



White and Clean Is The New Year.

White and clean is the new year
When it is ushered in.
What shall it be in a twelvemonth—
Darkened and soiled by sin?
If we could keep it always white,
How would the world be filled with
light!

Bright and sweet is the new day
When on the hills 'tis born;
Cleansed in the fires of sunrise,
Washed by the dews of morn.
If it were sweet till the coming eve,
What a glory on earth 'twould leave!

Fair and pure is a new life
Seen at the gates of birth.
What will it be at the ending—
Soiled with the dross of earth?
If from taint it were ever free,
What a joy to the world 'twould be!

Then shall the year be beautiful
As when it came to earth:
Then shall the eve be stainless
As was the day at birth:
Then shall life on its brighter side
Unto the end seem glorified,
—J. A. Edgerton.

THE FIRST NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New England may have seen the first Thanksgiving celebration, and Philadelphia may have inaugurated the Fourth of July racket; but the initial New Year's day observed by white men on American soil was celebrated on the island of Haiti Jan. 1, 1493. Just what there was to that celebration will never be known. Columbus, for he was master of ceremonies, was so busy with other matters that he failed to leave a record. But it is impossible that Europeans should have let their first New Year's day in a new world pass by without some observance.

It was on the 1st day of January, 1492, by the way, that Columbus met the sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, and concluded with them the contract for his voyage of exploration and discovery. That might be called the initial New Year's day, though it was not spent in America. It was a sort of prophecy, as it were, of the day that was to be spent in the then undiscovered country one year later.

It was not until August that the three ships got under way. Then they sailed into new seas in search of a continent that had been hidden from the knowledge of man all through the ancient and middle ages. But Columbus did not know that he was to find such a continent. He was seeking a western route to India and died in the belief that the land he found was a part of Asia. He accomplished more than he knew. The "divinity that shapes our ends" was kinder to him than his own prevision.

Across the unknown ocean he sailed until, almost becalmed in the tropic seas, each of his vessels was "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." It was then that the crews well nigh mutinied. Only the indomitable will and courage of Columbus kept them upon their way. At last floating seaweed and flying birds told of approaching land. By following the flight of the birds the new shore was sighted. America was discovered, and a new era was opened in the history of humanity.

It was in October that the landing was made. The thing was accomplished, of which he had dreamed from youth. Through poverty, neglect, ridicule and rebuffs he had sought all through the intervening years for people of means who would take interest in his dream. So great was the stress of his soul that he had gone white-headed at thirty, and now he was far past forty. But he had been faithful to his vision, and his reward had come.

From island to island the voyagers passed until Cuba was reached and then Haiti, where the discoverer's flagship was wrecked. The natives, who were delighted with the visit of

All God's years are stainless;
All His days are white;
All His numberless eons,
Spotless as is the light.
Fair are His worlds as they wheel and
run,
Bathed in the light of their central sun.

Only man in delusion,
Hatred and wrong and pain,
Sees with an evil vision;
Being divided in twain.
Look on a life misunderstood,
Makes it evil that erst was good,

Center the thought on the noble,
Whiteness of mind and soul;
See the world as God made it,
Virgin and clean and whole;
Look on Him with a single eye,
So let evil and error die.

Then shall the year be beautiful
As when it came to earth:
Then shall the eve be stainless
As was the day at birth:
Then shall life on its brighter side
Unto the end seem glorified,
—J. A. Edgerton.

the white men, helped him to save his wreckage and cared for him and his crews until he was ready for the return voyage. It was Christmas morning when Columbus landed at Guarico, and it was Jan. 4, 1493, when he sailed away for Spain. So the New Year's day was spent among the hospitable Haitian natives.

The birth of 1906 marks the four hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the day since then, a very brief time in the life of the world, but a very long time in the annals of progress. The Spain from which Christopher Columbus sailed has passed into eclipse, while the lands he discovered support nations that are in the morning splendors of a better age.

Whatever the formal ceremonies attending the first New Year's day in the western hemisphere, its notability is not lessened. That Columbus and his men took some note of its passage goes without saying. Even in a time so crowded with other emotions the fact that he was greeting another year on the shore that he had seen so long in vision must have filled the heart of the daring discoverer with quickened joy and thanksgiving. His mind would naturally travel back a twelvemonth to the day that he had completed with his sovereigns the negotiations for the voyage that had culminated in success.

Just as naturally he would look forward to another year, picturing the enthusiasm at his home coming, the fitting out of other expeditions and the colonizing of the new land. Happily then he knew naught of the chains and indignities that awaited him. The future was all roseate. He had discovered the western way to the Indies; he would return and find gold, and henceforth fame and fortune should be his.

The feast which the Spaniards had that New Year's day in Guarico was something novel for European palates. First there bread made of Indian maize, or corn, over which Columbus grew so enthusiastic that he carried a quantity of the grain back to Spain. Another form of Indians bread was made from a tuber called manioc. The white men were also introduced to the West Indian "pepper pot," which is still highly esteemed. Then they were asked to try a condiment called "aje," which proved too strong even for the seasoned stomach of a Spaniard. There were meats as well made from a sort of rabbit, a "dumb dog," a lizard, or iguana, to say nothing of boiled parrots. There were also fruits and vegetables in such quantities that Columbus wrote in his journal it was the most protracted feast he had ever enjoyed.

It is also narrated that after the feast the Indians smoked the delicious West Indian tobacco and invited the whites to do likewise, but this

was too heathenish a custom for the dons. So tobacco was a luxury unknown in Europe till Raleigh started it on its way to make incense around the world.

Columbus left part of his crew, but they treated the trusting natives in so Spaniardly a fashion, if the term may be used, that the red men turned about and murdered the entire outfit. It was here in the West Indies, by the way, that the great discoverer was afterward placed in chains by some titled nobody, who was sent over to represent the Spanish king. It is not alone republics that are ungrateful.

