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THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let's go back, O brother mine,
To the precious ways of the days gone by—
Back to the gleam of the glad sunshine,
When we were children, you and I.
We are growing old, but I long so much
For the grasp of a mother's hands to hold
Me away from sin and its soiling touch
As they used to do in the days of old.

I'm tired of dogma of church and state;
Let's trail with our feet the dust of the lane
As we wander down to the pasture gate
And bring the cows for mother again
And see once more the wood lark dip
From stake to stake of the ridered fence
And feel the old time fellowship
We felt in our boyhood innocence.

Let's climb to the rafters overhead
And build a swing on the old barn floor,
Let's "hide and seek" in the wagon shed
And be "knee high" again once more,
Let's part the weeds where the truant hen
Has stolen her nest, then stoop and fold
The sheltering weeds o'er the nest again
As we used to do in the days of old.

Oh, the endless joys of the days of old,
With the path that led to the fruited trees,
Where the dandelions their coins of gold
Had scattered to bribe the bumblebees!
Down in the grass was the cricket's chirr,
And overhead was the dragon fly,
And roundabout us everywhere
Was the dreamy gleam of the days gone by.

And, oh, the years and tears since then,
The miles and smiles that have lured us on,
The graves we have passed and the moments when
The cradle and coffin seemed almost one!
So let's go back, O brother mine,
Forgetting tonight our greed of gold,
And talk awhile of the glad sunshine
That gilded the ways of the days of old!
—Alfred Ellison in Chicago Record.

RUFFIANS IN UNIFORM.

What Civilians Are Compelled to Endure in Austria.

Two more outrages committed by armed officers on unarmed civilians have come under my notice.

Near St. Poelton on Friday a laborer was driving a wagon along a country lane when he met a regiment of infantry and forthwith reined in his horses and halted while they marched past.

The whole of the regiment passed without difficulty except one detachment, under Lieutenant Swoboda, who ordered the laborer to clear the road for his men. The lane was too narrow for the wagon to turn round, there were high hedges on each side, and the laborer could only obey the officer by backing his horses half a mile to the next turning.

This he naturally declined to do, as the remainder of the regiments, with all the superior officers, had passed the wagon without difficulty.

Lieutenant Swoboda, enraged at the laborer's opposition to his silly caprice, attacked him savagely with his sword, smashed his cheek bone and wounded him in the arm so severely that amputation was necessary.

Subsequently the cowardly officer offered the unfortunate laborer 25 shillings compensation, which the latter indignantly refused.

The victim of this brutal outrage is an old soldier, who served with distinction in the Bosnian campaign, and only escaped injury there to be mutilated in his old age by a young bully who was never under fire.

Another officer of the same regiment recently attacked and wounded an actor for some imaginary slight to his "honor" in a cafe.

When the actor endeavored to obtain redress from headquarters, all the officers of the Poelton garrison banded together and threatened to boycott the local theater unless the charge against their comrade was withdrawn.

As this would have injured the theater the actor had to endure his injuries in silence. He was disfigured for life and lost two months' employment.

I have another bad case of military Hooliganism to add to the budget I have recently sent.

Lieutenant von Ruedingen was recently standing in the Mariahilfer strasse, one of the busiest thoroughfares in Vienna, talking to two ladies, when a driver of an approaching omnibus warned him in rough tones that he was obstructing the traffic and requested him to move on. Lieutenant von Ruedingen, resenting this mode of address, drew his sword and dashed at the driver and nearly cut his right hand off. The driver was disabled, and the military authorities, compelled by public opinion, sentenced the officer to two months' imprisonment, expelled him from the army and made him pay his victim a small sum monthly as compensation.

When public indignation had cooled, Lieutenant von Ruedingen received a free pardon on the ground that he had defended his honor in a justifiable manner, and he was reinstated in his regiment. Lieutenant von Ruedingen, with unexampled meanness, thereupon ceased paying his victim the monthly allowance, leaving the poor man destitute. The driver is now suing the officer in the civil courts.—Vienna Cor. of London Mail.

The Queen's Crucifix.

