



## What is Life?

"What is life?" I asked of a wanton child,  
As he chased a butterfly;  
And his laugh gushed out all joyous and wild,  
As the insect flitted by.  
"What is life?" I asked; "Oh, tell me, I pray!"  
His echoes rang merrily. "Life is play!"

"What is life?" I asked of a maiden fair,  
And I watched her glowing cheek,  
As the blushes deepened and softened there,  
And the dimples played "hide and seek."  
"What is life? Can you tell me its fullest measure?"  
She smilingly answered, "Life is pleasure."

"What is life?" I asked of a soldier brave,  
As he grasped the hilt of his sword;  
He planted his foot on a foeman's grave  
And looked "ereation's lord."  
"What is life?" I queried: "oh, tell me its story!"  
His brow grew bright as he answered, "Glory!"

"What is life?" I asked of a mother, proud,  
As she bent o'er her babe asleep,  
With a low, hushed tone, lest a thought aloud  
Might waken its slumber deep.  
Her smile turned grave, though wondrous in beauty,  
As she made reply, "Life—Life is duty!"

I turned to the father, who stood near by,  
And gazed on his wife with pride;  
Then a tear of joy shone bright in his eye,  
For the treasure that lay at her side.  
I listened well for the tale that should come,  
"My life?" he cried: "My life is home!"

"What is life?" I asked of a statesman grand;  
The idol of the hour;  
The fate of a nation was in his hand,  
His word was the breath of power,  
He, sickening, turned from the world's caress,  
"T is a bubble!" he cried: "T is emptiness!"

I turned and asked my inner heart  
What story it could unfold;  
It bounded quick in its pulses' start,  
As the record it unrolled.  
I read on the page: "Love, hope,  
joy, strife—  
What the heart would make it,  
Such is life!"

—Tarah Le Foece.

## FIGHTING HAIL WITH "CLOUD CANNON."

Ten years ago, when a hail storm visited the vineyards of Styria, as it did all too frequently, it meant almost total destruction, not only of grapes, but of the vines themselves. Now, when dark clouds appear in the calm which always precedes the fall of hail, explosions are heard, and great whirling rings of smoke and air rush upward from scores of "cloud cannon," planted in around the grape-growing district.

"Herr Albert Stiger, the burgo master of the Styrian town of Windisch-Feistritz, was the first man to canonade the hail-laden clouds with scientific intent," says the writer. "Now there was not a man in all the dual monarchy who has studied hail-storms so closely as the intelligent burgo master of Windisch-Feistritz. He had long observed that before the storm broke the air was strangely still for several seconds—for minutes, even. This stillness, Herr Stiger argued, must be most important for the formation of hail; therefore, if only it could be broken up—! Forthwith he set upon the neighboring heights, about half a mile apart, a number of *poetter*, or small mortars, such as are used by local shooting club in the Styrian valleys on festive occasions."

The experiment was successful, and to-day the whole valley is flitted with "cloud cannon," which must be fired at precisely the right moment to be effective.

"A very important improvement recently introduced into the hail-shooting guns, is a steel ring about five inches, welded inside the vertical tube, or funnel, near its muzzle. This contrivance acts very much as the rifling of a gun. Its presence causes the air in the big funnel, compressed by the sudden expansion of the gases of the exploding powder, to be driven through the ring with enormous force, so that it ascends to immense heights like an invisible rocket, and violently agitates the upper air where the hail is formed. After a discharge of one of these late-pattern cloud cannons, I have heard the rushing, screaming whistle of the tremendous, violent ascent for fully twenty seconds. In order still further to multiply the effects of the explosion, Herr Stiger fitted his mortars with high funnel-shaped pipes, using for this purpose the smoke-stacks of worn-out railroad engines of the state lines.

storms. Often one may see the great air ring ejected with terrific velocity from the muzzle of the gun, and also hear it whistling shrilly up the valley. To be struck by that air ring means death, such is the force with which it is ejected by the power charge." — *Appleton's Bookleters Magazine.*

## Down, Down to Sleep.

Nature in the total as well as Nature in all the parts needs sleep and recuperation. Any one who is in intelligent sympathy with the seasons and the years will understand that the trees and the plants cannot carry on such intense toil without periods of recuperation. October is curious for this, that everywhere Nature is putting away her tools, quieting down her forces and getting ready to hibernate. The very air looks sleepy; and while we continue our own work, we do it with less vim and racket than in planting and plowing seasons.

To a careless observer this restful mood comes on almost of a sudden. He has not noted that there are tired sorts of trees in midsummer. Plants are like folk; some are born tired. The butter-nut does not leaf out until nearly June, and down comes its nuts in mid-September; then it throws its leaves with a careless air, and goes to sleep for nearly eight months. Your thorn bushes have hardly blossomed before they lazily turn their leaves brown, and drowse it thru the whole Summer. There are many of these born-tired shrubs and trees, that barely blossom, and then go at once to seed. All the rest of the year they are like Buddha under the Bo tree. Some people mistake this mood in themselves for piety; it does not commend itself to an Occidental mind.

The Virginia creeper has a happy way of wrapping itself in crimson and bidding the world good night. A group of sumac bushes is not very interesting in the Summer, but in September all of a sudden it glorifies the knoll on which it stands with a robe of scarlet and purple.

It is a sleep robe made of the outgoing cloth that it has itself woven. What can be more intensely beautiful than the hill-sides with these tired shrubs, and the valleys full of goldenrod and asters that barely keep a semblance of life down into October? Some people admire the Autumn-flowering altheas and hydrangeas. They forget that these bushes have slept not only thru the whole Winter, but thru the succeeding Spring and

Summer, and have waked up only at the last end of the year. The witch hazel blinks its eyes half way open just as the snow begins to fly, and then goes to sleep again.

