News.

...RTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1891. No. 45.

...O SCOT.

...summer morning, ...or the term of ...ay ...as nearly at an end ...l as many is possible ...rs in the pure sweet ...golden sunshine. I ..., taking my garden-hat ...the hall, I went down ...

As I reached the gate ...the road, a great Scotch ...ped forward to meet me ...bark.

...Doggie, ready for your ... I asked, as I stopped to ...for a moment into his ...es.

...ry friendly towards me, ...er living near. Neither ...Aunt Mary liked him. ...not to be trusted, they ...ed, currently reported ...ne or two children; but ...serious harm had re- ...said the children must ...him or he would not ...; and this I quite be- ...he and I were firm ...spent many hours to- ...out the fields and ...

...urned out of the high- ..., I perceived a man in ...leisurely along. He ...approached, and, ad- ...had come from Thus- ...even miles distant—in ...know any one who ...er? I told him that I ...he hay had all been ...orn was not yet ripe, ...some difficulty in ...

...en he again stopped ...thing for four and ...Had I "a copper" ...ld into my pocket, ...purse with me. ...aid; "but if you are ...our right at the top ...the first house you ...will obtain some- ...

...en sent away from ...I felt that a man ...t tasted food for ...ry worthy of her ...what my intend- ...pon me, I should ...her direction. ...cot stood by my ...growls. I could ...vior then; I can- ...only know that ...nted when the ...

...then across two ...ommon, where I ...ide me with his ..., I had grown ...ture; and, while ...over him and ...eeze upon my ...very pleasant ...ould, all going ...nd I flattered ...ossessed such ...I anticipated ...sted lovingly ...ked forward ...rilliant dia- ...assive gold ...f its value ...ve been to ...orning. He ...had taken ...ings had ...een easy ...no house ...id to my ...I hardly ...you be- ...hank for ...lf." ...he here ...stman ...ughts, ...three ...the ...slip- ...too ...ried ...l to ...ded ...vay ...nt ...he ...nt ...

one else in my defense. I'm going to seek some dinner for him."

"Dinner! I wonder what he'll do when you're gone. And I wonder what you'll say when I tell you I've accepted an invitation for his evening?"

"Oh, grandmamma, you shouldn't have done so, because I can't go!"

"Why not?" — "Because I can't leave you."

"But I've promised, dear. Alice Maitland called just after you were gone, to ask you to go to dinner at six. A cousin came unexpectedly this morning, and they are getting up a little party on her account. She leaves again to morrow."

It was of no use my protesting, as grandmamma repeated that she had promised and I must go; but she said, if I dressed early, I might preside at her tea-table before I started.

For my evening attire I chose a white silk simply but prettily made and opal ornament. As I descended the stairs in my rich dress and jewels, I was astonished to see the man whom I had that morning directed to call for breakfast standing at the open hall door. I fancied his eyes sparkled as they rested on my ornaments. He touched his cap respectfully as he told me he had missed the house in the morning, had not succeeded in getting work, and begged for a crust of bread.

The drawing-room door stood open, and grandmamma, who heard his request called to me to send him round to the back door, and to tell Jane to give him a good meal of bread and cheese and beer.

"Now come and let me look at you," said grandmamma, as I entered the drawing-room after delivering my message.

I turned round and round for inspection, and then asked jokingly if I should do.

"You look very nice, my dear; but how did those opals come into your possession?"

"Archie gave them to me on my last birthday."

"Archie! I thought Archibald Camphell had more sense; he could not have given you anything more unlucky had he desired to do so."

"What a superstitions old darling you are!" I answered, laughing, as I seated myself and began to make the tea; and then we chatted and laughed and forgot all about the opals and the man in the kitchen till grandmamma reminded me that it was time for me to go.

"Harry is sure to bring you home, or I would send John for you," she said, when I was ready to start.

"Oh, yes—don't trouble about me even if I am a little later than usual!" I replied, and then with a kiss and pleasant good-bye I set out.

