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Early Advertisers.

1902, at Mount Joy

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REAR OF

JOY HALL.

American railroads catch

demands for transporta-

New York Tribune.

stock to carry coke has

closing of many ovens,

“famine” in freight cars

with the development

American industries.

death rate of the state of Mas

has been falling steadily

last 10 years, and last year

lower than it has ever been.

board of health says that all the

ions are changing for the bet-

and that the mortality from con

tion and some other infectious

ases has decreased. The board

tributes the improvements partly to

the coming of sound, healthy immi

ants.

The modest egg is yearly becoming

a more important factor in the food

supply of this continent, and a more

expensive one, says Good Housekeep-

ing. The estimated production in 1901,

according to the highest authority, was

1,472,043,730 dozens of eggs—too vast

a number for the most hospitable

imagination to entertain all at once.

The egg capacity of the many cold

storage plants is estimated at 150,000,

000 dozen. Therefore, granting that

all the available space in the refriger-

ating houses is filled with eggs during

the storage season (which is not prob-

able), 90 percent of the egg crop of

the country is consumed as it is pro-

duced. The average increase in egg

production for the 10 years from 1890

to 1900 is placed at 10 percent yearly.

The chances are that the next 10 year

will show a greater increase.

The question is being raised in

Rome as to whether foreign physi-

cians shall be allowed to practice in

Italy without an Italian diploma. A re-

cent writer on the subject set forth

the law in regard to the matter in

other countries. In Austria, he point-

ed out, the state examination has to

be passed and the candidate is re-

quired to become a naturalized Aus-

trian subject. In England, it is said

a foreign physician may practice, but

he cannot sign a death certificate. In

France the passing of all examinations

is required, and the French physicians

are arguing that they have to per-

form military service, foreigners shall

also. In Germany the state examina-

tions must be passed. There is appar-

ently no well-founded opposition to

the measure requiring foreign physi-

cians to qualify in Italy, and the mat-

ter is rapidly coming to a head.

Not a little of the apprehension

manifested over the decline of the

birth rate among certain elements of

the population is due to the idea that

if the present possessors of wealth and

culture do not increase and multiply

society is to be a loser. In this as-

sumption we have an expression of

the aristocratic theory for which there

has been little justification in our his-

tory. In most countries and at nearly

all times the class living in luxury has

been less prolific than the elements

which have done the real work of the

world. While there are and always

have been exceptions to the rule, the

families which survive and increase

must be regarded in the long run as

the fittest, and there can be little

doubt that sooner or later some mem-

ber or members will demonstrate the

fact. The very fact that families wax

and wane, that wealth takes wings and

that luxury carries certain penalties

constitutes one of the most conserva-

tive forces known to society. It is po-

tential even in a monarchy. In a re-

public it should be accepted not only

as a matter of course, but as some-

thing eminently desirable. The real

Americans are not dying out, no mat-

ter what the statistics as to birth in

families of the highly favored may

show, asserts the Chicago Chronicle.

The strains which deserve to endure

will persist, regardless of fortune or

environment, just as they always have

done. It will not make much differ-

ence to the world whether they are

found at any given time in hovels or

in palaces.

THE TERMINUS.

The wide town swings to view; the train speeds past Long, roaring freights. Mysterious voices blend With the shrill steam; now, underneath the vast Vault of the Terminus, we find at last Our journey's end.

Beyond the doors, a wintry wilderness, The formidable streets lie strange and far. But see, familiar faces wait to bless Our coming. How informed with joyfulness Their greetings are!

wonder, if when into the world's great, Sad terminus, I come unasked, unknown. Will welcoming dear faces for me wait? Or must I through the hollow, clang-ing gate Pass out alone? —William Hurd Hillier, in Lippincott's Magazine.

DINNER ON THE GRIP.

Captain Alexander Maher of the steam coaster Grip was hurrying along Cardiff street dockyard to his vessel, which had just completed loading for Southampton, when he was accosted by a youngish man, smartly attired in yachting costume, and wearing on his cap the gilt badge of a famous south coast club.

"Captain Maher?" the stranger queried. "That's me," the sailor retorted gruffly enough, having all the dislike of his class toward the average amateur seaman. "That's me—but I'm in a hurry."

