The Easton Star.

Published Weekly. Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1891. VOL. XXVII.—NO. 4.

Professional Cards.

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Last Proclamation.
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COLLECTING CLAIMS,
RENTING HOUSES,
COLLECTING RENTS.
Also as AUCTIONEER.
WM. H. BOSTICK.
jan28tf

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feb26yr

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Cor. Washington and Cabinet Streets
Easton, Md.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Baltimore & Eastern Shore Railroad.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp. A. M.	Exp. P. M.	Exp. A. M.	Mix. A. M.
Baltimore, Lv	9 10	4 55		
Annapolis	10 05	5 50		
Bay Ridge	10 45	6 30		
Claiborne	12 25	8 10	7 30	6 40
McDaniel			‡7 33	6 47
Harper	*12 30	*8 16	‡7 36	6 51
St. Michaels	12 35	8 22	7 41	7 05
Riverside				7 18
Royal Oak	*12 42	*8 30	‡7 50	7 24
Kirkham	112 47	28 38		7 32
Bloomfield	*12 51	*8 40	‡8 00	7 43
Easton	12 55	8 45	8 06	8 15
Turner				8 30
Bethlehem	*1 10	*9 00	‡8 21	8 42
Preston	1 16	9 07	8 27	8 52
Douglass	*1 20	*9 11	‡8 32	9 00
Murlocks	1 26	9 18	8 40	9 15
Hanes	*1 34	*9 23	‡8 46	9 25
Rhodesdale	*1 38	*9 27	‡8 50	9 30
Vienna	1 49	9 40	9 05	9 55
Barren Creek S	1 57	9 47	9 14	10 08
Hebron	*2 08	*9 57	‡9 24	10 25
Rock-a-Walking			‡9 29	10 32
Salisbury	2 20	10 10	9 38	11 20
N.Y.P.&N.Crossing	*2 32	*10 12		
Walstons	*2 39	*10 22	‡9 47	11 52
Parsonsburg	*2 45	‡10 25	‡9 54	12 0n
Pittsville	*2 51	‡10 30	‡10 01	12 20
New Hope	*2 54	‡10 39	‡10 11	12 50
Whaleyville	*2 58	‡10 43	‡10 15	1 05
St. Martin's	*3 02	‡10 50	‡10 28	1 25
Berlin	3 10	10 56	10 30	1 50
Ocean City, Ar	3 25	11 10	10 45	2 15
	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp. A. M.	Exp. P. M.	Exp. P. M.	Mix. A. M.
Ocean City, Lv	5 45	1 05	6 30	8 45
Berlin	5 59	1 18	6 45	9 18
St. Martin's	6 05	1 25	‡6 53	9 31
Whaleyville	6 12	1 31	‡7 00	9 47
New Hope	6 15	1 34	‡7 04	9 54
Pittsville	6 20	1 44	‡7 14	10 14
Parsonsburg	6 26	1 50	‡7 20	10 29
Walstons	6 35	1 55	‡7 25	10 37
N.Y.P.&N.Crossing	*6 44	*2 05		
Salisbury	6 55	2 20	7 37	12 50
Rock-a-Walking	*6 58	‡2 30	‡7 46	1 15
Hebron	*6 32	*2 35	‡7 51	1 20
Barren Creek S	7 07	2 46	8 01	1 57
Vienna	7 15	2 55	8 10	2 24
Rhodesdale	*7 28	*3 10	‡8 25	3 10
Hanes	*7 31	*3 14	‡8 29	3 20
Murlocks	7 38	3 20	‡8 35	3 30
Douglass	*7 44	*3 26	‡8 43	3 50
Preston	7 48	3 32	8 48	4 00
Bethlehem	*7 55	*3 39	‡8 55	4 15
Turner				4 31
Easton	8 10	3 55	9 11	5 20
Bloomfield	*8 15	*4 00	‡9 18	5 35
Kirkham	18 20	24 05		5 50
Royal Oak	*8 25	*4 10	*9 27	6 05
Riverside				6 15
St. Michaels	8 35	4 20	9 35	6 35
Harper	*8 40	*4 35	‡9 40	6 40
McDaniel			‡9 43	6 48
Claiborne	9 00	4 46	9 45	6 55
Bay Ridge	10 45	6 40		
Annapolis	11 05	6 55		
Baltimore, Ar	12 00	7 55		
	M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

