



Thanksgiving.

O Lord, we thank Thee for our daily bread,
As for the fruits and harvests of the land,
We thank Thee that the path wherein
we tread
Is scattered o'er with blessings from
Thy hand.

The gift supreme that cometh from
above,
And brings us peace with recurring
days,
Is the assurance of Thy tender love
That stirs our hearts to ever grateful
praise.

But not alone for earthly gifts, that
please
Our appetite and satisfy desire,
Not only for a life of pleasant ease;
For greater gifts than these our souls
aspire.

That in our hearts abides Thy Holy Word,
Guiding our steps Thy providence,
we see,
Our willing souls "the still, small voice"
have heard,
For this, O Lord, we offer thanks to Thee,
—Frank Beard.

LIFE IN A MACEDONIAN VILLAGE.

We have all read the story of the marvelous pair of shoes which transported the wearer into the strange worlds of the past. The modern traveller who wishes to be wafted back to the middle ages needs no fairy shoes. All that he has to do is to go to Vienna, and there take a very real and prosaic train to Macedonia.

A few hours' journey carries him from the twentieth century right into the heart of the twelfth. Within sight of the railway and the telegraph he will find a village eight hundred years removed from either.

It is hidden away in a cool, shady glen, with the great mountains rising from the back of it, and the green meadows rolling in front of it down to the corn-fields and vineyards of the plain.

Wierd, bleached skulls peep over the foliage, searing away the crows and averting the "evil eyes." Men and women are hard at work in the fields, the men attired in white kilts and dark jackets, the women in white tunics heavily embroidered with red and in broad cotton head-kerchiefs, which protect them from the scorching rays of the sun.

The golden corn is reaped with bill-hooks, is threshed by horses trampling upon it, is winnowed by being tossed up in the air, and every thing is as primeval as it should be. The laborers stay their toil for a minute to gaze incuriously at the passing stranger, and then quickly turn their heads away.

But if there are industrious ants, there are also singing grasshoppers in Macedonia. You have not gone far before your ear is struck by a monotonous strain from a blind old minstrel seated by the roadside. In one hand he holds upright a quaint three-stringed instrument, and in the other a rough bow, which he draws slowly across the strings, drawing the while a song concerning the glories of a long-dead hero. You drop a piaster into his lap and pass on.

By and by you start climbing up the slopes. A noisy, foamy torrent, springing from the far-away heights, is your guide. A sudden bend of the rugged track reveals to your eyes the slate roofs of the village huddled together, snug and cozy, with the torrent leaping and laughing down the middle, and the high, cross-crowned belfry of the church towering above all.

Your approach is greeted by the furious barking of half a dozen shaggy dogs, and you hesitate to advance until the old lady who is sitting on the threshold of her cottage, plying the distaff and spindle, comes to the rescue.

You salute her. She scans you wonderingly for a time before she returns your salutation. Her shyness is not the result of inhospitality—far otherwise. She was simply amazed at the appearance of a being from another world. But as soon as she grasped the fact that, despite your strange voice and dress, you are a human creature like herself, she will invite you into her home and kindly minister to your creature comforts. You enter, to find yourself in a

large room with the beaten earth for floor, the grimy rafters for ceiling, and holes for window and chimney. As you pass you see a heap of corn at one end, and the fire-wood, newly cut for the winter, piled up under the rickety stairs.

You mount to the upper story. Here is a narrow hall, with the loom standing in a corner, and high up against the wall a gallery of holy pictures of the Virgin Mary and the patron saint of the household, with a tiny lamp flickering before them. Two small, dark rooms open into this hall. You are ushered into one of them. A few rush mats cover part of the floor, a line of cushions is ranged against the wall, and a black fireplace gapes in the middle of one side between two deep windows.

While you repose against the cushions the hostess stirs up the embers and pushes a small, long-handled brass pot into them, wherein she prepares for you a cup of coffee. Presently her daughter, or daughter-in-law, brings you a glass of *raki*—a drink distilled from the skins of grapes—and a glass of water, and then retires to a corner, her hands folded over her red apron and her eyes fixed on the floor, silent and demure, as behooves a discreet young woman.

Meanwhile your hostess entertains you with her gossip. She will ask first you how you like the water, and will wax very eloquent over its fine qualities:

"You may journey for days and days ere you find such another spring. Ours is the best water in the district, the Lord be praised for it!"

When you have finished the refreshments, the young woman, steps forward to take away the cup and glasses, wishing you "With health!"—and then disappears.

In the evening the other members of the family, male and female, come in. Some have been cutting wood up in the beech forest, others have been laboring in the lowlands. The younger boys and girls have spent the day tending the cattle in the moist pastures, and now drive them home—big, uncouth buffaloes and small, short-horned cows, which fill the air with their loud lowing and homely smells.

In the meantime the old woman and the daughter have been busy getting supper ready, and soon the whole family is seated cross-legged upon the rush mat round a low wooden table. A single napkin of an enormous length is spread round upon their knees, and a bowl of vegetable broth flavored with garlic is steaming in the middle. Into this bowl they all dip their wooden spoons by turns, after having made the sign of the cross. Sour curds, onions and black bread complete the menu.

