



Prayer.

I do not undertake to say
That literal answers come from Heaven
But this I know—that when I pray,
A comfort, a support is given
That helps me rise o'er earthly things,
As larks soar up on airy wings.

In vain the wise philosopher
Points out to me my fabric's flaws;
In vain the scientist's aver
That all things are controlled by laws.
My life has taught me, day by day,
That it availeth much to pray.

I do not stop to reason out
The why or how. I do not care,
Since I know this—that when I doubt
Life seems a blackness of despair,
The world a tomb; and when I trust,
Sweet blossoms spring up in the dust.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Since I know in the darkest hour,
If I lift up my soul in prayer,
Some sympathetic, loving power
Sends hope and comfort to me there,
Since balm is dropped to ease my pain,
What need to argue or explain?

Prayer has a sweet, refining grace:
It educates the soul and heart;
It lends a halo to the face,
And by its elevating art
It gives the mind an inner sight
That brings it near the Infinite.

From our gross selves it helps us rise
To something which we yet may be,
And so I ask not to be wise,
If thus my faith is lost to me—
Faith that, with angel voice and touch,
Says, "Pray, for prayer availeth much."

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, U. S. A.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A. retired and one of Virginia's foremost sons, died at the Providence Hospital here last night from an attack of apoplexy which he suffered early yesterday morning on a train while en route from Boston to Washington.

The end was peaceful and without pain, the general remaining conscious until within five minutes of the end. Half an hour before death Gen. Lee recognized his brother Daniel Lee, who came into the room for a moment. He said in a whisper to his brother that he was sorrow he could not talk, but the doctors had forbidden him to speak. These were his last words.

A pathetic feature of the case is that although Gen. Lee was blessed with a family, consisting of a wife and five children not one of them was with him at the time of his death. The general was sixty-eight years of age.

His distinguished ancestry, his brilliant record as a soldier for both the blue and the gray, and his masterly administration as consul general at Havana during the exciting period leading up to the Spanish American war making Fitzhugh Lee conspicuous as a man among men. Gen. Lee was born November 19, 1835, at Clermont, Fairfax County, Va. He was the son of Commodore Sydney Smith Lee, who was the third son of Gen. Henry Lee, popularly known as "Light Horse Harry." Gen. Lee was a nephew of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, and followed the fortune of his distinguished uncle and of his native State in the civil war, but accepted, as did the former, all the results of the war, since Appomattox had served Virginia and his country a number of important official capacities. To him perhaps as much as to any other man may be credited that firm renouncing of the North and the South which existed even before the war with Spain disproved a favorite theory abroad that the United States of America was a conglomerate nation "held together by a rope of sand."

Fitzhugh Lee's father, Sydney Smith Lee, graduated from the Naval Academy and was appointed a midshipman in 1820. He became commander in 1850, and resigned in April 1861 to join the Confederacy. His public service of more than thirty years in the navy included Perry's expedition to Japan and the Mexican war. Commander Lee was the favorite brother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, who called him by the pet nickname of "Rose."

Fitzhugh Lee entered the West Point Military Academy at the age of sixteen, and graduated in July, 1856, at the head of his class in horsemanship, and was appointed second lieutenant in the famous old Second Cavalry, which regiment furnished so many officers afterward distinguished in the civil war. His first duty was in drilling raw recruits at the old barracks at Carlisle, Pa. Then he was sent to the Western frontier, and became an Indian fighter in Texas under Maj. Earle Van Dorn. At the outbreak of the civil war, Fitzhugh Lee found himself at West

Point as an instructor in cavalry tactics. He promptly resigned and offered his service to his native State, serving first on the staff of General Ewell, then as lieutenant colonel of the first Virginia Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, whom he accompanied on his famous raid around McClellan's army, in front of Richmond. On the promotion of Gen. Stuart, young Lee was chosen colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. He took part in all the battles of Northern Virginia in 1861 and 1862. In July 1862, he was made a brigadier general.

In 1863, the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was divided in two divisions, commanded, respectively, by Gens. Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. After the death of Stuart, Lee succeeded Hampton as commander of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, with the rank of major general dating from September 3, 1862.

Fitzhugh Lee's gallant war record is familiar history, both written and unwritten. He was always trusted frequently commanded by his superior officers, and, like Wade Hampton, was the idol of his troops.

The day after the inauguration Gen. Lee called upon President Cleveland by invitation. The friendship then formed ripened into intimacy, which from that day remained unbroken. In the same year Gen. Lee was elected governor of Virginia, and served from 1886 until 1890. Eight years afterward, when Mr. Cleveland was again President, he appointed Gen. Lee collector of internal revenue at Lynchburg, Va.

In the spring of 1896 President Cleveland projected sending a special messenger to Cuba. Instead of that, he finally decided to appoint Fitzhugh Lee as consul general, combining with the usual duties of the office the active requirement that he should inform himself, as a military man, of the real status of affairs in the island for the guidance of the President. It was at a time when President Cleveland was impatient over the alleged apathy of Consul General Williams in cases affecting the rights of American citizens in Cuba, and when he was confronted with the certainty that Congress would have to insist upon some radical policy tending to check the widely criticised methods of Gen. Weyler in Cuba. At the time Gen. Lee was sent on this hazardous mission the country was fairly thrilled at the selection of this representative American soldier to stand for human liberty and justice on that unhappy island. He was untried in foreign diplomacy, but from the moment he entered upon his duties he gave abundant evidence of his possession of good sense, tact, courtesy, and political fitness for his task.

The case of the ill-fated Dr. Ruiz gave him occasion to show a firm hand in the face of almost savage opposition of Weyler's organized inquisitors. At one time he made the manly protest, "I cannot, and will not, stand another Ruiz murder."