The apple tree is our ideal. It is the all-round most complete thing in the vegetable world. It is a trifle deliberate in leafing out in Spring. It never does anything in a hurry. It waits for the plum and the cherry to get thru blossoming. But when their admirers have said enough in honor of the white petals, the big-hearted apple tree quietly opens its great bunches of pink, white and red. The oriole flashes thru it with ery of joy. What a paradise is this for birds. The bees go home loaded with honey. The dullest human is turned into a poet. The whole household is buried in perfume. Ozone, honey, beauty and grace, poetry and prophecy, all these are the work of the apple tree. Then begins its Summer work. It takes from the air; it takes from the soil; it weaves poisonous gases into beautiful florescence; it breathes out purified oxygen for human beings. And all day, all night the apples grow and gather, and grow from what is gathered, united the tree has done its glorious work. In October, loaded with magnificent fruit—a free gift of the whole apple soul, woven into a harvest of golden and crimson fruit, it deserves rest. Ah, dear old apple orchard: no wonder it is the one spot associated with home, which we longest remember. Your rest is well deserved. The leaves grow sore, but do not hasten to fall until November blasts shake them off for a genuine Winter's sleep.

Everything sleeps, and everywhere sleep is beautiful. When the plants shut their eyes their dreams turn to color. Green is invariably toned into yellow or red. You have seen how the dogwood becomes crimson for the cold months, but it is in a modified degree, the same with all vegetation. There is a perceptible change of young growth toward red or brown. You will see this most markedly in the case of basswood twigs and those of the soft maple. So a sleeping tree or brush has a certain charm to a student, because then the chemistry of nature is working out some problems that are not thought of in Summer. Never are the arms of a tree seen to be so rounded, so muscular, so purposeful as when asleep. They tell of what they have done, and pledge a future of fine achievement. What a job of it Nature has had in this business of the survival of the fittest—and she is yet at it. Fifty years from now there will be new varieties of tree to plant, and some old favorites will be discarded.

Do the trees dream? Is there an unconscious self to a plant, as there is to us? How else will they know just when to wake up? How shall a maple tree know just when to send its sap upward, and meet the spiles, and the bucket that we swing on its side? How shall a hyacinth bulb feel the tap of a sunbeam in April, down under two feet of snow, where the thermometer is below freezing? But they probably are dreaming, and probably have subconscious selves that are working out problems of just that sort. Everything will come around about right because there are lots of truths packed away in everything that Nature has done—not in man only.

Birds rest after the nesting period. Everything but the robins stops working sometime in August—the robin and a few of the seed eaters and flycatchers that come late. I do not see that the robin ever stops working; but he does stop his morning orisons about midsummer—just as the world begins to go down hill. The catbird does not go South until October, but from the 1st of August he neither spins nor sings—just meditates and rests. Once in a while he wakes up for an hour; calls you out of your balcony, and chats cheerfully in catbird prose. The oriole is a fearfully busy fellow when he is about, but almost to a dot he quits work on the 1st of September—and

grape growers are glad of it. It is a curious arrangement, whereby the birds divide the year into two working periods—one in the North and one the South—with two contemplative periods sandwiched in. After all, is not their method of life more rational than ours? Their nests are beautiful; their home surroundings sweet and wholesome, but they do not spend all their lives building a conventional house—which they must keep clean. A new year, a new house; which is a good idea. We have overdone the work of making ourselves a lot of trouble.

Rest is a marvelous and a universal provision of nature. It cannot be overlooked—safely. It is voiced in recuperation, and recreation. We wake out of it with renewed LIFE—that wonderful something that defies the philosophers' definitions. What has gone on during sleep? Not merely a cessation of work, but a something very positive. We are made over again in every fiber of the physical being and in the mental as well. The spirit of rest should brood over our homes one-eighth of each day, and one-seventh of each week. A rest day is worth more than prayers and sermons. That is why Sabbath is a universal law; it is natural. But it only belongs to and can be appreciated by those who obey: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work."

—*The Independent.*

## Who Bides His Time.

Who bides his time, and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful rousement,  
However poor his fortune be,  
He will not fall in any quail  
Of poverty—the paddy dime,  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;  
The birds are heralds of his cause;  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The roadsides bloom in his applause,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not  
In the hot race that none achieves  
Shall wear cool wreathen laurel, wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves;  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And away his hand o'er every clime,  
With peace writ on his signet ring,  
Who bides his time.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## Didn't Know Many Folks.

Artemus Ward was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, when a man approached him, sat down, and said: "Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"  
The man was quite about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:  
"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bastille?"  
"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus solemnly. "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quite for about fifteen minutes. Then he said:

"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man," said Artemus. "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said: "Say, did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said: "Adam? Adam? What was his other name?" — *Ex.*

## Origin of Some of the Expressions that Smell of the Sea.

The word "Admiral" comes from "emir el bagh," which is Arabic for lord of the sea.

"Captain" come straight from the Latin "caput," a head; but "mate" is almost identical with the Icelandic

"mati," which means a companion or equal.

Cockswain was originally the man who pulled the after oar of the captain's boat, then known as "cock boat." "Cock boat" is corruption of the word "coracle," and, as most people know, the coracle is a small round boat used for fishing on some of the Welsh rivers, such as the Xye and Usk. So cockswain comes to us from the Welsh.

"Commodore" is simple the Italian "commandatore," or commander, and "naval cadet" was originally the French "capdet," which, going a step further back, has the same origin as the word captain. The reason of this apparent anomaly is that originally naval cadets were younger sons of noble families who served as privates previous to obtaining their commissions.

There never was such a person as "Davy Jones," though we frequently hear of his locker. One ought to talk of "Duffy Jonah's" locker. "Duffy" is the West Indian negro term for spirit or ghost, while "Jonah" refers to the prophet of that name.

"Dog watch" is another curious case of a term gradually corrupted out of its original form. Originally it was "Dodge watch," so described because it lasts only two instead of the usual four hours, and thus makes it possible that the same men shall not be on duty every day during the hours.

