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J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBORO, MD.

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND

I have received my Spring assortment of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, NOVELTIES, HATS, GROCERIES, SHOES, SLIPPERS, &C.

My sales the last season were beyond my expectation, and I have made purchases to suit the wants of my customers, as has been determined by their desires. Dress Goods, Muslins, Linens, Ginghams, Calicoes, etc., at lowest prices. 42 in. Window Curtain at 10c per yd. Chambray at 10c. 6-4 Fancy Stripes at 14c. India Linens from 10 to 20c. Buntings and Crown Suitings at 6c. A very large assortment of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Men's Suits from $4.50. Boys' Suits from $1.00 up. Come and see the styles and get prices.

Sugars 4½ and 5c. Lime $1.10 per bbl. 150° Coal Oil, 5 gallons for 45c. 2 prs. Rope Traces for 25c. Oleine Soap 5c. Best 20-qt. Milk Can $2.75.

I have on hand a lot of South Bend Plows, which I will sell off at a very low price. Call and get prices.

REMEMBER!

You can always find a general assortment of merchandise on hand, and that the highest market prices will be allowed for all trade.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

I make Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, etc., at my mills here, and will quote you low prices on any one article or on an entire house bill. Write me your wants.

J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBOROUGH, MARYLAND.

Peach Plows,
Grub Plows,
South Bend,
Oliver,
Gale, and
Syracuse Plows.
Blankets,
Lap Robes,
Harness,
Whips,
Dearborns,
Carriages,
Daytons,
Corn Shellers,
Force Pumps,

The McCormick Daisy Reaper, Especially Adapted for Saving Buckwheat and Scarlet Clover.

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GENERAL HARDWARE AND BUILDING SUPPLIES.

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MANUFACTURERS,

TUNIS MILLS, MD.

The Largest Plant on the Eastern Shore.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

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GREAT INDUCEMENTS

FLOORING, SIDING, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, 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.

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J. O. TAYLER

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It's Worth

A Trip to Baltimore

To buy CLOTHES, FURNISHINGS, HATS and SHOES at such prices as we quote at present. Never have values been so big,—or cost so very small; and it's all due to our "GREAT REVELATION" SALE,—our unswervable determination to sell honest qualities for littlest figures at which they can be bought.———These values instance the present reign of low prices:—

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$8.50 and $10 Suits, made right here in Baltimore, under our own eyes.....	$ 4.50
$12 and $13.50 Suits, made right here in Baltimore, by our own tailors.....	7.00
$15 and $16.50 Suits, made in our own shops by our own experts.....	9.00
$18 and $20 Suits, made by us now.....	11.00

Men's Overcoats.

$7.50 and $8.50 Overcoats, elegantly made and tailored, no old styles...	$ 4.50
$11 and $12 Overcoats, made by us, in our own shop, by expert tailors, and guaranteed.....	6.90
$14 and $15 Overcoats, made right here in Baltimore by us.....	9.00
$16.50 and $18 Overcoats, our own make, now.....	11.00

Men's Trousers.

$1.50 Trousers, of good, strong materials, and guaranteed.....	$1.00
$2.00 and $2.50 Trousers, of new, stylish materials.....	1.60
$4.50 and $5.00 Trousers, made right here in Baltimore by us.....	2.25
$5 and $6 Trousers, now.....	3.60

———The same scale of large reductions prevails in every department in our Three Big Stores. Children's Suits for as little as $1.87; Overtoats, $1.75; Children's Hats, 19 cents; and so on.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

Head to Foot OUTFITTERS for Men and Boys,

3 STORES—BALTIMORE & CHARLES STREETS

Mid-Autumn Specialties!

During the remainder of the month—October—we have some unusually good bargains to offer our patrons.

DRESS GOODS, ETC.

The ladies are especially invited to look through my stock of fine DRESS GOODS, GINGHAMS, CALICOES, etc.

Ladies' Black Serge, 40-inch, 45c; Blue Cloth, 40-inch, 35c, former price 50c; Best Apron Gingham reduced to 6c per yard; Underwear to suit all, and the prices will also suit.