The conversation is as primitive as the repast. When the prospects of the harvest are exhausted it drifts into the supernatural. To these simple people the Supreme Being is a very present reality. Thus this year's abundance is unanimously attributed to the bishop's visit: "He has brought the Lord's blessing with him."

Miracles, of course, happen every day and night. Two years ago the house caught fire; but no one noticed it, when suddenly Saint Kosmos appeared to the old woman in her sleep and said, "Arise and wake up

the people, or you will be burned alive." She started up, and saw the flames curling over the window-sill.

The powers of evil seem to be quite as numerous and potent as the powers of good. There are the Spirits of the Water, which punish you if you bathe or wash clothes during the first six days of August.

"Have you in all your days seen any one suffer?" asked the skeptical young man who had been to school, of the old woman.

"Show me any one who has ever dared bathe or wash or much as a head-kerchief in one of these forbidden days," she replied sharply, and the young man was shamed into silence.

Then you hear of other beings—the Nymphs of the fountains, who are propitiated by the wayfarer by many colored threads torn from his dress.

An elderly neighbor, who came in a few minutes ago, tells how his brother was traveling down south one dark night, how he stopped at the fountain Kranovoda to drink water, not knowing that it was haunted.

Suddenly the horse started, and on looking up he saw a woman, fair as the moon and tall as a poplar, standing in front of him. He fired, but the shot went through the apparition, and he was knocked down.

Five days afterward he was seized with paralysis of the lower limbs, and his eyes grew wild. His friends took him to the town, but no doctor could cure him. At last he recovered through the magic of Christina, the renowned witch of Mavrovo.

The story is corroborated by many witnesses, including even the village priest—a gentle old man, half clergyman, half peasant in dress, wholly in ignorance. He relates with great humor how some time back the bishop on his tour stopped at the village, and on Sunday went to church, how he was shocked at the man's inability to read, and after service rebuked him.

(Continued on Second Page.)

A Simple Life.

I thank thee, Lord, that malice hath no part
Within my heart;
I envy not my brother his renown,
Nor crave his crown;
I only wish that all may dwell with me
In amity.

I thank thee, Lord, I have not soiled myself
With greed of pelf;
Of sordid deeds, unscrupulous and mean,
My hands are clean;
No fellow-creature's thought may ever blame
Me for his shame.

I thank thee, Lord, thou hast not heard me ask
To shirk my task;
I have not cursed the orbit of my fate
Nor scorned my state;
It is enough that I have had through life
Strength for the strife.

I thank thee, Lord, I do believe thy Word
As I have heard;
Though all time's tumult thou with me wilt bide
Ever beside;
And when at last for me shall fall the night,
Thy love shall light.

—Susie M. Best.

Thankfulness of Isaac Walton.

("The Complete Angler.")

"Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honey-suckle hedge mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you may also join in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of pain and affliction; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new

mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, other that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far better mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy." Nay let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expenses of a little money, have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men can not purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of richness to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them."

And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when as God knows the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconsciously got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience. Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we have met together? I have been told, that if a man was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from the first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them because they be so common, most men forgot to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us and gives us flowers and showers, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

Passing of the Turkey.

You people who insist on eating turkey will have to take steps to procure some other kind of meat before many more moon," said a Washington market dealer to one of his customers, who said he never got enough turkey meat. "If the demand of the last few years keeps on increasing, there won't be enough turkeys in this country in twenty-five years to count.

You have heard that old story about the vanishing buffalo? Well, sir the next story will be about the vanishing gobbler and his mate.

It's all on account of too much civilization. The progenitor of turkeys you have been eating all your life was the wild turkey. When the Pilgrims hit Massachusetts' shore the turkeys were as untamed as the Indian.

They had their wings and as the settlers began to spread out turkeys took to their wings and traveled West. They know how to live. They didn't have to be penned up and pampered as they now are in Rhode Island.

The turkey tastes best when it raises itself on the range. You do not need any statistics to prove that the ranges in this country are decreasing. The country is filling up with people. Civilization is the cause of that.

Turkey raising is unprofitable on small farms. Whenever a small farm comes into existence the tiller of the soil ascertains that there is more money in other things than turkeys. A turkey requires as much range as a Texas steer.

And that is why we get more turkeys now from Texas than we do from New England and the Middle States of the West. There is plenty of range in Texas for the bird, and that is why Texas turkey is better in every way than the turkey that is raised in the East. It won't be many years before the President of the United States will get his Christmas bird from the State of Joe Bailey.

You people who think nothing but turkey will do for Thanksgiving and Christmas had better get right busy very soon. Some of the prosperity given turkey the shake and are ordering English pheasants.

I tell you, as an old tradesman, that the turkey is doomed. I don't know what will take its place, but it is vanishing.

Let me tell you another thing that you may not have noticed. The turkey of today is not as toothsome as it was. It is degenerating.

Just hunt up some old granddaddy, who has tasted wild turkey and he will tell you that there is no comparison between the strutter of the forest and the pampered bird of the pen. The wild bird has a gamey flavor that your tame one can never approach.

