

Saint Mary's Beacon
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 A Dollar a Year in Advance.
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 Each subsequent insertion, .50
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 A liberal deduction made for year-
 ly advertisements. Correspondence
 solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 63. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1902. 1295

Saint Mary's Beacon
 Job Printing, such as
 Handbills, Circulars,
 Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
 neatness and despatch.
 Parties having Real or Personal
 Property for sale can obtain de-
 scriptive handbills neatly executed
 and at city prices.

SHINGLES!

4x20 at \$4.50 per 1000
 5x20 at \$6.00 per 1000
 6x20 at \$7.00 per 1000

These are "A" No. 1 Sap Cypress Shingles—all guaranteed perfect, free from knots and we will replace any shingles that should appear imperfect.

FLOORING!

North Carolina Pine, No. 2 Flooring still \$1.50 per 100 sq. feet, well worth \$1.90 to \$2.00 in the present state of the lumber market.

WINDOWS, 90 cents,

These are 8x10 size, 12 lights glazed, all glass in, and only 90 cents pair of sash.
 Frames for same, 90 cents. Blinds for same 90 cents.

Write us! Mail your lists for complete house building.

Address,
FRANK LIBBY & CO. 6th S. & N. Y. Ave., Washington, D. C.

FARMERS' AND PLANTER'S AGENCY,

27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore.

For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.

PHILIP H. TUCK, President; Judge JOHN P. BRISCOE, Vice-President; SAMUEL K. GEORGE, Treasurer; SAMUEL M. HINKS, Cashier.

Directors:

Hon. John P. Briscoe, John W. Crawford, James Alfred Pearce,
 Edwin H. Brown, John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks,
 Samuel K. George, Adrian Posey, Phil. H. Tuck.

PERUVIAN GUANO, Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments.

EDELEN BROS., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.

125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

ALSO DEALERS IN

Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.

Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture we HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

J. F. SHAW and JNO. M. TALBERT, JOHN M. PAGE,
 Salesmen, Cashier.

The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY,
 For the Sale of

Tobacco, Grain and Wool.

Directors:
 J. T. HUTCHINS, President, AND
 JOSEPH S. WILSON, Secty.,
 JOHN H. MITCHELL,
 F. H. DARNALL,
 JOHN B. GRAY,
 LOUIS F. DETRICK,
 S. E. F. PALMER,
 DR. GEORGE W. DORSEY.

Farm Produce Generally

South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.

Mr. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspection of all Tobacco consigned to us.

H. G. Dudley. J. Frank Ford.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER, General Commission Merchants,

125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Jas. A. Dawkins. W. Bernard Duke.

DAWKINS & DUKE,

Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF

TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

W. H. MOORE. JOHN MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

Grocers & Commission Merchants,
 105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of Grain and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

ORATION
 DELIVERED BY
 Col. WILLIAM H. KILGOUR,
 AT THE
 Commencement of Charlotte Hall School,
 June 22, 1902.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association of Charlotte Hall School.—It requires no ordinary degree of moral courage to stand up in the presence of an audience that has been entertained for the past four days by such brilliant and eloquent torrent of speech as that the echoes of which are still falling around this hall. Be this as it may, I cherish the pride that my ancestors were natives, to manner born, cradled in its atmosphere, reared upon this soil, drank deep from its waters which came gushing from the every hill side, sparkling with health and beauty, and growing to manhood, started out on the white and whirling sea of life armed with "letters credentials" from this venerable and hallowed institution; and, to some extent, I possess one of the characteristics of my ancestors—a brave and daring heart.

Mr. President, I cannot express to you or to this audience, through the medium of words, how extremely pleasing it is to me to be present upon so interesting and charming an occasion. I feel deeply the marked manner with which you have been pleased to greet my name, particularly when I see around me so many distinguished personages, and so numerous an assemblage of the representative manhood of the ancient and honored Commonwealth of Maryland.

