DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1913

VOL. 67. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1913. NO. 37

Kahn's Kut Rate Korner

SPECIAL--Sent Parcel Post Prepaid

$2.50 Elastic Truss for $1.79

THIS opportunity is extended to prove to you the real value—the real saving in Kahn's surgical and drug lines, and the quick, satisfactory service of Parcel-Post Delivery.

¶ This special truss is made of the very best material—strong, durable webbing, with improved, non-shrinkable pad. It combines comfort and wear in the most satisfying degree—and even though the price is cut to nearly half, we absolutely guarantee it, as we do everything we sell.

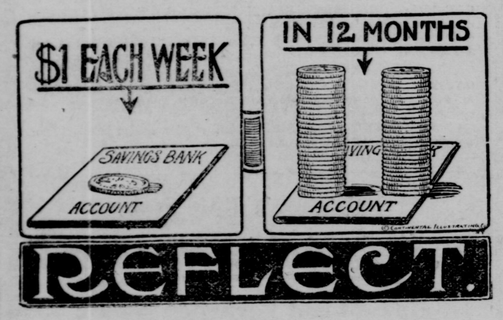
Send in waist measurement with $1.79 to

Kahn's Kut Rate Korner Drug Store

Lexington and Liberty Streets

Baltimore

Keep your eye on Kahn's Korner



on the power of small amounts to accumulate a fortune in due time. Have you ever watched the construction of a house? Do they put it together in a jiffy? Certainly not! It seems, when they first start digging the foundations that it would take years to build the house. Yet two months later the structure is ready for occupancy. How was it done? Simply by steady, CONTINUAL progress, never missing a day! And that's the secret of saving. Don't waste any more time thinking about it. Gather a few dollars and ACT. Better let this Bank be your starting point.

The Peoples National Bank

DENTON, MD.

ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

The Denton National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, $75,000

SURPLUS and Undivided Profits, $126,000

An Inflexible Rule.

A rule of this bank is, that the requirements of its depositors shall have first consideration in the matter of loans.

Those who bank here make for the success THE DENTON NATIONAL BANK has attained in its business. Their interests are in common with the bank's—they are entitled to first and considerate attention.

This rule, in constant force, has resulted in an appreciative sense of loyalty on the part of those whom we call "customers." If you are not a customer of the bank, be assured your business will be welcomed. A strong bank at the back of the business man is an asset of great value to those who in business, as in other things, wish that each tomorrow may find us stronger than we are today.

T. C. WEST, Cashier. *HARVEY L. COOPER, President.*

MAKE YOUR DECLARATION

of independence to-day from the worry of loss and damage which may come to any man through fire, by taking out a policy through our office. We can give you the lowest rates oblainable, and a liberal form of policy, and you will feel safer than you have ever felt before. Give us a call.

Cooper, Wright & Cooper,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Miss Phoebe's Fourth

A Search For Quiet and How It Ended.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

On the morning of the 3d of July Miss Dalrymple sat down to breakfast with an expectant glance at her elderly housekeeper.

"Did those boys arrive last night, Hannah?"

Hannah Brown slammed a plate of toast on the table with unaccustomed vigor. "Arrive?" she snorted indignantly. "Wait a minute and I guess you'll find out!"

Miss Dalrymple did not have to wait sixty seconds. Hannah's words were followed by a deafening explosion, accompanied by a series of shrill cries and triumphant shouts.

"It has been so quiet I hoped they would not come this Fourth, although I was sure the stage stopped there from the late train last night." The [illegible] teasing their uncle for the fireworks—a poor, weakminded man he is, too, to let them two boys run over him. He give each one of 'em a bomb and a cannon cracker and said they shouldn't have any more till tomorrow morning." Hannah jumped back from the window as another bomb exploded in the next yard. "Drat 'em! Look, Miss Phoebe, that pane of glass is cracked! I'll give Mr. Scott a piece of my mind!"

