

# The Commercial Appeal

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NO. 14.

The cotton mills in the State consume all the cotton grown in North Carolina.

Every statesman in Europe will go to wear Uncle Paul whiskers.

A rain of lead, as described by army correspondents, differs from other rainstorms in that a good many people are able to dodge the drops.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says she believes a woman will be elected President of the United States before the end of the twentieth century. Now is the time for our girls to go on the right side of being born in log houses.

A stir of indignation has been caused in Germany by the assertion of the London Times that the British defeats in South Africa were mainly caused by the close imitation of German military institutions in the British army.

The vaccination of American mules intended for service in the South African war has been decided upon by the British authorities. The man who undertakes to perform the operation will be a greater hero than any of his kind at the front.

The newest fact about is progressive dinners. In some parts of New Jersey they have supplanted progressive euchre. The guests eat at separate tables, their fish at one table, and so on through a regular course dinner. What next?

It was the sense of the recent meeting of the Missouri Teachers' Association that it should encourage all carefully drawn plans for the gradual introduction of manual training for boys and household economy for girls into the seventh and eighth grades of all public and private schools.

A Duke goes to South Africa to fight, attended by four servants and with an outfit of horses and carriages, and now there is to be a "corps of gentlemen for service in the republic." All of these gentlemen will doubtless have their guns loaded for them; and perhaps the servants will get on the firing-line and do the shooting and the dying. In this way campaigning may be done very comfortably.

England failed to see Russia at the gates of Herat. She failed to see the perils of Gordon. Britain rested in fancied security while the slaughter of her army was arranged in Afghanistan. She trusted the Sepoys until the last fatal day when they began the work of butchery with the arms England had placed in their hands. The capacity of the British nation for going to sleep and remaining asleep amid disturbances is astonishing.

One form of trust that we do not remember to have seen mentioned in the lexicon of fire insurance underwriters organized now in nearly all sections of the country, says The Pathfinder. These boards now name rates of insurance and these rates must govern. Formerly one company might take a risk at half the premium another company charged, and the open competition doubtless tended to keep rates down. Now, however, if you want insurance you must pay the arbitrary rate or go without, and a company that cuts rates is subject to expulsion from the board. As a matter of fact many agents do cut the rates, nevertheless.

The old vaccination fight is raging in Salt Lake City. In a combined opposition to an order of the Board of Education excluding from the public schools all children who cannot furnish evidence of inoculation. The board thought it had ample power under the statutes for its action, but a local Judge of a contrary view issued a mandamus requiring the board to admit all children. To avoid complying with this demand, and nevertheless to avoid siding in the record of the disease, the board adopted an ingenious plan. It took an appeal from the local decision to the Supreme Court and, pending action by the latter body, it closed all the schools. Smallpox is not so prevalent in Utah as it is in some of the other Western States, but there is enough of it to cause considerable alarm.

The University of Chicago has reported of its ways and will spell according to the dictionary for a while longer, instead of according to its pronunciation. A few months ago it decided that the world had wasted enough time on useless ugliness in "though" and similar words; it divorced, without alimony, the me from the program, and the me from the demagogue. Fortunately the press was alive to the dangers besetting the English language—a language it does not itself treat with too much respect, though it expects the universities to—and from the solemn Dial to the lightest of paragraphs, its members rallied to the support of the silent letters. President Harper was inundated with clippings making fun of him and his spelling—for your spelling may be forgotten, but your unimpaired—until the University shook its foundations, and the orthodox spelling was reinstated.

### WHEN JAMES MONROE WAS PRESIDENT.

Though fashion plates were quite unknown,  
Was every beauty like arrayed?  
Enchantment's spell has never been  
From flattery's face and rich brown  
The dancer, the matron, the young  
The wife and grace and beauty blent,  
And hearts were warm unto the core,  
When James Monroe was President.

The beaux, rare gentlemen, forsooth,  
Were vice comites in powdered buff,  
And no one blushed to take, in truth,  
From a lady's hand a diamond  
Street Courtesy held high command,  
And men were prone to all intreat,  
The mark of rank and honor's  
When James Monroe was President.

—Roy Farrell Greene, in Youth's Companion.

## A STORY OF SACRIFICE.

How the Judge Helped the Lovers.

By George Lincoln.

HE judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well-to-do families, and their names looked as if they were of good breeding behind them. How then, did he come to know that they loved each other? You ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always neat ditty, and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "she" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him," and the tenacious way in which "she" clung to "him," the judge knew well enough how matters were.

She was a beautiful woman, not over twenty, and gave one an impression of girlishness and sweetness. A man would say she wore a becoming suit that fitted her. She was perfect, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among overworked society girls.

He was a manly chap of twenty-two, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my neighbor says. My neighbor plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

One dreary Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. He had just been reading a case before him that morning, and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and a woman were talking. He did not know what to do.

What could he do? There was no way out except past them. Would he better to come out and so let them know he had heard their talk, or till they had more delicate to remain silent? He had no other choice. He decided to remain silent and remained so.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leave this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses and in enough two weeks. Band will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business as usual. You can explain the presence in any way that you like. Now sit down and write."

