DENTON JOURNAL.

1845 A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising.—Independent on all Subjects.—Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1895.

VOL. 49. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1895 NO. 26.

J. M. BEAVEN,

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND

HILLSBORO, MD.

My stock is complete for the season, and I am offering goods at prices lower than ever. Every merchant has seen the change in prices in many articles under the new Tariff law. My customers will receive the benefit of the change. I offer at specially low figures

Boots, Shoes,

Overcoats, Pants, Suits,

and all heavy Winter Goods. A fine assortment of

SINGLE AND DOUBLE BARREL GUNS.

Prices cannot be lower anywhere.

A full and general assortment of all kinds of merchandise.

Wine, Liquors and Beer

on hand at city prices.

MARKET PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OE TRADE.

Lumber and All Kinds of Building Material at Low Prices at my Store.

Please call or write for estimates.

J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBOROUGH, MARYLAND.

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, 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.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO. LUMBER CO.

S. B. SEXTON & SON,

Established 1889.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

Inventors and Manufacturers of the original

Baltimore Fire-Place Heaters.

Foundry, Nos. 511 to 527 W. Conway St.
Warehouse, No. 23 E. Lombard St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

SEXTON'S GRAND HEATER

Is the Original, Grand and the most perfect Fire Place Heater ever made, and is so acknowledged by the Trade and Public in this and other cities. Sold by the principal Stove Dealers. Send for testimonial book and be convinced.

S. B. Sexton & Son, Baltimore.

BALTIMORE COAL TAR AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Roofing Material, Building Paper,

Two and Three Ply READY ROOFING

Tarred Felt, Rosin-sized and Water-Proof Sheathings, Coal Tar, Roof Paint, Black Gloss Varnish,

Creosote Oil, Disinfectant Lime, &c., &c.

Estimates Furnished. Send for circulars, samples and price-list.

16 W. CAMDEN STREET. BALTIMORE, MD.

You will Realize that "They Live Well Who Live Cleanly," if You Use

SAPOLIO

J. O. TAYLER,

—WITH—

T. H. EVANS & COMPANY,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

214 LIGHT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Fruits and Vegetables, Maryland Peaches and Sweet Potatoes.

COPYRIGHT. **SOLID GOLD GLASSES $2.00** COPYRIGHT.

Have you headache? Do your eyes burn? Do you have trouble to see at a distance or to read fine print? Have you pains in the back of your head? If you have any of these symptoms, send for our "*Eyesight By Mail*," satisfaction invariably guaranteed. **WALTER H. PODESTA & CO.**, Eye Specialists, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walter H. Podesta late Eye Specialist for Queen & Co.

Oehm's great rule of business stands out in bold black:

"Your money's worth always or your money back."

"My Maryland"

Has no Clothing Establishment that compares with

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

In Quality of Goods or Lowness of Prices.

Men's Suits.

In all the standard makes and new and advanced styles, from cloths of every description, $8, $10, $12, $15. You pay $3 to $5 more for the same qualities at other houses.

Shoes.

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

The best wearing, neatest fitting, most comfort giving shoes made in America will always be found in our Shoe Department.

Spring—1895.

FORTY years of successful manufacturing and merchandising in Baltimore have put Acme Hall in a position so commanding that no one should buy a dollar's worth of clothing until they have examined our stock and prices.

Never have values been so big as this season nor prices so little.

Every visitor to the city is invited to make Acme Hall his headquarters.

Boy's Suits.

A most tempting display of Knee Pant Suits, Junior and Sailor Suits, Reefers and Blouses, and all the dainty conceits that please the hearts of the mothers of Maryland. Price from $3.00 up.

Hats. Furnishngs.

In both departments, we lead all others. Hats for men and boys furnishings of every description. Don't buy a dollar's worth till you visit Acme Hall.

For Men and Boys. Head to-Foot Outfitters {OEHM & CO.} Three Stores: Baltimore and Charles Sts.

Improved Punctureless Bands FOR NEUMATIC TIRES WILL DO!

NO MORE PUNCTURED TIRES!

Results of Riding, are 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8,000 Miles Without a Puncture.