‡ Leave Daily except Sunday. | Leave Sunday only. * Stop on signal to receive and discharge passengers for Baltimore, Ocean City, Easton and Salisbury. ; Stop to receive or discharge Baltimore passengers only. † Stop on signal. Stations at which time is not given trains do not stop.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

Commencing Monday, July 13th, 1891, trains run as follows:

GOING SOUTH. 201 Mail	261 Pass	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH 200 Mail	276 Pass
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
6 30	2 30	Baltimore	11 10	9 25
7 27	3 01	Philadelphia	10 32	7 55
9 42	5 08	Clayton	8 30	5 57
9 54	5 22	Kenton	8 21	5 47
10 03	5 32	Hartley	8 10	5 35
10 07	5 36	Slaughters	8 06	5 32
10 15	5 44	Marydel	8 01	5 22
10 22	5 52	Henderson	7 54	5 15
10 30	5 41	Goldsborough	7 46	5 05
10 40	6 55	Greensborough	7 39	4 54
10 50	6 04	Ridgely	7 29	4 42
11 00	6 12	Queen Anne	7 20	4 32
11 06	6 21	Cordova	7 11	4 22
11 16	6 28	Chapel	7 05	4 15
11 20	6 40	Easton	6 55	4 04
11 26	6 55	Trappe	6 39	3 46
11 30	7 00	Oxford	6 30	3 30
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.

FOR SALE.
A dwelling house and two lots in the town of Easton conveniently located to the best business parts of the town. Terms easy. Apply to R. S. DIXON.

Registration Notice.

To the Voters of Talbot County.

In compliance with Article 33, Code of Public General Laws, title "Elections," sub title "Registration," as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890, notice is hereby given that the Officers of Registration for Talbot county will sit as hereinafter stated for the purposes set forth in said article.

THE SEPTEMBER SITTING

will be on MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 22D and 23D, (each day from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.)

THE OCTOBER SITTING

will be on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 6TH, 7TH and 8TH, and on MONDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, (each day from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.)

The Sitting on Monday, October 19th, will be only for revision and for hearing applications for reinstatement by persons whose names have been stricken off.

EASTON DISTRICT.

The Officer of Registration for the First Election District will sit at the Court House in Easton for the FIRST and SECOND ELECTION PRECINCTS of said district on Monday and Tuesday, September 21st and 22d; and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5th, 6th and 7th; and also at the same place on Monday, October 19th, for revision and hearing applications for reinstatement.

He will sit at the store of Meiere & Co., at Tunis Mills, for the THIRD ELECTION PRECINCT of said district on Wednesday, September 23d, and Thursday, October 8th.

ST. MICHAELS DISTRICT.

The Officer of Registration for the Second Election District will sit for the FIRST ELECTION PRECINCT of said district in the town of St. Michaels in the office of the W. B. & L. Association on Wednesday, September 23d, and Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th and 8th; also at the same place on Monday, October 19th, for revision and hearing applications for reinstatement.

He will sit for the SECOND ELECTION PRECINCT of said district at P. D. Hunt's store (formerly Camper's), in Broad Creek Neck on Monday, September 21st, and Monday, October 5th.

He will sit for the THIRD ELECTION PRECINCT of said district at Pastorfield's store, Royal Oak, on Tuesday, September 22d, and Tuesday, October 6th.

TRAPPE DISTRICT.

The Officer of Registration for the Third Election District will sit for the FIRST ELECTION PRECINCT of said district in the town of Trappe on Monday and Tuesday, September 21st and 22d, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5th, 6th and 7th; also at the same place on Monday, October 19th, for revision and hearing applications for reinstatement.

He will sit for the SECOND ELECTION PRECINCT of said district in the town of Oxford on Wednesday, September 23d, and Thursday, October 8th.

CHAPEL DISTRICT.

The Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District will sit in the village of Cordova on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21st, 22d and 23d; and on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th; also on Monday, October 19th, for revision and hearing applications for reinstatement.

BAY HUNDRED DISTRICT.

The Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District will sit for the FIRST ELECTION PRECINCT of said district at the village of Wittman on Monday and Tuesday, September 21st and 22d; and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 5th, 6th and 7th; also at the same place on Monday, October 19th, for revision and hearing applications for reinstatement.

He will sit for the SECOND ELECTION PRECINCT of said district at May's store, Tilghman's Island, on Wednesday, September 23d, and on Thursday, October 8th.

