DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 42. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1888. NO. 44.

BARGAIN SALE.

HAVING AN OVERSTOCK OF PLOWS, we have determined to sell them

REGARDLESS OF COST.

2-Horse Economist Chilled Plows, Jointer and Wheel,	$10.50
" Remington " " " " "	10.00
" Wiard " " " " "	8.50
" Roland " " " " "	8.50
Nos. 9 and 11 Conclave Plows,	3.00
No. 8 Farmers' Friend "	3 50

ALSO AT REDUCED PRICES:

South Bend Chilled Plows, Nos. 1, B, 2, 3, 4, 10, 103 and 104. Peacock New Ground Plows, No. 7. Minor and Horton Plows, Nos. 18 and 18½, 19, and 19½. Patuxent Plows, Nos 5 and 6. Every Plow we sell fully warranted.

If you want to buy Bargains in Plows, come and see us at once. We will make it pay you. We will make terms to suit.

We have on hand the "Daniels Plow Sulky," the Lightest and Simplest Plow Sulky Made. Any plow can be attached in five minutes time. First Premium at every trial where exhibited. Fully warranted.

Our large purchases from first hands has enabled us to buy at lower figures than most dealers, and the increase in our yearly sales is an evidence that our low prices are appreciated by the purchasing public.

Our line of Machinery, after having been thoroughly tried by our leading Farmers, still stands at the front, and as is acknowlenged to be the best on the market. In our Implement Department can be found the leading Labor saving implements now in use. Our stock of Hardware, Stoves, Harness, Pumps, Seeds, Machine Oils, Rubber, Leather and Gandy Beltings, &c., is complete.

We are agents for the Buffalo Pitts Engines and Threshers, the Stevens' Engines and Threshers, the McCormick Binders and Mowers, Webster Wagons, Little Diamond Sulky Cultivators, Acme Pulverizing Harrows, Corbin Disc Harrows, Taylor's Feild Roller's, Economist and South Bend Chilled Plows, New Ground Plows, Daniel's Plow Sulky, Bucher & Gibb's Plow Sulkies, Farmers', the Friend and Evan's Corn Planters and Drills, Sulky Hay Rakes and Tedders, The Planet Jr. Garden Drills, Lawn Mowers, Reid's Creamery and Dairy Fixtures, Kentucky Hemp Binder Twine and pure Manilla Binder Twine.

Also, Ober's Phosphates for Spring Crops now in first-class condition for corn and for trucking, and at lowest figures. We also have for sale, on good terms, second-hand Engines, wheat Threshers and Saw Mills.

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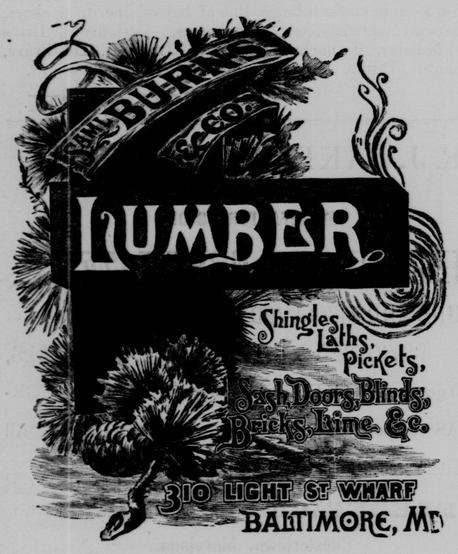
Easton, Maryland.



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THE FARMER WHO WANTS THE EARTH

to produce the richest harvests, the best crops. The analyses of Spurry's High Grade manufactures will prove that they are nothing less. You will find me or my agent, MR. HARRY A. ROE, at the Manufactory at Denton Bridge, and would be pleased to wait on you at any time.

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RELIABLE HOUSE.
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Five per cent. on bills of over five dollars will be taken off. On goods bought on credit, six per cent. will be charged, after six months.