A statesman of the last generation declared his willingness to let others make the laws if he might write the ballads of his country. Feeling in the midst of this distinguished gathering that I am but a link connecting the past with the present, I would have others, now with us, far more gifted than I to speak of the gigantic and marvelous developments of the present age, the mighty and startling emergencies which seem ever to confront us, or some softer and more pleasing theme, so that with me be left the privilege of telling today of the memories of other days. Who has forgotten them? Alas! Who does not remember?—for drift as we may on the swiftest billow of tomorrow, we are never out of the sight of yesterday.

Reaching the classic shades of yonder historic campus a day or two since

"A feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul cannot resist:
 A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 But resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles rain."

Rooted for a few moments to the spot that had been the altar of so many hopes, doubts and fears; as the Occident grew brilliant with the royal colors of the setting sun, I rambled some distance into the no less classic and picturesque surroundings, and oh! what a troop of memories of other days came falling o'er me and around me like death-shades stealing o'er an old man's soul, or the shadows of the evening creeping slowly down the mountain sides as the day dies out and the evening star goes up on the watch, gently, carefully, I folded them one after the other, and have brought them here with nothing original save the ribbons with which they are tied.

Other days. Their guileless pleasures steal like shadows o'er my mind:
 "Come their memories,
 Whispering, melodies,
 Telling of life's lost treasures,
 Golden ruins strewn behind."

To those who have passed the "sere and yellow leaf" or have reached that period when the fierce and angry waves of life have subsided, and that splendid calm which lingers along the fading twilight is throwing its softening influence, like benediction after prayer, then indeed memory comes bubbling up from the billowy bosom of the past to tell of other days as they grew in beauty, throwing out their crimson banners as though to light up life's seemingly joyous panorama, all throbbing with hope and promise.

Other days, when the flowers which grew and blossomed around the heartstrings opened their delicate petals under a father's care and a mother's tender love. How such hallowed recollections warm the heart of those who have successfully manned the storm; how encouraging to those who are still struggling with the maddened waters, for of him upon whom the past has

lost hold and that rudder of memory

by which most men steer their course o'er life's troubled waters has no control—he is soon drifting—drifting like falling leaves driven by a winter's storm—perhaps in the end caught up as drift-wood, thence to pose perhaps on the pedestal of debauchery or regret, looking with tired and blood-shot eyes backward along the road he came.

Other days at the old homestead. How their silvery bells, moments seem again to ring out their merry chimes, telling of sweet and innocent pleasures; or the Sabbath morn (that day so tedious to the trifling of earth) so full of repose and calmness to the earnest and heavenly minded, when we assembled and listened to that old story of love which will never end whilst the morning stars sing together!

What springs, what summers, what golden autumns then were ours. The whole year was one gush of gladness. On rippled the golden hours, on flowed the tide. The old homestead, how like an aged mourner it seems to sit as though tired and weary of life, or as a pale sweet nun telling her beads to the night winds, days in and around which grim visaged care had not thrown its murky and chilling vapors over light and joyous hearts, ere the baser passions of our nature had waged a successful warfare and left traces of their blackened and triumphant march on the purity and innocence of the soul. The old homestead; in the dark old house which had sheltered us through so many anxious years and from which we had looked out upon the future and pondered of the great untried world outspread under the clinging stars. How eloquent seemed the old armchair and the little rocker by its side! How many tender reminiscences cluster around those happy hours! How touching and dear their thousand associations! How feeble is language to describe their guileless pleasures! Days in which hope put forth its earliest buds and kindled its tiny tapers in a little false, flickering ray—for how many a young heart has dreamed hopefully of the future which, alas! contained nothing but a grave?

Other days! days of rounding and ripening manhood—days in which ambition kindled its first fires, and imagination built her Jasper walls; when with laudable purpose and lofty aspirations, coupled with a resolution and daring, which dreaded no barrier nor shrank from no responsibility, we became immured within College enclosures; segregated from the whole world! The mental anxiety and agony of the long, fretful, toiling, harrowing hours, the rigid discipline, the seemingly monotonous routine of studies and amusements. Yet these dark and ponderous clouds had their silver lining. What gay and shapeless dreams ofttimes cheered and attended us. The castles we constructed, the forts we stormed, the forums we shook, the laurels we gathered, the multitudes we harangued until the welkin seemed to ring with the applause and shouts—"behold the man!"