Sailors call salt meat "jank." It is not a complimentary term, for junk is nautical for a rope's end. Some 3,000 years ago ropes were made out of bulrushes, for which the Latin word is "juncus." — *Ex.*

## Labeled Wrong.

Miss Mary E. Richmond, of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, abominates professional beggars, and has innumerable stories in proof of the worthlessness of these men. One of them is repeated in the *New York Observer*:

As an English gentleman was walking down a quiet street he heard a rancorous voice say:

"Charity! for the love of heaven, charity!"

The gentleman, a true philanthropist, turned and saw a thin and ragged figure at whose breast hung a card saying, "I am blind." The gentleman took a coin from his pocket, and dropped it into the blind beggar's cup.

But the coin was dropped from too great a height, and it bounced out again. It fell and rolled along the pavement, the beggar in pursuit. Finally it lodged in the gutter, whence the blind man fished it out.

The gentleman said in a stern voice:

"You are no more blind than I am."

The beggar at these words looked at the placard on his breast; and gave a start of surprise.

"Right you are, boss," he said. "They've put the wrong card on me. I'm deaf and dumb."

## An Interragnum.

When President Hadly succeeded the learned and witty Timothy Dwight as president of Yale University, the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred, recalls a writer in the *New York Times*, by a heavy fall of rain.

It came down suddenly just as a column of people, President Dwight and Professor Hadly at the head, were crossing the campus. Some one handed the couple an umbrella, and Professor Hadly was about to open it when the older man took it from him, saying, as he unfolded it:

"Let me carry it, professor. Your reign will bring to-morrow."

## Strictly Hand Made.

"If they're both deaf and dumb, I don't see how they could make love."

"No? I should say it was the best kind—all hand made, you know." — *Philadelphia Leader.*



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The usual Christmas recess will be given this year. Pupils who go home for the Holidays will leave here on Friday the 22nd, Baltimore and east-bound pupils by special car on the train due at Camden Station, Baltimore, at 10:30 A.M. They will return on Tuesday, January 2nd by the train leaving Camden Station at 1:25 P.M.

A special meeting of the Board of Visitors was held at the School on Thursday, Nov. 23.

This takes the place of the regular semi-annual meeting which occurs in January. The object of the meeting was the preparation of the Biennial Report to the Legislature.

Eighteen members were present and were entertained at dinner.

The report will be printed in our printing office and be ready for distribution when the Legislature meets.

The following letters have been sent to parents by the Principal:

"About thirty of our pupils will remain here during the holidays. School will be suspended. We shall endeavor to give the children a pleasant time. They will have a tree, candies and nuts on Christmas day and a dinner of roast turkey, &c. Various games will be provided for their amusement. They will expect, of course, boxes from home with presents. These boxes should be sent early enough to reach here on the 22nd. They will be opened on Christmas morning. If not sent in good season, they are liable to be delayed on account of the large number of packages handled by the express companies.

"I suggest that fruits and nuts would be better than candies. There will be an abundant supply of candy here.

"Toys, articles of wearing apparel, &c., will, of course, be acceptable and give them a great deal of pleasure.

"Do not send much food as they have an abundance here."

"A word of caution while you have your child at home for the holidays.

"We are anxious to have every one come back well. Every pupil is now in the best of health.

"You will, of course, be careful that your child is not exposed to any contagious disease. If he should be exposed to diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, or small-pox, you will please keep him at home, till all danger of being sick is passed. Consult a doctor as to when the child can come back without danger of bringing the disease here.

"If your child has been so exposed, be sure to let me know."

## It is Often A Mistake.

The *West Virginia Tablet*, published at the Romney, W. Va., State School for the Deaf, contains the following very sensible advice in regard to a matter that has come up in our school time and again:

We often receive letters from parents of pupils, applying for positions at the Institution, saying they are willing to do anything just to be near their children, while they are at school, and most of them state that they would move to this section if they could get work in the neighborhood.

It is easy to understand the solicitude of parents, and their desire to be with their children, but it is mistaken affection.

The employees of these schools should possess, and usually do, qualities especially suited to this work and they are of a technical nature. We do not pay salaries that would be sufficient for the support of families, and when it comes to employment in the neighborhood, this is an agricultural county, offering the same inducements to labor that other farming sections do—a part of the year wages are good, a portion of the time there is very little demand.

Don't take up the notion that your child would do better if you could be here to shield him, or that you could look after his health if you were here.

Our children are healthy, and the best evidence of this is our health record, which shows that of 130 boys in attendance here, all but three have gained in weight in the few weeks that school had been in session.

In the last eight years, quite a number of the parents have moved to Romney in order to be near the school, and I cannot recall a single case in which the child has been better satisfied, or in which his progress was conspicuous in comparison with the other children.

The general opinion of our officers and teachers is that the child who attends school for the day and returns home at night, is not equal in class standing with those who reside in the Institution. My advice to parents is to not move here unless you are able to do so without sacrificing your property or your business.

There may be a few cases where conditions favor it, but as a rule it is a serious mistake, resulting in no good to the child, and almost certain to be expensive, if not calamitous to the parents.—*Ex.*

## Let Him do it.

There may be virtue of a kind in the class room where the teacher carefully plans all the steps of procedure, and insists on the performance of work according to her ideals; but, in educative worth, it cannot compare with that where the pupil feels the glow which comes from personal discovery and accomplishment. It is a little thing to be an imitator; a great thing to be a creator.

The father who insists on his son holding the board while he drives the nails may drive the nail well, but he who holds the board while the son drives it does better. The nail may not be so well driven, but he educates his son. Even so in the school-room the child must be permitted to do his own work. Dead time must give place to active endeavor. The child must be a discoverer, an originator, a creator. He must be permitted to drive the nail.