But the memory of that initial New Year's day, which was also the first day of a new epoch in the history of mankind, will be cherished along with the fame of him who drew the veil from two continents and wade it possible for the weary world to look into a later golden age in another Atlantic.—J. A. Edgerton.

Trolleying.

Do you travel by trolley? 'Tis excellent fun;
No better return for your money when done

Than in trolleying over the land.
You travel through orchards and corn-
fields and such,
With highways and byways you're
always in touch,
And pleasure is ever at hand.

No deep rocky cut hides the scene from
your view;
No tunnel, pitch dark, to go rumbling
through:

All in open air, breezes and light.
You whirl through each village, you
glide through each town,
You fly o'er the country, both uphill
and down,
And you sleep in a good bed at night.

The flowers grow right near you, the
fruits hang close by,
You may capture a twig from a tree as
you fly,
And you ride at close range with the
plow.

You swing round a barnyard, sometimes
you go through;
Of the cool, shady barn, you may catch
a swift view,
And a whiff of sweet hay from the
mow.

There's the railway, the auto, the wheel,
and what not,
The trolley, carriage, the trap and the
yacht.

To skim o'er the land or the sea;
But of all the fine ways by which one
may roam,
And still with Dame Nature be nearest
"at home,"

The trolley's the method for me.
—Robert Tilney.

Life and the Well-Balanced Man

The world will surely agree with me when I say that inordinate development of the intellect weakens the capacity for feeling, and that the very instinct of life itself may be undermined by such development. For the mind, although not parasitic, is planted upon this instinct, in the fertile soil of the primary impulses; it is nourished by their juices, it holds within them its roots, and in a normal it unites naturally with them and becomes a necessary attribute of man in his strivings toward the realization of his self. An excessive development of the purely rational powers should therefore be checked, in order that these powers should not outstrip the man himself. For, in the last analysis, man is but the incarnation of the life-instinct, and to place a limitation upon the development of his less instinctive faculties is necessary for self-preservation. Therefore, if, from some unknown cause, the proper point in the development of the season be passed, the equilibrium of character is destroyed and man becomes his own antagonist. He endeavors to break away from himself simple because his reason is in tense contradiction to his feelings.

This is a strange thought. "But," it may be asked, "what if this excessive development of sheer intellect

produces a Kant? What will you say then?"

What shall I say? I shall say that Kant was a very pitiable, miserable man, for he knew nothing of life beyond his own philosophy. And yet, even Kant, pitiable as he was, surrounded always by pure metaphysics and perhaps never conscious of the reality of life, was, after all, a sacrifice to us in our endeavors to fathom life's secret. His misfortune is our benefit, our pride and our glory. Certainly such people are necessary, but that does not prevent me from regarding them as I do. It is positively necessary to be a Spinoza and not a human being in order to derive one's highest pleasure from the contemplation of spiders devouring one another. I do not regard such sages as human beings. I cannot. I may wonder at the dynamic quality of thought, I may even reverence their genius, but I cannot consider a man of overbalanced development as an ideal for humanity.

Kant and Spinoza were only enormous heads. Life requires a harmonized being, one in whom intellect and feeling exist in proper proportion. The ideal human being is one in whom all the faculties are present in the right degree, and, blending with one another, will always and in all conditions make full and complete any impression of life. Such a nature would be not only wise but kind, not solely all-reasoning but also fully emotional.

This equipment is absolutely necessary if one would take a firm hold on life and exert his activities to the utmost. It enables us likewise to adapt ourselves to life's conditions as they change with the development of the ego.

Let us acknowledge that an abnormal development of intellect is natural only to exceptional individuals. Let us pay tribute to the genius of these men if we find it necessary, but let us also pity them from the depths of our souls.

It is well known that those people who are known as "thinkers" are often reproached for their passiveness, their flabbiness. It has been said that they are people of word and thought but not of deed, that their influence upon life is insignificant, and that, in general, they are worthless material for the upbuilding of new life upon this earth. And we must at least admit the possibility of the truth of such a charge. At least, such an accusation is wholesome, and we should allow it the more since it is oftenest made by those who belong to the "thinkers" themselves. It is thus self-condemnation, fiery, cruel, but always sincere. Their intentions, they say, at least many of them, are honest. There are streams of talk but not a grain of action. No perhaps there are some grains. All periodicals, novels, articles, these are grains, actually grains—nothing more. Some among them write, others read, and having read, debate and then—forget what they have read. And through it all their ideals remains stagnant, if indeed they do not vanish altogether. They have the appearance of persons just returned from a great feast when, in reality, there was no feasting at all.

What is life to them? A feast? No. Labor? No. A battle? Oh, no. Life is to many of them something dreary, exhausting, misty, a sort of burden. They bear it panting with exhaustion and complaining of its weight. Do they like to live? Have they any love for life? How strange such questions sound to their ears! They like to read, to debate; they love to contemplate the future. But it is a platonic love, a fruitless love.

Life—that beautiful process of the unfolding of ideas, the acquirement of beauty and wisdom, that endless creation of forms, that mysterious process, deeply interesting and joyous, ye joyous—life they do not love. They love something particular something created by themselves, but that something is not the ideal of a new life.

(Continued on Second Page.)

Caring for the Brain.

Because the grosser organs of the body complain at first more vigorously than the brain when maltreated, we spend most of our lives curing their ailments. Indigestion, dyspepsia, and the many ailments of stomach, liver, heart, lungs, and the other organs we seek to cure by care or medicine. But brain exhaustion is scarcely noticeable at first; then we find ourselves less able to work, and when the break comes it is usually terrible and final. If any care at all is accorded this most important and delicate organ, it is by means of the so-called "brain-foods." *American Medicine* says that Dr. J. R. Wallace "examines the merits of the special 'brain food' with which the advertising columns of our daily press are so copiously decorated, and utterly rejected their pretensions and the inventors thereof. We are quite with him when he avers that there are none such, any more than there are foods which are especially beneficial, to the heart, the lungs, the kidneys or any other bodily organ."

