



The Grand Army of the Republic.

Day by day their ranks are thinning; one by one they disappear,
And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching,—many march with noiseless tread,
And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Glorious tales of gallant service echo still on every hand,—
Charge and siege and bitter hardship,—comrades lost on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the honored dead,
Though forgetful of the living who have likewise fought and bled.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here:
Lift them to the living heroes,—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us: soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves,
Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves:

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay;
Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore,
Eighty million throats are swelling,—we are free forevermore.

—Elsie Florence Fay.

THE OLD BATTLE-FLAGS.

Military Secretary, General Ainsworth, by command of the Secretary of War, has returned the Confederate battle-flags captured in the Civil War. There are between five and six hundred of them, besides one hundred Union flags which fell into Confederate hands and were surrendered at the close of the struggle. This act is an expression of good-will voluntarily given, in a resolution of Congress passed at the last session.

Not long after the war Charles Sumner moved in the Senate to have the names of victories won from the Confederates removed from the regimental colors of the United States troops. But the conquerors were not ready for such a display of magnanimity, and were irritated by such a proposition. The action was severely censured by the legislature of Sumner's own state.

In 1887 a proposition to return the captured flags was received with great excitement, even fury. The South, which had not asked for the trophies, did not wish to receive them from unwilling hands, and commented on the situation in a dignified press article.

"Let the North keep the flags if she wants them. The peace and good-will their return would hasten will come in God's good time. The war is over, its results are fixed, its passions dead, and its heroisms and sacrifices have bound the people together as never before."

At the times of this "flag flurry," as it was called, a writer in the *Magazine of American History* tells of his visit to the much-talked-of banners.

"They were stored in a little room under the roof of the War Department, a room hardly ten feet square. About half the flags were attached to poles, as they had been taken in battle. Not a flag in the room but had a history recorded by their keeper. All were soiled and riddled by bullets; some were shot into tatters. Their appearance was significant of the history of the war.

"The captured Union flags, on clean, polished poles, were of silk and rich material, showing abundance of resource. The majority of Confederate flags were of cheap bunting, and mounted on rude, unbarked saplings, cut from the woods during marches, telling of blockades and pinching days of poverty."

To-day the feeling that accompanies the return of the flags is very different from that expressed twenty years ago. It is considered an emphasis of the fact that the North and South are truly one people with one love of country.—*Youth's Companion*.

How Matches are Made.

It is an interesting fact that one of the most useful, indeed one of the necessary, articles in the world is so cheap that no man hesitates to ask even a stranger for it, or

dreams of paying him except by the conventional "Thank you." That matches have come to occupy this position is due largely to American inventive skill.

The first friction matches were made and dipped by hand. They sold for about three dollars a gross. Today all matches are made and most of them are dipped by machinery, and one can buy from fifty to seventy-five for a cent. Between these two extremes stretches a long line of complicated and interesting machines.

Inventors began very early to give their attention to devices for making the sticks or splints cheaply. One plan after another was tried, until all finally gave way to the ribbon method. The machine for this process is a sort of lathe, in which is placed a cylinder of pine wood the length of seven matches. As this cylinder, previously soaked in hot water, or steamed, to make it soft and tough, is turned slowly, the circumference encounters a blade which pares off a continuous shaving the whole length of the cylinder and the thickness of a single match. This shaving, as it peels away from the logs, again comes in contact with cutters which divide into seven strips, each as wide as a match is long.

When the ribbons have been cut into manageable length—say seven or eight feet—and freed from knots and crooked-grained portions, a large number of them—from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty—are placed in a machine like an ordinary paper-cutter. The mass is fed forward automatically, the width of a match at a time, and the descending cutter slices through the mass, making from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty splints at a stroke.

The splints are now dried and sifted in partitioned sieves, the motion of which lays the matches parallel and prepares them for their places in frames where they are dipped by hand. Some of these machines will turn out from fifteen to seventeen million splints a day. Rapid and cheap as this method is, it has been superseded in America by another system in which the hand-work is reduced to a minimum. The raw material in this case is a two-inch white pine plank. This is first sawed into blocks the length of a match, and thoroughly dried. The blocks are clamped to the bed of a machine and cutters groove out a set of splints from the surface, not, however, taking the whole surface and converting it into splints at one impact, but cutting the matches out one-fourth of an inch apart.

The splints, thus separated, are seized in iron damp plates, which form an endless chain. These carry the splints across a steam-heated drum, which warms them nearly to the temperature of the melted paraffine into which they are next dipped. The heat prevents the paraffine from chilling, and insures a proper saturation.

From the first order to march, these companies of wooden soldiers

have no permission to halt. They move on continuously and evenly from the paraffine bath to the rollers which carry the "heading mixtures."—phosphorus, chlorate of potash and other substances,—and as the companies pass by, these rollers place a red or a blue cap on the head of each individual. The line of march continues on through a room swept by a blast of cold, dry air which hardens the newly deposited chemicals until the matches can be safely handled.

Still the companies march, until, just before they reach the starting-point again, the individual units receive their final order to "fall out" from an automatic and uncompromising punch, which deposits them side by side in a box placed, providentially, just the right place, and at just the right time, by another endless belt.

The cutters, meanwhile, have been eating away the ridges which were left between the places from which the first set of splints was cut, and so it goes until the whole block has been converted into slim little red-or blue-capped fellows, each one snappish and full of fire.—*Youth's Companion*.

Origin of a Famous Song.

"Well, Smith, haven't you some verses that I can use next Sunday?"

This was what Lowell Mason, organist and choir-leader of Bowdoin Street Church, in Boston, said to a man he had met on the street one spring morning in 1832. Bowdoin Street Church, where Hubbard Winslow had succeeded Lyman Beecher as pastor, was about to join Park Street Church, around the corner, in a sort of children's celebration, and Mason, who was always getting up something new, and who caused old Bowdoin Street Church to be known as the home of American church music, wanted something patriotic for the children to sing.

