# DENTON JOURNAL.

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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.

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"WELL BRED SOON WED" GIRLS WHO USE

SAPOLIO

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


## Notice to Parents, Teachers, and Guardians.

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

Whereas, the County Commissioners have designated physicians to visit the schools for the purpose of executing the requirements of law as to the vaccination of pupils, namely, Dr. S. B. Thomas for the First district, Drs. Herr and Malone for the Second district, Drs. George and Hignutt for the Third district, Drs. Noble and Duhadway for the Fourth district, Dr. Clark for the Fifth district and Dr. Saulsbury of the Sixth; And whereas, the law as to vaccination is mandatory, and the admission of pupils is conditioned upon evidence of vaccination; now therefore, be it

Ordered, that teachers be instructed to render to the visiting physicians such assistance as may be in their power by furnishing the names upon a list of all the pupils and aid the physicians as far as their knowledge goes as to the financial ability of all parents or guardians to pay a fee of fifty cents for each scholar and also as to the inability of others to pay the fee so that the vaccinating physicians may be enabled to render intelligent information to the board of County Commissioners. By order,

M. B. STEPHENS, Sec'y.

10 29 1t.


BEAVEN, BLOXSOM & CO.,

—GENERAL—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Produce, Live Stock, Etc.,

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☞Members of the Corn and Flour Exchange.


## For Rent for 1893.

STORKHOUSE and DWELLING at Williston, (Potter's Landing) together with Wharf, Granaries, and several acres of land, on which there is a small but thrifty Peach Orchard. This is an excellent opportunity for an energetic business man. The terms will be made very reasonable. Apply at once to B. H. JOHNSON, Denton, Md.

## For Rent.

Choptank Hotel, Denton, to rent for the year 1893; also livery stables attached to the property. Apply to ANNIE G. GAREY, T. FRED. GAREY, or EDWIN M. GAREY.

☞Fine samples of Job Printing at this office.


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.

OEHMS

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.

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Send for Samples, Price List and Self Measurments.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS AND FURNISHERS,

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ANNEX, 6 & 8 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE.

The long, full-back, single and double-breasted Overcoats with deep velvet collars, are the swell thing this season. They are in special favor with young men. Prices begin at $15.00; an additional $5.00 bill will buy one elegantly lined with Satin in body and Sleeves.

Where is the tailor who can turn out as good a coat for less than twice the money?

A. C. YATES & CO.,

Corner 13th and Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.


### LOST.

We are so courteous and kind, we two!
There is not a thing in life
One would not do, as the other's due,
In the crisis of the strife;
We would fight each other's battles still,
We would stake our trust and truth
On what each averred, as when hearts were stirred,
In the glory and glow of youth.
Yet I never forget how you went away,
Smiling and careless that April day!

We keep the sweet old forms, we two;
We treasure each dear old phrase
We made when the dream of love was new,
In the golden summer days;
We would not let one trifle slip,
Of the beautiful fanciful thing,
Which hope and youth once set to truth
For love's happy lips to sing;
Yet smile, and speak, and act as we may,
I never forget that April day!

When—it was all so natural, dear—
The sweet, fair, foolish scheme
Showed, as life and its stubborn facts drew near,
A very idle dream;
When dazzled by spring's smiling skies,
From the fair, false light we had
In youth's bright eyes, youth's gay replies,
You turned, and all was glad;
I knew—hush! vain fond pleas to say!
I knew we had parted that April day!

So we are drifting apart, we two,
And you struck the link in twain;
I well believe that you never knew,
Nor suffered the swift strange pain;
Vaguely you think there is something gone
From the old relationship;
Though the lovely ghost of the fair thing lost
Still glances from eye and lip.
I knew the death pang that April day,
But I held my peace, and you went away.

—All the Year Round.

## THE "GAY GORDON."

Aberdeen had fallen, and the brave cavaliers of Montrose rode triumphantly into the ancient city. The maidens of Aberdeen flocked to their high casements to gaze upon the cavalcade of handsome riders, for though the men of Aberdeen had often wavered between the king and covenant, the women were loyal, and dearly loved the bold cavaliers.