Over 15,000 riders will say, with the inventor, here is a device through which no man will puncture his air tube in legitimately riding the roads or streets; one that does not affect the speed of the tire when pumped to the proper tension, and adds but 7 ounces more weight to the machine; one that can be applied in a few minutes to any form of a "Pneumatic" that has an Air Tube, rendering it as safe in riding as a solid or cushion tire. These "Bands" are composed of chemically treated fibrous material, light and pliable, and in size to fit any tire made when size is given. Always in stock, to fit 26, 28 and 30 inch wheels.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

T. W. SMITH, Ag't.

for the Monarch & Crawford Wheels,

Ridgely, Md.

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's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, 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.

Eggs for Sale.

Barred Plymouth Rock,
Light Brahma,
From the best strains.

Price, $1.50 setting.

CLOVERNOOK STOCK FARM,
Easton, Maryland.

WM. R. MARTIN, Proprietor. CHAS. A. DULIN, Manager.

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., 153 Duane St., N. Y. 394

Suffered 25 Years.

Kidney Difficulty. Entirely Cured by 3 Bottles.

REV. A. J. MERCHANT, D.D., PH.D.

Late Presiding Elder M.E. Church, Sharon, Pa. writes Dr. Fenner:

"I suffered 25 years with kidney difficulty. Some 10 years ago I used 3 bottles of your Kidney and Backache Cure.

I can truly say that since that time I have had less backache than I had in 10 minutes before I took the Cure. I feel entirely cured."

DR. FENNER'S Kidney and Backache Cure DID IT.

A Great Renal Depurant.

Cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary passages, Female Weaknesses, Bed Wetting in children, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Swelled Limbs, Bright's Disease, Gravel or Stone in bladder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample free.

Dr. Fenner's **Pellets** cure Sick Headaches, Constipation, etc. The best Family Physic.

Dr. Fenner's German **Eye-Salve** cures Sore Eyes, Cracked Lips, Piles, Skin Eruptions.

Dr. Fenner's **Cough Honey**. Relieves any cough, asthma, etc., in an hour.

Dr. Fenner's **Golden Relief**. A specific in any inflammation. Relieves burns, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, or any pain in 1 to 30 minutes. Cures colic, dyspepsia, dysentery and flux; also bronchitis and consumption. One dose cures LaGrippe.

$8 VERY BEST

Twice the Price

Would not buy a better set of teeth than we make for $8.00. A smaller price would make perfection impossible.

Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality—the best.

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.

U. S. DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
1 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE.
Washington Office, cor. 7th and D Sts., N. W.

WANTED, EVERY SMOKER

To send 7 two-cent stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will mail sample box of our NON-NICOTINE MIDGET CIGARS. Only one box to one address. Address

LANDIS & CO.,
Shippensburg, Pa.

Queen Anne Poultry Yards.

Eggs for sale from Light Brahma, Buff Cochin, White and Barred Plymouth Rocks of the best strains. $1.25 for 13, or $2.00 for 26.

JNO. M. SEWARD, Prop.,
Queen Anne, Md.

A WINTER NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Heap up the logs still higher and higher,
Till up the chimney roars the fire,
And spreads around its ruddy glow
To make our hearts with joy leap so.
The myriad shadows on the wall
Dance mirthful steps without our call,
As through the room the soft warmth creeps
And frolic gay its revel keeps.

Here gathered round the old hearthstone
Are us three boys. We're not alone,
For sitting in her big armchair
Is mother, smiling, sweet faced, fair,
And father listening to our jokes,
Which we relate through numerous chokes
In trying to swallow at a round
The big soft pippins, plump and round.

Soon corn is popping o'er the coals,
A snow white feast for hungry souls,
And hickory nuts and chinquapin
That autumn raids had gathered in
Are cracking merrily. Then, just brought up
From cellar's depths in foaming cup,
Is spicy cider, like sparkling wine,
Causing lips to smack and eyes to shine.

Thus speeds each happy hour,
While howling storms spend all their power
Outdoors in vain. With cheer and fun
Our evening's sport its length has run,
When father says, "'Tis growing late!"
Then work begins with book and slate,
And problems rack each stubborn brain
Which drowsy grows beneath the strain.

Soon flung aside are mental cares,
And clambering up the old back stairs
We tumble in big feather beds
Like downy seas beneath our heads.
Lulled by the winds with wailing song,
To dreamland fair we're borne along.
Thus ends, unknown to care and harm,
A winter night down on the farm.

