DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 53 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1899. NO. 11.

Great Christmas Attractions.

The trains and boats that have been coming to Easton during the past three weeks, have brought to this house a great many things for Christmas. To fully enumerate is too big for us to attempt. We, however, name in part a handsome line of

STERLING SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE:

Fine Swinging Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Pickle Dishes, Sugar Dishes, Tea Bells, Spoon Holders and Goblets. Also Silver Knives and Forks, Ivory Handle Knives and Forks, Carvers and Forks, Scissors, Razors and Pocket besides hundreds of minor a articles, all of which are marked down to the most reasonable point and will make handsome Christmas Presents.

DO YOU WANT A STOVE OF ANY KIND?

If so, see us or write us. We have an extra large stock, and can supply you with any pattern, in any size, at any price. We handle the best and cheapest Wood Burner on the market. If you want one be sure and see us first.

BICYCLES FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

To reduce stock we will give special inducements on our Bicycles for 30 days. The Rambler, Crescent, Stormer and Ideal. None better. See us or write us.

PAINTS IN ALL COLORS,

Longman & Martinez and John Lucas Paints are known everywhere as the best. Trade successfully increasing. Call and see us on Paint.

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New and nobby, just received. Also large stock of Carriage Harness. Come and see us. Your friends,

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON HARDWARE CO.,
EASTON, MARYLAND.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

W. H. GOLT, P. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
S. N. SMITH, JR.,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
J. CULVER,	Ellendale,	"
CUSTIS BURTON,	Milton,	"
E. W. INGRAM,	Lewes,	"

Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

WILLIAM M. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. } Manager For { WM. HOPPS & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

UHLER & HUGHES,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
FLOORING, CEILING, SIDING, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
AND MILL WORK GENERALLY.

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At our Coal Yard at the Railroad Station will be kept on hand a supply of

THE BEST LEHIGH COAL.

It is the best, and 2240 pounds to the ton. Also the best quality of SOFT COAL for Blacksmith purposes. Come and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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DRY GOODS.	
75c. Mohair, at 40c.	FINE CANDY,
35c. Serge at 25c.	CONSERVES,
6c. Calico at 04c.	FRUITS
55c. Serge at 40c.	AND XMAS GOODS.
Satine at 10c, 15c, 20c.	PRICES CAN'T BE BEATEN.

SPECIAL INTEREST TO TRUCKERS & FRUIT GROWERS.

You will do well to get our prices and make your contracts for Berry Crates and Berry Cups early. Remember that prices advanced last year after the first of the season. We will be ready to contract by the first of the year, (1899), and will deliver the goods at our factory in January, February and March. Don't get left again, but buy early and store them in your barns and sheds. We are now prepared to furnish

GOOD FLOORING AND SHEATHING,

of our own make, at fair prices. We make all kinds of fruit packages in their season.

We are also ready to contract for tomatoes for 1899, at Ridgely and also at Queen Anne. Having purchased the entire real estate of the heirs of the late Dr. Reynolds, at Queen Anne, we would like to increase our canning business there. We will have arranged with Mr. Wm. Diggins, at that place, to contract for tomatoes for us at once. Go and see him.

Persons owing us on book account or otherwise, for 1898, will please call at our office at Ridgely and close their account, by cash or note, on or before January 1st, 1899. Respectfully

T. L. Day, Swing & Co.

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Wrinkles Around the Eyes

Are usually caused by defective sight. Many women, and likewise men, look

Prematurely Old

from these wrinkles. The wrinkles can in many cases be removed by wearing

Correctly Fitted Glasses.

We fit glasses correctly, and give full satisfaction.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS —AT— BOTTOM PRICES!

We will be glad to have you come in and see our goods and learn our prices. Our line of

UNDERWEAR

is up to date. We are selling Men's 50c. Undershirts at 44 cents. Try a pair of Men's 20c. Undershirts at 15 cents.

SHOES. SHOES.

Heavy shoes and light shoes; fine shoes and coarse shoes. Bought right and will be sold right.