It may, indeed, be quicker for the father to drive all the nails, yet the purpose in pedagogy is not to do the work, but to teach the pupil how to do it. Telling the boy how to swim, or letting him stand on the bank while you swim, will never teach him the art. Let him get into the water and splash and sink. He will gain strength and skill and pleasure every time he goes under and comes spluttering up.—*Deaf Carolinian.*

## Stick to it.

Quite as large a proportion of the deaf we presume, as of any other class, possess the virtues of perseverance and, to use a current phrase, stick-to-it-iveness, but a fair share of them also lack those excellent qualities, without which success is impossible. Every summer we come across one or more of our ex-pupils, who have the intelligence and skill to enable them to attain to conspicuous success in whatever avocation they select if only they would stick to it long enough, but who fail because of their roving disposition. They try first one job and then another, and because at the beginning they do not get as good wages as their fellow-workmen, who, by years of application have attained to superior skill, they become dissatisfied and leave. This is a very common and fatal error. No employer will give the highest wages to a beginner or to an unskilled workman; but when once a man becomes a master of his trade he will never have any difficulty in securing employment at the highest remuneration. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there to success (this can be obtained only by following the well-beaten track of steady application and patient perseverance. —*Canadian Mule.*

The *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* reprints from the *Saturday Evening Post* a story told by John S. Wise about a Mr. Turner, a deaf-mute of Virginia, whom he came to know through Mr. Turner's exceptional skill in training dogs for shooting. In a book, "Dion-med," the first one Mr. Wise published and a capital one too, being the story of a dog's life from a dog's point of view, Mr. Wise spoke of this deaf-mute man and his marvellous comprehension of dog nature. Well it seems Mr. Wise got President Harrison to appoint Mr. Turner postmaster of the village where he lived, and a first rate one he made, too, being exact, diligent, intelligent and obliging. But when the Democratic administration came in, the politicians made a dead set for Turner's scalp, he being a Republican. Mr. Cleveland withstood the pressure for a long time but at last consented to his removal. Mr. Wise, hearing of this, went to see the President and explained matters to him fully, whereupon Mr. Cleveland recalled the order of dismissal. When a deputation of politicians called on him to urge him to dismiss Turner, Mr. Cleveland replied, in his characteristically blunt manner: "He is a capable and faithful officer. He is a deaf-mute, with that handicap on him too. He is a sportsman and trains Wise's dogs for him. Gentlemen, there are a thousand Federal offices in Virginia. You may have nine hundred and ninety-nine of them, but this one is mine. I won't do it!"

## It's up to You, My Son.

There are two trails in life, my boy.

One leads to height of fame,  
To honor, glory, peace and joy,  
And one to depths of shame,  
And you can reach that glorious height—  
Its honors can be won—  
Or you can grope in shame's dark night—  
It's up to you, my son.

One trail is strewn with labor's flowers,  
With sharp thorns here and there;  
One leads through wicked pleasure  
bowers.

That to the eyes are fair,  
One trail ascends and day by day  
You climb—you cannot run—  
And one is down hill all the way—  
It's up to you, my son.

Stern duty guards the upper trail.  
Exact obedience, too;

And he who treads it cannot fail  
To win if he be true,  
But fickle folly gay with smiles  
Rules o'er the other one,  
And leads to ruin with her wiles —  
It's up to you, my son.

At end one long trail you will find  
That all the tears and moans  
And galling cares you left behind  
Were needed stepping stones;  
And at the other's end you will see  
Your pleasures, one by one,  
But led you on to misery—  
It's up to you, my son.

At partings of the trail you stand,  
At early manhood's gate—  
Your future lies in your own hand —  
Will it be low or great?  
If now you choose the trail of Right  
When you the height have won,  
You'll bask in honor's fadeless light—  
It's up to you, my son.

—Selected.

## Failures that Help.

While there is truth in saying that nothing succeeds like success, it would not be unreasonable to speak also of successful failures. The success of today is largely built upon the failures of yesterday. It might be said indeed that in order that one should succeed, ten must fail, on the principle that most of the trees in a wood must be small in order that here and there a giant of the forest may stand forth in lonely grandeur. But success that is built up on inferiority or discomfiture of one's rivals it must be conceded, is but the poorest kind of a triumph.

True success is self-development which helps rather than hinders the growth and good fortune of others. Such self-realization is often the product of one's own previous disappointment and discomfitures. It takes rebuffs and denials to bring a young man to a sense of his own weakness and to an appreciation of the cost of success. Jacob was thrown back in weakness upon himself at the fort Jabbok, until he halted upon his thigh before he was worthy to be invested with the panoplied strength of God. David was beaten and badgered about among the mountains of Judea in order that, having often been discomfited,

he might afterwards learn how to bear the regal honors with soberness and humility.

The most divinely successful life in the history of the world was a failure in the eyes of Christ's contemporaries, the passing shame contributing to the permanent success.

This general principle runs through human experience. To fail in one way, is to find another way, to be disappointed today is to be exalted to-morrow, to be crucified now is to be crowned forever. The loss of a lesser thing is often the attainment of a better thing. To succeed too quickly is to court final defeat.

Grant was defeated at Shiloh that he might win at Appomattox. O. O. Howard failed at Chancellorsville that he might prevail before Atlanta, sharing in the triumphant progress "with Sherman to the sea." The danger to-day is lest young men and women should be content with the cheap success of early life, and the insincere plaudits of a flattering public. It is perilous to become intoxicated with the senses of achievement while as yet life's hardest riddles have not been solved or its fiercest battles fought. Better a humbling defeat at the outset of a career than a series of Moscow retreats, issuing in a bitter fiasco of overwhelming reverses at its close.

No young man who has the right stuff in him will allow himself to be discouraged by a few initial failures. Pitt, Disraeli, and other British statesmen failed repeatedly in their first attempts at public speaking, only to end by entralling Parliament with their eloquence. Inventors, manufacturers, missionaries and educators have labored for years against seemingly insuperable obstacles until at length their efforts have been crowned with success in behalf of civilization or Christianity.