I reckon you know that the turkey in England is now only a recollection. So it will be in the United States within the next ten years.—Ez.

Solemnity of Chinese Wedding.

A Chinese marriage is a solemn ceremony—no talk, no levity and much crying. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in brocade or silk, her eye lashes are painted a deep black and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headdress, from which imitation pearls hang over her forehead. A feast is spread upon a table to which the blushing bride is led by five of her friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eat. When the mother starts crying the maids follow and the bride joins in the chorals. The bridegroom now enters with four friends. They pick up the throne on which the bride sits, and, preceded by the bridegroom, form a procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining room, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple, a custom we have borrowed from them.—Pass.

What is it?

"What is it that will go down a stove pipe down and up a stovepipe down, but won't go up a stovepipe up or down a stovepipe up?"—Ez.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if I gave you three oranges and your mother gave you four and your aunt gave you five, how many oranges would you have?"

"I guess I'd have enough."

THE
MARYLAND BULLETIN

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

PRINTED BY THE PUPILS.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT FREDERICK AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

TERMS:—FIFTY CENTS *per annum*
in advance for the school year.
Subscriptions may begin at any
time.

Address all communications to
THE MARYLAND BULLETIN,
FREDERICK, MD.

FREDERICK, MD., Nov. 22, 1905.

The Board of Trustees of the Missouri school has re-elected Mr. N. B. McKee as superintendent of that institution for another term of four years.—*Wisconsin Times*.

Our congratulations. Mr. McKee has proved himself the right man in the right place.

Mr. Ely has been re-elected superintendent of the Maryland School thirty-five times.

We have received copies of *Facts and Fables and Happy Homes*, published at the Michigan School for the Deaf. They are made up from stories, etc., published in the *Michigan Mirror*. They will be found entertaining and useful reading for our children up to the fifth or sixth grade.

Dr. Gallaudet returned home to Kendall Green the 23rd. of October from his European trip and was given a royal welcome amid cheers from the students who gathered at the gate entrance to greet him. They presented him with a fragrant bouquet of American Beauty Roses in token of their high esteem for him. In the whole profession there is no man who is a greater friend of the deaf than Dr. E. M. Gallaudet.—*Rocky Mountain Leader*.

Echoes of the Convention.

At the Morganton Convention considerable prominence was given to the subject of Chapel Exercises, which was opened by a paper by Dr. Cronter of the Pennsylvania School. An exhibition of oral chapel exercises as conducted at the North Carolina School was given. In the discussion which followed Mrs. Sylvia C. Balis of Ontario, one of the most accomplished deaf teachers of the deaf made a most telling speech. This is reported in the *Canadian Mute* as follows:

"One of the most memorable features of the Morganton Convention was a discussion on the relative merits of signs and oralism for chapel exercises. Some of the oralists claimed the pupils taught under that system could understand and enjoy a chapel service if given orally, as well as, if not better than, when given in signs. One of the most important contributions to the debate was a brief but telling speech by Mrs. Balis, which 'set the heather on fire.' Mrs. Balis is one of the best lip-readers on the continent, and her testimony is therefore very emphatic and conclusive. Her remarks were cheered enthusiastically. Following is a report of Mrs. Balis' address:—'I come here, not as a stranger, but as one who has lived thirty years among the deaf, and for more than thirty years I have been deaf. I wish to say that in all those years I have seen but two men on a platform whom I could understand. I have been interested in this session and have tried faithfully to understand what has been said, but without the assistance of the Interpreters it would have been an impossibility. I can sit and talk with Dr. Cronter or Mr. Thompson and enjoy the conversation, but when they come up here on the platform, I cannot understand a word. And those poor children! If I were compelled to go to church and watch a man on a platform open and shut his mouth, I should go crazy. Suppose you stop your ears and watch me go through the motions of speaking, how would you like to be compelled to do it? You, who can hear, cannot realize what it is. The strain on the nerves and the strain on the mind is something awful. As we grow older, it is harder for us. I asked a deaf gentleman just now if, when he went to church, he would like to sit there and have the service spelled out or spoken. His answer was emphatic, 'Nothing can be more f-l-a-t.' I used to play. I know what music is and the charms it lends to a service. You forget there is nothing offered us in our chapel services which can take its place but the beautiful gestures of the sign language. Suppose you were obliged to sit here and watch a man, immovable and expressionless, steadily and automatically opening and shutting his mouth without emitting a sound. You'd soon tire of it. I have faith in the Oral Method for some; I would not discard it. There are children who understand remarks addressed to them, but there are more who do not, though they will say they do. I tell you this as one who does not hear. We deaf people have been through the mill and know whereof we speak. Make life happy for these children, do not spoil all their future, the time will come when they will be your Judges. I would not take anything for the ability I have to speak, but I also assure you I would not give up the sign language which has given me so much pleasure. It is a most beautiful and expressive language. I have seen children deeply moved by an address in the sign language. I have tried spelling to my pupils in chapel, and I have tried delivering an address by speech without moving them, and then I have given the same address in signs and they have understood and been deeply moved. Speech is a great thing, but the ability to write intelligently and read understandingly is far more important to the deaf. It is often claimed that the deaf understand plays at the theatre. We enjoy it much more if we have read the play beforehand, otherwise, unless we can see the acting, we do not enjoy it. And so it is in chapel services, we want to see something doing and not just a man standing there, like a wooden image wound up, his jaws moving up and down.

