Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1882.

VOL. 36. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1882. NO. 44.

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is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

The largest clothing house in America.

THE CHIEF POINTS
OF PRE-EMINENCE WE CLAIM FOR OUR
CLOTHING
AND
SUPERIOR MAKE AND FINISH AND LOW PRICES.
TEST AND PROVE THIS TO YOUR SATISFACTION.
A. C. YATES & CO.
LEDGER BUILDING, CHESTNUT AND SIXTH STS.,
PHILADELPHIA.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,
Lumber Dealers,
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF.

The fire will not interfere with our business. Our Office is not injured, and only a portion of our Yard No. 1 destroyed.

We will be pleased to fill all orders promptly, having a good stock in our other three yards.

Greensborough Hotel
AND LIVERY STABLES,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.
Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. 2 25.

Carrollton Hotel,
Baltimore, Light and German Sts.
Baltimore Maryland.
Rates Reduced to $3.00 and $2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.
☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.
F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
12-31-81 y.

THE
"Clarendon."
COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
$1.50 to $2.00 Per Day.
Table board $4 per week. Permanent Guests, $5.00 to $7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., $1.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates.
J. F. DARROW,
Proprietor.
[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
12-3

VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL
EASTON, MD.
(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP.
First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4,11

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☞ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.50 PER DAY.
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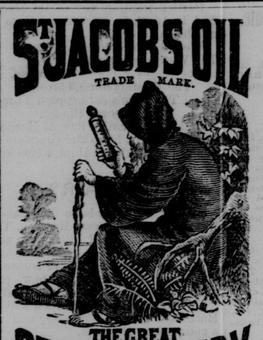

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GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
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Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine Shoes
FOR
LADIES,
GENTLEMEN
AND BOYS.
They keep constantly on hand a great variety of the best shoes made.
For quality of material and style of workmanship they are unsurpassed.
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INSURE YOUR LIFE HOME BUSINESS Live Stock.
I HEREBY inform the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable Companies, at very moderate rates:
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ASSETS, - - - $94,702,957.92.
AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by
LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
NET ASSETS, - - - $1,394,087.83.
ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
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PEOPLES' MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO.
Insures nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.
No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.
CHAS. A. DUNNING,
2,25 AGENT, Denton, Md.

New Goods
H. BLACKISTON & SON,
Have just returned from Philadelphia with a well selected stock of
NEW GOODS
and now over for sale the largest and best assorted
Stock of Goods in Denton
at fair prices. When you are in need of goods
GIVE US A CALL
and we will try to give you entire satisfaction, for we think we have
GOOD BARGAINS
to offer you.
H. Blackiston & Son.

W. H. BROWN,
Bricklayer & Plasterer,
Can be found in Denton on Tuesdays and Saturdays. All orders left at the Post-office will receive prompt attention. W. H. BROWN.
sep17

SOUTH Don't locate before seeing our James River Settlement, Illus. catalogue free. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Surry Co., Va. 294

Youth an' Age.

I lo'ed a lassie wi' a' my heart, an happy oor lives had been,
An' it werena for the auld, auld carle that cam' like a blitch between.
The carle had siller, an' lan' forby—I'd little to ca' my ain,
He offered his han' to my fause love, an' rashly eneuch 'was ta'en.
But a union happy it couldna be—
For youth an' age can ne'er agree.

Waes me for her I ha'e lo'ed sae weel, for noo as the days gae by,
Her heart, sae merry an' blithe afore, is wrecked ay mony a sigh;
But tho' she aften 'll rue the day that siccan knot was tied,
She needs maun bear wi' the auld, auld carle—her lot is by his side.
Oh better for her an' she come wi' me
For youth an' age can ne'er agree.

An' sae when the young and the auld ha'e met, gif little o' love there be,
Tho' siller an' lan'-they may comman' nae happiness that can gie;
Sae ilka lassie that boasts a lad, gif that same lad be true,
Forsake him no for an auld, auld carle wha boasts his pouches fu'.
For sune or late ye maun come to see
That youth an' age can ne'er agree,
—*Alex. Sutherland.*

One Way of Love.