"So I heard," retorted the other coolly. "You were pointed out to me as master of a boat just leaving for Southampton. I want to go there at once, also."

The hint was obvious enough, but Maher did not choose to follow it up. "Take the train, then," he replied; "passengers ain't in my line."

"So I would," the young man appeared disposed to be persistent—"but I have a lot of heavy baggage here, and I wish it to accompany me to my yacht, which is lying off Cowes. If you'll take it and me, I'll make it worth your while."

The captain hesitated. The Grip possessed small accommodation for outsiders, but a job like this meant something in the skipper's pocket.

"Well," he said, surveying the stranger again, "since you have been told who I am I reckon you've a notion what my ship is; she ain't a liner, you know, but just a coasting tramp, covered this blessed minute with coal muck that won't come off her till she starts washing herself outside Lundy."

His new acquaintance seemed in no way dismayed at this description. "That will be all right, captain," he returned, "come in here a minute and let us talk it over."

The place thus indicated was an adjacent bar, where over suitable drinks the yachtman continued negotiations. "There are about a dozen large wooden casks he went on, "with furnishings and my own outfit for a long West Indian cruise. I should have sent them on ahead of me but for some delay, and now if I lose sight of them heaven knows how long I may be kept waiting for them in the Solent."

"What's your yacht's name?" demanded Maher, not quite liking this explanation. The stranger took out his cardcase. "You are a bit suspicious," he said pleasantly enough, "and I don't blame you; but we'll have everything fair and square. That is my name."

He handed a card as he spoke, and on it the sailor read, "E. V. Rentore, S. Y. Sea-Swift, R. Z. Y. C."

The first name was unknown to Maher, but that of the vessel happened to be familiar to him, while the last four cryptic letters he was aware represented the title of one of the most exclusive clubs in the kingdom.

"Then, sir," he said, with an obvious change of manner, "if you want me to take your things it will have to be arranged quickly. I'll be hauling out for sea in a couple of hours. If they are not too heavy and you have them alongside within that time, I might manage. But for yourself," the speaker hesitated again, "our only spare cabin is poor enough."

The other laughed. "I've roughed it before," he said, "and won't quarrel with the best you can give me. My man shall have the cases down within the time you say; they are not heavy and your own crane will easily swing them on board. And as to terms—will 20 pounds suit you?"

The sailor gasped. He had not expected nearly so much. "If you'll throw in the price of a new hat for myself, sir," he responded, quickly, "we'll call it a deal."

"Your ship safe, captain?" Mather surveyed him scornfully. "She'll carry you, my son," he retorted sarcastically, "supposin' you don't put on that much side you make her top-heavy."

The servant scowled. "I 'ope so," he replied with meaning; "anyway you'd best see the goods are safely put away, or the gov'nor'll give you what for. See they are kept right side up—they're all marked for that."

The skipper was too busy preparing for sea to discuss this further. He passed the instructions on to his mate and went about his business. Presently Rentore himself clambered on board.

"Ah!" he remarked, smiling in the pleasant way he had, "I see you have my dunnage, captain. Are you going to carry all the cases on deck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mather, "the weather is fine, and they'll be safe lashed. These two small ones," he indicated two boxes as he spoke, "we will put below."

"I wouldn't do that," his passenger laughed back. "One is a case of champagnes I hope you'll help me to put away on the way round, the other is a dozen of whiskey, which you'll allow me to give to your hands."

Mather looked grave. "I'll see, sir," he said tentatively, "when we get out, I'll take them to my own room for safety. Is everything aboard now?"

"Everything," the other answered, "the dock gates just then opening, the captain took his post on the bridge, while the passenger went below to see to his accommodation."

Nor did Mather set eyes on him again until the Grip had opened out the Channel and in the growing dusk the light on Flatholm was beginning to twinkle far astern. Then he met the skipper as the latter was descending from the bridge.

"Come along, captain," he said, "I've taken the liberty to make myself at home—got my man to overlook your cook and have a bit of dinner ready for you, now the ship's clear of the land. Come down and join me."