If however these dreams vanished under the touch of the cold breath of a stern reality, there was ever much remaining of the practical and hopeful to soften and brighten the fleeting hours of college days. Who among us have forgotten their quiet rambles along the classic and cooling shades of some favorite walk where we delighted to gather the choicest gems and place them in a jeweled box to be used in some trying emergency—the hours we spent with those grand old masters of research and thought! How our ideas, chiselled from such intellectual quarries seemed to grow and expand with a stronger and more significant meaning as did those of Pygmalion until he imagined he saw the product of his chisel live and breathe. Who among us would or can forget the grand and exhilarating culmination of all! "Commencement Day"—the gladdest, sweetest day of all—one freighted with joy, sparkling with beauty, redolent with the aroma of the choicest flowers of the rarest parterres, as well as that which was born on every breeze from the near slopes of nature—all mellowed and refined under the assemblage of beautiful, graceful and intellectual womanhood.

Other days! Dreamy days, days of love. How softly as an angel's footfalls do the silver linings of those rosy hours come in upon us. How gently every chord of the heart vibrates under the melody of their touch. Into what choice and sweet paths they ever lead us. How they

recall, the altar we delighted to build and the little deity we placed thereon. With what studied care we led our beautiful and perhaps "Lost Lenore" into the poetic walks of nature. How we loved to linger on the margin of the stream and listen to its untutored melody, until we became jealous because its pure waters had caught the shadow of the auburn ringlets falling around the graceful form, and o'er the sweet and playing dimples of the one by our side, and bore them to their home in the far ocean deep.

"Take thy seat from out my heart, and take thy form from out my door!"
 Quote the Raven, "Nevermore!"
 "And the Raven, never sitting, still is sitting,
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—'Nevermore!'"

Other days,—days that were dark and dreary—days in which death invaded the family circle and left its dark imprint on a hearthstone which heretofore had been the unbroken altar of every earthly tie and affection, when weeping hearts told of a vacancy that could never be filled and the paraphernalia of mourning proclaimed that "The silver chord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken." Here let me close the casket! I have related some of my memories of other days touched with a sufficient coloring and sadness, and I cannot—will not, in this glad hour, lead you under the shades where the willows grow—where tears fall and where every little moss-covered mound tells its own story of love.

A word more. I recognize that there are many around this board who are in the spring-time of life, many who have reached the sun-burst of well developed and energetic manhood; others who are resting under the shade along "the road which still leads up the hill"—resting as does the ripened leaf in the rich hazel glow of an Indian Summer or as grapes growing purple under the light of an Autumn's sun, and may it thus continue under a kind providence until the boatman with his solitary oar calls to bear them beyond "the beautiful river."

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Oklahoma Amenities.

George Peck returned home the other day from Oklahoma Territory, where he had journeyed to sell a few furnaces and other things. He relates an incident of the woolly West that is characteristic and quite Oklahomaesque.

Mr. Peck is nothing if not diplomatic, and when he found that the President of the school board in this Territorial city was also the owner of a hotel he decided to stop at his hostelry.

For why? Because he wanted to get his furnaces into the school buildings in the place, and—well, that's another story.

Mr. Peck found the hotel keeper to be a whole-souled, jolly fellow, and there's nobody any more jovial than Peck himself.

They visited the schools, the president of the board first putting on a long-tailed coat, saying:

"She adds dignity, an', then, she hides my gun, which are a bad example, afore them children. I don't approve of anybody under fourteen carryin' a gun."

After returning to the hotel from a visit of inspection the president of the board, now transferred into a landlord, said:

"Peck, you're a good feller. You ain't goin' to let your light be hid under a bushel, Peck?"