Nothing that is really worth doing is done in a moment. It takes time to develop individual character or to mature great plans for the race. By the slow process of the toiling years is success built up. Succeed where you can, but when you fail try to work even your failures into the scheme and fabric of a larger triumph. "Build the ladder," and then "mount to its summit round by round."—*C. A. S. Dwight, in Young People.*

## Self-Culture.

A noted professor in speaking on the subject of "Self-Culture," has this to say:

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The idle and lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign.

"My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Let that text be enough. Let your daily wisdom in life be in a good use of the opportunities, given you. We live in a real and solid and truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are and whatever you do grow out of a firm root of truth and the strong soil of reality. Never forget Paul's sentence: "Love is fulfilling the law." That is the steam of the social machine. Do one thing well, "be a whole man," as Chancellor Thorlow said, "Do one thing at a time." "Make clean work and work and leave no tags." Allow no delays while you are at a thing. Do it and be done with it.

Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing that you do not mean to use. Never desire to appear clever and make a parade of your talents before men.

Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally if you have it; applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned.—*Ex.*

## Hard to Find.

A janitor of a school threw up his job the other day, says *Primary Education*. When asked the trouble he said: "I'm honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handkerchief about the school when I'm sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher, or some one that is too cowardly to face me, will give a slur. A little

while ago I seen wrote on the board, 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I would't know the thing if I would meet it on the street. Last night, in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well, I says to myself, 'both of them things are lost now; and I'll be accused of takin', 'em, so I'll quit!'"

## HERE AND THERE.

According to the accounts appearing in the members of the I. P. L., the doomed sign language has been granted a reprieve. It is very much alive at this time.

Miss Mary St. Clair Belches, one of the earliest pupils of the Indiana School, and who had passed four score years, was killed on November 21, by a train, while walking on the track.

The officers and teachers at the Texas School for the Deaf are now paid in warrants. The state is out of cash, and over one million dollars in debt. Warrants sell at a discount of two or three per cent.—*Advance.*

The pupils of the Michigan School gave a play on the evening of Thanks, giving from the story of Pocahontas. It ought to have been interesting if historical incidents contribute to the worth of a play.

In the new and artistic catalog of the well known jewelry firm of Mermod, Jaccard and King, of St. Louis is a cut of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity emblem and one of a class pin of Gallaudet College. The designs for these were made by students.

The first deaf man to possess an automobile is believed to be Mr. Charles Thompson of St. Paul, Minn.—*Wis. Times.*

We believe Mr. Frank Wurdeman, of Washington, D. C. owned and steered about the capital city a fine machine as early as 1900. There are others.

The Alumni editor of the *Buff and Blue* accounts for no less than seven weddings and in almost every instance in which Gallaudet boys had the choosing to do they picked blooming young school girls, even Leahode Crane made no exception to this modern rule.

Down in North Carolina the conflict between Oralists and Manualists is running high. The spirit doesn't stop with the teachers. It has gotten down deep among the boys and they are divided in parties. Just now they have played foot-ball and here again the manualists demonstrated the merits of "comb fied system."

The wag of the dog's tail is doomed, and the time is coming when doggie will be obliged to express his feeling solely by whine, growl, howl, and bark. In the first place, the wag is an ungraceful gesture. In the second place, if the dog is large, the wag is likely to knock brie-a-brac off the parlor table. In the third place, every wag of the tail means so much the less practice in barking, to the detriment of the canine vocal organs. The wag must go!—*Minn. Companion.*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Myles, of Pittsburg who sent to India for a little deaf orphan girl for the purpose of educating her here and then returning her to India as a missionary have been confronted by an unexpected difficulty. The little girl arrived in Boston but was not allowed to land as it is against the law for inmates of charitable institutions to land in this country. Mr. Myles, offer is a worthy one and various organizations and persons of influence are aiding him in an appeal to the Commission of Immigration.

Success for December contains cuts of a number of young journalists of to-day among which we see the familiar face of Lindsay Dennison, son of Prof James Dennison, Principal of the Kendall School. The picture is accompanied by a description of Mr. Dennison's running down and capture of Agonillo, the agent of Aguinaldo. At the time Mr. Dennison was on the New York *Sun* and his deed was of the Sherlock Holmes variety.

Mr. Dennison has attained an enviable reputation as a writer and in this vocation is one of President Roosevelt's most popular friends. He has frequently toured with the President and party. Now does it pay to educate the deaf? Evidently it does when deaf parents can rear up such men.



## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## You have only one Mother.

You have only one mother, who will stand by you through good and through ill.

And love you, although  
The world is your foe;  
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray  
That in the good path you may stay,  
Who for you won't spare  
Self-sacrifice rare;  
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make  
A home ever sweet for your sake,  
Who toils day and night  
For you with delight,  
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother—just one;  
Remember that always, my son,  
None can or will do  
What she for you;  
What have you for her ever done?

—Selected.

## Tot and the Turkey Gobbler.

Tot was a little boy. He always wore red stockings. One day he walked out into the barnyard. An old turkey gobbler was there. It did not like red stockings and snapped at them. Poor Tot was frightened. He fell on the ground, and his head went into the water-pail. He screamed loudly, and Aunt Mary heard him. She seized an old broom and drove the turkey away. Then Tot's mother carried him into the house.—*From Far and Near.*

## Snow-White and Rose-Red.

Once upon a time a poor woman lived in a little house at the edge of a forest.

In front of the house there was a garden. In the garden there were two Rose-bushes, one bush had white roses, the other had red roses.

The woman had two little girls who were like the rose-bushes. She called them Snow-white and Rose-red.

Rose-red liked to play in the meadow and look for butterflies and flowers.

Snow-white liked to stay at home and help her mother.

The two children often went to the fields to gather red berries. The little rabbits ate leaves out of their hands, and the birds sang their sweetest songs to them.

In the summer Rose-red picked the red roses and the white roses and gave them to her mother.