She was a clerk in the Treasury at Washington on a salary of nine hundred dollars a year; he was in the post-office enjoying the privileges afforded by an income of twelve hundred. Once in a while there was a holiday, when they would take the boat down to Mount Vernon, if it was warm, and spread their luncheon in the shade of its historic trees and patronize nature as successfully as if they were nabobs. Sometimes they had tickets given them for a comedy or tradgedy, when they laughed or cried with the discernment of millionaires and the old families. On Sunday mornings they sang in a choir and walked out to Long Bridge later in the day, or strolled in the Capitol ground and surprised the first violet in its hiding place. Helen's landlady told every new boarder that Mr. Van Vleck "was going with" Miss Hildreth, but Miss Hildreth always protested that he was merely a friend, that they were neighbors at home, and had gone to school together when they were in their pinafores; and the landlady always sniffed when she remarked, "If he's nothing but a friend I should think there'd be a secession of this love-making sooner or later."

One day when they were rambling about Mount Vernon together Helen fell into a romancing vein. "Suppose this is my country seat," said she, "and I have furnished it in Queen Anne style, and I'm entertaining the *creme de la creme* just as they do in novels"—

"A sort of Lady Geraldine—and I am the poor poet, eh?"

"All but the poetry," mocked Helen.

"Now suppose this is *my* manor house," suggested Theodore, "furnished in the renaissance, let me say—I'm making great demands on your imagination—and I'm entertaining all the swells. I've lured you here on the pretext of looking for four-leafed clover, but really to ask if you will share my magnificence with me: what should you say?"

"I should put my lessons in gymnastics into use and jump at the chance."

"And if I should ask instead,

"'Come share my cottage, gentle maid?'"

"Don't!" cried Helen.

He looked at her a little blankly.

"You don't mean that you care so little for me?"

"I don't mean anything. Don't let us talk about marrying and giving in marriage; we are happy enough as we are."

"But if *I* don't marry you some other fellow will!"

"Nonsense; penniless girls are a drug on the market. I've seen misery enough from marrying on a small salary; I've seen people living in two rooms, on 'water and a crust,' so to speak, doing their own work, with no pleasure and no society, and no hope of amendment; people who thought love would tide them over all the quicksands—and presently the hallucination wore off, but the quicksand remained: reproaches set in; she grew bitter and unlovely, and he morose and neglectful."—

"Then you think love an hullucination?"

"I think marriage is a mistake on twelve hundred a year. If I became dowdy and hadn't time to cultivate a taste for esthetics or whatever was the fashionable craze, and grew jaded and spiritless with the uncongenial task of washing pots and kettles and stewing over a range, and if nobody turned to look after me as I passed, one day you would find yourself disenchanted. Then, supposing the new administration should push you out of office, even for a month, or you should fall ill? No, we are happy enough just as we are; don't let us discuss marriage; let us wait, like Mr. Micawber, till something turns up."

And so Van Vleck waited. Perhaps he was disappointed in Helen's views, but he refused to confess it even to himself; all women felt so, he supposed, cared more for shadow than substance, or mistook the one for the other; it was their poetic temperament which made poverty hateful to them and splendor their natural atmosphere, and he applied himself more diligently than ever to his idea, working far into the night at times.

"You were not at the President's last evening," one of his fellow clerks said to him later.

"I? No; I should think not."

"But Miss Hildreth was there; she and Mr. Sterling, M. C., were hand in glove. I heard him ask her to go and hear 'Lohengren' to-morrow night."

"Mr. Sterling is in luck," was all Van Vleck ventured to say; he did not choose to carry his heart on his sleeve for every clerk to peck at. If Mr. Sterling was fascinated by Helen, it surely was no fault of hers; many a man had been bewitched by her before this elderly congressman, only Theodore forgot that they had all been needy suitors—and as for Helen, he felt as sure of her as of seed time and harvest.

But on one occasion he left his work early and hastened to see her; a cloud of ugly rumors had assailed him and interfered with his tasks; *she* should brush all the cobwebs out of his heaven. He met her coming down the staircase in a white evening dress, with flowers in her hand—costly exotics, such as wealthy lovers send their sweethearts, such as *he* had never dared to buy.

"Where did they come from," he demanded.

"They grew, I 'spects—like Topsy," answered Helen, laughing uneasily.

"Where did you get them, Helen?"

"You are inquisitive, Mr. Van Vleck. They were sent me."

"By Mr. Sterling?"

"You do credit to your nationality, you're a capital Yankee. Yes, Mr. Sterling, of course."

"Helen," he cried beneath his breath—"Helen, are you going to marry Mr. Sterling?"

"I—I believe I am," she said, dropping her eyes.

Theodore never knew exactly how he found his way out of the house; he was vaguely aware of brushing against a stout gentlemen in a fur-trimmed ulster, as he shot into the street, of a stately carriage and pair standing at the door, and a dark-browed lady leaning out to look after him.

