DENTON JOURNAL.

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Paper Hanging

INTERIOR Decorating

First-class work guaranteed. A large assortment of latest style samples to select from. Get your papering done now, as the cost will be higher towards spring.

H. C. HYNES,

R. F. D. No. 2. DENTON, MD.

Sheriff's Sale

—OF A—

HOUSE AND LOT

at Marydel.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Caroline County on the 8th day of January, 1912, and to me directed, at the suit of John W. McKnett against George W. Moore and Floyd P. Hummer, trading as Moore & Hummer; George W. Moore, Hattie B. H. Moore, Floyd P. Hummer and Zella B. Hummer, I have seized, levied on and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Zella B Hummer and Floyd P. Hummer of, in and to all that lot of ground with improvements thereon:

ALL THAT LOT or ground with improvements thereon, situated on the south side of Main street in the town of Marydel, Caroline County, Maryland, bounded on the east by the land of Isaac Joslin, on the south by the property of the M. E. Parsonage, and on the west by the property of William Heather.

The aforesaid lot is improved by a

Two-Story DWELLING HOUSE,

in fair repair, and Stable and Carriage House combined; smoke house and hen house, and all necessary outbuildings.

And I hereby give notice that I will, on

Tuesday, February 20th

1912, between the hours of two and four o'clock, P. M., in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all the said interest of Zella B. Hummer and Floyd P. Hummer of, in and to all the premises above described and mentioned to pay and satisfy said writ, debt, interest and costs.

ALCENUS E. COOPER,
Sheriff of Caroline County.

Sheriff's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE!

UNDER and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Caroline County on the 28th day of October, 1911, and to me directed, at the suit of John W. McKnett against George W. Moore, Floyd P. Hummer, trading as Moore & Hummer, George W. Moore, Hattie B. H. Moore, Floyd P. Hummer and Zella B. Hummer, I have seized, levied on and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Zella B. Hummer and Floyd P. Hummer of, in and to

All that tract or parcel

of land located in the First Election District of Caroline county, Maryland, lying on both sides of the road leading from the Burnt School House to the road leading from Templeville Cemetery to Mount Zion and adjoins the lands of the late Eliza Wilson, William Hackett, John Mathews and others, containing about

130 Acres of Land

more or less.

Also all that lot of land located in the town of Marydel, 50x100 feet, on the west side of the public road leading to Templeville, and adjoins the lots of T. Henry Davis, James Smith and others, containing

1-4 Acre of Land,

more or less.

And I hereby give notice that I will on

Tuesday, February 6th,

1912, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, Maryland, offer and expose at public sale to the highest bidder for CASH, all the said interest of the said Zella B. Hummer and Floyd P. Hummer of, in and to all the premises above described and mentioned to pay and satisfy said writ, debt, interest and costs.

THOMAS L. CHAFFINCH,
Late Sheriff of Caroline County.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

DR. ENOCH GEORGE,

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 10th day of August, 1912, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of January, 1912.

HENRY R. LEWIS,
Administrator of Dr. Enoch George, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

JOHN H. GEORGE,

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 10th day of August, 1912, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of January, 1912.

ROBERT B. GEORGE,
Administrator of John H. George, deceased.

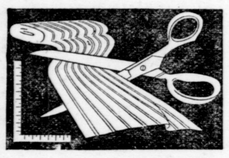
Protect Your EYES While You May

They Are of First Importance

They are of more value than great riches. Without good EYESIGHT life is a burden. I have given years of study to the EYE and am prepared to fit GLASSES that will remedy defects in the vision—will preserve the SIGHT.

At my establishment in Denton I carry a varied stock of JEWELRY, well selected, including Watches and Personal Ornaments, and also a great variety of high grade post cards, well worth your inspection.

F. J. WRIGHT : : Denton, Md.



SEE MY STOCK TO-DAY

for the most comprehensive showing of Exclusive Patterns in Fancy Suitings for Spring Wear!

Both light and dark colors are shown and it's no longer a question of what style you'll select, but how soon you can get it from the tailor!

