DENTON JOURNAL.

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SAVE YOUR MONEY

IT IS SAID THAT

B. P. COX

Is Selling Goods Cheaper Than Any Merchant in Easton.

He carries a full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Clothing, Etc.; a Beautiful Line of Dress Goods, with Trimmings to Match.

One of his specialties is Ladies' and Children's Coats, of which he has a very attractive line at low prices.

Everything in the way of Cassimeres, Kerseys, Blankets, Flannels, and Underwear at reduced prices.

◁HIS STOCK OF CLOTHING IS LARGE AND CHEAP.▷

Boys' Suits as low as $1.50, and better grades at any price you want to pay.

A full line of Men's and Boy's Overcoats.

Men's Suits run from $5.00 to $20.00, while his $10.00 Suit is something extra!

CARPETS GO VERY LOW WITH HIM.

He will sell you Ingrain Carpets at 25, 35, 40, 50, 60, and 75 cents, whilst, as a leader, he will sell you a good Brussels Carpet at 50 cents. Just think of that! Finer grades of Brussels at any price you want.

Beautiful line of Moquette. Smyrna and Sheep Skill Rugs.

Visit Easton and give him a call. He occupies the first, second and third floors of the Odd Fellows' Building.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS,

TUNIS MILLS MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Offers

GREAT INDUCEMENTS

FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOOR, BLINDS, AND EVERYTHING IN THE

◁LUMBER - BUSINESS▷

☞Estimates given and orders filled promptly.

Those who expect to build will find it to their advantage to deal direct with us. Our treasurer, R. S. Fountain, will call to see you and give an estimate any time if you so desire.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Roofing Materials, Building Paper

Tarred Felt, Coal Tar, Two and Three-Ply Felt, Red Rosin, Sized Paper Roofing Paint, Concrete Block Pavement for Cellars, &c.

☞ Estimates Furnished.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS, SAMPLES AND PRICE LIST.

16 W. CAMDEN STREET. BALTIMORE, MD.

A GREAT SALE AT AUCTION!

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE FIRST, 1892,

NAMELY:

The HOUSE AND LOT in Denton,

Known as the Property of M. J. Young; Furniture, Etc.

The Store Goods Will Be Sold at

Auction Every Saturday

To clear out the Stock before removing. You all know what kind of Goods are on hand at the Reliable House of

H. IRWIN, Auct M. J. YOUNG.

"WELL BRED SOON WED" GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING. 7 16 yr

PRIVATE SALE

—OF—

A SMALL FARM.

Desiring to discontinue farming I will sell, on easy terms, my farm near Andersontown, on the road leading from the above place to Harrington, situated in a good neighborhood, and convenient to churches and schools. The farm contains

90 ACRES OF LAND,

with sufficient woodland for the use of the farm. It it well stocked with apples, peaches and small fruits. There is a

TWO-STORY DWELLING,

barn and outbuildings, all in excellent repair, with wells of excellent water at house and barn. If not sold by November 1st, it will be offered at public sale, with stock and farming implements, of which due notice will be given. For further information and terms apply to

M. F. TOWNS,

9 10 tf Andersontown, Md.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT!

Having bought out the Grocery Business recently conducted by Gus Wooters, I am prepared to meet the wants of the public with a complete Stock of

FRESH GROCERIES,

The best branks of Flour, Meats, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, and in fact everything to be found in the Grocery line. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, and highest prices paid. A fresh supply of Candy just received.

LINWOOD R. BEAUCHAMP.

☞I would like to purchase within the next few days a supply of country bacon. The best prices paid.

DEAFNESS CURED by Peck's Pat. Invisible TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfort. All Successful where all remedies fail. Pamphlet & proofs free. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

FACTS FOR FALL!

Our preparation for Fall and Winter '92 has eclipsed our best previous efforts. Never before has there been such an immense stock of Clothing, Hats and Furnishings held under any one roof, and at such low prices that they will surprise you.

