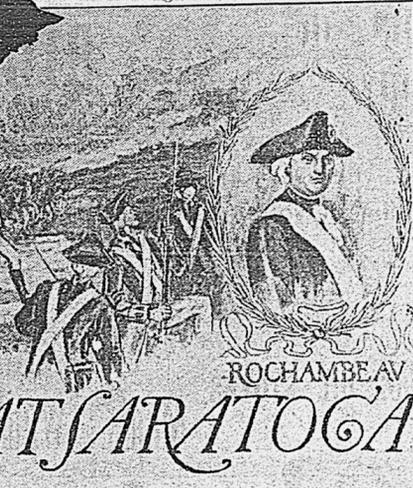


# GREENSTOWN NEWS.

GREENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.

NO. 29.

## ONE BIRTHDAY



By HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Those fame began to faint men with...  
Then Gates came on, and closer drew...  
His yeomanry and every night...  
Burgeyne the hostile camp fires saw...  
Encircle him with lines of light...  
Surrounded; with no food; the foe...  
A musket shot away at most...  
Flashed the flag of truce and there...  
Burgeyne surrendered with his host...  
And, splendidly recounted, they...  
Saw lauds and loons in rags and smocks...  
Their conquerors, with rusty pikes...  
And powder-horns and old flint...  
locks.

place her "coldness of manner and heart" could have seen her as she sat with John Elliott's letter lying in her lap, they would have been astonished beyond recovery. Her usually stern eyes were quite soft enough now, and, from out their depths sprang an unexpressed tenderness and pity. "Landsome" rather than "sweet" was the description usually given her, but now his firm lines were all gone, and the pathetic utterance of her lips, as she slowly raised and her lover's rascal and proud, successful curves an expression of sweetness.

sat there, allowing many a...  
in his freedom, she recalled...  
he had urged an early marriage...  
he had clung to her freedom...  
and persistently insisted on...  
their engagement time had...  
of out into years. And now...  
ble she chided herself too...  
usually do when the black...  
manly hands his shadow

did she sit brooding—...  
her nature. When the...  
tion came she was always...  
it. Going over to her desk...  
and for an hour poured...  
her sympathy, sorrow and...  
him she sprang his pro...  
—began for just this one...  
ing truly all his own.

At the next station Elliott left the train.

It was possibly 2:30 o'clock when the citizens of the city were considerably startled by the noise of violent explosions coming from the direction of the city park. A glance in that direction revealed the heavens above it in a blaze of glory.

With its usual rapidity there spread throughout the city the report that several carloads of fireworks had been hurled there late in the afternoon. Quickly the population of the city began to empty itself into the park.

Every moment but served to increase the beauty and splendor of the scene, which only added to the eagerness of the hurrying throngs as it pushed itself toward the gates of the city's only breathing spot.

Long before all had entered who desired to do so the park was crowded to its utmost, and thousands were breathlessly watching the most gorgeous display of fireworks they had ever seen.

When the attention of the great throng was most keenly riveted there shot up into the heavens a magnificent United States flag, across which in burning letters of red were written the words: "Hurrah for the glorious Fourth!" For a moment a deathless silence swept the vast audience; then there burst from the throats of thousands of men, women and children, three cheers for the glorious Fourth.

Leading against one of the massive oaks of the park stood John Elliott, a quiet but apparently well pleased spectator of the scene.

In his hand he held a sheet of paper upon which were written the words: "Privilege granted John Elliott to give a display of fireworks to-night at public park. Signed, Lewis Thompson, Mayor."

Elliott moved a few steps away from the tree and drew from his pocket another paper which he proceeded to eagerly scan. A smile of triumph rested on his face. Across this paper were written the words, "Marriage license."

The flag shot into the heavens, Elliott returned the paper to his pocket and was once more a quiet observer of the scene.—The Sunny South.

Standing at one of the club house windows, John Elliott was looking down at the surging crowd on the street below. For a moment he was maddly thronging, and then his eyes fell to the phrase, "Oh, yes, the year?"

And then what did those lauds and loons? Such lofty grace, in their degs, Did ever fallen foe receive From knights of ancient chivalry?

Slowly the British regiments Lead down their arms on that calm morn. Five thousand muskets stacked, and heard No sound the while of scold or scorn.

Great was the victory that brought Friendship from France, and built on high The dream of freedom like the dome Of some great splendor in the sky.

feared a year of suffering, so each time he drove the thought away. As he stood thus, with his thoughts shifting from one thing to another, there came to him this: "Why not leave this place at once? Go to meet some new life for this next twelve months." He rolled the thought over and over in his mind; it was like a sweet morsel.

The idea fascinated him. He rushed about in feverish haste and in remarkably short time was aboard a rapidly moving west bound passenger train.

With nothing to do but gaze out of the window despondently, he left his seat and went to the smoking car. There he found a man had taken the vacant seat at his side. He continued to gaze out of the window at the passing scenery, later falling into a dose. When he awoke his fellow-passenger was gone, leaving behind him an extra edition of one of the city's daily papers. Elliott drowsily picked it up. He had but barely glanced at it, when his whole body began to tremble violently and he had to lean over and spread it out on his knees to read, muttering as he did so, "My God!"