Let me take your measure to-day!

Thomas O'Connell,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

706 MARKET STREET,

WILMINGTON, : : DELAWARE.

Wedding Gifts

In greater variety than ever at

STURMER'S

Newest, useful and artistic ideas in sterling silver, cut glass and china, just received and prices ranging to suit all purses.

Diamonds

Call and allow us to show you what VALUES we give and get OUR PERSONAL GUARANTEE of QUALITY, equaling and surpassing diamonds sold elsewhere.

Expert engraving, watch, clock and jewelry repairing promptly executed.

STURMER

Jeweler to the People

EASTON, MD.

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup

Have you a cold with a hacking or racking cough, hoarseness, bronchitis, grippe; or an asthmatic or pulmonary cough with sore chest?

Has the baby croup, whooping cough or measles cough?

SAMPLE, FREE.

Then test the old reliable DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, free.

Write to A. C. MEYER & Co., Baltimore, Md. Mention this paper.

"I had a very bad cold and cough and I used the valuable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with the best results: one bottle cured me entirely." Frances E. Loane, Bridgeville, Del.

REGULAR BOTTLE, 25 CTS.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup contains no morphine nor chloroform. It is safest and best.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

MARY E. W. MORRIS,

late of Caroline county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 20th day of August, 1912, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of January, 1912.

HARVEY L. COOPER,
Executor of Mary E. W. Morris, deceased.

Notice to Growers.

On and after February 1, 1912, we will be prepared to contract with growers for our season's supply of peas, corn and tomatoes at the following prices: $9.00 per ton for tomatoes; $10.00 per ton for sugar corn; 2¼ cents per pound for peas. Seed peas will cost $2.50 per bushel.

G. T. REDDEN & CO.

Operators Wanted.

Operators are wanted at the shirt factory in Denton.

(12-23-3t) GAREY & CO.

John Henry Gets A Setback

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Dinner was nearly over at Uncle Peter's villa in Ruraldene when suddenly the doorbell rang violently and two minutes later the servant announced that Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius McGowan were in the parlor.

I knew! They were really Skinski and Dodo, engaged by us to go on the road with their sketch, and I had once introduced them as Bunch's relatives. Bunch was getting back!

First I decided to faint; then I changed my mind and tried to figure out which would be the most cruelly effective way of killing Bunch Jefferson.

Uncle Peter resented the unexpected arrival of these strangers, because he wanted to sit around and have the home folks tell him how sick he was.

"I'd like to know what Bunch Jefferson means by sending his relatives over to us on a Sunday evening," my wife's uncle snapped. "Why doesn't he worry old Bill Grey with them, eh? It's bad enough for me to have to sneeze my head off before my own people, but I'll be dod bimmed if I'm going to sit around the parlor and play solos on my bronchial tubes for the edification of strangers—no, sir!"

Uncle Peter sniffled off to his apartments, and Peaches said she'd try to entertain the visitors.

I concluded to help her some.

Skinski arose from the sofa and greeted us with his most elaborate bow.

Ma'moselle Dodo didn't Society very much.

She sat in the middle of the room and sang soft lullabys to a hold-over.

"Mr. Jefferson, my nephew," Skinski was saying, "insisted that we should hit the suburban trail and locate your shack. Here's a note from nephew Bunch for you."

Skinski handed me the note with a face as solemn as a monkey-wrench, and I read it:

City, Sunday P. M.

Dear John.—I send herewith the two rosebuds. As a favor to your old pal please treat my beloved relatives with every consideration and make a fuss over them. You know you told them in the restaurant to come and see you. They want to make good and will stay a week if you insist.

With kindest regards,

BUNCH.

P. S.—Don't drag Aunt Flora into any literary discussions—she might hand you something. Her favorite author is Pomeroy Sec., the chap who writes all those frothy books. B.

"I wish you could have seen our place in the day-time," Peaches was saying to Skinski when I finished reading Bunch's get-back. "We think it's delightful out here. Did you have much trouble in finding the place?"

"Naw, lady fair," Skinski replied; "no trouble at all. Nephew Bunch came as far as the front door with us."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Peaches.