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—OF—
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From this date until the 15th day of April, I will dispose of balance left of my Christmast lot of Fine Jewelry, consisting of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Sleeve and Collar Buttons, Breastpins, Bracelets, &c., at TWENTY PER CENT. DISCOYNT, Also, FIFTEEN PER CEENT. DISCOUNT on Silverware and Tableware. A handsome line of Gold, Silver and Nickel Watches. Also, Clocks, and Musical Instruments ncluding a fine guitar. Repairing a speciay. Work done with care and guaranteed.

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EMMETT DOWNES,
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for YOU, if you are willing to work. Steady engagement the year round at good wages. No experience required. Outfit free. Send at once for terms to

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150,000 TOMATO PLANTS—BEST VARIETY—FOR SALE CHEAP.
6 23 3t C. S. SMITH, DENTON, MD.

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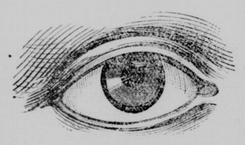

On the announcements of Oehm's Acme Hall this season and you will profit by our suggestion.

We will keep you posted regarding things that concern you. We will train your thoughts to appreciate ideas of practical economy in the purchase of

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—AND—
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of superior and standard quality, for Men, Youths, Boys and children.

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Kilts come first. One and two pieces Kilts, Sizes 2½ to 6 years. Norfolk and Sailor Blouse Kilts, for dress, for play and everyday. Cheviots, Stripes, Plaids, Cassimeres, Fancy Worsteds, rare designs, thousands to select from. Prices range from $1.50 to $10.

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Thousands upon thousands of Shirt Waists, in French and American Percales, Fancy Flannels, &c., newest effects, prices from 12c to $2.50.

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Young Men and Youths are not forgotten. Myriads of loveliest patterns in both sack and cutaway suits, all made by our own artist tailors. "Best Made," that's our trade mark and bonafide low prices are always an inducement at the *Great Store.*

One visit to our progressive store will convince you that there is not in Baltimore or all the south a stock that even begins to compare with ours. We searched the markets of the world to provide the best and our own Acme Hall tailors have produced results that will merit your cheerful praise. Sack and cutaway suits for dress, business and everyday wear. Prices from $5.00 to $35.

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Everything to complete a gentlemen's outfit from a collar button to the richest novelties in finest fixings. Lowest prices.

Note.—Send us your address and we will forward samples, Rules for self-measurement, Illustrated catalogue Furnishing Goods and beautifully colored cards. Mention this paper.

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ONE DOOR FROM CHARLES.
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GLAMOUR LAND.

Ah, dim, lost Glamour land!
On whose confines I stand,
Longing for home that shall be home no more!
There stood my palace grand,
Where now, on either hand,
The fiery swords of seraphs guard the door.

There once I roamed to cull
Dear hopes more beautiful
Than siren thoughts that musing monks resist;
Nothing too far or fair
But its mirage was there,
Pictured upon the valley's rosy mist.

There each sweet day I heard
Songs of a brooding bird,
Telling of purest pleasures yet to be;
There, by the singing streams
Faint forms of darling dreams
Loitered and lingered hand in hand with me.

Ah! dim, dear Fancy land!
Thy welkin, rainbow-spanned,
The softest light of halcyon hours o'erpast,
Fading away, away,
All the expanse is gray—
As fades the summer moon, too fair to last.

—The Independent.

THE COLONEL'S WATCH.

Sunday, July 7, 1877. A great crowd had assembled on Liberty street, in the city of Pittsburg. For squares nothing was visible on pavements or roadway but a sea of heads. Far up the broad thoroughfare came the glare of a conflagration, growing redder as the darkness fell. Over the crowd was a hush, as if loud words were treason. The first day of pillage and destruction in the great railway riots was over; but mob rule was still in the ascendant. What was to be the next lawless act?

The crowd was made up of all grades of men, called from their homes by the momentous events of the day. The wildest rumors passed from mouth to mouth. The red glare up the street might be the forerunner of the destruction of Pittsburg; none could tell. It was a period of uncertainty; of lawlessness. Little wonder that men gathered in knots to discuss the rumors, speaking low and earnestly.