IN GROCERIES

Let us note Good Sugar Syrup at 15c. It is delicious, and cheaper by fifty per cent. than any ever sold in the county. The farmers will note that we sell Fine Salt (the best) at $1.15 cash—$1.25 in trade; Ground Alum, 75c cash—85c in trade.

Fix Up Your Stoves.

Fittings for sale here, and the prices are right. For instance: 4, 4½-inch, 10c per joint; 5-inch, 12c per joint; 5½ and 6-inch, 15c per joint.

Ladies' Fine Shoes Of the Allnut brand.

These goods are of the most approved quality and style, and range in price from 95 cents to $3.50 per pair.

Gentlemen's Fine Shoes at $3.00. Correct Styles

"Naked Truth" Seamless Plow Shoes, $1.25 Durable

With the many new lines added within the past few days, my stock of General Merchandise is larger than ever before. Come and look through it.

J. H. Nichols.

CHEAP CLOTHES.

Big Stock for Fall & Winter.

J. Keskey has opened in the Bakery Building (one door from Vangesel's livery) a large stock of

OVERCOATS, PANTS, VESTS AND SUITS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

ALL CLOTHING AT HALF-PRICES!

Fur of all kinds will be received in exchange for Clothing. The cash will also be paid for all kinds of Fur. A large quantity wanted.

The store will not be open on Saturdays until 6 o'clock p. m.

Sale of Fine Stock.

Being overstocked I will sell very low one 5-year old Cyclops Horse, sound, and a good driver in all harness; also one yearling Bay Colt, Gilmore and Clydesdale stock, and one good fresh milk and butter Jersey Cow.

J. BOON DUKES,
Denton, Md.

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In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it is pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments

Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Scientific Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

$8 VERY BEST

PROGRESS.

When some man discovers a new thing or a better way of doing an old thing, it is called progress.

Our system makes dental work quicker, better and less expensive. It makes "scientific dentistry at moderate prices" a reality. IT IS TRUE PROGRESS.

Extracting, 25c. With Zono or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Platina, $1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold crowns, $7.50.

$8.00—VERY BEST TEETH—$8.00

Sole owners of ZONO, for painless extracting without sleep or danger.

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Washington Office, cor. 7th and D Sts., N. W.

Cabbage for Sale.

I will deliver cabbage anywhere within 5 miles of Ridgely for 1½c. per pound, cash in lots not less than 100 pounds, if ordered soon.

J. S. OBER,
Ridgely, Md.

Subscribe for the "Journal" and get all the county news.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

The bicycle girl is plump and round,
Her cheeks are rosy, her skin is browned,
Her cheeks are bright with health.
In her modest gown of navy blue
She gets all the admiration due
To a woman's greatest wealth.

Her flesh is firm and her muscles strong,
Her rounded limbs might well belong
To a goddess of olden time.
As she glides along on her silent wheel
All men admire, for all men feel
That her vigor is sublime.

Then hail to the bicycle girl, and long
May she live and grow more strong,
As a woman ought to do,
Till her weaker sisters also try
With her in her health and her strength to vie
And get them bicycles too.

—Toronto Mail.

A TRANSFORMATION.

"Put's" log tavern, near the ford of Little Snake creek, was the central point of a wild region thinly peopled by ranchmen and miners and thickly by coyotes. Bones of departed bison lay bleaching on the bleak plains round about.

"Put's" consisted of a store, a bar, a bunkroom and a kitchen. It was the base of supplies for the scattered population and the scene of their somewhat violent festivities. There was no other regular stopping place between the mining camps far off under the snow capped Silver Bow range and the "city" of Dowling, 70 miles away across the Little Snake.

"Shorty" was one of the chief attractions at Put's. Diminutiveness had been his profession for years, but confinement in dime museums and side shows had not agreed with him. The coldly curious eyes that stared at him all day had seemed to follow him through the darkness and into his dreams. So, grown restless, he had given up the proud title of "emperor of Lilliput," and taken his turn as a spectator in the world.

Glad to escape from crowded streets, he had traveled in wild places till his savings were spent and then turned up "broke" at Put's. When he had been there a week, Put, who loved what he called "phenomenons," had invited him to stay forever, and when a month had passed it was clear to the worthy host that Shorty was not a mere "phenomenon," but in every way a man after his own heart.

