	2 50	2 25	Wolf Robes,	4 00	3 25
" "	2 75	2 40	" "	6 00	5 00
" "	3 00	2 65	Lap "	3 50	2 75
" "	3 50	2 90	" "	4 00	3 25
" "	3 75	3 25	" "	6 00	5 00
Youth's' Boots,	1 75	1 50	Horse Blankets,	1 40	1 10
Men's Overcoats,	5 00	4 40	" "	1 50	1 25
" "	6 50	5 00	" "	1 60	1 30
" "	7 50	6 00	" "	3 25	2 50
" "	10 00	7 75	" "	4 25	3 40
" Satinet Suits,	5 00	4 00	Bed Comforts,	1 25	1 00
" Cassimere Suits,	8 00	6 50	" "	1 50	1 25
" " "	10 00	8 00	" "	2 00	1 60
" " "	12 00	9 50	" Blankets,	1 00	85
" " "	14 00	11 00	" "	1 75	1 45
" Pants,	1 25	1 00	" "	2 75	2 25
" "	2 00	1 65	" "	3 75	3 00
" "	2 75	2 25			

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[2 18 3t.]

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Corn Talks.

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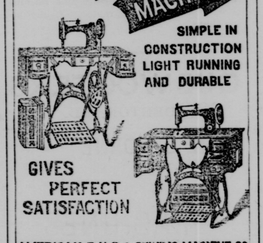

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FLOWER ANGELS.

Where do the flowers go when they die,
When the winds of winter blow?
Where do the lilies and violets go,
And the dear little baby flowers that grow
Everywhere under the sky?
Don't you know?

Don't you know? Last fall
As I walked over the hill one day
I saw little graves, where the blossoms lay
Dead and buried and hidden away—
King Frost had slain them all.
Lackaday!

There was not a sound in valley or hill.
I walked like one in a dream;
I could not hear the voice of the stream.
The sunset cast not a single gleam
On the world so gray and still—
Not a beam.

But suddenly, out of the winter sky,
Little white angels I saw descend
By twos and threes, and hand in hand,
Till the air was filled with the shining band
All about me, and ever so high
In the sky.

Oh, yes! I and the children know
That somewhere up in the winter sky
The beautiful gates of flower heaven lie,
And when flower angels about us fly
The sober grown folks call it "snow."
But we know!

—Dorothy Deane in Kate Field's Washington.

ROBY'S PRISONER.

The clank of canteens, the steady tramp of thousands of feet, the dull, monotonous roll of drum, and the Union men marched into Poinsett, Miss., on their way south. The Poinsett mansion and plantation, on the outskirts of the village that bore the name of the owner of the big cotton fields, was to all appearances deserted as Major Brown, handsome even in his dusty regimentals, rode up to the front door and rapped loudly with the hilt of his sword. A trembling old negress timidly opened the door for a little space and pushed her white, woolly head through the crevice.

"Can you give a dozen officers accomodations for the night, auntie?"

The voice was as kind as the face, and Aunt Nancy threw the door wide open and majestically stepped back for the officer to enter.

"Jes' tek a seat in de pahlah, Massa Officer, tell I call Miss Roby." The negress walked away, and Major Brown sat down in one of the antique chairs, glanced about at the furnishings and out of the window and across a landscape rich in green and gold of the meadows and the setting sun. At the window sill a honeysuckle bloomed, and a humming bird, oblivious to the martial motion of the mass in blue passing the house like a steel tipped stream, hung over the flowers. A rosebush shrouded the garden wall and presented a bank of brilliant blossoms against the dark leaves.

Miss Roby Poinsett was standing in the door when the major looked around. He arose, bowed, and saying that he was sorry to discommode her asked if accomodations could be accorded him and his fellow officers for the night. "I am Major Brown," he concluded respectfully.

"You certainly are welcome, sir," the young woman replied, "though I fear we are poor entertainers. Our brothers are in the east, and our help has deserted us, except old auntie," with a nod of her head toward the hall.