What then can we do to care for the brain? Sleep, says Dr. Wallace. If mental exhaustion causes the head to throb, the blood may be drawn down by means of hot foot baths before retiring—this will be found highly conducive to dispelling nightmare or any form of insomnia due to overwork of the brain. But "regularity of the observance of the hours of rest and sleep should be accorded the position of foremost importance. Some men can do their best mental work late at night and in the small hours of the morning, while others are intellectually far brighter and more vigorous before breakfast. There is really no general law in these matters, except this—that the early riser should regularly rise early, and the late sinner systematically sit late. It is also perfectly true that the amount of sleep necessary for the restoration of the functional capabilities of the brain can be determined only by the personal experience of the owner of the organ. There can be no definite numeric standard; every man must be a law unto himself in this respect. The natural rule for a healthy man to observe is to sleep till he wakes spontaneously, and the true physiologic limit in this regard can only be determined, physiologically, by the healthy brain which has been resting and has strictly hygienic surroundings. When overstimulation, or other form of over-exertion is tried, more subsequent rest will be required to restore the lost equilibrium. And although the brain may for a time be driven at a rate of too high pressure, and cheated of its due allowance of sleep, the inevitable consequence of such treatment, if prolonged, is a mental and physical breakdown."

She Was Enterprising.

An old lady was taking her first railroad trip and closely noticed everything about her. "What's that for?" she asked, pointing to the bell-cord overhead. "That, ma'am," said a mischievous boy who was watching her, "is to ring the bell when you want something to eat." Sometime later the old lady reached the cord with her umbrella-handle and gave it a vigorous pull. The train was in the middle of a trestle; the whistle sounded, the brakes shrieked, the train slacked up, windows were thrown up, questions asked, and confusion reigned among the passengers, while the old lady sat calm. The conductor came running through the train demanding, "Who pulled the bell?" "I did," said the old lady. "What do you want?" asked the conductor, impatiently. "Well," she answered meditatively, "you may bring me a ham sandwich and a cup of tea, please."

Our lives make the sweetest music when we are living at our best.—Ez.

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We were not able to accept the very kind invitation to the "house warming" of the new Mississippi School for the Deaf; but we extend our warm congratulations to Dr. Dobyns and his assistants on the completion of this up to date building and the possession of such a complete equipment. We see no reason why our friends in Mississippi should not express their pleasure in the sign language as well as in vocal utterances.

The editor of the *Palmetto Leaf* referring to a short article in the BULLETIN, on the decadence of the sign language, waxes warm over an expression contained therein—"So valuable an instrument of instruction" and calls upon us to prove that this is true of the sign language.

We might go into a lengthened argument and cite "illustrations" as the editor desires, but it is just after Christmas and we have had a strenuous time and feel a little weary.

We beg leave to refer our inquiring friend to the literature of the education of the deaf in this country reaching back for nearly a hundred years, to the records of the schools and of the men and women educated therein. The inquiring editor in his search after knowledge will find the *American Annals of the Deaf* mighty interesting reading. He will find woven into the work of the instruction of the deaf the lives of Thos. H. Gallaudet and his successors Weld, Turner, Stone, of Samuel Porter, Luzerne, Ray, Laurent Clerc, eminent teachers and others, able and venerated teachers in the old American Asylum. He will learn of Harvey P. Peet, and Isaac Lewis Peet, of New York, of Hutton and Foster of Pennsylvania, Tyler of Virginia, Fannin of Georgia, Brown of Louisiana, Van Nostrand of Texas, Macintyre of Indiana, Jacobs of Kentucky, Kerr of Missouri, Gillett of Illinois, Fay of Michigan, Noyes of Minnesota, and other able men who found the sign language so valuable an instrument of instruction that they studied it carefully, mastered it and used it freely in their schools, and through it brought untold blessings to the deaf. To this number may be added other distinguished educators still living.

The earnest searcher after truth will also note the work of the able deaf men educated under this system who themselves became teachers of the deaf.

John Carlin, Fisher A. Spofford, painters and orators as well as teachers, Gamage, Willard and many others who could be named.

He will also learn that hundreds of deaf men and women who passed through these schools were trained for the duties and responsibilities of life and took their places as citizens, as heads of families, as producers and contributors to the general welfare and filled their places worthily.

The inquiring editor might profitably consult some of the very able living deaf teachers of the deaf, Drs. Draper, Hotchkiss, Fox, Patterson, Smith, Mrs. Ballis, Messrs. Dennison, Brown, McGregor, Long, Veditz, Grow, and others.

These from their experience as pupils and teachers are well qualified to give testimony as to this "so valuable an instrument of instruction."

The BULLETIN says that Mr. Ely has been re-elected superintendent of the Maryland School thirty-five consecutive times. And we shall add that every time the board performed that

particular function they did an act of the highest wisdom, a fact for which nobody expects any apology whatever. If were all Elys the formality of re-election might well be dispensed with and the superintendents of our schools elected for life. Able, conservative, of pure and exalted Christian character, he is a man whom all men esteem and love to honor.—*The Lone Star*.

Dr. A. G. Bell Gives \$75,000.

As a memorial to his father, Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has presented to the Association for Diffusion of Knowledge relating to the Deaf for the benefit of the Volta Bureau, real estate, bonds and gifts valued at \$75,000.

The bureau was established by Dr. A. M. Bell.

Three generations of the family have been interested in problems of orthopy and phonetics. The endowment will enable the bureau to proceed along much broader lines than heretofore.—*Balto. Sun, Jan. 6*.