The True and False.

Don't believe all men are faithless
And no woman e'er is true;
Don't believe we're sinners mostly
And the honest are the few;
Don't believe that Right's a pretense
And that Virtue is a blind;
Don't believe man's heart is cankered,
And deceitful is his mind—
Don't believe it!

There are sinners in big places,
There are sinners, too, in low;
But the Truth will overtake them
Though its progress may be slow;
For the power of Truth's resistless;
Though it crushed be for a day
It will rise in might majestic,
And triumphant claim its sway—
Man, believe it!

Don't believe because you daily
Read of reputations lost,
And of masks torn from fair faces
When the sin demands its cost,
That mankind has retrograded
And the Good died with the past;
Know the lesson that Time teaches—
Is that Right alone can last—
And believe it!

What though human nature weak is
And temptation hard to bear,
What though many in the struggle
Fall into the Life's deep snare?
Know the Lie will meet destruction
And the Sinner live to rue,
For the World's great Heart is ever
Reaching for the Good and True—
Oh, believe it!

Oral Chapel Services Again.

The *Association Review* in speaking of the chapel service exhibition given at the recent convention says: "The practicability and fitness of an oral chapel service for orally taught children had been well illustrated and fully attested in the morning exercises, and it argued for itself far more strongly and effectively than any advocate did or could do."

The exercises referred to consisted of reciting the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed, selections from the Psalms and familiar hymns, following a leader. These exercises were beautiful and impressive and reflected much credit upon the pupils and their instructors. Further more they were convincing and argued well, as far as they went. If this was a complete chapel exercise we would say we were "converted." But the principal part of a chapel ex-

ercise was sadly lacking, the lecture. A chapel service without a lecture or talk on a text is like a church service without a sermon. If church services should be deprived of their sermons and made up entirely of responsive readings, recitations of prayers and songs, their object to instruct and teach would be gone and the congregation, if they did not cease attending altogether, would settle down into a lot of parrots following a leader.

We make the assertion—and believe that few teachers of the deaf, even oralists, will doubt it in the least that if a stranger with an ordinarily clear delivery had given these same pupils who took part in the exercises, orally taught though they were, a lecture in the sign language, it would have gone to their hearts deeper, impressed them more, and done them more real good than if the same man had spoken his lecture and depended on the pupils to get it from his lips.

We do not mean to reflect upon the exhibition. It was beautiful and justly deserved and did receive great praise from all who heard it. However as for a chapel service in the usually accepted term it was not at all convincing. If one considers that a chapel service is complete without a lecture this exhibition certainly proved that an oral service is practicable.—*Arkansas Optic*.

The President's Proclamation of Thanksgiving Day read as follow:

"When, nearly three centuries ago, the first settlers came to the country which has now become this republic they fronted not only hardships and privation, but terrible risk to their lives. In those grim years the custom grew of setting apart one day in each year for a special service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for preserving the people through the changing seasons. The custom has now become national and hallowed by immemorial usage. We live in easier and more plentiful time than our forefathers, the men who, with rugged strength, faced the rugged days, and yet the dangers to national life are as great now as at any previous time in our history.

It is eminently fitting that once a year our people should set apart a day for praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of good, and at the same time, that they express their thankfulness for the abundant mercies received, should manfully acknowledge their shortcomings and pledge themselves solemnly and in good faith to strive to overcome them. During the past year we have been blessed with bountiful crops. Our business prosperity has been great. No other people has ever stood on as high a level of material well being as ours now stands. We are not threatened by foes from without. The foes from whom we should pray to be delivered are our own passions, appetites and follies; and against these there is always need that we should war.

Therefore, I now set apart Thursday, November 30, as a day of thanksgiving for the past and of prayer for the future, and on that day I ask that throughout the land the people gather in their homes and places of worship, and in rendering thanks unto the Most High for the manifold blessings of the past year, consecrate themselves to a life of cleanliness, honor and wisdom, so that this nation may do its allotted work on the earth in a manner worthy of those who founded it and those who preserved it.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this second day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:
ELIHU ROOT, Secretary of State.



(Continued from First Page.)

Life in a Macedonian Village.

Dinner is over and the women have started spreading out the mattresses for the night, when the clatter of hoofs is heard outside in the street; the dogs are barking fiercely, and a gruff, stern voice bids the inmates open the door.

Soon after enters a Turk, and demands the arrears of taxes.

He knows full well that the peasants, not having sold their produce yet, are absolutely moneyless; that is exactly why he has chosen this time for his call. He beats the head of the family and threatens him with imprisonment.

After a good deal of lamentation and noise, one of the girls tears from her holiday headgear a few of the old silver coins which form her ornament and hard-earned dowry, and thus a week's respite is bought.

