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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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WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaus"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes!

Little old belles, who at nine and ten
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun,
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know—
Girls who were merry as lamb at play
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the style of their clothes;
They never imagined that boys were "beaus;"
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they,
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of these dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MY NEIGHBOR.

I made her acquaintance through the accident of renting a small cottage for a few weeks in a remote Devonshire village. I had been overworking, so the doctors said, and was now ordered "country air and quiet," both of which I found in the pretty abode (quite the ideal cottage of fiction) of which I was now temporary owner. Laburnum cottage was situated on the outskirts of the village, and its only near neighbor was a somewhat larger abode of the same rustic type of architecture, whose garden, back and front, was only separated from mine by a low hedge. I believe the houses had originally been built for the occupancy of relatives who wished to be together.

"You will find Mrs. Fraser, the lady next door, a most quiet and inoffensive neighbor," said the house agent from whom I rented my country abode, and his words certainly proved true. No noisy pianoforte performances broke my repose; no disagreeable exhibition of "washing at home" offended my eyes in the garden next door. Mrs. Fraser kept neither dogs, nor pigeons, nor fowls. She was indeed a model next door neighbor, as I often reflected, remembering my sufferings at the hands of some of my suburban next door residents in London. I often caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fraser flitting about her garden or sitting at work in her bow window. She was a sweet faced woman about 60, with silvery hair smoothly braided under a lace cap, and possessed of a voice as gentle as her face. Her modest establishment consisted of a little village maid and an elderly servant, who was devoted to her mistress.

My married sisters (I am the only maid in the family) often laugh at me for the manner in which I "take notice of strangers." Perhaps if my life was as full of home cares and interests as are theirs I might look less far afield, but a solitary woman's personal affairs are not very engrossing, and I plead guilty to "taking notes" of my neighbors. Possibly my literary avocation as a novelist has disposed me to observe "traits and characteristics" more than I should otherwise do, and I had not been many days in Laburnum cottage before I had begun to speculate regarding my next door neighbor's history and had settled in my own mind that she must be a widow.

Longfellow truly remarks that some faces bear a story in their lineaments—others nothing but a date. My gentle old lady looked as if she had experienced sorrow as well as joy in her lifetime, and the tranquil look which her countenance usually bore seemed that of the calm which succeeds a great grief, when the passionate prayers for happiness which we offer in youth are exchanged for the hope of passing per pacem ad lucem.

I was greatly attracted to my neighbor and was pleased when chance gave me an opportunity of speaking to her. As I had expected, her manner was as fascinating as her face, and before I had been a week in the cottage Mrs. Fraser and I regularly "gave each other the time of day," as the servants phrase it, whenever we saw each other over the garden hedge, although neither had yet entered the other's house. I returned from a long ramble one evening to find my neighbor standing at her gate. As I passed into mine I made one of the usual "weather remarks." The sunset was cloudy, and I said that I hoped the next day would be fine, as I expected a niece to stay with me and was to meet her at the station, about a mile away.

"Yes, I, too, hope it will be fine tomorrow," said Mrs. Fraser, "for I also am going to meet some one at the station, and this place looks so cheerless on a wet afternoon. I am going to meet my husband," she added.

Here was an end to all my preconceived theories, but somehow I had never associated the house next door, so neat, so quiet, with the idea of a man on the premises. I suppose my face showed my surprise, for the old lady went on:

"My husband was obliged to go to London for some business, but I expect him back tomorrow—indeed I am quite sure he will come that day, for it is my birthday. Of course I miss him so much when he is away."

"You have no children to keep you company?" I said.

A slight blush rose to the old lady's cheek as she said "No" with a little hesitancy of manner and then walked into her house.

"Perhaps her family has given her trouble," I thought to myself, now driven to construct a fresh romance to account for the lines of former care on my neighbor's brow. A daughter who had left her home, a son who had disgraced his name—was some such domestic tragedy locked in my neighbor's heart?