"It is kind of you, and I assure you of ample protection."

Again bowing, the major stepped to the door and gave a command to his aid, who rode away. An hour later strange fires dotted the meadow, and the green pastures whitened under the ranks of Sibley tents. The whippoorwill's call was hushed by the quavering blasts of bugle; shadowy forms passed to and fro before the fires. Then all was dark and still, only the white tents and shiny stars and pacing sentries. The army slept.

Auntie proved her value and the generosity of her larder. Twelve officers discussed the biscuits and honey and savory fried chicken and wheaten loaves. Miss Roby sat at the head of the table as hostess. Her mother begged to be excused, as she was indisposed. The honors of the table were well cared for, and later, when a half dozen bottles of wine were brought out of the cellar and a box of cigars was produced, the talk flowed freely. No word of war was uttered and no allusion made to the camp on the meadow. The men knew they were partaking of the hospitalities of an enemy given as freely as if they were friends.

The cigars were smoked on the veranda, and the crescent moon came up over the distant hills before the little group broke up. Aunt Nancy handed each a candle and led the way up the broad stairs to the rooms above. A cheerful fire of twigs was burning in the grate in Major Brown's room, and he sat before it until the last tiny spark winked out, and his candle was sputtering in its socket before he parted the white curtains that concealed his bed. The first streak of dawn showed the outlines of pictures in their oval frames on the wall when the major threw open the shutters and drank in the pure air.

The bugler was just sounding his first blast, and the camp was beginning to wake. Teamsters were knocking about their tent stables, and the horses were neighing for the oats that came with the break of day. Carefully dressing, the major went down stairs to the garden, listening to the early chirping of the birds and the vigorous clarion of the cocks in the great barn that loomed up out of the mist like a mountain. He plucked a rose and pinned it on his uniform. One by one the officers came down. A savory smell of ham and eggs greeted the unbidden guests, and just as the sun was coming up Aunt Nancy announced that breakfast was ready.

The meal was quickly dispatched. The mass of men was soon in motion. The vanguard, with the sun glinting off the steel barrels of the guns, moved on over the arch of a bridge in a dusty road. The clank of canteens, the steady tramp of thousands of feet, the dull, monotonous roll of drum, and the Union men marched out of Poinsett on their way south. Major Brown lingered at the Poinsett mansion until after the rear guard had crossed the bridge—until the last straggler had gone. Then he bade Miss Roby goodby and started to join the troops.

Started to join his troops? At the bridge 14 bushwhackers sprang at his horse. The major's sword flashed, and the leader was under the horse's feet. The animal stumbled over the prostrate man. Smoke puffed from a pistol, and the horse fell to his knees, attempted to rise, but went down with a groan, pinning his rider underneath. The keen sword snapped over the barrel of a guerrilla's gun. The major was taken captive.

Back up the road to the Poinsett mansion the little procession passed. The major, leaning on the arm of the stalwart leader, again faced the broad front door and again Aunt Nancy opened it for him. The prisoner dropped with a groan into a chair and placed his hand on his left leg. "It's broken," he whispered. Miss Roby stood amazed in the doorway. "I have come back," the soldier said, with a painful smile, and his cheeks blanched with pain, "a prisoner. I fear that I shall have to trouble you, for my leg is broken. I must lie down."

The men bore their prisoner up the stairs and laid him on the bed he had so recently left. The doctor from the village was called, and the fracture was gradually reduced. "He can't be moved for eight weeks and probably ten. You can't tell, sah," addressing the major. "It all depends on a man's constitution."

Leaving one of their number on guard the party of Confederates hurried on after other stragglers and to report their prize. The day wore slowly away for the major.