For the information of voters and applicants for registration, the following extract from Section 15 of said Chapter 573 is herewith given, and the careful attention of all persons who may be supposed to come under its provisions is called to it:

"All persons who, prior to the passage of this act, shall have vacated or removed from or have gone with their parents from the place of their actual abode, domicile, dwelling-place or habitation within this State, and shall have taken a domicile, dwelling place abode or habitation out of this State, shall be conclusively presumed to have thereby intended to abandon their legal residence in this State, and to have surrendered their right to registration as legal voters in the State unless within thirty days after the passage of this act they shall go in person before the clerk of the circuit court of the county from which they shall have so removed or before the clerk of the superior court of Baltimore city, if their removal shall have been from said city, and make and acknowledge before such clerk an affidavit that when they so removed they did not intend to change their legal residence within the State, but that they had a fixed purpose to return at a definite time, and that they intend to return to this State and to take up their actual domicile and habitation therein on or before six months next preceding the Tuesday after the first Monday of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-one;

* * * * * * * * * *

and unless the persons respectively making such affidavits shall actually return to this State and shall actually take up their abode, domicile or habitation therein six months before the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, they shall be conclusively presumed to have lost their legal residence therein and shall not be entitled to registration therein as legal voters, and the officers of registration shall strike off their names from the registry, if they be entered thereon: and after the passage of this act all persons who shall vacate and remove from the place of their actual domicile, abode, dwelling-place or habitation out of this State shall be conclusively presumed to have lost their residence in this State, and in consequence thereof become disqualified to vote, unless at or about the time of such removal or within ten days thereafter they shall go in person before the clerk of the circuit court of the county from which they shall so remove, or before the clerk of the superior court of Baltimore city, if such removal be from said city, and shall make and acknowledge before him an affidavit declaring that notwithstanding such removal from their domicile, abode, dwelling place or habitation, they did not intend thereby to change their legal residence, but that they have a fixed and definite purpose to return to this State on or before six months preceding the next succeeding election in November;

* * * * * * * * * * *

and if the persons making such affidavits shall fail to so return and take up their actual abode, domicile, dwelling place or habitation in this State on or before six months next preceding such November election, they shall be conclusively presumed to have abandoned such declared intention, and shall thereupon become disqualified to vote in this State, and the officers of registration shall refuse to register them as qualified voters, or shall strike off their names from the registry if they be entered thereon; the clerk before whom such affidavit shall be made shall retain, index and record the same, and shall be entitled to demand and receive for each acknowledgment the sum of thirty cents, and for indexing and recording the affidavits and acknowledgments thereto, the same compensation as is allowed by law for indexing and recording deeds, such costs to be paid to said clerks by the commissioners and mayor and city council of Baltimore respectively; such affidavits shall not be admissible in evidence as evidence of the right of the persons making the same to registration, unless they are recorded within five days from the date of the acknowledgment thereto, and a duly certified copy thereof shall be receivable in evidence in the same manner as a certified copy of a deed; false swearing in any such affidavits shall be deemed to be perjury, and shall be punishable as perjury is by the Code of Public General Laws, article twenty-seven, title "Crimes and Punishments," sub title "Perjury;" and the officers of registration shall require the production of such affidavit duly recorded, or a duly certified copy thereof in all cases where they shall have reason to suspect that the person applying to be registered as a qualified voter has lost his residence by reason of his removal from the State as hereinbefore mentioned and they may also in such cases put any question which they may deem proper to such applicant, concerning the place where he dwelt in the county or legislative district before such removal out of the State, his occupation before such removal and since, the time when he so removed, and when he returned, and all other pertinent facts and circumstances touching the right of such person to be registered, and they may require the answers of all persons to such questions to be corroborated by independent evidence if in their discretion they shall think proper; and if in answer to their questions or upon testimony produced before them it shall appear to their satisfaction that the person applying to be registered had left the State without an intention of returning, or with the intention of returning at some indefinite time in the future, he shall not be entitled to be registered as a legal voter."

THOMAS H. TRIPPE,
Officer of Registration for the First Election District.
JOHN T. HARRISON,
Officer of Registration for the Second Election District.
WILLIAM B. EWING,
Officer of Registration for the Third Election District.
J. ADDISON MORGAN,
Officer of Registration for the Fourth Election District.
JOSEPH LOWE,
Officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District.