History of Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle is a good deal like Topsy. It was "never born, just grewed." The words are the product of the Revolutionary War, but the history of the tune is bewildering. One authority says the air, "Nancy Dawson", which we know as "Yankee Doodle" antedates the American Revolution by 125 years. During Cromwell's time some rustic bard wrote:—

"Nankey Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony,
With a feather in his hat,
Upon a macaroni"

"Yankee" or "Nankey" was applied in contempt to the Puritans' simple ways in contrast to the proud followers of Charles. Yankee is a variation of Yengehes, a name given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English Colonists. Doodle is defined in old English dictionaries as a foolish or trifling fellow. Macaroni is the knot to which a feather was fastened. Some claim that "Yankee Doodle" had its beginning in England, Spain, Hungary and Holland. In support of Holland as its birthplace the following story is told:—

"A song was used in harvest time by the laborers who had immigrated from Germany to Holland. They received for their work as much buttermilk as they could drink and the grain harvested. They sang these words to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":—

"Yankee Diddle, doodle down!"—
Diddle, Diddle, lantern,
Yankee viver, vover, vown,
Botermilk and Tanther,"
(Buttermilk and one-tenth.)

No matter how mysterious the History of "Yankee Doodle" before the Revolution, it had a definite career after it came to America. It has been the marching tune of all victorious armies of American patriots, and will be the measured tread of coming millions, if its character, rampant and somewhat rattle-brainish. It was brought to us in 1755, when the British were warring against the French and Indians. The militia was called to aid the British regular army. They were strangely clad in many colors, some in long coats, some in short coats, many with no coats at all. In the British army was one Dr. Richard Shackbury. He not only mended broken bones, but was a musician as well. One day in playing a joke on the militia because of their grotesque figures and awkward manners, with mock solemnity he presented the words and music of "Yankee Doodle." The joke pleased the well dressed British officers, but as a joke it proved a dismal failure. It became the battle march of the Colonists. Whenever the tune was played it raised shouts of laughter from the British. That is, it did until after the battle of Lexington. Then the Colonists made the British dance to the tune. Twenty-five years later, Cornwallis marched to the tune when he entered our lines to surrender his sword and army to Washington.

The original verses, 16 in number, were written by a Connecticut man. Fate did him the kindness of concealing his name for they were simply a jumble of idiotic lines, that today would be called "Nonsense Verses."—*Daily Advocate*.

A Letter from Mr. John R. Miles.

Eddy, Routt Co., Col.

Dec. 6th, 1905.

Mr. Chas. W. Ely,

I will this day write you a letter and let you and my friends under your care know that I am still living and doing well. I suppose you have known it that I am out here in almost a desert, far away from any civilization. This seems to be the case as the country around these parts is not thickly settled yet but I rather like it as there is plenty of elbow room for me.

I can do a great deal better out here than back in old Maryland as I can pick up a job here any time and make more of it in one day than I could do in a week back in the old State, besides there is plenty of big game out here that will always give me good exercise as long as I remain here. I have already had some exciting encounters but will not attempt to make a detailed description of them.

There is plenty of snow here and has been since early in September.

I have been out in a snow storm three days helping to put a new telephone line across the range. In some places the snow is quite deep, but I did not, in the least, mind it. And, too, the weather is below zero at night and early morning.

The people have been sleighing for more than a week and from now on I do not expect to see any more bare ground until next May.

I am 319 miles west of Denver and there is no railroad nearer here than 90 miles.

Don't you think I am in quite a lonesome place? I expect to remain out here in the west until next reunion, if I live that long, but don't expect to remain in this place much longer, as I will soon go down near Utah where I shall stay until Spring and then go up to the State of Washington.

In my rambles about this county I have met only two deaf people and they had lost their hearing since attaining manhood and both been through school.

I have not seen Mr. Veditz as I did not stop at his place on my way out and I guess he does not know I am out here as I have not written to him since here.

I do not know what else to write so I guess I will have to close.

Tell my old friends that I am well and sound and enjoying fine health and that if I live I will try and be with them again by the next reunion.

Wishing you and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain.

Sincerely your friend,

J. R. Miles.

Girl Musician Stricken Deaf Becomes Poet.

Though gentle breeze, kiss my cheek,
I hear not the murmur which they speak—

Though footsteps fall along the way,
They fall in silence night and day;
Though wonderful music may fill the air,

'Tis silence forever—silence—despair.

These lines, written by Anna Columbia Schnabel, are the sad cry of her heart when she learned that forever more she was to be shut out from the world of music through deafness.

"I wanted to be a great violinist," she says. "I wanted to sing but they told me it was all no use, because if I could not hear I could never play; I could never sing."

Miss Schnabel is one of a family of six girls who are all musicians. She was born in Idaho, and her parents, who are Germans, worked and struggled to be able to send their children to Germany to study.

Columbia went to Frankfort when she was only sixteen and studied two years with the best teachers. They praised her and encouraged her in her work.

She had great talent and the promise of a brilliant future, they said.

For two years her star was in the ascendant; then all at once she became deaf, and all that seemed worth living for was lost to her.

The climax came one day as she played in a little church in Switzerland.

Though the people swarmed around her, loud in their praises, she could not hear one word they said.

To her soul, attuned to harmony, deafness is a pall like the loss of eyesight was to the hero of "The

Light That Failed," and the mental agonies depicted by the masterly pen followed the stoneblindness that blighted the aspirations of the young musician.

At last one day she began to write, and her thoughts formed themselves into verse; beautiful thoughts, the expression of a beautiful mind.

Peace has come to her from religion, and life is very happy for "My Columbia," as her dear old German mother calls her.

How different in tone is the following poem from the first one quoted, one that shows the soul still in chaos, the other the expression of a soul at peace with God and man.

CHIME, SILENT BELLS.

My life is in deep silence; still, I hear
The voice of my Creator, wondrous sweet!

Enchanting songs make glad my still retreat.