MASTERPIECES

of the Taylor's skill in the shape of Superb Suits for Men are stacked high on our counters, all newest and best fabrics represented. Beautiful line of Suits at $10, $12 and $15.

OHEMS

10,000 OVERCOATS.

could not afford you a more ample assortment than our mammoth stock. Everything bright and new is represented. Prices $7, $10, $12, $15, and upward.

OHMS

YOUR BOYS

are richly provided for in our grand gathering of Juvenile Wear. There's no excuse for keeping your boy in a shabby rig when so little money will dress him like a prince. Handsome Suits and Overcoats $2.50, $3.50, $5 and up.

ACME

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS

finds graceful expression through the medium of our celebrated Order Annex, which occupies the building 6 & 8 S. Charles St. Our $20 and $25 lines of Business Suits to Order are the exclusive tailors' $35 grade.

ACME

Handsome HEAD-DRESS.

when you come to our store you cannot afford to pass by our Hat department. At $1.98 you can get the regular $3 Derby or Soft Hat, pay nothing for the name or surrounding here.

Large lines $1.24, $149, $1.69.

HALL

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

in enormous variety. Soft, cosy and comfortable Suits that won't scratch the skin at $1 for both garments. Our matchless laundered Dress Shirts 50 cts., matchless elsewhere under $1. Neckwear, Sox, and all other poissible needs for stylish dressers in magnificent profusion at every moderate prices.

HALL

Send for Samples, Price List and Self Measurments.

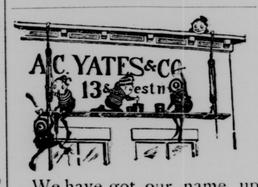
Oehm's Acme Hall,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS AND FURNISHERS,

5 & 7 W. BALTIMORE ST.,

ANNEX, 6 & 8 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE.



We have got our name up for Honest Goods, and it is there to stay.

No better values for the money can be found anywhere than in our Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats. They are strong in make-up, attractive in design, correct in style, and reasonable in price.

Send for our Goblin book; mailed free.

$25 Reward.

Office of the School Board, Denton, Md., Oct. 25, 1892.

Owing to frequent depredations and damages sustained to Lowe's school house, located in the Second election district, by some person or persons bent on mischief while said school is not in session, it is hereby ordered that a reward of twenty-five dollars be offered for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons thus trespassing upon or doing damage to said property. By order of the school board. M. B. STEPHENS, Sec'y.

—THE—

Denton-Ridgely Telegraph

—LINE—

CONNECTING WITH WESTERN UNION WIRES

OFFICES OPEN:

7 A. M. TO 7 P. M. SUNDAYS 9 TO 10 A. M.

A COUNTRY BOY IN TOWN.

Come, be your happy self, you little rogue;
You cannot hide your honest country birth,
Nor seem a city gamin for a day.
The hard stone pavement is not yielding sod,
And your uncertain, shuffling gait tells tales
Of rambles over pasture fields. That coat
Shows less of tailor's art than mother's care—
Stout homespun liberally cut, with room
For healthy growth, and hard sewn, knotted seams
That would defy the hottest, heaviest goose
To tame them to your form. Those sunburned cheeks,
Those sturdy arms, those ever wondering eyes,
And stoutest, strangest, rarest proof of all,
Those rough cut locks that wake a dream of shears,
Of tears, rebellion and protesting howls,
Proclaim you rustic every inch.
That wide, full window of dyspeptic sweets I know
Has won your heart. Come, turn your pockets out,
And with long hoarded pennies buy a feast
To dream and talk of till you come again.
Heed neither smiles nor jeers, but munch at ease,
And many a wealthy, careworn, busy slave
Will envy you your simple, full delight.

—P. McArthur in Youth's Companion.

PAT WORE THE V. C.

If ever you should go to Edinburgh, undoubtedly you will climb a long, steep street to the castle, and there you may see a very interesting thing which is not mentioned in the guidebooks.

As you stand upon the king's bastion, looking down over the beautiful city, drop your eyes upon a little triangular bit of the great rock just outside the wall you are leaning on. You will be surprised to find a tiny garden upon this narrow coign of vantage.