The men of the Little Snake region at first accorded him the compassionate respect that strength yields to weakness, then the honor due to superior ability, for Shorty took his new life with such a lively zest that it seemed as if the little frame that held his spirit had served to concentrate rather than restrain its powers.

Constant exercise made him tough and wiry as a bob cat. His steady hand and quick eye soon became those of a dead shot. He could approach game when other men could not come within range. He learned to ride boldly, and bronchos obeyed him easily, for he had that rich, gentle voice a horse loves, and he was utterly fearless.

Moreover, he was ingenious and handy with tools, while his social qualities, his banjo, songs, power of mimicry, inimitable dancing and sterling good nature made him friends everywhere.

All the habitues of Put's were agreed that, "barrin looks, there warn't nothin small about Shorty." One man, however, less through unkind intent than from coarse stupidity, persistently hurt the little man's feelings.

"Ain't you skeered ter hev sech a big, savage lookin critter around?" he said to Put, with a roar of laughter, on first seeing Shorty.

"Look a-here, kid," he went on, addressing the dwarf, "my little gal up the crick's ben 'lowin I'd orter git her a dorl ter play with. Would ye like the sitervation?"

"To judge from the looks of your horse, friend," said Shorty, "there ain't not to say over much to eat even for a doll up the creek, and I guess I'll be obliged to refuse your kind offer on them grounds."

After this Tuckerson never saw Shorty without mocking him for his lack of inches till the time came when the little man won a singular victory over his persecutor.

Tuckerson, though one of the first settlers on the Little Snake, was not well known there. He sought no company, and his claim was too far out of everybody's way to be visited from mere curiosity. Yet there was some curiosity as to what he hoped to do with that claim. It had no pasturage nor any minerals so far as the miners knew.

Here Tuckerson, a widower, lived with his only child, a girl about 12 years of age, whom he generally left alone in the cabin when he was hunting or when he came down to Put's to exchange hides, furs or game for groceries and cloth. In the cabin she was safe enough, for wild beasts will not attack a cabin, and they were the only "terrors" native to the region.

Shorty learned to dread the sight of Tuckerson, whose imagination had evolved one especial joke which he often repeated.

"Waal, Shorty," he would say, "did ye make out ter beat thet jack rabbit I see ye wrastlin of under the sage t'other day? I see he was givin ye a powerful tussel."

The words and tone rankled, though Shorty never let it appear that he was hurt.

This joke was nearly three years old when a change became visible in Tuckerson. His visits to Put's and Dowling city became more and more frequent, and when he came there was an excited air about him, sometimes wildly gay, sometimes tense and stern. He drank more deeply than had been his wont, and it was observed by Put that he seldom brought hides and furs, but paid in gold dust.

"Them dust an nuggets may be the savin's of a long life of frugal industry," said Put one day, "but it du seem ez et our friend up the crick hed struck a placer. Wha's your idee, Shorty?"

"'Tain't no business of ourn, Put. Let's not give Tuckerson away if he's working a claim on the quiet."

Nevertheless the rumor got abroad, and the only persons who did not hear it were Tuckerson himself and the lonely little girl in his remote, inhospitable cabin.

One day Tuckerson came galloping up, his face wild with excitement, his speech breathless and not very coherent, his manner full of a triumphant insolence, as if he had just acquired an advantage over the rest of mankind.

He ordered liquor, drank far too much, took more with him to cheer his lonely way to Dowling and left the bar laughing at Put's remonstrances.

"See thet galoot?" the host remarked as Tuckerson went out. "Know what's the matter of him, Shorty?"

"He's struck it rich," said the little man.

"Rich? You bet! I know what them eyes o' his'n an all thet importance means. Ef he gits down t' Dowlin in thet state, he'll give away his secret, sure, an first thing he knows that claim o' hisn'll git jumped!"

Shorty went out. "Oh, Tuckerson!" he shouted.

"Why, hello, Shorty!" said Tuckerson, who was already in the saddle. "I seed thet jack rabbit on the trail. He's powerful sore whar ye kicked him last time ye fit. Haw! haw!"