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Hats, Notions, Floor Oil Cloth, all widths, Table Oil Cloth at 10 cents a yard; Calices, Ginghams, Muslins, Canton Flannels, and Dress Goods, all at Bottom Prices.

Give us a call.

R. M. COLLINS,
DENTON, MD.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

Schedule in effect May 30, 1898.

Passenger trains will run as follows:

NORTH. Mail. A. M.	NORTH. Pas. P. M.		SOUTH. Mail. A. M.	SOUTH. Pas. P. M.
6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 47
6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
8 36	3 37	Kenton,	9 48	5 56
8 45	3 46	Clayton	9 38	5 47
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

DENTISTRY.

Having been in the profession for about 20 years I feel competent to execute all branches of Dentistry known to the profession.

Filling and Extracting Specialties.

Children's teeth treated with care and skill.

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain by a late scientific method.

Our low prices and terms surprise everybody.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

WM. McKOWN, D. D. S.
Two doors above the Hardware Store.

Take Notice!

I have concluded to discontinue blacksmithing and machine repair in Smithville, and am willing to rent shop or sell same, with or without tools, on easy terms. All persons who have bills against me will please produce the same for settlement, and all persons who owe me on open account and over-due notes will please call and pay, as I will give all unpaid accounts into the hands of an attorney for collection. Therefore, save expenses and trouble, and come and pay promptly.

R. G. ANKLAM,
Smithville, Md.

Farms Wanted.

I am in communication with a number of persons in Pennsylvania and the West who desire to purchase farms on this peninsula, and I will, therefore, want several farms to show them. I will be glad to communicate with any person having farm land for sale in this or adjoining counties. Call on or write.

CHARLES E. STEVENS,
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$1.75

Buys this White Enameled Steel Bed in either 54, 48, 42 or 36in. widths. Length 75inches. It has one inch pillars and ⅝ in. filler. Guaranteed the strongest bed made.

Our great 160-page catalogue tells of thousands of bargains in Furniture, Clothing, Bedding, Crockery, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Upholstery Goods, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Pictures, Mirrors, Tin Ware, Stoves, etc., and in buying from us, you save from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything—don't forget this.

We publish a lithographed catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Portiers and Lace Curtains which shows exact designs in hand-painted colors—selections can be made as satisfactorily as though you were here at the mill.

Here's the celebrated Hines Sewing Machine—none better made. Guaranteed for 20 years. Catalogue tells you all about it. Price (3 Drawer Style),

$13.25

Why have we customers in every part of the United States, in Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, Porto Rico, and even as far as Australia and South Africa? Send for our Free Catalogues. They will tell you. Address this way

We make all styles of Machines.

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BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 909.

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Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjacent counties.

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Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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LEWIS & WEST,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline Talbot and Queen Anne counties.

JAMES SWANN.
REPRESENTING
The Best Life & Fire Insurance.
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DEWEESE & OWENS,
Attorneys-at-Law,
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Office in the Court House.
Mortgages foreclosed, estates settled and prompt attention given to all business entrusted to us.
Will practice in the State and Federal Court.
WM. H. DEWEESE, State's Attorney for Caroline county.

HARRY B. MASON,
PAINTER AND DECORATOR.
. . DENTON, MD.,
Has had ten years' experience in the cities of Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York, and is now ready to make contracts and guarantees skillful work, fair prices and entire satisfaction.

DRS. W. T. & L. D.
—:DENTISTS:—
MAIN OFFICE: EASTON, MARYLAND
Will practice at Preston on Mondays; Denton on Tuesdays; Federalsburg, second and fourth Thursdays; East New Market, first and third Thursdays.
Best work guaranteed. Gas administered.

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OFFICE AT BROWN'S DRUG STORE.
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(Stewart Building, next door Brick Hotel)
First-class furniture and appliances, and competent workmen insures satisfactory service to all customers. Popular prices.