Baltimore Advertisements.

Charles M. Gale. Lucius W. Woolford
Chas M. Gale & Co
Successors to Harry Maginnis.
MEN'S FURNISHERS
30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Manly House),
BALTIMORE, MD.
A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.
We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.
Shirts Made to Order

GEO. J. RECORDS. H. P. GOLDSBOROUGH.
RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
IMPORTERS OF
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DEALERS IN
PURE RYE WHISKIES.
Pure Liquors for Medicinal Purposes Furnished.
No 56 Light Street, Baltimore.

Easton Business Cards.

ED. ROBERTS,
BUILDER,
EASTON, MD.

BRICKLAYING & PLASTERING.
All kinds of work in my line of business will receive prompt and careful attention soliciting a portion of the trade of this and adjoining counties. Satisfaction will be given.
SAMUEL T. BROWN,
Bricklayer and Plasterer,
jan7-ly. Easton, Md.

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A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

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Is the finest thing on the market for Veterinary purposes. Will positively cure Scratches, Collar and Saddle Galls, Shoe Boils, Mange and Wounds of all kinds. One trial is all that will be necessary to prove all that it claims to do. For sale by
W. C. HUGHES,
Successor to R. J. Trippe.

TRUTH SHALL TRIUMPH.

The hope of truth grows stronger day by day
Lower the soul of man around the world roll,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray;
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them with disdainful thunder
That makes old emptiness stare in wonder
The memory of a glory past away
Lingers in every heart; ne'in the shell
Responds the bygone freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free
For high and yet more high the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.
—James Russell Lowell.

A TALE OF A KEY.

On the wall of an "Old Curiosity Shop," Belgrade street, above Frankford road, hangs a key made of iron a foot in length, and the wards rusted up. It still represents the old time being that the best guarantee for security against thieves was a big lock and a key like a sledge hammer, but this rusty iron has a history, and is associated with a record of human passions, hopes and frailties that once guided and controlled the lives of several people.

There was a time when the Delaware front above Callowhill street was beautiful with fine shrubbery, and men in the boat and spar yards worked under the shade of big willows whose long branches trailed in the water. This was especially the case at Grayley's timber yard. The old brick house on the bank of the river was covered with ivy and shadowed by a small grove of elms made musical in spring by the whistle of the blackbirds and martins. Here lived Martin Bentz with his wife and daughter. He was Mr. Grayley's managing man—kept his books, paid the hands and sold the timber. The office was in a corner room in the house, and in the wall was built the safe. It didn't pretend to be fireproof, but both old Grayley and his clerk believed that all the burglars in the state could not get into it, and every night he locked the door with serious mien and much deliberation, and then handed the key to Martin, who kept it till next morning.

To one of our modern artists it would be a pleasant hour's work to open the old strong box with a keyhole that you could put your three fingers in, but these were primitive days, and old Martin felt safe as long as the key was in his possession. Bentz was a German by birth, but his wife American, bred and born in Fishtown. Although the couple were not always accordant in opinion, on one subject they agreed, and that was about the beauty and excellence of their daughter Mabel, and parental judgments are often fallible, but there could be no question as to Mabel Bentz's merits. She was not only a good daughter but a very beautiful girl. No race in America produces more lovely women than the German Americans, and there could be no better illustration of this than Martin Bentz's daughter.

She was not much liked by the neighboring girls, as they were rather a rough lot in those days, much given to promiscuous dances that generally ended in a free fight among their admirers. Mabel, by avoiding them, got the credit of being proud. She was assistant in a millinery store on Second street, and was never without an escort home, but very few were permitted to come to the house, and the girl herself was circumspect and as yet indifferent to the advances of any of her male acquaintances.

She had two persistent suitors, both young men, one—George Graham—was a boat builder, a fair, manly fellow, and an excellent mechanic, but he was not handsome, and, while a favorite with the old man, Mrs. Bentz had a very pronounced dislike for him.

The other, Peter Daily, was a very showy young man, ostensibly a plumber, but he was seldom known to work; and yet he wore good clothes and always seemed to have plenty of money. He was rather good looking, but there was a shifty expression in his hard, gray eyes that was not prepossessing; but he was Mrs. Bentz's favorite.

