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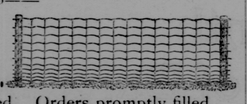

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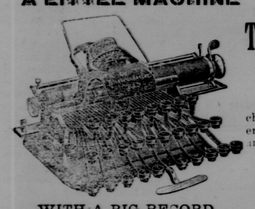

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Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's, 7 a. m; Williston, 8 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

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DAY DREAMS.

Here on the sand I lie at ease,
With nothing to do for the day,
Letting my thoughts range as they please,
Like fairies in sportive play.

A sea gull wheels his slanting flight
And steers for the open sea,
And my fancy follows him out of sight
And over the ocean to thee.

At night our dreams may be full of fear,
For action and thought are still.
But stretched full length in the sunshine here
I can dream of what I will.

What the dark denies the day brings in,
And love shall receive its due.
Tonight let the horrors of sleep begin,
For today I dream of you.

—New York Press.

AN ODD ELECTION.

"An between us," said the old cattleman, the observation being relevant to the subject of our conversation on the occasion of one of my calls, "between you an me, I ain't none shore about the merits of what you all calls law an order. Now, a painstakin an discreet vigilance committee is my notion of a bulwark ag'in the criminal classes. Let 'em take a bale of rope an a week off, an if the camp ain't weeded down to right principles an a quiet life at the end tharof, then I've passed my days as vain as any prairie dog which ever yelps.

"'You can gamble, if anybody is plumb aware of these yere trooths, it's me,' says Texas Thompson. 'When I was down in the South Paloduro country—this is years back on the trail—workin a passel of Bar-K-7 cattle, I aids in an effort to 'lect a jedge an institoot reg'lar shore enough law, an the same comes mighty near leavin the entire hamlet on both sides of the trail. It deciminates a heap of our best citizens.

"'This yere misguided bluff comes to pass peculiar, an I always allows if it wasn't for the unforeseen way wherein things stacks up an the muddle we all gets into tryin to find a trail, the Plaza Paloduro would have been a scene of bleatin peace that day instead of a strictly corpso an cartridge occasion. The death rate rises to that degree, in fact, that the next round up is shy on men, an thar ain't enough cartridges in the camp when the smoke blows away to be seed for a second crop. On the squar', gents, that 'lection day on the South Paloduro was what you all might term a holycaust an get it right every time.

"'It's this way. No, thar's no female in it. This grows from a business transaction, an the effort tharfrom to improve on present conditions, institoot a reign of law an 'lect a jedge.

"'Which the comin of a miscreant named Cimmaron Pete from somewhere over near the doby walls is the beginnin of the deal. This Cimmaron Pete comes trailin in one day, an a shorthorn called Glidden, who runs a store at the ford, comes ropin at Cimmaron Pete to race ponies.

"'"What for stakes do you all want to race for?" demands this Cimmaron Pete.

"'"I'll run you for hoss an saddle," says Glidden.

"'"Say hoss ag'in hoss," says Cimmaron Pete, "an I'm liable to go you. Saddles is hard to get, an I won't risk mine. Ponies, however, is easy. I can get 'em every moonlight night."

"'When these sports is racin—which the run is to be a quarter of a mile, only they never finishes—jest as Cimmaron begins to pull ahead, his pony bein a shade suddener than Glidden's, whatever does the latter do but rope this Cimmaron Pete's pony by the feet an down him.

"'It was shore fine work with a lariat, but it comes high for Glidden, for as he stampedes by this Cimmaron turns loose his six shooter from where he's tangled up with his broncho on the ground, an as the first bullet gets Glidden in the back of his head his light goes out like a candle.

"'When the committee looks into the play, they jestifies this Cimmaron, while on the surface they says the deal seems a little florid. When a gent armed with nothin but a cold sense of jestice comes to pirootin plumb through the affair with a lantern, he's due to emerge with the conviction that Glidden's wrong. So Cimmaron is free in a minute.

"'But thar's Glidden's store. Thar's nobody to claim it, thar bein no fam'ly to Glidden nohow, not even a Mexican.

"'"Which was it seems to be a case of open doubt," observes this yere Cimmaron. "I nacherally takes this Glidden party's store an deals his game myse'f."

"'It ain't much of a store, an, bein as the rest of us has havin all we can ride herd on for ourselves, no gent makes objection, an Cimmaron turns himse'f loose in Glidden's store an begins to sell things a whole lot. He's shorely doin well, I reckon, when mebby it's a week later he comes chargin over to a passel of us an allows he wants the committee to settle some trouble which has cut his trail.