He knew that his friend, S. F. Smith, then a young fellow of twenty-four, and fond of verse-writing, could turn out something passable on any occasion, and he had suggested some American words for the air of "God Save the King"—just for the children to sing. Young Smith—he had not yet earned the title of "Doctor"—appears to have delayed a little, after the fashion of poets, who are prone to wait for the muse to come to them rather than to go after her. He needed be prodded, and Mason prodded him.

Smith promised and kept his promise. In time for the children to learn the words, he produced them. They began:

"My country 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

They were sung at the celebration, which was held at the Park Street Church, but it is probable that they were first rehearsed in Bowdoin Street Church. It is not on record in the account of the proceedings, which is made in the *Boston Transcript* by William Copley Winslow, son of the pastor of Bowdoin Street Church, who well knew both Lowell Mason and Samuel F. Smith, whether or not the famous American composer and choir-leader was pleased with the words.

They seem to have been produced in a rather hurried and perfunctory manner; nevertheless, like some other *tonas de force*, some other hastened and little-regarded efforts of literary composition, they turned out to be immortal. They made the fame of their author, and no subsequent studied efforts of his approach them either in reputation or merit.—*New York and Mail Express*.

The Disappearance of Lake Chad.

Lake Chad has always been counted among the great lakes of Africa, but it is no longer a great lake. Within fifteen or twenty years it has shrunk to about one half its former dimensions. The lake, which, when its waters were high, was among the largest in the world, is now in process of disappearance.

Commandant L'Enfant has brought home to France the most detailed and definite information about Lake Chad that has been received for a long time. He says that a few years ago the torrential rains failed to appear for three years in succession. The result was that the lake shrank so far within its usual bounds that a party of the Kori natives with their cattle marched clear across it between its southeastern and northwestern coasts without wetting their feet. The lake for many miles around its borders has become perfectly dry.

The southern shores of the lake still occupy about the same position in which the maps have always shown them; but the southeast extension has become nothing more than a swamp. About half the old area to the northeast has become dry land, and the waters have receded for miles from the former western shore line. The present form of the lake is something like the letter V, with the acute angle to the south and two long and comparatively narrow arms, with a depth of water that rarely exceeds twelve feet.

The Shari and many smaller rivers still pour their waters into the lake, but it has been proved that without abundant rainfall Lake Chad cannot hold its own against evaporation. For a long time; rainfall has been very small on the average, and the water receipts from the rivers have not been sufficient to balance the loss by evaporation.

So this famous old lake seems doomed to destruction, and the desert is helping evaporation to keep it dwindling. The northeast trades which blow over Lake Chad are carrying great quantities of sand from the desert and building up long narrow sand islands in the eastern part of the lake. So new land masses are forming in the lake, while in other places land is supplanting water surface by the drying up of the shallower parts of the lake. Commandant L'Enfant thinks it may not be many years before the whole of Lake Chad will have become solid land or merely a vast marshy expanse that can nowhere be navigated.—*Search-Light*.

The Coldest Place in the World.

Verkhajansk, Siberia, is considered the northern pole of cold, or place of greatest cold in the northern hemisphere. A temperature of 69.8 degrees centigrade below zero (the freezing point of water) has been observed there, but the Russian painter, Horissow, has found a temperature of 70 degrees centigrade below zero registered on a minimum thermometer left by an Austrian exploring expedition in 1872 to the straits of Matotchkin, Nova Zembla. Another maximum thermometer registered 14 degrees above zero centigrade as the highest temperature since 1872. Apparently the place has a good title to be regarded as the pole of cold.—*Ex*.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.

—James Russell Lowell.

Inviting Frank Criticism

A rich but irascible art collector of Chicago recently invited a critic to view his latest purchase, says an exchange. The collector is in no sense an authority in the matters himself, and gauges pictures largely by the price:—

"It's a gem, a treasure: I know it is," he said, "but I want your frank opinion. Cost me a big sum, but it's worth it. One of the old masters, you know."

When they stood before the picture the critic's brows contracted and he looked thoughtful. The collector watched him anxiously.

"Had an alleged judge of these matters up here the other day," the collector remarked, "but he didn't know anything. It's astonishing

what a reputation a man can get by a little assurance; but he'll not make that mistake again."

"What mistake?" asked the critic. "Why, he said this was not an original, but a copy, and the roasting I gave him just shriveled him up. It was all I could do to restrain myself from kicking him out of the house. Now, what's your honest opinion of the work?"

"I believe," said the wise critic, after another inspection of the canvas, "that I'd better take a little time for consideration. If you don't mind, I'll write you what I think of it."—*Forward*.

Cow Sneezing is a Sign of Rain.

"There was an old negro slave on my uncle's farm down in Tennessee who was a peculiar chap, and of whom the youngsters about the place—white as well as black—stood in fear," said Senator Carmack, in conversation with a group of his friends.

"This aged Senegambian, Uncle Tom by name, could give all the modern weather sharps cards and spades and beat them, for he could predict with almost unerring accuracy what the elements would be doing. One day I was standing out in the cow pen beside the old man when he suddenly exclaimed, 'Did you hear that?'"

"Hear what, Uncle Tom?" "Hear that old speckled cow sneeze. Sho' as you am libin', boy, it am a-gwine ter rain befo' mornin, kase whenever you hear a cow sneeze dat means rain."

"Sure enough, it poured down from the skies, as 'om had foretold. Prior to that I had never taken note of a cow's sneezing, and there may be skeptical folks who would doubt that this was a bovine habit, but my own belief in it is firmly established, and I am equally sure that old Tom had good cause to establish a connection between it and wet weather."

How Masey Passed his Examination.

A Canadian named Masey was appointed to a government place. Technically, it had to be held by a lawyer, which Masey was not. The Benchers of the Law Society, however, undertook to obviate the technicality. "Well, Masey," said the examiner, "What do you know about law, anyway?" "To tell the truth," replied the candidate, "I don't know a single thing." The examiner reported in his affidavit "that he had examined Mr. Masey as to his knowledge of the law; and to the best of his information and belief, he had answered correctly every question that had been put to him."