—Robert Brumblav

SALA'S MOTHER.

Her Experiences With Paganini and Malibran In Giving a Concert In London.

In the "Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala," written by himself, the following concerning his mother, a gifted songstress and pianist of her day, appears: In addition to her annual concert in London my mother used to have a yearly musical recital at Brighton either just before Christmas or just before Easter. She always took care to engage the brightest musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, that she could possibly secure. Sometimes she had to pay the great artists she engaged, but in a great many more instances they generally gave their services quite gratuitously to the poor widowed gentlewoman with the five children, "clamoring," as Lady Combermere used to tell me in after years, "for large slices of roast mutton." For one of her concerts my mother had the hardihood to engage the greatest cantatrice of her day and perhaps of this century, Maria Felicia Malibran, the daughter of the famous Spanish tenor, Manuel Garcia.

To show the difference that existed between artistic remuneration in 1855 and that which now prevails it will be sufficient to say that Malibran's fee was only 30 guineas. Paganini, the mere announcement of whose name was sufficient to sell half the tickets for the concert, consented to play a solo for 50 guineas, but my parent nourished a fond hope that both artists would waive their rights and decline the money she offered.

My mother, a lady of great sagacity and fertility of resource, thought that something might be done in the way of exciting lenitive influence in the minds of the two great musicians if she took me with her when she called to pay her dues. So I was duly washed and waxed and polished up, and in a new skeleton suit and a very large white cambric collar with a frill round it I was taken first to the hotel where Malibran was staying. The renowned singer smiled, patted me on the head, chucked me under the chin, told me to be a good boy and very calmly took the £31 10s. which, with trembling hands, my mother placed on the table. She had a good cry, poor woman, in the fly which conveyed us to the Old Ship, where Paganini was staying.

I can see him now—a lean, wan, gaunt man in black, with bushy hair—something like Henri Rochefort and a great deal more like Henry Irving. He looked at me long and earnestly, and somehow, although he was about as weird looking a creature as can well be imagined, I did not feel afraid of him. In a few broken words my mother explained her mission and put down the 50 guineas on the table. When I say that he washed his hands in the gold—that he scrambled at it as David of old did at the gate—and grasped it and built it up into little heaps, panting the while, I am not in any way exaggerating.

He bundled it up at last in a blue pocket handkerchief with white spots and darted from the room. And we, my poor mother convulsively clasping my hand, went out on the landing and were about descending the stairs when the mighty violinist bolted again from the bedroom door. "Take that, little boy," he said; "take that," and he thrust a piece of paper rolled up almost in a ball into my hand. It was a bank note for £50!

Little Things Tell.

We wonder, we who are the most wasteful nation in the world, how it is that the French and German housekeepers become owners of the large markets and the fashionable restaurants of the city. I will tell you why it is. They consider the day of little things. Not long ago I asked in an American bakeshop that three of a certain kind of rolls be sent to me. I was told that unless I ordered 12 it would be impossible. It was not a question of cost, but I didn't want them. Leaving the place, I went to one kept by a German. He was civil, perfectly willing to send me the small quantity that I asked for, thanked me very politely for the few cents handed him and said he would be glad at any time to take an order, no matter how small. His civility and courtesy made me his permanent customer.—Philadelphia Times.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB PAINTINGS.

Wretched Vandals Are Destroying Invaluable Antiques In Art.

The new and valuable finds which are resulting from the increased activity on the part of the Ghizeh museum authorities in its exploration work are assisting in again drawing attention to the deplorable fact that nearly all the wall paintings and bas-reliefs on the tombs that have been opened to public inspection are rapidly being defaced. When a tomb is first broken into, the sculptures on the walls and the mural paintings are generally as fresh and perfect as the day they were done. In a few years' time, however, the colors disappear, the walls get mutilated and the sculptures stripped.

Some of this destruction is undoubtedly wrought by air being admitted to them, but the carelessness of the gaffirs or fellahin caretakers is responsible for the greater portion of it. These men utterly fail to appreciate the value of the work, or even to understand the reason why it has such attractions for the thousands of tourists who annually inspect it. In order to earn a liberal backsheesh they light some wretched candle ends, which they insert in the cleft points of the sticks they carry, and then proceed to smear these feeble lights along the walls. The consequence of these proceedings is soon evident, for the colors are blackened, the designs are grease covered, and the heat cracks the plaster which has been used for the reception of the pigments.