Across the lawn, through the kitchen-garden and the little wicket-gate beside John the gardener's cottage, across a wheat field, and over the little bridge which spanned the brook that divided grandmamma's property from Mr. Maitland's, then across another field out of which opened a gate leading into Mr. Maitland's shrubbery. It was not a public road and I doubt if anyone ever made use of it except members of the two families between whose house it lay. At the gardener's cottage Scot had joined me—much to my surprise, as I seldom saw him after our early morning walk. I have often wondered whether he knew instinctively that danger lay in my path and had constituted himself my protector.

At the shrubbery gate I turned to send him home, when, to my astonishment, the man whom I supposed I had left in the kitchen stood upon the little bridge over which I had just passed. Scot caught sight of him at the same instant and and repeated his low angry growl!

"There, there, good dog—go home!" I said soothingly, and a moment later the gate was closed between us.

It was a large and very pleasant party at Mr. Maitland's that evening and the great clock at the stable was striking 12 when Harry Maitland and I passed through the gate again on my way home. The moon was shining brightly and I fancied I saw some one enter the laurels by one side of the house as we crossed the lawn, and for a second I thought of asking my companion to see if there was anyone there; but, as he had evidently not noticed anything, I decided that it must have been imagination on my part and refrained from mentioning it.

"Who's there?" called Jane, in answer to our knock.

"Friends!" answered Harry, in his hearty jovial voice; and the door was opened. "I'll wait outside," he added, after wishing us good night, "'till you make the castle secure again."

So Jane fastened the door; and, as Harry heard the last bolt drawn, he shouted "Good night!" and we heard him cross the gravel road.

"I'm so glad you're come, miss," exclaimed Jane, as we turned from the door; "mistress was tired and went to bed soon after ten, and ever since I've thought I've heard some one about outside!"

"It must have been fancy," I replied ...fully, wishing to reassure the timid ... I felt sure that, even if I had really ...ght of some one in the garden it ...wise to acquaint Jane with the ...

...d the stairs together, and, ...randmamma's room and ...was asleep, I crept ...rtment, and before ...upon the pillow. ...was impossible to ...events of the ...seen three ...pose it were ...s? Oh, ...was ...hat ...t

Oh, how I wish that aunt and cook were at home, or that John had slept in the house! If I could only reach him even now! Noiselessly and swiftly I gained the hall door, and with trembling fingers drew the bolts and turned the key. I had heard nothing on my way down stairs—nothing, indeed, since leaving my bed-room. Suppose I called John up for nothing after all? I thought I would make sure, so I crept to the dining-room window, and was surprised and alarmed, for I found that one of the plate-glass panes had been removed, and standing with his back to me was a man coolly examining the silver on the side-board.

I might easily have crept away without being heard and have reached John's cottage; but for a few seconds I seemed spell-bound, riveted to the spot; and then it was too late, for the man had turned and seen me. I fled, and he followed. Oh, if I could only reach the cottage before he caught me! I think I should have done so had not my foot caught against something and I fell. I was up and off again; but my pursuer had gained on me, and, before I had gone many yards, I felt his hand on my shoulder as he hissed rather than uttered the words—

"So you thought to make off and save your ring, did you? It's a pity you should be disappointed!"

"I never thought of my ring," I answered stoutly; "but I did intend fetching some one to see what you were about."

"Oh, indeed! Well, it ain't so often as folks troubles theirselves about me; but, as you do take a hinterest in my affairs, I'll tell you what I was about. I'd come to fetch this yer diamond as is on yer finger, and them stones as yer has on to-night with any other pretty things as yer may possess. I'd 've had some on 'em before, only for the company as you've had wi' you whenever I've seed you to-day."

"You're a wicked, ungratful man to do this after all the kindness I've shown you!" I cried indignantly.

"Maybe I am," he answered coolly; "but that don't trouble me; so give me that ring!" he demanded.