Gen. Lee's resignation had been on file in Washington several months already when in November, 1897, he came here and reported in person

to President McKinley. Yet he went back to Havana with the seal of office still in his possession and fortified with the cordial commendation of President McKinley, who had received stacks of letters from representative men in all parts of the country favoring the retention of Gen. Lee at the post which he occupied with such marked distinction.

Gen. Lee's days in Havana in the early part of 1898 were among the most exciting in his long life of activity, and reached a climax when he quit Havana on April 9 with the American flotilla, which headed toward Key West with its American passengers.

At the outbreak of the Spanish war Gen. Lee was, in May, 1898, appointed major general of volunteers and went to Tampa in command of the Seventh Army Corps, but saw no active service in Cuba. He was honorably discharged April 12, 1899, and brevetted brigadier general of volunteers. In February, 1901, he was appointed brigadier general in the permanent establishment, commanding the Department of the Missouri, and on March 2, 1901, he was placed on the retired list.

But Gen. Lee was not permitted to spend his last days in retirement, as he would have liked. He became one of the moving spirits of the Jamestown Exposition Company and was induced to accept the presidency of the enterprise. Acting in that capacity, he devoted all his time and energies to making the exposition a success.—*Washington Post*.

O, Hearts that Hunger!

Some hearts go hungry through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride and scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak;
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in giddy mirth may thrill,
Yet underneath the hardened mask,
The famished heart is hungering still.

Some know their doom; they walk their ways

With level steps and steadfast eyes,
Nor strive with fate; nor weep; nor pray;
While there are others, not so wise,
Are mocked by phantoms evermore.
And, lured by seemings of delight,
Go blindly on, but in their hands
They hold but bitter dust and blight.

We see them gaze with wistful eyes,
We mark the signs on fading cheek;
We hear the smothered sob of sighs,
And note the griefs they do not speak.
For them, no night redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impaired;
O, misconstrued and suffering long!
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

For such life's arid desert holds
No fountain shade, no date-grove fair,
No gush of waters, clear and cold—
But sandy beaches, wide and bare.
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weight to earth the weary frame,
Yet still they make no weak complaint,
They speak no word of grief or blame.

O, eager eyes that gaze afar—
O, arms that clasp but empty air,
Not all unmarked your sorrows pass—
Not all untried your despair!
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb—
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come—
O, heart that hunger through the world!

—Selected.

The New Galveston With Sea-Wall.

Not since the rebuilding of Chicago within two years after the great fire of 1871, has the world seen such an example of civic pluck and united energy as is now being shown by the people of Galveston, Texas.

September 8, 1900, a West Indian hurricane swept across the Gulf of Mexico. The piled up waters, driven by a terrific wind, engulfed the long, low Island of Galveston which lies lengthwise across the mouth of Galveston Bay. Of 37,789 inhabitants of the thriving export city more than 6,000 were killed. Two-thirds of all the buildings in the city were destroyed and not one escaped serious damage.

Bereft and ruined by the awful calamity, the people were dazed for a time. Public officials and the press of the country very generally advised the abandonment of the island. That was easier said than done. Even as the people were searching for their dead and propping up their tottering houses, corn, cotton, lumber and livestock were pouring in from the interior for shipment, and vessels were arriving to discharge and receive cargoes. The same thing was true of Chicago in 1871. Millions of dollars' worth of trade annually centers in Galveston. Without the expenditure of millions, heavy losses to many industries at widely scattered points and general disorganization for a long period, this trade could not be diverted to other places.

Work is the best cure for despair. The very necessity of keeping the flood of commodities moving from land to sea and from sea to land, aroused the people. This work brought money, and with money, power to rebuild.

It was a year before definite plans crystallized into form. The discovery was made that under the existing form of city government—a mayor and common council—the work of rebuilding the city would probably be delayed. The city asked the Legislature to pass a special law to permit the adoption of a municipal government similar to that of the city of Washington, D. C. The bill was passed, and Galveston chose its first Board of Commissioners of five men. The best and most able men of Galveston were chosen without regard to party, and were given the task of rebuilding the city.

The Commissioners appointed three civil engineers to devise a plan. In just two months (January 1902,) a report was submitted, calling for the construction of a sea wall along the Gulf front and the raising of the grade of the city.

The expense was at first an appalling consideration, but obstacles, in Galveston, seemingly existed only to be surmounted. The city, country and state, all vied one another in providing funds, the state agreeing to turn state taxes into the city treasury for a term of 10 years. City and county issued bonds and, to provide for the interest, raised the tax rates on ruined property. The increased taxes were cheerful paid. In this way every citizen of Galveston helped in the work of rebuilding the city.

The sea wall was built between October, 1902, and July, 1904. It is more than three miles long, and stands 17 feet above the sea at low tide. Built of concrete on 12-inch timber piling sunk 40 feet below sea level, braced with steel rods and protected by an artificial beach of granite rocks, it is not believed any waves can wash over or undermine it. It will be backed by the city which is to be raised to the level of the wall. The Federal Government is to extend the wall another mile to protect Fort Crockett which lies below the city. The wall cost \$1,200,000.

The work of grade raising has already begun. The cost of this work will be more than \$2,000,000, and is to be completed by 1907. Thus, you will see, a city of probably 35,000 is to spend nearly \$3,500,000 or \$100 per capita, counting every man, woman and child in it, within a period of five years, besides keeping up the ordinary administrative expenses of the city.

The actual payment of the vast sum by the tax-payers of the city will, of course, be extended over a long period of time by the issuing of bonds. In this way the children of Galveston, who are now going to school, will have an opportunity to contribute for the protection of their city, by paying taxes to be used in the redemption of these bonds.

Galveston has still unsolved the problem of raising the large stone, brick and iron public buildings and business blocks to the new level. Only the best and strongest structures escaped destruction by the storm, and these must be lifted, many of them, the height of a two-story house, and

at an enormous cost to the property owners. But that this work will be done, when the time comes, quickly and effectually no one doubts.—*The Little Chronicle*.