NOW IS THE TIME AND REED'S IS THE PLACE TO GET BARGAINS IN
HARNESS!
If in need of anything in my line it will be to your advantage to examine what I have to show before purchasing elsewhere. My stock includes Dusters, Sheets, Fly Nets, Ear Tips, Whips, Harness as low as $7, Hand-made Harness to order, Collars, Bridles, Axle and Harness Oil, Whip Sockets, Pads of all kinds.
Harness repaired and cleaned at short notice.
W. S. REED,
Denton, Md.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THOMAS MOORE.

Yes, I did say on the pine barren view,
As weary I journeyed the wild road along,
Virginia's rude soil I would glad bid adieu
And never remember Virginia in song.

I had passed through her towns and no converse had met,
Though in converse my heart knew its fondest delight,
And so firm in my breast had dear friendship been set
That of friendship I thought I might challenge the right.

But soon was the change when to Richmond I came,
For the stranger here met with a heart like his own,
And he sighs that his verse will ne'er equal its fame
And give it for friendship the highest renown.

In the house on the hill a free welcome he found—
The welcome that told him its friendship was true—
And long shall the praise of its master resound,
While gratitude claims from his heart the just due.

Oh, woman, here, too, both in beauty and sense
Thou art blest with the boon which art cannot improve!
Thy looks and thy smiles such sweet favors dispense
That the heart of the stranger is tempted to love.

Then, Richmond, accept a stranger's farewell.
If the tear of regret of his love be the proof,
Long, long in his heart shall thy memory dwell,
And in age be the theme of the days of his youth.

—Bookman.

ROBIN HOOD'S END.

The new sheriff was a younger and more vigorous man, and Robin Hood preferred a foe of courage and resource. To outwit the old dotard who had recently died had ever been sufficiently easy. The newcomer was more worthy of his steel.

Many a time and oft Robin and his men were only saved by their knowledge of the Sherwood caves; none other held that secret. Indeed the fear of these secret caves was widely spread throughout the neighborhood, and many an old wife's story told of the sure and horrible death that awaited any man that entered them without having a clew.

Gradually, as time wore on, those of the old band who were still left rallied about their leader. In spite of the sheriff their numbers increased, and from their marauding expeditions they seldom came back empty handed. Children in Nottingham said that when they grew up they also would live in the forest like Robin Hood, and eat of the king's venison and be served with cups and plates of gold and have many to follow them.

But Robin had not forgotten the ill omen. Outwardly his mirth was as boisterous as ever. He played rough jests with his own men or with travelers who fell into his hands. It was not enough that he should take their treasure; he must also send them on their way in some purely ridiculous and fantastic attire or position, even as, many years before, he had sent the old sheriff back into Nottingham with his hands and feet tied and his face to his horse's tail.

His presence of mind in the moment of peril was as great as it had ever been. One never found him at a loss, nor did he seem to be thinking of anything beyond the present moment. Yet if by chance any spoke to him of what he should do in years to come his answer was always:

"There are no years to come. This year ends all."

Almost unconsciously his two most able and faithful followers—Little John and the Friar—came to have the same mind on this matter. They had no doubt that the end would come, but only of the manner of its coming. They knew now that they went in greater peril than ever before, and their terror was lest Robin should be taken by the sheriff. Had they spoken to him of it he might have laughed at their fears. Every night and day he kept his dagger by his side, and his mind was fixed that he would never be taken alive. As it was, every morning they asked themselves, "Will it be today?" and every night that they slept in the open, "Shall we be taken while we sleep?"

The autumn came, and already the trees of the forest were changing color. Now and again a party of young nobles would come down to the river with hawk on fist. Sometimes in the early morning the horn would sound the prise, but ere forester or keeper could reach the spot the fat buck had been borne away. The berries were ripening on the brambles and wood was being gathered against the coming winter.

A rich knight, bearing great treasure in his train, passed through the forest unscathed—aye, even without sight of Robin and his men. Others followed, and were also left unmolested. It would indeed have been said that Robin, as was his wont at times, had left Sherwood and was hunting elsewhere but for the shrill call of the horn in the early morning and for the missing deer.

It was as though so long as they could wrest a scant livelihood from the vert and venison of the forest, they were content to give up their war on men.