A ragged boy came swaggering through the throng with some brooms on his shoulder, fruits of the pillage of the freight cars on the Pennsylvania railway tracks. Little attention was paid to the child, as the day just closing had been prolific of such sights, and he would have passed unnoticed had he not encountered an elderly gentleman, against whose broad and portly person a broom handle came in rude contact.

"Begone, you whelp!" exclaimed the old gentleman, turning savagely on the boy.

"I'm no whelp!" retorted the gamin. "Keep out of my way!"

"I'll hand you over to the police," growled the gentleman, indignantly.

"Police!" jeered the boy, grinning. "I wish you would. I'd like to see what a cop looks like. I feel 'bout as big as the mayor myself."

The gentleman looked at the child, amazed, indignant. The couple represented society's extremes. The gentleman, while not dressed extravagantly, had the air of a man of wealth and position. The child was scarcely 14 years of age, slightly built, raggedly clad, but with face impudent and triumphant. Mob rule was reflected in his every action.

"I tell you, old man," said he, with the same exasperating grin, "it was jolly! Did you see the cars burn? Did you see the depot and the grain elevator go down? Did you see 'm whack open the whisky barrels and scatter big boxfuls o' crackers? Talk about yer picnics!"

"Good!" cried a full bearded man, patting the boy on the back. "You're a brick, me lad."

"Aha!" growled the doughty old gentleman, anger getting the better of his judgment, "you're a pack of rioters—yes, sir; a pack of rioters."

A score of men crowded about the trio.

"Softly, softly!" said he of the full beard. "It's the poor man's turn now, old bond clipper!"

"Right enough," responded half a dozen voices.

"We'll get fair wages now," continued the full bearded man.

"You'll likely starve!" retorted the old gentleman.

"No fault of yours if we don't," cried the man, angrily planting himself directly in front of his opponent.

"Stand aside, sir!" said the old gentleman moving off.

"I'm no dog!" The man stood firm.

Unfortunately, and with no intention of provoking violence, the gentleman brushed the man rather roughly in passing. The result was a blow that felled him to the ground. Attracted by the loud words and the scuffle, men crowded in from all sides.

"Are you hurt, Col. Bond?" asked one, assisting the gentleman to rise.

"Hurt! Where is the scoundrel?"

"At your elbow, and no scoundrel, either!" cried the man, shaking a great red fist at the colonel. "It was the scoundrel that had to be picked up!"

A laugh ran through the crowd; some hooted.

"Of all the picnics!" laughed the boy with the brooms.

"Come, come, colonel," said the friend, leading him away; "this is no place for you."

"I reckon not!" jeered the boy.

Col. Bond's anger was at fever heat, but what recourse had he? The man who had struck him was an entire stranger, and had he been known there was no law to punish him. The sympathies of the crowd were all with the workman, for such he seemed to be. The colonel's language in such a crowd and on such an occasion had been foolish and inflammatory. Standing over a keg of powder, he had been unwise enough to drop fire into it.

"I'll go home," he said. "The town's going to the devil. A man's life is not safe in the streets."

And home he went in a towering rage. When dropping into an easy chair in his sitting room, he noticed for the first time that his watch chain dangled loose. He felt in his vest pocket for his timepiece; it was gone! Not only had he been knocked down, grossly insulted; he had also been robbed. The old heirloom, the watch that he had carried since he reached manhood, had been stolen. Grieved to the heart at the loss, he paced up and down the room unable to control himself.

"The scoundrel!" he said. "Who would have taken him for a thief? I said some cutting things to him, and he knocked me down. I half deserved it, I confess; but to rob me! I'd never have suspected the man of that. The query is, how can I find him, or get the watch?"

In a day or two the newspapers contained this advertisement:

"Lost—On Liberty street, near Sixth, July 7, an old fashioned gold timepiece, with name engraved on it. A liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked, if returned to No. 67 —— avenue."