The aspirant was thereupon admitted.—*Sel*.

A well-known Chicago clergyman, who is a widower and the father of two charming growing daughters, is also something of a wag. During his last vacation he sent the following telegram to his daughters:

"Have just married a widow with six children. Will be home tomorrow."

The next day he arrived alone, and found his daughters in tears. "W-where is the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I married her to another man."—*Ex*.

The late Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, said that, if he were to expunge from his life the things he regretted most, he should wipe out his triumphs instead of his mistakes. "I could not afford to dismiss the tonic of mortification, the refinements of sorrow. I needed them every one."

"There goes a total failure." How do you know he is?" "He's always sneering at other men's success."—*Ex*.

Where there's a will there's a law-suit.

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There will be only one more issue
of the BULLETIN for the present year,
and that will be on the closing day
of the school, June 21st.

In the Right Direction.

The law recently enacted in Minnesota that every deaf person, unable to read and write, shall have furnished him an interpreter conversant with the sign language, is most excellent as far as it goes. It should be amended, however, by striking out the words "who is unable to read and write," as there are a large number of the deaf and dumb who can read and write who cannot understand all of the language ordinarily used to them in a case at law, and it is certainly their right to have a complete knowledge of all the proceedings.—*Silent Worker*.

This has our unqualified endorsement.

We know of a case where an aged deaf man was adjudged insane on motion of his children and was sent to an insane asylum.

He was entirely ignorant of the nature of the proceedings against him though held in his presence and had no hint of what was being done till he was placed in restraint. He was not an ignorant man but had a ready use of the pen and could have replied clearly and intelligently to written questions put to him if he had been given the chance. The writer knew him well and believes he was entirely sane, and therefore very unjustly treated.

Even in his case able as he was to read and express himself in writing he should have had an interpreter to inform him of all that was said and done in the proceedings.

The Sign Language.

Recently there has appeared in one or two of the school papers some comment on the fact that the attempt to render a sign discourse into English often results disastrously, or at least unfortunately. Now, this is no more an argument against the sign language than it would be against any other language. There are two reasons for such failure. One is that the interpreter is not thoroughly familiar with sign language, and the other is that he attempts to translate literally, instead of giving the ideas in the most intelligible form. If a Frenchman who knew English fairly well, were to attempt to translate for the benefit of some French friends an English recitation of "Hamlet's Soliloquy," with which he was not familiar, we have no doubt that it would be as little like the original as an English interpretation of the Lord's Prayer given in signs.

We know from our own experience that an address given in signs can be interpreted into English clearly and forcibly, if the interpreter is a master of signs and seeks to give the idea-meaning rather than the word-meaning. And a spoken address can be rendered into signs with equal effectiveness in the same way. The test of no language should be its translatability into some other language and least of all the sign language, which is an ideographic language rather than a word-language. The strength and beauty of the sign-language lie in its power to convey ideas, thoughts, emotions to the minds and hearts of the deaf through the medium of the eye. In this respect it means as much to the deaf as English does to the Englishman, French to the Frenchman, or any other language to its natural possessor.—*Min. Companion*.

History Made By Novels.

History is "made" by the novelist in two ways: first, by the presentation of the ideals, laws, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, and fashions of the time so faithfully that the historian of the future can by this help understand the period, and reconstruct the life of that generation. The leading representatives of this kind of novelist are Defoe, Fielding, and Dickens.

It would be quite possible to reconstruct a great part of the early eighteenth century without the help of Defoe; but not the whole. In the wonderful series of novels which Defoe began at an age when most men are thinking of rest, he has photographed and fixed for ever the city life which ebbed and flowed around him. We are led through the streets of London; we see the poor little waifs and strays, the pickpockets, the motherless girls, the wretched women, the soldiers, the apprentices, the tradesmen, the merchants—all that the city of London contained at that time. He is a great realist. He never shunned any labor in mastering the details necessary to make his narratives appear absolutely true. Leslie Stephen rightly calls his stories "simple history, minus the facts."

No English writer has ever excelled him in his power of painting fictitious events with the colours of truth. So also with Fielding. But the life which he drew is not that of the city; it is that of the country and the West End. The country gentleman, the adventurer, the fine court lady, the bully, the valier, the broken captain, the debtor's prison, the coffee house, the tavern, the gaming-table, are all found in Fielding. In his first year of magistrate life, his novel, "Jonathan Wild," appeared, containing scenes and characters which could be drawn only from the daily experiences of the police bench. The life described in his books was totally unlike the life we now live. Much of the fun was of the roughest physical kind—practical jokes, that would now-a-days fill our courts of law with actions for assault and battery, and violent altercations in road-side inns, which generally ended in a row, involving everybody present, to the serious detriment of eyes and limbs.

Or, to take Dickens. He did not picture the manners of the courts of the aristocracy; nor of the clergy and lawyers and scholars, but he is the chief exponent, the chief authority for the life of the vast section of the people sometimes called the "lower middle class"—the class standing between the professions and the workingman. He drew manners which young people do not now recognize, for they have been changing fast. Like Francois Villon, like Langland, he draws what he sees. He noted everything from the saucy street waif to the sorrowful prison child, from the poor little drudge to the brutal schoolmaster, and transplants them from life to fiction in such characters as Sam Weller, Little Dorrit, the Marchioness, Mr. Queers, and a hundred others.

Let us pass to the second kind of "history-making" novel. If the first is the treasure-house for the future, the second is that for the present. The novelist who "makes history" in this sense inspires the ideals, the convictions, the enthusiasm, which cause great events and underlie great social movements.