Despite the threatening sunset, the next day proved bright and cloudless, and I set off on foot to meet my expected guest, instead of rumbling both to and from the station in the one decrepit fly which the village boasted, and which duly awaited the arrival of possible fares at the station. As I walked down the lane I heard steps behind me and turned to see my neighbor. She looked ten years younger, with a bright light in her eyes and a pretty faint color in her cheeks. Happiness beamed on her generally quiet face.

"I am going to the station to meet the 3 o'clock train," she explained. "Edward will be sure to come by that."

My sisters always say I am "absurdly romantic." Certainly, though I am an old maid myself, I still take much interest in other folks' love stories—perhaps long ago I had one of my own. And there is always something inexpressibly touching, to my way of thinking, in the faithful love of an elderly pair, the abiding affection between a Darby and Joan which has withstood the chilling effects of age and time. I looked at my dear old lady, as flushed and eager at the idea of meeting her (presumably elder) husband as any young bride might have been to greet a newly wedded bridegroom and reflected that hearts can keep young if faces grow older.

"I suppose you have been married a long time?" I hazarded. But Mrs. Fraser's replies seemed fated to surprise me, for, to my great amazement, she answered promptly:

"Not very long ago only—about a year."

"About a year!" And surely my neighbor must be 60 at least. Well, one sometimes hears of elderly lovers, sundered in youth, coming together in later life, and it has been truly said, "The tenderest thing in the world is an old love revived."

Assuredly this old lady was still in love with the husband whom she was now hurrying to meet, checking herself, indeed, as she noted that I could hardly keep pace with her rapid steps and saying half laughingly:

"I am walking too fast for you, and I know we have plenty of time. It is very silly of me, but I am so anxious to see my husband again, although, of course, he cannot arrive before his train comes in."

"Has he been away long?" I asked.

A sudden shadow fell on my companion's face.

"I—I scarcely know," she said slowly. "I am never very good at counting time exactly. But he is sure to be here this afternoon," she continued, brightening again, "for he promised to be with me on my birthday — today — without fail," and she walked on again so rapidly that I could scarcely keep pace with her.

The little local train duly dawdled into the station somewhile after the appointed time, and a few passengers, among them my expected guest, alighted on the platform. But I was sorry to observe that my companion was still standing solitary, with the tears rising to her eyes. I was busy collecting my niece's parcels or would have spoken to her, and before I could do so her old servant entered the station.

"Your master has never arrived, Sarah, and he promised," said Mrs. Fraser in a piteous tone.

"Well, it is no use waiting here any longer now, ma'am," said the woman in a soothing tone, as one would address a child. "There's no other train till tomorrow. I have the pony chaise outside, and you'd best drive home now and rest, because you know"—here she whispered something in Mrs. Fraser's ear—and the old lady blushed again and said with a little laugh:

"Yes, Sarah, you are right. I must not overtime myself, of course, it would so vex your master when he comes home to find I had been fatiguing myself waiting here," and the two women left the platform.

"I am sorry that lady has been disappointed of meeting her husband," I remarked to the civil station master, with whom I had become on friendly terms through the trouble he had taken on my first arrival at the village to trace the errant wanderings of a lost box of mine.

Mr. Smith looked at me with surprise.

"Mrs. Fraser meet her husband, ma'am! Why, she's been a widow these 35 years."

"But she was coming to the station all in a hurry today to meet her husband, she said," I exclaimed.

"Ah, that's how it is, poor lady," said Mr. Smith, shaking his head. "I forgot, ma'am, you're a stranger in these parts and don't know the story. It's over 35 years agone that Mr. and Mrs. Fraser came down to live here, a young married couple, and wonderfully devoted to each other they was, all folks say. It was quite a vexation when Mr. Fraser had to go to London for a few weeks about some law business—he had had a little property left to him—and the doctor here forbid Mrs. Fraser, who was keeping quiet just then, traveling with him. You remember the railway accident at ——," mentioning one of the most terrible fatalities of the last half century of railway annals. "Well, Mr. Fraser was in that crash and was killed on the spot. And, by a most unlucky accident, the poor lady, who was come to the station all eagerness to meet her husband, heard the dreadful news all of a sudden, and Mr. Fraser's name, he being well known in these parts. I was a boy at the time, but I've often heard father, who was station master here then, say that he never to the end of his life should forget the look on that poor creature's face, nor the awful scream she gave when some blundering fool jumped out of the train which had come in at last, some two hours late, and bawled out, 'There's been the most awful accident at ——, and our Mr. Fraser is among the killed.'"