The leader of this little troop was an especial favorite among the fair dames, and indeed he was a goodly sight to look upon, bestriding a snow white charger, and clad in the showy, not to say gaudy, habiliments of a cavalier of that period. His doublet and trunks were of crimson velvet, puffed and slashed with white satin, heavily embroidered with gold and covered with innumerable bows and streamers of white satin ribbon. His features were regular and wore an expression of geniality, though the well cut lip, shaded by a light mustache, and sharply defined chin, with its Vandyke beard, gave evidence of energy and decision. His long light hair fell in "love locks" upon his shoulders, and mingled with the white, drooping plumes of his broad leafed hat. A cuirass of polished steel covered his breast, and a richly embroidered baldric supported a long, flexible rapier by his side. Such was Lord George Gordon, Montrose's general of cavalry, as he rode into Aberdeen that day at the head of his troop, to take possession in the "king's name."

No wonder the maidens of Aberdeen flocked to their casements to gaze upon him, for he was known far and near throughout the land. The English called him the second cavalier in Scotland, placing the Marquis of Montrose only before him. In the lowlands he was called the "Gay Gordon of the Garioch." Among his native hills, where his father, the Marquis of Huntly, reigned like a petty king amid his clan, he was known as the "Hope of Huntly."

There was one maiden in Aberdeen, bolder than her companions, who stole down to the pavement, all unconscious of danger, to have a nearer view at the cavaliers. Marjorie Sinclair had stolen away from her nurse, and gayly walked along the street, rejoicing in her freedom.

She heeded not that the streets were deserted and doors and windows securely barred. Many a warning cry was shouted to her from the high casements, but she turned a deaf ear and pursued her way.

She heard the tramping of the horses' hoofs as the cavaliers approached, and crouched beneath a neighboring door arch to gaze upon them.

A band of McColl's highlanders had entered the city with Gordon's troop, and were roving like wild beasts, reckless of restraint, through the streets. One of these chanced to spy Marjorie. With a cry of delight he pounced upon her and dragged her out into the street. A scream of affright burst from her lips and she gave herself up for lost, when a horse plunged suddenly against her assailant and dashed him to the earth, a strong arm encircled her waist, she was lifted lightly up, and the next moment she found herself seated upon a horse, clinging in terror to a cavalier, whose arm held her securely to his breast.

"Nay, tremble not, my pretty one; I mean you no harm," said the cavalier in reassuring tones.

She gazed timidly in his face. There was a world of truth and honor beaming in the dark blue eyes that gazed so curiously into her brown ones. Her eyes, sinking beneath his ardent gaze, fell upon his rich attire.

"You are the leader of these men!" she exclaimed, suddenly raising her eyes again to his. "I have heard of you—you are the 'Gay Gordon of the Garioch?'"

"Faith, I believe I am so called. Is there aught in the name to frighten you?"

"I have been warned against you."

"Indeed! and by whom, my pretty one?"

"My brother told me that if Aberdeen should be taken by the royalists to keep within the house and beware how I attracted the gaze of the 'Gay Gordon.'"

"And who is your brother, my rose bud of Aberdeen?"

"Randal Sinclair—a captain in General Baillie's troop of horse."

"A Covenanter and a disloyal Scot. I have heard of him. Pity you are allied to one like him; but rose and thorn grow alike upon the same stem. Why did you not abide by that brother's counsel—why venture forth into the streets at this perilous time?"

"Oh, noble sir, I feared for my brother's safety, and I ventured forth to learn if he was slain or taken prisoner."

"Neither, my pretty one. He still lives to work further mischief against our cause. Where is your dwelling?"

"In the Cripple gate."

"Allow me to conduct you thither. You are not safe abroad while McColl's wild highlanders roam the streets."

He put spurs to his horse and the mettled steed soon bore them to her door. Gordon resigned the girl to her old nurse, who was overjoyed at beholding her again. Thus did Marjorie and Gordon first meet.

It is easy to forsee what followed. The white steed of the Gay Gordon stood often before the door of Marjorie's humble dwelling, and the fair name of the maiden received a stain never to be effaced.