In mind he was leading the troops—the hum of bumblebees about the honeysuckles was the dull rumble of the drum; the throb of pulse beats against the pillow was the steady tramping of the men, and the measured ticking of the clock in the hall below the castanet music of the canteen. Gradually the sounds blended; the army passed farther and farther away. The major slept. When he opened his eyes, a bouquet of bright roses stood upon the stand at the head of his bed. The sentry paced back and forth in front of the curtain. A door opened and Miss Roby entered.

Seeing the major was awake, she went to the bedside with the cheer of a hospitable heart. The officer was her prisoner, yet he was her guest. The soft light of day faded away, and Aunt Nancy brought a bowl of bread and milk and a candle. The major ate, talked and slept. The next day the guard was relieved by Miss Roby, who brought her book and work. She read for an hour and then took up her sewing.

The prisoner talked of the north, of Chicago, the growing young city by the lake; told of his mother and sister there, of the great expanse of rich prairies; talked of Abe Lincoln and related amusing anecdotes of the president's life and touched his listener's heart with pathetic sketches of the great abolitionist's history. The days rolled on apace. There was little use for the guard. Major Brown had given his word of honor that he would stay there until taken away or rescued by Union men—and there was little hopes of the latter. Provisions were running low, and the guard was sent away.

July passed into August before the prisoner was allowed to swing himself about the garden on a pair of crutches. The leg got well slowly, but the war went on, though little of the news reached Poinsett.

Then came the days of September. The cotton fields were a tangle with weeds, the plantation lay in fallow. The major, in company with Miss Roby, whom he now called his bodyguard, often took short rides about, and as the broken limb was finally restored a sharp canter over the fields was a common occurrence. Then the guard returned with half a dozen soldiers to take the captive away to one of the many prisons of war in the south.

With them they brought a big, black charger that Colonel Poinsett had sent home for a rest. Miss Roby trembled when she told the major that his captivity, so far as she was concerned, was at an end. The prisoner did not wear his regimentals when he mounted the horse beside the sergeant in command and rode away, and no one could tell that he was in custody. Waving his hand to Miss Roby and bowing politely to her mother, the major was hurried on, for there was little time to be wasted by the soldiers. Roby mounted her father's horse and rode slowly along the road in the direction taken by the men, when suddenly her ear was startled by the report of a dozen musket shots coming in quick succession, followed by the thunder of horses' hoofs.

In an instant her charger had carried her to the turn of the road, beyond which the shots had come—carried her into the midst of the fleeing troops. Down the road in front came a band of Federal cavalry. Another volley of shots and Major Brown's horse fell, throwing the rider into the dust. There was no time to be lost. Spurring her horse to the spot, Miss Roby brought him to a stand directly in front of the prostrate man. The animal seemed to understand what was required and braced himself for the shock. Turning his wicked head from right to left and showing his savage, ivory teeth, the black stood his ground.

The girl, with face paled by the danger, yet features as firm as those of the leader of the charging forces, sat erect and waited. The ranks parted and closed again, but they had missed the man, who in a second more would have been ruthlessly trampled to death. Before the column could wheel Miss Roby had dismounted and was holding a white handkerchief aloft as a flag of truce. At the command of the leader two men came forward, and the rest continued on after the flying Confederates.

"This is Major Brown of the Union army," said Miss Roby as the officer came forward to where the major was still lying in the dust.

"Major Brown!" the sergeant exclaimed. "We were looking for the major." The soldier raised his superior officer, wiped the dust from his face and pressed the canteen to his lips and was rewarded by seeing consciousness return. Then the major stood up and realized that in some way he owed his life to Miss Roby. The troop returned, the men mounted, and the major climbed into a saddle and rode on.

* * * * * *

Cruel war came and desolated Poinsett. The bursting of bombs along the Mississippi and the roar of cannon from the batteries shook the earth, and black clouds of smoke and the scent of burning powder were often in the air. Colonel Poinsett was brought home to die. Both his sons fell at Antietam. The mansion was burned one dark and rainy night, and Mrs. Poinsett, with Miss Roby and Aunt Nancy, sought shelter in a negro cabin on the plantation.