The crucifix with which Queen Victoria's name is associated has its place in the convent of the Grande Chartreuse. This may seem strange to the uninitiated, but it is true. It is a beautiful silver crucifix and has its place among the convent's treasures. It was given by the queen to a humble Carthusian monk of English nationality when her majesty visited the Grande Chartreuse some years ago. She conversed with this monk in his cell, the conversation turning upon serious matters.

The royal visit at an end, the monk saluted his sovereign, and the queen of England left the cell. Shortly afterward the general of the Carthusians called to him, the religious in question and handed him a beautiful silver crucifix. It was Queen Victoria's gift to the English monk in remembrance of her visit to his cell. "Our rule forbids us to possess such things," said the superior, "but keep this beautiful crucifix by you for a time at any rate."

The monk withdrew and returned almost immediately, handing his superior the crucifix with a piece of paper having the following words written upon it, "Regina velit, regula abstulit, sit nomen Domini benedictum" ("The queen gave it, the rule withdraws it, may the name of the Lord be praised").—Catholic Times.

Blaine's Tombstone.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "Although against the expressed wishes of James G. Blaine, his last resting place in Oak Hill cemetery has been marked by a simple marble shaft.

"In 1890, when Walker Blaine died, the magnetic statesman from Maine went to this cemetery with a friend to select a site for the burial, and in the center of the lot chosen the Plumed Knight noticed a gnarled and twisted hickory tree, which was blasted and dead. As Blaine looked at the tree he remarked to his friend that it aptly represented his blasted and disappointed life and requested that nothing should mark his grave but the dead tree. His wishes in the matter were respected, and for several years it was the only mark by which the last resting place of the great statesman could be distinguished.

"A few months ago the tree was blown down during a cyclone, and Mrs. Blaine decided to have the grave suitably marked and selected a monument exactly like the one over Walker Blaine's tomb. It is a marble shaft about eight feet high, without any inscription except the name of Mr. Blaine and the date of his birth and death."

POLICE CIRCULARS.

Characteristics of Fugitive Criminals as Aids in Identification.

Among the curiosities in the detective branch of the New York police department is a small collection of scrapbooks such as are used in business houses to file invoices and by collectors of newspaper clippings. Visitors to the detective bureau see the rogues' gallery, hear the gruesome tales connected with the men and women whose pictures make the collection, and as they pass out of the room through the wire screen which leads to the door they pass but never see the scrapbooks. To the detective department these books are of great service, because they contain the circulars which have been received from other police departments giving descriptions of fugitives from justice and people who are "missing."

The collection contains the names and descriptions of men who have been captured and are now doing "time" for their misdeeds and of some who are still at large dodging and hiding and living in constant dread of being arrested. There are pictures with minute details as to personal appearance, habits, manners and peculiarities of men in all walks of life who are wanted for all imaginable crimes, and a glance at the circulars shows how completely the fugitive criminal must disguise himself to escape the detective. Beards may be taken off or allowed to grow, visible scars may be concealed and new scars may be made, the use of glasses may be dispensed with in some instances and glasses may be worn by those who do not require them for the purpose of disguise, features may be changed so that it would be difficult to recognize the person and defects in speech or pronunciation may be concealed, but there are certain characteristics about most people which cannot be laid aside, and these are usually looked for in the police circulars by those who are on the alert for the fugitive. One of these circulars describes a runaway thief, giving all points as to age, height, complexion, eyes, etc., and contains also this remark: "Walks with head down and long stride; talks always in a deep, coarse tone and very slowly. He always strangles in drinking whisky."

A murderer is described as an "all around bad man who would steal lead pipe or blow a safe and uses an oath with most every word."

"This man," says one circular, "will talk loud and put on a bold front where he thinks people are timid, but when cornered he is a coward. He is a coward."

Under the picture of a brutal looking, burly man who is wanted for murder is this information, "He will apply for work as a horseshoer and work a few days and then go on a drunk."

A careful description is given of a middle aged man who is wanted for forgery, and under the head of "General Remarks" the circular states: "Walks fast, with loping step. Will raise his shoulders and throw his head back at intervals while engaged in conversation."

A man who was once well known in social and financial circles in the city where he lived and who is now wanted there for embezzlement, is minutely described in a long circular which contains also a well executed portrait of the fugitive: "He has the ways of a gentleman. While sitting he often places one foot under the chair."

