

# THE CATOCTIN CLARION.

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VOLUME XLV.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1915.

NO. 4

## FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division  
Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.  
All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:00 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
9:40 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
11:40 a. m.	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:52 p. m.	4:14 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	5:27 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	6:57 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont. Arrive Frederick.  
6:12 a. m. 6:58 a. m.  
8:14 a. m. 9:00 a. m.  
10:45 a. m. 11:31 a. m.  
12:31 p. m. 1:19 p. m.  
3:14 p. m. 4:00 p. m.  
4:52 p. m. 5:38 p. m.  
6:10 p. m. 6:26 p. m.  
6:22 p. m. Except Sunday 7:08 p. m.  
7:00 p. m. 7:46 p. m.  
9:25 p. m. Sunday Only 10:08 p. m.  
10:10 p. m. 10:56 p. m.

Note—All trains arriving and leaving Thurmont scheduled from Western Maryland station.

Note—All trains arriving at leaving Frederick scheduled from Square.

## Western Maryland R. R.

Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.

GOING WEST.	
Leave Baltimore	Arrive Thurmont
6:07 a. m.	7:20 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	10:42 12:49 p. m.
*9:40 a. m.	12:31 p. m.
11:40 a. m.	1:19 p. m.
1:10 p. m.	2:23 p. m.
3:10 p. m.	4:23 p. m.
5:10 p. m.	6:23 p. m.
7:10 p. m.	8:23 p. m.
9:10 p. m.	10:23 p. m.

GOING EAST.	
Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
7:20 a. m.	8:12 a. m.
10:42 12:49 p. m.	10:56 p. m.
12:31 p. m.	1:19 p. m.
1:19 p. m.	2:23 p. m.
2:23 p. m.	3:14 p. m.
4:23 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
6:23 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
8:23 p. m.	9:10 p. m.
10:23 p. m.	11:10 p. m.

\*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday Only.

## FAMOUS OLD MOUNTAIN

### ARARAT HAS A CONSPICUOUS PLACE IN HISTORY.

Center of Troubled Land Where Peace is a Comparatively Unknown Quantity—Proud Record Claimed by Armenian Race.

"Mount Ararat, where there has been hardly a moment's peace since Noah and his ark grounded upon its massive shoulder, is at present the edge, troubled boundary mark between the Ottoman empire and Russia, and under the shadows of the historic peak the fighting lines of Osmanli and Russian have been swaying back and forth, never far beyond the lines of the frontier," begins a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society. "Ararat is the hub of Armenia, of the original home of the Haik people. It is also the center of what has ever been the most troubled area on earth. Tribes of Europe and of Asia have fought each other here from the dawn of history, and the remnants from the battles have settled as neighbors, hating, despoiling, massacring one another. "Ararat is one of the most impressive of earth's mountains, for it rises sheer to the clouds out of an immense plain. "The dominant mountain is split into two peaks, Great and Little Ararat. Great Ararat rises to a height of 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. Little Ararat, where the boundaries of the Ottoman empire, of Russia and of Persia meet, reaches an altitude of 12,840 feet. Though the snow line here is very high—14,000 feet—the dome of Great Ararat is covered with glittering fields of unbroken white. "A vast wealth of legend surrounds the mountain, which has always deeply impressed the imaginations of the peoples who have wandered, passed or settled beneath it. The Armenian priests long believed that the wonderful mysteries of its summit might never be surveyed by human eyes, and all thought of scaling Ararat was considered almost in the light of sacrilege. "The Armenians have also held that they are the first people after the flood, the immediate descendants of Noah, so to speak; for the first village that Noah founded after abandoning the ark was Nakhichevan. So the Armenian thinks that his people were the first race of men to grow up in the world after the flood. "The name Ararat means 'high.' The Persian name for the mountain Koh-i-Nuh, means 'Noah's mountain.' It has been determined by the natives that the Garden of Eden was placed in the valley of the Araxes. "Noah's wife was buried in this valley near the mountain, and grapes are still grown there whose vines are the direct descendants of vines planted by Noah."