"Yes," Skinski concluded; "he even saved us the hardship of ringing the bell. Oh! he's a thoughtful relative, Bunch is."

Clara J. looked at me, I looked at Skinski, he looked at Dodo, and she looked at the piano and said thoughtfully, "You betcher sweet!"

"The idea of Bunch coming to our front door and then rushing off again without seeing anybody," gasped Peaches, "what does it mean?"

"Alice Hyes only half a mile away and possibly Bunch was running behind his schedule," I suggested.

Just then Aunt Martha and Uncle Peter came in the parlor, and presently I grabbed a chance to say a few words to Skinski on the side:

"If my family circle ever gets wise that you and the Queen of Laughter over there are excess baggage it'll be to the cabbage patch for mine," I whispered.

"I'm on," Skinski whispered back. "Never a break from yours mysteriously, believe me. We wouldn't have come out at all if your partner hadn't insisted. He was so hot to have us butt in here and hand your heart a flutter that I just couldn't resist his pleading voice. It's a catchy jest, all right, and it's making me laugh. The way you two ducks josh each other is pitiful, but your secret is safe with me, Manager. I won't make no bad breaks, and Dodo won't ever open her talk-trap. She never talks off the stage. On the stage, say! she has the most elegant line of language that ever left the pipes. Leave it all to me, Manager, and I'll see that the McGowan family makes an awful hit with your fireside companions."

And Skinski kept his word.

He skilfully led Uncle Peter around to a discussion of sleight-of-hand, and two minutes later the Wonder Worker was dragging the coal shovel and the vinegar cruet out of the mayor's inside pockets, to the intense mystification and delight of the old gentleman.

Uncle Peter was wearing a small diamond pin in his cravat and quite by accident the setting became loose and the stone dropped to the floor.

The old gentleman became very much concerned about it and we all started to look for it.

"Wait a minute!" said Skinski; "the spark fell in your left-hand vest pocket."

Uncle Peter looked at him blankly. "Impossible, why there's nothing there but this box of quinine pills for my cold."

"Open it," said Skinski, and Uncle Peter did so.

"How many of those do you usually take in a day?" asked Skinski.

"Four," replied the puzzled old gentleman.

"Drop four of them in your left hand," ordered Skinski.

Uncle Peter's right hand trembled a bit, with the result that five of the quinines fell into his left hand.

"If you counted money the way you count pills you'd quit loser," chuckled Skinski. "Put four of those dizzy-wizzys back in the box."

The old gentleman did so.

"Now take your penknife and open the pill you didn't put back," commanded Skinski.

Uncle Peter obeyed instructions, and he nearly choked with astonishment when his diamond came to view.

It was a neat bit of work and Skinski became a solid success with Uncle Peter.

"Did I understand you to say, Mr. McGowan, that you are a commission merchant in Springfield, Ohio?" the mayor asked Skinski when the applause had subsided.

"I'm a used to was," Skinski corrected. "There was a time when I commished for fair, but the bogie man caught me and I lose all I had. Since then I've been trying to sell a gold mine I own out in the Blue Hills."

I tried to sidetrack Skinski and lead him away from the smoking room, but Uncle Peter insisted upon hearing more about those dreamland gold mines.

"I've got the documents and everything to prove that my claim is all the goods," Skinski rattled on. "All it needs is the capital to work it and it's a bonanza, sure—isn't it, Dodey—I mean Flo!"

"You betcher sweet!" she answered, whereupon Peaches and Aunt Martha had a fit of coughing which lasted three minutes.

Then Uncle Peter coaxed Skinski off in a corner and there they hobnobbed for fifteen minutes while my wife and her aunt and I tried to get cheerful and chatty with "Aunt Flo," but we only succeeded in dragging from her four reluctant "You betcher sweets!"

Presently Uncle Peter and Skinski shook hands about something, and five minutes later Bunch's "relatives" took their departure to the accompaniment of much internal applause on my part.