On the morning of July 8 a man with a very red face sauntered into the colonel's private office at the mill, took aim at the cuspidore, missed it, but sat down in the utmost good humor. The colonel looked up from his desk, wonderingly.

"Col. Bond, I believe?" observed the red faced stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"I understand you sent for me, colonel."

"Sent for you?" Col. Bond's eyebrows arched in surprise.

"Certainly; I'm Sneakwell, the detective."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sneakwell, your face is new to me. There is a little matter I would like to have you look into."

"No harm done, colonel. What can I do for you?"

"Last evening about dusk I was knocked down on Liberty street and robbed of an old timepiece. The watch would only be worth old gold to a stranger; but I value it as a keepsake."

"I see, colonel. Describe the man that slugged you."

"He was dressed like a workman, had a full beard, and was about my own height, I should judge."

"Any peculiarities?"

"None that I observed."

"What color was his hair?"

"I really can't say."

"Blue eyes, black, brown?"

"There you have me, Mr. Sneakwell. Understand, I was angry and it was growing dark. I can recall very little of the man's appearance. The only striking thing about him was his fist."

Mr. Sneakwell cogitated, measured the distance to the cuspidore with his eye, and spat at it with official gravity, missing it as before.

"Did the man carry a dinner bucket?" he asked.

"No."

"You was in a big crowd?"

"Yes."

"Well, colonel, it's just this way: You was in a crowd, you can't describe the man closely, you don't know which way he went or whether he had any pals. All you know is he handled his fists like a good 'un. You couldn't testify that he robbed you. Very well; the clew is slight, but I'll work it up. You're in good hands, colonel; don't fret. Give me a little time and leave it all to me. I'll get your watch."

"I sincerely hope so, Mr. Sneakwell. Have a cigar?"

"Will I? Never known to refuse. Good day, colonel."

Col. Bond, albeit a little brusque and hasty at times, was a man of naturally generous impulses. He allowed Mr. Sneakwell abundance of time. That worthy man frequently called at his office in a hopeful frame of mind, expectorating freely on rugs and carpets, and in one instance deluging the office cat in mistake for the cuspidore. But the watch was not found. Clew after clew was worked up, but nothing came of it. The newspaper advertisement was quite as unsuccessful. Col. Bond grew discouraged.

Meantime law had resumed its sway in the Iron City, and business went on in its old chandels. The momentous days of the riots became a part of history, with less and less said about them.

On opening his mail one morning in August, Col. Bond found a curiously addressed letter, written in a crude and irregular hand. It said:

To Conl Bond:

DERE SUR—Mi Boy tom is sick of Feaver he talks About yo and ses hes got some Thing of yores hes very sick raves sometimes i wish yo could cum to see Him i liv at No. 23 —— Aly mi old man workkd in yore Mil ded now theas fore yers. with Grate respect, yore frend, NANCY WELSH.

Col. Bond was mystified. What did it mean? He had never heard of such a person as Nancy Welsh. He learned that a man named Welsh had worked in the mill; but it had been years before. He laid the letter aside in his desk, and, engrossed in other matters, soon forgot all about it.

In a few days the postman brought another letter, addressed in the same hand. Curiously he opened it and read:

DERE SUR, mi Boy is wors He wants to se yo cum Sune god Knows what I'l do if tom dies Dont tare this Leter up Conl Bond for tom's sake cum god wil bless yo for it.
yore frend, NANCY WELSH.

The colonel thought the matter over.

"Why shouldn't I go?" he said. "The poor woman is evidently in trouble. I'll walk up to the place and look at it."

In one of the meanest quarters of the city be found No. 23 —— alley. He stopped in front of the house, hesitating. Dirty children were playing in the alley; a venerable goat was chewing papers in the gutter, A woman appeared on the doorstep.

"God bless you, Col. Bond!" she said. "Come in."

He had never seen the woman before; but he went in. The room he entered was mean and small.

"Tom is up stairs, sir," said the woman. "He kept a saying you'd come, sir. Will you come up? He'll be so glad!"

With curiosity excited, the colonel followed her, as she led the way up a dark and narrow flight of stairs. He was ushered into a room darkened so that he could distinguish very little.