In every age there may always be found, among the people, a floating mass of perceptions only half understood; of uneasy discoveries only half unearthed; of recognitions only dimly seen; of approaching figures, seen as through a mist. This is only saying that humanity is never satisfied, never at rest; there is always, even in the most crystallized ages, a feeling that the existing conditions are not perfect. Then questions begin to fly around, and rhymes are made, and songs are sung, and the uneasy, inarticulate murmurs of doubt are for the first time clothed in words. When the Church had laid her iron hand on everything—apparently forever—then John Wycliff arose, and with him Piers Plowman. There can be no action without words: "without definition, the vague aspiration, the twilight perceptions, the nascent hopes, rise before the brain and pass away and vanish like the mist in the morning, leaving not a trace behind."

But the interpreter arrives. He must come at the right moment, when the

people are whispering and murmuring, when doubts have risen in their minds, when they ask for words to interpret their uneasiness. At such a moment came Peter the Hermit, when Western Europe was filled with a blind and unquestioning faith, when the stories brought home by pilgrims stirred all heart in every village to their depths; and when "there wanted but a match to fill all the land with flame."

The Interpreter give utterance in words to feelings, passions, and protests which lie unspoken in men's minds. Without the Interpreter, doubt may become despair, and despair may become revolt and madness. For want of an Interpreter the French people went mad a hundred years ago.

I have, however, to speak of the Interpreter in fiction; in that kind of fiction which inspires the soul, and becomes the mainspring of action.

Every novel, which is a true picture of any part of humanity, however humble, should be suggestive and inspiring. After reading such a novel, we shall find within our ken a wider experience of humanity, new friends, new loves, and new enemies.

In Charles Reade, the language possesses a writer whose whole soul was filled with a yearning for justice, and pity for the helpless. I think that the world has not yet done justice to the great hearts of Charles Reade. He wrote many books. Among them there are two which are still widely read and deservedly popular. One of them, "Never too late to Mend" is written with a benevolent purpose, and certain it is that the fallen man has gained enormously by this book. There is here real sympathy for the poor man; light is thrown into the prison where he sits; he is followed when he comes out.

Again, can one ever forget the effect of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great work? What influence upon American history has been greater than that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? On meeting Mrs. Stowe, Abraham Lincoln seized her hand saying "Is this the little woman who made this great war?"

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere" has exerted great influence upon the religious thought of our country and England. Certain it is, that this book has been read and pondered by many thousands on account of its faithful presentation of the religious difficulties and anxieties which perplex the minds of men and women in these days. The explanation of its success, to my mind, is mainly in the fact that its ideas and teachings seemed to be the opportune answer to the doubts and questionings of the time.

Thus we see that it is the novelist who leads the thought that makes history. He is the fount of inspiration; he gives the world new ideas, and makes them intelligible. In these senses he makes history, because he causes history to be made.—*Delivered at the Presentation Day exercises at Gallaudet College by Geo. C. Brown of Maryland.*

How to Learn to Swim.

There is no need for so much fuss about learning to swim. It is no trick at all. Once you have learned that the water will bear you up, you cannot help swimming, for every movement you make in water is swimming. Every unweighted human being who drowns, drowns himself out of pure fear.

How can you acquire this confidence? Not by going through the motions on the dry land; not by a strap around the chest, or corks, or inflated rigamajigs. Being tossed in where the water is "over your head and hands" we have agreed to bar. How shall we go at it gently and reasonably? I'll tell you. Begin in still water. Wade out until your shoulders are covered. There's no use puddling and paltering with any less. Squat a little, and get yourself wet all over. Get your breath, and let's talk a while. Don't imagine you are drowning when the water gets into your ears. It is not so terrible as it sounds. Even if a little slops into your nose, it is silly to make a fuss. It won't hurt you. It takes a lot of water to drown a person, and you will soon learn to eject what gets into the nose without having to stop swimming. Wade out just a little further, until it is up to your chin. Lift your chest, and keep it expand-

ed, breathing with the abdominal muscles as if you were singing. Stretch your arms out to form the letter T. Hollow in your back and stiffen your spinal column as if you were a person of some importance. Lean your head back until only a little patch around your nose and shut mouth is out of water. Lie back. There! You are floating. If now you gently paddle with your hands you are swimming.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these, o'er's unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is fate!
—Mrs. Spalding.

Origin of Memorial Day.

The observance of Decoration Day has grown spontaneously from the tender remembrance by the mothers, sisters, younger brothers and all who survived the war for the union; of the heroes who perished that their successors might live to enjoy a united, free, and just government.

The practice of setting aside a day to visit the graves of their fallen soldiers, recall the memory of their noble deeds and strew their tombs with flowers, took its rise in the War of the Rebellion.

First, in particular places, here a city, there a village, or it might be a county. In some places it was one day, in other places another. After a time the practice became more general. In some cases governors recommended the observance of a particular day, but there was no wide, extended agreement.

In time, partly through the influence of leading members of the Columbia Commission, which had done so much for soldiers during the war; partly through the influence of the pulpit and press; and finally through the influence of the Grand Army of the Republic and various veteran associations, many state legislatures were induced to make a given day for a holiday for this purpose, and the President and governors were led to recommend the observance of the same day, now known as Memorial Day.

In nearly every State of the Union, precisely when or in what community, the first instance of calling upon the citizens in general to come together for this purpose, took place, it seems to be impossible at this late day, to determine. It is claimed that there were instances of this kind as early as the spring of 1863, some say as early as 1862.

By virtue of a resolution offered by the late General John A. Logan and enacted into a law, February 23, 1887, which provided that May 30 should be recognized as a holiday for all Government employees, and in which the author used the expressions, "Memorial Day, commonly known as Decoration Day," the use of Memorial Day to designate the day upon which the memory of the gallant soldiers who fought in defense of their country, is observed, has grown into popular use, although "Decoration Day" used in the same connection is not technically incorrect.—*Dayton Journal*.

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?

Nothing more exposes us to madness than affecting to make ourselves different from others, and nothing assists more to maintain our common sense than a life spent in the common way amidst general society.—*Goethe*.