The next day he resigned his position in the post-office, drew his savings from the bank and left Washington. It were well, perhaps, if he could put deserts and seas and mountain ranges between Helen and himself. It seemed to him as if the earth had reeled from its orbit, and it required time for him to readjust himself to the situation. His idea was all that was left to him; he put into it all his earnings, he devoted heart and soul to its development, and he finally forgot himself and Helen Hildreth in his work and its success.

It was seven or eight years later that they met, oddly enough, on the Mount Vernon boat. Her vivacity was no longer the spontaneous effervescence of youth and hope; she was a trifle *passee*, perhaps.

"Wealth and splendor have not proved all her fancy painted them," he thought as their eyes met. "Mr. Van Vleck," she cried, "who would have dreamed of meeting you here!" Was the pleasure which brightened her eyes and deepened her somewhat exaggerated dimples a reminiscence of her power or was Mrs. Sterling a married flirt, he wondered. "We have heard of you often, to be sure," she purred.

"The newspapers have not been silent concerning you and your great invention. I have always felt an ownership in that invention, do you know? I felt as if I were behind the scenes, let into the secret before the rest of the outside world, when it was only a dream. I have resented every infringement"—

"I am flattered that you remember my small affairs," said Theodore, humbly.

"Remember," she repeated, with a lingering accent, "I have nothing else to do."

"I come down here sometimes," she pursued after a brief pause, "when we have a holiday, for the sake of *auld lang syne*, and try to believe I am seven years younger and the world before me where to choose. I like to come when the peach trees are in bloom, as they were that day when we built our castles in the air. *Mine* have crumbled into dust."

"Mrs. Sterling, I am sorry to hear you speak so."

She stared at him an instant, blushed and dropped her eyes in the old effective way. "Haven't you heard," she said, "I didn't marry Mr. Sterling."

Perhaps she expected Theodore to beam with sudden happiness and rehearse the old story she had refused to hear once before.

"You left no address, you know," defending herself from the reproaches she anticipated. "Mr. Sterling died before the wedding day was set. I thought you would see it in the newspapers. I am a Treasury girl yet, Theodore. Do you know that I sometimes wish that I had never seen Mr. Sterling?"

Only the Fates know what Van Vleck would have answered, but just at that moment a bit of *crepe lisse* floated into their neighborhood and a voice like a summer brook cried, "Oh, my veil, Theodore!" Theodore put out a hand but it eluded him; Helen made a quick movement and caught it on the wing.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Van Vleck, Miss Hildreth," he said. "She would like to thank you."

"San Francisco is clamoring for brass bands in churches." Extreme measures must be taken to keep San Francisco people awake, evidently.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

SHE VISITS A HORSE REPORTER, WHO TELLS HER HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

"I would like to see an editor," said a lady of rather prepossessing appearance, as she opened the door of the editorial room yesterday afternoon and glanced furtively into the apartment. "That is not a particularly herculean task, miss," said the horse reporter. "The *Tribune* has now on draught almost any brand of editorial thought that you can call for," and the adherent of Iroquois smiled a bland 2.10½ smile, which seemed to reassure the young lady amazingly.

"Well," said the young lady, "I am going to graduate next week, and mamma said that perhaps if I read my essay to some editor he would point out any little defects in it and show how they could be remedied."

"Mamma told you that did she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your maternal ancester," said the horse reporter, "is evidently a person of great mental fertility. She could not by any possibility have given you a more correct pointer. What is the title of your essay?"

"'Life's Possibilities,'" was the reply.

"That is certainly a comprehensive subject," remarked the compiler of the 2.30 list, "and in the case of lovely woman may include anything from being mistress of the White House to hanging out red flannel shirts on the West Side. You have got a pretty good nerve to tackle a subject of so sweeping a nature."

The coming graduate seated herself alongside of the horse reporter's desk. "Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked.

"I think you might better," was the reply.

"'Schoolmates,'" began the girl, "'we stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea, the—'"

"Hold on," said the horse reporter. "Come back and get the word again."

"Why, what is the matter, sir?" asked the young lady.

"That's all wrong," was the reply. "How can anyone stand upon the verge of a shoreless sea? If a sea has got a verge it isn't shoreless by quite considerable. You might rig that sentence up differently."

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly I do. You might as well say you were sitting in the arm-chair of a chairless parlor. I suppose you have been there."

The young lady blushed and said she really didn't know. "Perhaps, then, you would be kind enough to suggest the outline of an essay for me. I hardly think the one I have written would suit you."