A Secret of Progress.

The story is told of an Englishman who recently came to the United States, and who, because of the difference between the American atmosphere and that of his own country, was much impressed with the democratic spirit that prevails.

Shortly after his arrival, he was sitting in the window of a luxurious hotel in one of our leading cities.

"What an extraordinary country!" he said to an American with whom he had been chatting; "you tell me that birth or family count for nothing."

"Nothing at all," agreed the resident.

"And that man out there," continued the Britisher, pointing to a laborer sweeping the street, "I suppose that man might even become mayor of this city, some day?"

The other glanced out of the window.

"No," he replied, tersely, "that man couldn't."

"He couldn't?" said the Englishman, in surprise; "why, is that man, any, different from the others?"

"Keep your eye on him and see if you can't tell for yourself," said his companion, with a sphinx-like smile.

The Englishman looked for a moment.

"I give it up," he confessed at length; "why is it?"

"Well, I'll just tell you," replied the American; "that man's sweeping against the wind."

He Thought He Stopped the Paper.

An acquaintance met Horace Greeley, one day, and said: "Mr. Greeley, I've stopped your paper." "Have you?" said the editor, "well, that's too bad," and he went his way.

The next morning Mr. Greeley met his subscriber again, and said: "I thought you had stopped the 'Tribune'."

"So I did."

"Then there must be some mistake," said Mr. Greeley, "for I just came from the office and the presses were running, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday and the day before."

"Oh!" ejaculated the subscriber, "I didn't mean that I had stopped the paper; I stopped only my copy of it, because I didn't like your editorials."

"Pshaw!" retorted Mr. Greeley, "it was not worth taking up my time to tell me such a trifle as that. My dear sir, if you expect to control the utterance of the 'Tribune' by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper or magazine worth reading that will never express convictions at right angles with your own, you are doomed to disappointment.—*Selected*.

Buttons from Potatoes.

Great quantities of buttons are now made from potatoes. It is not generally known that if the substance of the common Irish potatoes be treated with certain acids it becomes almost as hard as stone, and can be used for many purposes for which horn, ivory and bone are employed. This quality of the potatoes adapts it to button making, and a very good grade of button is now made from the well known tuber. The potato button cannot be distinguished from others save by a careful examination, and even then only by an expert, since they are colored to suit the goods on which they are to be used, and are very white as good looking as a button of bone or ivory. Their cheapness is a great recommendation, and will no doubt lead to a much larger employment in the future.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

THE
MARYLAND BULLETINPublished Bi-Weekly
DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR.AT THE MARYLAND SCHOOL FOR THE
DEAF.

PRINTED BY THE PUPILS.

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FREDERICK, MD., MAY 17, 1905.

The annual meeting of the Board
of Visitors will be held on Thursday
June 8th.School will close on Wednesday
June 21st the pupils leaving for home
on the morning of that day. Balti-
more and eastbound pupils will go
by special car on the B & O, 8-10 A.M.
train.

The Coming State Convention.

Already preparation is being made
for the convention of the Maryland
State Association of the Deaf, which
is to take place in Baltimore during
the first week in August.From the present indications it will
be an important meeting as questions
of great interest are to be discussed.Heretofore out of town ladies found
it very inconvenient in getting stop-
ping places and many remained
away for no other reason.A committee has already been ap-
pointed to secure accommodation for
all who wish to attend and no one
will need to stay away for the want
of a place.

WHEN VACATION COMES.

Suggestions to Parents and Home
Friends.The following is reprinted from the
BULLETIN of two years ago. It is
hoped that parents and friends of our
deaf pupils will carefully read and
bear in mind the suggestions:Parents are looking forward to the
time when Johnny and Jimmy and
Sallie and Susie will be at home again
and the boys and girls know exactly
how many days they must wait.The session has been a long one.
The parents have been deprived of
the society of their children and also
relieved of their care for a long time.
The children have missed the home
friends and the freedom from restraint
which they enjoyed there.
What a happy time for all when again
at home.The parents mean to give the child-
ren a good time and the children
anticipate it.At first they will be visitors. They
will greet all the friends. They will
explore the house, the yard, the farm,
the familiar streets, to see if the old
familiar things are there, to see if
new things have been added, to see
if their pets have been safely kept, to
see all that makes it home. But the
excitement of this new pleasure will
soon wear away and all will settle
down to every day living.In most cases the visiting part of va-
cation is shortly over. Some exact-
ing child may want to continue to be
a guest only, and be supplied with
good things without any return on
his part. But duties as well as plea-
sures should be provided for him.
Just as much should be required of
him as of others in the family of equal
strength and intelligence; and he
should take pleasure in showing how
much he can do for the comfort of
others. Parents should be careful
to have their sons and daughters do
for themselves as much as possible,
so as not to be a burden on their par-
ents or others. Some regular daily
work is very helpful in this direction.
Many children are very ready and
willing and need only a little intelli-
gent and sympathetic direction.
Some of more sluggish temperament
or idly disposed, need urging, but it
is well worth the parents time and ef-
fort.Pupils are counseled to try to give
pleasure to others at home, and espe-
cially to be helpful to mother.

Another important thing should be
borne in mind. The deaf son or
daughter is keenly interested in all
that is going on in the family circle,
and the parents, brothers, and sisters
should take pains to keep them in-
formed. The older deaf one, who
has been several years in school,
should be taken into the conversation
at the table and in the parlor,
should know the plans for the day,
should be introduced to visitors and
have in all respects the same share of
the daily life as the other members
of the family. This will take away
the feeling of isolation which the deaf
one is very apt to feel if the others
are not very thoughtful and consider-
ate. If the deaf son or daughter is
skilled in speech and lip reading it
will be easier, but will still require a
good deal of thoughtful attention
from others. In most cases a use of
the finger alphabet is necessary. This
is not hard to acquire and with prac-
tice one may become quite expert.
The conversation of others can be
given on the fingers for the deaf one
to read, or, if the interpreter is not
sufficiently expert for this, a few
words spelled here and there will at
least give the subject and drift of
conversation.