HERE AND THERE.

Already some of the schools have closed.

To California News of May 20th, is the Fourth Annual issue of the Blind Department and it reflects much credit upon the editors.

Missouri has a compulsory law requiring all children between the ages of 8 and 14 to attend some day school not less than half of the regular school year.

Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis is an epidemic causing much alarm in New York. Eighty percent of the stricken fail to recover. The same disease swept New York in 1871-72.

During the Easter vacation while the Gallaudet Students were in camp some of them made a daring rescue of a woman who had been thrown into the Potomac by her boat going over the rapids.

The Legislature of Illinois has repealed the bill providing \$150 per capita for the maintenance of pupils in the Chicago Day School. The bill provides that the state shall not contribute to the support of day schools for the deaf.

In these few words Sup. Rothert, of the Iowa School, announces his creed:

My creed would be told in a few words. It is this: All schools for the deaf should be in all directions as good as schools for the hearing. All schools for the deaf should have the best teachers and these teachers should be paid the highest salaries, and, lastly, all schools for the deaf should be combined schools.—*Mirror*.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, author, reformer, historian, and teacher, who immortalized the name of the late Rev. Job Turner by narrating in her "Story of My Life" the manner of his defense, while they were members of a sewing class in Hartford, Conn., and she was the victim of the wrath of their instructor, died last week in Massachusetts. The story, which was printed years ago, has illustrations of her "deaf and dumb defender."

The ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the new building at the Mississippi School has been deferred until some time in October. The authorities propose to celebrate this event in an elaborate scale. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., has been invited to be present and deliver an address. The school was organized in 1854, but this is the first home it has had that was designed and built for the purpose. It will no doubt be a great day for the school.—*Mirror*.

Imposters are now doing the west. Out in Wisconsin one solicited on the plea he was "deaf and dumb" and wanted to finish his musical education."

Here's another job for the N. A. D. and she should adopt such means as would keep this continent free of those pests. In Maryland the Association of the Deaf offer a reward of \$25 for the arrest and conviction of any hearing person soliciting alms under the pretense he is deaf and dumb.

Editor Russel Smith of the *Deaf American* asks us:

"What, in your opinion, is the most desirable thing to be hoped for by the American Deaf at the present time?"

In our opinion "the most desirable thing" is: That every man, woman, and child in America that can "read, write, and cipher" become proficient in Manual spelling.

Could this be accomplished there would no longer be any discrimination between the deaf and hearing in any sphere. Every barrier would be removed from the path of the deaf.

Cadwalader Washburn has departed for Manchuria with his brother Stanley, the war correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, but before he went he gave an entertaining talk to the deaf of the Twin Cities, which explained why he went rushing to Japan, China and Manchuria as if the devil was at his heels. While his brother is with the Japanese army, "Caddie" is at the other end of the line and receives the dispatches and sends them by cable to Chicago. Perhaps they have some very innocent "P. S's", which is innocent enough to the censor, but which means much to them, and has helped to make Stanley Washburn's fame known as a great getter of news.—*Pelican*.

CHILDREN'S CORNERS.

What Can the Children Do?

What can the little children do,
When Decoration Day is here,
To show their love for soldiers brave
Who, fighting for their country, gave
The life that was to them so dear?

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
That in the fields and gardens grow,
And on the soldiers' graves to-day
Our garlands we will gladly lay,
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
On this Memorial Day to show
We honor those who for it bled,
Some now are living, many dead,
For this was many years ago.

We'll sing our patriotic songs;
We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
And to our country we'll be true,
And honor our "red, white, and blue,"
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

—Laura F. Armitage.

The Cat and the Cream.

One day a pitcher was standing on the table. It had a very narrow neck. There was a little cream in it. Pussy saw the pitcher and jumped upon the table. She wanted to get the cream. But she could not reach it with her tongue. She could not put her head into the pitcher. At last she put her paw into the pitcher and wet it in the cream. Then she licked the cream from her paw. She did this many times. At last the cream was all gone. The cat was cunning.—Selected

Captains Lewis and Clarke.

A long time ago, when Thomas Jefferson was President, most of the people in this country lived in the East. Nobody knew anything about the Far West. The only people that lived there were Indians. Many of these Indians had never seen a white man.

The President sent men to travel into this wild part of the country. He told them to go up to the upper end of the Missouri River. Then they were to go across the Rocky Mountains. They were to keep on till they got to the Pacific Ocean. Then they were to come back again. They were to find out the best way to get through the mountains. And they were to find what kind of people the Indians in that country were. They were also to tell about the animals.

They were two captains of this company. Their names were Lewis and Clarke. There were forty-five men in the party.

They were gone two years and four months. For most of that time they did not see any white men but their own party. They did not hear a word from home for more than two years.

They got their food mostly by hunting. They killed a great many buffaloes and elk and deer. They also shot wild geese and other large birds. Sometimes they had nothing but fish to eat. Sometimes they had no other meat, they were glad to buy dogs from the Indians and eat them. Sometimes they ate horses. They became fond of the meat of dogs and horses.

When they were very hungry, they had to live on roots if they could get them. Sometimes of the Indians made a kind of bread out of roots. The white men bought this when they could not get meat. But there were days when they did not have anything to eat.

They were very friendly with the Indians. One day some of men went to make a visit to an Indian village. The Indians gave them food to eat.

In the Indians wigwam where they were, there was a head of a dead buffalo. When dinner was over, the Indians filled a bowl full of meat. They set this down in front of the head. Then they said to the head, "Eat that."

The Indians believed that if they treated this buffalo head politely the live buffaloes would come to their hunting ground. Then they would have plenty of meat. They think the spirit of the buffalo is a kind of a god. They are very careful to please this god.

Captain Clarke's Burning Glass.