It is full of bright flowers, yet it is not all a garden, for behind the flowers stands a row of modest gravestones, brown and gray, with an inscription upon each.

The stones are far too small to record human virtues, and you see at once that they must be put there in honor of a race which cannot speak for itself. So they are; they mark the resting place of good dogs once living in garrison here, and each is the memorial of a faithful life.

There are eight or ten of these stones, and each one has its story; but read first the inscription on the stone in the right hand corner. It runs as follows:

> In memory of
> "PAT,"
> who followed the 71st Highlanders
> for 10 years in peace and war.
> Died
> 9th March,
> 1888.

To this scanty record I shall add one chapter of a most stirring life.

To begin at the beginning, I must own that Pat, like some other heroes, had no satisfactory family tree. Judging from his portrait in oil, which was to be seen at the naval and military exhibition in Edinburgh in 1889, I should say he came of many families. There is a dispute about his pedigree, but no one denies that he had a great deal of bulldog blood, and an equal part of pug. Though not wholly a "blueblood," he was allied to the aristocracy on both sides.

His early life is also wrapped in mystery; he was a full grown dog when he followed the boys in from parade one bright morning, and no subsequent inquiry ever unlocked the sealed book of his puppyhood.

That is almost a pity, for he must have been a winsome, affectionate puppy, full of tricks and wiles. His bright face shows this. I never saw a countenance, human or canine, more open or alert.

The soldiers christened him Pat directly, from a humerous twinkle in his eyes and a certain twist of his comical little mouth which they thought like the colonel's body servant, who bore his name. This man was always good natured, and consequently a great favorite with the rank and file.

Give a dog a good name and there is no telling to what heights he may attain.

Pat the elder married a widow who tended bar in High street, and left the service soon after his namesake joined the Seventy-second. This circumstance heightened the value of Pat the younger. He became thus more highly prized from his fancied resemblance to the lost comrade.

Pat had at first no one master. He was a general favorite, and took up his quarters now with one friend, now with another, at his own caprice, in this way he studied men and life from various points of view. The soldiers in garrison devoted a part of their idle time to teaching Pat to fetch and carry, to salute and go through simple military drill.

In the early part of 1878 there was trouble between England and Afghanistan, and the British forces in that part of the world were increased. Among the regiments sent to India was the Seventy-second Highlanders.

When you think of the difficulties and dangers attending a journey to Afghanistan, you will wonder that Pat did not hesitate and desert. The matter was fully explained to him by the color sergeant, Jem McPherson, the night before the troops marched out, but the dog only winked in a knowing way and wagged his brief tail with emphasis, as if to say, "I accept the situation and mean to do my part." He kept the promise to the letter.

Pat grew in favor constantly during this Afghan war. He was present at diplomatic meetings, assisted in planning the details of the campaign when the days of diplomacy were over, shared the discomforts of the underground huts and prepared to march upon Candahar when a hostile advance upon that city had become inevitable.

Meantime, a tide in the affairs of Pat had borne him on to fortune, for he had become attached to the fates and fortunes of a good master. He was no longer an adventurer, a canine Bohemian, but the rightful property of the color sergeant, his good friend, who had once tried to dissuade him from entering the field of glory.

It happened this way: McPherson was taken ill with a low fever, and Pat was left on guard in his tent to warn thieving natives off the premises. He performed this duty faithfully, and the lonely, homesick man, during his days of convalescence turned to his dumb nurse for comfort.

With dogs and men of noble type the process is much the same; they rise into love through the needs of the people about them. "Those who trust us educate us" in all the essentials of life.

When McPherson could once more walk out in the sun, the dog's joy was unbounded. He leaped and ran round the sick man like a dog distraught, giving the short, quick yelp of ecstasy which denotes a full heart quite as musically as do human sobs and gasps.

Part of this joy may have been upon his own account, you say? Be that as it may, it touched the rough soldier's heart to the quick, and drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes, "to keep out the sun," McPherson registered a silent vow to take Pat under his protection.