The royal army marched on to fresh victories and Marjorie's dream of love was rudely dispelled. Her cheek grew pale, and her eyes were dimmed with weeping for her absent cavalier.

One dark and stormy night, while she sat solitary and sad in her chamber, she was suddenly aroused by the sound of heavy footsteps and the rattling of spurs upon the stairs. With her thoughts upon one only, she sprang to the door and threw it open.

"Gordon!" she exclaimed joyfully, "Gordon, is it you?"

A man enveloped in a cloak entered. He cast aside the cloak and disclosed a face of sinister aspect—a stern, dark face with scowling brows. It was her brother.

"Randal!" she cried in affright.

"Aye, Randal, minion, and not your paramour, the Gay Gordon."

"What mean you? I do not understand you," cried Marjorie in amazement and indignation.

"Are you not the leman of George Gordon of Huntly?" thundered Randal.

"No!" answered Marjorie undauntedly, "before heaven—no!"

And as if to corroborate her words a loud peal of thunder broke over the house, shaking it to its very foundation.

"This show of innocence will not avail you. Was not the name of your betrayer upon your lips even as I entered? Did you not expect him here in your chamber at midnight?"

"No; I did not expect him. He was in my thoughts, I own—he is never absent from them. I longed to behold him, and that longing brought his name to my lips."

"Shallow artifice! You are lost to all shame, I see. Oh, I have heard the whole story, and I ground my teeth in unavailing rage as I did so. I have heard how you rode hither in his arms in the open day. Your name has become a byword in the city; gossips prate of it at every corner. The winds caught it up and bore it to me in Edinburgh. Sdeath! the whole garrison rang with it. Marjorie Sinclair has become the light o love of the Gay Gordon, was the murmur that reached my ears on every side and drove me frantic with despair and rage."

"Did you believe it?"

"How could I doubt such over whelming evidence?"

"You hold your sister's honor very lightly, it would seem."

"What wonder, when she set such little value on it? Did you not ride here upon his horse, clasped in his arms?"

"I did; I will not deny it; but he saved me from insult at the hands of a rude soldier and I dreamed not of harm. I trusted to the soul of honor that beamed from his eyes, and that confidence was not misplaced."

"Enough; further words are idle. I am convinced of your shame, notwithstanding your bold show of innocence. Mark well my words Your dishonor shall be avenged; ere two days are gone, Gordon shall die! I swear it!"

He wrapped his cloak about him and strode from the chamber. For a few moments his heavy steps were heard descending the staircase, and then were lost in the noise of the elements without.

Marjorie had sunk into a chair, bewildered and dismayed. What should she do? How warn Gordon of his danger? Her thoughts soon resolved themselves into action. Her fair name was gone—that was evident—then what had she to fear? She would go herself to the camp of the royalists. She muffled herself in her hood and mantle and fearlessly went forth into the darkness and the storm.

When she made known her mission at the gate which opens upon the bridge crossing the river, she was informed by the warden, who was interested by her sad, sweet face, that a detachment with supplies was to set forth in the morning and she could undoubtedly obtain a conveyance. He advised her to wait, and offered her a shelter in the guardhouse until the hour of departure. Marjorie thanked him for his kindness and gladly accepted his offer. In the morning she set forward with the detachment.

Great was Gordon's astonishment when a soldier ushered Marjorie into his tent. When they were alone together, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. When at last she could sufficiently master her emotion, she explained the object of her visit.

"Dear Marjorie," said Gordon in much perplexity, "you have acted very rashly in thus coming to me. Consider how you are compromising your fair name."

"It is already compromised."

"What mean you?"

"They call me in Aberdeen the light o' love of the Gay Gordon."

"By heaven! they shall call you something else ere many days are past. As for your brother's threats, I heed them not—threatened men live long. I can easily guard against his assaults."

"Do you think so?" cried the voice of Randal Sinclair, as he suddenly peered into the tent. "Guard yourself now!"