The Indians among whom Captain Clarke and Captain Lewis traveled had many strange ways of doing things. They had nothing like our matches for making fire. One tribe of Indians had this way of lighting a fire. An Indian would lay down a

dry stick. He would rub this stick with the end of another stick. After a while this rubbing would make something like saw-dust on the stick that was lying down. The Indian would keep on rubbing till the wood grew hot. Then the fine wood dust would smoke. Then it would burn. The Indian would put a little kindling wood on it. Soon he would have a large fire.

In that time the white people had not yet found out how to make matches. They lighted a fire by striking a piece of flint against a piece of steel. This would make a spark of fire. By letting their spark fall on something that would burn easily, they started a fire.

White men had another way of lighting a fire. When the sun was shining they used what was called a burning glass. This was a round piece of glass. It was thick in the middle, and thin at the edge. When you held up a burning glass in the sun, it drew the sun's heat so as to make a little hot spot. If you put paper under this shot of hot sunshine it would burn. Men could light the tobacco in their pipes with one of these glasses.

Captain Clarke had something funny happen to him on account of his burning glass. He had walked ahead of the rest of his men. He sat down on a rock. There were some Indians on the other side of the river. They did not see the Captain.

Captain Clarke saw a large bird called a crane flying over his head. He raised his gun and shot it.

The Indian on the other side of the river had never seen a white man in their lives. They had never heard a gun. They used bows and arrows. They heard the sound of Clarke's gun. They looked up and saw the large bird falling from the sky. It fell close to where Captain Clarke sat. Just as it fell they caught sight of Captain Clarke sitting on the rocks. They thought they had seen him fall out of the sky. They thought that the sound of his gun was a sound like thunder that was made when he came down.

The Indians all ran away as fast as they could. They went into their wigwams and closed them. Captain Clarke wished to be friendly with them so he got a canoe and paddled to the other side of the river. He came to the Indian houses. He found the flaps which they used for doors shut. He opened one of them and went in. The Indians were sitting down, and they were all crying and trembling.

Among the Indians the sign of peace is to smoke together. Captain Clarke held out his pipe to them. That was to say, "I am your friend." He shook hands with them and gave some of them presents. Then they were not so much afraid. He wished to light his pipe for them to smoke. So he took out his burning glass. He held it in the sun. He held his pipe under it. The sunshine was drawn together into a bright little spot on the tobacco. Soon the pipe began to smoke.

Then he held out his pipe for the Indians to smoke with him. That is their way of making friends. But none of the Indians would touch the pipe.

They thought that he had brought fire down from heaven to light his pipe. They were sure that he fell down from the sky. They were more afraid of him than ever.

At last Captain Clarke's Indian man came. He told the other Indians that the white man did not come out of the sky. Then they smoked the pipe and were not afraid.—*Stories of Great Americans.*

LOCAL NEWS.

Strawberries and Cream!

Yesterday was Memorial Day and the school celebrated it with the usual half holiday.

J. R. Miles was with us on Saturday. He is getting ready for an extensive tour through the west.

Only three weeks, only twenty-one days, only five hundred and four hours, and then, Home, Sweet Home.

Messrs. Samuel Lawton, Henry Laufer and Fred J. Schroeder of Oakland visited Michael Boyle last Wednesday.

Miss Barry returned to her home in Baltimore Monday after spending two weeks with her friends here and in Boonsboro. Come again.

One of the boys received a box of strawberries by mail; but the press

of matter was too great, the box was a wreck and the strawberries a loss.

A game of base-ball was played with the Western Maryland College, in the Athletic Park, Saturday and our team was defeated 10 to 2, six of the runs being made in the last inning. It was a fine game, but was witnessed by only a small crowd owing to the fact that no trolley cars were run, and no announcement was given by the local paper. Last year the tale was just the reverse.

PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

The Shaw prizes for pupil contributors to the BULLETIN were awarded for the months of March and April to Thomas J. Blake, Frances Wood and Lizzie Edler. For the purpose of comparison the pupils were divided into 3 grades, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd according to class standing. The prizes are one dollar in the first grade and fifty cents in the second and third.

There will be another award for May and June.

Journal.

May 23rd 1905.

Today is Tuesday.
It is cool today.
I am glad that mama is getting well now.

I will buy some stamps for twenty-five cents next Saturday.

I found a nest on the grass last Sunday.

Four eggs were lying in it.
We could not find Mildred's pitcher yesterday.

Some of the boys will play baseball in the Park next Saturday.

Miss Ijams kept the boys' study last night.

Mildred asked me if she might read my funny paper this morning.—W. H.

Journal.

June 1st 1905.

To-day is Thursday.
The sun shines.

I did not go to the city because it rained yesterday.

I received a letter from my papa yesterday. He will buy a new cap next week for me. My size is 6.

Miss Ely gave a red pencil to me this morning.

My papa told me that Aunt Thersa would write a letter to me soon. She is well now.

I shall give a collar to the Chinese next week.

He will give a ticket to me.

Mr. Shaw gave fifty cents to Lizzie for a prize yesterday.

Byron Zimmerman will go to College next fall.

Alvin and I drew pictures yesterday. Harvey spilled some water on the window-sill this morning.

Some water is on the floor.

Perhaps Boyle and I will buy some soda-water two weeks from next Tuesday 20th.

My new tie is pretty.
It is red and white.

We shall write a letter to Miss Ely next June.—J. B. F.

Journal.

Friday, May 12th 1905.

It is a beautiful day.
It is very warm now. Some boys

told me that Mr. Ely went to Washington yesterday morning. I think he will return soon.

Otho and I will go to the city and get my pictures tomorrow afternoon. I had a dozen taken. I will write a letter and put four pictures in it and send them to my father at home next Sunday morning.

Tomorrow afternoon our first team will play baseball with the Point of Rocks team. I hope our team will win.

On May 30th, we will have a half holiday, for it will be Decoration Day.

My teacher told us a story about "Old Abe," the soldier bird, and we wrote it this morning.—C. G.

Story of a Squirrel.