And this was because Robin lay sick in the caves, every day saying, "Tomorrow it will be well with me, and we will take the road again, and some traveling prelate shall pay for his sins." And when the morrow came, always his weakness returned. It was as if the life died slowly out of him, as the flame dies slowly in the lamp when the oil is nearly finished. The Friar had used such skill in herbs as he had, but to no purpose. One day he said to Robin:

"Have you heard aught of the prioress of Kirklees—she that was daughter of the old sheriff?"

"Many years ago," said Robin half dreamily, "she came to the forest by night. She would have the feather of the golden eagle that I wore in my cap—doubtless a wager, and one that I was willing enough that she should win. She was a slip of a girl then, and, to my thinking, recked little of the religious life. But with women"—

He broke off, gasping for breath, and then resumed with fury:

"A curse upon me that I can neither live nor die and lie thus betwixt and between! What of the prioress? How should she harm me or help me?"

"Her fame is great in these parts," said the Friar, "and daily grows greater. In surgery and physic she has such knowledge as God seldom gives to man. The lame go there and cast away their crutches, and the blind see, and the old become young again. There is not a house in Nottingham or Mansfield where they shall not tell you some great story of the wonders which she has worked."

"What avails it?" asked Robin. "Kirklees is far away, in Yorkshire. I have neither the strength of limb to walk thither nor to sit my horse. If you loved me, you would take of the nightshade in the forest and mix me a draft which should end all this!"

"That would I and speedily," said the Friar, "if the hand of death were indeed upon you, but it is not so. Happily, in the letting of blood alone would you find relief, and were I a surgeon we would make a trial of it. Say, Little John, are we already so sunken and enfeebled that we cannot bear our master to the priory of Kirklees in order that he may march back again with his arrows in his belt and ourselves behind him, as in the old times?"

"It shall be done," said Little John. And Robin, lying with eyes closed, said no word for or against.

So that night a litter was made ready and Robin was laid upon it, with his head on a pile of rushes and his body covered with the skins of wolves, for his natural heat had gone, and even in the day, when the sun was warm, he shivered. And every one of his men went with him. For, by reason of the activity of the new sheriff, the danger of the journey was great, and it was needful to have scouts out far ahead to be sure that all was clear.

Even so, and though they journeyed only by night, not once or twice was the alarm given, and only by a long detour did the band get through in safety. And when they drew near to the priory of Kirklees it was agreed that Little John and the Friar alone should bear the litter to the gate.

He would have strength enough himself to enter the presence of the prioress. But lest he should be recognized and some harm should befall him, he carried his horn hidden under his cloak. One blast upon it would bring the whole of his men unto his succor.

* * * * * * *

The prioress' lodge at Kirklees was not one of the buildings that surrounded the cloister court. It stood apart on the right hand side, having a walled garden.

And there in the heat of the day the prioress walked, holding an illuminated book in her hands. She went slowly up and down the straight gravel walk under the trees. The hands that held the book were white and very thin; the face still kept somewhat of its old beauty, but changed. There had been a long struggle and the enemy was vanquished, but he was not dead and might yet arise again.

As she walked there one of her maidens brought her word that a traveler, sore spent, had been brought to the porter's lodge and from thence had been carried into the guest hall, and he begged the prioress would go to him and work a cure upon him that his strength might return and he might go on his way.

Even as she entered the guest hall she knew who it was that lay there, and yet not by one sign did she betray that she knew it.

Robin lay with closed eyes and breathing heavily. He was conscious vaguely of women's voices speaking near him. Then his position was changed somewhat. Through eyes that slowly opened he saw the glint of sunlight fall on polished brass and on a snowy napkin. He felt that some one was rolling back the loose sleeve of his tunic. Then he caught the sound of footsteps passing away in the distance. There was a deep silence, and when he opened his eyes all had gone save the prioress, who looked at him intently.

"Do you know me?" she said.

"Aye," said Robin feebly. "I pray you to open my vein and let blood that I may recover me from the sudden weakness which has fallen upon me."