"I wonder the shock did not kill her outright," I said.

"It nigh did. The poor little baby, as never drew a breath, was born that night, and no one ever thought that the mother would be long here. But the doctors pulled her through somehow as regards her body, but her mind was altogether gone for a long while. She was took away for years, poor soul, and the little house shut up. But after a time she came back here with her maid, Sarah, who'd stuck faithful to her all through, and the doctors said Mrs. Fraser was 'cured,' leastways they'd done all they could for her. It was what they called an experiment bringing her back to her old home, but it answered, for they say the poor lady grew a sight more quiet and rationallike after she was back in her old home."

"She has always appeared perfectly rational whenever I spoke to her," I remarked.

"Aye, so she is to talk to. But it's a curious thing, ma'am, and perhaps a merciful one, too, that the poor lady has clean forgot all that happened after her husband left her. She doesn't understand that she's a widow, she doesn't count how the years have gone by, she believes she's still a young wife of five and twenty, preparing for the little baby that's soon to arrive, and that her husband's only away for a day or two. Sarah manages to keep her quiet and happy just like a child. There's only one day in the year that she grows restless, and that's today—the day of the accident. Somehow she always seems to remember today and will come to the station to meet her husband. They've found it best to humor her in this. Sarah coaxes her home after the train comes in and quiets her, and by tomorrow she'll have in a way forgot and be only looking forward in a general sort of style to her husband's return. They say she keeps his room and all his things ready, just as he left them all those years ago."

It was a piteous little story, and my companion and I were silent on our drive home. How little any of us fathom the tragedies which may have occurred in our neighbors' lives!

As I walked up my garden I saw Mrs. Fraser seated at her window busy with some sewing. The tears were gone from her eyes, and her countenance had resumed its wonted serenity of expression. She looked up as I passed and nodded with a bright smile.

"Edward will be here tomorrow, Sarah says," she remarked, "and you see I have some work—pleasant work—to keep me quiet while I am alone," and she held up the materials on which she was engaged.

I turned away, sick at heart. The old lady's fingers were busy with an infant's shirt, the dainty cambric and lace faded and yellowed by time.

And yet, perhaps, as the station master had remarked, the delusion was a merciful one. In her own imagination the desolate widow of 60 was still the happy girl wife, the hopeful prospective mother of nearly 40 years gone by. Some dreams are happier than the actual realities.
—Madame.

Among the First Elevators.

Genoa, March 18, 1830.—Went to the king's palace. The king and queen sleep together, and on each side of the royal bed there is an assortment of ivory palms, crucifixes, boxes for holy water and other spiritual guards for their souls. For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any story, and at each landing place there is a contrivance to let them in and out.
—Greville Memoirs.

Insomnia.

"Insomnia is caused by a surplus of blood in the brain, and the only way to cure it is to remove the cause," says a very wise doctor. "Long continued mental labor should, of course, be avoided. It keeps the blood vessels of the brain constantly filled, and when it is over they cannot contract. Tight clothing tends to throw the blood to the brain, and it should be avoided. The feet should be kept warm, since cold extremities interfere with circulation. Unless the malady results from moral causes, a little care and common sense are all that are necessary to cure it."

SMILES AND TEARS.

The smiles that light some kindred face,
To cheer us when by sorrow bowed,
Are like the glory beams that chase
The darkness from the summer cloud.
Dear, radiant gleamings of the soul,
The sunshine of affection's sky,
They lift the heart from grief's control
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.