"All right!" said the little man, cheerily. "But say—going to Dowling, Tuckerson?"

"Tha's what I be—goin ter Dowlin ter hev a little Chris'mus time all ter myself. Chris'mus hain't come yit, Shorty—not fer most—but mine showed up yestidy en are come t' stay too."

"It's true, then," thought Shorty. "He has struck 'pay dirt,' and no mistake." Then he said, "Are you leaving your little girl all by herself up the creek?"

"Now, look here, kid," said the other, laughin. "I hed it plumb in mind all ther way down to arsk ye if ye'd be so kind en condescendin ez ter go up ter my shanty en pertect things. Only the gophers en jacks en cotton tails en mice en small birds up there is terrible f'erce en sassy. But you c'n go ef you ain't scared of 'em. So long, Shorty. Be keerfle en not fall inter no dog holes en git lost!"

Shorty watched him till all that could be seen of him was a cloud of red dust far away toward Dowling and then went into the tavern.

"Pard," said Put, who had overheard the conversation, "ef I was you, I'd be tempted to plunk a hole in thet tongue flourishin galoot."

"If you was me, Put, you'd be tempted to do no such thing. You'd take out your banjo and do your 'plunkin' on that, just as I'm doing now. You wouldn't care any more for his words than if they were so many homeopathic pills."

Nevertheless Shorty had been hurt, and when he turned in that night he said to himself sadly, "I wish I could do that man a good turn someway, so that he could understand that I'm a human being and quit picking at me."

On the next day but one two strangers came over the ford very early in the morning. Put attended to their wants and left them, while he went to aid a cowboy who had shot an elk and wanted help to bring it in. The landlord could depend on Shorty to "run" the hotel in his absence.

At this hour the ex-king of Lilliput was asleep in a snuggery under the counter in the large room that served as bar and store. He was awakened by the voices of the two strangers, and looking through a knothole saw them for the first time.

He scanned them closely, for they were a ruffianly looking pair, not of the frontier type, but with "city tough" and "escaped jailbird" marked all over them.

"Snoozers from Dowling," said Shorty to himself as he listened.

"We run up agin a good t'ing w'en we hit dat chump Tuckerson, hey, Jim?" said one.

"Yer right we did. Mind how de cully talked w'en he got full! You bet I pumped him good an dry 'fore I was done wid him."

"Yer did so. An now we're right onter his claim an his little keg er gold, an I guess we can make de little gurrl let on where he keeps der stuff—see?"

The men discussed their plan, which was to hide about Tuckerson's till nightfall—since "de gurrl" might reasonably be expected to shoot at suspicious strangers—then to call out for help, pretending to have lost their way and that one of them was disabled by an accident.

They rose to go and called for their host, but no one answered.

"He made us pay in advance," said one, "an he ain't got no more use fur us. We might swipe a lot o' stuff right here."

"No, no! Don't touch nothin here, cully; don't git no one after us. We'll make a haul up on Tuckerson's claim that'll last us half our lives if all that fool told us was true."

As soon as their way, bending round a bluff, took them out of sight, Shorty was out and in a few minutes more was spurring his little broncho to its best speed. By riding fast over a short cut, with the hills between himself and the robbers, he meant to reach Tuckerson's first.

"Who be you?" asked Tuckerson's girl as Shorty rode up to the door of the little cabin about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. "Oh, I know! You're the little feller down to Put's that paw alwus used ter say I'd orter hev fer a dorl."

"Never mind that now. I've hurried here to tell you of some danger you're in."

"Danger!" said the girl. "G'way, child. There ain't no danger round here—except it's dyin of loneliness."

"You just listen to me," said Shorty, and told her all about the coming strangers.

He disclosed his plan to her, too, succeeded in convincing her that he was man enough to carry it out and finally induced her to promise to lie still in the attic with her father's small pailful of gold dust and his gun beside her.

"If I don't fix 'em down stairs, you can if they try to get up the ladder," said Shorty. "You'll have the dust and your weapon anyhow, and at worst you'll be just as safe to let me figger in the first act. I'll let on you've cleared out—I guess I can do that without no lyin."