"Col. Bond is here, Tom," said the mother.

A weak voice answered:

"Let me see him, mother."

A blind was raised just a little, and Col. Bond saw the sick boy lying on a bed in a corner of the room. The thin and feverish face was that of a stranger; but there was a smile of welcome on it.

"I knew you'd come, sir," said the boy, with a breathing pause between each word. "Mother said no; but I looked for you."

"How long has the little fellow been sick?" asked the colonel.

"A long time, sir," answered the boy himself. "Sit down near me; I've something to—to"—the voice grew husky, choked.

"He's so weak," said the mother, bending over him.

"I'm near you, my boy," said the colonel.

"Do you know me, sir?"

"No, my boy."

"But you have seen me, sir. You were angry at me once."

"I don't remember; I think not."

"But you were, sir. Don't you mind the day of the riots, when—when?"—the voice grew very indistinct.

"I remember a boy carrying brooms ran against me on Liberty street," said the colonel.

"That was me, sir. That's what I wanted to see you about."

Light began to break in upon the colonel.

"I'm sorry to see you so sick, my boy. Maybe I can help you."

"I wish you could, sir. I want to get well. Mother needs me. But listen to me. I've got something of yours. Mother!"

"What is it, Tommy?"

"Get my box."

The mother fumbled in a bureau drawer, bringing forth a grimy pine box. She opened it and placed it on the bed at Tom's side. It was filled with boyish curiosities and keepsakes. Tom took out something bright and laid it in the colonel's hand. It was the treasured old timepiece! Mute with astonishment, Col. Bond looked at the boy in wonderment. Going to the window, he held the old watch up to the light, opened it, examined it critically and came back to the bedside firmly grasping it in his hand.

"I wanted to tell you, sir," said the boy, "I've had the watch ever since that night. I cribbed it, sir."

"You did nothing of the kind!" cried the colonel, warmly. "Nobody ever blamed you for taking it. It was the man that knocked me down!"

"No, sir," said the boy, positively. "He didn't do it. The watch fell out of your pocket in the fight. I picked it up, sir. Nobody saw me. I took it home with me."

"But he never intended to keep it," urged the mother.

"Certainly not," said the colonel, earnestly.

"But I did. I meant to keep it!"

"Oh, Tommy! Tommy!" moaned the mother, bursting into tears.

"I'll never believe it, Tom," cried Col. Bond, pressing the boy's thin hand. "I'll take care of you, my boy. What doctor have you, madam?"

"None, sir; the neighbors help us"——

"No doctor! The devil! Take this and get the best doctor you know. Give the boy whatever he needs. Don't worry about him, madam; he'll soon be about again. Look for me back to-morrow morning."

The colonel was gone. Under his brusqueness there was a big heart, and Tom had touched it. Next morning early a carriage stopped at the nearest point to 23 —— alley that a vehicle could reach. Col. Bond alighted from it and hurried to the little home. The wretchedness of the place, the suffering and poverty of Tom and his mother had excited his sympathies to the utmost. He had been a busy man of affairs, and charity was something that he had hitherto left to his wife. The mother answered his impatient knock.

"I want to take Tom to more comfortable quarters," he said. "He needs better care and better diet. He's got the making of a good man in him, and I'll take care of him. I'll not forget you, either, madam"——

He paused; the look of unutterable pain on the woman's face staggered him. There was an unnatural stillness in the house.

"What has happened, my good woman?"

"Tom is dead," she said, simply.—H. D. Mason in Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Books Worth Reading.

Go into a second hand book stall. Under the dust on the rows of dilapidated volumes you may by chance find some book with worn and faded cover, with stained and ragged leaves—a book long "out of print." Hidden by that miserable body there may be a heart of gold. The name on the title page may be one you never heard, and yet this book may record the stumbles in the dark of some bold adventurer who has dared to step out beyond the light. It may have its errors, its blunders, its follies, its absurdities, but if it is the record of the original thought of a thinker who turned the human mind to new directions, who gave new impulses to human energy, it will be worth more as a help to original thought than all the encyclopædias in all the libraries.