"I'll do nothing of the kind; and, if you don't let me go, I'll shout!"

"Oh, you will, will yer? We'll see about that?"

He held me with his left hand, and, as he spoke he took from his pocket a great clasp-knife, and, opening it with his teeth, held it before my eyes. I was horrified and recoiled from it, while my blood seemed to turn cold.

"Oh, yes, I thought as how I could stop yer noise! You only make one sound, and you'll be a dead woman!"

What should I do? My courage was quickly giving way, but I mentally resolved that he should kill me rather than force me to surrender [illegible]. It had never been off my finger [illegible] Archie placed it there nearly [illegible] years before, and I had promised never be re- moved [illegible] ne was a substitute.

"Now [illegible] ring!" the man exclaimed, shaking [illegible] roughly.

"I won't: I'll never take it off, if you keep me here all night!"

"Then I must take it—that's all!"

He threw the knife on the ground, and at that moment I heard a low angry growl; the next, my enemy lay on the ground, with Scot holding him down; and then I was safe.

I had the presence of mind to pick up the knife and throw it over a hedge, and then I ran to John's cottge. I had no trouble in arousing him and his wife, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing John start in the direction of the village.

"Scot will hold the man safe enough," he said, "while I fetch a policeman, who will give him a lodging in the police-station for the night.

After he was gone, Mrs. Hodnet lit a fire and made me a cup of tea; and I lay on the sofa in her little parlor till her husband returned with Scot and told us he had seen the man locked up.

How I hugged and kissed Scot, feeling thankful for my deliverance; and I gladly accepted Mrs. Hodnet's invitation to stay with her till we thought Jane would be up, John going to guard the house.

How surprised and frightened grandmamma and Jane were when they heard of my adventure! How vexed aunt and cook were at having been away! And then, when, alas, the excitement was over, how ill I was for weeks!

The wedding-day had to be postponed, much to Archie's annoyance; but, when at length we did leave England on our wedding tour, Scot accompanied us; and I had satisfaction in knowing that Ned Manton, the man who out for the faithfulness of my dumb friend would in all probability have taken my life was in safe keeping for fourteen years. As to my ring, it has never left my finger save on one occasion; but my opal ornaments have never been worn since that memorable night. Archie says it is all nonsense; but somehow I can't help thinking that grandmamma is right, and that they are unlucky; while she and aunt Mary both agree with me in saying there never was a more faithful, gentle creature than MY FRIEND SCOT.

Sponge Out a Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over the basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes out in sequence.

...woman knows the aching face ...generally brought home from a ...shopping or from a long round ...and afternoon teas. ...gards with intense dissatisfaction ...y lines drawn around her eyes ...h by the long strain on the facial ...when she must carry that ...ner party or ...all the

THE LIFE SAVER.

A Man of Whose Courage the People Know Little.

Atlantic City, the scene of so much gaiety during the summer, now presents an entirely different scene. In place of the gentle summer zephyrs and the soft, low roar of the breakers on the beach, will be the howling tempest, the scream of the hurricane and the crash of the mighty waves as they rush up the sands as though to envelop the entire city.

The saving crews, who appeared so idle in the summer, will have dangerous work to perform and daring rescues to effect. Of all the working classes one cannot imagine any that deserve more pity and sympathy than the life-saver during the winter. His chief business seems to be keeping a look out and he may as easily discharge his duty while leaning against a post gazing idly over the dark blue waters, as by patroling the beach. He may lounge indeed, but let the signal be given, let him understanding that there are men perishing out at sea, and there is no blue jacket that could outstrip him in a race to the life-boat.

The commonplace could not be more fully expressed than by the average life-saver, with his face bronzed and wrinkled, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his pilot coat, a short black pipe between his lips. On the other hand the heroic could not be more magnificently illustrated than by the picture of the same man, clad in oilskins, girt with cork, seated in the life boat, battling with the wild and thunderous forces of the black tempest and the maddened ocean.