With no more ado was Pat adopted, and had a collar with his name upon it before the camp broke up. It was a broad metal band with a ring in it for the attachment of a chain. Who could have dreamed what other thing this ring would hold?

And now events were hurrying on, and the Highlanders were hurried on by them to Candahar. What it all meant to Pat, and how far he approved the march to that city, no one knew; but it is a matter of history that he was present at that battle of Candahar, and that as a result of his behavior there he wore the "V. C."

The Victoria cross is the reward given by the queen herself for great valor in battle. When a soldier has risked his life to save a comrade, or done any other heroic deed, he receives, at the queen's own hand, the little bronze cross, worth a sixpence possibly, which is the highest reward and most to be desired from this very fact, that it has no vulgar money value.

It is an honor open alike to officer and private, and when a man has won it he has the letters V. C. placed after his name. There has been but one dog in the British empire who might have claimed this distinction.

The wonderful march from Cabul to Candahar was over. More than 300 miles had been accomplished in fifteen days, without loss or delay, through the heart of an enemy's country and the fierce heat. The climate of this region is peculiarly trying; but so well had the troops been managed that they marched into Candahar in good condition after a single day's rest.

A small body of English troops held the city, and the Afghan army lay before it, growing stronger each day. It was plain that this Afghan army must be dispersed if English arms were to maintain their power in Asia.

It was at the close of a long day's weary fight before Candahar. The cannon had ceased, and the night had fallen at last—the blessed night, welcome alike to victor and vanquished, which covers the many horrors of a battlefield. The weary soldiers reentered the city, now secure in holding it, and worn with the toil of the day sank down to rest.

Out on the plains beyond the walls lay many a stalwart form, clad in the Mackenzie tartan, then the distinctive dress of the Seventy-second Highlanders. It is a beautiful blue and green plaid, crossed with fine white lines, which become conspicuous when it is kilted.

"When the boys are moving," said an old Highlander, "they seem to be passing heedless through a light snowfall." Heedless of danger, they had pressed on to the front; and that is why so many lay out under the stars.

And where was Pat? The question was going round among those who had seen McPherson carried off the field after braving death again and again to keep the colors flying. An Afghan's knife had pierced his right arm and a bullet had torn his right hand cruelly; yet he had held the flag in the wounded hand with the vise-like strength of desperation, and cut his way through the ranks of the enemy with his left hand till the colors were safe.

Many had seen him fall at the head of the line, faint from the loss of blood and agony. The colonel himself, it is said, had gone to his bedside, had expressed his anxiety for his life and muttered something of "in the dispatches." McPherson, if he lived, might hope for the V. C.

To be sure he had given his right hand to his country; it would never be useful again. But no one said much of that just then.

After this story had been told briefly and without comment, as becomes a soldier's tale, the question was repeated concerning Pat. He had been seen at intervals through the day up to the time his master was first wounded. Then all trace of him was lost.

"He must have been trampled to death, the poor wee beast," they said.

The night passed. The morning came, and when the surgeon went upon his early round he found by the side of the brave color sergeant's bed a small bundle of muddy white substance, emitting low moans. He stooped to examine it, when Jem called out eagerly in a shaken voice:

"It is Pat, sir. He is badly hurt, I think. Be good enough to look at him first. I would not lose him for my other hand. But for him I'd be out yonder on the ground. Don't let him suffer, sir—'twas he saved the flag. I'll tell you just the way of it when you've time to stop a bit."

Meanwhile the skillful doctor had found the broken bones, and, sternly bidding McPherson not to speak again, set and splintered poor Pat's broken paw in short order, while the faithful animal bore it as heroically as only a dog can, licking the ministering hands gratefully and fervently at the close.

There was also a wound in the side—an ugly cut, clotted and stiff; this also the humane surgeon hastily dressed.

