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Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has opened an office, adjoining the law office of Col. Philip W. Downes, and offers his professional services to the people of Denton and vicinity. [4 18]

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[8 18 tf.]

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A CROWN OF MOTHER'S TEARS.

One evening when the sun had set,
All nature still and hushed,
Two little stars came peeping out,
Looked down on the earth and blushed.

Two little white robed angels
Looked down from the stars of gold,
And saw the saddest, sweetest sight
They ever did behold

It was a mother kneeling
By the side of her dying child,
Whose little quivering lips now wore
A peaceful, heavenly smile.

The fair young brow was clammy
Short and quick his breath,
And the sweet blue eyes were sparkling—
So soon to be closed in death.

The Reaper stood with sickle drawn
To pluck the tender flower,
While the mother's heart for her darling yearned,
Oh, 'twas a sad, sad hour.

The cherubs looked in pity
From their home of joy and mirth;
Then laying down both harp and crown
They fluttered down to earth.

They noiselessly entered the darkened room
And hovered 'round the bed,
And caught the mother's tears as they fell
On her darling's golden head.

They were brighter far than the miser's gold
Or the treasured diamond's blaze,
And they sparkled like the bright sunbeams
'Mid the fairest summer days.

One little cherub took them all
And hurried back to heaven,
And wove them into a beautiful crown
To the dying child to be given.

The other angel caught the babe
In tender arms of love,
And bore him over the dark wild river
To that glorious home above.

When they reached the "beautiful city of gold,"
With no more doubts or fears,
They placed a crown on his shimmering curls—
The crown of mother's tears.
—Little Leila Wilson in Atlanta Constitution.

Their Own Scenery.

Memorial hall, Eastport, has a beautiful drop curtain of which the citizens have good reason to be proud. The view painted thereon is one of the finest and also one that all can appreciate. It is not a scene in Italy, France or Holland, but a gem from Maine scenery, giving a view of Todd's Head near Eastport with the New Brunswick hills in the distance, taking in Indian, Thumb Cap, Spruce, White Horse and other islands, with the sunlight touching up the cluster of houses on the head near Wilson's beach, at Campobello, and glimmering on the water.—Lewiston Journal.

'Tis Often Thus.

In the dry goods house: Mrs. Doveleigh—Edgar, you had better let me carry a few of those bundles. I'm afraid there are more than you can manage.

Mr. Doveleigh—Never. You know as well as I that it is my duty and my chief delight to bear your burdens, my dear. (Admiring glances and murmurs from all the other women.)

At home: Mr. Doveleigh—Maria, go get a hod of coal and be quick about it. And say! The next time you have such a load as this to bring home you'd better hire a dray, do you hear! —Terre Haute Express.

AN ECCENTRIC PUG DOG.

A Little Animal Who Chews Gum and Amuses His Acquaintances.

A most intelligent and interesting pug dog is owned by Miss Nellie Payfair, of the Forest house, in Scranton, Pa. His name is Don, and besides being intelligent and cunning, he is occasionally as mischievous as he can be. Miss Payfair has trained Don so well that, although he hates and dreads to be put into his bath tub, he now readily submits to the infliction and trots off to the bath room whenever he sees that preparations are being made to relieve him of the mud which has stuck to his hair while he has been romping with curs in the street. Don possesses an appetite that is remarkable from the fact that he always seems hungry. In addition to the ordinary articles of food that all dogs like, he is very fond of sugar, and if any of the hotel guests are kind enough to toss him a cube of white loaf sweetness, he will catch it on the fly, crunch it quickly, lick his chops for more and look wistfully at the hand from which the lump came. Don will sit on his haunches and stick out his tongue at the command of his owner, and he will take a whipping with the most serious face imaginable after he has returned from a runaway spell which he knew he did wrong to take. When Don has been properly dealt with for his willful disobedience of orders, he frisks and capers about for a time, but he soon forgets the gentle chastisement and probably lets some less favored dog lead him away from the door again before nightfall, coming back in the evening to have his jacket tanned once more for his forgetfulness.