A little girl had a pet squirrel. Its name was Bob. Bob had black eyes and was very pretty. The little girl always gave nuts and cakes to him. He ate them.

Bob loved her very much and she kept Bob in the house and was very kind to him.

One day Bob ran out of the house and played in the yard for a long time. He ate the grass and he was very happy. Suddenly a cross dog saw Bob but the squirrel did not see

the dog. The dog ran and caught Bob and bit him. After a while the little girl heard a noise and ran to the window and she saw the mad dog. She ran out of the house and threw a stone at the dog and hurt him. The dog frightened and ran away. The little girl took poor Bob into the house and put him into the basket and kept him warm. Bob was sick and the little girl was kind to him. Poor Bob died and the little girl dug a hole in the ground and buried him.—A. R.

"Old Abe."

In 1861, Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, who lived in the northern part of Wisconsin, found an eagle's nest in a tall tree. There were two eaglets in the nest. Chief Sky carried one eaglet home and made a nest for it in a tree near his wigwam. But Chief Sky was a poor Indian. He was obliged to sell the bird to a white man for a bushel of corn. The white man brought the eaglet to a village where many of the men were preparing to go to the war. The men said they would take the eagle to the war and make a soldier of him. They tied red, white and blue ribbons around his neck and named him "Old Abe."

On the march, they carried him at the head of the regiment.

The regiment was called the Eagle Regiment.

"Old Abe" was in twenty different battles and various skirmishes.

He was in the siege of Vicksburg and seemed to enjoy the fighting.

On parade he always heeded the word, "Attention!" He would keep his eyes on the commander and listen and obey orders. The enemy called him, "Yankee Buzzard," "Old Owl," and other names. They tried hard to capture him, but they could not.

When the war was done, the eagle was taken to Wisconsin again with his regiment. The regiment gave the eagle to the state of Wisconsin and he lived for many years around the state house. A gentleman had photographs taken of Abe and sold sixteen thousand and seven hundred dollars worth. He helped the poor and sick soldiers with the money.—S. S.

Lizzie and the Baby.

Lizzie was a little girl about six years old. Her father was dead. Her mother was very poor and washed clothes for other people.

Lizzie had a little baby brother about a year old. When her mama was very busy, she took care of him. If he was cross and fretful, she tried to amuse him.

One afternoon Lizzie's mama had to carry a basket of clean clothes. Baby was sleeping when she went away. After awhile he woke up and began to cry. Lizzie wanted to play with her doll and did not want to amuse him. She sat down on the cradle and danced her doll up and down.

Baby cried louder and Lizzie slapped his face. "I am not going to take him out of his cradle every time he cries," she said to herself.

I wish I didn't have him to take care of. He is lots of trouble.

So she let him cry all he wanted to and amused herself. When mama came back, she scolded Lizzie. She took baby out of the cradle and in a few minutes he stopped crying.

The next day baby was sick and mama called the doctor. When Lizzie saw the doctor coming to see the baby, she was very frightened. She was sorry because she was unkind to the dear little brother.

After the doctor had looked at the baby, she asked him if the baby was going to die.

The doctor patted her head and said, "Oh no, he will be all right in a few days, if you take good care of him."

Lizzie was very happy. She was never unkind to her little brother.—B. W.

Lucy Gray.

(Written after reading from Wordsworth.)

There once lived a family on a wide and lonely moor, and a good way from a town.

They had a little daughter named Lucy, and one day in winter her father told her that she must go to the town with a lantern to light her mother home. "That father, I will gladly do," said little Lucy. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when she started. The ground was covered with snow, but she did not mind it. With the lantern in her hand, she tripped along dispersing the powdery snow, which rose up like smoke as she went. On the way a storm arose before it was expected, and little Lucy wandered about and climbed many hills but never reached the town, for she lost the path during the storm. Night came on but yet nothing of Lucy was seen by her parents at home, and they became greatly troubled. They went out across the moor and all around looking for her that night, but not a sound was heard or a trace of Lucy was seen to serve them as a guide. At last they came to the top of a hill, and from it could see in the early morning light the little wooden bridge a furlong from their home;

They said to each other, "We will never see poor Lucy again until we meet her in heaven." Turning homeward they wept, but just then looking down, Lucy's mother spied little foot prints in the snow. They followed them hopefully. Shortly they reached the wooden bridge, and still saw them; but when they got to the middle of the bridge, the foot-marks suddenly disappeared, and no further trace was seen of Lucy.

Yet it is believed by some that sweet Lucy Gray is still living and wandering about on the moor, tripping and singing as she goes a solitary song that whistles in the wind.—V. S.

A Small Boy's Idea of The Russian and Japanese War.

Last year in the spring the Mikado, the chief officer of Japan complained that the Russians used and crossed Korea, that belongs to Japan. The Mikado sent the Japanese minister to Russia to ask Czar Nicholas to stop the Russians using Korea, but he took no notice of the minister. So the Japanese got ready for war. When they were ready, the war started. It had been terrible and there have been some of the worst battles ever fought in the world. There have been many heroes on both sides. They were not afraid to die.

The Japanese tried to take Port Arthur for three or four days, at last on January 1st, Port Arthur fell into the hands of the Japanese. General Stoessel, the commander of the Russian soldiers surrendered to General Nogi. The Japanese soldiers took three thousand Russian prisoners from Port Arthur and sent them to Japan. They treated them very well.

On May 16th, 1905, there was a great naval battle fought. Fourteen Russian battle ships were sunk by the Japanese torpedo-boats. General Togo was the commander of the Japanese battle ships. The next day Admiral Rojestvensky, the commander of the Russian battle ships was captured by Admiral Togo. Admiral Togo had learned how to be a soldier in the United States and that is the reason he is such a good commander.

Perhaps now Czar Nicholas will stop the war and there will be peace.

The island of Japan is very small and Russia is a very large country in Europe. Russians ought easily to beat the small country, but they can't.