Hannah Brown disappeared from the room, and presently Phoebe heard her expostulating voice out in the yard. A man's quiet, authoritative tones brought order out of the chaos of shrill juvenile cries, and a grateful silence followed.

She sipped her coffee and nibbled a bit of toast with little appetite. For weeks she had dreaded the coming of the Fourth of July. The last glorious holiday had been a hideous nightmare of racket and noise, for Leander Scott, the quiet bachelor, who had bought the place next to her own, had entertained a couple of small nephews for several weeks, beginning on the Fourth of July.

Phoebe did not object to Leander Scott in the least. In the beginning she had liked him very well for a neighbor, but the first Fourth of July had been followed by a coldness on Miss Dalrymple's part that Mr. Scott was quick to notice.

Phoebe pushed back her chair and went to look at the cracked windowpane. It was shattered into a very strange shape, rather round or—well, Hannah was standing under the window now, and her voice arose in amiable converse with the objectionable neighbor.

"I declare, Mr. Scott! It's cracked right into the shape of a heart!"

Phoebe drew back indignantly as Leander Scott looked up at the window.

"It does take that shape, Mrs. Brown; very interesting," he said in his slow, drawling voice. "Please tell Miss Dalrymple that I am very sorry it has happened and that I will send a glazier over from the village to replace it. As for the noise, I will take care that the boys do not disturb her."

He crossed the lawn and vaulted the fence into his own garden, and Phoebe turned to face Hannah coming into the room.

To the accompaniment of Hannah's grumbling Phoebe made preparations to run away from the noisy holiday.

"I shall stuff cotton wool in my ears and set in the north room with all the doors shut so long as you won't be here, and I shall pray they don't burn the house down over my head," complained Hannah as she tucked the dust covers about her mistress when she was about to drive away.

"Very well, Hannah. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. I wish I could take you along, too, but I don't want to leave the house alone, you know," apologized Phoebe.

Phoebe fluttered a goodby as they turned the corner by the church and then settled comfortably back in her seat for the long drive into the heart of the hills. Riddle was a taciturn individual and consequently an ideal charioteer, for Miss Dalrymple's usually placid disposition was broken by many emotions.

First, she was highly indignant that she should practically be driven from her home in order to enjoy a quiet day. Second, she thought she had detected a slight smile at the corner of Mr. Scott's pleasant mouth when he looked at the heart shaped crack in the windowpane.

Fifteen miles straightaway from the village, among circling hills that lifted their blue green heights to the bending skies, lay Uncle Morgan Taylor's farm. Uncle Morgan owned the valley and most of the hills that sloped down to the fertile pastures. The large farm had once covered acres of cultivated land, but now Uncle Morgan, too old to work himself, had discharged his farmers, sold his stock and lived on the generous income that was more than ample to supply the simple wants of himself and his wife, Aunt Sally.

When great-niece Phoebe Dalrymple drove up to the door in the hot sunshine of the afternoon they came to meet her with outstretched hands and exclamations of delight.

The old people went to bed early, and presently Phoebe followed suit, resting quietly in the best chamber under a blue and white patchwork quilt.

The next morning was different from any other Fourth of July she had ever spent. The dead stillness of the valley seemed to close in and shut her away from a noisy world outside. And yet, such is the perversity of human nature, Phoebe missed something. After breakfast she took a book and wandered away to a green meadow where there was a huge rock overshadowed by a drooping elm. Here Phoebe perched and read industriously, feebly triumphant in that she had outwitted the nerve harassing glorious Fourth of July.

The sun rose higher, and the birds singing in the thickets hushed their notes in the sleepy noon. There was the drowsy hum of bees and the long chirp of countless insects in the grasses. A brook rippled musically across the meadow, and over all was a delicious repose. It is not surprising that Phoebe, too, slumbered.

A crashing explosion broke the stillness and was echoed back from the hills in countless reverberations.

Phoebe Dalrymple awoke to the bewildered realization that something dreadful had happened—an earthquake or an event equally terrible. She was quite stunned by the noise and sat leaning against the tree very quietly. Then a familiar smell assailed her nostrils, and she thought she heard the sound of voices—boys' voices raised in gleeful chorus.