And angel voices whisper, "Never fear!"
God loves me, Yes! I know—oh, that is why

The awful silent world in which I dwell
Is filled with song, and heav'nly anthems swell

The air with praise to Him who reigns on high,

Chime merrily, sweet bells, for this I know,

That having found my God I've found the source,

From whence I came—what seek I here below?

I've found the way and upward tends my course,

As all earth's rivers to the ocean flow
God's love draws me with strange, magnetic force,

"I knew," said Miss Schnabel, "that the music in my soul must find some outlet. Perhaps this is the way."

Miss Schnabel is a tall, slight girl, with beautiful light wavy hair, and a glance at her face, with its sweet expression, convinces one of the beauty of her mind.—*Chicago American*.

(Continued from First Page.)

Life and the Well-Balanced Man.

Many of us do not know life. In childhood we spend a few years learning to read and write, then a little later we settle down each in our corner and exist thereafter upon our imaginations. We feed too much on literature instead of the wholesome food of immediate impression. But when life sarcastically flings in our faces one of its myriad contradictions, we at once take up a book in order to see what is said there in regard to the matter. Ah, yes, we think we are very clever, and are becoming still more so, but at the same time we are becoming more passive. The impressions of life rouse in our souls not a resounding, hearty echo, but merely a weary vibration.

We live in colonies, in sects, and we rarely visit save in the house of a partisan. We do not often invite heretics to our houses. We hold ourselves narrowly aloof, and cultivate an indifference to people who think differently from us.

This intellectual aristocracy is injurious. In it there lurks something which seems suspicious to me. I will not conceal from you what I think of it. I believe that it is actually the fear of life. It is as though we are in doubt of the power and usefulness of our arms and our ability to use them. We fear lest our cherished beliefs, coming into collision with life, will be shattered against the rocks of what we regard as ignorance and prejudice.

Let us feel so no longer. We must live. Life is a beautiful possibility and we must strive to live long and well, in health and in happiness. I am positive that even the trees, as they grow experience a delight in the process of being. How much more delightful life should be to us! Surely it is always possible for a being endowed with consciousness to draw some deep, strong joy from the stormy sea of life.

It is false that life is gloomy, it is false that in it there are only wounds and groans, misery and tears. Even in its gloomiest aspect there are things noble and beautiful.

All wounds receive in battle for the rights of humanity, for the opening of paths leading to justice and freedom, are honorable wounds.

Even among the groans that ascend from the struggle there resound the splendid cries of fallen heroes calling for vengeance! In the stream of tears there are tears of joy.

Life has its vulgarities, but it has also its heroisms. It contains un-

cleanliness, but it contains also the pure, the inspiring and the beautiful.

If life does not contain everything that man can desire, he alone has the force that can create the things that life has not. If this force is weak to-day, it can become strong to-morrow. Life is beautiful, life is sublime. It is the indomitable movement toward universal happiness and joy. Even in squalor and misery, where the currents of life flow sluggishly in a dark thick stream, there sparkle precious bits of magnanimity, wisdom, heroism. And beauty is also there. Wherever man is, there is also good. It is in grains, in small seeds, that is true, but nevertheless it is here. And even the tiniest seeds do not all perish. They grow and blossom and will bring forth fruit each after its kind.

Believe me that man everywhere carries God with him, and wherever and whatever he may be he will always remain human, and for humanity there awaits a future of great brightness.—*Cosmopolitan*.

HERE AND THERE.

The Sign Language is *doomed*—at least that used at the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis.

It has been going the round that the deaf of several states were forming a colony at Caney, Kansas. This report is without foundation as there never had been any project of the kind undertaken.

Mr. Douglas Tilden has contracted to erect, in front of the Los Angeles Courthouse, a \$10,000 statue, to the memory of Senator Stephen M. White. Mr. Tilden has four other monumental pieces now underway.

Mr. James W. Sowell of the Nebraska School has just completed, and moved into, a \$3000 house. My, but can it be possible when only two years ago he was teaching little pickaninnies in this state and had to foam to get bread and butter! It is an old song—"Go West and g (r) o (w) up with the country."

Down at Gallaudet they're getting pretty independent. When they want a play that will entertain, one of the seniors gets his wits together and makes it short-ordered. To Mr. Dan Reichard, a congenital deaf-mute of the senior class, belongs the honor of writing and presenting one of the most successful plays ever given by the student body.

Harry G. Long of Council Bluffs has been promoted to the position of assistant cashier in the headquarters of the Modern Woodmen of the World, located in Omaha. This speaks volumes for Harry. Mr. Long is regarded as a remarkable penman and a lightning accountant by the managing officers of the M. W. O. W.—*Hawkeye*.

This doesn't say he is a member.

The press dispatches report that Wu Ting Fang, the former minister from China, has become totally deaf through the explosion of a bomb. Having a fellow feeling for the deaf, Mr. Wu may yet be seen back in Washington—this time at Gallaudet on the "follow" staff.—*Deaf American*.

While in Washington Mr. Wu was frequently seen at Gallaudet College. He addressed the graduates of 1901. Mr. Wu could not understand why beautiful young ladies should be deaf as well as the rest and on being introduced to the fair ones inquired, "Is she deaf?" Possible now he knows that deafness is not a respecter of person.

A few of the schools give ten days' vacation at Christmas while a majority only give Christmas and New Year's. In our school a "happy medium" is struck. We give Christmas, the day after, and New Year's as full holidays and on the remaining days of the week we have school from 9 to 11:30 and shop work from 1:30 to 3:00. With most of the children remaining here were we have to no school for a whole week the time would be apt to drag and the pupils would "run wild." With the usual demoralization of the holiday season little regular work would be done in the class-rooms for the full five hours. The short session prevents the pupils' minds from getting of their work altogether and gives an opportunity for language work in describing the festivities of the night before.—*Ark. Optic*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Snowflakes.

Afar from the city's pleasures
The farmhouse stands aloof,
With a crown of smoke on its chimney
And a wealth of snow on its roof;
Out into the dusky highway
There floats a merry din,
And gleams from the low, wide windows
Speak warmth and cheer within.