After the girl had put some eatables and a black bottle on the table, she took her place in the rude attic, which was floored with boards so loosely set that she would be able to see the promised proceedings below. Shorty then went to a bit of looking glass, and standing before it muffled his head in a scarf that she had given him. Next he took off his boots. Finally he lay down on some hay in a box about four feet long, covered himself with blankets and waited till the crimson sunset faded into twilight. Then he put a light in the window and went comfortably to bed again.

"You're foolin me," said the girl in a loud whisper.

"They're a little longer on the road than I expected," said Shorty, "but they'll get here all the same. Best not move anyhow."

"Oh, I hear something now," cried the girl.

"Yes—that's them," said Shorty. "Now, mind, not a move, not a laugh, not a whisper. You ain't scared, are you?"

"I guess I would be if you wasn't here," she said.

The two thieves had hidden in the cottonwoods till nightfall. Now they were yelling for help. Having called in vain for ten minutes, one of them went to the cabin.

"Say, my mate's out here wid his leg broke. Will ye come out an help him!"

No answer. He knocked.

"Tum in," said a childish voice. Coming in, the ruffian saw a little much muffled figure in a little bed in a corner.

"Hello, bubby," said he. "Where's your folks?"

"Popper ain't home," said the supposed infant, "an Sally she's gone, and I so 'fraid, oo! oo!"

"Well, no use you cryin. Shut your mouth right off," said the thief, going to the door. "Hi! Come in here, Jimmy!" he called. "Thar ain't no one here but a 4-year-old brat in its bed."

Jim came in and gloated over the food on the table.

"Guess we c'n work better with grub in us," he said. "We deserve it after our long ride. See?"

They sat down and fell to, disregarding the "4-year-old" till their hunger was nearly satisfied.

"Say, bubby, where does popper keep his gold?" said Jim.

"Some in his teefs an some in a tin pail," whimpered "bubby."

"Now, we don't take no foolin," said one. "W'en we git t'rough here, you're goin to show us where that gold is kep'. See? If you don't—gr-r-r—we'll eat you alive."

"I—I'll show you, sir. Oh, I wish my popper was home!"

"Your popper sent us up. We'll make it all right wid him."

They laughed and went on eating and drinking till Jim chanced to look over at the little bed. He gave a startled exclamation and threw his arm over his comrade's shoulder.

"Look!" said he in a whisper. "Do you see what I see?"

There standing by the box was—not a child, but a little man with a big revolver, cocked and aimed, in each hand. His head was craned forward, his face was twisted into an expression of terrible malignity, his eyes flashed, his stubby red beard literally bristled and his voice rolled out deep and strong:

"When you play tricks on a drunken man and learn his secret; when you go to rob a defenseless girl in a lonely place; when you threaten a little child in his bed, it's well to think who's watching you through it all!"

The solemnity with which these words were spoken, the evident knowledge of their doings and plans, the tiny stature and distorted face of the speaker, thrilled the desperadoes with a fear that no bad conscience can bear, and they sat as if paralyzed.

"Throw down your knives and guns. Off with 'em!"

They obeyed. "Now we'll sit here till some one comes. If you move, I plunk you!"

"An I'll plunk ye, too!" cried Tuckerson's daughter, unable to conceal her excitement longer, and now appearing at the head of the ladder with a double barreled gun.

Sally was sleeping comfortably next morning when her father came home. The thieves were not, for their arms were tightly bound behind them with pieces of clothesline, their legs were tied tightly together, and the clothesline, passing back of the bench on which they sat, held their heels up and their hands down. They could keep their balance only by leaning forward against the table, and the position was anything but comfortable.

The ex-emperor of Lilliput had deftly done this job while Sally stood over the pair with her gun and an eye that showed she would use it if they resisted. And now, in the early morning, Shorty was still on guard, alert and watchful. He had not thought it would be judicious to trust the rogues to cords alone.

That afternoon they were taken to Dowling to be delivered to the authorities. But before they went Tuckerson was moved to speak his admiration for the ex-emperor of Lilliput.

"Shorty," said he, "you're a long way bigger man than I be. I begin to ketch the idee thet the real bigness of a man don't depend on his heft!"