Somebody—some boys were celebrating the Fourth of July in Taylor's valley. She was too much surprised even to turn around and discover the intruders. She sat very stiffly, with her back to the sun flooded meadow, trying to stem her rising indignation at the unhappy fate that seemed to pursue her desire for quietude.

"Here's a good place, Billy—right on this rock! Now touch her off, Uncle Lee. Hurray!" shrilled the familiar voice of little Jack Scott.

With a thrill of terror Phoebe arose to her feet and appeared around the corner of the big tree trunk. On the rock at her feet sputtered a big cannon cracker, and backing away from its dangerous proximity was Leander Scott himself.

He took in the situation at a glance—Phoebe's book, her white face and the brown linen dress, so like the trunk of the elm tree that her presence had been quite unsuspected.

Instantly he leaped back to the rock and grasped the sputtering explosive in his hand. Under the impetus of his strong arm it went hissing through the air, and before it reached the brook toward which he aimed it it burst with a detonation that again shook the hills and drove the sleepy birds from covert to thicker shelter.

Phoebe Dalrymple sat down on the rock and cried from sheer relief. Leander Scott looked at her with growing discomfort in his mind. It seemed to be his lot to pursue this gentle little lady with an avalanche of noise. Who would have suspected that she had sought retreat here of all places! He had chosen it out of a dozen isolated spots because the Taylors were deaf and he had Uncle Morgan's warmest consent to make all the noise he wanted to.

The sight of the little boys fussing over the box of fireworks decided him. With a pitying glance at Miss Phoebe's drooping form he dashed toward the boys. It was the work of a moment to gather the bombs and cannon crackers, the box of powder and the toy cannon into a heap and the labor of another instant to drop them all into the soaking water of the deep little brook and thus destroy their noise-making properties forever.

The horrified yells of the small nephews aroused Miss Dalrymple from her apathy. They cried noisily above the box now containing little else save firecrackers and torpedoes; they reproached their uncle for heartless perfidy and would not give heed to his promises of gorgeous fireworks for an evening display that should be appropriately patriotic, but quite noiseless.

At last poor Leander Scott left them and approached Miss Phoebe with humble apologies on his lips. When he reached her side Phoebe had dried her tears and smoothed her crinkled brown hair into a semblance of order.

"I don't know what to say to you, Miss Dalrymple," said Leander Scott helplessly. "You see, I realized that the boys made the day hideous for you last year, and when their mother sent them down without warning yesterday, accompanied by a huge box of fireworks, I was in a quandary. I thought of a dozen places where I might take them so they might be as noisy as they wished and this morning picked out Mr. Taylor's farm. I knew the old people were both deaf and it was too far from neighbors to annoy anybody.

"We arrived a half hour ago and easily obtained Mr. Taylor's consent to come to the south meadow and make all the noise we wanted. He mentioned that his niece was around somewhere, but said she would not mind the racket, so here we are. I am sorry to have frightened you, and we will take ourselves away as fast as possible. I hope you feel no effects from your fright."

Phoebe listened to the long speech with downcast eyes. The low howls of the disappointed boys fell upon her ears with accusing clamor. At last she looked up, and a smile trembled about her lips.

"I am afraid I must apologize for being such a bogyman. The little boys must think me a dreadful spoilsport, but those bombs are horrible. I am sorry you drowned the fireworks, because I could have gone away again. I suppose it is too late now to buy any more?" she asked, with an anxiety that would have astounded Hannah Brown had that good woman been a listener.

"No more in Little River, I hope, Miss Dalrymple. I've got a big box of display fireworks for tonight that they can enjoy. In the meantime they can celebrate with firecrackers."

Mr. Scott hoisted himself on to the rock beside Phoebe, and thereupon ensued a conversation regarding the book she had been reading and many other books both of them had read and wanted to read some day.