Among the hundreds who are spoken of in the circulars the following is a sample of the "easy" kind, because the fugitive can by no means conceal his identity: "His mouth is a slit in his face. Has no lips. His ears have no lobes. He drags his feet when he walks and has great difficulty in looking one square in the face. He has never been in prison, but looks like a convict in citizen's clothes."

"That man," said a police official, "must leave the country to keep out of the 'pen.'"

"This man's weakness," reads one circular, "is neckties and jewelry. He will go hungry to buy showy things to wear." A paragraph of that kind looks strange in connection with the description of a man who is wanted for burglary.—New York Tribune.

SAMMY DILVER'S FIREWOOD.

A Reminiscence of New England's Great September Gale.

When the oldest inhabitant talks of bygone days with other old inhabitants, in a certain little New England town, one of the anecdotes told and chuckled over is that of Sammy Dilver and the great September gale—the same famous gale whose theft of his Sunday breeches from the clothesline has been so merrily immortalized by Dr. Holmes. But Sammy Dilver was more fortunate than the poet. He lost nothing and gained his winter's firewood. There was only one thing known against Sammy by his fellow townsmen, but that lowered him very much in their estimation. "There isn't any harm in Sammy," they were wont to say, "but there isn't any good, either. He is just shif'less—terrible shif'less—and it is hard on Maria, who is a driver, to put up with him."

Long before he was formally warned to do so by the selectmen of the town Maria told him he ought to cut down the big hollow elm by the gate or it would fall some day and kill somebody. Sammy had amiably acquiesced, but he had never taken any more active steps toward its removal than to walk occasionally around its huge girth with an expression of awe on his countenance and whistle softly under his breath as he thought of the task before him.

Then he was notified that the tree was dangerous and must be removed, and he got so far as to borrow an ax and begin to sharpen it before his courage failed him. The warning was repeated, but without avail. It was again repeated, and then came the gale.

That terrible day, when "oaks lay scattered on the ground as if they were p'taters," as Dr. Holmes puts it, Sammy's great elm was one of the first trees to feel the wrath of the tempest. There was a crash. Sammy and Maria rushed to the window. There across their garden patch lay a mighty branch, torn away.

A few minutes later came a second crash, and half the trunk, with another large branch attached, had split away longitudinally down the central hollow and lay prostrate on the ground. The mutilated remainder followed shortly, and the whole gigantic elm lay in a ruinous mass, not merely blown over, but blown to pieces.

The force of the wind had flung it away from the road, where it would naturally have fallen, and it missed the Dilver house only by a few feet, but while Maria, for all her strength of mind, was weeping with terror Sammy found voice to express a very different feeling.

"Daown!" he exclaimed in a tone of deep relief. "Daown and split, sure as you live, and I never touched her!"

There indeed lay the great mass conveniently ready to be chopped for firewood, as Maria soon reminded him, but the worst of Sammy's dreaded job was apparently over, quite without effort on his part. As the storm began to abate the two were discussing how much fuel the tree would yield when with a terrific howl the gale gathered itself for a parting effort. The house shook, the wind roared, there was another crash, and a section of roof, blown from no one ever knew where, was dashed down upon the shattered elm and knocked it into a shower of splinters and separated shingles.

Mrs. Dilver shrieked aloud. Sammy clutched her arm with a cry of triumph.

"Kindlin's, too, Maria!" he shouted. "Kindlin's too!"—Youth's Companion.

SEX IN BANQUETS.

Women Have Seldom Been Welcome Attendants on Formal Feasts.

When the last supper was partaken of by the Lord and his disciples, no woman participated, although the great Teacher numbered many among his friends. This was in strict accordance with the law of the Passover, which forbade women attending their feasts. And the last supper was eaten on the eve of the Passover, according to the synoptic gospels.

Going further afield into the remote past, we find women are not permitted to sit at meat with the philosophers at their Utopian banquets. Socrates improved the opportunity to speak his mind freely concerning Xantippe, for it was on one of these occasions when he made his cynical remark that he married Xantippe in order that her society might inure him to the trials of life—an after dinner speech that has never been equaled for meanness.

Hawthorne, in describing his attendance at some public banquets in England, has this to say of one given by the lord mayor of London:

"One very pleasant characteristic which I never met with at any other public dinner was the presence of ladies."