Such a book is not second hand. It never will be second hand. The second hand books stand gaudy in their newness, glittering with gold and color if they are "popular editions," chased in roan, calf, Russia and marble paper if they are for the "gentleman's library." But within them, what? Seldom anything but shreds and patches. Burton, the most honest of all retailers of second hand ideas, concluded, as the result of his own pilfering, that all books are second hand. It was a pilferer's conclusion. There is no lack of books which embody original thought, the result of original search. The trouble is to find them.—St. Louis Republican.

The Inventor of Dynamite.

The world has lost one of its greatest experimental chemists by the death of Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, and the man who made the wide use of nitro-glycerine practicable. The new explosive that Sombrero discovered in Paris forty-one years ago, by treating glycerine with sulphuric and nitric acid, was never practically applied until after years of experimenting. Nobel succeeded in producing nitro-glycerine in a form that admitted of comparatively safe handling.

The knowledge of which Nobel's long investigations were the fruit was not obtained without the sacrifice of some human lives. Among the victims of the terrible explosive he perfected was one of his brothers. Nobel was a Swede, and in the quarries of that country he first demonstrated the efficacy of nitro-glycerine in its improved form. It was not long, however, before the use of nitro-glycerine for blasting purposes was superseded by Nobel's later discovery of dynamite, which is now generally regarded as the safest as well as one of the most powerful of explosives.—New York Sun.

Russian Penitentiaries.

In Russia there are three distinct penitentiary institutions: The mines and prisons of oriental Siberia, the central prisons with their solitary cells, and solitary confinement in the ravelins of the fortresses of Peter and Paul, and Schlusselburg.—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

Dreams and Lies.

It sometimes happens that persons—and this is especially true of young children—are unable to disassociate their dreams from realities. I have known children to be punished for telling lies when full inquiry showed that they were relating circumstances of which they had dreamed.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

Natural Gas in Pittsburg.

The introduction of natural gas at Pittsburg has displaced the use of 4,500,000 tons of coal a year. One-half of the 50,000 houses in Pittsburg use the natural gas for fuel and light.—Public Opinion.

First Lunar Eclipse.

The first eclipse of which there is mention was a lunar one, and occurred, according to Ptolemy, March 19, 721 B. C. It was observed with accuracy at Babylon.

"Fan qui," or "foreign devil," is the ordinary name for foreigners in China, and is not intended generally as an offensive expression.

Russia's cavalry equals that of Germany and Austria combined.

ROUNDED UP BY COYOTES.

How the Jack Rabbits at Nevada are Gathered in by Wolves.

"You never saw the artistic way the Nevada wolves would round up the jack rabbits, I suppose," remarked Joseph Grandelmyer, the old time Nevadan. "It is the cleverest bit of strategy I ever heard of. There are several kinds of wolves all through the state, but the coyotes are by far the plentiest. In the Humboldt, Smoky, and other valleys the coyotes form in military line, oftentimes along some old road, as I have most frequently seen them, and thus systematically go on a regular drive.

"They stretch out over a great area of country, the coyotes being stationed somewhere near a mile apart. Once they get sight of a jack rabbit his name is Dennis. He may take to the sage brush and elude the coyotes for a time. Fifty or a hundred coyotes can thus in a short time rake in a terrible lot of rabbits. If the coyotes are hungry it is about the rarest sport one can witness. They go at the hunt with so much ardor and with such perfect system.

"A coyote on his own account can usually forage successfully for feed. He is sly, like a fox, and, always with an eye out for number one, he generally has his belly full and lots of fat sticking to his ribs; but if the weather has been bad and he gets separated from his fellows on a reconnoitring tour he may have a hard time of it. In the sagebrush a jack rabbit can generally manage to elude a coyote. He can get in and out quicker, while the coyote, being bigger, is delayed by the brush, and can't get in and out like a rabbit.