The small boys stopped their weeping and fired their crackers with rattling volleys and snapped harmless torpedoes on the stones with contemptuous prodigality. When the box was empty they approached the rock on which sat their uncle and the sweet faced lady who was the author of their woes.

"Hungry, are you?" repeated Mr. Scott genially. "Well, Uncle Morgan said he'd blow the horn when dinner was ready. When you hear the horn scoot!"

Just then the hills echoed a blare from the farmhouse, and the little boys darted away across the meadow. Mr. Scott turned to Phoebe. "I hope our presence at the table won't spoil your enjoyment. You see, we didn't know it was you when we accepted Mr. Taylor's invitation."

"Please don't say any more," begged Phoebe as he helped her down from the rock. "It has been the most exciting Fourth I ever spent, and I shall be very glad indeed if you are going to stay to dinner."

Leander Scott seemed to be very much pleased over that remark, and when they reached the house they

LEANDER LEAPED FOR THE SPLUTTERING EXPLOSIVE.

found the small boys shining with soap and dancing ecstatically about a huge strawberry shortcake. It was a delightful dinner, and the small boys quite forgave Phoebe for her share in their disappointment.

About 4 o'clock Miss Phoebe climbed into the runabout with Leander Scott, while Jack and Billy sat in the back with their feet dangling—the most enjoyable way of taking a drive if you only knew it.

Hannah Brown saw them driving in the gate, and her mouth opened and did not close until Phoebe came and told her all that had happened.

Late that evening, after the splendid display of fireworks had been burned and a grateful silence had fallen on the two houses, Mr. Scott took leave of Phoebe on the front steps. A bright light in the dining room threw the cracked windowpane into strong view.

"Have you noticed the shape of that crack, Miss Phoebe?" asked Leander boldly as he held that lady's plump little hand in his own.

"Yes," blushed Miss Phoebe in the darkness.

"Do you believe in omens?" he asked again, reluctantly dropping her hand.

"Sometimes!" breathed Phoebe softly as she entered the house and gently closed the door.

But she did not turn out the lamp in the dining room until he had crossed the bright patch of light on the grass and his own door had closed.

Getting Mixed In Art.

Occasionally Homer and the other reputable classics nod in the Boston environments.

A woman in Rhode Island wrote to the head of a Boston institution that advances art—all of them are supposed to—and asked when and where she could buy a Gilbert Stuart portrait—subject immaterial.

This recalls the Cleveland woman who said that a woman on Euclid avenue had a "full length Rembrandt" in her collection—but she had forgotten who the artist was.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Out of Order.

Little Frances—We dot a new baby. Mrs. Neighbors—You don't say! Little Frances—Yes'm; an' its eyes open jest like my dolly's, but I dess somefin's the matter wif its works, cause its eyes don't go shut evwy time they lay it down.—Chicago News.

An Explanation.

She presented herself at a fashionable wedding.

"Friend of the bride or the bridegroom?" asked the usher.

"I'm the fiancee of the organ blower," she explained, blushing.—Lippincott's.

Those who jump at conclusions are more than apt to fall upon uncertainties.

In Retaliation

Story For Memorial Day of a Man Who Was Sentenced to Be Shot

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the war between the states there was an important difference in the military forces on the two opposing sides. The northern armies were composed of men regularly enlisted into the United States service; the southern armies were composed of those thus enlisted and a number of independent roving bands called partisans. Then there were the guerrillas, who were bent principally on robbery and murder and, though they were southerners, respected neither Federal nor Confederate sympathizers. The partisans were not within the province of legitimate warfare. Guerrillas, when captured, were invariably shot.

In the spring of 1862 in Tennessee some men belonging to one of these partisan bands were captured, and, not having been enlisted into the Confederate service, the officer who made the capture ordered them to be executed. The news of their execution was carrid through the lines to a Confederate force, and on hearing it the officer in command ordered an equal number of Federal prisoners to be shot in retaliation.