But the most peculiar and remarkable characteristic about Don is his habit of chewing gum and the way he has of getting possession of a delicious morsel of that article when nobody is looking. Toss a quid of gum toward him and he will catch it in his mouth, scamper away to a corner of the room, settle down into a comfortable position and chew away on it with as much apparent satisfaction as a western girl. He doesn't try to swallow it, and after he has sat in the corner for awhile he takes a walk around, chewing meditatively as he goes, and looking as serious as a person 90 years old. Dr. J. S. Walden lives on Spruce street, a few doors from the Forest house, and Don frequently trots over to the doctor's office to play with the doctor's little son George. George has the habit of chewing gum, too, and he also had the habit until recently of plastering his quid on the under side of the table top whenever he desired to give his jaws a resting spell.

When little George went to look for his gum one day it wasn't where he had put it. So he bought a new stick and when he got tired of chewing it he stuck it in the old place. It was gone when he wanted it, and little George accused various members of the family of having stolen his quid. They denied the impeachment point blank, and little George began to wonder why his gum disappeared in a mysterious way. Half a dozen quids were lost on as many different days, and little George believed that the folks had been fibbing to him and that they had been stealing his gum in order to see if they couldn't break him of the habit of chewing. But one day he caught the thief. In an unguarded moment Miss Payfair's dog stood up on his hind feet and gobbled up George's quid from underneath the table, and little George then knew it was he who had been making away with the gum from day to day.

There is nothing vicious about Don and the guests at the hotel admire him for his intelligence, even temper and many cunning and interesting tricks. Don is of a very jealous nature, and he makes a great fuss whenever he sees anybody fondle or caress any other dog that may happen to be in the hotel. At such times he pushes the other dog out of the way if he can, looks pleadingly at the caresser, sits close to him and silently asks to be fondled and rubbed. While Don is actually not worth $100, Miss Payfair would probably be disinclined to part with him for twice that amount.—Chicago Journal.

The Military Salute.

The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the Knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the dais on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty. The principal part of the officer's salute, kissing the hilt of the sword, dates also from the Middle Ages. When the Crusaders were on the march to the Holy City, the Knights were in the daily custom of planting their long two hand swords upright in the ground, thereby forming a cross, and before these they performed their morning devotions. On all military occasions they kissed the hilts of their swords in token of devotion to the Cross, for the prayers of the soldiers were formerly considered of such efficacy that they were made an essential part of their duty.—True Flag.

"Evarts' Private Distillery."

It was Mr. Evarts who preserved the reputation of the Hayes regime, when Mrs. Hayes and the Ladies' Ebenezer Temperance association of Washington were doing all they could to destroy it. Mr. Evarts had a colored man named "Pete," who services were in valuable on the occasions of White House dinners. He had charge of what the boys used to call "Evarts' private distillery," and when members of the diplomatic corps and other patrons emerged from it on their way to join Mrs. Hayes and the ladies, Pete used to dispatch them with the warning: "De gemmen will please get froo wipen off dar moufs befo' settin' down to table." Eminent statesmen and diplomats who recall those halcyon days always smack their lips when they think of Pete and the "private distillery."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Palpitation of the Heart.

A French physician announces that distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, the head down and the hands hanging, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper portion of the body. In nearly every instance of nervous or anæmic palpitation, the heart immediately resumes its natural function. If the movements of respiration are arrested during this action, the effect is still more rapid.—Herald of Health.

The Ignorance of Russian Police.