She bent down beside him and said no word. He felt the sharp prick in the flesh of his bared arm, and then it seemed to him that he fell into a delightful sleep.

* * * * * * *

His sleep was full of the happiest dreams, melting vaguely into one another. And they were all dreams of things that were past and over, as though the sleeping brain knew unconsciously that afterward there would be nothing.

Maid Marian stood by him, young and beautiful, in the days of her willful youth, and whatsoever she bade him do for her he did, though he knew that it was to his ruin and undoing.

He rode his great white horse through the forest on a very bright and sunny morning. All the birds were singing together and a feeling of well being was deep in his heart.

His men were beside him talking and laughing loudly. Suddenly out from their ambush sprang the sheriff's men, and Robin and his band fell upon them. That, too, passed.

And now it was a clear moonlight night, and Maid Marian stood by the ruined chapel and looked at him wistfully with that gentleness in her eyes which came to her when at last she loved.

And now, again by night, he swam the cold waters of the moat at the Baron De Troiley's castle, and the baron's archers shot afar or wide of him.

Now he was with the king's army. The thought had come to him that since Maid Marian was dead naught else mattered, and he swore and raved and drank and went forth on some errand that was thought to mean certain death, and returned from it unscathed.

And lastly, he was back again in the forest, and down the moonlit road came the torches with the funeral procession. His lips moved even in the swoon in which he lay.

"A bad omen," he whispered.

But in all these changing dreams there was one that never appeared to him—the woman of whom he had thought so little, who now, with white face and set teeth, bent by his side as he lay there unconscious.

* * * * * * *

After the dreams there seemed to follow a long wave of darkness, and when this had passed and he had opened his eyes he knew that he was dying.

A vague wonder went through his mind whether it was by accident that she had taken so much blood from his arm, now tightly bandaged, or whether it was of intention, knowing him to be one deserving of death and thinking that in so doing she acted as the servant of God and the king.

It came into his mind as so much idle guesswork. It did not matter. It might be dismissed. His restless eyes gazed round the room. Close by him on the floor there seemed what looked like a shapeless blotch of green light.

As he gazed at it it slowly took shape, and he remembered. It was his green cloak, which had been flung down there and lay there in the sunlight, and under it he knew was hidden his hunting horn. Hard by the cloak was the narrow open window. In the distance from the chapel he could hear the sweet voices of the nuns singing.

Suddenly the thought came to him that he could not die like this, like a rat in a trap—a man that had fallen into the hands of a woman. With great pain and exertion he managed to crawl from his bed and once more hang the horn about his neck.

Then slowly he climbed into the window and leaned out. The fresh air fanned his face and seemed to revive him somewhat. For a few moments he knelt there, panting heavily, and then, bringing his horn to his lips, he blew a call. Faintly the sounds floated away into the distance. Then he fell back, and once more the swoon came back over him.

The first thing of which he was conscious was a confused sound. There was the screaming of women and the heavy tramp of feet. When he fully came to himself and opened his eyes, the great guest hall was silent, but there were many in it. The friar held him up. Little John stood by his side. At the farther end of the hall, in front of the heavy oaken door, stood the men of his band, ranged closely together and waiting his order.

"Give me water," said Robin.

It was brought him, and he drank.

And then, after a pause, Little John spoke.

"Master, since it is by the foulest treachery that you are now brought to this pass, I pray you to grant the last request that ever I shall make of you."

"Speak on."

"Firstly, that we may bear you hence to some safe place where haply you may yet recover, and then that we may burn out this nest of singing birds, so that not one of them is left alive, and not one stone of all their buildings shall stand upon another."

Robin smiled.

"Nay, Little John," he said. "When did we make war on women? When have we broken down the house that was dedicated to Our Lady? It is my command—and since I die and shall not recover, it is verily the last command that I shall give you—that you leave these women in peace and all their house standing even as it is now, taking nothing from them and doing them no harm, and that you carry me forth and bury me in the greenwood, where my life has been spent."