One of these prisoners, Dick Southgate, belonging to an Ohio regiment, had been ill with camp fever, and the commander of the Confederates had paroled him that he might be nursed in a farmhouse near the camp. There he had been especially cared for by the daughter of the house, a girl of nineteen.

The civil war was full of romances between northern soldiers who, ill or wounded, were cared for by southern women. Whatever the enmity, it is woman's nature to pity a sufferer, and the Confederate women were as kind to the Union men who were disabled as they were to their own soldiers. It was natural that a love affair should spring up between Dick Southgate and Emily Morgan. The time they were together was short, for in war the opposing armies are constantly shifting. Southgate was in the Morgan home but two weeks when the officer who had captured him received an order to be ready to march within short notice, Southgate's parole was canceled, and he was taken back to the Confederate camp. He took with him the heart of the Tennessee country girl.

There was no struggle between love and patriotism in Emily Morgan. Living on the boundary between east and west Tennessee, the eastern population being largely sympathetic with the Union, the western with the Confederacy, she had no especial preference for either cause. But even if she had been devoted to that of the south it would not one whit have influenced her in the case of the handsome young soldier who was taken away from her pale and thin long before she deemed him fit to leave his bed.

Southgate was ordered back to the Confederate camp just before the news of the execution of the partisans came through the lines. He was sitting on the ground before that portion of the camp assigned to the prisoners when an officer approached and called out:

"Fall in!"

The men formed in line, Southgate rising with difficulty and standing with the rest, and the officer said to them:

"In retaliation for the execution of Confederate prisoners of recent date near Dickard, six of your number, to be selected by lot, are to be shot. You will begin to count from left to right."

Every man turned white. The first man on the left called out "One," the next "Two," the next "Three," and so on. Southgate was the twelfth man from the left end of the line. When the counting was finished the officer took the name of every third man, making a note of it. Then he read aloud the list, announcing that they were to be executed at 6 o'clock the next morning. Southgate, being the twelfth man in line, was one of those to be executed.

As soon as the men had broken ranks Southgate wrote a note to Emily Morgan announcing his forthcoming execution, thanking her for her care of him while ill and saying that he would die thinking of her. All requests of the doomed men in matters of preparation for death were attended to by their captors, and a messenger was sent to Emily with Dick's note. She was working in the garden when a soldier on horseback rode up and handed it to her.

Emily read the note and just as she had finished it swooned. The messenger having started on his return and there being no one else near her at the time, she lay on a flower bed till she resumed consciousness. Then, the remembrance of the message she had received returning to her, she sat up and moaned.

That same afternoon a country boy dressed in "butternut," or homespun goods, entered the Confederate camp and said he would like to enlist. Recruits were welcomed in the south in those days, not much attention being paid to age or strength, and the youngster was enlisted, giving his name as Edward Brown.

Brown, being told that some Federal prisoners were to be shot the next morning, expressed a desire to see them. The camp of the prisoners was pointed out to him, three or four tents surrounded by sentries, and he strolled over to have a look. The men to be executed in the morning had asked to be permitted to spend the night with their companions rather than placed in a tent by themselves, and the request had been granted.

Brown walked to the sentry line and, not being permitted to go farther, stood gaping at the tents before which groups of men with melancholy visages were bolstering the courage of those who were about to die. After having satisfied his curiosity he turned and sauntered away and was lost among the Confederate loiterers.

In the dead of night, when the prisoners were mostly asleep, some of those who were to die trying to sleep but all awake under a dreadful shadow, the canvas at the bottom of one of the tents was raised, and some one—not to be discovered, for there was no light—crawled in among them.

"Is Southgate here?" he asked in a whisper.

"No. He's in the next tent. Who are you?"

"A friend. I want to find Southgate."

"How did you get in here?"

"Stole in when the sentry's back was turned."

The person, whoever he was, went into the next tent, asked for Southgate and on finding him whispered:

"I'm Emily."

No word was spoken for a few moments while the two were clasped in a tight embrace.

"Why have you come," asked Southgate—"to bid me goodby?"

"No; to try to save you."

"How can you do that?"