In the winter Snow-white lighted the fire and hung the kettle on the hook.

One night, as they sat by the fire, some one knocked at the door. "Run, Rose-red, and open the door," said the mother. "Some one wishes to come in."

When the little girl opened the door, there stood a big, black bear.

"Do not be frightened," said the bear. "I will not hurt you. I should like to come in and warm myself by your fire."

"You poor bear" said the mother, "lie down by the fire, but be careful not to burn your fur."

Then Snow-white and Rose-red brushed the snow from the bear's fur and he let the children play with him.

When bedtime came, the mother said to the bear, "You may lie there by the fire, dry and warm."

In the morning Snow-white opened the door.

"Come back to night," she said, as the bear trotted over the snow into the forest.

After that the bear came to the house every evening. He lay down by the fire and let the children play with him as much as they wished. They grew very fond of him.

When Spring came, the bear said to Snow-white, "Now I must go away, and I cannot come back until winter."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-white. "I must go into the forest and take care of my gold," said the bear. "In winter the dwarfs cannot work. Now that the Sun is warm they will steal my gold and carry it to their home in the mountains."

Snow-white and Rose-red were friends of the bear. They often wished that he would come back and play with them.

One day the two little girls went to the forest for some wood.

They saw a tree lying on the

ground. Something was jumping up and down beside it.

As they came near the tree they saw a dwarf. He had a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of it was caught in the tree.

"Come quick and help me!" he cried.

The children pulled and pulled, but they could not pull the beard out of the tree.

Then Snow-white took a pair of scissors out of her pocket and cut off the end of the beard.

"Thank you," he took a bag of gold that was hanging on the roots of the tree, and went away.

Soon after Snow-white and Rose-red were going to the town. They heard a loud cry and ran to see what was the matter.

There sat the dwarf, screaming and crying. A big bird was flying around and around him.

"Look! look!" cried Rose-red. "That big bird will carry the dwarf away with him."

So the children caught hold of the little man and held him fast.

"See what you have done," cried he, when the bird flew away. "You have torn my coat."

When the children were coming home they saw the dwarf again. He was sitting on a rock, counting his gold.

When he saw them he looked very angry.

Just then their old friend, the bear, came trotting out of the wood. He struck the dwarf to the ground with his great paw.

Then the bear's skin fell off and a young man dressed in gold stood beside them.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and all this gold is mine. The dwarf changed me into a bear and stole my gold. Now that he is dead I am a prince again."

Then they all went home to the little house in the woods. Every year the rose-bushes bear more beautiful roses, one white and the other red.—*Adapted.*

## A Little Gentleman.

Several passengers, on a hot day in June, entered a train on the Columbia and Augusta Railroad. Among them were several young college boys, who were on the way home for their summer vacation. They were stylish, well-dressed lads, and were as gay and happy as boys usually are who have put books aside.

A party of merry girls already occupied the car, and in a little time the train seemed flooded with youth and sunshine. A very lean woman with an ample lunch basket, divided her time between eating chicken and boiled eggs and fanning vigorously with a turkey tail fan, while a stout man in the corner mopped his face with a big bandanna, and remarked, by way of emphasis "Hot, very hot!"

The girls and boys took in every incident, laughing and tittering all the while. Just across the aisle, opposite the boys, sat a woman holding a baby. A pale, tired despairing look was on her face, her eyes were full of suffering. The little one was fretful and cried piteously, but the young mother was too exhausted to try to quiet the baby.

"Oh, just listen to that young one! I think crying babies ought to be put out of the cars," one of the girls said, pertly.

"Yes, my head begins to ache," said another, while the boys laughed; and the louder the child cried, the more merriment it caused among the people; while the lean woman and the fat man scowled and complained.

"I do not see any cause for ridicule," said Fred Western, as he arose; and, to the amazement of all the passengers, he crossed to where the woman sat, and with a courteous bow, extended his arms. "Please let me hold your baby a while," he said. "I have a little sister just her age, and she loves me dearly. You look so tired, ma'am."

The child opened wide her big brown eyes and gazed into the handsome, bright face of the boy as, without hesitation, she sprang forward into the outstretched arms. She ceased crying and her lips puckered into a plaintive sob.

"Oh, how good you are!" the mother said with a sigh of relief. "Thank you!" and she pressed her eyes to keep back the tears of gratitude.

"You are a brave boy," she said, "to show such an act of kindness while your companions jeer and ridicule. Thank you," she said again. "Ah, she loves you already!" and the once beautiful face of the woman was bright for a moment as she saw her baby laugh with joy.

"Now," said Fred, "since you see what good friends we are suppose you lie down and rest. I will take care of the baby. Come, now, we will see the birdies fly." And with his charge held tenderly in his arms he took his seat beside the window, and soon had the baby's attention riveted on the passing, flitting scenes as the train sped on its way.

The passengers looked on in surprise, and Fred's companions ceased laughing and became quiet. The effect of his kind, manly act was electrical; it was a silent rebuke to every person in the car. In a moment the ladies and the thoughtless girls each offered to assist Fred in caring for the little one.

"Oute little darling?" was the exclamation of the girls; and with motherly tenderness all fondled and petted the child. But she clung to Fred tenaciously, as if resenting her long neglect and their sudden overtures of devotion.

The lean woman put aside her turkey-tail fan and went deep into her lunch basket for a "drum-stick" for baby.

The stout man forgot it was a very hot day, and looked on with interest. Calling Fred to him, he chucked the baby's chin. "Pretty child she is. Now say, young man, why doesn't the mother go in the sleeper, I wonder? She looks mighty uncomfortable over there. She is fast asleep, with her head on the hard leather satchel. Humph! I hadn't noticed the poor woman before. She looks more dead than alive."

"Yes, sir, she's very bad off, I think," Fred answered, "and I judge she has not money enough to take a sleeper. I have a little change, and I thought I would just offer it to her. From what she told me, sir, she is very poor."