"Mr. McGowan is a very accomplished gentleman," Uncle Peter decided; "but handicapped by a most depressing wife; most depressing. The Blue Hills, eh! the Blue Hills! Now, I wonder—"

Then he began to whistle softly and went into the dining-room.

Monday morning, bright and early, I met Bunch, and we buried the hatchet.

"I hope my beloved relatives didn't disgrace me while sojourning in your midst," he chuckled.

"No, at all," I answered airily. "Why, Uncle Cornelius was the hit of the season with Uncle Peter, though, of course, Aunt Flora didn't make good with that 'You betcher sweet!' monologue of hers. How could she? Even at that, she stands better with me than some conversational queens I know who get so busy with the gab they make me dizzy."

About noon Bunch and I ducked for New Rochelle to do a bit of advance work for our show.

Nobody knew us in the town, so we posed as Cameron & Connolly, owners of the Great Hall of Illusions, and managers of the world wonder and Magic king, Signor Beppo Petroskinski and Ma'moselle Dodo, the Oriental queen of mystery.

Pretty hot line of goods, eh?

We handed out the salve thing to all the paper lads and they were for us good and plenty.

After our publicity department had been in operation for about four hours

Uncle Peter and Skinski Shook Hands About Something.

we began to see the neighbors sit up and notice us, and we figured on about a $1,000 opening.

"The show will cost us about $80 a day," Bunch financed, with a strangle hold on a big green lead pencil. "Let's see! expenses say $500 a week at the outside. Now, let's strike a low average and say we play to $800 a night; that's $4,800 a week, and two matinees at, say $200, that's $5,000 on the week, eh, Jean! That gives us a clean profit of $1,500 apiece for the three of us—oh, aces!"

"It looks good to me, Bunch," I agreed, and then we went out and ordered some more three-sheets and a flock of snipe.

We spent the whole day in New Rochelle, and I reached home tired, but enthusiastic.

"John," said Clara J. when we were alone after dinner, "Uncle Peter says if you will let him have that $5,000 by Thursday or Friday he will invest it where the returns will be enormous!"

"Sure," I answered, and I could feel my ears getting pale; "I'll hand it over to him Thursday or Friday—if you think it's best not to invest it in that new house."

"Oh! I really do!" she hurried back. "You know Uncle Peter is so careful and so clever with his investments. He told me in strictest confidence only this morning that he would more than double your money in six months. Isn't that perfectly splendid!"

"Is that the wonderful secret you threatened me with?" I asked mournfully.

"Oh, no!" she replied; "I can't tell you that till Wednesday evening—I promised not to."

I guess I didn't sleep very well that night, for I had dreams of Uncle Peter chasing me with a club all over a theater and making me hop every seat in the orchestra, while Ma'moiselle Dodo sat perched on the balcony rail and screamed, "You betcher sweet!"

(Copyright, G. W. Dillingham Co.)

"Pretty Hot Line of Goods, Eh?"

An Indelible Stain.

Political experts think they see in Mr. Roosevelt's latest attempt to exonerate himself in the Harriman matter the evidence that he is an active candidate for the presidency. If that is his object in digging up this now ancient scandal, it is a melancholy failure. The more the Harriman business is discussed the more everybody concerned with it is smirched. Not one word of that ugly record could be washed out, even if all the dead men named were to come back, like Peter Grimm in the play, and swear that everything now said in explanation is true as gospel. What the facts show and what is admitted are enough to make that record anything but a campaign document in behalf of a candidate for the presidency.—New York Press.

Is Taft Going?

President Taft clearly presents the spectacle of the man who tried to be with both sides toppling over into the chasm. He may be renominated by the power of public patronage, but at this time the prospect of the second coming of Mr. Taft is very dim. By aligning himself with the standpatters on the tariff and in the personal recognition of their leaders the president first alienated the "progressives," and later, by the chaotic enforcement of the Sherman law, he has disappointed so-called "big business."

All present signs indicate that the Republican nominee of 1912 will be someone other than William Howard Taft.