"'"It's about the debts of this yere Glidden, deceased," says Cimmaron. "I succeeds to the business, of course, which it's little enough for departed ropin my pony that time. But you all can gamble I ain't goin way back on this yere dead person's trail an settle all his gray an hoary indebtednesses. Would it be right, gents? I puts it to you all on the squar'. Do I immerse myse'f, I'd like for to be told, in deceased's liabilities merely for resentin of his wrongs ag'in me with my gun? If a gent can go blindly shootin himse'f into bankruptcy that away, the American gov'ment is a rank failure an the state of Texas is plumb played out."

"'When we proceeds to ferret into this yere myst'ry, we finds that a sharp has come up from Dallas who claims that Cimmaron has got to pay him what Glidden owes. This Dallas sharp puts said indebtedness at five stacks of blues.

"'"An this yere longhorn Cimmaron's got 'em to make good," says the Dallas sharp, "because he inherits the store."

"'"Now, whatever do you all think of that?" says Cimmaron, appealin to us. "Yere I've told this perverse sport that Glidden's done cashed in an quit, an now he lays for me with them indebtednesses. It shorely wearies me."

"'It don't take the vig'lance committee no time to agree it ain't got nothin to say in the case.

"'"It's only on killin's an hoss hustlin's an sim'lar breaks," explains old Monroe, who's chief of the Paloduro stranglers, "where we all gets kyards. We ain't in on what's a mere open an shet case of debt."

"'But this Dallas sharp stays right with Cimmaron. He gives it out cold he's goin to co'lect. He puts it up he'll shore sue Cimmaron a lot.

"'"You all don't mean to say thar ain't no jedge yere?" remarks the Dallas sharp, when old Monroe explains we ain't organized none for sech games as law cases. "Well, this yere Plaza Paloduro is for certain the locoedest camp of which I ever cuts the trail. You all better get a hustle on right now an 'lect a jedge. If I goes back to Dallas an tells this story of how you all ain't got no jedge nor no law yere, they won't let this Plaza Paloduro get clost enough to 'em in business to hand 'em a ripe peach. If thar's enough sense in this camp to make bakin powder biscuit, you all will have a jedge 'lected ready for me to have law cases with by third drink time tomorry mornin."

"'After hangin up this bluff the Dallas sharp, puttin on a heap of hauteur an dog, walks over to the tavern ag'in an leaves us to size up the play at our leisure.

"'"What this obd'rate party from Dallas says," finally remarks old Monroe, "is not without what the Comanches calls tum-tum. Thar's savey and jestice in them observations. It's my idee that thar bein no jedge yere that a-way to make a money round up for a gent when another don't make good is like a palin off our fences. I think we better rectify sech omissions an 'lect a jedge at once."

"'"Which I'm opposed to these proceedin's," interrupts Cimmaron. "I'm plumb adverse to courts. These law sharps gets into 'em, an when they can't find no gate to come at you they ups an pushes down a panel of fence an lays for you cross lots. I'm dead ag'in these proceedin's."

"'"See yere," says old Monroe, turnin on this Cimmaron, "you are becomin too apparent in this camp, what I might describe as a heap too obvious. Now, if you gets your stack in again when it ain't your turn or picks up anybody's hand but your own I'll find a short way of knockin your horns off. You don't seem gifted enough to realize that you're lucky to be alive right now."

"'Bar Cimmaron, who lapses into silence after old Monroe gives him notice, the whole camp lines up fav'rable on the idee to 'lect a jedge. They sends over to the corral an gets a nosebag for a ballot box, an it's decided that old Monroe an a Cross party named Randall has got to do the runnin. Randall is plenty p'lite an allows he don't want to be jedge none nohow, an says give it to old Monroe, but the latter gent, who is organizin the play, insists that it wouldn't be legal.

"'"Thar's got to be two gents to do the runnin," so old Monroe says, "or it don't go. The 'lection ain't legal that away onless thar's two candidates."

"'They puts Broncho Charlie an a sport named Ormsby in to be the 'lection supervisors. They was to hold the nosebag, an as votes is dropped in they're to count 'em out accordin to Hoyle, so we all can tell where the play is headin. Broncho Charlie is jedge for Randall an Ormsby fronts up all sim'lar for old Monroe. The 'lection we decides to hold in the Lone Star s'loon, so's to be conducted with comfort.