Then Lee surrendered, and the war was over. The war was over, but the plantation was ruined, and the proud Poinsetts were reduced to straitened circumstances. Patiently Miss Roby struggled to support her mother by teaching in the village school. Aunt Nancy took in washing to help swell the family fund.

One evening in May, 1865, Miss Roby was on her way from the postoffice and was passing by the ruins of her old home. This night she felt that she could not bear to gaze upon the monument to her misfortune. When she turned into the path, she saw a man standing by the tall chimney, left like a shaft of victory by the fiery fiend. Where the rose garden had been was a tangle of blackened briers and a mass of weeds. One solitary rose was blooming, and the stranger plucked it and pressed it to his lips. Roby knew that it was the major. Her foot struck a dry twig that crackled with her weight. The major looked around and came to her with extended hands. The woman stood unmoved.

"Do you not know me, Miss Roby?" the major asked as he paused with his feet in the blackened embers.

"I have not forgotten you. But what brought you here?"

"You."

"Do you see the ruins of my home? My father lies buried over there, and both my brothers were victims of northern guns." There was more sadness than resentfulness in the voice.

"I, too, have suffered, though not so much as you," the major replied. "I have lost relatives and friends by the score. I fought on the Union side because I believed it was right, just as your father and brothers fought with Lee. The struggle is over. Let us forgive where we cannot forget."

"I was once your prisoner and could not take advantage of your sympathies to a wounded man to tell you what I have again come to the south to say. If you do not care to listen, then I can go away."

Involuntarily she extended her hand, and the major grasped it eagerly and carried it to his lips.

"You will let me take you away from this scene, take your mother to a place where the thoughts of war will gradually die away?"

"I will go," said Miss Roby. Both her hands were about the major's neck, and her head rested on his broad shoulders for a moment. The door to the little cabin opened, and the light from within fell upon the couple like a mantle of gladness.—Chicago News.

Danger In Many Little Things.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow" is another way of saying that big results may spring from apparently little causes. By a direct analogy great results are often brought about by apparently trifling causes. An acorn dropped in fruitful ground will in time become an oak tree. The germs of disease sown in childhood will bring a melancholy harvest in after life.

During infancy and early childhood the body, young and tender, is susceptible of injuries that grow with the expansion of the frame. As the sapling must be protected from all manner of injury in order that it may become a perfect tree, so the body of a child must be hedged round with every possible safeguard that will ward off any sort of lesion that may be baneful to its perfect development. The experience of the medical profession demonstrates a woeful lack of this.

A distinctive trait of American children is their want of consideration for the physical feelings of their companions. In the pursuit of fun or amusement thoughtlessness is a predominant characteristic, together with roughness. It is not always children who are unwitting offenders in these matters.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Clever Reply.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen? "For that very reason," replied the English embassador, "for when a man reigns the women rule him, and when a woman reigns she is ruled by men."—San Francisco Argonaut.

JAY GOULD BY HIS PORTRAIT PAINTER

Observations of His Character by Hubert Herkomer.

I see that Jay Gould is dead. I painted him while I was in America in 1883, and I have been wondering if some notes on my knowledge of him would be interesting now.

He declined to sit at first, but when a friend of mine told him he had made a mistake in refusing to sit to me said, "Oh, what do you know about him?" When assured that I was a safe man, he offered to visit my studio and see this friend's portrait. He spoke little at that visit, only really asking what the portrait would cost and how long it would take to do. These questions being answered satisfactorily he said, "I guess I'll be done," and we arranged the sittings.

Fifteen minutes before the last sitting was over he said: "You have still a quarter of an hour according to our agreement. Shall you get done?" "Yes," I said, for I knew my man and took good care to be well ahead of time. He was satisfied with the result, but I am sure he was more impressed by my having been "on time" than by the artistic value of the work.

During the sittings he conversed easily and readily about his accomplished deeds.