It was Martin's custom to hang the safe key over the mantelpiece, and it seemed to give him much pleasure to sit and watch it. He was given to moderate potations, and at times was boastful and indiscreet in speech. One Friday night the family were assembled in their one sitting room, and both Graham and Daily were present. Martin was telling of a big sale of timber he had made for Mr. Grayley, and how the price, some $2,500, had been paid in that day. Daily's eyes looked more furtive than ever, and Mabel, glancing over her sewing thought how mean his expression was at times, but the talk became general, and Daily soon left.

Next evening he was again a visitor, bringing with him a friend, a tall, thin, showily dressed man, he had also brought Martin a bottle of brandy. This was opened and the old man became quite convivial. Suddenly a tremendous crash was heard outside. The entire party made a rush for the door, all but Daily's thin friend. He, quick as a cat, mounted a chair, and taking down the safe key substituted another, in looks much the same. The others came back in a few moments, it was only a pile of spars that had fallen—no doubt the work of the bad boys that infested the wharfs. Daily and his friend went away and George Graham came in, and was soon deeply engaged in conversation with Mabel. As was the custom, the parents withdrew, and George began to explain to Mabel his improving prospects and his desire that she should become his wife. The girl's temperament was placid and rather cold, and while she liked Graham she was not in the least stirred by passion, so she answered calmly that it would not be right for her to accept without her mother's consent, and here she stopped.

"Oh, my! George, there is some one in the office! I'll call father."

Graham stole to the door, and saw through the office window a faint gleam of light. He did not hesitate, but going around the house pushed open the door of the office. Three men were in front of the open safe. Graham gave a shout and dashed at them. He was active and powerful, but a blow on the head stopped him for a moment, and he saw the robbers escape through the end window. He grasped something that lay on the desk and followed. They were evidently making for a boat at the end of the wharf, but the hindmost stumbled and fell, and as he sprang up Graham gave him a blow on the head that laid him out. Old Martin joined him with a lantern.

"Turn the fellow over till we can see his face. As I live, it is Philip Daily, the scoundrel. What have you got in your hand?"

George looked.

"Why, it is surely the safe key."

Martin was amazed. The genuine was certainly in its accustomed place in the house and yet the safe had been opened. Comparison of the two at once made the plan of the robbery manifest—the key in Graham's hands had been the means of bringing Daily to justice and he went to jail with a very sore head. Graham proved his suit, but Mrs. Bentz had evidently resolved that he should not marry her daughter, and Mabel had not force of character enough to act independently, so George, bidding them all good by, left, and next day they heard that he had shipped on a vessel bound for India.

Mabel mourned his absence, and, as is often the case, found that she loved him more than she had imagined, but three years passed away and no word came from her old lover.

Martin Bentz's health began to fail, and his wife thought that it was time for her daughter to marry. Mr. Grayley had a nephew named Sands, who worked around the place, and he had been paying Mabel much attention, and finally spoke to her mother, and after much persuasion and some secret tears the girl accepted him and they were married. Sands was not a bad fellow, but he was utterly feeble in character, and after four years of dull and spiritless married life Mabel found herself a childless widow. Her father was dead, and when her mother spoke of her marrying again Mabel said, with unusual firmness: "Mother, your interference broke up my life, and I will not allow it to influence me again. Don't speak to me about these matters, as you only give me pain."

George Graham had prospered as a sailor, and one day he came to Philadelphia, captain of a magnificent clipper ship. He had cargo consigned to a firm on Delaware avenue, and went to their counting house and was very politely received. Captains were bigger people then than now. Glancing around he saw hanging on the wall a large key. Memory at once recalled the house in the boatyard and his lost sweetheart. "You are looking at that key," said one of the partners; "well, that belonged to an uncle of mine named Grayley. It has a history, and when the old house was torn down I kept this as a memento."

Graham was silent for a moment and then asked, "Do you know anything of the family that lived in your uncle's house?"

"The Bentzes! Oh, yes, my uncle left old Martin's widow $100 a year as long as she lives. We pay it to her. Her widowed daughter, Mrs. Sands, a very pretty and good woman, comes for it, and, by the by, it's due today, and here she comes. Do you know her?"

Graham was strongly moved. He met her at the door and said, "Mabel, do you remember me?"

Poor girl! She stared at him for a moment and then burst into tears. "Oh, yes, George, I remember you well."

The sequel needs no telling. Captain Graham made but one more voyage and then married his early love. Old Mrs. Bentz, fortunately, died soon afterward.