As a compulsory and exacting guest, the Turk remains that night in the cottage. In the morning he rides away to reappear at the end of the week, when more beating and more bribery ensue. The tragedy is repeated five or six times, and in the end the peasant, after having spent a considerable sum in bribery, pays the tax as well.

Your host says with a sigh, "Ah, this is how we are ruined, sir! But we must be patient. God is great. It is written that the *aga* [a Turkish lord] shall not depart until we are reduced to eat grass. Then he shall depart; but a poor a-we."

This is an ancient prophecy with which the sufferers try to console themselves. The priest says that whoever is killed by a Turk becomes a martyr, and that those who die fighting against the tyrant will rise again after forty days.

This state of chronic misery notwithstanding, the Macedonian peasants do not give one at first sight the impression of sufferers.

Another excursion brings you to a Mohammedan village, and gives you an insight into a world as different from the one you have just left as this one is from ours.

In place of the church belfry and the cross which greeted your eyes on the former occasion, you are here saluted by the white minaret shooting up slim and straight from amidst the treetops to the deep blue of the sky. Its bronze crescent glitters in the sun's rays. The sight of this symbol of Islam prepares you for a new experience.

Hark! the *muezzin* has emerged on the circular balcony of the minaret, and his chant falls soft upon the ear: "God the Most High! There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God. Great is God. There is no god but God. Pray unto him."

If a visit to a Christian home in Macedonia is a trip into the middle ages, a visit to a Mohammedan home is a flight into middle Asia. There are neither human beings nor pigs about; all is clean and solemn and silent, the very dogs seeming to labor under a sense of dignity.

The illusion of enchanted sleep is not dispelled by the first sign of life that comes to view. An amorphous mass of somber cotton-wool noiselessly flits past and vanishes behind a door. Is it a man or a specter?

It is neither, but only a Mohammedan woman—as it happens, the wife of the person who is to be your host.

This is your first glimpse of her and your last. However long you may stay in the house, you shall never behold her face or even hear her named mentioned. Her presence is only to be surmised from the food prepared for your consumption, and from the scrupulous cleanliness of the bedding spread for your repose.

The host's simple cordiality makes some amends for the invisibility of the hostess. Let his circumstances be as narrow as they may, he will lodge and feast you and your horse as if you were a lord, and decline remuneration. For hospitality is one of the duties inculcated by the Koran, and the faithful live up to its precepts.

The Mohammedan peasant suffers almost as much from the exactions of the corrupt officials as his Christian neighbor. Nay, over and above these exactions he is obliged to serve in the army, practically for an unlimited number of years, exemption being possible only on the payment of fifty Turkish pounds,—two hundred and twenty-five dollars,—a sum which to him represents a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice; whereas the Christian, in lieu of service, pays a tax which nominally amounts to one dollar and seventy-five cents a year.

But the Mohammedan seldom complains. He feels that, whatever his sufferings may be, he is one of the ruling class. Besides, his religion

teaches him an unquestioning acquiescence in the decrees of Allah. So, upon the whole, it is easier for him to endure than to murmur.

The Christian, however, is debarréd from this source of comfort. His woes are unrelieved by the pride of caste and there are limits to his fatalism. * * * —*Youth's Companion*.

HERE AND THERE.

A ten-year-old boy at the Indiana school wandered away from the institution and was instantly killed by a train.—*W. Penna*.

A boy died in the West Virginia school a few days ago. This was the second death in that school since the present term began.—*W. Pennsylvania*.

Superintendent Argo, who had been forced to take a few weeks rest for the sake of his health, has returned fully restored to health and now Colorado has reason to be happy again.

The Texas deaf have "decided to abandon all efforts" to get the 1907 convention of the National Association of the Deaf.

Maryland is still in line and her army is being re-enforced.

The *Optic* comes out in favor of football, claiming that the game is far less dangerous to the life of the participant than the holding of a pair of plow-handles and following a mule in the peaceful art of tilling.

The Kentucky School for the Blind has a remarkable football team. The team played against a strong freshman team and held them to a standstill. One of the totally blind boys made a run of 35 yards.

It is nothing unusual to hear of a hearing man upon leaving a hospital after a sojourn in its wards, marrying the young lady who was his nurse.

A few years ago one of the students of Gallaudet was confined to the Columbian University Hospital, being a victim of appendicitis. Upon his recovery he married his nurse, a hearing lady.

Miss Marion, the youngest, daughter of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, and Mr. John Warren Edgerton, a member of the faculty of the Yale Law School, were married at high noon at the brides home, on Kendall Green, on November 8th. It was while Doctor Gallaudet was in Germany that Prof. Edgerton asked for his daughter, using the cable for the purpose.

Anent Mr. Dobyns on the need of signs in chapel exercises, the *Mentor* argues that because signs can be used to express thoughts black as night, therefore it was better not to use them to picture the glories of heaven. How about our own beloved English in that respect? Let us still be logical when still discussing this long discussed question!—*Washingtonian*.