Hooper shrank from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign there came a tap at the door and a stranger was ushered in. He looked the door after him and the judge's conversation with him began. The judge was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and showing Band's detestation of time, showing Band's detestation of time, showing Band's detestation of time, so that Band had every reason to suppose that Band was making loans.

At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

"Mr. Elmer Grant—I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 10th inst. and to read the account of your conversation with the Hon. Judge. It is a sad and a touching story. It is a sad and a touching story. It is a sad and a touching story.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in considerable haste at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Band. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to the matter of the judge. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece who was going abroad.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sent the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?"

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village of Hooper, and Band were boys together. Band was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money.

### TALES OF PLOCK AND ADVENTURE.

#### Rooming With a Bear.

IVONIA is a part of our globe where fondness for pets co-exists with love of sport. A Russian subject for the last provinces tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear.

It was a fine day, and the bear was in the woods. It was a fine day, and the bear was in the woods. It was a fine day, and the bear was in the woods.

In Livonia, during the brief Northern summer, the local magistrates visit each other without previous arrangement, they arrive prepared to stop the night.

George Langford, one of the greatest characters ever graduated by Yale, has lost his left arm in an accident in the Joliet (Ill.) mills of the McKenna Steel Working Company, of which he is superintendent.

At the time of the accident the white-hot steel bars were rolling through the presses, and in between them Langford crept. A misstep would have burned him to death.

Miss Nettie McWilliams, daughter of the well-known actor, is in Texas, has won for herself a reputation of being the bravest girl in the State.

At the Indians approached the house with yells and fired guns and killed and windows, the young girl held three men fired back and killed three of the savages without themselves receiving a scratch.

Postet Briefs His Only Weapon.  
A wolf skin, had cut about the left side and slashed across the neck and back, has been received by W. R. McFadden & Sons, taxidermists, of Denver, for full payment.

Books For Craze.  
In order to give books for craze greater strength for a certain quantity of metal, a foreign inventor constructs them of steel bars welded together, which roughly shape in an upper and lower flange, united by a central connecting web, thus dispossessing the metal into a girder form.

### PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

17  
65.—Rhomboid.  
Across—1. Name of a State. 2. Mountain symbol. 3. A frame. 4. To expose. 5. To separate.  
Down—1. Pronoun. 2. To perform. 3. To exist. 4. To remedy. 5. A fertile spot. 6. Something over. 7. Shattered place. 8. Musical note. 9. Consonant.

66.—Charade.  
My first relates to my mother.  
By second I myself—some other.  
My third is the name of my brother.  
Whole is a warrior of the east.  
In an instant I am a man of war.  
Who wouldn't care if he had to smother  
Myself, my brother, or my mother.

67.—Metagram.  
Whole I am something everyone  
saves, change my name and I successively  
become. An impetuous movement,  
a wound, an instrument of torture,  
to reduce to a pulp, hasty part of  
a window and to purify.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"What is the champion conundrum? Life, because everybody has to give it up."  
He sat and sighed as he wore wood:  
"How long 'How-long' was what he said  
Now they are one his money fits—  
"How short! How short! he sadly cried."  
—Chicago News.

"I understand Turner is quite an athlete." "Yes. His great specialty is running up and jumping hard back."  
The Chief—"Any trolley victim today?" Reporter—"Yes, a man who crossed the cross-town line got a place in the next car."  
Nell—"That Jones girl who works for your company."  
"She looks like the most unbecomingly fat woman I ever saw."  
—Philadelphia Record.

"Do they do folks that the bird of wood?" "They do in some enough not to come out around until all boys about your size are in bed."  
—Indianapolis Journal.

"Uncle Wabster" cried Hanson. "My name is the most unbecomingly fat man who ever lived. Why, he passed over and left every cent of his fortune to charity."  
—Philadelphia North American.

"My marriage is an unhappy one, but it is my own fault." "You peck dear! But why are you to blame?" "He told me that he was unworthy of my love, but I didn't believe him."  
—Rockland Sunday Herald.

The Bachelor—"It is said that man rarely marries his first love. The Widow—"True, but he usually gets revenge by constantly holding up to his nose the woman he does marry."  
—Chicago News.

"What broke him up in business?" "Slow collections." "I thought if slow collections for cash only?" "He did it was the firms he had that all trouble in making the collections, and they closed him out."  
—Chicago Tribune.

Friend—"How are you getting on, Scandy Author?" "Good. I've got the most unbecomingly fat man who ever lived, and he's coming to my aid."  
—Philadelphia Record.

The Taxative White People.  
The Chicagoan nation requires all white people living within its borders to pay a tax of \$1 a year for the privilege of staying and helping to reclaim the aforesaid Chickasaw nation. In addition to this, for every cow and calf, each steer or other bovine the farmer must yield twenty-five cents each year. And the merchant must pay one per cent of the value of his goods a tax to the Chickasaw nation.