In response to this invitation the sailor passed below to encounter a scene such as the dingy saloon of the tramp had not seen since her long past trial trip—if then. The table was set with crystal on spotless linen, silver and flowers garnished it, and the swinging tray above sparkled with bottles full of such wine as the captain had seldom seen nearer than across the bar counter.

"I told you I'd make myself comfortable," Rentore laughed at the other's amazement. "The hotel people put some of this up for me, but your cook did the rest, so sit down and do him justice. Perkins," he turned to his servant, "tell them to serve dinner."

Mather was sufficient of a philosopher to accept the gifts the gods thus sent; he sat down as requested, and if his handling of his knife and fork left something to be desired, his appreciation of the meal was none the less patent. Moreover, his host—or his guest, for the passenger was both—saw to it that his glass was frequently replenished, so that as the cheese came on the table the skipper went under it.

"Perkins," ordered Rentore then, "get the steward to help you; he takes Captain Mather to his room; he does not seem well. And—ah—you might have word sent to the bridge I'll be glad if the mate will join me here; the night's fine, and I expect the boatswain can take the ship past Lundy without sinking the island."

The passenger appeared to the steward—who was present—to be also slightly touched with an after dinner manner. The mate when he came had the same impression, but nevertheless that officer also collapsed as his superior had done, leaving Rentore still quite composed. The chief engineer, who had joined the feast at the request of the giver of it along with the mate, was simultaneously overcome.

"Most extraordinary," remarked Rentore; "never saw men so easily upset. I'm going on deck. Perkins, you might see the steward gets out that case of whiskey for the men forward and the stokers."

On deck the passenger lit a cigar, mounted to the bridge and joined the boatswain, who had charge of it. "I've sent a bottle or two of hard stuff forward," he said to him affably. "You might go down and have your share. I'm sailor enough to watch her if you leave me the course."

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir," answered the seaman, who like the rest of the crew, was blessing his stars for having given the Grip the carrying of such a benefactor. "Keep her south-west by west and she'll take no harm for the minute I'll be gone."

When the boatswain's cap had vanished down the ladder, Rentore turned to the hand at the wheel. "You shouldn't be out of this, my man," he said. "Off you go and drink my health; I can keep her head straight."

He gripped the wheel and the sailor saw the compass card kept steady to the course. Then he, too disappeared and silence reigned fore and aft along the decks of the Grip.

This lasted for perhaps half an hour, then Perkins appeared upon the bridge. "They're gone under at last," he said, in tones very different from what he had previously used. "Shall I let our lads loose?"

"Yes," answered Rentore. "Tell some of them to see quickly to the fires—I can feel the old tub's speed slackening—and send a hand here to relieve me."

Perkins descended to where the cases were ranged and tapped a peculiar rap on each. They opened as he did so, and dim figures from them

darted swiftly to his bidding. The Grip had got a fresh crew. Next morning just before daylight a small coasting steamer crept into the anchorage of St. Mary's, Scilly, and brought up close alongside the palatial yacht Bocanera, belonging to a multi-millionaire which had been lying there for some days, while its owner explored the islands in accordance with intentions previously announced somewhat widely in the public prints.

Descriptions afterwards given of the little coaster in no way corresponded with that of Captain Mather's command. The height and color band of her funnel were different, and Mather's vessel was square-rigged on the foremast, which the other was not. Besides, those who inspected the latter through glasses before she left again declared the name on her bows to be "Jane," not "Grip."

These points were material, because in the darkness before dawn the Bocanera was visited by a boatful of armed men from the new arrival, the anchor watch on her deck overpowered the remainder of her crew battered down, and the millionaire robbed, under threat of violence, of every portable article of value he had with him, including a large sum in gold and his wife's jewels, reputedly of fabulous worth.

The day was not two hours old when word of this daring robbery reached the shore, but by that time the stranger, who had got under way again immediately his boat returned, was huddled down to the westward and had utterly vanished beyond sight from the islands ere any action could be taken on the telegrams which were immediately dispatched to the authorities.

During the night of the day following the Grip reached Southampton and was berthed ready to begin discharging next morning. There was nothing to connect her with the robbery and not even the police on duty noticed that her crew all slipped ashore one by one during the darkness. It was the lumps coming down to begin work on the cargo who first observed anything wrong, there being no sign of life about the vessel. Every place was vacant, the stokehole was cold and empty, and no coals were on deck. The men explored the fore-castle last, and from below came muffled knocking. Raising the hatch leading into the forepeak there emerged from that literally black hole a string of disconsolate figures. Captain Mather bringing up the rear in crestfallen fashion.