These men are so much occupied with this work that they are useless for the purpose of preventing those wretched vandals who are to be found among a certain section of globe trotters from scribbling their names over the place or chipping the walls to obtain pieces as mementos of their devastating pilgrimage. When it is remembered that these illustrations portray scenes in the history of a race of highly civilized people who lived thousands of years before the Christian era, who, besides being adepts in many of the arts and crafts practiced at the present day, were skilled in others which are lost to us, it can easily be understood that these records of their history and domestic life are priceless.

No amount of written history could so accurately tell their tale or awaken so much interest in these bygone ages. Their preservation is an imperative duty.

Only a short time ago these scenes were perfectly clear, the colors bright and the outline distinct. Now all this is changed. It is a disgrace to the age we live in. These records have descended to us, and we have apparently not sufficient energy or skill to rescue them from destruction or to transmit them to our successors. A few steps, however, in this direction can easily be made by appointing better caretakers, prohibiting candles being used, bullseye lanterns or magnesium wire lamps being substituted, and by limiting the number of people admitted at one time into the tombs and temples.—London Graphic.

She Got a Seat.

A pretty young girl stepped jauntily aboard a crowded car, and looking along the rows of seated passengers fastened her gaze on a man who had his coat collar pulled up to his ears, and a vacant, unconcerned and married expression on his countenance. "Won't you let me have that seat?" said the girl in a clear voice. Everybody pricked up his or her ears.

"Ask a man for his seat! Well, I never!" exclaimed a woman in a golf cape.

"What will women do next?" muttered a passenger holding a lawyer's bag that was redolent of freshly ground coffee.

And then they all had the satisfaction of seeing the man with the turned up collar rise, and the girl plump into the vacated seat, saying as she did so, "I thought I'd find you in a Reservoir car, and we should get home for dinner before the crush."

"Her husband," said the woman in the golf cape. "Mean thing, to make her ask him to give her a seat!"—Boston Herald.

An Oddity In Name Combinations.

A family of the name of Carter living at Charlestown, Mass., has four sons whose first and middle names exhibit a remarkable combination of letters. The first name of each contains exactly the same number of letters as are found in each of the first names of the other three, and, what is most peculiar, the letters in each instance are the same—viz, "o," "l," "e" and "n." Besides the odd combination here shown, and which will be more fully exhibited below, the middle name of each ends with "ton." Here are the full names of the four:

Leon Carleton Carter.
Elno Carrington Carter.
Enol Washington Carter.
Noel Clinton Carter.

The family declare that this wonder of nomenclature was not discovered until after the youngest of the quartet was over a year old.—St. Louis Republic.

For many centuries the whole of Burma and a large part of India have been supplied with oil from the wells of Rangoon. The annual yield of this district is more than 400,000 hogsheads.

Talleyrand could throw more pathos into a single word than another man could express in a dozen sentences. He was a master of elocution.

A MARVELOUS BLOSSOM.

Something About the Strange Flower of the Holy Ghost.

Many of the most curious and most beautiful flowers in the world are members of the orchid family, and among them all the most wonderful is the famous Espiritu Santo, or Flower of the Holy Ghost. Have you ever seen this marvelous blossom?

Some of you may perhaps in a greenhouse or in a collection of orchids, but it is a rare sight even there, and is seldom seen in all its beauty except in its native land. It was there that I saw it first, on the isthmus of Panama.

It is not a common plant, being found in certain sections only and in isolated clumps. It does not like high, dry soils, but low, marshy spots springing up from decayed logs or from crevices in the rocks.

To describe this beautiful flower, after a fashion, is easy enough, but fully to realize its peculiar loveliness and the marvelous accuracy of its shape one must see it. The larger and older bulbs frequently send up leaf stalks six or seven feet in height, and from these, which are jointed, broad lanceolated leaves are thrown out in pairs.

The plant is an annual, and in June, July and August the flower stalks start up from the base of the bulb, devoting all their energies to the formation of the buds. The buds are arranged on the stalks much like those of the hyacinth, the usual number for a well grown stalk to bear being from 12 to 15. The leaves are very pale green in color, as though in harmony with the delicate purity of the blossom.