"Indeed, indeed!" said the man, going deep into his pocket. "Now my boy, you keep your money. So saying, he pushed a roll of bills into the chubby fist of the child.

"Now I want your name," Fred Western said.

"Here's my card, Fred, and I want you to keep it, and if you ever want a situation, ever want assistance in time of trouble, ever want a recommendation, just come to me. You are a noble, manly fellow—a little gentleman. Your attention to that poor woman, and the courage you have shown in helping her, are a guarantee that you are sure to make a great and good man."

Here the train stopped, and he arose. "Goodby, my boy; you've taught me a lesson I'll never forget, and have gained a friend for life." A moment later he left the train, and Fred read on the card the name of a man who is called the "Cotton King of the South," and a man of whom he had often heard.

After having slept for some time, the woman suddenly awoke and looked about in a puzzled way. Fred was at her side. "Now," said she, "I'm feeling so much better. My sleep has given me life," and she took the baby in her arms, and Fred gave her the money the gentleman had left for her, which proved to be a very liberal sum—more than the poor woman had seen in years. She simply bowed her head and wept as if her heart would break.

Again the train stopped. It was the station at which Fred must get off. The woman raised her eyes with a smile of gratitude that Fred forever remembered, and baby put out her arms and cried piteously for him. He stopped and watched the train until it turned the curve. The woman was waving to him and the little arms still beckoned him. The engine rushed on its way like a great living monster.

"Come, Fred," called out one of his companions.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Fred, wiping a mist that had suddenly gathered over his eyes.—*The Parish Visitor.*

## LOCAL NEWS.

Examinations!

Two weeks until Christmas!

What do you want Santa Claus to bring you?

Messrs Walter Halback, Milburn

Flair, Paul Clark, and Byron Zimmerman, all former pupils, were here on Thanksgiving and attended the social.

At the annual first term dance given by the students of Gallaudet our own Arthur Hoffmaster and John Leitch served, respectively, as chairman and second man on the committee. Of course the dance was a success.

Dr. C. R. Ely and family of Washington D. C., were here at his home, as usual, on Thanksgiving Day. Little Elizabeth and Grace are great favorites, and as Friday was the seventh birthday of the former, the event was made noticeable.

Mrs. George Winterling, mother of Esther, sent a box of oranges for distribution among the pupils. Esther took great pleasure in giving them out and the pupils were much pleased at Mrs. Winterling's thoughtful kindness.

A very painful accident befell our faithful night-watchman, Mr. Isaac Crum, while on his last round Monday morning. In some manner he slipped from the street and in trying to save himself from falling wrenched his knee in such a manner as to break the cap.

Mr. Christian Larch, the regular substitute night watchman is on duty. He was for several years a member of the city police force.

The most important day of the Fall term—Thanksgiving—has again come and gone. Special services were conducted in the chapel at 9 a. m. as follows:

Scripture reading, Psalms cxxxvi.  
Lecture on "Thanksgiving."

Prayer.

The usual Thanksgiving dinner burdened the table when the pupils entered the dining hall at 12:30. The menu was as follows:

Turkey	Cranberry sauce	Celery
Sweet potatoes	Gravy	Corn
Dressings	Bread	Oranges

Owing to the fact that there was no foot-ball game the afternoon was dull.

At night an old time party was held in the main dining room. Games as Virginia Reel, Spinning the Plate, Clap in and Clap out, etc. with special amusement for the little ones, were all heartily indulged in. Every one had something to do and for the first time there was an absence of wail flowers. Every body present enjoyed the evening, and so pleasantly and enthusiastically was the time spent that the hour, set by custom for dispersing, was far encroached upon and even then when a call for cessation was given lines of reluctance were visibly engraven upon countenances.

There were many things for which all, down to the tiniest tot, felt truly thankful, but the greatest was the ability of every one to be at the board on Thanksgiving.

## The First Snowfall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

—J. R. Lovett.

## PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

## Two Goats.

Two goats once met upon a foot-bridge.

The foot-bridge was very narrow.  
Neither would let the other pass,  
So they ran together and both fell in to the water.

They were almost drowned.  
Both learned a lesson.—E. H.

## The First Thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims were good men and women.

They came to America in the Mayflower.

The Indians lived in the woods.

The first winter a good many of the Pilgrims died.

They landed on a big rock.

The Indians called their house wigwams.

In the spring the Pilgrims planted barley, rye, corn and peas.

The country was all woods.

The Pilgrims cut down trees and built a log-house.

They put cannons on the top to drive away the Indians.

In the Autumn there was so much grain, they were happy.

They said, "We will have a day to thank God for these good things."

That was the first Thanksgiving Day.

That happened over three hundred years ago.—L. E.

## The Conductor's Mistake.

Sometime ago a young lady went travelling in the car on Lehigh Valley Railroad in Pennsylvania.

She was very nicely dressed.

After leaving Easton the conductor came around to collect the tickets.

He saw the young lady had a dog on the seat beside of her.

He did not like to trouble her.

He told her that it was against the rules to have a dog in the passenger car.

The conductor told her that the dog must go into the baggage car. She begged him to let it stay with her.

The conductor called the brakeman to come and take the dog out into the baggage car.

He came to get the dog. He blushed and told the conductor to hold it while he did some work in the car. He took the dog in his arms. He saw it was a worsted dog.

The people saw him take the worsted dog in his arms. They laughed. He was ashamed. He put it down and went out of the car.—R. T. R.

## Journal.

December, 1st, 1905.

The weather today is cold, but fine. This being the day after Thanksgiving, I feel rather played out from celebrating. Early Thanksgiving morning, I attended the services held in St. John's Catholic church. When church was over I looked around the city a bit. I noticed the Frederick foot-ball team on the street. They were in their foot-ball toggery, and had just come from a practice scrimmage on the diamond.