Then, at his bidding, they gave him his bow, and he would have strung it, but strength failed him. They bore him to the window and held him there upright. Then Little John strung his bow and gave it to him and put an arrow into his hand.

"See," said Robin Hood; "where this my last arrow falls there shall my last resting place be. There bury me."

Then with all his strength he drew back the arrow and loosed it. And it sped far away in the sunlit air of the evening, farther than eye could follow.

And so he fell back into their arms and died.—Barry Pain in New York Evening Post.

A Famous Claquer.

They say that Gertner, who was director of the claque at the famous Deutches Volkestheater, Vienna, died of a broken heart, but he left a fortune of $50,000. This yarn has been deliberately and soberly printed about him:

He came to the theater night after night in different characters and costumes and was never recognized as a claquer by those around him. Sometimes he occupied a box, sometimes a seat in the stalls, sometimes he posted himself in the gallery, but always where he could indicate to his subordinates by a code of signals previously arranged how and when to applaud without attracting undue attention. Gertner has been seen sitting in a box, for which he himself paid, in an elegant dress suit, with white tie and gloves, and looking so distingue that no one would have dreamed that he was a claquer. When he raised his handkerchief to his nose, a round of applause followed. When he replaced the handkerchief in his pocket, the clapping gradually subsided.

Gertner came to grief in a curious way. He was sitting in the stalls at an important first night and fell asleep during the play. A particularly tragic passage had been reached when Gertner suddenly awoke with a start and commenced to applaud vigorously. The house roared with laughter and the piece was ruined. Gertner was dismissed in disgrace.—Vienna Letter

A Home Guard.

The grosbeak is a pugnacious fellow with birds of his own size, but he never troubles the smaller ones. A good many birds found the nest from time to time, and, birdlike, stopped to gratify their curiosity concerning it. A little song sparrow, who had lost his tail feathers, and who led a sort of bachelor existence in the greasewood all the springtime, used to sit and sing close beside the nest. So persistently did he flit about that I came to regard him as a friend of the family, but the grosbeak never molested him. Once when a saucy little thistlebird (Lawrence's goldfinch) alighted close by the nest and peered in the head of the house flew down with a warning "tsip," but made no further demonstration.

One morning, however, a male oriole came down into the greasewood and seemed disposed to remain. It was one of the occasions when the mother bird was on the nest. She half arose and uttered a little whistle, their common call, and her mate was on the scene in a hurry, all ready to do battle. The males seemed pretty fairly matched, but the oriole is not a malicious bird, and the intruder withdrew. Once the grosbeak with half a dozen orioles and finches made common cause against a California jay that had apparently attempted to raid the nest of one of the little birds. The jay is a thief and a coward always, and this marauder received bitter punishment at the bills of the feathered vigilance committee that hastily formed.—Lippincott's.

IN MIDAIR AT NIGHT.

THE EARTH AS SEEN FROM A BALLOON BY MOONLIGHT.

A Beautiful Picture Wherein Lakes Look Like Beds of Molten Silver. Echoes That Float Up Faintly From the Earth.

A correspondent formed one of Mr. Spencer's party in a balloon ascent at night from the Crystal palace. His experiences are interesting. "At 1,000 feet high," he writes, "we were over some suburban railway station, and the sight of a train rushing along a curved cutting was one not to be forgotten. It was like a comet with a fiery gold head and a silver tail. The moonlight on the trail of smoke made it look like the rapids of a river in moonlight, a rushing mass of silver water. The engine was a glow of fiery red. You saw no train. At 9:53 the smell of gas told us we were rising, and we commenced the work of testing echoes. I may here remark that there are two grave objections to balloon traveling—the one is that you cannot smoke and the other that you perpetually smell gas.