The Postmaster General has decided throw open positions in the city post-offices throughout Canada to an unfortunate class of citizens, namely, the deaf and dumb. Six such persons are to be appointed at once in the Toronto post office and a proportionate number in other city post-offices. They require to be sufficiently educated to perform the ordinary sorting of mail matter, and to be under the age 30 years.—*Montreal Star*.

Fifty deaf mutes from Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and points in Kansas will go at once to Caney, Kan., to establish a deaf mute colony. An Iowa man, Edward Schuling, is at the head of this movement and his home is now under construction at Caney.

The town of Caney has 1,500 inhabitants, and members of the new colony have already secured options on most of the valuable property. An effort is to be made to convert the town of Caney into a place entirely populated by deaf mutes, and form a government similar to that used at such places as the Brook farm is to be adopted. It is said that a deaf mute town flourishes in Belgium and has been established for a great many years. The Kansas town will be modeled after the city across the sea.—*Wis. Times*.

We have often built air castles along this line, and believe that if the deaf of each state could be colonized inestimable advantages would be derived there from.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Thanksgiving Joys.

Cart loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold
onions in silver strings,
shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
chickens and turkeys, and fat little
pigs—

These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time, begin:
From office and schoolroom and hall
Fathers, and mothers and uncles, and
aunts,

Nieces, and nephews and all
speed away home, as they hear from afar
The voice of old Thanksgiving call.

Now it is time to forget all the cares.

Cast every trouble away,
Think of your blessings, remember
your joys.

Don't be afraid to be gay:
None are too old, and none are too
young.

To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.—*Sel.*

How Jimmie Missed His Dinner.

Jimmie was fat and funny. He was very happy because it was Thanksgiving Day. He liked to eat. Sometimes he was greedy. He thought a great many times of the turkey in the hot oven and of all the good things to eat. His mother wanted more wood for the fire. She wanted him to go to the cellar for things. He did not want to help. He went out to the orchard and hid behind a heap of grass. He had some candy in his pocket. He ate it and went to sleep. Dinner time came. Where was Jimmie? No one knew. His mother called and called. She looked everywhere. Then the family ate the Thanksgiving dinner without Jimmie. One hour after dinner Jimmie came into the house. He looked silly. He had to eat a cold dinner, and there was no cranberry sauce left. He was very much ashamed, because he had run away and hid. And he had punished himself and made his mother anxious.—*Far and Near.*

A Brave Act

About ten years ago, a steamer was sailing up the Red River of the North. There were not many passengers on board. But among the passengers was a girl three years old. She was a pretty winsome little child and everybody petted her.

One afternoon she went down to the lower deck. There were three men lying on the deck bound hand and foot. They were prisoners.

They were on their way to Fargo to be tried. The little girl came up to the men and looked at them and they looked at her. She was not afraid of them. She began talking to them. She put her baby hands on the fetters of one of the prisoners, and said, "What is that?" The man smiled at her, but did not say anything. She patted the fetters and seemed to be sorry for the men, and then got up to go away.

As she was walking away, the steamer gave a sudden lurch. The little girl lost her balance, fell and rolled over the side of the boat into the water.

The prisoner whose chains she touched saw her fall. He quickly rolled himself over and over, and dropped into the river beside the child. His hands were bound, but he caught the child's dress in his mouth and kept himself afloat, until a boat came.

The captain and the sailors praised the prisoner for his brave act. When they got to Fargo the sheriff told the judge what the prisoner had done. The judge found that the prisoner was not a very hard man, and so he set him free.—*Selected.*

Faith's Thanksgiving Day.

The sun shone bright and warm on Faith's sunny hair as she ran about gathering sticks to add to the great pile that her father and uncle were heaping up. With their guns within easy reach and the open gate of the stockade giving them a feeling of safety, they had told Faith she might go as far as the bend of the hill, but not one step farther: for stories of the cruel deeds of the Indians were far too frequent, and

there were but two men here to guard the little home they were trying to make in the wilderness near Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg.

But when did a little girl of ten years remember everything she was told, when the flowers were blooming a few feet farther on, and she and mother had such long talks about the pretty things they would love to have? So Faith went just a little farther, and when she had scrambled up another hill and around a bend, she found she was far above the little clearing in the woods. Below she could see Father and Uncle James cutting swiftly, their axes flashing in the sunbeams and never dreaming that Faith, usually so obedient, had gone beyond the bend of the hill.

As Faith looked down something caught her eyes. Among the bushes in plain sight from her point of vantage, a slim dark figure was crouched, as motionless as the rocks. With a catch of her breath, Faith knew it was one of the Indians they dreaded, and she knew also that he was watching the two pioneers in the open space, all unconscious of their danger. A cry would bring them to her, but there might be other Indians in the bush, and she feared to make a sound. As she slipped back, the rock on which her hand rested moved suddenly. It was a large rock, but her leaning upon it had moved it a little. In a instant she saw what she might do if she were only strong enough. As she braced herself against a tree and shoved swiftly, the rock went over without a sound.

She lay there on the ground, afraid to move, and waiting for something to happen, but nothing did: there had been no sound but the dull thud as the rock struck the ground, but the regular strokes of the two axes told her that her father had not heard the alarm. Looking over the edge she could see nothing, the spot was clear, so she slid carefully along.