This is not only important for the
comfort and pleasure of the deaf
member of the family but is of great
educational value, in that it keeps the
mind awake and active. It will be
highly appreciated and do more than
anything else to strengthen home
ties.

Children are generally eager to
learn though they may be dull at set
lessons. They want to see and know
what is going on and especially to
know the names of persons, places
and objects.

Parents should take advantage of
vacation to give the young deaf child
the names of all in the family and
the degree of relationship, the names
of neighbors and friends whom they
meet from time to time, of the doctor,
the preacher, the merchant; also the
names of the different rooms in the
house and of articles used. This re-
quires little time and no set lessons.
Some children come back to school,
thanks to the intelligent interest of
parents and friends, with quite an
addition to their stock of words,
while others have nothing to show
for the time spent at home.

It should not be necessary to add
that children, who are able to speak
even a little, should be encouraged
to practice. The best encouragement
is to patiently listen to them and ap-
preciate their efforts.

Chas. W. Ely, Principal.

Exhibition at the Maryland
School for the Colored Deaf,
and the Blind, Balti-
more, Md.

It is rather surprising, even in a
city containing so many schools and
institutions of various kinds, both
charitable and otherwise, as does
Baltimore, that an institution like
the Maryland School for Colored
Blind and Deaf at 649 West Saratoga
Street, should be little known outside
its own immediate circle of interested
workers. However feeling that a
wider public interest would be awak-
ened in this worthy cause by an
acquaintance with the school and its
practical workings, the principal,
with the hearty consent and co-op-
eration of the board, recently decided
to give an exhibition as a means of
displaying the various branches of
work carried on to certain prominent
people, both white and colored, who
might be sufficiently interested in
such a cause as to wish to spend a
little time in a personal investiga-
tion.

The features of this exhibition
were to be: "Demonstration of the
methods and results of the course of
instruction as pursued in the school;
a physical culture drill and aerobic
feats by the deaf boys; the bazar,
consisting of an exhibition and sale of
articles made by the pupils: a lunch
served by the girls of the cooking
class, and music by the blind pupils."

The afternoons and evenings of
April 25 and 26 were set apart for this
purpose—the one for white and the
other for colored visitors, and 1,500
very neat invitations were issued in
the proportion of two-thirds to the
former and one-third to the latter.
The visitors upon their arrival were
first asked to register and were then
conducted to the various class-rooms,
from the kindergarten department,
where the little deaf boy or girl is

taught to make the first articulate
sound and catch the first meaning of
spoken language by reading the lips
of his trained teacher, and the little
blind unfortunate begins his struggle
to conquer the great world of knowl-
edge through the medium of his
finger tips; to the rooms where the
more advanced classes displayed such
a knowledge of language, history or
geography, as the case might be, as
is best described by the words "mar-
velous," "miraculous," which fre-
quently fell from the lips of the
visitors.

The skilled manual work of the
boys next had its share of attention.
Network of all kinds, including most
excellent hammocks, displayed the
work of both deaf and blind; the
boots and shoes on exhibition bore
witness to the skill of the deaf boys
in their particular branch of industry,
while the well-made mattresses as well
as the numerous specimens of fine
canework, in which the school car-
ries on an extensive business, elicited
both surprise and praise for the blind
boys, whose sense of touch has been
so trained that, deprived of the gift
of that most precious sense of sight,
they can yet do this exceedingly in-
tricate work with both rapidity and
skill.

One of the most interesting cases
which illustrates the ability of the
sense of touch to take up the work of
the other senses when they are lack-
ing is that of Albert Jones, the only
blind-deaf pupil in the institution.
He is not only the best chair caner in
the school, but he reads the New
York Point with facility. He was
the center of attraction and created
much amusement by his mimicry in
pantomime of things he had never
either seen or heard.

But, perhaps, the feature of the
entertainment which held the interest
longest was the bazar. In this the
artistic had been so mingled with the
useful and the appetizing that noth-
ing was lacking to render its success
complete.

The spacious halls of the old Pa-
colonial mansion, now the home of
the school, had been fitted up with
attractive booths, were gay colored
bunting and articles, both useful
and ornamental, vied with one an-
other in increasing the brilliancy of
the scene. Plants were tastefully
arranged, and in one corner of the
hall a fine piano held possession, on
which the blind boys and girls not
only did credit to themselves and
teachers, but added much to the en-
joyableness of the occasion.

Without, in the paved yard, the
deaf boys entertained the guests at
intervals with a dumbbell drill and
acrobatic feats, which were remark-
able from the fact that their move-
ments were guided not a particle by
sound. As evening came on, the
verandas, both front and back, were
beautified by a decoration of Japa-
nese lanterns, which added not a
little to the brightness of the picture.
Just inside the main entrance were
two booths which tempted the ap-
petite by a toothsome display of
home-made candies, cakes, bread and
rolls. Farther on, within the second
hall, were three booths bearing re-
spectively the inscriptions: "Articles
Made by the Deaf Girls," "Articles
Made by the Blind Girls," "Articles
Contributed by friends."

These articles made by the girls
represented several months of faith-
ful labor in the sewing department,
and include underclothing, aprons,
dresses, baskets, cushions, drawn
linen work, embroidery, etc, and
were a credit alike to the pupils and
to their teacher. Most of these
things were sold either from the
booths or by an auction, which was
the closing feature of the second ev-
ening and contributed greatly to the
amusement of the company. Lunch
was served in one of the schoolrooms,
which had been fitted up with tables
for the occasions, and the deaf girls
in their neat white caps and aprons
were not the least attractive features
as they received and deftly executed
the orders of these who thus availed
themselves of the opportunity to test
the skill their culinary training.