Hertzian Waves.  
Hertzian waves are electric waves, so called from Heinrich Hertz (1857-1894), a German engineer and scientist, who first demonstrated the possibility of wireless telegraphy. In the course of his investigations he demonstrated some new principles regarding the transmission of light and electricity, and his premature death was regarded as a distinct loss to science. Wireless telegraphy is sometimes called Hertzian telegraphy. The present Marconi method of telegraphing without wires is by means of "Hertzian waves," which pass through the ether—the medium that fills all space, and remains after air has been exhausted. The apparatus generates and transmits these waves, the existence and operation of which were first demonstrated by Hertz.

All Are on Time at Sydney.  
At Sydney, Australia, any telephone subscriber can now obtain correct standard time by calling up the Sydney observatory, says the Scientific American. If he wishes merely to check his watch or clock, he asks for "Time," and is connected with an operator who reads off the correct time to the nearest half minute from a clock controlled by the standard clock of the observatory. If more accurate information is required, he asks for "Exact time," and is connected with a high frequency buzzer which transmits the actual beats of the observatory clock.

Drawing to a Head.  
"My dear," remarked Grumble, as he opened a letter at the breakfast table the other morning, and a milliner's bill dropped out, "this is the third bonnet you have had in less than three months. You must have bonnets on the brain."

Mysterious Fascination.  
"Charley, dear," said the young Mrs. Torkins, "I don't see why people play poker."

Too Much Realism.  
Ham Lett—"That's the last time I'll ever pass through that market. Bill Board—"Why, did the cabbage try to get a head of you?" Ham Lett—"No; but the hissing of the goose was too realistic."

## His Needless Fears

By H. M. EGBERT

The man who gets his salary from a distant city lives under the Damoclean sword. Jenkins was no exception to this rule. The leather company employed agents in several towns, and Jenkins, newly posted at Sequah, drew his forty dollars weekly out of the mailed letter with fear and trembling. What if the company should suddenly discontinue with him? Once the letter failed to arrive, and Jenkins, who always waited for the check to pay his weekly bills, was in despair.

To complicate matters there was Mrs. Jenkins, a frail, weakly woman without the least ability to earn a living if anything happened to her husband. Jenkins had this possibility upon his mind all the time. To crown his troubles, he was a "one-job" man. He had been with the leather company, which was a soulless concern, since he entered their service as an office boy thirty years before. Shy and retiring, he did not see the ghost of a chance to earn anything if ever he lost his position.

No, that did not crown his troubles, but he had another trouble mixed with joy, the two so interwoven that he did not know where one began and the other ended. Laura, in the local hospital, had presented him with a boy, their first child. Jenkins had looked in awe, and partly in fear, at the extremely red atom of humanity, then at his wife's weak figure. He saw the radiant happiness of motherhood upon her face.

At such a moment most men would



Took a Silver Candlestick From the Buffet.

have thought of anything but material things. But into Jenkins' brain there flashed an appalling thought. He remembered that, having paid the hospital bill for only one week ahead, he had exactly twelve dollars in the world. Suppose the check failed to arrive next day! He passed a sleepless night. In the morning he waited for the postman with growing panic.

The usual letter from the leather company was in his mail. But it was typed instead of written by the cashier. Jenkins tore open the envelope, desperately hoping to see the familiar pink check flutter out. Instead there came a formal notification: "As you are by this time doubtless aware, we have decided to discontinue our agency in Sequah. You will therefore close the office pending the arrival of our representative, who will take charge of the stock and fixtures." Jenkins let the letter flutter to the floor. He put the rest of the mail, unopened, in his pocket, and went automatically up to the hospital. It was always his habit to notify Laura when any unexpected event occurred. But when he looked at her he could not tell her. He thrust the letters upon the table, hardly knowing what he was doing, kissed her with trembling lips, and went away.