He does not tell us what they did or said, but confines himself to the gastronomic features of the banquet. He says:

"There fell to my lot three delectable things—a red mullet, a plate of mushrooms exquisitely stewed and part of a ptarmigan."

And then the lord mayor passed the loving cup, and it is easy guessing the delight of Hawthorne at seeing that dignified and ancient custom for the first time.

At the head of civil banquets stands the inaugural entertainment at the Guildhall on Nov. 9, to which the wives and daughters are invited, and at which the lady mayoress presides. A masculine description of this yearly banquet, which is provided for by the government, says that it is the most "vague, aristocratic, unsatisfactory and uncomfortable" of all the public banquets given within the sound of Bow Bells. Query: Because women are present? Be that so or no, that particular banquet interests all London. At 11 the women retire to the ballroom, and a scene of noise and gormandizing ensues, and it is early next day when the last banqueter departs.

Fraternity, Masonic and civil banquets cling to the old idea that woman, being "the lesser man," has no place at their feasts. That argument does not hold good in these days and is simply begging the question.

The women can retort with justice and the truth: "We know why you want us to absent ourselves from your banquet. You desire to smoke freely, drink till you drown your sorrows and tell risque stories. Well, have these special occasions once a year, but do not ask us to sit in the boxes and galleries, so near and yet so far that we merely choke and blink and watch you through the incense, wondering why people are always at their worst when feeding."

Apropos of which is the story of an old Scotchwoman who listened to her minister quoting Solomon where he says, "One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among those have I not found."

"Noo, Sister MacCleish, hoo do ye understand thot?" asked the parson.

"I'm sure it's simple enough," was the quick answer. "Nae reespectable woman would ha' been seen speaking wi' Solomon."

So perhaps the richest compliment the average banqueter could pay his womankind is to invite them not to attend his banquet, but to leave to their vivid imaginations the scene which, beginning with the feast of reason and flow of soul, degenerates into a hilarity that is neither humorous nor entertaining and ends with a roar that has a hint of the crackling of thorns under a pot, vide the laughter of fools. How do we know? We listened in the corridors, being fearful of a catastrophe.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PROOFREADING AS AN ART.

The One Successful at It Must Have Many Accomplishments.

A recent issue of a Boston daily paper contains the following advertisement:

"Any lady of fair education can learn to read proof under personal instruction of one of the world's foremost proofreaders; a genteel occupation, easily learned; pays $15 to $30 weekly. First class ever formed in Boston now being organized; membership limited; immediate application necessary to enter class. Terms very reasonable."

We heartily favor the proposition that every woman should be the mistress of a remunerative occupation, by which she can contribute something to the industry and movement of the world, as well as to her own support when necessary, and we sincerely sympathize with the efforts of women to extend this field of useful and honorable employment and to gain access to new vocations. Proofreading is certainly one of those vocations. But no mistake could be greater than to think of proofreading as something that "any lady can learn."

Proofreading is more than a trade. It is worthy of being called a profession. It is capable of being made a fine art. The true proofreader is the "finisher" of the "product." And there is this paradox about his work—when it is well done there is a sense in which it does not show; we remember the proofreader only when he is careless or neglectful. But so it is in truth with much good work; it is often the not doing or the misdoing rather than the doing that enforces attention.

The mere mechanics of proofreading anybody can learn who can master the differences of letters and fonts, who has a quick and accurate eye and who can order types and leads and spaces and punctuation marks out of disorder and set each in its proper place and relation.

But the mechanics of proofreading are simply its primary elements. To be able to spell and write the English language correctly, to know something in these days of other languages, at least the modern, to have some general knowledge of history and biography, to have a memory for names and dates, to be able to catch an author when he slips and check him when he goes astray, to remove the stains and smooth out the creases which sometimes disfigure the best of writing, to be able to suggest the last touch of polish for the page in type before it goes to become the page in print—all this belongs to the work of the true and truly efficient proofreader and demands a combination of qualities which it is rare indeed to find in one person. The first principles of proofreading "any lady can learn," but to be a proofreader in the large and distinguished sense is the growth of years of experience and may call into exercise almost as wide resources of scholarship and almost as great versatility of talent as authorship itself. It is a position to which any man or woman of brains and gifts might well aspire. Proofreaders like the late William Nichols of Cambridge and like Mr. A. W. Stevens of Lexington exemplify what we mean. Many an author of fame owes more to the painstaking and ceaseless fidelity of his proofreader than he would himself perhaps be willing to acknowledge, and the feat of riding several mental horses at once is by no means the least of the many forms of skill in which the proofreader must be an adept.