—Francis Dana in Youth's Companion.

SWEARING AS A HIGH ART.

The Luxuriance of Blasphemy Prevalent Among the Orientals.

Professor Gargoyle, you must understand, has traveled to and fro in the earth culling these flowers of speech—a kind of recording angel, but without any sentimental tears. His collection, however, only approaches completeness in the western departments of European language. Going eastward he found such an appalling and tropical luxuriance of these ornaments as to despair at last altogether of even a representative selection, says an English writer.

"They do not curse," he says, "at door handles and shirt studs and such other trifles as will call down the meager discharge of an occidental, but when they do begin—! I hired a promising looking man at Calcutta, and after a month or so refused to pay his wages. He was unable to get at me with the big knife he carried, because the door was locked, so he sat on his hams outside under the veranda from 6:15 in the morning until nearly 10, cursing—cursing in one steady, unbroken flow—an astonishing spate of blasphemy.

"First, he cursed my family, from me along the female line back to Eve, and then, having toyed with me personally for a little while, he started off along the line of my possible posterity to my remotest great-grandchildren. Then he cursed me by this and that. My hand ached taking it down, he was so very rich. It was a perfect anthology of Bengali blasphemy—vivid, scorching and variegated—not two alike, and then he turned about and dealt with different parts of me. I was really very fortunate in him. Yet it was depressing to think that all this was from one man and that there are 600,000,000 people in Asia.

"Your common Englishman now scarcely curses at all. A more colorless and conventional affair than what in England is called swearing one can scarcely imagine. It is just common talk, with some half dozen orthodox bad words dropped in here and there in the most foolish and illogical manner. Fancy having orthodox words! I remember one day getting into a third class smoking carriage on the Metropolitan railway about 1 o'clock and finding it full of rough workingmen. Everything they said was seasoned with one incredibly stupid adjective, and no doubt they thought they were very desperate characters. At last I asked them not to say the word again. One forthwith asked me 'what the ——,' (I really cannot quote these puerilities), 'what the idiotic cliche that mattered to me.' So I looked at him quietly over my glasses, and I began. It was a revelation to those poor fellows. They sat open mouthed, gasping. Then those that were nearest me began to edge away, and at the very next station they all bundled out of the carriage before the train stopped, as though I had some infectious disease. And the thing was just a rough, imperfect rendering of some mere commonplaces, passing the time of day, as it were, with which the heathen of Aleppo used to favor the servants of the American missionary. Indeed if it were not for the ladies there would be nothing in England that one could speak of as swearing at all. They have agreed to consider certain words, for no very good reason, bad words. It is pure convention. It has little or nothing to do with the actual meaning, because for every one of these bad words there is a paraphrase or synonym considered to be quite suitable for polite ears."

On the field of battle the Emperor Napoleon would pull up in front of a regiment, and calling the officers around him would address each by his name. He would ask them to mention whom among them they considered most worthy of promotion or of a decoration, and then passed on to the soldiers. Such testimony delivered by those of the same rank bound the various regiments together with the bands of confidence and esteem, and these promotions, granted by the soldiers themselves, had all the more value in their eyes.

In the course of one of these distributions of military rewards, which were like family scenes, an under officer was designated to the emperor as the bravest and the best. The colonel, while agreeing that he possessed all the qualities necessary to make a good officer, added that, in rendering him this justice, he regretted that on account of a serious drawback he was unable to recommend him for promotion. "What is it?" asked Napoleon quickly. "Sire, he can neither read nor write." "I appoint him officer, colonel. You will have him admitted as such."—Memoirs Baron de Meneval.

Two Brothers.

In Marblehead, Mass., two brothers are living who have not spoken with each other in many years. They are twins and as like each other as two peas in a pod. One is named John Thomas and the other Thomas John. Each is the only relative the other has in the world, and yet for some little tiff they had many years ago one said, "I'll never speak to you again," and the other said likewise. They live in the same house, eat at the same table, but occupy separate parts. They have one boat in common and go fishing together, but exchange no word. Should a visitor go with them each will talk freely to him and in the other's presence, but no remark will pass between them. And yet they are friendly.