The report of a pistol, mingled with a woman's shriek, rang through the tent, which was filled with smoke from the explosion. When the sulphurous vapor cleared away Gordon held Marjorie in his arms, and gazed despairingly upon the crimson stream that slowly welled from her fair bosom. The devoted girl had perceived her lover's peril, thrown herself before him, and received in her own breast the deadly bullet intended for him.

A crowd of soldiers thronged into the tent—aroused by the report of the pistol, and among them was Randal Sinclair, pinioned with strong bonds. He had been captured while attempting to escape.

"What shall we do with the murderer?" asked Captain Airly.

"Hang him to the nearest tree!" shouted Laughlan McLean.

The soldiers were about to put this short sentence into instant execution when Marjorie roused herself with the last effort of her failing strength.

"Save him, Gordon!" she cried. "I saved your life—save his! It is my dying wish."

"His life shall be sacred," answered Gordon. "But do not speak of dying—live to be my wife—let me make you Lady Gordon and refute the lies of the prattling gossips of old Aberdeen."

She smiled faintly upon him, and a look of heavenly resignation settled upon her features. She twined he fingers in his long hair and pulled his face down to hers.

"I shall never be your wife, Gordie," she said, "never—never here—but in heaven we may be united." She turned her dim eyes toward her brother. "Randal," she whispered—for strength was fast failing her—"Randal, believe my dying words—I loved the Gay Gordon, but he never betrayed that love."

Her fair head drooped like a flower on its stalk—a faint sigh and all was over. Marjorie had gone to join the angel band of heaven.

"She forgave me, but God never will!" said Randal Sinclair moodily, and he strode with uneven footsteps hastily from the tent. He was never seen in Scotland afterward, and his fate is wrapped in mystery. It was said he went to France, took service there, and after gaining some distinction fell in battle.

The after fate of the Gay Gordon is well authenticated. On the glorious field of Alford, Lord George Gordon, the Hope of Huntly, fell in the moment of victory, having, with rash bravery, amounting to temerity, followed the covenant general into the midst of his bodyguard, and attempted to take him prisoner single handed.

His brother officers said that since the loss of Marjorie he had become reckless of life, and sought for death on every battlefield. At Alford he found it.—George L. Aiken in True Flag.

### Mis-for-tune.

She was bemoaning her fate and lamenting that all her luck was bad luck.

"No, but it isn't," argued her more hopeful companion.

"Yes, it is, too," she insisted. "Misfortune is mine at every turn and misfortune follows me every where."

"That's only because you think so. Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that misfortune is two-thirds fortune?"

It hadn't, but when she saw the point of the gag she laughed and after that she made her philosophy out of it and felt two-thirds happier ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Matter of Form.

"Will you press that bell, love?"

"What do you want, George, dear?"

"I want the waiter."

"But don't you see the bell is broken?"

"Bless you, my dear, that doesn't make any difference. You know the waiter never comes anyhow."—Chicago News-Record.

### Young People in the Church.

There has never been a time in the history of the church when so much attention has been given to the organization and discipline of young people as now. The century just closing has witnessed a revolution in the treatment of children; but we are just beginning to distinguish between children and young people and to order our efforts in the line of this recognition. We have long enough included young boys, who are no longer boys, in our appeals to and efforts for "the dear children." Wise adaptations to infantile capacity become puerilities when applied to young men and young women. These resent the treatment. We smile and how and "adapt" ourselves to them. They laugh at our folly. We wonder at their want of respect. In fact they are wiser than we. And indeed they are vastly more earnest than we know.

Treat them as men and women; recognize their developing sense of self respect and responsibility; cease "adapting" ourselves to them as a class; meet them on our own level; talk to them in a straightforward, earnest, practical way; teach them the Gospel; emphasize the ethics of the Gospel; press upon them the necessity of prompt, final, eternal decision; put responsibility upon them; enlist them in Christian service; call upon them for Christian testimony; prepare them to be leaders and soldiers in the coming years, and the young life of the church will respond to this appeal in a way that will give joy and hope to all lovers of Christ.—Bishop J. H. Vincent in New York Independent.