He was discharged! Fired! With twelve dollars in the world. And next day he must pay a second twenty-five for his wife's second week. He must get thirteen dollars, then, by nightfall. He staggered into the street and groaned. He walked the streets all day, not even troubling to think about closing the office. There was money—two hundred dollars in the safe. But that did not tempt Jenkins. He could never have robbed his employers. That was not in him. But he must rob somebody. He stood still with clenched fists, heedless of the passers-by. "I'll get it!" he swore. Then he thought of the doctor who was going to charge him seventy-five dollars, in addition to the hospital fee. The sleek, smug doctor, rolling in his car, while Laura would be turned into the streets with a week-old baby! Jenkins' rage flamed in a huge deluge against the doctor. It was a fiery deluge of stark wrath that blotted out all the normal personality of the man. Jenkins found himself a criminal. He discovered, hence within his heart, a fund of cunning that he had never suspected could exist in him. He recalled that the doctor was a bachelor, he knew that he was at the hospital in the evening. He had seen through the open door of the consulting room silver scattered about the top of the buffet. With one of those pieces Laura's bill could be paid. Jenkins resolved to act upon the thought. At nightfall he went softly toward the doctor's house. He knew that there was a back door, always open, except for the flimsy screen that covered it. He had seen that during his visit, and remembered that, once over the fence, he could not be seen from the windows. He found the fence, scaled it, and crouched cowering on the other side. The house was dark, except for a single light in the dining room. Jenkins could see the silver even now. It gleamed derisively upon the buffet. His gorge rose. He walked steadily toward the back door. It stood wide open. It was not even clamped. Thieves were unknown, almost, in prosperous Sequah. Perhaps somebody was on the premises, though. There must be servants. He knew the doctor had a housekeeper. But it was not likely that she would be on the first floor. Jenkins walked in very softly and took a silver candlestick from the buffet. He knew by the touch that it was of pure metal. That alone would more than pay Laura's bill. No doubt he could pawn it somewhere in town. He stood irresolute, holding it in his hands. Then, all at once, he heard the front door click open. Doctor Evans was coming in. There was still time to escape with his plunder through the back. But fear paralyzed Jenkins; the irresolute man had found himself again and the enterprising criminal who had arisen in him, like some Mr. Hyde, had betaken himself to the nether gloom from which he sprang. Jenkins put down the candlestick and sprang behind the curtains. He heard Evans enter his office. Through the open door he saw him sit down at his desk. The doctor pulled out a pocketbook and heaped up an immense pile of bills before him. Jenkins could not see their denomination, but he knew that each was for five dollars, the spoils of his few hours of office work that day. There must have been three hundred dollars there, Jenkins felt his fury rising again. The sleek, smug devil! Counting his money, while Laura would be put out of the hospital the following day. It did not occur to him that she would merely be transferred to the free ward. The man was mad at the moment. The loss of his lifelong position had bereft him of his senses. He crept forward and watched the doctor with parted lips. His hand, stretched out, closed upon the candlestick. That set a new thought running through his head. With that candlestick he could batter out the man's brains. He could take the money from the dead hand and go. None had seen him enter, and none would see him leave in the darkness. Money, good money, was better than candlesticks. Three hundred dollars! He had never had so much money in his life before. He clutched the candlestick in his hand; and just then Doctor Evans looked up with a start. "Who is there?" he called. Jenkins put down the weapon. He was the old man once more, the weak man, incapable of anything but the trained groove-moving thoughts. Doctor Evans approached the dining room and suddenly switched on an electric light beside the door. It revealed Jenkins, standing by the buffet, shaking and white. The doctor stared at him, and suddenly Jenkins saw recognition in his eyes. "Why, Mr. Jenkins, how long have you been waiting for me?" he asked. And Jenkins perceived that his design was unsuspected. Doctor Evans must have thought that the servant had admitted him through the front entrance. "Were you anxious about your wife?" he asked. "There is nothing to worry about. She is doing very well. And, by the way, she asked me to give you this. She expected you tonight and was sure that I would meet you on the way out of the hospital. She said it was important, and wanted you to know as soon as possible. And he handed Jenkins another letter from the leather company. Jenkins took it and looked at the envelope. "This one was typewritten too. It could not be the check. Still, a check was due. Jenkins had forgotten that. The envelope was open; Laura had read the contents. Jenkins took out the check and a letter. He read: "Dear Mr. Jenkins: "We have decided to close our agency in Sequah. Poor business conditions, and other affairs of which you will learn on your arrival here, have caused a reorganization of our branch system. This requires the services of a superintendent with a thorough knowledge of the business. Will you accept the post at a salary of five thousand?" "No Kick Coming. First Traveler—How do you find business in your line? Second Traveler—Oh, I have no cause for complaint. I'm doing a rattling business. First Traveler—What's your line? Second Traveler—I'm one of the end men in a minstrel show. That was Sufficient. Jack—That is my fiancée at the piano. Isn't she a beauty? Tom—She certainly is, but you must remember that beauty is only skin deep. Jack—Well, what do you think I am—a cannibal?