"Take my suit of butternut and my side arms. You may be able to pass the sentries."

"And you?"

"I will remain here in your place."

"To be shot?"

"No; at the right time I will confess who I am."

Southgate pondered a few minutes and then said:

"No; if I were to succeed—which I doubt—some other of my companions would be shot in my place. I will not go."

Word was passed among the prisoners of the coming of a girl among them, and all agreed on urging Dick to take advantage of the opportunity. Possibly another man might not be chosen in his place; possibly Emily's brave act might save them all. So great was the pressure brought to bear upon him that he finally consented.

Having exchanged clothes and put on the side arms—a bayonet—Southgate crawled from under the tent and took a look at his surroundings. There were four sentries pacing on four sides of a square surrounding the tents. The only light was from some campfires before the guard tents, but at this hour they were not kept up and were smoldering. Dick got down on the ground and crawled in what shadow there was thrown by the prisoners' tents toward one of the sentinels pacing in the greatest dark. On reaching a point as near him as he dared Dick found a slight hollow in the ground and waited for the sentry to turn his back, then made as quick a dash as his condition would allow across the sentry's beat. He reached the outside of the square, but dare not run for it, since the sentry would surely turn in time to see him. So he walked straight toward the man, who, when he turned and saw a soldier who had seemingly sprung from the ground, started. Dick walked straight on and passed him. The sentry, seeing the butternut clothes and side arms of a soldier, said not a word to him, but turned and watched him as he passed out of sight.

Day came, bringing the shrill whistle of fife and beat of drum, the reveille which wakes the soldier, followed by the men standing in ranks answering to their names at roll call. At the same time a firing squad was turned out, and another squad conducted the prisoners who were to be shot on to the parade. There were six of them. The officer in charge of the execution walked up to them, inspected them and noticed Emily Morgan.

"What's this? You look like that recruit who enlisted yesterday," he said.

"I am that recruit."

"What!"

"And I'm a girl."

"What in thunder are you doing in this lot?"

Emily told him that she had come into the camp to effect the escape of one of the prisoners and had succeeded. The officer, after recovering from his astonishment, scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I'm ordered to shoot six men, and there's only five, one being a girl and not the right man anyway. Sergeant, march the prisoners back to their quarters. You (to another noncommissioned officer) march the firing squad back and dismiss them for the present. You (to Emily) come with me."

Taking Emily to the colonel's quarters, he waited till the officer had performed his morning's ablutions in a tin basin, then reported the situation. The colonel questioned Emily and was much impressed with her act. He directed the officer to leave her, and when alone with him she made a stirring appeal for him to spare the lives of the men he had ordered shot.

A soldier naturally shrinks from making an executioner of himself. This, together with admiration for the girl's devotion, won him, and he issued an order that the men selected to be shot should be treated as prisoners of war.

Such is the story still told by a man whose hair is white as snow, whose wife is an old lady, and the two are about to celebrate their golden wedding. Every Memorial day either one or the other tells it to a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren.

To Clean Valuable Glass.

One can never be careful enough in cleaning valuable objects d'art of all kinds, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Many exquisite pieces have been entirely spoiled through cleaning being accomplished unintelligently. Old glass counts among the most precious of possessions, and for its cleaning chemicals must never be used, because they remove that dull bluish gloss which is always a characteristic of antique specimens and is a point highly prized by connoisseurs. If cleaning really becomes necessary use powdered eggshells. These must be ground very fine, with no gritty pieces remaining to scratch the glass. Mix with tepid water into a thin paste and with this rub the glass, rinse with clear water afterward and dry with a soft leather. This is the only really reliable way of cleaning valuable glass and is a method carefully followed by collectors.

THEY COURT DEATH

Those Who Take Liberties With Fulminate of Mercury.

PERILS OF BLASTING CAPS.

These Dangerous and Sensitive "Playtoys," Often Picked Up Around Quarries, Are Responsible For Hundreds of Crippled Youngsters.