## A VALUABLE GREENBACK.

### Relic Hunters Would Give a Small Fortune for This Curious Bill.

J. Joseph Hoffman, of Chicago, has discovered a mistake made by Uncle Sam. He has a two dollar bill, series of 1890, which has no number. The place where the number ought to be is left blank. The bill bears the legend, "Legal tender; Act July 14, 1890." It is signed by W. S. Rosecrans, register of the treasury, and J. N. Huston, treasurer of the United States. On the right side of the bill is a portrait of McPherson. Reliable authorities pronounce the bill good. It bears the evidence of having been in active circulation since it was issued.

"The bill," said Mr. Hoffman, "came into our office through the hands of one of our collectors who attends to the city trade. He does not know where he got it, except that it came from some grocery store. The receiving tellers of the First National bank pronounce the bill good. They say that in all their experience they never ran across a case of this kind. Uncle Sam has surely made a bull. I am told by the bankers that the stamping machine in the treasury department takes up one bill at a time and stamps it. It is a mystery how this bill ever got out of the treasury without being stamped. Was it stolen? If so, others might have been stolen, for it would have been as easy to steal 1,000 as one, when the strict inspection of the department is considered.

"It does not seem possible that this bill could have stuck to another bill and passed out with a companion, for the reason that it would have been discovered in passing through the hands of inspectors. Who is prepared to say that there may not have been a conspiracy in the treasury department, and that many notes are out? This bill has been in circulation for a long time, and evidently the treasury department has not heard of it. Many others may be out in the same way. The ordinary observer would not detect the absence of the number.

"This note may give rise to interesting complications. Suppose I was to present it to the treasury for coin. How are the clerks to check back or identify the bill in any way? This nondescript two dollar bill may cause Uncle Sam a pile of trouble some day, but I mean to keep it as a curiosity for some length of time."

General Rosecrans, register of the treasury, says he never heard of a two dollar bill going out of the treasury without an official number, and is inclined to believe that the note detected in Chicago is a forgery. From the time the note is printed to the time it is issued, he says, it passes through the hands of fifty people, who scan it closely for defects, and he is unable to account for the unnumbered bill except on the basis of forgery.

The secret service officials know of no counterfeit of the kind described, but it is a fact that some of the silver notes of the series of 1890 were printed on paper which was said to be capable of easy counterfeiting.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Way to Learn.

One of Agassiz's pupils stated that when he first went to the summer school at Penikese he brought boxes of text books on natural science. He told the great teacher, when they sat down to dinner on the first day, that he was provided with all of the best authorities, and inquired:

"With which shall I begin?"

"Leave the authorities in your trunk, and begin with that crab before you," was the reply. "Your own eyes and fingers will bring you closer to nature than all the books written by other men."

The boy who sits down to write an essay on the "Triumphs of Genius" or "Democracy in Europe" will find his ideas are hazy and that words lie in secret corners of his brain and hide themselves and have to be dragged out of his memory by force; but let him tell of the last political meeting in his village, or argue some class difficulty, and he finds no trouble in expressing himself clearly and fluently. The right verbs and adjectives leap to the pen.

Until he has obtained command of language then let him confine himself to subjects which are thoroughly known and familiar to him.—Youth's Companion.

### Units of Measure.

The editor was taught by his governess that three barleycorns measured one inch, and at the mature age of six years he determined to test the accuracy of this statement. He had no difficulty in finding the barleycorns, but somehow no three grains that he picked up in the chickens' yard agreed with the formula. He never attempted the more scientific test which is thus described: "The length of a pendulum oscillating in a second in vacuo at sea level in the latitude of London is 39.13929 inches, and from the knowledge of this fact the standard of the inch, foot and yard can easily be obtained should the official standards at any time be lost or mislaid." When, in 1834, the "standard" measure was destroyed by fire at the house of parliament an attempt was made to restore it by the pendulum test, but pendulums, like barleycorns, were found not to agree.—Whittaker's Almanack.

Tortoises in tropical islands require much fresh water for drinking, and have often discovered springs of which the human inhabitants were ignorant. When such a fountain is found the whole surrounding district is soon covered by "tortoise roads" made by these large creatures in their journeys to and from the water. The springs sometimes flow from volcanic rocks at a great elevation, but the tortoises generally discover them.—Youth's Companion.