Of no other vocation is such a contrast conceivable. It is impossible to picture a nobler figure than the life-savers make when struggling for the deliverance of a miserable, perishing crew. The field of battle yields no such scene. There is scarce an act of heroism but what pales in the glare of the shining performance of the lifeboat man. He goes to his work in cold blood; there is nothing to stimulate him, no cheers of comrades, no rage of conflict. The bugle gives not its silvery notes nor the drum its stirring roll. He leaps from the warmth of his blankets at the first beating on his door, responds to the first signal that he is wanted, and that there is a perishing crew to save. He does not stop to dress, flinging his clothes across his arm he wraps them about him as he runs.

The black night, the whirling snow, the roaring blast of the wintry wind or the thundering of the breakers on the beach daunt him not. Far across the black waste of surging waters gleams a little flash of yellow light, followed by the smothered boom of the minute gun—the ship's appeal for aid.

It needs the heart of a lion to face it all—the heart of a lion with glorious human courage besides. It is not a father bent on saving his child or a husband struggling to rescue his wife, or even a cherished friend that appeals for help. The souls imperiled may not even be Americans, but they are men, and that is all the life-saver wants to know, and to preserve them quits his wife and little ones, turns his back upon the little home he may never again enter, upon the humble roof that proverty may raze to the ground if he is not restored to keep it propped up by his labor. He quits everything dear to him and with his life in his hand plunges into the black commotion in the fearless discharge of the most beautiful, manly, unselfish duty that mortal creature could undertake the fulfilment of.

Such is the career of the life-saver, and if you have ever seen him lounging about in apparent idleness down at Atlantic City, don't express any opinion on him until you have seen the heroic deeds he performs in winter when the great hotels are closed and the thousands have deserted Atlantic City.

A PUT UP JOB.

The other day a Detroiter who deals in real estate, law, insurance, loans, law suits, politics, etc., went over to Chicago. While nearing that city a man came to him and confidentially remarked: "There's a chap in the car back there trying to get a $20 bill changed. It's a base counterfeit, and I want to put you on your guard."

He was warmly thanked for his kindness and passed on, and five minutes later a man appeared with a bill in his hand and asked:

"Friend, can you change this twenty?"

"Sorry to say I can't," was the prompt reply.

"Well, let me have ten and you keep the bill until we get to Chicago."

"Can't do it."

"Can't you let me have five?"

"No."

"Perhaps you are afraid of the bill. I don't claim to know much about money. Is it good or bad?"

"It's a counterfeit."

"No!"

"I'm sure of it."

"It can't be. I'll bet the face value of it that it is a good bill. Lend me $3 on it, won't you?"

"No, sir, but I'll take that lot of yours that the conductor won't accept as good."

"Well, it will be worth $20 to find out about it," said the stranger, and off they went to the conductor.

"Give me two tens for this?" brusquely queried the stranger as he handed out the bill. "If I can," replied the conductor, scarcely glancing at it.

He laid out a ten and two fives and passed them over, and the Detroiter handed over the amount of his bet, kicked himself into the next car, and he never saw a bit of Lake Michigan as the train made its way into Chicago.

STRENGTH OF ICE.—Ice one and one-half inches thick will support a man; 4 inches thick will support cava[illegible] will support an eighty- [illegible] ten inches thick will su[illegible] 18 inches thick will supp[illegible]

DAIRYMEN wh[illegible] butter shoul[illegible] only cows th[illegible] qualities.

The Boy Who Minds His Mother.

Boys, just listen for a moment
To a word I have to say:
Manhood's gates are just before you,
Drawing nearer every day;
Bear in mind while you are passing
O'er the intervening span
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures
In this world we're living in;
Those who start with prospects fairest
Oft are overcome by sin:
But I'm certain that you'll notice,
If the facts you'll closely scan,
That the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel;
It will never lead astray.
Rest assured she has your welfare
In her thoughts by night and day.
Don't forget that she has loved you
Since the day your life began.
Ah, the boy who minds his mother
Seldom makes a wicked man.