"Well," said the horse reporter, "you want to say something that will catch the old men who have nice young sons; something that will carry the old toughs back into the misty past with its flood of tender recollections, and make 'em feel as if they ought have died early. The Ship of Life rackett is a pretty good one.

"The what?" asked the young lady.

"The Ship of Life rackett," replied the horse reporter; "and seeing that you have started out on a sort of marine essay, perhaps it would be the best way to have it head. You take that sentence about the shimmering sea being kissed by the horizon for a starter, and then you go ahead. You want to describe the squall in all its dreadful splendor, and tell a nice, easy lie about a stately ship that has come from the far-away islands of the Southern seas, where the breezes are laden with the balmy odor of spices, and all that kind of rubbish, you know. Then work up the peroration. Tell how the good ship, almost in sight of home, is attacked by the tempest. Give 'em a great talk about the erstwhile placid surface of the mighty deep being lashed into ungovernable fury by the fierce winds that seem to laugh a wild, demoniac laugh in very glee at the destruction they are causing. And then, when everything looks as dreary, and desolate, and hopeless as the editorial page of a Milwaukee paper, lug out the light gleaming in all its pure radiance again, and have the ship get safely into port. Then say that the ship is the Ship of Life and the light of a mother's love or something like that, and sit down. You'll be sure to hit 'em hard if you do this."

"Do you really think so?"

"It's dead certain."

"Then I shall follow your advice; and let me thank you for your kindness," said the girl, as she started for the door.

"Au revoir," said the horse reporter. "Come in again after you are married and I will put you on to a nice name for your first baby."—*Chicago Tribune.*

War on the Army Worm.

Prof. C. V. Riley writes in the *Rural New Yorker:* To meet a general demand that will probably soon be felt and made for the best means of coping with the army worm, I would here repeat in condensed form what I have in previous years recommended. Experience has established the fact that burning over a meadow, or prairie, or field of stubble, either in winter or spring, usually prevents the worms from originating in such meadow or field. Such burning destroys the previous year's stalks and, as a consequence of what I have already stated, the *nidi* which the female moth prefers. Burning as a preventive, however, loses much of its practical importance unless it is pursued annually, because of the irregularity in the appearance of the worm in injurious numbers; judicious ditching, i. e., a ditch with the side toward the field to be protected perpendicular or sloping under, will protect a field from invasion from such other infested region when the worms are marching. When they are collected in the ditch they may be destroyed either by covering them up with earth that is pressed upon them; by burning straw over them, or by pouring a little coal oil in the ditch. A single plow furrow, six or eight inches deep, and kept friable by dragging brush in it, has also been known to head them off.

From experiments which I have made I am satisfied that where fence lumber can be easily obtained it may be used to advantage as a substitute for the ditch or trench, by being secured on edge and then smeared with kerosene or coal tar (the latter being more particularly useful) along the upper edge. By means of laths and a few nails the boards may be so secured that they will slightly slope away from the field to be protected. Such a barrier will prove effectual where the worms are not too persistent or numerous. When they are excessively abundant they will need to be watched and occasionally dosed with kerosene to prevent their pilling up even with the top of the board and thus bridging the barrier. The lumber is not injured for other purposes subsequently.

The poisoning by spraying of London-purple or Paris-green water (made according to the well-known formula) of a few of the outer rows of a non-infested field that is threatened by invasions from an adjoining one, may, under some circumstances, be warranted as an expeditious and cheap mode of destruction. Finally, Mr. J. W. Spurks, Murfreesboro, Tenn., has just sent me the following experience, which I give for what it is worth:

"The army worm is making such inroads upon the wheat crop and other crops here in middle Tennessee, I thought I would write you and give the process I have for ridding the wheat of these vagabonds. I take a rope about sixty feet long and cause two men to walk through the fields dragging the rope over the wheat. By this means you can go over a large field of wheat in a few hours. The rope, dragging over the wheat, shakes the worms off on the ground, and they curl up and lie there for half an hour or more—seem to be mad about it—and then begin to move about hunting something to eat; but the larger ones are unable to climb the wheat stalks with all the blades off, so that you get rid of the larger ones the first time going over, and the smaller ones can be shaken off so often that they cannot hurt the wheat. If you will make this simple plan to the section where the worm is at work the people can save their wheat. I am satisfied I will save mine. I am going over my whole crop twice a day."

Thermometer Pants.