## WORD FOR WANDERER

### "VAGABOND" NOT ALTOGETHER TO BE CONDEMNED.

Economic Problem for the Student, but Also Mysteriously Appealing—May Boast That He Calls No Man Master.

We are apt to use the words vagabond and wanderer interchangeably, though there is a degree of difference in their meaning, says the Detroit Free Press. The vagabond is a wanderer, an irresponsible person without visible means of support, preferring the open road to an occupation because of an unconventional dislike to the embarrassment of possessions. The wanderer is also a wanderer, but the element of viciousness enters; given opportunity he may commit a crime. We usually lump the two together as tramps, hobos, Weary Willes, and are told there are about half a million of them in our country. Economists complain that their maintenance costs about \$100,000,000 annually—only \$200 apiece!—and that if they could be made wage earners they might enrich the community by about \$300,000,000.

The wanderer, now the vagabond in our nomenclature, was once quite a respectable fellow, even an honored guest. The troubadours, the traveling friars of medieval days, the ancient harpists who brought their songs and stories to castle and hall, Richard Plantagenet, the poet Villon, George Borrow, were tramps of one kind or another. History and romance abound in them, and we love to read of them because of our innate fellow feeling and sympathy. The vagabond wanders from Somewhere to Nowhere for love of the journey. His real reason is that he cannot help it, having more wanderlust in his blood than has fallen to the share of the majority. After all, he merely gratifies to an unusual extent a primal instinct which centuries of conventions have not subdued in humanity. He casts off the limitations of civilization because they cost him more than he is willing to pay. He will pay meagerly and sleep uncomfortably that he may be free. No one owns him; he calls no man master; he is sublimely indifferent to responsibility. And who among us has not felt a passionate desire at times to snap the chains that bind and chafe, and live our lives as we wish? In spite of our respect for the exemplary virtues we recognize the charm of irresponsibility.

We like the vagabond in fiction even if we scorn him at our back doors, and regard him gravely as an economic problem. The tramp is more honest than most of us; he despises work and scorns the tasks we would impose on him. Most of us pretend to like it and sing its praises. He is, moreover, a mysteriously appealing figure; there is something almost heroic in his contempt of what other men so prize, and we wonder, if we pause to think of him at all, what his story, what woman remembers him and longs for news of him. There is always at least one—his mother.