The Male Soprano.

There is one excellent woman in Detroit who wishes she had attended to her own affairs, and neither listened or tattled. The wife of a popular railroad man who occupied rooms and boarded in her house went away for a week, and left him alone. Being of a social disposition, he invited in some of his friends—two or three railroad officials and a well-known professor of music—and proceeded to have an evening of it in a wildly hilarious way.

About the small hours, the musician entertained them with some amusing and very clear imitations of a prima donna. He brought forth peals of laughter, and was loudly applauded.

The next morning the lady of the house received her boarder with a brow like a thunder cloud. He attempted to apologize for the noisy demonstrations of the previous evening, but was frowned down. It was not until his wife had returned and met him with an icy front, that he knew the full measure of his offending.

"I didn't suppose—I couldn't have believed it," she said, incoherently, "that you could be so base."

"Base, my dear? What do you mean? Why, these remarks?"

"You—you—you," sobbed his wife, rising to the four-feet-five-inch dignity of a tragedy queen, "Oh, Henry, how you have deceived me! Who was the woman who came here and sung to you and your friends when I, your wife, was absent? Answer me that, f-a-l-s-e m-a-n."

"I swear no woman, not even the washlady, came. Who has been telling you such infamous things?"

"The washlady does not sing opera airs in a high soprano voice at midnight nor play the piano, either."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the husband suddenly, as he remembered that night. Then he sat down and laughed until he was black in the face.

"Why—why," he gasped, "that wasn't a woman at all. That was Prof. S. He was imitating some opera singer he had heard, and we all roared! It was too funny."

"The landlady told me—"

"The landlady be hanged!" said Henry, severely. "I'll teach her to listen and meddle with other people's affairs."

A hollow peace was patched up all round, but Henry will entertain no more male sopranos when his wife is absent.

WHAT AN INDIAN CAN STAND.

The Heroic Treatment Used With a Half-Frozen Red Man.

To show what an Indian can stand when he has to, I may tell of an incident which happened during the winter I was with them. Toward evening on a very cold winter day, when it was snowing just a little and drifting a great deal, an Indian came to the log house with a jug half full of whiskey and with his rifle. I imagine that the jug had been entirely full of whiskey when he started, and by the time he got to the house he was in rather a jolly condition. The jug and the rifle were taken away from him, and he was ordered to get to his wigwam as quick as he could before darkness came on. He left and was supposed to have gone to the camp, but early next morning his squaw appeared at the house and said he had not come home that night, and as the night was cold she had been anxious about him. Then the search for the Indian began.

He was found in one of the sheds near the barn under a heap of drifted snow, and the chances are that the snow that was above him had helped to save his life. The searchers for the Indian had gone in different directions, and it was his own squaw who, with true Indian instinct, had tracked him out, and she was alone when she found him. Apparently the Indian was a frozen corpse. She tumbled him out of the snow-bank and pulled off his blankets and dragged him down to the creek, where a hole was cut in the ice for the purpose of watering the cattle. Laying the Indian out on the snow, she took the pan that was beside the hole, and, filling it repeatedly, dashed paleful after pailful of ice water over the body of the Indian. By the time the other unsuccessful searchers had returned she had her old man thawed out and seated by the fire wrapped up in blankets. There is no question that if he had been found by the others, and had been taken into the house frozen as he was, he would have died.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FULL OF SILVER DOLLARS.—Every av[illegible] ble vault in the treasury and publi[illegible] ings throughout the country i[illegible] crowded to the point of burst[illegible] silver dollars which have b[illegible] which there is no mean[illegible] circulation. These dol[illegible] represented by silve[illegible] additional coinage [illegible] that much expa[illegible] currency. A[illegible] mint, just [illegible] to coin[illegible] mo[illegible]

JO[illegible]
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEA[illegible]
executed with neatness and dispatch at [illegible] prices.