"Here!" he demanded, rubbing his eyes, "where in blazes are we?" "Southampton, in course," he was told; "didn't you bring the ship in here?"

"No," he retorted in lurid language; "we were hounded some way a few hours out, and found ourselves where you got us when we came to. Where the ship's been," he added brokenly, "I know no more than a baby. I'd best see the police. If they'll catch me that yachtsman I'll hang him for them myself. Curse the smile of him and his dinner!"

A sentiment in which the multi-millionaire when it was repeated to him fully concurred.—The Sphere.

PROFESSION OF RIDING PIONEER. Discovered by an English Younger Son Who Needed Allowances.

That knowledge of American institutions and customs grows but slowly in England received a pointed illustration in the arrival of a huge box of what might be termed riding tackle on a recent steamer. Friends of the young man to whom the box was consigned were puzzled for a time as to why he should receive such an extraordinary outfit of cavalry clothing, saddles, boots, and other gear of a like character, and the recipient at first was sulky and disinclined to give information. After a dealer in horse goods had taken the high-priced imported equipment off his hands at a small part of its actual value the English younger son to whom it had been sent made confession and enjoyed the joke as much as did his acquaintances. It meant simply that he had run through his allowances, and as his extravagances had caused the serving of notice on him that no further advances would be made, he cast about for some plausible excuse for requesting more money. He decided that the best chance was to announce a change in his method of life, and, putting forth his best efforts to think of some occupation that his family would approve of, wrote home that he had received an offer and had decided to become a "riding pioneer," conditional upon his family supplying the capital required for the expensive outfit necessary for a "riding pioneer" and an increase in his allowance to carry him on until his new profession began to pay.

The nature of the occupation he was supposed to take up he did not explain fondly hoping that the puzzle to his relatives would bring quick returns, as "riding pioneer" sounded most respectable and adventurous. An indulgent English father put his own construction on the term, however, and with visions of the son far removed from temptation and leading a healthful out-of-door life on the frontier, shipped more kinds of English flat hunting saddles, double bridles, and fanciful legging, with other accessories, than could be found in the average fashionable saddler's. The consignment served a purpose, though other than the father intended, and for the present the young man refuses to think about the explanation that will be necessary when he goes home as to what are the duties of a "riding pioneer."—New York Times.

A Wider Monroe Doctrine.

By Charles Emory Smith.

As a result of the war with Spain our Republic is now the world's peacemaker. England, France, Germany and Russia were the four great powers, because their arms extended over the continents and the seas. When the United States reached across the seas it became the fifth great power.

We were the world's peacemaker in China. In spite of the horrid outbreak at Peking, our Government insisted that there was not a state of war. It localized the difficulty. Who doubts that if the United States had not taken this position those powers of Europe would have seized the opportunity to make a division of China? This saved the nations from a stupendous and doubtful issue among themselves.

The United States is the world's peacemaker in the Western hemisphere. This truth was recently emphasized when we practically enforced peace between Venezuela and her European assailants. It is certain that the great powers of Europe would have stretched their arms to South America if the position of the United States had not prevented it. The Monroe Doctrine is a peacemaker.

The Monroe Doctrine as our Government applied it did not prevent coercive measure against Venezuela, but it did prevent the development of those measures into invasion, oppression or conquest. The time seems to be approaching when we must consider whether the Monroe Doctrine shall not have a broader application and whether it shall not be made in a still higher degree the peacemaker of the Western Hemisphere. Shall it be broadened to protect this continent against forcible methods of collecting claims which are not admitted among nations of equal standing elsewhere? Shall it be extended to signify that, while it does not prohibit the world's accepted methods to secure reparation for undisputed wrongs or the redress of undeniable grievances, it may prohibit the employment of force to back mere voluntary and adventurous enterprise, where all the conditions were understood, where all the hazards were known and where all the risks were discounted in excessive charge?

The Perfect Woman.

By Mrs. Helme.