There's a pause in the gleeful romping
As I knock and enter the door;
But I'm no stranger; quickly
The rout goes on as before,
Low on the hearth kneels Kitty,
And over the hickory coals
She shakes a big corn-popper
Whose burden whirls and rolls.

Snowflakes without: I had felt them,
Big and starry and soft,
Wandering down like blossoms
Out of white glooms aloft.
Snowflakes within: I watch them
Out of the kernels grow.
Till Kitty pours from the popper
A feathery drift of snow.

Tom leaves off his shelling
To bring me the *Weekly News*
For a napkin; then the snow-drift
Comes round. Could you refuse?
Again and again the popper
Gives up its savory store
Till the big brown bowl runs over
And snowflakes strew the floor.

A broom for the littered hearthstone:
Then the fire with wood is piled,
And all are young together—
Father, mother and child;
Merry and young together,
In spite of besieging snow,
Rich in their garnered harvests
And the firelight's cheery glow.

—Emma Ghent Curtis.

The Skaters.

All the children went out to skate
one afternoon. Annetta had nice
new skates. She got them as a Christ-
mas box. She wanted to learn to
skate. A boy helped her to put them
on. The girl lifted Annetta up. She
could not stand alone. She wobbled
around like a drunken woman. The
girls all laughed. A boy offered to
teach her to skate. He took her
hands and pulled her out on the ice.
She lost her balance. Her feet flew
up in the air and she sat down on the
ice. She was surprised. She fell
down many times, but now she can
skate nicely.—From *Far and Near*.

Kit Carson and the Bears.

Great men of one kind are known
only in new countries like ours.
These men discovered new regions.
They know how to manage the In-
dians. They show other people how
to live in a wild country.

One of the most famous of such
men was Kit Carson. He knew all
about the wild animals. He was a
great hunter. He learned the lan-
guages of the Indians. The Indians
liked him. He was a great guide.
He showed soldiers and settlers how
to travel where they wished to go.

Once he was marching through the
wild country with other men. Even-
ing came. He left the others, and
went to shoot something to eat. It
was only the way to get meat for
supper.

When he had gone about a mile,
he saw the tracks of some elk. He
followed these tracks. He came in
sight of the elk. They were eating
grass on a hill, as cows do.

Kit Carson crept up behind some
bushes. But elk are very timid ani-
mals. Before the hunter got very
near, they began to run away. So
Carson fired at one of them as it was
running. The elk fell dead.

But just at that moment he heard
a roar. He turned to see what made
this ugly noise. Two huge bears
were running toward him. They
wanted some meat for supper, too.

Kit Carson's gun was empty. He
threw it down. Then he ran as fast
as he could. He wanted to find a
tree.

Just as the bears were about to
seize him, he got to a tree. He
caught hold of a limb. He swung
himself up into the tree. The bears
just missed getting him.

But bears know how to climb trees.
Carson knew that they would soon
be after him. He pulled out his
knife, and began to cut off a limb.
He wanted to make a club.

A bear is much larger and stronger
than a man. He cannot be killed
with a club. But every bear has one
tender spot. It is his nose. He does
not like to be hit on the nose. A
sharp blow on the nose hurts him a
great deal.

Kit Carson got his club cut just in

time. The bears were coming after
him. Kit got up into the very top of
the tree. He drew up his feet,
and made himself as small as he
could.

When the bears came near, one of
them reached for Kit. Whack! went
the stick on the end of his nose. The
bear drew back, and whined with
pain.

First one bear tried to get him, and
then the other. But whichever one
tried, Kit was ready. The bear was
sure to get his nose hurt.

The bears grew tired, and rested
a while. But they kept up their
screaming and roaring. When their
noses felt better, they tried again.
And then they tried again. But
every time they came away with sore
noses.

At last they both tried at once.
But Carson pounded faster than ever.
One of the bears cried like a baby.
The tears ran out of his eyes. It hurt
his feelings to have his nose treated
in this rude way.

After a long time one of the bears
got tired. He went away. After a
while the other went away too. Kid
Carson staid in the tree a long time.
Then he came down. The first thing
he did was to get his gun. He loaded
it. But the bears did not come back.
They were too busy rubbing noses. —
Selected.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Hamelin is a little town in a coun-
try across the sea.

Long ago a strange thing happened
in Hamelin. A great many rats
came into the town.

They were big fierce rats. They
killed the cats and dogs and bit the
children. They ate the food on the
tables.

They ran up and down the street in
the day time.

The Wise Men tried to think of a
way to drive the rats out of the
town but cats and dogs could not do
it and the rats would not eat poison.

The Mayor said, "I wish I had a
trap big and strong enough to catch
all the rats. I would give all my
gold for it."

Just then a knock was heard at
the door.

"Come in," said the Mayor. Then
the door opened and in came a very
strange man.

He was tall and thin with bright
blue eyes and bright hair. His long
coat was half of yellow and half of
red. No one had ever seen him be-
fore.

The strange man went up to the
Mayor and said, "I can drive the rats
out of the town."

"Who are you," cried the Wise
Men, "and how can you do this
thing?"

"I am called the Pied Piper. I
cannot tell you what I shall do. If
you will promise to give a thousand
pieces of gold I will soon show you."

"A thousand!" cried the Mayor.
"I will give you five thousand."

Then the Pied Piper went into the
street.

He took a pipe from his long coat
and began to play a merry tune.

Soon the rats came running from
the houses.

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats brawny
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
rats,

Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives."

The Piper walked slowly down the
street, playing a merry tune, and the
rats, followed, dancing.

They thought the music was about
good things to eat. They forgot
everything else as they ran after the
Piper.

When they came to a river every
rat danced into the water and drown-
ed.

How happy the people were! They
rang the bells and shouted for joy.