About \$86 were realized from the
exhibition, which, after certain ne-
cessary expenses have been deducted,
will be added to the library fund.

About 125 visitors were present
each day, among whom may be men-
tioned the following: Members of the
board, John M. Glenn, Bernard C.
Steiner, Ph. D., Waldo Newcomer,
Blanchard Randall and Superinten-
dent George C. Morrison; Rev. O. J.

Whilden, Rev. D. E. Moylan, Mrs.
John M. Glenn, Dr. and Mrs. H. Boyd
Wyllie, H. Randolph Latimer, Mr. and
Mrs. George M. Leitner, the Misses
Reins, Mr. J. Edward Nunn, Mr. and
Mrs. A. C. Buxton, Miss Rouse, Mr.
James R. Edmonds, Miss Laura
Ridgely, Miss Mary Wood, Miss
Steiner, Miss Susile Bouldin, Miss M.
E. Langford, Miss Annie Barry, Miss
Ethel Standish Woods, Mr. and Mrs.
J. T. Collins, Mrs. George E. Krebs,
Mr. George W. Williams and Will-
iam D. Bishop.

Among the guesses of the second ev-
ening may be mentioned Rev. T. R.
Williams, Rev. D. G. Hill, Rev. S. H.
Brown and Rev. R. R. Riggs.—Balti-
more American.

Life's Best.

We sail toward evening's lonely star
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar
Burnt with dull carmine through and
through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west;
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave cradled thus, and wind caressed!

The soft breeze freshens; leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer,
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lighthouses kindle far and near;
And through the warm depths of the sky
Steal faint star clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I
Wave cradled thus, and wind caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
Star beam and darkness, sky and sea;
The face, pale in the shadowy even
The quiet eyes that gaze on me!
Or realize the moment's charm
Thou, dearest! We are at life's best,
Enfolded in God's encircling arm,
Wave cradled thus, and wind caressed.
—Celia Thaxter.

A Deaf Diver.

William M. Ryan, of Detroit,
Mich., is engaged as a diver by the
U. S. Government at Spectacle
Reef Light House, near Cheboygan.

He claims to be the only deaf-mute
diver in the world, and says diving in
the deep water is exceedingly dan-
gerous, but he can stand the terrible
strain much longer than any other
expert diver, because of his total
deafness. Mr. Ryan gave several
incidents which cannot fail to thrill
the stoutest hearts. He says that
while working at the bottom of the
lake, a school of sturgeons attacked
him ferociously, but did him no
harm, because he wore an iron cos-
tume and helmet, but he seized a
small iron crow bar and struck sev-
eral of the fish dead, and they rose to
the surface.

He says that two divers were drown-
ed near Alpena, 105 miles from the
Reef, and as no one else was willing
to dive for the bodies, he was brought
there on a U. S. Cutter, and did the
work successfully, for which the U.
S. paid him well.

He says that one day, while sawing
falling trees at the bottom, he was
seared by a terrific, shrill sound and
immediately gave a signal to be pull-
ed up, and then found out it was
only a loud fog horn on a steamer.

He went down again. He thinks he
feels the whistle much louder in the
water than in the air. Mr. Ryan
was a former pupil at Flint, and is a
man of iron constitution and hercu-
lean strength. He weighs 225 lbs.—
Wash. Cor. Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

Misfit Kindness.

Uncle Silas had been visiting in a
neighboring State. He did not go of-
ten, and had anticipated great plea-
sure, but he came home sooner than
expected.

"Didn't you have a good time?"
he was asked.

"Ye-s," answered the old man,
slowly, "Yes 'twas all nice, but you
see Marthy she's of them kine heart-
ed folks that's always din' things
for you that you don't want done."

First night she was determined
I should drink a cup of herb tea for
fear I'd took cold on the train. I
hate herb tea, and I hadn't any cold,
but nothin' else would do. Then in
the mornin' I wanted to be up and
see the folks, but no body was stirn'
and I waited until I was 'most tired
out. At last Marthy came, bringin'
me my breakfast to eat in my room.

"Thought it 'twould be more rest-
ful," she said. Everybody else had
eat theirs and gone off long before
and she'd kept 'em all quiet so's not
to disturb me.

"Well, evrything went that way.
If I wanted to slip out for a stroll,

she'd hire a carriage. If I wanted
to talk with a neighbor, she'd invit-
a whole tea party. I had to come
home. Kindness is like clothes—their
want to fit the wearer.

There's a lot of folks go through
life a-turnin out misfits and wonderin'
why they ain't appreciated."

He Got the Job.

During the Civil War the captain
of a certain company of mountaineers
was thoroughly disgusted with the
laziness of the sixty men under him
says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
He determined to shame them. One
morning after roll-call he tried it.

"I have a nice easy job," he said,
"for the laziest man in the company.
Will the laziest man step to the
front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men stepped
forward.

"Why don't you step to the front,
too?" demanded the captain of the
sixtieth.

"I'm too lazy," replied the soldier.

HERE AND THERE.

Vacation, Reunions, Conventions!

George Webster of Cincinnati is a
night watchman on a packet steam-
er. There are few deaf men who
would like such a position yet he fills
it with the greatest satisfaction.

Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan, the
teacher of Miss Helen Keller, and
Mr. John Albert Macy, of the Edit-
orial staff of the Youth's Companion
were married at Wrentham Mass.,
May 3, 1905.

James Moore a well known deaf-
mute of Jacksonville, Ill., died on
April 5th, at the age of 75, leaving in
his will the bulk of his estate to be dis-
posed of for the benefit of the Illinois
School library.