Pat recovered fast. He was soon limping about, and was fully well, and probably had forgotten his part in the great day before his story was told to his fellow heroes. And this was the story:

Jem, bearing the colors in his left hand, and with his bayonet well advanced in his right, was struck by a ball which tore off two of his fingers and compelled him to drop his weapon. Quick as thought he forced the staff of colors upon the wounded stump and seized the sword of a fallen enemy in his left hand.

He was not quick enough, however. An immense Afghan, seeing his defenseless condition, had leaped upon him and lifted his terrible knife for the fatal blow, when Pat's teeth closed decisively upon the calf of the Asiatic's leg.

The sudden, sharp pain so unnerved the man that he missed his aim, and the swinging blade fell only upon Jem's uplifted arm, not upon his head. Jem rose slowly and with difficulty, while the enraged Afghan turned upon his smaller enemy, who hung upon his flesh with the double devotion of a pug to his master and a bulldog to his prey, and bent to deal the dog a mortal blow.

With speechless agony, Pat gave one quick glance at his master, and then began the death struggle, for, without thought of loosening his hold to save his life, Pat meant to sell it dearly.

He twisted and turned his lithe body, and the knife inflicted but a flesh wound. The unequal conflict could have had but one issue had not a flying bullet lodged in the heart of the Afghan, who fell, dragging Pat down with him and crushing his paw by the fall.

All this passed in a moment. Jem, with a sick heart, turned from his preserver and hurried on.

Why not? He would have turned and left his brother at the stern call of duty. What Scotchman would not? He felt his strength ebbing fast, the moment of his own fall was drawing near, and the flag must not lie upon the ground. The poor fellow staggered on with the desperate effort of a dying man, and reached his colonel's side before darkness fell upon his eyes.

He thought Pat dead, and had time to regret his poor friend during the night of suffering which succeeded the battle. But at dawn Pat had crawled to his bedside, and unable to reach the hands he longed to caress, had lain down upon Jem's garments and given vent to his affectionate heart in moans and tears.

How the dog had wrenched himself free and made his painful way upon three legs, and how he had found his master, no one could tell. Jem wound up the tale of his devotion by reiteration of the statement that it was Pat who had saved the flag; and, said the brave fellow: "It is himself shall share the V. C. you are all talking about if I ever get back to England to hold it. For four and twenty hours he shall wear it through Edinburgh streets in the ring of his collar there."

And in fact so he did. There are plenty of witnesses who saw this strange sight.—Kate V. Thompson in Youth's Companion.

When Papa Comes.

A certain lawyer of this city, who is distinguished not only in his profession, but as a man of affairs, owns a delightful summer home in Vermont. His neighbors there tell this story about his youngest child, a girl not more than ten years of age: After much coaxing this little girl had prevailed upon her father to buy her a donkey and a cart. The first day of the donkey's arrival he was permitted to browse on the lawn. The child followed the little animal about, and thinking that his countenance wore an uncommoly sad expression she cautiously approached him, and stroking his nose gently with her soft little hand cooed in his ear: "Poor donkey; you feel lone some, don't you? But never mind, papa will be here tomorrow, and then you will have company."—New York Times.

One Must Be Careful.

One must be careful about using the English language in this day of literal meaning, when the veriest neophyte of a society writer dare not use the phrases, "The bride entered the church on the arm of her father," or "His eyes followed her around the room," because some humorist has illustrated them realistically.

This was recalled to my mind yesterday when I entered a Woodward avenue book store, where a grave gentleman presides, and asked him if he had a "pretty child's book."

"Blond or brunette?" he inquired.

"Oh-h!" I stammered. "Why do you ask that?"

"I suppose you want the book to harmonize, or you would not have told me the child was pretty."

I saw wherein I had erred, but had my revenge, for the first thing I read in the book he handed me was this phrase, "Ellen burst into tears."

"Here," I said, "I don't want my heroine in pieces—please give me a whole one," and I called his attention to the remarkable physiological fact.—Detroit Free Press.

The Two Candidates.

At Buzzard's Bay, each happy day,
The merry fish do bite,
And Grover hears good news come in
From morning until night.
While fishing from the sandy bank
With all an angler's might.