From an article by George Kennan in the April Century we quote the following: "We heard many funny stories from the political exiles in Siberia with regard to the ignorance shown and the mistakes made by the rural police in dealing with supposed revolutionists. Four or five years ago, just after the assassination of the gendarme officer Sudeikin (Soo-day-i-kin) by the terrorist Degaief (Deegy-yeff), photographs of Degaief were sent to every police office in the empire. On the back was printed an offer of 10,000 rubles' reward for the capture of the assassin, and on the face were printed six photographs of Degaief, showing how he looked in a cap and without a cap; with a full beard and without full beard, and with a mustache and without a mustache. A hard drinking and ignorant police officer in a village of western Siberia, into whose hands a copy of this card fell, arrested four unlucky wayfarers who happened to look more or less like the photographs of Degaief, and committed them to jail; then he went about the village and to the dram shop in a half tipsy condition, boasting that he had captured four of those accursed Degaiefs, and was going to hold them until he could find the other two, so that he could turn the six together over to the higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would get not only the 10,000 rubles' reward, but a cross of honor.

"Another police officer, equally ignorant, arrested a scientific man, a member of the Imperial Geographical society, who had gone into the country to pursue his favorite study of ornithology. The unfortunate naturalist was accustomed to note down every day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sagacious police officer, in looking over his prisoner's diary, found on almost every page such entries as 'June 13—Killed a fine crown snipe this afternoon;' or 'June 17—Shot a silvia hortensis today.' Regarding these entries as unmistakable records in cipher of nihilistic murders, the officer sent the captured ornithologist under strong guard to the chief of police of the district, with the note book as documentary proof that the prisoner was one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the terrorist assassins; the entry with regard to 'crown snipe' he said was plainly a reference to the most august family of the Gossudar."

A Mean Revenge.

It happened in a Dearborn street tonsorial palace. A young man was in one of the chairs, having his hair cut. It was Saturday, and well he knew that he had no business having his hair cut on such a busy day, but there he was. While the finishing touches were being put on a fat man came in, peeled off his coat and asked for a fan. The fat man was nervous. He was waiting for the barber who was cutting the young man's hair. He made ready to take the chair when the young man plumped his head down and ordered one plain shave. This made the nervous fat man hotter than ever. After the shave he made another start for the chair, when the young man straightened up and called for two pin curls for his mustache. The nervous fat man fairly oozed suppressed profanity, and fanned himself the harder. Finally the young man vacated the chair, and the nervous fat man glared at him as he took his place. This was so uncalled for that the young man wanted to get even in some way for the implied insult, so he said to the barber: "Your next door neighbor says he wouldn't be shaved in here." "And why not?" asked the barber, as he poised his keen edged razor above the face of the nervous fat man, who was fully lathered by this time. "Well, he says your shop is so narrow that when he is getting shaved he is in mortal terror that some one will jostle you and make you cut his throat." It was a mean revenge. All of the color forsook the nervous fat man's face, and to him his shave lasted two good hours. He had never thought of the danger of having his throat cut in a narrow barber shop.—Chicago Herald.

Stamps from the Slot.

"An ingenious machine was exhibited to Postmaster General Dickinson shortly before he retired from office, and if it should strike his successor as favorably as it did him may be in general use before long," remarked an official of the Baltimore postoffice. "It is an adaptation of the put-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the sale of postage stamps. A sheet of stamps is cut into slips the width of two stamps, and these slips are wound around a cylinder inside the machine. A nickel is placed in the slot, which drops down, starts an electric current, which causes the stamp cylinder to revolve, the slip of stamps glides along and passes under a row of needles, which drops down and cuts off two stamps.

"The owner of the nickel waits a few seconds after his money disappears and then shoves down a metallic button, and two stamps make their appearance at an aperture in the lower part of the machine. It is proposed by the inventors to place these machines in stores and prominent places about a city. If the department approves the plan they will adopt the machine so that two pennies or a ten cent piece can be used with the result that one two cent stamp or five stamps can be obtained. In case a spurious coin is used a magnet in the interior detects the fraud and throws it to one side."—Baltimore News.

Insolence Rebuked.

At a table in a restaurant a diner said to another on the opposite side of the table, "I beg pardon, sir, but will you kindly pass me the salt cellar?"

"Humph!" said the other insolently. "Do you take me for the waiter?"