Hoffenstein was busily engaged in scolding Herman for not polishing a lot of brass jewelry there was in a show-case, when a thin, stoop-shouldered countryman entered the store and inquired:

"Have you got any jean pants here?"

"Certainly, my frent," replied Hoffenstein; "ve makes a specialty uf goods in dot line, und ve defy competition. If ve seils anyding und you don't like it, you gets your money back or someding else in exshange, you know. Vas you a farmer?"

"Yes, sir, I live up on Red River."

"Vell, den, you need a bair uf bants like dese," said Hoffenstein, pulling out a sky-blue pair from a pile of clothing on the counter. "Dey vas de genuine doeskin, und will last de whole year oud, you know."

The countryman took the pants to the light, examined the texture of the cloth, and then shaking his head knowingly, said:

"There's too much cotton in them; they will shrink."

"Of course, my frent, dey vill shrink, but vait und I tells you someding. If a man vat owns a pank or keeps a store comes here, I don't sell him dem kind uf bants. Vy? Because dey vas made exbressly for the farming pisiness. Dey vas de dermometer bants, und a plessing to every farmer vat vears a bair uf dem. Do you know, my frent, dose bants vill dell you oxactly vat de vedder vill be. Ven it vas going to be vet und cold dose bants vill begin to shrink up, und ven it vas going to be dry und varm dey comes right down, you know. Dree years ago I sell a bair uf dem to a man vat vas name Vilkin, und efer since den he makes good crops ven de oder beoble don't make noding, because he always knows py his dermometer bants vat de vedder vill be. After a vile de beoble in de neighborhood finds oud de segret of Vilkin's success, und at de blanting season, you know, dey comes for dirty miles around, und if dey see Vilkin's bants crawling up his leg dey holds off und vaits for a change, but if his bants vas down dey goes right pack home und puts in de crop. Dink uf it, my frent. Mit de dermameter bants, you can tell oxactly ven to but cabbage seed, und blant corn dwice as better as mit any almanac, besides ven de vedder gets so cold und vet dot de bants goes up under your arms, you sew buttons on de front und vear dem as a vest."

When Hoffenstein finished his yarn concerning the pants, the countryman smiled, and, turning abruptly on his heal, left the store.

"Did you see de vay dot man acted, Hermann?" said Hoffenstein, angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Vell, it shust shows dot de more you dry to help some beoble along, de more, py tam, you don't get any tanks for it."

Marry for Love.

A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful in San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when by an unfortunate investment he lost his entire "heap." This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young man as he is, he sits down and writes the young lady every particular of the unhappy turn which has taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produced any change in her feelings toward him she is released from every promise she has made him. And what does the dear, good girl? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his properity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following Bible inscripion engraved on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest will I go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people will be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned North to wed the sweet girl that he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.

To Raise a Smile.

The nobbiest thing in boots is a bunion.

A hotel ghost comes under the official head of inn spectres.

A Milwaukee inventor claims to have discovered "water as a fuel." Fuel believe it, though.

An exchange says the Nihilists threaten to put Alexander III. "in a hole." Wouldn't that be Czar-chasm?

"Forget not thine own importance," is an old proverb. It is about the only thing that some men don't forget.

A young man whose girl lives some distance out of town, says his Sunday night walk includes "two miles and one lap."

Modesty of opinion is a very becoming virture. There is an old and true saying that nobody but the fool is always right.

Dr. Johnson, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

A disappointed young man says he wishes he was a rumor, because a rumor soon gains currency, which he has never been able to do.

Wisconsin claims a baby with six arms. Tennyson had probably heard of this curiosity when he wrote his song, "Hands all Around."

"Let's 'lustrate it," hiccoughed a political orator. "It's beautiful. You see, an old farmer comes to town loaded with new wheat, an' goes home loaded with old rye."

He came home the other night in the drizzling rain, soaked inside as well as out. "What excuse have you to offer," said his better, "for coming home in such a beery condition?" "None, my dear," was the answer, "'cept 'twas a very muggy day."

When to Stop Advertising.

When nobody else thinks "it pays to advertise."

When you want to go out of business with a stock on hand.

When you want to get rid of the trouble of waiting on customers.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.

When men stop making fortunes right in your very sight, solely through the discreet use of this mighty agent.

When population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you, and never heard of you, stop coming on.

When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest men and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never do and never did advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When you have convinced everybody, whose life will touch yours, that you have better goods and lower prices than they can ever get anywhere outside of your store.

When younger and fresher and spunkier concerns in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

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