"No, I ain't," said Mr. Peck, rather dubious as to the compliment.

"Well, I tell you what I'm goin' to do fer you. Bein' as you're a good feller, I'm a goin' to have clean sheets put on your bed! Dad burn me, if I ain't!"—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear." That is precisely the manner in which Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has gained its reputation as a cure for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Every bottle that has ever been put out by the manufacturers has been fully up to the high standard of excellence claimed for it. People have found that it can always be depended upon for the relief and cure of these ailments and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

Trustees of Public Schools.

Trustees of Public Schools appointed May 13th, revised and confirmed June 24th, 1902:

Watts Schools, 1st District.

No. 1 School.
 1 Austin Ridgell, Albert Combs, John W. B. Delozier.
 2 Alexander Real, W. L. Biscoe, G. S. Lynch.
 3 John H. Abell, Jas. A. Tenison, John G. H. Lilburn.
 4 J. Dallas Evans, George Drury, George C. Roach.
 5 Robert M. Wise, James H. Carroll, Thomas Hammett.

2nd District.
 1 P. J. Redmond, John A. Evans, John S. Bean.
 2 William B. Redmond, R. M. Hebb, Thomas W. Aud.
 3 Harry Dent, J. Morris Milburn, James B. Adams.
 4 William H. Stone, George B. Dent, T. Lee McKay.

3rd District.
 1 Thomas F. Foxwell, Dr. Thomas Lynch, John L. Russell.
 2 James C. Wise, William B. Floyd, J. Robert Raley.
 3 John H. Wathen, Richard T. Abell, James F. Mattingly.
 4 Edward B. Norris, John B. Hebb, William H. Brown.
 5 Wm. G. Reeder, John I. Bowles, John B. Dawson.
 6 Francis E. Guy, W. L. J. Mattingly, William P. Guy.
 7 James T. Abell, George H. Payne, Charles H. Lucas.
 8 John H. Guy, J. P. F. Russell, J. M. Tension.

4th District.
 1 William E. Davis, Joseph S. Herbert, James S. Thompson.
 2 George R. Slye, Oscar G. Hayden, Samuel Hayden.
 3 George C. Hayden, John T. Herbert, William K. Herbert.
 4 Thomas C. Edwards, Webster B. Herbert, Zach P. Mattingly.
 5 John A. Barber, Perry Hayden, B. W. Burroughs.

5th District.
 1 William J. Davis, James T. Harrison, John S. Adams.
 2 Josiah H. Hancock, James Burch, James C. Alvey.
 3 John A. Johnson, Clarence D. Sasser, Henry Davis.
 4 Sylvester Adams, Thomas H. Fowler, E. Luther Burroughs.

6th District.
 1 William L. Wood, George I. Buckler, John McGinley.
 2 James S. Posey, J. W. Graves, J. Woodley Latham.
 3 John H. Parsons, John H. Reeder, Philip C. Drury.
 4 John R. Garner, H. E. Jones, G. Wallace Latham.
 5 William T. Wilkinson, Joseph L. Peacock, John H. Magill.
 6 Stephen E. Russell, Benjamin F. Knight, William E. Brewer.
 7 John H. Buckler, Thomas Dixon, Thomas A. Bond.
 8 French M. Abell, Thomas O. Joy, Charles M. Gaston.
 9 Martin J. Yates, Daniel Raley.

7th District.
 1 T. J. Lawrence, Edmond J. Plowden, Thomas Grason.
 2 J. Marshall Dent, Dr. W. B. Dent, Jerry Gibson.
 3 Dr. R. P. Blakistone, James H. Bailey, Daniel Hogg.
 4 James T. Blair, J. F. Simpson, Andrew J. Cheseldine.

8th District.
 1 L. F. Miles, John S. Jones, Adam S. Wible.
 2 J. Oscar Jarboe, John Taylor, W. F. E. Long.
 3 J. T. Fenhagen, M. L. Hammett, John F. Norris.
 4 John F. Armworthy, J. S. Wooten, Joseph Boothe.
 5 Joseph S. Matthews, James T. Cox, Charles A. Pembroke.