Emblazoned across the front of the paper were the words, "Dr. Champlin insane. Peculiar mental affection leads prominent physician to tell all patients they have only a short time to live."

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## PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

### SHARK GAME ABOARD.

THIS is the story of a shark and a cable ship—an anecdote told by a veteran seaman of a thrilling experience aboard a "cable" with one of the monster monsters who infest the waters of the Mediterranean. And this is how he told it to a group of seamen, as they were comparing notes on the quality of the man-eaters to live out of the water or a great length of time:

"The long Grapnel," said he, "was a cable ship and was at St. Helena, anchored close by, and the second officer came to a hook, baited it with a fish of only waste from the engine room and began to fish for a huge shark that was hanging about our stern."

"As it happened, the Governor of St. Helena, or some big pot, was coming aboard that day, and the table in the saloon was set out with the best glass and pheasants and bananas and what not, all in the way of dessert. Well, the shark was a bit coy, but just as four bells were striking he gobbled the bait."

"The old man was ashore and we had forgot about the Governor coming to dinner, forgot everything but the shark plunging and tugging at the line."

"Well, we had hoisted the brave ten feet or so clear from the water when the first roller struck us, pointing our bows balks at the sky and swinging the shark out till his tail nearly touched the water, then, swash, we went into the trough, pitching our propeller up to the sky and swinging the shark in board."

"The light of rope slipped, and man! came the shark out to the after gratings; twenty-two feet he was, and as thick as a Pickford's van almost."

"Swish" came the next roller, and we went into the trough the shark shot up to the deck, skidded along as if he were on skates, cannoned against the starboard bulwarks, and as the next roller took us on the starboard bow he shot him and best down the saloon door, clearing out of sight, and you wouldn't have known there was a shark on board only for the screams of the second saloon steward, who was coming up with a tray of dishes just as old blow-hard was going down."

"Fixed with this idea, he became enthusiastic. He would forget the past, be thankful for the year with its manifold opportunities, become in reality a new creature with a year as the span of his life.

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gun into position and fired. Then he was knocked down.

The bear buried his teeth in Mr. Holmes' right leg just below the hip, tearing open the flesh. The pain was well-nigh killing. The female then came up and made a curious snarl at his teeth through a pastboard matchbox, which ignited the matches. She gave an angry roar, shook her head and snapped at his face, and he gave his time. He heard the teeth snap in his face with a sound like the closing of a steeltrap. Then he swooned. When he recovered consciousness, and rising, recomputed the situation, he saw the larger bear, with the cut at their backs, disappearing in the brush. He perceived the guide, who rushed toward him, saying:

"Thank God, sir, you're alive! It's the narrowest squeeze I ever saw; there was one man in a million for you to escape alive from three grizzlies. That box of burning matches saved them off."

### THE TRAINER AND THE TIGER.

Numerous instances are on record where animal trainers were saved by the display of faithfulness of one wild animal in time of attack by another, but in the nature of the tiger there is nothing to invite anything but eternal vigilance. For ten years a trainer may have worked with the one tiger, and at the end of that time the bear is as apt to turn on him as it was the first day after it was taught a lesson.

How wild animals are punished for an infraction of good behavior is one of the sights not for the public. At the big Barnum & Bailey show they were punished by the display of faithfulness of one wild animal in time of attack by another, but in the nature of the tiger there is nothing to invite anything but eternal vigilance. For ten years a trainer may have worked with the one tiger, and at the end of that time the bear is as apt to turn on him as it was the first day after it was taught a lesson.

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## The Waste of Youth.

By O. S. Marden.

HOW the handicapped millionaire envies boys in school or college, and would give half his wealth for the chance to lay a foundation which they are thinking of squandering! How many an embarrassed man in public life longs to relive boyhood, that he may correct the mistakes of his youth! How much more he could make of his life, if he had cultivated his mind when young! He does everything at a disadvantage. His grasp of documents, speeches and books is weak because he does not know how to study. He is forced to petty expedients to save himself from blunders. He employs a literary secretary to save himself from blunders in grammar, errors in history and biography, or in political economy. He is forced to petty expedients to save himself from blunders. He employs a literary secretary to save himself from blunders in grammar, errors in history and biography, or in political economy. He is forced to petty expedients to save himself from blunders. He employs a literary secretary to save himself from blunders in grammar, errors in history and biography, or in political economy.

The eager unrest of youth, that clings at restraining school walls and longs to rush to action, makes havoc with aimless careers. In after days the old "wrens" will think mockingly in memory:

"He that will not when he may, When he shall have may."

What are investments in bonds and stocks, in houses and lands, compared with investment in an education, in a broad, deep culture which will enrich the life and be a perpetual blessing to one's friends?

To rob one's self of the means of enjoyment which education and culture can give has no compensation in mere money wealth. No material prosperity can compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual weeping of satisfaction, to be able to compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual weeping of satisfaction, to be able to compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual weeping of satisfaction, to be able to compare with a rich mind.

## Europe's Banking Methods.

By Frank A. Vanderlip.