All success, then, to learners of the ancient and honorable art of proofreading, but let them not make the mistake of supposing that proficiency in it is to be won in a day.—Boston Literary World.

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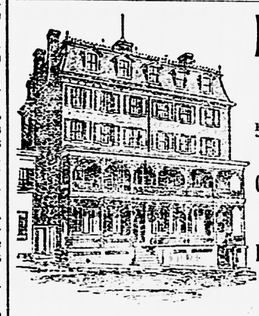

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Cuisine Unexcelled & Appointments First Class
In every particular. Every Delicacy in Season.
Bar Stocked with Fine Liquors, Wines, Etc.
CHRISTIAN ECKERT, Proprietor.

HAMMOND BROS.,
HOOD'S MILL.
GREAT SALE FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.
A sale of Merchandise without much talk describing same. Our Bargains are so numerous and our stock consists of such an immense variety that we could fill this entire paper, and more besides, were we to give you full description of every article we have that we are selling less than others.
SHORT TALK BUT LARGE BARGAINS.

American Granulated Sugar,	5c	Raisins, 3 crown, lb.,	7c
8 oz. Extract Vanilla,	25c	Currants, lb.,	7c
4 oz. Extract Vanilla,	15c	Seedless Raisins, lb.,	7c
Strictly Pure Pepper, per lb.,	14c	Citron, lb.,	12c
Laguayra Coffee, lb.,	16c	Mixed Nuts,	9c
Loose Coffee, lb.,	10 to 20c	Port Rica Molasses,	30c
Package Coffee, lb.,	9½c	Syrup, the best,	30c
Baking Soda, lb.,	4c	Hominy, lb.,	2c
Washing Soda, lb.,	1c	Buckwheat Meal, lb.,	2½c
Cream Cheese, lb.,	14c	Can Corn,	6c
1 Pint Mason Jar Baking Powder,	10c	Can Tomatoes,	8 to 10c
Sardines,	6 for 25c	Crackers,	5c
Salmon, Canned,	12c	Ginger Snaps,	5c
Mince Meat, lb.,	10c	White Fish, by kit,	60c
Baker Chocolate,	12c	Mackerel, doz.,	50c
Cocoanuts,	5 to 7c	Salt Shad, each,	10c
Raisins, 2 crown, per lb.,	6c		

BOOTS AND SHOES.
500 Pairs for less than cost. Ladies' Fine and Coarse Shoes, 300 Pairs, all to be sold in the next 30 days.
CLOTHING.
50 SUITS which sold for $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00, now selling for $4.98, $7.97 and $8.79.
We also have 50 SUITS which sold for $5.00 and $6.00, can now be bought for $3.50 and $4.75.
Ladies' Rubber Shoes, 25 to 45c. per pair: Men's, 50 to 75c.
All our entire stock of DRY GOODS will positively be sold for less than cost, so do not wait until all the bargains are sold, as we mean to close this stock out, so now is your chance.
HAMMOND BROS.

To Select a Pair of Suitable Eye Glasses
YOU SHOULD GO TO THE PROPER OPTICIAN

Who is able to FIT THEM TO YOUR EYES. In his care you entrust your MOST VALUABLE ORGAN—THE EYE. Therefore consider where you go.
Our Eye Glasses and Spectacles in frames of every description, with our CELEBRATED CRYSTAL LENSES have proven to be superior to any other lenses. We make such also at more reasonable prices than others can. Give us a call and be convinced.
EXAMINATION OF THE EYES FREE. Mr. Blum is a graduate of the German University, and examines all Eyes personally.
Artificial Eyes inserted and perfect fit guaranteed. Be sure to notice our name and number.
AUGUSTUS BLUM & CO.,
MANUFACTURING OPTICIANS,
42 WEST LEXINGTON ST., - BALTIMORE, MD.

A Public sale advertisement in THE TIMES is worth vastly more than the cost. We do sale bill printing promptly and in attractive style.