Jay Gould probably never before or since my sittings allowed himself to be looked at as I was obliged to look at him for my painting, for I had him in strong light, while I was in shadow. This order of position it was his study to reverse in life. I saw painful expressions pass over his face as of deep seated troubles lingering in his mind, and it is a fact that he never came to the sittings without a detective following him.

He had a happy knack of thinking of methods for bringing to justice people who tried to injure him, which was well illustrated by an incident of which he told me. Having received some letters threatening his life, and as these letters were always posted in New York he arranged to have all the pillar boxes watched, and when a letter was dropped into one of them it was taken out at once and examined. It was in this way—a costly way indeed—that he ran to ground the person who wrote them.

When others wondered where his power lay, as there was so little outwardly to indicate his great ability in certain directions, I felt the true index was his fine fiber and sensitive nerve structure.

Undoubtedly he was a student of human nature and based his operations on his judgment of men more than on his judgment of events.—London Telegraph.

An Italian Doctor's Sign.

"When I was in Italy," said Frank Wallace, "a fit of curiosity took me to Trani. It is a quaint old place and is filled with enough relics of the dead past to keep you guessing for a month. While strolling leisurely along a dirty little narrow side street one day, I was attracted to the sign hanging from the front door of a physician's office. It was a wonder in its way, plainly but neatly printed, and set forth the man's ideas of business in a way that could not be mistaken. I was so struck with it that I made a copy of it. This is how it read: 'Professor Ricca. The said Professor Ricca will use for his salves in making them live snakes and large serpents, wolves, bears, monkeys, marmots, weasels and numerous other wild animals, alive and in good condition.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Size and Street Car Fares.

Tuesday afternoon an electric car started for Covington. Every seat was taken. At Third street a woman weighing probably 200 pounds got in. A small man got up and offered her his seat. The man weighed probably 125 pounds. The woman looked at the small space he left when he arose. Then she glanced at her own figure. She thanked the man and said she would stand. The next man then stood up and she instantly sat down. She now occupied the space that had accommodated two men, and the woman next to her was uncomfortably crowded. One of the men went on the back platform and mumbled something about big people paying double fare or little people half fare.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hiding Character.

It is true that we instinctively express emotion and character after certain forms, but nature, that has given man the instinct of expression, has also given him the instinct of self preservation, and the latter prompts him with the desire to hide and disguise expressions which may call a dangerous attention to his weakness. Hence it is that the nervous man will often put on the appearance of the bully, and the coarse minded brute will strive to hide his real nature by an almost exaggerated gentleness and delicacy of action—both very often with a very fair measure of success.—London Spectator.

Lofty Monuments.

Cromlechs, found in many countries, are rude monuments to the dead. Nearly 70 round towers, from 30 to 135 feet high, are found in various parts of Ireland. They are believed to have been used in the ceremonies of fire worship.—Exchange.

Getting His Money.

Miss Kulsher—Mr. Nibbler, do you write for the papers still?

Mr. Nibbler—No; I found it didn't pay. I sold a story to an editor for a sovereign five years ago, and then spent £3 buying the paper before it was published.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bradford shoemaker has a card in his window reading, "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."

EDUCATING TO A PURPOSE.

Young Ideas Already Prepared With Elaborate Courses of Study.

"Look here," said the teacher of the Possum Ridge school to a 12-year-old boy who came the first day armed with a volume of government agricultural reports, "what are you going to do with that book?"

"'Lowed I'd steady hit," the lad replied.

"But it is not a schoolbook, and you cannot study it here."

"It's got readin in it, hain't hit?"

"Yes, it has reading in it."

"Hain't other books got readin in 'em?"

"Yes, generally."

"Then why kain't I steady this un?"

"Because it is not a schoolbook."

"Schoolbooks has got readin in 'em, hain't they?"

"Yes."

"This un's got readin in hit, hain't hit?"

"Yes."

"Then why kain't I steady hit?"

"Because it is not the right kind of book."