9th District.
 1 George W. Thomas, C. E. Robrecht, J. C. Hobbs.

COLORED SCHOOLS, 1st District.
 1 Washington Hawkins, James Sewall, Lemuel Johnson.
 2 Peter Jones, Joseph W. Bennett, Lafayette Langley.
 3 William C. Smith, Geo. L. Shorter, Robert Handy.
 4 Joseph Washington, Thomas C. Butler, William P. Bush.

2nd District.
 1 Thomas Braxton, James H. Jordan, James Z. Suter.
 2 Robert Daily, William S. Smoot, Daniel Morgan, James E. Middleton, Fred Wilson.

3rd District.
 1 William A. Sommerville, Joseph E. Forrest, George W. Green, James H. Holly, Alex. Barnes, Thomas Gladden.
 2 William Thompson, John H. Turner, Edward Lee.
 3 George Combs, Henry Campbell, Joseph Brooks.

4th District.
 1 Richard Winters, Joseph Young, Charles H. Barnes.
 2 J. Walter Yates, Emanuel Toyer, Caleb W. Bush.
 3 George Smith, William M. Wilson, Hilary Harris.

5th District.
 1 William Brown, J. A. Tolson, William Harris.
 2 John A. Hawkins, Moses Coates, John S. Jenefer.
 3 John F. Butler, John F. Reid, Lewis Chesley.
 4 J. Alfred Curtis, John Harper, Philip Millard.

6th District.
 1 J. Harry Brown, George H. Banks, John L. Thomas.
 2 Hezekiah Clark, Basil Banks, Samuel Coates.
 3 David G. Brown, Henry Hall, Frank Thomas.

7th District.
 1 J. P. Jameson, William H. Carter, William Jones.
 2 Fred Wilson, Thomas Thomas, William L. Clark.
 3 William H. Clark, R. W. Dyson, John Green.

8th District.
 1 George D. Watts, Ignatius Hungerford, John Biscoe.
 2 Jesse Biscoe, Dennis Smith, Geo. A. Thomas.

9th District.
 1 Henson Blackwell, George Dickens, Madison Newton.

He Obeyed His Teacher.

It was in a pleasant schoolroom in that happy land beyond the Delaware and there was naught to disturb the sweet serenity of the passing afternoon except the hum of suppressed voices and the twittering of the little sparrows outside. The pretty teacher—for all school teachers are pretty, save those who banged us over the head in the halcyon days of yore—was buried deep in a knotty mathematical problem and at the same time trying to figure out how she could buy all the candy stored up in Camden county and still hoard a sufficient quantity of the coin of the realm to cut a dash at the seashore next summer. The youngsters were deep in their studies—some firing spitballs, others sponges, and a few preparing bent pins for the fishing season. Suddenly there was a snapping of fingers and a waving hand.

"What is it, Johnny?" asked the pretty teacher, as she pulled herself from the mathematical and seashore problem.

"Jimmie Green slapped me on the face, that's what he did," replied he of the frantically waving hand.

"Well, smack him back," was the startling rejoinder of the little schoolmarm.

The next moment there was a flapping of wings like a rooster preparing to crow; then a sound not dissimilar to an exploding auto and a weird noise like the sighing wind. Johnny had soaked him good and hard.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

A Wholesale Campaign.

"Well, old man, you're with me this election, ain't you?"

"Earse Jim, did I ever fail you?"

"No, but one can't always tell how things are going, you know. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, sub—not ez I knows on—unless you got 'bout six dollars wuth er house rent in yo' pocket."

"Here it is."

"En three dollars wuth of groceries?"

"Here's the money."

"En two dollars wuth er street tax?"

"I'll fix it."

"En a couple of loose dollars, so's ef I drop dead dey'll find enough in my pocket ter see 'me home in a cab?"

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