"But after a lot of hungry wolves have held a council of war and decided to go on a hunt, it is time for the rabbits to hunt their holes. There is always music in the air about that time, and the weird howls of the wolves sound like a distant reveille. The rabbits seem to understand the situation, too, and scamper hither and thither over the plains and rolling hills. It is not long, however, till the wolves marshal their forces. They begin by making a wide detour over the hills, lessening the size of the circle as they advance, and holding all the rabbits they get in as skillfully as a fisherman handles his seine.

"The jack rabbits are all of a tremble when they see how their enemies have them hedged about, and jump helplessly into the air, and utter pitiful cries. The wolves merely watch the sides warily, and look on vindictively, with tongues lolling out through their white teeth, and eyes sparkling, expressive of the knowledge that they will soon have some fine eating. As the wolves draw nearer together the quick snap, snap of their jaws is heard as they snip the throats of their victims, and they fall dead from loss of blood.

"When every rabbit is killed, the coyotes sit down on their haunches to a very comfortable banquet, and never let up until they have taken aboard so much rabbit meat that they can hardly stir. Then they slowly meander off to their homes, wherever they may be, and if there is a lot of rabbit meat left, as there may be, they put in an appearance again, at stated intervals, until the whole is consumed.

"After a lot of coyotes have had a talk, so to speak, and decided to go on a hunt, they will sometimes go to a rough region, where they know the rabbits abound, and lay siege for them in another way. Certain brigades will clamber upon the high rocks and hill tops surrounding a canyon, and drive the game down into the depths below, other relays of wolves having previously been placed at the entrance and at the weak places. They oftentimes get a great many into a canyon in this way, and thus speedily finish them. It is generally in the very early morning that the coyotes sound their reveille and go after the rabbits."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Overcrowding in Siberia.

The overcrowding of the Siberian prisons is appalling. "The Tomsk transportation prison," writes The Siberian Gazette of that city, "is overcrowded. To the 1,520 people we had here 700 new ones have been added, and so the prison which was built for 900 people contains 2,200. There are 207 persons on the sick list." The central prison, on Sackhalin island, which was built for 600 people, contained 1,103 in 1879. Michela, a Siberian official and ex-prison director, writes about two prisons which were under his control as follows: "The jailer brought me to the rooms. Everywhere dirt, overcrowding, wetness, want of air and light. After having visited the rooms I entered the hospital. As soon as I entered the first room I was involuntarily thrown back by the inconceivable smell. The water closets were luxurious apartments in comparison with the hospital. Everywhere the number of prisoners is thrice the number permitted by the law. At Verknendinsk, for instance, the jail is built for 240 inmates, and it usually contains 800."—Michael Malkoff in Chicago News.

How to Become Learned.

Any man of mature years who has enjoyed all the advantages of a free public primary, grammar and high school, a preparatory academy, a college, and a professional school, will testify that what he has learned by himself is of infinitely more value to him than all he ever acquired in all the institutions of learning he ever attended. Books on all subjects are now so cheap and plenty, public libraries are so large and numerous, instruction in special studies is so easily obtained that any person who can read, write and compute numbers may become as learned as the wisest. He can study what he knows or thinks will afford him the most pleasure or profit. He can cultivate his head, hands, or heels, his eye, tongue, or ear, his manners, morals and language to any extent he desires, at an expense not exceeding what a young man ordinarily spends for cigars or a girl for candy. If a person wishes to become learned there is little trouble in accomplishing what he wishes.—Chicago Times.

The Bigness of Texas.

Says an imaginative statistician: "If Texas were a circular lake and France a circular island, the island could be anchored centrally in the lake out of sight of land twenty-two miles from any point on the encircling shore."—Chicago Herald.

Happier Days for Papa.

The father of a family, becoming annoyed at the fault finding of his children over their food, exclaimed in a rage one day at dinner: "You children are intolerable; you turn up your nose at everything. When I was a boy I was often glad enough to get dry bread to eat." "Poor papa," said Rose, the pet of the family, "I am so glad you are having such nice times now living with mamma and us."—Boston Transcript.

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