Over 600 children have been hurt or perhaps crippled for life in the last five years from playing with blasting caps. If this had happened at one time what a howl would have gone up all over the world! But because the accidents are spread all over the country and happen at the rate of only about ten a month nothing is done by the authorities. Indeed, nothing can be done except to educate the whole population to realize how dangerous these exceedingly useful things are when they are out of their proper place. And what a dreadful thing it is going through life crippled or blinded for want of a little care and knowledge.

Boys often play in and around quarries on Sundays and sometimes pick up stray caps and start to investigate them. It is the rarest thing that they ever do this without getting hurt. They perhaps know they are dangerous and that a spark or a blow will explode them, but they do not realize how sensitive they are, how violent the explosion or how the pieces of copper fly. Even the name is misleading in this respect. The word "caps" suggests the paper caps used with toy pistols, and because the blasting caps are called by this name it is natural to think that the two articles belong to the same family. They may, but they bear about the same resemblance to each other that a hungry man eating tiger does to the gentle pussy cat.

There are lots of ways of getting crippled by exploding blasting caps besides hitting them with a hammer and putting them in the fire. Extracting the contents with a pin distributes untold fingers; holding a lighted match under them or thrusting the flaming end into the cap gets immediate action. In the mines and quarries even, where the men who have to use blasting caps every day ought to know better, there are plenty of mangled hands and punctured hides as the result of crimping caps on fuse with a jackknife, pointed nail or any tool that's handy.

Many a miner has blown a hole through his face in biting the cap on the fuse, and others have filled themselves with copper or have been killed outright by the sparks from their hat lamps or pipes dropping in an open box of caps. Lots of blasters continue to bite the caps on the fuse and think that because they have never exploded them they never will, but some day they will bite the business end and lose something besides teeth. It is much easier and lots safer to use the crimper, a tool made for the purpose. Accidentally stepping on a cap will often spoil a perfectly good foot. Sparks, flame, heat, blows, friction—it's all the same to the cap to which they are applied.

A blasting cap is a copper shell about a quarter of an inch in diameter and an inch or two long, half full of fulminate of mercury. This fulminate is the most sensitive and about the most impulsive explosive in common use. Blasting caps contain anywhere from fifteen to twenty grains of it. Primers for firearms cartridges usually contain not more than one grain. That's what the hammer or firing pin of a gun or pistol hits to ignite the powder in the shell. A blasting cap is meant to work the other way. The powder from the fuse ignites the fulminate in the blasting cap, and it explodes with terrific force and detonates the dynamite. The explosion of the fulminate is so exceedingly quick that the flying particles of copper will imbed themselves in iron a foot away. They will blow a hole clean through a steel plate one-sixteenth of an inch thick. A box of caps will blow a beautiful square hole right through a two inch oak plank. One cap will blow a child's hand off with the utmost certainty and dispatch. Lingg, one of the Chicago anarchists, committed suicide by biting a blasting cap between his teeth.

The point to be remembered is that when a blasting cap goes off it does great damage locally. There is no escaping its effects. Among all the 600 or more accidents reported from playing with blasting caps there are only two or three in which somebody was not hurt.

Electric blasting caps are just as strong as ordinary blasting caps, but as the capsule or shell is sealed up with a sulphur plug through which the wires are carried down to the fulminate, not so many accidents occur in playing with them. They are generally dipped in dark colored wax and are not such attractive playthings as the bright copper blasting caps, but "they get there just the same." Amateur electricians are earnestly advised to bury the electric cap a foot or two in the earth before trying to pass electric currents through the wires, and they had better not do it then. Don't open it up to see what's in it! Explosive manufacturers are not given to imparting trade secrets promiscuously, but they will gladly tell what's in the caps and how they are made rather than have you blow your hands off trying to find out for yourself.

Don't carry caps around in your pockets! Don't take them home with you! Don't leave them where children can get at them! Don't monkey with them! —Chicago Record Herald.

That Elusive Gray Hair.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair that shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull, to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair and left the white one still shining!"—New York Times.