Among our wool friends we observe great apprehension that a reduction of the wool duty would be followed by a diminution of the flocks. But in the past ten years, with all the duties of the Dingley and the Payne-Aldrich laws, the number of sheep of shearing age decreased more than 400,000. In the Rocky Mountain region the number of sheep increased even under free wool and with business depression. In the rest of the country the number cannot be kept up by prosperity and duties which prohibit the importation of any wool except those of the least shrinkage.

Truly Fine Distinction.

Mr. Taft says that on mature reflection he wishes he hadn't said at Winona that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was the best that had been passed by a Republican congress; he would prefer to say that it is a better tariff than any that was ever passed by a Republican congress. This distinction may not be the finest that Mr. Taft ever drew, but it is perhaps finer than any other.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Fate of First Novel About the Civil War.

Major De Forest's Story, Published in 1867, Was Highly Praised, but Failed Because of Its Very Unfortunate Title.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

About a year after the close of the Civil war an officer who had served through the war in the Twelfth Connecticut regiment, coming out of the strife with the rank of major, returned to his home in New Haven, Conn. He had gained a good reputation as a writer before he laid down the pen to take up the sword. He had written an exhaustive history of the Indians of Connecticut. He was a constant contributor to the Atlantic Monthly and to Harper's Magazine. He was spoken of in the days of the war as one of three Americans writers of great promise who had put aside the pen to become soldiers. The other two were Theodore Winthrop and Fitz James O'Brien; this man's name was John W. De Forest. His home in New Haven was under the shadow of Yale college and within a stone's throw of the home of Theodore B. Woolsey, then president of Yale.

Among Major De Forest's friends was George H. Watrous, a prominent lawyer of New Haven, who afterwards became president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railway system. To him Major De Forest confided his purpose to write a novel the leading features of which were to be incidents of the war.

"But," said Mr. Watrous, "don't you think it is too soon to do that? It seems to me that perhaps ten years should elapse before any one attempts to write a novel based upon the war."

"But," replied Major De Forest, "the incidents, especially of battles in which I took part, are all very fresh in my mind." He further intimated that if he did not write a war novel somebody else would, and Mr. Watrous was persuaded that Major De Forest was ambitious to be first in the field with a novel based on the war. So no more was said with the idea of persuading Major De Forest from his set purpose, and somewhat more than a year later came the announcement that a novel of the late war had been written by a participant in it, the well-known man of letters, Major John William De Forest, and that it would shortly be published.

The book was published in 1867, and by the book critics it was well nigh universally conceded to contain battle descriptions that were unsurpassed in literature, an opinion in which Mark Twain and others afterward concurred. Especially was the description of the land and water fight at Port Hudson praised. But it was also well-nigh universally held that the book would prove a pecuniary failure. "The name of the book will certainly kill it," was the remark commonly made, and the statement proved to be justified. Major De Forest had given the novel the title of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion From Secession to Loyalty." The critics all agreed that it was a singularly unfortunate title for a war story published two years after the close of the war. No southern girl had been converted from secession to loyalty within that time.

"It was a splendid novel," Mark Twain once said to me of this book, now long since out of print. "The descriptive battle writing that it contained still remains unsurpassed. It would probably have been a great popular success had it been given a title that gripped. It was a failure because of its name."

Major De Forest, who died several years ago at an advanced age, wrote several other novels after the publication of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion." But his later works were more or less perfunctory, and his friends were always of the opinion that this was the direct result of the comparative failure of his Civil war novel, which was a grievous disappointment to him, as he had looked to it to give him permanent fame in the world of literature.

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Street Cries in Minor Key.

"Street cries are nearly always in the minor key," says the Paris Journal des Debats. And an English commentator avers that this key is maintained in our own street cries—such as "Sweet Lavender." And he thinks the explanation is that the minor key involves less strain on the throat that has to emit the same cry all day long. But London cries are few of them in the minor key of the Parisian boy who heralds the evening on the boulevards with "Volla Le Soir." Our own newspaper boy has cultivated the raucous monotone that collects politics and murders into one simple yell. There is nothing of the minor key about the milkman's announcement. And perhaps the least musical of all cries is that of the man who hawks coal about the street. He does not shout "Coal." No stranger would suspect him of coal. He emits only a single bellow, repeated at short intervals, a bellow without form or comeliness; it is the least common denominator of the street cry.