It was not until she had reached the bottom of the hill and started along the path that she suddenly came upon the spot where the Indian had knelt. Her heart stood still with terror as she saw him lying there upon his back, the great rock pinning him to the ground—the rock she had rolled over the edge of the hill to alarm her father.

Then she forgot that there might be other Indians near: she forgot everything except the fact that it was all her fault that the red man was hurt and, with the pity that made her cry over the birds and animals that the hunters sometimes brought home, she ran to the stream that trickled down the hillside. Forming a cup out of a large leaf, she filled it and carried it to the silent figure. Without a sound he drank it eagerly, and again and again the little girl ran back and forth, until he refused to take more. She rose to her feet, when she found herself surrounded by appeared from the bushes.

Two bent quickly and raised the rock; then one of them laid his hand upon Faith's arm, and drew her to one side with a gesture which she knew meant silence. She set her teeth to keep back her screams of terror, and saw them lead the wounded man away. One Indian knelt among the bushes, his bow and arrow raised, ready to send it flying swiftly if the two wood choppers should take alarm. Silently as shadows the Indians disappeared in the woods, until only the one on guard and the one by Faith were left. In response to a gesture the guard lowered his weapon and followed the others, while Faith and her captor sat silent. At last he too arose and went, and Faith waited, expecting every moment to be snatched away. No sound came and she looked fearfully about. Not a trace of anything was left to tell what had happened, save the boulder by the tree.

She sprang to her feet and, unmolested, fled to her father. All that night watch was kept for the Indians who did not come, and as day after day went by with no sign of them, peace settled down once more on the lonely little homestead, and Faith kept close to her home.

Summer deepened into Fall and then Winter came; the bitter Winter which was the dread of all the lonely settlers. This one was worse than ever, for it had not been a good year, the little fields of grain did not bring forth what they should, and but

little of anything had been stored away. The next day would be Thanksgiving Day and she thought of the day two years ago when they had lived in one of the larger settlements on the Delaware and there had been a service of thanksgiving, while afterwards there had been a great feast in which all had joined, for it had been a plentiful year. But now there were only five of them in the wilderness, counting the three weeks old baby, and there was little to eat, so little that Faith did not think there was anything to be especially thankful for.

Then Faith saw a head appear over the high stockade, shoulders followed, and as an Indian raised himself waist high above the top he beckoned to her. She hesitated. Again he beckoned and bent as though to get something she could not see. Then he dropped several rabbits and squirrels, tied together, upon the snow within the stockade.

Faith ran forward and watched with eager eyes as ears of corn, and a bundle of something which proved later to be dried beans and jerked beef, were dropped upon the snow. Last he raised a basket and emptied a shower of nuts upon the pile.

It was well he did not understand the child's words, for she tried to tell him that it was her fault that she had been hurt, for she had pushed the rock upon him. But the Indian only grunted softly and, in spite of her entreaties to wait and come inside with her, he began to drop behind the fence. With something very like a smile he threw her a little pair of beaded moccasins and disappeared.

Faith's call brought her father and uncle, and they opened the gate, calling to the Indian to stop. Slowly he came back, looking so tall and dignified in his gay blanket that Faith crept close to her father. He sat solemnly upon his heels while he ate the food which was offered him and he took the gifts of tobacco and beads with satisfied grunts. Then he rose and made a long speech which no one could understand, and left, stalking silently through the forest.

The next day dawned bright and fair, and Faith joined happily in the little service they held all by themselves in the pioneer cabin and, as she glanced with pride at her new moccasins, and then at the things piled upon the table, she decided that after she had cause to be thankful.—*Little Chronicle.*

LOCAL NEWS.

Chopped hands:

The last leaf has said farewell.

Thick and fast the snow flurries flew on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. G. Benson and the little ones are spending two weeks at her home in Montgomery County.

The semi-annual meeting of the Board of Visitors will take place tomorrow. Captain Nail is already here getting the reports in shape.

We are more than pleased to learn that the Gallaudet College Alumni of Baltimore have organized. "In union there is strength," and it looks like marching forward. Already they have unfolded their flag and entertained the college football team at the school building on Saratoga Street.

One of the most important days of the year is Thanksgiving Day. It will be observed this year in the usual way. There will be neither school nor shop work. A Thanksgiving lecture will be held in the chapel in the morning. The usual dinner of Turkey and Cranberry Sauce, and so forth with a last course in Pumpkin Pie, will be served. In the afternoon the older boys will be allowed to witness the city football game. At night the day's festivals will be brought to a close by a time honored party in the main dining hall. From the present indications all will feel truly thankful.

PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

The People who Settled in Italy.

If you look on the map, you will find a narrow peninsula shaped like a boot.

The place was settled long ago for the people in Asia wanted to move to another place to pasture their cattle.

So they wandered away from their old homes and climbed a high mountain and looked into its beautiful

valley where its soil was very rich and they took their cattle there and turned them out to pasture.

The grain crops grew very well and the valley was full of vines and olive trees.