"'"Make your game now, gents," says old Monroe when everything's shorely ready. "Get in your votes. These yere polls is open for one hour."

"'"One for Randall," says Broncho Charlie as old Monroe votes.

"'"An one for old Monroe," remarks Ormsby when Randall votes next.

"'This gives the deal tone to have Randall an old Monroe p'int out by votin for each other that a-way, an thar ain't one of us who don't deal more respectable by it.

"'It's my opinion even yet that the Plaza Paloduro could have pulled off this 'lection an got plumb away an never had no friction if it ain't for a greaser from San Antonio who tries to ring in on us. Thar's 21 of us has voted, an it stands 9 for Randall an 12 for old Monroe, when up lopes this yere Mexican an allows he's locoed to vote.

"'"Who do you all think you're goin to vote for?" asks Ormsby.

"'Senor Monroe," says the Mexican, p'intin at old Monroe.

"'"Stop the deal," yells Broncho Charlie. "I challenge that vote. Mexicans is barred."

"'"Which Mexicans is not barred," replies Ormsby, "an the vote of this enlightened maverick from south of the Rio Grande goes. Thirteen for old Monroe."

"'"Twelve for old Monroe," remonstrates Broncho Charlie, reachin for his gun.

"'"Thirteen for old Monroe," retorts Ormsby as his Colt comes to the front, an he busts Broncho's arm at the elbow.

"'"As his obstinacy has destroyed the further effichuncy of my colleague," goes on Ormsby as he shakes down the ballots in the nosebag, "I'll now conduct these yere polls alone. Gents who haven't voted will please come a runnin. As I states a moment ago, she stands 13 for old Monroe."

"'"An I says she's 12 for old Monroe," shouts a party named Red River Tom, crowdin forward. "You all can't ring in Mexicans an snake no play on us. This yere 'lection's goin to be on the squar', or it's goin to come off in smoke."

"'With this, Red River, who's been dictatin at Ormsby with his six-shooter while he's freein his mind, slams her loose. Red River overshoots, an Ormsby downs him with a bullet in his laig.

"'"Thirteen for old Monroe," says Ormsby.

"'But thar's where the 'lection ends. Followin the subsidence of Red River Tom, the air is as full of lead as a bag of bullets. Through the smoke, an the flashes, an the noise of it all you can hear Ormsby whoopin:

"'"Thirteen for old Monroe."

"'You can gamble Ormsby's as squar an 'lection jedge as any gent could ask. You gets a play for your money. Gets what you calls action with Ormsby.

"'No; Ormsby dies the next day, so he never is 'lection jedge no more. Five gents gets downed, an a whole corral full is hurt. I myse'f reaps a crease in the shoulder, an I never do get nearer than the suburbs of the fight.

"'No; Cimmaron Pete comes off all sound, an no new holes in him. But as the Dallas party, who comes caperin over with the first shot, is layin outside the Lone Star door as dead as Santa Anna thar's an end to the root of the disorder.

"'The 'lection itse'f was looked on as a draw. Old Monroe allows that, all things considered, he don't regard himse'f as 'lected none, an Randall, who a doctor is feelin round in for a bullet at the time, sends over word that he indorses old Monroe's p'sition, an that as long as the Dallas sharp has hit the trail after Glidden an is tharby able to look after his debt himself, he, Randall, holds it's no use disturbin of a returned serenity, an to let everything go as it lays.

"'An that,' concloods Texas Thompson as he reaches for his glass, 'is what comes of an effort at law an order at Plaza Paloduro. I ain't overscatin it, gents, when I says that said 'lection leaves me gun shy for over a year.'"—Dan Quin in San Francisco Examiner.

The Monkey and the Horses.

A coachman who for many years had been in charge of a large stable of valuable carriage horses gave the writer some curious instances of the nervous illusions of horses. Once only did he find a whole stable in anything like permanent fear. He had taken ten carriage horses to a large house in Norfolk, where they stood in a line in a ten stalled stable. There was a tame monkey in the stable, very quiet, which slept unchained, sitting on one of the divisions of the stalls. On the first night, about 11 o'clock, he heard a disturbance in the stable, the horses stamping and kicking and very uneasy. He got a light, entered the stable and found them all "in a muck sweat." Nothing which could disturb them was there except the monkey, apparently asleep on its perch. He quieted the horses, locked the door and went away. Soon the disturbance began again, and this time, slipping quietly up, he drew a pair of steps to one of the windows, and, as the moon was shining brightly, had a view of the interior. The monkey was the source of terror.