It is safe to say that not more than one woman out of five hundred is able to walk, stand, sit, breathe, or rest correctly; by correctly I mean normally, for whatever act is performed normally is almost always correct. What is normal poise? Normal poise is natural poise, a poise of strength and confidence; an erect, natural carriage of the body over a strong base or centre. In standing, this strong base or centre should be always on the balls of the feet, of one or both feet, as the case may be.

Look at a child, a young child, before it has been coddled, pampered and squeezed out of its normal state. It does not have a sunken chest, protruding abdomen and bent knee. Look at the average woman; if compelled to stand she shifts uncomfortably from one foot to the other; if compelled to stand for a half hour, her face takes on a look almost of haziness, caused by the weariness she is enduring. The legs become tremulous and she wants to sink. The law of gravity is such that it is natural for the heavier part to seek the earth, but the laws of nature are also such that it is natural for the vital part or centre to furnish the limbs of our body with sufficient strength to do our bidding without excessive fatigue. A weak person, therefore, cannot be well poised. Whence comes our strength? From the air we breathe, from the food and drink taken into the stomach, and from the exercise that we take to distribute that nourishment. As strength is possible only through the medium of the vital organs, it is imperative that these organs be kept always in a condition of normal activity. It is obvious that they must not be squeezed out of place, neither must they be allowed to sag and press one upon another.—The Pilgrim.

A Man's Ideal of Work.

By William Garrott Brown.

THINK that as a matter of fact a man's ideal of work grows in his breast as Burke's ideal of society, of the social order, grew in him. There is in every man a reflection of life, a vision and a sense of life, which he has got from observation and experience. It is not constant, but grows and changes; it is never quite the same in any two human beings. There is also in every man an inner vision and sense of himself in the midst of life; of himself projected into life; of his single energy transforming somewhat, or conserving somewhat, of life as he sees it. The ideal of life is due to the attractions and repulsions of life as he sees it. The idea of work is a part of the ideal of life. Neither is the result of conscious reasoning or willing. They are thrust upon him deeps the reason never sounded; they summon from a height the will has never mounted.

Of necessity, the ideal of work is unattainable. Save in very rare and fortunate cases, it will not be restrained by any restraining sense of the limitations of one's strength, or correspond at all to one's actual talents and endowments. It will seldom, in any case, fall short of dignity and grace and power. Quite probably, it has taken its shape from the accidental direction of the man's first curiosity concerning life, or from the figures of men, enlarged to the eyes of inexperience, which chance may have erected on his earliest horizons. The hue and color of it may be traceable to the atmosphere of his childhood; very likely, it will have a general character of achievement or of sacrifice according to the preponderance of lights or of shadows on the landscape of his youth. In all cases, however, and at all times, it will relate itself to all of life he sees. That he should ever realize it, in any of its stages of growth and change, is, of course, inconceivable.—The Atlantic.

Unseemly Knowledge.

By S. M. Crothers.

THE social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly, outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure we prefer that it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters a drawing-room, he is in a groove all song. Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey.

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the chief of the weather bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down, for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that the man who knows no sooner enters the drawing-room than he is seized by guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may account for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.—The Atlantic.

The Girlless Telephone. An invention which promises to do away with much profanity—expressed or implied—and any quantity of vexation is now being tried on a large scale in Chicago. It is already satisfactorily at work in a dozen cities with a population of 25,000 and over, and its promoters are certain of the complete success in the largest cities. It is the automatic, "secret service," girlless telephone. By means of the automatic switchboard the telephone girls at the central stations are absolutely done away with. When a number is wanted you simply turn a small dial, like that which operates the combination of a vault, to the numerals which make up the required number, in their consecutive order. Then you press a button which rings a call-bell on the other telephone, and the connection is complete. The whole operation is automatic and almost instantaneous; no one can break in and interrupt or overhear a conversation; and a person speaking cannot be cut off before he has finished. Through more than one telephone company in a city is a nuisance, the adoption of an automatic switchboard would certainly go far towards remedying most of the faults of the present system. The Chicago company has already spent several millions of dollars in the building of tunnels for its wires, and will have 10,000 telephones in operation within the next two or three months.—Harper's Weekly.