The old key had been a talisman and it hung in the dingy office with a tag on telling from whence it came, until a new generation came in, and then it was thrown in the rubbish, and now hangs battered, rusty and forlorn on the wall of a rag shop.—Philadelphia Press.

Haunts of Toadfish.

The toadfish of America usually haunts the crevices of rocks, where it lays its spawn in strings like that of the toad. In an aquarium of the United States fish commission at Washington an ordinary jug, in which one of these curious fish has made its home. The jug was picked up from the bottom of Great Harbor, Wood's Holl, Mass., with a male toadfish inside and a quantity of spawn adhering to the walls. Toadfish have also been found at home in old boots, pieces of draintile and bottomless beer bottles. In the aquarium at Washington there are stern battles for the freehold of these tenements, but the fish in possession is generally able to hold its own.—Philadelphia Ledger.

What American Men Cannot Do.

"There is one thing," says a lady just home from abroad, "which can never be learned by an American gentleman. No matter how many years of practice in foreign courts he may get, he can never be graceful while kissing a lady's hand. He feels it necessary to keep his dignity and his upright position, and he is always in a hurry. He seizes her fingers, gallantly dashes them to his lips, and if he happens to be six feet tall and she short her sleeve and dress may be compelled to part company."—New York Recorder.

Cloud Photography.

A great deal of remarkable data, which is of immense value in the preparation of weather forecasts, has been compiled from an investigation of cloud photographs. The range of observations extended from clouds floating less than one and a half miles high in air moving at seven miles an hour, to nine miles above the ground in gales blowing sixty-five miles an hour, while the surface wind was only a gentle breeze of five miles an hour.—New York Telegram.

Degenerating.

She—From present indications, what do you think will be the most notable thing about the drama of the future?

He—The absence of an audience.—Harper's Bazar.

An ice bill may be cool, but it is not always collected.

An ardent swain goes to court prepared to plead his own cause.

If life were really a poem it is doubtful if any one would be averse to it.

The spoon craze pervades the watering places. It takes only two to make a set.

Quericus: What is Mrs. Moneybag's position in society? Cynicus: Why, it's capital.

When a firm winds up its business it is only reasonable to suppose that it has been running down.

Ever since Rebecca went to the well watering places have been great resorts for ladies with matrimonial aspirations.

There is no affliction without its compensating benefit. The deaf mute is a stranger to the trials of the telephone.

A distinctive feature of this season's hats for the ladies is an exceptionally low crown. Not so the price. It is as high as ever.

Theater Manager (to departing spectator): Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts. "Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going."

"How are you getting along with the piano?" asked Alphonso of his best beloved Matilda. "Oh, very well; I can see great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next people stayed a month, the next, ten weeks, and the family there now have remained nearly six months."

WITH A HEALTH DOCTOR.

EARLY MORNING SCENES IN TENEMENT HOUSE DISTRICTS.

Half Starved Babes and Children That Live on Decayed Fruit and Nourishment That is Worse—Deadly Smells Abound and How They Are Corrected.

Twenty minutes in one of the districts of the summer corps of the board of health will enable any one to obtain an idea of how the tenement house people live. Imagine that you have accepted an invitation to spend twenty minutes with one of the summer doctors.

It is a hot August day, 8 o'clock in the morning. The air even at this early hour is stifling. Are you surprised to find life astir here? Remember you are in the midst of the poor people, who begin their day's labor at 6 o'clock. Entering our district, nothing escapes our eyes. See this stand on the corner piled up with fruit, beautiful to behold, suggesting a garden in the tropics. But what is that odor? And this wee newsboy—what does he want to buy?

Curiosity to see what the child is going to buy, also our duty impelling us to discover the cause of the odor, hold us a moment. We see that he buys two peaches for a cent, and then for the first time notice that the luscious heaps consist of piles of decaying fruit thrown promiscuously together—rotten pears, bananas and peaches; rotten fruit selling at two and three a cent. We mildly accost the owner and tell him such fruit is not wholesome; it ought to be thrown away.

He "doesn't care" about the unwholesomeness of the stuff. We then show our badge and make him throw it away. We pass on thinking that we have saved the lives of many children, an ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure.