It was amusing itself by a steeplechase along the whole length of the table, leaping alternately from the division of the stall to a horse's back or head, then off on to the next rail and so on. The horses were trembling with fright, though many of them had not the least objection to a cat or a pigeon sitting on their backs. Yet the monkey had not hurt any of them, and their panic was clearly the result of illusion. Old fashioned people used to identify any strange living object which frightened them with "the devil." Perhaps for horses "the devil" is anything which they cannot understand.—London Spectator.

A learned professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and desiring to go to church he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shullin's, sir."

The professor, fixing his eagle eyes upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged 2 shillings.

Upon which the cabman dryly answered, "We wish to discourage traveling on the Sawbuth as much as possible, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

DECADENCE OF DREDGING.

It Was a Profitable Industry Fifteen Years Ago.

Time was when the dredging contractor on the lakes was a sort of king in his way. There were few of him, and the United States government was compelled to pay him about what he asked. Owing to his scarcity in numbers, he was the better able to combine with his fellows on bids so that certain contracts could be thrown to certain men at much higher prices than could be obtained had they all bid independently of one another. Of course, in this combining all were given turns at the good things, but competition stepped in and knocked all this little behind the scenes work into a cocked hat. With the increase of population came the increase of newcomers to the business, and now the list of dredging contractors is so large as to prove cumbersome and much greater than are the jobs offered it.

In the old days there was an immense amount of dredging and drilling and blasting to be done, fully as much as is being done today, for it must be remembered that, even though the deep channel Chicago drainage canal and other mammoth projects are now under way, the work of the past is completed and takes just that much out of the path of the contractor. Indeed it is this deep channel project and the deepening of the harbors consequent upon it that are keeping the contractors alive today.

Then, too, this is the day when contracts are finished up in much less time than of old, because of the great improvement in dredging machinery, which is yearly becoming larger and more powerful. And the immediate future is destined to see the introduction of improved machinery to the lakes even more radical and wonderful than anything that has appeared before. It is the opinion of a well known army engineer who recently visited Detroit that the hydraulic dredge is destined to revolutionize the method of dredging, and that the first contractors who bring it to the lakes will find themselves doing the cream of the business, as they can bid more cheaply and make more in the end than can the contractors with present methods. He says that the great expense of this hydraulic machine is all that keeps it from the lakes now and that all contractors are watching one another to see who will be the first to use it. It is a boring dredge, with a screw much like the propeller, that spirals into rock and mud, loosening it for the dig of the dipper that closely follows it. Hydraulic pressure is the most tremendous of all, and it is said to be rightly adapted for fighting everything on the lake and river bottoms except heavy rock.

Some of the most remarkable as well as the cheapest work ever seen around the lakes has been and is being done on the Chicago drainage canal. On this mammoth excavation the latest and best digging and hoisting machinery, except the hydraulic dredge, has been employed, with the result that wonderful progress has been made since it was begun. There is yet much to be done before it is completed, however.

The lake dredgers now have the deepening of the harbors to look forward to. Some of this is under project now, but by far the greatest part of it is unprovided for. It will use up several years and employ every dredger on the lakes to complete the deepening of all the harbors that require it.

If there is less money in dredging now than there was 15 years ago, this branch of industry is no worse off than is the shipbuilding or cargo carrying industries, or a score or more that have seen deterioration in earnings and improvement in quality through competition. This competition does not seem to scare out any of those now in the business or to keep out those who have a desire to enter it, as the ranks of the contractors are being added to every year.—Detroit Free Press.

Grant's Indifference to Comfort.

A member of General Thomas' staff quietly called that officer's attention to the fact that the distinguished guest's clothes were pretty wet and his boots were thoroughly soaked with rain after his long ride through the storm and intimated that colds were usually no respecters of persons. General Thomas' mind had been so intent upon receiving the commander and arranging for a conference of officers that he had entirely overlooked his guest's travel stained condition, but as soon as his attention was called to it all of his old time Virginia hospitality was aroused, and he at once begged his newly arrived chief to step into a bedroom and change his clothes. His urgings, however, were in vain. The general thanked him politely, but positively declined to make any additions to his personal comfort, except to light a fresh cigar. Afterward, however, he consented to draw his chair nearer to the wood fire which was burning in the chimney place and to thrust his feet forward to give his topboots a chance to dry. The extent of his indulgence in personal comfort in the field did not seem to be much greater than that of bluff old Marshal Suvaroff, who, when he wished to give himself over to an excess of luxury, used to go so far as to take off one spur before going to bed.—"Campaigning With Grant," by General Horace Porter.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

Two Instances Ideally Representative of That Rare Quality.