Then the Pied Piper said to the
Mayor, "Now, if you please, give me
the thousand pieces of gold."

"A thousand pieces of gold!" cried
the Mayor.

"That is too much money. I will
give you fifty."

"If you do not give me the money
you will be sorry," said the strange
man.

"You can do us no harm," said the
Mayor.

"The rats are dead. You cannot
bring them back."

Then the Pied Piper went into the
street again.

He played a few sweet notes on his
pipe.

At once the children came out of
the houses.

"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after,
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter."

The Piper walked down the street
and through the fields. When he
reached the foot of the hill a door
opened and he went in still playing
the beautiful tune.

As the children followed him the
door closed.

One little boy, who was lame
could not run as fast as the other
children. When the Mayor and the
Wise Men came running up they
found him crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the Mayor.
"I wished to go with the other chil-
dren," he said.

"When the man played on his pipe
it told us about a beautiful land.
The sun was shining and the birds
were singing. The children played
in the fields. They were never ill nor
lame. I ran as fast as I could, but
when I came the children were gone,
and I could not find the door."

The Mayor sent men north, south,
east and west to find the Piper. He
said, "Tell him that I will give him
all the gold in the town if he will
come back and bring the children
with him."

The fathers and mothers of Ham-
elin waited and waited, but their
little ones did not come back.

All this was long ago, but no one
has ever seen the Piper or the little
children since.

If you go to Hamelin the people
will show you the hill and the river.
You may walk down Pied Piper
street, but you will hear no music.

No one is allowed to sing or play a
tune on the street down which the
children followed the Pied Piper to
the land beyond the hills.—*Child
Life.*

LOCAL NEWS.

Thirty-five pupils remained here
during the Holidays.

Mr. J. F. Bledsoe, of Baltimore
was a visitor during the Holidays.

Mr. Gale's charming family counts
three little daughters. The latest ar-
rival was on the 7th.

Mr. Legrande Benson of Glencoe,
Baltimore County spent a week with
his brother, Mr. Benson.

Mr. Roswell Fish, of Washington,
D. C., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs.
Ely, Wednesday and Thursday of
last week.

Miss Mabel Ely came from In-
dianapolis to spend Christmas week,
and Mr. Richard Ely was here
from Amherst, Mass.

Mr. John A. Trundle, and little
daughter of Centerville, stopped at
the school on the 28th, on their way
to Jefferson where they were going
to visit friends.

Freddy Bowman, son of Mr. Her-
bert Bowman, of near Smithburg,
Washington County, entered school
at the re-opening. He is a cute little
fellow of seven years.

School re-opened on the 2nd, and
the promptness with which the pupils
responded is greatly appreciated.

All assembled in the chapel, where
Mr. Ely gave a very impressive New
Year's lecture taking for his text the
first verse of the twelfth chapter of
Hebrews: "Let us lay aside every
weight, and the sin which doth so
easily beset us, and let us run with
patience the race that is set before us."

Where the vacation was spent:
Misses Tillinghast, Maywood, and
Haupt were seeing the sights in the
Nation's City.

Miss Hancock visited Miss Tucker
in Northampton, Mass.

Misses Bryarly, Zimmerman, Ijams,
and Mr. Wyand were at their homes.

Principal Ely remained on duty
throughout the holidays and with
Mrs. Ely was made happy by the
home coming of their children.

PUPILS' COMPOSITIONS.

A Fox and a Crow.

One day it was hot. A fox walked
along the woods.

He saw a crow flying toward a tree.
The fox followed it where it was sit-
ting on the branch. Then he cried
out and said, "Good morrow. Mr.
Crow, and please sing for me. Your

feathers look very beautiful, I can't
sing."

When the crow heard what the fox
said, then it opened its mouth to
sing. Suddenly a piece of cheese fell
out of it down on the ground, and
the fox caught the cheese. He ate it
and ran away. The poor crow lost it,
but it was so foolish, because it
believed what the fox said. I sup-
pose the crow was sorry.—A. M. G.

Death of Romulus.

Romulus reigned over the Romans
thirty-seven years. At first he was
a very good ruler, over the country,
but at last he became cruel.

Many Romans began to dislike
him. One day when they were gone
out of the city a great tempest arose.
The people were frightened. When
it was all over they all went back to
the city. They all missed Romulus
and he was lost, and they looked for
him, but couldn't find him. They
said he might have been carried up
into heaven.

They built a temple on the hill out-
side of the city where they were
standing during the storm and where
they thought he was carried up into
heaven. They called the hill Mt.
Q—, and there the Romans wor-
shipped him.

Afterwards they didn't believe he
was carried up into heaven, but
thought he was killed by the storm
or murdered by some one and car-
ried off and hidden.—I. B. H.

Louise May Alcott.

November 29 is Louise May Al-
cott's birthday. She was born in
Germantown, Pa., in 1832. She was
educated by her father. She was a
bright cheerful girl and very fond of
out door games. When she was quite
young she began to write stories.
When the war broke out in 1862, she
became a nurse in a hospital near
Washington. She nursed the sick
and wounded soldiers. She stayed
there nursing until she became ill
herself. After the war she wrote
many books for young folks. She
has written fifty or sixty books, some
of the best known are "Little Wo-
men" and "Old Fashioned Girl,"
"Little Men" and "Hospital Sketch-
es." She soon became famous as a
writer. She resided in Concord Mass.
for many years. While she was liv-
ing, she received letters from hun-
dreds of children from all over the
country. She died in 1888, when she
was fifty years old.

I have never read any of her books.
Perhaps I will get one out of the li-
brary when I return the book
which I have now.—M. A. C.

Dick Whittington.

Once there was a poor boy who
lived in the country in England.
His name was Dick Whittington.
He wanted to go to London.

One day while he was walking, he
saw a man driving in a wagon and so
Dick asked him to let him walk along
beside the wagon. The man said,
"Yes."