Pushing our way we proceed. It is really pushing our way, for the street is lined with mothers, each holding a baby in her arms, with another dragging on to her skirts. Some are sitting on the stoops, some in the areas and others on the curbstones; in fact they are all over. Suddenly we hear a pitiful wail from a little baby. We know what that means—it means that the baby is thirsty. The mother also thinks she knows. She gives it the breast. The poor baby, after clutching it eagerly and taking many swallows, releases it and again cries that same pitiful, forlorn wail.

BLESSED WATER.

Can any one be ignorant that nothing can quench thirst but water? Milk is a poor substitute. Here is a chance to give a private lecture, and presently we are telling the mother that the baby needs water to quench its thirst; the hot weather makes it sweat a good deal; it loses a great deal of water and so needs a great deal. A passing ice wagon furnishes a scrap of ice. It does one good to see how eagerly baby sucks it. This mother lives in a house where there are fifteen other mothers, and asking her to tell the others, we walk away feeling sure before night all these babies will be drinking water. We have told her to give it to the baby to drink.

Looking up and down the street we see that it is very dirty. Going over to investigate a pile of dirt, we see on its uphill side a pool of stagnant water which is almost green. Given a hot August day, a peck of garbage and the universal dust, and we have a germ breeding center. The people inhale this air all day and all night.

Looking around we see the houses that need us most—dirty, filthy houses. No wonder the people camp out in the streets all day—yes, and all night. We see a group of mothers and children standing at a hall door. They make room for us to pass. We stop to speak to them. Noticing a weary, white faced girl of about twenty years, and seeing a child clinging to her dress, we ask her about the baby, then about herself. She tells us that the baby is a year and a half old, still nursing. Asking her if she does not know that babies should be weaned at nine months, the answer we receive is, yes, that she knows, but it does not hurt it and it saves the cost of buying milk for the baby, for they are very poor.

DEATH IN THE CELLAR.

Out in the yard we notice a child about three years old, with an old man's face—this face being characteristic of rickets, that disease now becoming so common among poor people. This little one is busy eating an apple skewered on a stick, and eating it as if it were its entire breakfast; not dessert or any relish, but its whole meal. In contrast to this one and other dirty children, three clean children attracted attention, and what a contrast!

Our twenty minutes is almost up, but we can hardly tear ourselves away from this gypsy like encampment. A last look at them forces a smile, as we see a German housefrau with her basket of lunch, blanket and knitting. She has evidently come from an upper story to spend the day on the sidewalk. In the hall we meet a pleasant faced, motherly woman; she is evidently the janitress. We ask her about the number of families in the house, children, plumbing, sickness, etc. We notice a distinct odor in the hall. We'll try the cellar. She lights us down there, and answers glibly all our questions. We are really ashamed to have suspected anything wrong in the cellar, but the odor is a danger signal, which says, "Take heed; danger!"

We look around the cellar; all clean and dry. We are just going to leave when we see a relieved look in her face, and suspecting at once something wrong, begin to pry about from end to end. Knocking on one end of the wall we find it not solid, but boarded up. We pull one of the boards out and discover the cause of the odor. There lies an underground lake, fed not by springs, but by an old leak in the sewer! This, at least, the authorities can deal with. We report the case at once.—New York Herald.

Did it ever occur to you to think how wretchedly inferior as a runner man is to nearly every other living creature?

The demonstration of canine joy begins at the end.

Scientific men insist that Niagara Falls are receding every year.

A bonnet covered with birds does not sing, but it makes a man whistle when the bill comes in.

The Venetians number about 400,000, and a great many come under the head of the floating population.

A little saltpeter or baking soda mixed with water in which cut flowers are placed will keep them fresh for a long while.

Miss Stuyvesant: I have been shopping today, papa, and I wish you'd arrange to be at home when the things come. I have ordered everything C. O. D. Mr. S.: Ah, yes, I understand; that means Call On Dad.

TWO THRUSHES MET.

Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.
"And I am I, dear heart, and you are she
Whose tender note beguiled me on my way!"

They did not heed that all the sky was gray,
And not a neighbor leaf on any tree:
Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.

They did not miss the brightness of the May,
Or pine June's rosy, lavish wealth to see.
"April," he chirped, "is fair enough for me
And when you sing, lo! spring is on the way."
Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.
—Louise Chandler Moulton in Harper's Bazar.

BARBARA'S SEVERE TEST

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk?"

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin upstairs. It smells of mold. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is upstairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will that, and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made the lad wait while he had a careful survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I have a test to put you through before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you d