Tomb of Omar Khayyam.

Major Sykes was shown the tomb near a shrine that stood in a garden of roses. "The bones of Omar Kahyyam, who as a Sunni" (an adherent of a heterodox Mohammedan sect) "is held in disfavor by the fanatical in Persia, do not," he says, "rest inside the chamber, but turning to the eastern wing an uninscribed plastered tomb was shown us, and here Omar Khayyam is buried. One advantage at least is preserved to the poet, which is that, as he foretold, the trees shed their blossoms on him twice a year; in other words, the blossoms of the fruit trees in the garden are carried to his grave."—Travel and Exploration.

DOCTORS DECRY HIGH HEELS

French Authorities Say They Cause Weariness and Other Ills to Women.

Paris.—An outcry against the present fashion of women's footwear was raised this week by the French medical faculty.

"That tired feeling" of which so many women are complaining, it is asserted, is largely due to the wearing of high heels. According to the French doctors, the unnatural position which the foot is forced to take when shod in a fashionable shoe constitutes a complete displacement of the center of gravity, and, by throwing the whole weight of the body on the forefoot, occasions a contraction of the muscles of the toes and legs.

Strong criticism is also made of women who, as soon as they return home from the theater or from some social function, give way to impulse and change their high-heeled shoes for a pair of soothing flat-soled slippers.

This remedy, it is affirmed, is rather worse than the ill itself, for it causes the foot to pass from one extreme to the other, which in the end is bound to produce persistent suffering.

Varicose veins are also given as one of the probable consequences of the high heels of fashion.

In the opinion of leading French doctors, women who value their health should never wear heels higher than one inch.

STOPS THE BLOOD TO BRAIN

Surgeon Deflects It in Head by Ligation of the Internal Cartoid.

Philadelphia—Demonstrations in advanced surgery were made in many Philadelphia hospitals by famous surgeons for the benefit of delegates assembled in this city, who attended the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.

An operation considered fatal until modern surgery lent its aid was performed at the University hospital to deflect the flow of blood from one part of the injured head of a patient. Its purpose was accomplished by Dr. John B. Deaver by the ligation of the internal cartoid, the principal artery of the neck supplying blood to the greater part of the brain, the orbit, internal ear and the forehead and nose.

The operation stopped the supply of blood to the brain through this channel, relieving the congestion. A sufficient amount, however, to maintain life is still conveyed by the external cartoid and its branches, and as the injured portion of the skull heals nature will adapt itself to the changed condition and the arteries which have been forced to do added duty will gradually dilate until the normal supply of blood is distributed in all parts of the head.

HEN PECKS MAN'S DIAMOND

Gem From Shirt Stud Vanishes in Novel Manner—Owner of Jewel Refuses to Kill Chicken.

Allentown, Pa.—Because he petted a pretty white Leghorn hen during the closing hours of the Allentown poultry show, A. B. Flower, a poultry fancier from central New York state, is minus his diamond stud.

Flower came on, hoping to meet Judge Braun of Syracuse, with whom he had business. In the display from the Blink Bonnie farm was an attractive little white chicken that everybody made a pet of. During the week she had been taken out of her cage many times and allowed to sit on the shoulders of women, when she would peck at their earrings or the buttons on their coats.

Flower was much taken up with the hen, and put her on his shoulder, when she began to peck at his diamond. He and the bystanders laughed at the cuteness of the chicken. It seems the stone was not very well fastened, and as the little hen gave it a vigorous tug the sparkler loosened and she swallowed it.

Some unfeeling bystander suggested killing the chicken, but Flower vetoed the suggestion, saying it was his own fault, and that he had more diamonds anyway.

HORSE DIES WITH HIS OWNER

Innkeeper's Will Directs Death for His Faithful Friend—Executors Chloroform Animal.