Beside the waters of the Lake of Loon
Stalks worried Benny 'neath the pale, cold moon.
Twists in his hands his old grandfather's hat,
And says, "How can I get round that man Platt?"

REED ON EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Ex-Czar and His Humorous Charge Against the House.

Ex-Czar Reed is something of a humorist in his way, and he has seldom been more humorous than he is now in accusing the Democratic house of "extravagance," because with a Republican senate and a Republican president against it it could not repeal the sugar bounty act, the steamship subsidy act and such like acts passed by the Reed congress with the deliberate intention of increasing the expenditures of the government and making the increase permanent.

The Reed congress and the Harrison administration have run the annual expense for pensions alone up to $140,000,000, so that with this and the $10,000,000 a year for sugar bounties we have a permanent expense of $150,000,000 a year altogether aside from what are properly the ordinary expenses of government.

Under the disability pension bill and other pension acts now in operation the annual expense for pensions will increase for some years to come. It will reach at least $150,000,000 a year. The sugar bounty will be repealed as soon as the Democrats elect a president and a majority of the senate. Until then it remains with the other permanent charges imposed on the country by the most scandalous congress the country ever had.

With a Democratic senate these permanent charges can be greatly reduced. When Mr. Cleveland is inaugurated he will certainly renew the practice of that strict economy which characterized his first administration and resulted in the surplus which Harrison has dissipated.

In the meantime Harrison is responsible before the country for the increased expense of his radical administration. He is costing the country a round $100,000,000 a year more than Arthur cost it. Where is the Republican who will say that Harrison is worth this much more for the country? It may be that we are to have another Republican president in the future. If so, let us get one who costs less and is worth more for the money.—St. Louis Republic.

Sowing the Wind and Reaping the Whirlwind.

—Chicago Times.

Which Falsehood Shall We Believe?

Republican organs are now busily engaged in telling their readers that the reason why the wages of the ironworkers are being reduced is because the price of iron has fallen, owing to the reduction of the tariff on iron. At the same time they tell us that the prices of woolen goods, tin and other products are reduced because the tariff has been increased. It is just such idiotic and false arguments as these that are causing the sensible people to vote against the Republican party. The people are not fools if the editors of the Republican organs are.—Bristol (Pa.) Observer.

Beneficence of McKinley's Tariff.

Is Mr. McKinley explaining to the Jersey people how imports have increased when he promised that his bill would check them? It is appalling to see how Americans stick to imports when they ought to buy nothing but what is made by home monopolies. Things will never be right until we adopt the Chinese policy completely and make a tariff that is absolutely prohibitive. As it is now nearly every American who has the money to do so appears to prefer buying importations rather than the home product.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The South Is Still Solid.

We do not believe that Virginia or any other southern state will go for the third party, or that enough votes will be drawn from the Democratic ranks by that party to give any such state to the Republicans. There will no doubt be considerable talk and some bluster, but when southern white men come to the polls in November, and consider that they are in reality voting either for or against the force bill, they will be very apt to take no risk, but cast their ballots squarely for Democracy, white rule and free elections.—Richmond Times.

Only the Capitalist Gets Protection.

Where does the "protection" come in? The American workman certainly gets none. The capitalist gets it all. He is permitted to filch money from the public in the form of exorbitant prices for his products, and not satisfied with that he must be allowed to rob his workmen. Just now, too, this high tariff protection includes a contribution of some hundreds of thousands of dollars from the people of Pennsylvania to pay the expenses of the state militia while protecting the Carnegie mills.—Rhode Island Democrat.

Weaving by Electricity.

An experiment, the successful result of which constitutes another element in the modification of the factory system which is surely approaching, has been tried in England at the loom works of a Lancashire manufacturer. The test in question was the application of electricity to weaving. The works are illuminated by electric light, the current being generated by a large dynamo on the premises. Taking advantage of this installation, a motor was fixed in an upper room where the loom to be operated was placed.