Murrah for the Japanese, because they are very brave and determined.—H. O. N.

The Merchant of Venice.

Venice is a city where they have no automobiles, horses, or ponies. People open their front doors and just step out into a boat when they want to go shopping or to visit their neighbors.

In this city lived Shylock a rich Jew. He was a bad-hearted man. He lent money to Christian merchants. A man named Antonio asked him to lend him three thousand ducats for his friend Bassanio who was going to get married.

Antonio promised that he would pay Shylock when his ships laden with merchandise arrived.

They went to a lawyer to sign a bond in fun. The bond said if Antonio didn't pay him the three thousand ducats on a certain day, he would cut a pound of flesh from his body near his heart.

Antonio laughed at this, and signed the bond.

On the day of payment Antonio's ships didn't arrive and he thought they were lost at sea.

Bassanio used the money Antonio borrowed for him. He bought many beautiful things, because he was going to marry a lady named Portia.

One day a letter came to him from Antonio telling him that Shylock demanded the pound of flesh, because he couldn't pay the three thousand ducats.

Bassanio's face turned white and he told Portia all about what had happened.

Then Bassanio and Portia were married immediately, and went to Shylock in Venice. Portia was very rich and gave the money to Bassanio to give to Shylock.

When they arrived at Venice they found Antonio in prison. Bassanio offered Shylock the three thousand ducats, but he refused to take it. He said, "I must have the pound of flesh out from Antonio's body."

After this the Duke said the case must be tried in court.

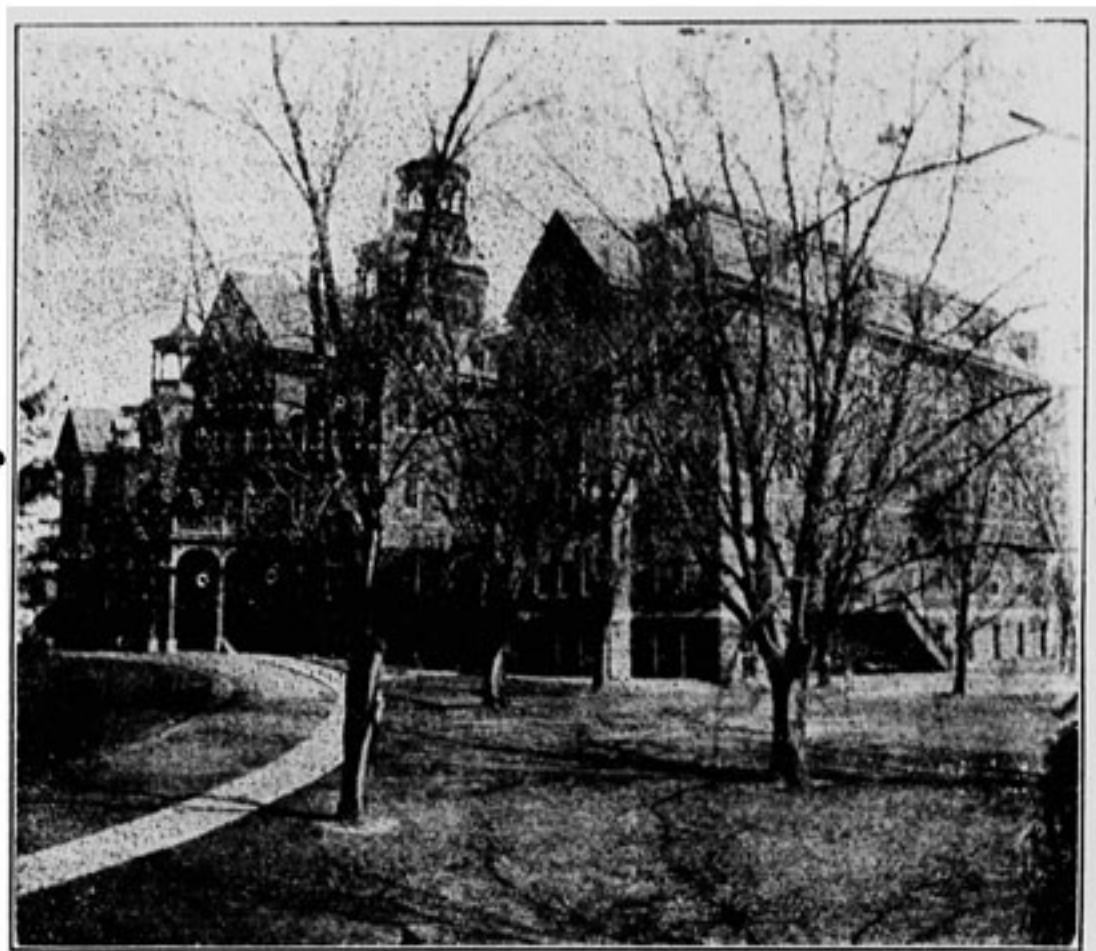
Portia dressed as a man, said she would try the case. Nobody in the court knew her. She asked the lawyer to let her see the bond. She read it and asked Shylock to take the money and let her tear the bond. She begged him to be merciful, but he said he wanted nothing but the pound of flesh.

So Bassanio asked Antonio if he wanted to say anything before he died. He said "Give me your hand farewell."

Portia got the scales to weigh the flesh. She said to Shylock you can have the pound of flesh as the bond says, but not a drop of blood. If you take one drop of blood you will have to give up all your land. When the people heard this they were glad they knew that Shylock must not shed blood and that Antonio was saved. Shylock wanted the money but Portia wouldn't let him have it. She said all his lands and goods would go to the state, because he wanted to take another man's life.

Afterwards Antonio's ships arrived and he again was very rich and lived happily with his wife.—L. B. H.

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The school is free to children and youth whose parents are residents of Maryland. It is very desirable that all should enter young.

Further information may be had by addressing CHAS. W. ELY, *Principal of the School for the Deaf, Frederick City, Md.*

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