## SOME COMPENSATION AFTER ALL.

### One Reason Why a Confederate Officer Was Reconciled to Fate.

There is a well known man in the south who in the war of the rebellion rode for four years in a Confederate saddle. He often talks of those days, for he loves the army and he was made for a soldier. He is over six feet in height, as straight as an arrow and heavily built without being in the slightest degree stout, and there is no man in the whole south who is more handsome than he, with his erect figure, his finely grizzled hair, firm, straight nose, keen eyes, the bronze of a soldier's skin and his gray mustache and imperial, making him every inch a field marshal.

A gallant soldier was lost when the war closed, or, better still, a gallant soldier was lost when the general joined the Confederate cause, for had he been in the Union army, as he himself says, he would never have left it, and today he would wear on his broad chest Uncle Sam's gold buttons, gleaming on a field of blue.

The general was talking of the war recently with a northern man at a luncheon given by the veteran at one of his clubs. As the memories of his soldier days came back to him his strong eyes began to flash and in his face shone the color of enthusiasm. He told how he loved it all—the discipline, the dash, the excitement, the vigorous action of work in the saddle, and the attractions of a gay soldier's life. Then he shook his head and said with a tinge of sorrow in his voice: "But we lost, and that took me out of the army. If we had won I should have been in it yet."

At that moment there came into the room a man having as black a face as ever was made. In his hands he bore a steaming covered dish, and his face was wreathed with smiles of gratification and pride. He looked at the general with a beaming face, placed the dish before him, and then started to leave the room.

The general, who appreciates a perfect dish as a poet does a divine melody, lifted the cover. His face cleared; the flush of old time excitement became a rosy blush of delight; he straightened his already erect figure, and still holding the cover dish in one hand, his other raised in an eloquent command, he called to the man who was serving him in a tone vibrant with content and satisfaction:

"Peter, come back here. I want you to hear this, Peter. I am glad that we did lose, because, Peter, if we had won you'd be out in the fields now hoeing corn, and you wouldn't be here attending to me."

And then, turning to his northern friend, the general said solemnly and impressively:

"There isn't anybody in the south, sir, that can serve me like that black Peter!"—New York Tribune.

### How He Could Pick Out the Star.

The first act of the burlesque was about half over when the country cousin leaned over and asked:

"Who is the star of this piece?"

"Can't tell yet," replied the city relative glancing at his programme. "No one of them has her name in any bigger type than the others."

"How about the costumes?" asked the country cousin.

The city relative shook his head.

"Can't tell anything by them in this piece," he said, "no one of them outshines the others."

"No one seems to act any better than the others," suggested the country cousin.

"No. All are equally bad."

"But the bill boards said that the famous Mlle. de Vincent had been specially engaged for this piece," protested the country cousin. "How in the world are we going to know which is she?"

"Hush!" said the city relative in his superior way. "All we have to do is to wait for the tableau at the end of the first act and see who takes the center of the stage."—Detroit Free Press.

### No Wonder People Laughed.

A book hawker, who was wearing a small, circular piece of court plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face.

Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that instead of the court plaster he had affixed to his face a little round printed label which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription, "Warranted solid brass."—London Tit-Bits.

### High Mountains in America.

Among the other great things in this country, the number of its high mountains is a remarkable feature. Including those of Alaska, there are 360 mountains in the United States each exceeding 10,000 feet in height. Most are in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada ranges, and the greatest number are found in Colorado and Utah. In Alaska, however, are the highest, there being in that territory five which exceed 15,000 feet, and Mount Elias, also in Alaska, 19,500 feet high, is the loftiest peak in the United States.—Yankee Blade.

He had stopped in the cigar store to invest a nickel in a couple of Rankodoros, and he noticed in the case, carefully enveloped in gold foil, a new brand of smokers.

"Must be something extra in cigars?" he said, pointing to the box.

"You bet," responded the dealer with pride; "they're out of sight."

"Yes," he commented. "I guess they put that gold foil around them to keep them that way."—Detroit Free Press.