I have recently run across two instances of generosity that seem to me almost ideally representative of that much misunderstood quality. I have always held that to be generous, in the nice sense of the word, demands a certain spiritual temper, not too thoughtlessly benevolent, and given to a just appreciation of the value of things, and this temper I have found in two people as far as possible removed from each other in all that pertains to their manner of life and outward circumstances.

The first instance is that of a girl in a down town office, earning but a few dollars, who had been saving, after the disheartening fashion of women, until she had enough money to buy a bicycle. She had a rudimentary passion for perfectness, and her heart had been fixed on a high priced machine, delicate in mechanism and beautiful to the eye, but she surprised her friends by getting, instead, one of a cheaper grade. When asked her reason for the change, she said that she wanted to feel perfectly free to lend her wheel, and at the eleventh hour had doubted her ability cordially to offer the one she coveted.

The second instance is perhaps of purer essence than the first, for in the mere act of choosing the cheaper wheel there was a suggestion of thrift. There is none in the following:

A man, a painter, found one day that to him, as to many of us, the fashions and poses of civilization had become a weariness. In spite of an energy and an insight that made him closely akin to the sixteenth century masters, his mind flagged, and he looked about him for a green spot of unrecorded nature in which to rest awhile. He was not easy to satisfy, and before he found what he wanted he had wandered very far away. When he returned, he brought back with him memoranda that could never be duplicated, and that held suggestions and memories of a curious and primitive life that soon must vanish from the face of the earth. These notes of line and color he guarded as closely as you may imagine manuscripts were guarded before the day of Gutenberg. None but himself had access to them, and when they were shown it was in his room, with all precautions taken against injury or loss.

One day, however, the artist happened to hear that the wife of one of his friends, an invalid of many years, whom he had never seen, had expressed an interest in the sketches. Possibly it was in part the poetry of it that attracted him—the piteous desire of a sensitive soul, bound to its couch, for that freedom of eye and thought which should carry it across continents and seas to the little island known only to the boldest traveler. Be that as it may, he took up his wonderful portfolio and put it into the hands of his friend to carry home and keep so long as it should please his wife. There was not a word of caution, there was not a moment of hesitation. It was the princely surrender of a treasure the worth of which only an artist, and only such an artist, could fully know. His friend, who is my friend also, and from whom I heard the story, is a poor man. I know his plain rooms, and I can imagine that upper bedroom flooded suddenly with tropical colors and light. I can imagine the eyes of his wife resting on the luxuriant beauty of cocoanut palms leaning to a sea of unutterable blue, on lithe and joyous forms full of the vigor of life, on the dusky glow of primeval forests, on all that was most remote and foreign to her cloistered days, and it seems to me that the word "generous" most perfectly fits the act of the painter.—Contributors.

English and Continental Theaters.

The theater on the continent is one of the few buildings in the erection of which the architect has as a rule no narrowly confined limitations as to expenditure. For the sake of having an edifice which shall do honor to the town the citizens seem always ready to subscribe for the making up of deficiencies or to guarantee any excess over the amount of the estimates. I wonder when, if ever, in England insane haste in piling up bricks will give place to the honest and thoughtful building of theaters which in conception and execution shall be the order of future generations.—Sachs and Woodrow.

A Guidebook Fiend.

Seeing how some of our country people comport themselves abroad, it is really small wonder that the English are so unpopular. I was at the Church of St. Roch during high mass. By my side sat an Englishman, and in the seat in front two ladies accompanying him. After having amused himself by penciling a little note and handing it across the pew to his companions, he deliberately produced his Baedeker and perused it, from time to time glancing at the different features of the church therein described. What, I say, would be thought of a Frenchman who should attend morning service at Westminster abbey and amuse himself with his Joannis Guide, and staring about precisely as if he were in some public picture gallery? This is the kind of thing that does more to give us a bad name than mere political offenses.—Paris Letter.