A boy in the Minnesota School won
six pounds of chocolate in a contest
for an advertising design. In these
days so much attention is given to ar-
tistic advertising that it is an honor for
any boy to carry off a prize.—Ex.

It is reported that the deaf colored
children of the District of Columbia
and Delaware will no longer be re-
ceived at the Kendall School. They
will be sent to the Maryland School
for deaf and dumb colored children
in Baltimore. We can now look for
an increased attendance of white
children in the Kendall School.

J. Schuyler Long of the Iowa
school must be something of a born
poet. In the last issue of the Hawk-
eye he sings of "Convention Time"
with reference to Morganton. Now's
the time for some one to set this last
production to martial music. We
have tried it with "Marching through
Georgia," but it won't work.

Of all the Presidents the U. S. has
had, I think only James A. Garfield
took a personal interest in the deaf.
That explains why there is a bust of
him in the chapel of the National
College, and the deaf had that bust
made.—Tablet.

Oh, no. Presidents Lincoln and
Hayes took personal interest. The
latter using the alphabet with ease
and was a great friend of the deaf.

The Montana school has a monthly
social which they regard as "one of
the greatest aids in teaching manners
and the usages of polite society."

The Rochester school has a "Cour-
tesy Club," while out in Iowa this
subject is an all important one and
receives the gravest attention.

No set of children have been more
neglected in this line than the deaf
and the keenest interest should be
taken while they are in school that
they receive the necessary discipline.

It is the most important part of a
child's education.

The Cleveland Day School is to be
closed for lack of harmony among the
teachers!! We pity the set of school
authorities that is too weak to oust
the envious snags of teachers, those
miserable parasites, who do little
more than make miserable the life of
those longing to give their whole soul
to the cause of educating the deaf
and the uplifting of the standard of
the schools.

The Cleveland school is a day
school and this accounts for its feeble
foundation. Any other kind of a
school would hardly close for a
matter of this order. There should
have been a general issue of "walking
papers" and then a new corps of
teachers instituted.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Drive the Nail Aright.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron 's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try.

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast,
Try, and try again, boys,—
You'll succeed at last.

Drive the nail aright boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron 's red.

—Easy Steps.

The Talking Bird.

Sergeant was a parrot. He could talk very well. He was very bright. Charlie was a little boy, and he lived next door to where the parrot was. Charlie often played with Roger. Roger was a coward. He blamed Charlie for everything. He did not tell the truth.

One day Sergeant was hanging in a cage in an open window. Some little boys were playing ball out-of-doors and Sergeant watched them. Charlie and Roger were with the boys.

Suddenly one of the boys threw the ball at a large window. It was broken. A man came out of the house. Roger blamed Charlie for breaking the window. The man was very angry, and told Charlie that he must pay for it. Charlie was sad, for his mother was poor. He said that he did not break the window, but the man did not believe him.

Sergeant knew all about it. He called out loudly:—
"Roger did it!"

So naughty Roger had to confess that he broke the window, and not Charlie.—Selected.

The Insolent Boy.

James Selton was one of the most insolent boys in the village where he lived. He would rarely pass people in the street without being guilty of some sort of abuse.

If a person were well dressed he would cry out, "Dandy." If a person's clothes were dirty or torn, he would throw stones at him, and annoy him in every day.

One afternoon, just as the school was dismissed, a stranger passed through the village. His dress was plain and somewhat old, but neat and clean. He carried a cane in his hand on the end of which was a bundle, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat.

No sooner did James see the stranger than he winked to his playmates, and said "Now for some fun!" He then silently went toward the stranger from behind, and, knocking off his hat ran away.

The man turned and saw him, but James was out of hearing before he could speak. The stranger put on his hat, and went on his way. Again did James approach; but this time the man caught him by the arm and held him fast.

However, he contented himself with looking James a moment in the face, and then pushed him from him. No sooner did the naughty boy find himself free again, then he began to pelt the stranger with dirt and stones.

But he was much frightened when the "rowdy" as he foolishly called the man, was struck on the head by a brick, and badly hurt. All the boys now ran away, and James skulked across the fields to his home.

As he drew near the house, his sister Caroline came out to meet him, holding up a beautiful gold chain and some new books for him to see.

She told James, as fast as she could talk, that their uncle, who had been away several years, had come home, and was now in the house; that he had brought beautiful presents for the whole family; that he had left his carriage at the tavern, a mile or two off, and walked on foot, so as to surprise his brother, their father.

She said, that while he was coming through the village some wicked boys threw stones at him, and hit him just over the eye, and that mother had bound up the wound. "But

what makes you look so pale?" asked Caroline, changing her tone.

The guilty boy told her that nothing was the matter, with him; and running into the house he went up stairs into his chamber. Soon after, he heard his father calling him to come down. Trembling from head to foot he obeyed. When he reached the parlor door, he stood, fearing to enter.

His mother said, "James, why do you not come in? You are not usually so bashful. See this beautiful watch, which your uncle has brought for you."

What a sense of shame did James now feel! Little Caroline seized his arm, and pulled him into the room. But he hung down his head, and covered his face with his hands.

His uncle went up to him and kindly taking away his hands, said, "James, will you not bid me welcome?" But quickly starting back, he cried, "Brother, this is not your son. It is the boy who so shamefully insulted me in the street!"

With surprise and grief did the good father and mother learn this. His uncle was ready to forgive him, and forget the injury. But his father would never permit James to have the gold watch, nor the beautiful books, which his uncle had brought for him.

The rest of the children were loaded with presents. James was obliged to content himself with seeing them happy. He never forgot this lesson so long as he lived. It cured him entirely of his low and insolent manners.—McGuffey's Reader.

A Cheerful Boy.