"In testing acoustically, I am afraid we did not succeed in gaining any air echo, though one at 1,000 feet—we went up in all to nearly 3,000 feet—was suspected. Echoes distinct we had in plenty, but they undoubtedly came from the balloon above us, and none—except perhaps the one dubious one I have referred to—from the empyrean. Echoes from the earth showed the air to be very variable in its carrying power. For a long distance, traveling at a height of 1,000 feet, the air remained singularly opaque acoustically, and not a trace of echoes could be caught, but later, at 2,400 feet, they became and remained very loud. Again, 25 minutes later and 300 feet lower, they had become distinctly feeble. The resonator, which Mr. Bacon, a member of the party, constantly used, showed the same striking acoustic variation.

"Mr. Bacon had with him an exquisitely sensitive air thermometer, which showed remarkably the variations in temperature during the steady ascent of the balloon. The temperature rose rapidly up to about 500 feet, at which elevation we encountered a colder stratum. Searing through this, we rose another 100 feet, again into warmer air; then through a second and a third shallow cold stratum, but at 1,000 feet we had entered an equable region, for an ascent of 1,600 feet or 1,700 feet higher gave us no practical change in the conditions, and, as acoustic experiments were to be a principal part of the night's work, we kept below an altitude of 3,000 feet. At the higher altitudes there was no water vapor noticeable in the spectrum.

"The brilliancy of the moon was very markedly increased as we flew higher, and lunar details easily seen with field-glasses from earth became difficult to gaze at. Seen through good glasses indeed the moon was simply dazzlingly and tryingly brilliant. As I bent to the Davy lamp we carried to read the aneroid to Mr. Bacon—Mr. Spencer could read it by the moonlight—it recorded 1,800 feet, and a clock below could be hard distinctly striking 10. At 2,000 feet it was marvelous to note the clean cut shadow of the balloon which the moon gave. As we threw out sand its shadow could be seen dropping from the balloon, first in a broad stream, then as it disintegrated and the particles separated widening into a nebulous shade to disappear altogether as it dropped earthward. I never before knew what moonlight could be. Every roadway, hedge and rivulet stood out as clear as if we were looking down on a large scale map.

"I have already alluded to the acoustic experiments that were made, and these proved amusing as well as instructive. At 1,200 feet we were getting splendid ground echoes from both voice and trumpet, and at this height, passing over one village, we created quite an excitement. Our hail of 'What is the name of this place?' was heard and answered, but we could not catch the name, except that it ended in 'row' or 'road.' Not at every village did we get word from the human denizens, but we never failed to rouse the dogs. If a 'hello' didn't do it, the trumpet never failed. At 2,400 feet so clear was the night that you could see the post cards we threw out flutter down, down, almost to the ground. At that height also the ground echoes came up quite clear, if somewhat faint, and dogs barking might almost have been in one's next door neighbor's garden.

"One superb effect was that of the moon's rays on any large collection of glass houses—we passed over several nursery gardens. Over a spread of these the sight was magnificent, though the effect was but momentary and had to be caught at the proper angle, but for the moment it turned the whole into a lake of molten silver. It was eerie to look down and see the trail rope stretching 350 feet down into space, but it was a grand way of realizing the idea of speed. If you sat in the bottom of the car, you felt absolutely as if you were motionless, though we were really traveling at the rate of some 20 or 25 miles an hour. Looking over the edge of the car down on the trail rope you could easily note how fast the rate of speed was, for, watching the end, as it hung in a plumb line from the car, you could mark how swiftly a huge wood or field was left behind. The only sensation in the slightest degree unpleasant felt at the highest altitude we reached was a slight singing in the ears. The party alighted at Aylesford without mishap."—London Chronicle.

English Election Bribes.

Parliamentary candidates will find something to interest them in the recent publication of the historical manuscripts commission. Among the Ailesbury papers we read that at Marlborough in 1712 the Duke of Somerset offered an elector for his vote, on behalf of a nominee, a pension of £20 per annum for life and to make him porter of Sion House. To another he offered a pension of £40, with a post worth another £40 a year, and to others he gave sums of money varying from £20 even up to £250. Again he promised to educate the son of a burgess and present him to a good living as soon as he was old enough. Strange to say, the duke's candidate was unsuccessful. He was a Whig, and it is suggested that the Tories must have been more liberal.—London Mail.