The teardrops on some kindred cheek,
When joy is mingled with despair,
Our spirits' gloom can lift and break
And leave joy's light unclouded there—
Can lift and thrill the trembling heart
And soothe us in life's saddest hours
And sparkle on the soul as clear
As dews that sleep on fainting flowers.

Love's holy smile and pity's tear,
Like angel footprints from the skies,
They lift us o'er the mortal sphere
And give us gleams of paradise.
Oh, smiles and tears, by these alone,
Had we no higher rapture given,
The heart might hope for glory's zone—
The soul might wing its way to heaven!

—New York Ledger.

The Growth of the Body.

Up to a certain period of life the body grows. The process continues generally up to the twentieth year, and even beyond. When growth ceases, it is not that new material ceases to be added to the body, for this is unceasingly being effected to supply the place of those constituents of the frame which are continually being used up, but the balance between the food taken and assimilated and the waste of the body is equalized, and after growth has ceased this balance—with the exception of fatty deposits—is during health maintained with but little variation during the years of life's prime. When old age comes on—that is, after the sixtieth year—the balance inclines the other way; the waste now exceeds the reparative nutriment which it is in the power of the system to receive and elaborate, and the tissues all diminish in bulk, the stature even becoming less. Growth or increase of size of the body as a whole, or of any part of it, is dependent as a healthy process, first, on a proper amount of nervous excitation, and, secondly, on a due supply of healthy blood. Young people require nutriment not only to sustain the wasting processes of respiration and of the motor change or movement, but they require also sufficient to supply the growing tissues of their entire body with the various elements which go to perfect their composition. If these elements are not supplied, development is either arrested, or, the tendency to growth continuing, the bones and tissues generally lengthen without acquiring their healthy substance.—New York Ledger.

Some English Cigars.

"I am informed," says a correspondent, "that a large trade in the manufacture of English cigars is carried on, principally in the east end of London. All the ends of cigars and cigarettes, dottels, chewed quids, etc., are bought at so much per pound from public houses, music halls and other places besides those picked up in the street. These savory morsels are put into a large bath, where a kind of tobacco broth is made.

"In the early autumn, when the chestnut leaves are beginning to turn a golden color, parties are organized, who go wherever they can get a supply of these leaves, which are then put on long wires and immersed in this filth for either a long or short time, according to the requirements of a strong or mild cigar. These leaves are then rolled into cigars."

The above correspondent's statement tallies with an incident which occurred some years ago when a certain person was charged with illegally manufacturing cigars. His defense was that the cigars that he manufactured did not contain a particle of tobacco. And, what is more, he proved his case. His cigars were made of brown paper, embossed to look like leaves and steeped in tobacco juice.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Judge Was Posted.

In the days of prohibition "blind tigers" formed no small part of the game for which the police office hunted. There came up a case one morning in which a "blind tiger" had been discovered in its lair in a remote portion of the city. The recorder was endeavoring to locate the place and was questioning an old negro man who had patronized the unlawful rendezvous for the thirsty.

"You say you have been to the place?" the recorder questioned.

"I'ze sure bin dere, jedge."

"Now, tell me exactly where the house is located."

"Law, jedge, what yer ax me fur when you knows zactly whar it is?"

It was merely a tribute to Recorder Anderson's knowledge of the geography and topography of the city, but the laugh that followed indicated that the spectators put another construction on it.—Atlanta Constitution.

At the time of the adoption of surnames every artisan whose work required the striking of blows on metal was known as a smiter or smith, and the community therefore had its blacksmith, whitesmith, goldsmith, silversmith, arrowsmith and several others of the same character. The number of Smiths of the present day may therefore be readily accounted for when we remember that each of the different kinds of smiths was as much entitled to the use of his trade name for a cognomen as any other artisan. John the blacksmith and John the coppersmith were both known as John the smith, an appellation which naturally resolved itself into the family name of John Smith.—Clifford Howard in [illegible]

A $500 ROLL.

Up Against a Half Dollar For a Whole Evening Without Knowing It.