The loom, which is of the ordinary type used in Lancashire mills has what is known as a 44-inch reed space, and with electric power it is worked at the rate of 210 picks per minute. Any workman past whose door electric light mains run can now have his own power and run his own loom at his own home.

The State of Washington.

The Evergreen State is a huge block of land. It is as large as New England and Delaware, as Pennsylvania and West Virginia. It contains 69,994 square miles. It is 360 miles wide between the Pacific coast and the Idaho border, and to journey over it from British Columbia southward is to travel 245 miles. It is the most populous of the new states, and its inhabitants outnumber those of Oregon. In 1890 it contained 349,390 souls, but its people now assert that they number 360,000. They have suffered some losses in certain cities, or the increase would be from 15,000 to 20,000 greater.

The state shows to poor advantage for those who cross it upon the Northern Pacific railroad, because the rout taken by that great line lies across an extensive desert of sagebrush, and then crosses a vast reach of usually brown bunch grass before it plunges into the mazes of the Cascade mountains and rushes out from them upon the perennially green Pacific slope into the Puget sound country. But the necessities of railway construction compel a disregard for such choice of territory as would be made by an agriculturist or a scenery hunting tourist, and in this case even the land granted to the railway along its route is in great part very valuable, though its richer parts are not always close beside the rails.

Washington is in every material way a grand addition to the sisterhood of states. With the easy and rich fancy of the west, her people say that if you build a Chinese wall around Washington the state will yield all that her inhabitants need without contributions from the outer world.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Test of Friendship.

An epicure well known for his eccentricities, Grenod de la Reyniere, wishing to ascertain who were his true friends, had recourse to the following stratagem: He remained indoors and gave himself out to be ill, admission being rigorously refused to all comers. A fortnight later he sent out cards to his friends announcing his death and inviting them to his funeral, which was to take place the next day at 4 p. m. Only a small number put in an appearance.

It was just dinner time, and to postpone indefinitely this important meal for the sake of a funeral was decidedly a mark of affection in the eyes of the "departed." The friends found waiting at the door a hearse and several mourning coaches; a bier covered with a pall stood in the porch. They were shown into a waiting room all draped in black. Half an hour had passed when a side door was thrown open and a liveried servant said in solemn tones:

"Gentlemen, dinner is on the table."

On being ushered into the next apartment they beheld a table laden with the choicest viands and most costly wines. Grenod de la Reyniere was seated in his accustomed place waiting to receive his guests, covers being laid for the exact number of his friends in extremis. All present testified their joy to the master of the house.

"Gentlemen, dinner is ready; it may be getting cold; pray be seated," he said, with the most comical sang froid imaginable, after which the feast commenced and lasted far into the night.—Lanterne.

What Will the Coming Man Eat?

How will the coming man be nourished? If he follows the teachings which the science of nutrition will supply and the teachings of economy will enforce, his diet will be better fitted to his wants. If his work be intellectual, he will avoid excess. If it be physical, he will have enough to make the most of himself and his work. He will learn to economize in the purchase and use of his food, and devote that part of his income which he saves thereby to meeting his higher needs. These considerations suggest another question: Has man yet reached his highest development? The poorer classes of people—and few of us realize how numerous they are—the world over are scantily nourished.

The majority of mankind live on a nutritive plane far below that with which we are familiar. We may hope for the best culture, not of the intellectual powers, but of the higher Christian graces in the minds and hearts of men, in proportion as the care of their bodies is provided for. Happily with advance of knowledge comes the improvement of material conditions. May we not hope that the future development of our race will bring that provision for physical wants which is requisite for the best wellfare of mind and soul?—W. O. Atwater in Forum.

He Was a Brute.

A brute of a husband off on a business trip of a week recently received a telegram to this effect:

"During the storm today your wife was struck by lightning and rendered speechless, but not otherwise severely injured. Physicians think she will be all right in a few days."

Was the man overcome by this shocking news, and did he fly to his wife's side?

Not much.

He sent this telegram in reply:

"Call off the doctors and let her go at that."—Detroit Free Press.

His Love and Care.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee?

—John G. Whittier.