An odd looking boy went whistling along the street the morning after a big snowstorm. His hands were bare, his cheeks and ears were red with cold, his shoes were much too large, well worn at that, while his hat was only a hat in name. That he meant business was shown by his spry movements and the shovel that he carried.

Seeing a man at his doors, the boy asked if he wanted the snow cleared away from the walks. "How much?" inquired the man. "Ten cents," replied the boy. "Too much; a nickel is enough," said the man. "There is plenty of work today," answered the boy, "and I must do the best I can while it lasts. Good morning."

But the man had just begun to admire the cheerful business air of the boy, and was also moved with pity for him. So he called the boy back, and told him to do the work.

The lady of the house looked out of the window a few minutes later, and said, "Just look at that little boy making the snow fly. Why he works like a snow-plow."

Both the man and his wife watched the little "ragtag" as though he were a new curiosity. They became interested as well as amused, and noted how well he did his work.

As he finished the job and came to the door for his money, the lady said to her husband, "Maybe he is hungry; bring him in."

The man asked him to come in. Yes, he was hungry, but he had only time to take a piece of bread. Yes, it was cold out, but he could keep from freezing by hard work, and he needed all the money he could earn.

"What do you want money for just now?" asked the lady; and the little worker replied, "I want to buy mother a shawl. She has to wear one that you can see through, and it isn't right." Then the lady took his name and address, saying, "We want some more little jobs done, and may want you again."

The boy thanked her in his cheerful way, and hurried on, whistling as he went. That night the mother had a warm shawl, and several other things that her new found friend could well spare. But, more than that, the next day the little snow-shoveler was dressed in a new warm suit from head to foot, and became the trusty office-boy of a leading lawyer.

Cheerfulness and industry are sure to win confidence and success.—Selected.

History of the Donkey.

The best donkeys come from Arabia. They have clean, smooth coats, hold their heads high and are used only for riding purposes. Many are set to Persia where they sell for high sums. They are well looked after and their harnessings are of the richest.

In the far east the donkey for centuries has received the appreciation of all classes. A fine Arab breed, used solely for the saddle, exists in Syria and a smaller kind is devoted to the use of the women when they wish to ride abroad.

As one goes farther east the donkeys diminish in stature and in India the tiny animal called a donkey is used only by the people of the lower caste. Europe, Malta and Spain supply the finest donkeys, and in parts of Italy and France good specimens may be secured.

Although the donkey was known in England in the reign of the earlier Saxons it was not common, for it became extinct till the reign of Elizabeth. The wild origin of the donkey is supposed to have been the koulan or onager, which exists in herds in Persia and similar lands. The skin is used for making shagreen leather. The donkey is coming into general favor abroad, and even America may soon become accustomed to seeing children driving donkey carts or invalids taking a much-needed airing drawn by the animals, which make good pets and are so much less expensive than a pony.—Sel.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Barry is spending a few days with us.

Wednesday last was a banner day for visitors.

Principal and Mrs. Ely were in Washington over Sunday visiting their son Dr. Charles R. Ely.

A game of ball will be played with Western Maryland College on our grounds Saturday, May 27th.

Misses Thornton and Nichol and Mrs. Keisel of the Normal Class at Gallaudet spent Wednesday here inspecting the work of our class rooms.

At the Presentation Day exercises at Gallaudet College, George Brown was one of the speakers, having for his subject, "History Made by Novels." Arthur Hoffmaster, another of our boys, was a member of the Reception Committee.

One of the most interesting lectures was delivered in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, the 6th, by the Principal from the subject "Forward." His text being "Speak to the Children of Israel that they go forward" and also, "Leaving the things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark."

PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

Jack's Cat.

Jack had a pretty cat.
Its name was Tom.
Jack loved it very much.
One day a naughty boy gave some poison to it.
Jack cried.
He buried it in the garden.—F. B. M.

Catching Squirrels.

Tommy was a little negro boy.
He liked to climb trees and catch baby squirrels.
One day he saw a squirrel's nest in the tree.
A large black snake came out of the nest.
Tommy was very much frightened.
He ran away fast.
He never looked for squirrels again.—H. W. H.

Jimmie's Pigeons.

It was Jimmie's birthday.
He was seven years old.
His father gave him six pretty pigeons.
Jimmie loved them very much.
He fed them every day.
Then Jimmie forgot them.
He did not feed them for three days.
They were very hungry.
One day he remembered and he went to see them, but all the pigeons were dead.—M. E. D.

He Caught the Thief.

Mr. Dow was a preacher. A poor man told him that some body had stolen his axe. The next Sunday, when Mr. Dow went to the church he put a stone in his pocket.

He preached to the people against stealing. He told them that some body in the church had stolen a poor man's axe. He took the stone out of his pocket and he said that he intended to hit the thief. He held up the stone in his hand and looked at the

people. He pretended to throw the stone. The people all sat still and did not move, except one man. He was frightened and dodged. The preacher told the man to go home and get the axe and give it to the poor man. Mr. Dow was a smart man. He caught the thief.—W. C.

About a Cocoon.

Miss Grace Ely picked many cocoons. She gave some of the cocoons to Miss Hancock.

Last April 28th Miss Hancock put one of them on our teachers picture and pinned it. We were not allowed to touch the cocoon. It changed into a butterfly on the 1st of May. The butterfly was very pretty.

It was formerly a caterpillar.
What a curious thing it was! We were interested in watching it. We thought it very wonderful.

We never saw it before.
Our teacher let the butterfly go out.
It flew fast.—R. T. R.

A True Story.

One night Alberta Reese retired at half past 8 o'clock. While she was sleeping a large mouse jumped upon Alberta's bed and bit her nose. Alberta screamed. The mouse was frightened and ran away. One of the girls heard a noise and ran to Alberta. She asked her "What is the matter with you?" She saw the blood on her nose. Alberta told her the whole story. The girls were sorry for her. Some other girls laughed at Alberta when they learned it. Alberta asked Miss Holtz to give her a trap for mice. She caught several mice in the trap. She was glad.—E. C. G.