The sporting man stood at the bar toying idly with the dicebox.

"Funny thing, Joe," he remarked to the bartender, "how little saloon gambling there is nowadays. Now, there was a time, only a few years ago, when you couldn't go into a saloon up this way without hearing the rattle of the dicebox."

A plainly dressed young man came in and ordered a drink of whisky. He gave it a dash of absinthe, tossed it off at one gulp, threw 15 cents on the bar and glanced over at the sporting man.

"Shake?" said the latter.

"One or two to kill time," said the stranger.

The sporting man tossed a half dollar on the bar. The stranger did likewise, the dice rolled out, and the stranger won. He won the second and the third time, then lost twice and won once more.

"Lucky start," remarked the sporting man. "Have something?"

"Nothing for me, thanks."

The sporting man drank a hot Scotch, and the game went on. Half an hour passed away, and the sport was $10 behind the game.

"Make it a dollar and one shake," he suggested.

"I never change my game," said the stranger.

"Very well," said the sporting man good naturedly. "It's a little faster, that's all."

"This is fast enough for me."

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

The sporting man drank another hot Scotch, and the game went on. The luck was against him, and his losses grew with every shake. Once in a while he'd make a spurt and win three or four straight pots. Then the stranger would win half a dozen to make up for it. Two hours had passed, and the sporting man was $40 in the hole. He grew excited.

"I'll shake you for $80 or quits," he said, hauling out a roll as big around as his leg.

"I never change my game," said the other quietly.

In another half hour the stranger was $50 ahead, and the sporting man was very nervous.

"Friend, will you oblige me by having a drink?" he said.

"I really don't care to drink," said the stranger, and the sport drank his Scotch alone once more.

Then there was a turn in the luck. Ten dollars went back to the sporting man in less than 15 minutes. Ten more followed it, and the sport's brow cleared. The stranger never turned a hair. Gradually the half dollars went back to their original owner, and finally, after three hours of play, the men were just where they started.

"Now have a drink," said the sporting man, with a sigh of relief.

"No, thanks," said the stranger, tossing a half dollar on the bar and picking up the box. "Let's' shake."

In three throws he rolled out four deuces. The sporting man threw four trays and hauled in the money.

"Thank you," remarked the stranger, "for a pleasant evening."

"You're not going to quit?" said the sporting man in amazement.

"Cant do anything else. Only started with a half dollar. I couldn't drink with you without asking you to drink, and I couldn't do that without using money which I meant to give you a chance to win back. Good day," and he walked out of the saloon.

"Well, I'm blanked," said the sport to the bartender. "To think I had a roll of $500 up against his 50 cents. Great Scott! If the luck hadn't changed, he might have had the whole roll, and I never had a chance to get more than that half dollar. Give me another Scotch." And, looking very pale, the sport drank up his liquor, buttoned his coat and went out.—New York Sun.

His name was John Ditto, and it got him into all sorts of entanglements. When his name was written or printed in a list of other names, it was often interpreted as meaning "the same as" the name immediately before it. The first time he went to St. Louis he singed his name on the hotel register "John Ditto," under the name of a man named Hinkleschneider, and the clerk, presuming that he had written "Ditto" merely to save time and ink, called him Mr. Hinkleschneider, and as "John Hinkleschneider, a prominent citizen of Somerville, Tex.," he was announced in the daily papers as among the arrivals at the Laclede hotel. News of this preceded him when he went back to Texas, and afterward he was as often called by the name Hinkleschneider as he was by his right name.

His name got him his wife, they said. At a country fair he was invited to join a friend and some young ladies in a refreshment tent. When the party was asked each to name his and her preference in the way of beverage, John said he would take lemonade, and the strange young lady next to him said she would take "ditto." This mild joke was cultivated, as such jokes are in rural neighborhoods, until the young lady was talked into really taking Ditto as her husband.

He escaped for a time being drafted during the war because his name, as copied off the original list, was given on the copy not as Ditto, but the same surname as that of the man whose name preceded his.—Scranton Truth.