When they reached the city of Lon-
don, Dick thought he could find some
money on the streets but he couldn't.
He was tired and hungry and so he
lay down near somebody's door but
after awhile a servant came and saw
Dick and told him to go away. He
heard the servant and started to go
but soon the master called him and
asked him if he wanted to help the
servant and he said, "Yes."

The servant was cross to him and
made him work very hard.

When Dick was walking on the
street one day, he saw a girl holding
a cat. Dick said "I wish to have
that cat." So the girl gave it to him
and he carried it to the house into
his room in the garret.

And every day he fed the cat some
food and saved it.

One day the captain of a ship came
to the house where Dick lived.

The captain wanted the cat and so
Dick gave it to him.

The captain went to see the king
and queen of a little island far away
and they had a great dinner to eat.

So they sat down, but suddenly some
rats and mice came up and ate all
the food. The captain said he had a
little animal who could catch the rats
and mice. The cat caught them and
the king and queen were delighted.

The king bought everything which
was on the captain's ship. He had to
pay most for the cat. So the captain
sailed back to England and told
Whittington's master all about it.

Then he sent for Whittington and

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told him that he was a very rich boy.
He married his master's daughter and
he was three times Mayor of London.
—F. W. W.

Untruthfulness.

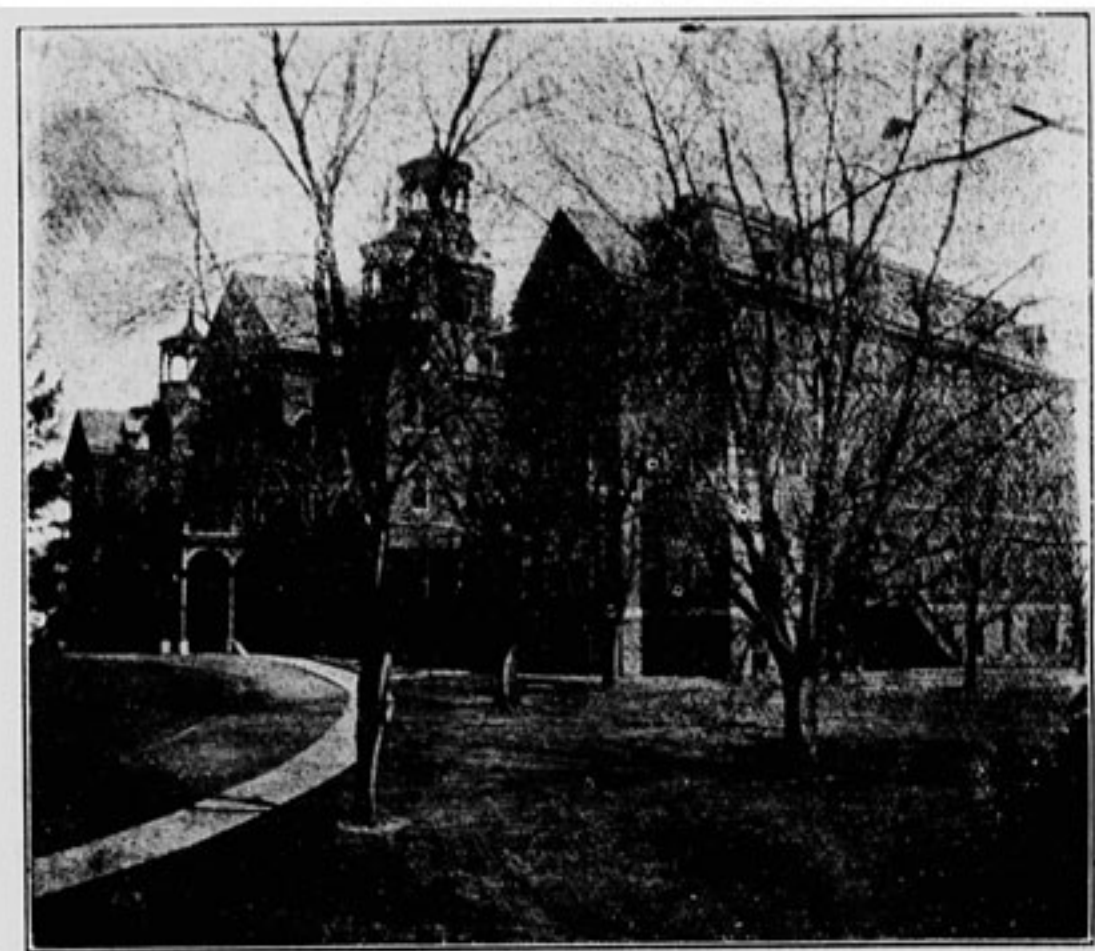
One of the worst and most deplor-
able crimes which affects youths of
the presents age is that of "untruth-
fulness." No better word can define
the boy or girl who will unselfishly
allow themselves to do so than, "crim-
inal." We have many times called
attention to the carelessness and in-
difference of boys or girls permitting
themselves to become clothed with
this pernicious habit. We can only
class such persons with those who
have lost their powers of reasoning,
their good sense and judgement, or
else with those who have not a natural
love and affection for their father
and mother, having no thought or
understanding as to the consequence
that might accrue from the utter-
ances of untruthful fabrications. We
pity such people and warn them that
a time will come when they will regret
their indifference, and the fate that
must eventually overtake them—per-
haps when it is too late for any re-
compense or perhaps not until they
have been confined behind the prison
bars—thus leaving a stigma upon
their character for all future time.

An awful judgement awaits such
people. The bible say, "A false wit-
ness shall not be unpunished; and he
that speaketh lies shall perish."—
Howard Times.

Doctor: "What! your dyspepsia no
better. Did you follow my directions
and drink hot water an hour before
breakfast?"

"I tried to, doctor, but I was un-
able to keep it up for more than ten
minutes at a stretch."

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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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