At twelve thirty I was at school ready for dinner. At that time we all marched into the dining room and had a very good repast of roast turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet-potatoes, celery, oranges etc. After we all had done full justice to the occasion, we filed out well pleased with the world.

Then we got permission from Mr. Ely, to attend the foot-ball game to be held, on the fair grounds, north-east of the city. I walked out to the grounds, only to find out, the Charles Town foot-ball team who were to play with Frederick, had not put in an appearance.

The rooters and admirers of the Frederick foot-ball team were very angry because of this. I rode back in the street cars from the grounds, for I was too chilled to walk back. On the street car I saw three students who are from Cuba. They are attending the Frederick College. They have a free scholarship. Uncle Sam defrays their tuition and maybe other expenses. I heard that they are being educated to be teachers, so they can teach their own people.

When I got back to school, as soon as I got my blood into proper circulation I prepared my toilet and dressed up in my best. I was then ready for the party, which was held at night. I had a pleasant time of it while the party was in progress, and enjoyed the different kinds of games. Refreshments were served at nine thirty, and then after another hour of fun we retired to rest, well pleased and satisfied with the time we had during the day. I believe all of the pupils felt thankful. I know I did from the bottom of my heart. I received a large box of good things from my parents, so I had everything that goes to make Thanksgiving a thankful, and enjoyable day.

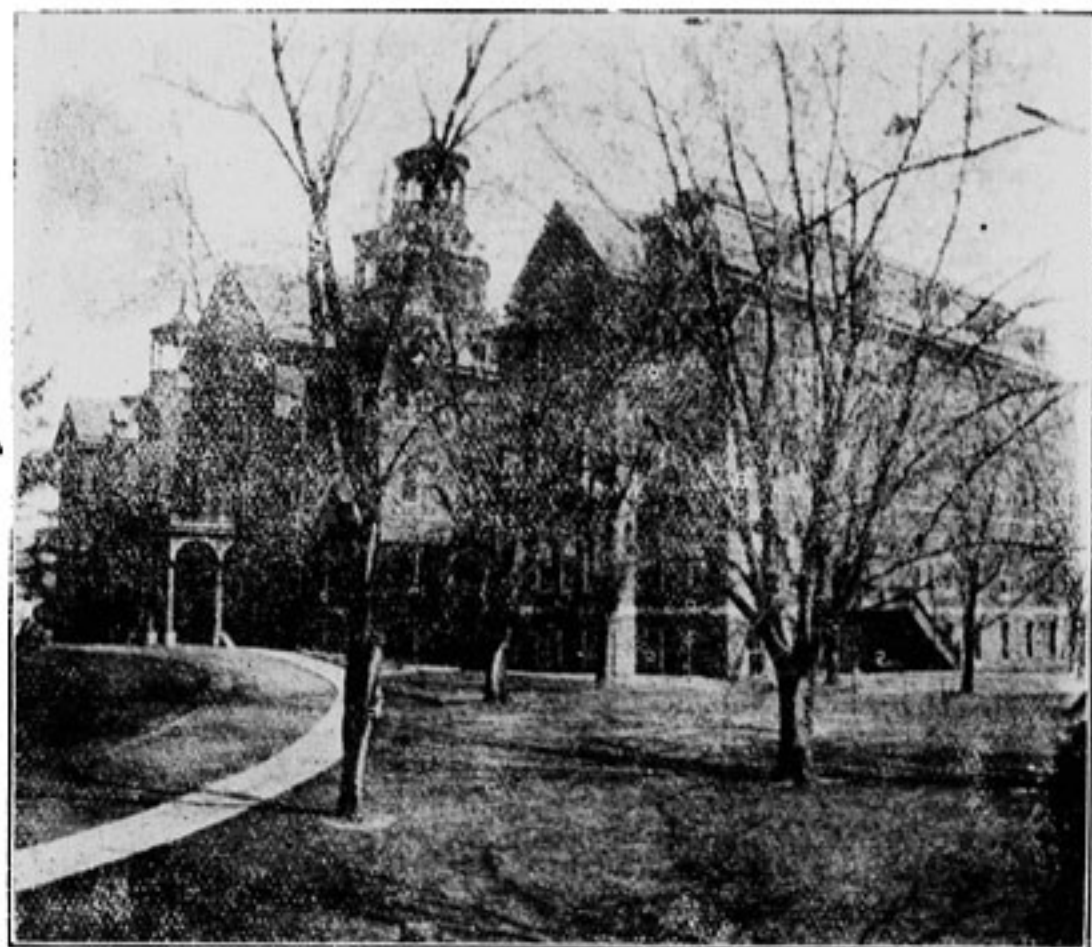
A few of the former pupils of this school paid us a visit Thanksgiving. Among them I will mention Byron Zimmerman, and Milbourne Flair. They also attended the party. Harry Creager, the all round athlete who was to play foot-ball with the Frederick team, attended the party.—T. J. B.



# MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF,

ESTABLISHED BY THE LEGISLATURE  
IN 1867.

OPENED IN SEPTEMBER, 1868.



SOUTH LAWN.

This school is supported and controlled by the state.

Applicants are received to be educated and not for medical treatment.

All white deaf-mute children in the state as well as those who, though able to speak, are so deaf as to be unable to receive instruction in ordinary schools are admitted, *board and instruction free*. Indigent pupils have state, city or county aid in the matter of clothing.

Eleven teachers of experience and special training are employed. The child learns to write rapidly and well. He studies Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, and History using the ordinary school books. In some cases the course of study is further extended. *The time of FIVE TEACHERS is given to instruction in speech.*

Drawing and designing are taught. The boys are instructed in shoe-making, cabinet-making, chair-caning, wood-carving, painting and glazing, and printing. The girls are taught dress-making and housework. A class in cooking has also been added.

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.*

The State provides for the colored deaf and blind at the school on Saratoga St., Baltimore. Admission free. Application should be made to Superintendent, 649 Saratoga St., Baltimore.

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