Liked "Musty" Ale.  
Some Harvard students with a thirst for ale as great as, or more compelling than, their thirst for learning, fell in a body upon a Boston taverner, demanding "Ale!" Mine host informed his guests, with punctilious regrets, that the only ale he had "alms" was "musty." This mellow suggestion appealed to the callow youths who, smacking their lips in anticipation, were ordered "Glasses round." These the good man brought with some trepidation, but the students, wagging their heads like true cognoscenti, ordered more, until closing time compelled them to wend their uncertain ways Cambridgeward. Returning the next night with their ranks heavily recruited, before the night was over the sons of Harvard had broached and emptied the first barrel of "musty" ever. Our boniface, equal to the emergency, ordered from his brewer an ale made milder in brewing—which today is no inconsiderable commercial commodity in the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Old Center of Civilization.  
Prof. Marshall H. Saville, director of the Museum of the American Indian, New York, announces the discovery of an ancient city in Honduras which was the center of a high civilization. Many relics were found, principally potteries, and ornaments of stone and jade. "The remarkable fact about the potteries and other objects," said Professor Saville, "is that they represent at least six kinds of civilization. We have not the facilities at present to dig down 18 feet, which seems necessary, but it is evident there is an opportunity for vast research."

No Kick Coming.  
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## The Wicked Uncle

By FRANK FILSON

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

I was eleven yesterday and I have started a diary. The first thing that must go into it is about my wicked uncle. When father said, casually, to mother, "Ned's written that he's coming East to pay us a visit next week," mother sighed and flung up her hands. "I guess he wants more money, Jim," she said. "At such a time as this—"

"I'm sure Ned's settled down and steadied himself during these seven years," answered father. "It isn't in the man," said mother in a curiously constrained voice, like Bill Buffalo's after he had confessed to the sheriff that he stole the girl to keep her away from his rivals, the outlaw of the plains. "I must tell you now that while we live in a magnificent mansion, with four servants, we are fast approaching bankruptcy. Father made some unucky deals on the stock exchange, and the war has cut off exports, so what is a man to do? As father said to mother yesterday, if those fellows would give him time and his bank would advance him only ten thousand he could keep his head above water and not have to take furnished rooms. More than that, he said, if that shipment comes through from Rotterdam we'll be richer than we've ever been

in our lives before. But nobody will trust each other in these days of degraded politics, and there hasn't been a man at the helm of the state worth his salt since Grover Cleveland left the White House, said father. "You've lent that fellow Ned at least ten thousand," said mother, in the anguished tones of Dinah, when the outlaw of the plains lay dying. "Yes," said father. "But that was between brothers, you know." "You've started him three or four times over. You've put him on his feet, and now he can't keep there. And he's coming to borrow some more. Promise me you won't let him have it."

"The extent of my benefactions to Ned will be measured by chicken feed—dimes and nickels," answered father. Tomorrow our wicked uncle starts East. The wicked uncle has arrived. He is younger than father, and reminds me very strongly of Diamond Dick, the Pathan's woe, though the look in his eyes softens at times like that of Bill Buffalo's when Dinah refuses to become an outlaw's bride. He shook hands with me very frankly. Certainly I have received a not unfavorable impression of my father's brother. Mother was cool toward Ned. Ned—that's what he has instructed me to call him—confessed to me in an after-dinner confidence that she always was cool toward him. "I don't blame Matilda," he added, with a mournful sigh. "She knows I'm no good and never likely to be any good in this world."

I laid my hand with a gentle but significant pressure upon the wicked uncle's arm. "Cheer up, Ned!" I replied. "None of us are wholly bad. There's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it ain't the job of any of us—"

"To hit ourselves on the chest of us," said the wicked uncle. "Yes, yes, I know. Your words are infinitely consoling, my dear boy. But it's hard to bear—hard to bear!" Next morning he had a long conversation with mother. I didn't mean to overhear the first part, but a fellow can't help it if he's making a boat upstairs and people choose to hold a conversation in the passage. Mother was very angry with Uncle Ned. I could tell that by the tone of her voice. "My husband is ruined," she was saying. "I want you to understand

## Was on Guard Day and Night.

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that clearly, Ned. I don't think that your visit here is anything more than one of friendship, but the man is struggling hard to keep his head above water. He hasn't a hundred dollars to lend. He has got fifty. I've given up my work clothes, and we don't even know if Charlie can go back to school next term."