The first diner made no reply, but calmly called, "Waiter!"

The waiter came up, bowing, and asked him what he desired.

"Nothing," said the gentleman, "except to apologize to you. It seems that I took this man for you."—Youth's Companion.

Philadelphia Ladies Take "L. T. Straight."

At a down town restaurant, with a big bar attached, waiters may be seen coming daily to the bar with a cup and saucer and asking for an "L. T. straight." The cups are handed back to them containing a fluid that very much resembles tea, but smells of something stronger. L. T. means ladies' tipple and it is simply an ingenious way of serving whisky straight at table to the many women who call for it without attracting attention.—Philadelphia Times.

She Was Gay Once.

Mr. William H. Crane, the comedian, tells a story which he says was given to him by Mr. Edwin Booth, according to Eugene Field. It seems that an old lady 80 years of age, lying at the point of death, sent for her clergyman and availed herself of the spiritual consolation that holy man was qualified to administer. This important office having been discharged, the moribund octogenarian fell to discoursing about the manner in which she wished to have her obsequies conducted, and she insisted that she should be so attired as to present a pleasing appearance.

"Tell me, sir," she asked, feebly, "what kind of coffins are now the fashion for ladies?"

"There are two styles, my dear sister," answered the pastor, soothingly. "The coffins for married women are lined with red silk, and the coffins for maiden ladies are lined with white satin."

"Well, then," said the old lady with a sigh, "I suppose you'd have to line my coffin with white satin," and in a moment she added, brightening up, "but you can put in some strips of scarlet plush, for I was pretty gay when I was a girl!"—Boston Herald.

Barnum's First Hippopotamus.

"The first hippopotamus ever seen in this country," said Tody Hamilton, "was brought here by Mr. Barnum. It was about twenty-five years ago. Mr. Barnum wanted one the worst way, and had been on the lookout for one for many years, when he heard that some natives in South Africa had caught a big fellow in a pit, and that it had been sold to a German dealer in wild animals. The dealer got an offer of $25,000 for it and the offer was accepted. Ten thousand dollars was paid when the brute was safely placed on board the vessel that was to bring him over; another $10,000 was to be paid when he arrived here, and the remaining $5,000 at the expiration of three months in case the brute lived. He arrived here in good condition and was the center of curiosity for several months. But he was so big and clumsy and required so much room that Mr. Barnum consented to rent him to a man named Berry, who wanted to take him round the country exhibiting him. Berry paid $500 a week for him, and the venture was so profitable that he cleared $80,000 in one year."—New York Sun.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused, and laugh at the time, but they will be remembered, and brought up against him upon some subsequent occasion.

The Best Chocolate.

If you have a large and rather elaborate dessert chocolate may be served with, say, the third course, as an accompaniment to the remaining part of the meal; or, if the dessert be light, chocolate may be served the last thing with whipped cream and a sweet wafer. A senator's wife who is said to make the best chocolate in Washington gave the following recipe to Miss Edith Ingalls: Three-quarters of a cake of chocolate, one quart of cold water, one quart of sweet, rich milk, sugar to taste. Grate or scrape the chocolate and mix with the water, thoroughly and smoothly; then sweeten and allow to boil until it is quite a thick paste. Boil the milk separately and stir it into the chocolate mixture and cook a few minutes longer.—New York Telegram.

Modjeska Apologized.

I think Mme. Modjeska is the most genuinely religious woman I ever met. She is the truest kind of a Christian. A woman of singularly gentle disposition, she never has a word of harsh comment or criticism for anybody. I was in her rooms one Sunday evening and we were waiting for Mr. Henley. Mr. Henley was late.

"That is just like him," Mme. Modjeska said; "he promised to be here at a quarter to 6 o'clock, and now it is 6 o'clock."

Then she paused a moment, and added:

"There, I have been abusing him, and I've just come from listening to a sermon on charity, too. I must apologize to him when he comes."

And she did.—San Francisco Call.

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