"Pap 'lowed it wuz."

"Why did he 'low that?"

"'Cause it tells 'bout farmin, and I'm goin to be a farmer. Pap said wa'n't no use goin to school 'less a feller larnt somethin what 'ud be o' use to him, an he 'lowed if I wuz goin to be a farmer I got to larn 'bout hit."

"Can you read?"

"Guess I can't, none to hurt."

"Can you spell?"

"Reckon not."

"Do you know the letters?"

"Yes, I know them."

"Do you know them all?"

"Yes, I know 'em when I see 'em, an I know thar names, but I don't know one from t'other."

"Then what do you expect to do, with that book?"

"'Lowed to steady hit."

"But you can't unless you learn the letters."

"Kain't I larn 'em in hit?"

"No."

"Hain't they in hit?"

"Yes, but they are not arranged so you can learn them conveniently."

"Pap 'lowed they wuz sorter flung in together an mixed up, but he said he reckoned you could help me pick 'em out, 'cause you wouldn't have nothin o' no 'count to do."

"Your father is slightly mistaken. Is this little fellow your brother?"

"Yes."

"What kind of book has he?"

"A hoss doctor book."

"Is he expecting to study it?"

"He 'lowed he'd steady hit a few jerks."

"Does he know his letters?"

"Not enough to hurt."

"He'll have to get another book."

"Pap 'lowed he ort to steady this un, 'cause he's goin to be a doctor."

"A horse doctor, eh?"

"No; a shore 'nough doctor to tend on sick folks. Pap 'lowed that 'ud pay, 'cause doctors gits all fired big prices. You don't ketch them workin like dogs for 6 bits a day."

"No. But if your brother is going to be a doctor why does your father want him to study a horse doctor's book?"

"'Cause he 'lowed what wuz good for hosses wuz good for folks. I reckon it is, too, 'cause once when mam wuz sick pap dosed her with hoss medicine, an she got well. She come mouty nigh not makin the riffle, though."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, siree. Pap said he never see nobody come so nigh flummixin as she did, an that if he hadn't 'a' dosed her with hoss medicine she'd 'a' kicked out o' the traces, shore."

"That's too bad, too bad."

"Bet your hide. It 'ud 'a' been a powerful slam on pap if mam had kicked the bucket, 'cause the corn gatherin and winter wood gittin hadn't been tended to yit. But say, I've got another brother what'll come to school tomorry."

"Yes?"

"He's goin to fetch a Bible along, 'cause he's laid off to be a preacher."

"How old is he?"

"'Most 5, I reckon."

"He doesn't know the letters either, I presume?"

"No."

"Does he want to be a preacher?"

"Reckon he ain't keerin much, but pap 'lows he ort to be. He said he reckoned thar wuz a right smart o' money in it, countin the marryin o' folks and all sich."

"Well, well. You are all starting in early to study for your professions."

"What's them?"

"Professions? Oh, your callings in life."

"Yes, we 'lowed we mout as well. Pap says if a feller is goin to be a think he mout jist as well larn to be hit. Hain't no use monkeyin with doctor or lawyer book if a feller's goin to be a farmer, is thar?"

"I presume not."

"That's whut pap says, an he's powerful long headed."—T. P. Montfort in Harper's Bazar.

German Workmen's Dwellings.

In the summer months of 1863 the first colony of workmen's dwellings, known as Alt-Westend, was built. It contained eight rows of houses two stories high, each row having sixteen dwellings of three or four rooms each, and so arranged that the four room dwellings could be divided into two room dwellings and so rented if necessary. The first stories have a clear height of over nine feet and the second of over eight. The outer walls are of plastered stone work in the first story, surmounted by plastered framework, and each dwelling has a cellar. The buildings are simple, and in the words of Alfred Krupp, were intended for poor families who must save, but desire a healthful dwelling, and not for those to whom a few more dollars a year made no difference, when it meant that they could live more comfortably.—Berlin Letter.