My heart stopped beating. It seemed too wonderful to be true. "That's all I have to say to you upon that subject, Ned," she continued, as they moved away. If you understand that, you are more than welcome here."

"I understand, Matilda. You always did think the worst of me," said Uncle Ned. "That set me thinking. What was the purpose of uncle's visit? I knew he had been a desperate man in his day. Could he have come to rob us, and had mother suspected his designs and uttered a friendly warning that they would not be tolerated?"

For a day or two after that mother trailed the wicked uncle like a shadow, especially when he was with father. As for me, I repaired the old pistol I had found in the empty room, and was on guard day and night. I loved Uncle Ned, but I would not suffer him to rob those who had befriended him. The mystery was explained about a week after Ned's arrival. Mother and I had seen him go out; but a few minutes later he sneaked in by the back way and went straight to father in his library. "I had spotted him. A man does not inform his womenfolk when danger is imminent. I simply waited under the stairs, the empty pistol in my hands. I knew that Bill Buffalo had cowed the Outlaw of the Plains with a tobacco pipe, and I would not scruple to intimidate Uncle Ned with an empty weapon. I could not hear what the men were saying, but all at once mother came hurriedly into the room. Her woman's instinct, never at fault—her Dinah knew—had told her that the crucial moment had arrived. She went in and left the door unfastened. Her voice was angrier than I had ever heard it before. The men cowered before her feminine fury. "I knew when you came here," she cried, "that you were going to try to induce Jim to start you in life again. Start you in life, at forty-five!" "Only forty-three, Matilda!" said Ned in a pained voice. "At forty-three, then! My husband has done more for you than any brother need do! And you shall not tak his last penny in the world!" "Do you think I came to borrow money, Tilly?" asked the wicked uncle. "I do, if I know you."

"Why, Tilly, what an idea!" protested the wicked uncle. "I made my pile in Nevada last year, and I came home to pay back what I had borrowed. But I knew a black sheep never turned white, and I—well, my dear, I had a little fun with you. That's all. Here's Jim's twelve thousand four hundred and nineteen cents. The nineteen cents I borrowed from him to buy a rabbit when we were at school together." Then followed a silence that might be felt. Then I heard somebody kissing somebody else. "You're still the same, Ned," said father, in an odd, choked voice. "What pleases me best is that that little chap will be able to go back to school," said Uncle Ned. I sheathed my weapon, I gritted my teeth with baffled rage, and sought the seclusion of my lair. I hate my wicked uncle.

## NECKLACE OF HUMAN FINGERS

Remarkable and Gruesome Exhibit at Present in New National Museum at Washington.

At the new National museum at Washington there are many kinds of necklaces, and among the most curious and gruesome are three made of human fingers. Two are made almost entirely of the first joints of fingers. The third is much more pretentious. It is elaborately beaded, and hanging stiffly from the collar of the necklace are eight fingers. These are eight middle fingers cut from the left hand of hostile Indian warriors by their Indian enemies. The bones were deftly withdrawn from the fingers, the flesh cured, and a stick, in lieu of bone, was inserted in each finger. Appended to the necklace are four or five tiny bags. This uncouth adornment was a medicine necklace, and was once the property of the Cheyennes and Sioux Indians. Its loss was attended with great lamentation on the part of the Indians. The necklace was captured in a campaign against the Sioux and Cheyennes, in 1876-77. In the old National museum, among the leather goods, is a pair of boots made from human skin. Nothing definite can be learned concerning this unusual footwear.

Preparedness.  
"Ye have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another. "That I have, bedad," replied the other. "I was up before the magistrate last week for battening Cassidy, and the judge told me if I came back on the same charge he would fine me ten dollars."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And ye're working hard so as to kape yer hands off Cassidy?" "Don't ye believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working hard to save up the tin dollars."—Buffalo Courier.

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