Boston, Mass.—John Drewsen, for years proprietor of the Hotel Highland, Washington street, Roxbury, who died recently, directed his executors to chloroform and kill his chestnut horse on the day of his own death. Persuant to the provisions of the will the executors of the will promptly had the animal chloroformed.

The horse had been in the possession of Mr. Drewsen for many years and there was a strong attachment between the two.

Of recent years the animal was too old and infirm to be taken out of the stable, but Mr. Drewsen visited it frequently day and night.

Nearly an Inch of Rain a Minute.

Washington, D. C.—New rainfall records were established on the Isthmus of Panama November 28 and 29, according to reports just received here. At Porto Bello approximately 2.46 inches of rain fell in three minutes. The total for that shower was 7.60 inches. The highest previous record was three-quarters of an inch of rain in five minutes in 1908.

Willing to Remember.

Wife—Six glasses of beer you've had? Think of your seven children at home.

Husband—I will. Waiter, bring another glass.—Fliegende Blaetter.

All Still Now.

Meekman—How did you silence White's crowing rooster?"

Wisegy—Told him I thought I saw the fowl swallow a diamond.

NOTES from MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt

Study your horse.

Salt is essential for cows.

Give young pigs comfortable quarters.

One breed is always better than a hodgepodge.

It is not always the largest hen that is the best layer.

If not moldy sorghum is an excellent root forage for all stock.

In order to have good-sized sheep grow them rapidly while young.

Poorly fed sheep will not produce very good wool, nor good mutton.

Equal parts of corn and oats are hard to excel as a grain feed for sheep.

During an extra cold spell of weather, add a little corn to the sow's grain ration.

Do not attempt to winter more sheep than can be done without crowding.

By the right kind of selection even the commonest dairy herd can be greatly improved.

Growing pigs should not be crowded into close, filthy quarters, exposed to vermin and disease.

The driver more than the horse is always more to blame for the animal's being vicious—if he ever is.

Leave a horse untied when hooked to a vehicle and he will be likely to be gone when you return for him.

You will appreciate the difference between low-headed and high-headed trees when you are picking the crop.

Decaying vegetables in storage under the living rooms in the cellar are apt to promote ill health in the household.

Keep both eyes open when near the gentle bull just the same as if he were ugly, or he may take you unawares.

The best dairy cow is the one that will convert the forage raised on the farm into the greatest amount of butter fat.

A dairy thermometer comes into good play any time of year, but is especially valuable to have around for winter churning.

The supply of vegetable matter is most easily maintained in the soil by the growing of green crops and by the application of manure.

Change in the conditions of dairying is driving many men out of the work because they would rather quit than improve their methods.

Horse breeding requires more capital, is more profitable if successful, and involves larger losses if not, than any other kind of stock breeding.

Moles in a garden prove an intolerable nuisance. While they may be trapped, the only sure way is to inject bisulphate of carbon into their runs.

Give the old sows, and those that have been pulled down by late litters, extra care and feed, so they will go through the winter in profitable condition.

A half teaspoonful of Paris green added to heavily sweetened water or molasses will kill the cut worms, but care should be taken that the fowls cannot get at it.

An old horseman says that the chief cause of colic in horses, or the cause of the largest per cent. of these cases, is brought through long abstinence from water.

Alfalfa meal is becoming a popular feed, but in Kansas, where they raise a lot of that kind of hay, farmers claim that the cow can do the grinding cheaper than it can be done at the mill.

When a man tells you that he has cows that he could milk all the year round if he would, see if you cannot gobble onto some of his stock. Cows that hold out are worth their weight in gold.

Farmers all know that cream is a perishable product, but some do not realize the importance of cooling from the separator, and failure to properly cool cream immediately after it comes from the separator is the principal cause for the poor quality.

The ewe and lamb should be kept in a small pen by themselves until they both understand their relations without friction to themselves or the balance of the flock.

Where the bodies of fruit trees are covered with a whitewash composed of lime and soft soap with a little crude carbolic acid added, there is less danger of injury from rabbits, sunscald and insect pests that may attack the bark.