Girls Away From [illegible]

The girl who is going awa[illegible] quite by herself, and who will h[illegible] for several days and nights on th[illegible] will be at a strange hotel by he[illegible] a little advice about what to do [illegible] ber may be many, so I prefer [illegible] this little paragraph: In bu[illegible] for the trip she also buys [illegible] sleeper, and the railway [illegible] range that if she does no[illegible] section the other berth is [illegible] a lady. When she wishes to [illegible] porter, at her request, will arrang[illegible] for her, and then out of the sma[illegible] that she has provided she will ta[illegible] flannel or delaine dressing-gown in wh[illegible] she intends to sleep, and go to the toi[illegible] room and and put this on. Her clothes a[illegible] by the berth, and while she is advised [illegible] remove her dress, skirt and corsets and h[illegible] shoes, it will be wiser to retain some of h[illegible] underwear and her stockings, not only b[illegible] cause of the draft but because of the facilit[illegible] of getting into things the next morning. Get up early and go to the toilet-room, but do not monopolize it for hours.

When you reach a strange city get into the stage that belongs to the hotel to which you wish to go, get out at the ladies' entrance, go into the reception room and say that you wish some one sent from the office to you. Tell whoever comes exactly what kind of a room you want, and the price of it. Give him your name to register and remember while you are alone in a public house it is not wise to dress in any except a quiet way. No trouble about ordering your meals should be experienced, as the bill-of-fare shows exactly what is served and you can take your choice.

As to tiping, you will certainly give a small tip to the porter who straps or locks yours trunk for you, and to any bell-boy in the hotel who shows you some special service. If you are only there for a few hours, it is not necessary for you to tip the waiter, nor the chambermaid, unless she also should do some act of kindness for you such as brushing your gown, getting the piece of soap that you have forgotten, or putting a stitch in a ripped frock. Although it is not pleasant to be alone, still I do firmly believe that a well-bred girl with a clear head and an understanding mind can go, without any trouble, from California to New York and receive nothing but courteous attention.

The don'ts are these:

Don't dress loudly.

Don't make any acquaintances on the car or in hotels.

Don't sit alone in public parlors. Better by far stay in your own room and read, than make yourself an object of comment.

Make up your mind to be courteous and polite, but reserved, and all men will be like Chevalier Bayards to you, and all women will give you what you demand—respect.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

BLACK MILK F[illegible] A COW.

A Staid and Respectabl[illegible] a Remarkable [illegible]

Rupert Hansborough, [illegible] Crowley, Hansborough [illegible] dealers, of Chillicothe, is th[illegible] natural curiosity in the s[illegible] which gives black milk. [illegible] Hansborough's model far[illegible] miles out of town, and [illegible] any time grazing in hi[illegible] milking time her sin[illegible] shown any one desiri[illegible] mixed breed, Jersey a[illegible] strain of Ayrshire, she [illegible] farm and was the sec[illegible] mother, whose milk prese[illegible] ity, and whose first calf, a hei[illegible] an abundance of natural-tin[illegible]

Mollie, as she is calle[illegible] cow with nothing un[illegible] ance, and has al[illegible] one, which [illegible] black milk. [illegible] cream, w[illegible] [illegible] re[illegible] th[illegible] c[illegible] o[illegible] a[illegible] b[illegible] s[illegible] t[illegible] n[illegible] mi[illegible] butter, [illegible] to account for it [illegible] it to some unique co[illegible] corpuscles of her bloo[illegible]

DEATH IN THE COAL R[illegible]

Every Month Adds to the Lon[illegible] Victims.

Probably no part of the [illegible] so many widows and fath[illegible] in proportion to its pop[illegible] anthracite coal regions of [illegible] Scranton's last directory s[illegible] 1,012 widows in that city, [illegible] ted that the prop[illegible] in all the coal-m[illegible] of the Lackawan[illegible] writes a [illegible]

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_2_1-0001.jpg