IN Italy a bank check is looked upon with suspicion. Practically no small tradesman would take a check, and none of them keep a bank account. It was still more surprising to me to find that such a statement would be almost literally true of Paris itself. I was studying the conditions of the Bank of France under the guidance of one of the officers. We went into one great room in the old building in which there were 200 desks enclosed in wire cages, all empty at the moment. I asked what these were for.

"These cages are for our city collectors," I was told. "When a small merchant borrows from the Bank of France, he does not, as with you in America, borrow a bank check, and have his loan merely added to his balance on the books of the bank. With us a merchant, when he makes a loan, gets the actual money and takes it away. He probably has no bank account with us. He writes no checks. When the loan is due, he does not, as would be the case in your banks, come in and pay his indebtedness with a check instead of that we send a collector to him, and that collector is repaid the loan in actual currency. Two hundred men start out from the Bank of France every morning to collect matured loans. Several days each month it is necessary to send out 400 men, and on the first and the fifteenth of each month 699 collectors go out."

These collectors were uniformed men carrying leather pouches in which they have the matured notes and which are later filled with currency as the collections are made from the bank's borrowers.

I stood at the paying desk as I went further along in my tour of the Bank of France. As I halted there the man who happened to be at the window at the moment presented a check for 500,000 francs. The money was counted out and handed over to him, stored away in a big wallet, and he passed on. I asked if it were not unusual for a man to draw out so much currency, and was told that it was not. It was but another illustration of how undeveloped is the banking system of Continental Europe in its uses by the general public.—From "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe" in Scribner's.

## The Wearing of Mourning.

AN O'RELL said a sensible thing not long ago, when he explained to the public that the ostentatious manner is not expected of the one who feels the most deeply. This has been said before, but it is worth saying several times.

It is salutary to remember that there is no real merit in a showy display. There is nothing more heathenish than the way in which mourning is conducted in certain cities of American society. Whether genuine sorrow is felt or not, quantities of crepe must be worn, the house must be darkened, and grief, the more emotional the better, must be displayed, regardless of the purpose why they are not of any other reason for exhibition purposes. That is the relative appearance of the lion and the tiger. While the latter is the more dangerous and bloodthirsty brute in fact, the lion has the better of it in spectacular appearance.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW KIND OF LIFE-SAVING. Frank Mullen, a Joplin wood hauler, has his faithful dog to thank for his life. He was hauling wood from the creek, near Joplin, one day last week when his wagon partially broke down under a big load. He had to crawl under the wagon to make repairs. He knew it was dangerous, but he took the risk. While he was working the wagon completely gave away, and Mullen was hurled under a pile of cordwood. He was not hurt, but was imprisoned so he could not escape.

He was in a secluded part of the wood, and his chances seemed good for starving to death. Finally he has thought of a way to get out. Calling him "Cris home, Bruno" he commanded the dog obeyed, and the morning after the accident Mrs. Mullen, who had worried all night about her husband's absence, was attracted to the door by the animal's scratching and howling. When she opened the door she noticed he had a had out on one of his shoulers. He had been hit there by a stick from the falling load.

Mrs. Mullen immediately got a buzzy, and ordering the dog to return to his master, set out, following him. The dog led her directly to where Mullen was, several miles distant, and with the aid of the man who accompanied her, Mrs. Mullen was able to extricate her husband. He was half starved, but unhurt.—Kansas City Journal.

The Serviceable Burro. The burro will live to be thirty years of age, and still be of good service as a pack animal. There are really few animals to which the burro could be compared in hardness. This has long been one of the characteristics of the species to which he belongs. A burro team will carry upon their backs a twelve-hundred-pound load with apparent ease. Though they engage in such hard work and are of much greater service residents of the mountainous districts of the West, they subsist on comparatively little. Often they collect their own food by browsing about the bushes upon the sides of the mountains. Like the camel, which is also used as a pack animal, they look back and bony. It is difficult to find a fat burro. The uses to which this sturdy animal is put in the West are too many to enumerate. The milk peddler carries his load to the mountain customers by means of his faithful burro. He straps a keg securely to the beast's back, together with his milk cans and pint and quart measures.

The Demand For Automobiles. In America alone 20,000 automobiles will be placed on the market during the present year, which will only supply half the demand.

The Ex-Congressman's Discontent. To sum it all up, I received \$20,000 in salary, \$1800 for clerk hire, \$400 for mileage and \$500 for stationery, or \$25,700. I am now referred to in the newspapers as the Hon. Blank, ex-member of Congress. I lost the greater part of my law practice, but I can get that back and some more with it, for my reputation in the district has been increased, as a whole, by my service at Washington. Financially, I am several thousand dollars worse off than I was before I was elected. I can get that back, too.

The feature that bothers most is that both my wife and myself, after our experiences at Washington, are dissatisfied with the humdrum life in our country town. We had things and saw things at Washington that are beyond our reach here. It is hard to settle down.—Everybody's Magazine.

According to a famous musician about fifty per cent. of the German nation understand music.

"Hills of gold" are reported to have been discovered at Arltunga, in Central Australia.