Dickens's Dear Kitten.

Charles Dickens was very fond of cats. He loved all animals, and cats were among his pets. He had a little white cat named Williamina. She was a dear pussy, and was allowed to do about as she pleased. One day she brought all her little kittens into Mr. Dickens's study. She carried them in her mouth and put them in the corner of the room. Dickens had them taken away, but she brought them again he put them out, and then what do you suppose the dear mother cat did? She came and laid the kittens at her master's feet, and looked up into his face. He could not bear to send them out again. One evening, while he was reading, the light went out. He was left in darkness. He lighted the candle again and went on reading, stroking the cat. She was lonesome and wanted him to put down his book and pet her.—M. V.

Story of a Shell.

Daisy was a pretty little girl. She had blue eyes and beautiful golden hair, one day she became very ill, she didn't improve and the doctor said she must go to the seaside. Her mother took her down to the shore every day, and she gradually got better.

Her mother would read and Daisy would play in the sand, and with the shells which she found on the shore.

Daisy liked to put the shells to her ears, she said they sang the same song as the ocean.

One morning she found a most beautiful shell. She held it up to her ears and suddenly she shouted to her mamma.

"Oh! Mamma do come and listen to the sweet voice inside of this shell." Daisy didn't understand what it was, but it seemed as though it was a voice singing to her. She thought it sang "I am glad you like to hear my voice, I will sing to you every day."

Daisy was very happy for she loved the sweet voice, and she wrote a letter to her father and told him what lovely music the shells sang.—L. T.

Alice and Bertie.

Once there were two little girls. Their names were Alice and Bertie. Alice's parents were both wealthy people and Alice was their only child. She was petted by them. She was a girl and she always liked to have everything that she wanted. She was spoiled.

The other little girl's father was dead but her mother was living. Her poor mother worked hard to earn their living. She earned their living by washing for people.

Alice, little rich girl was unhappy and wanted to live in the country. Her father often took Alice out riding and walking out in the woods three miles from home. She enjoyed these rides very much.

Alice saw Bertie playing by a brook and she wanted to stay in the coun-

try. Alice was tired of rich home. Alice went to the poor home and Bertie went to the rich one. A few days after Bertie could wear shoes no longer. They hurt her feet and the fine dresses choked her. She wanted to go to her poor home and Alice out in the country. Bertie was crying with sore feet. The rocks hurt her feet and a crawfish had bitten her toe. She was not used to wearing old clothes and eating plain food.

Both little girls were tired and wanted to go to their own homes long but they were exchanged and were happy again.—E. F. M.

How Patty Caught a Robber.

Patty lived in the country. She had no brothers and sisters. One day Patty's mother and father went away to spend the evening with a friend. There was a servant, but she was very deaf. Patty's mother told her to go to bed at eight o'clock. Patty played with her toys a little while and read a new book. Then she got sleepy and went to bed. She heard the clock strike twelve and she thought she heard a little noise. So she went down stairs softly and peeped through the crack of the door and saw a man in the pantry, he was eating something. She thought he was a robber. She shut the door and locked it. Then she went into the parlor and waited for her parents. In a few minutes they returned, Patty told them that there was a robber in the pantry. Her father took his pistol and a lantern and unlocked the door and led the man into the kitchen. Her mother laughed and shook hands with him and kissed him. Patty was surprised that her mother kissed the robber, but her mother told her he was her brother. He was Patty's uncle, but she didn't know it. He said, "a few minutes ago I came to the house and knocked at the door, but nobody heard me, then I climbed in one of the windows." He couldn't find Patty's parents. He was hungry and went to the pantry and got some cakes. He kissed Patty, and said she was a brave girl. He gave her a handsome parrot, she taught it to say many words.—H. O. N.

The Incheape Rock.

(Written after reading the poem by Robert Southey.)

There was not a motion in the air, and the waves were perfectly still, as a ship was riding steadily at sea, near the Incheape Rock, over which the water flowed with scarcely a ripple to disturb its smoothness. Even the bell on the Rock was still, the waves not having motion enough to make it ring. The good old Abbot of Aberbrothock had placed it there, fastened to a buoy; and when the sea was rough, it tolled out its warnings to passing ships.

On this beautiful day, when the sun was shining so brightly, Sir Ralph the Rover came that way. He was very happy and was whistling a jolly tune, as he came near the Incheape Rock. But as soon as he saw it, he stopped his whistling, and a wicked look came over his face. He called out to his sailors to lower a boat, and he got in, and the sailors rowed away with a will. He soon came along side the bell. With his knife he severed the rope that bound the bell, and it sunk with a gurgling sound, sending bubbles up all around it. Then said Sir Ralph, "The sailors that pass this way, will not bless the good old Abbot for the warning bell." He then sailed for foreign countries and traveled from one to another, until his ship was well laden with booty. He happened then to be sailing along again where the Incheape Rock was, but this time the waves dashed high, and it was blowing a terrible gale, and a blinding mist overspread the sky, which made it as dark as night.

The howling wind and dashing waves frightened the bold sailors. One of them exclaimed, "If we could only hear the Incheape Bell, we could steer our ship out of this sea." Sir Ralph the Rover was also shaking with fear. For he could hear the loud roar of the breakers ahead.

With the terrible howling and dashing of the waves, the ship was swept onto the breakers sooner than was expected. Amid the screams and yells of the drowning sailors, was heard the yells and curses of Sir Ralph the Rover, as he raved and pulled his hair, for it seemed to him that the fiends below were waiting for him, and the Incheape Bell was tolling his death knell.—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 FOUR 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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