The country of Italy was divided into several kingdoms.

The people liked their new homes very much better than their old ones.—I. B. H.

A Hunter Robbed by a Bear.

A hunter lived in Montana.

One afternoon he wanted to hunt for deer. He went to the woods. He rode on an Indian pony. He tied it to a tree.

He walked into the woods and saw a large deer. He walked softly and hid in the bushes. Then he saw two deer. The hunter shot and killed the deer. He dragged them under a tree and dressed them. He heard a noise and saw a grizzly bear coming toward him.

The hunter was frightened. He ran away and rode his Indian pony home.

He talked to his friends about the grizzly bear. He ate the deer. The hunter called several of his friends to hunt for the bear. They could not find it.—R. T. R.

Father and His Children.

Father Time had four children. There were two girls, Spring and Summer, and two boys, Autumn and Winter. Father Time loved his children very much. He always wanted the children to be happy and industrious.

Once Father Time told Spring that she must take care of the seeds. She could coax the sun to shine warm upon them and make them grow.

Summer was the baby sister and every body loved her very much because she was very sweet and happy.

Autumn was an industrious little fellow. His work was to help by putting some grain, wheat and every thing in the barn to keep them for winter.

Father Time was very much pleased with his children, because they worked well. He could not tell which worked best.—M. S.

The Three Kingdoms.

There was once a king of Prussia whose name was Frederick William.

One day in the morning he went out into the woods. After a while he came to a little meadow in the woods where some children were playing.

Then he sat down and called the children around him. Then the king said, "I will ask you all some questions." He held an orange in his hand for a prize, and said, "To what kingdom does this belong?"

One bright boy answered him, "To the vegetable kingdom."

Then the king took a gold piece out of his pocket and asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?"

Another boy said, "It belongs to the mineral kingdom." So the king gave him the gold piece. He said, "I will ask one more question."

The king said, "To what kingdom do I belong?"

The little children didn't want to tell him the animal kingdom.

At last one little girl said, "You belong to the kingdom of heaven."

Then Frederick William sat down and hugged the little girl and kissed her. He was so pleased with her.—A. M. G.

Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was a young peasant girl who lived in a little village in France. She was a simple-minded, quiet girl. An ignorant prince was ruler of France. He was cowardly. He had war with the English at that time.

She asked him to let her lead the French soldiers against the English. He let her. She won several great battles.

At last she was given a white horse which she rode and she wore shining armor of white metal.

She was talked about and admired all over France and she was called the "Maid of Orleans" from the victory which she won at the city of the name.

One day she with the French soldiers fought hard with the English and at last the French soldiers retreated like cowards and let her alone to be taken by the English. She was made a prisoner. She was kept

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in a prison for a long time. The ungrateful prince of France didn't care for her and didn't try to take her back again.

The English took her to the market-place in the city of Rouen instead of allowing her to go home, fastened her to a stake, and this poor defenceless peasant girl was burned alive.

After a while the people of Rouen who mourned over this shameful and cruel act and caused a statue to be made in memory of her. Joan of Arc was the bravest girl that ever lived in France.—H. O. N.

The Story of the Rat and the Bell.

(A dialogue transposed.)

"Who can tell who rang the bell?" said Max. Eddie said that he could tell for he saw it all while he was playing in the hall. Max said, "Will you tell how it was then?" Eddie said that he saw a wily old rat run through the hall. He stole very slyly from his hole in the wall to steal a little meal. He looked around and soon found a bag of meal upon the floor near the door. Max said that a stupid man brought it in and forgot to put it in the bin. Eddie said that while the rat was eating, he slyly stole across the floor and snugly stopped the hole and shut the door so that the rat could not get out of the room.

The rat saw what he had done, and ran around the room to find a hole, but he could not find any. He was in very great alarm. Max said "Poor thing! He was indeed, well paid for stealing meal." Eddie said that the rat lopped his ears and ran round and round the room and was in great fright and started at every sound.

At length he spied the bell-rope hanging down and jumped and seized it and held it tight and upward sprang with all his might, and as he climbed the rope swung and the bell above him rang. That is how it rang and as they saw the rat on the beam. Max said, "The rat has fairly earned his life. Let us neither harm him nor any more alarm him, but let us treat him well, and when at last he shuts his eyes and low in death he lies, the same old bell shall toll his funeral knell.—M. A. C.

Saying Beautiful Things does not Make a Beautiful Character.

A great many people deceive themselves by thinking that necessarily because they are always giving good advice and saying good and beautiful things, their lives must be beautiful, but this does not follow. It is beautiful acts that make a beautiful life. What you preach or say does not affect your character much; but the instant you do a thing it becomes a part of your very self and color your life. A great many people who say the most beautiful things somehow never develop beautiful characters. There are people who have been saying fine things, beautiful things, all their lives, and yet their neighbors do not believe in them; do not trust them very much.

They feel that there is a great deal of hypocrisy about their professions and advice. On the other hand, people who say very little, who make no boasts, but who quietly do beautiful things, manly or womanly acts, develop superb characters.—*Sel.*

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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.*

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

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

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