The blossom is of alabaster whiteness, much like the old style English pulpit. This of itself is strikingly curious, but it fades into insignificance when one looks into the center of that strange blossom, for there, nestling in its very heart, is the perfect image of a dove. It requires no imagination to see it. No one could mistake it for anything else, for no human skill could fashion its shape more perfectly, no artist could adorn it with more delicate tints, and no perfumer could endow it with a more delicious fragrance.

Right in the cup of the blossom, with the snow white canopy about it, rests this wondrous image, its delicately molded wings drooping, half extended, at its side, its gold tinted head bent slightly forward, and its tiny crimson tipped bill almost touching its snowy breast.

And just as the figure of the dove itself is there, beyond dispute, so does an expression pervade the image, an expression that even the most careless cannot fail to notice, the very incarnation of humility and spiritual purity.

It is not in the least to be wondered at that the early Spanish Catholics should have paused awestruck before this strange dweller of the forests and bowed down before it, reverentially calling it the "Flor del Espiritu Santo," or Flower of the Holy Ghost. No wonder either that the still more superstitious Indians should have knelt before it, deeming even the ground whereon it grew and the air it perfumed as holy things.

So deeply was this feeling implanted in the hearts of the Indians, and so carefully was it handed down from generation to generation, that it has only been within a comparatively few years that collectors have been able to trace the precious bulbs to their native haunts.—Philadelphia Times.

An Amended "Character."

In Dresden female servants are required by the police regulations to keep a book, in which the mistress enters dates of engagement and dismissal, reason for dismissal, etc. An English lady dismissed a German servant for impertinence and entered in the book that she was discharged for rudeness, but was in every other respect a good servant. The girl came back and reported that the police ordered the remark concerning her rudeness to be erased. On the lady refusing to comply, she found herself summoned to the police court. She stood to her guns, however, like a good English woman and replied in effect, "Quod scripsi, scripsi." Upon this the official who heard the case observed that if she would not erase the remark the police would, and a slip of thick paper was forthwith pasted over the entry.—London Truth.

No Chance For Distinction.

"Pwofessah," said Cholly, "is it twue that a man's mind is a blank when he's asleep?"

"Under normal conditions that is likely to be the case."

"Deah me! I don't see how some of ouah fellows can tell when they ahe awake, then. I don't weally."—Washington Star.

Satisfied.

A barber, after applying some sticking plaster to a gash made with the razor, prepared, nothing daunted, to continue the operation.

Customer—I only fight up to first blood. The duel is at an end. Let us shake hands.—Il Motto per Ridere.

To Loosen Your Plaster.

One of the small things to remember is that alcohol will quickly remove an obstinate porous plaster whose period of usefulness has expired and will also cause all unsightly traces of its use to disappear. As soap and water are often entirely inefficient in such offices, a valuable agent should be noted.—New York Recorder.

THE DRUMS.

Hark, I hear the beaten drums—their long roll
Affrights the quiet of the peaceful air
And startles quick memories in my soul
Of one who was both young and brave and fair;
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

The loud drums called him many years ago,
When the struck nation needed all her sons
Among the bravest he was first to go
And lip the fevered mouths of hungry guns,
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

News from a southland battle came to me
Of the soldier who took my heart along—
Of how he bore himself full gallantly
Where siren bullets sang their witching song,
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

Life is but losing—be it soon or late.
The foeman marked him with avenging eye.
Killed at the front! A man must face his fate.
The prize of battle is to grandly die,
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

My heart is throbbing with a mournful chime,
Calling, calling, and only echo comes.
The drums! The drums! I hear them all the time,
The throbbing and the music of the drums
And I never hear the drums beat
That I do not think of him.

—Charles L. Holstein in Indianapolis Journal.

HIS BUFFALO COAT.

The Thrilling Experience That It Brought to a Kentucky Man.

"A buffalo coat, yes, sir," answered the Louisville man who had spent some years in Texas. "I got that when the plains were covered with the short horned animals. That reminds me of an experience I had, thrilling, too, and it will never again fall to the lot of any man living. I was one of a party of a dozen bound for New Mexico. We had by nightfall on the third day out reached a small creek near the boundary line in northwestern Texas. Sloping out from both sides of the creek were banks that rose to such a respectable size that it was tiresome to climb them. These banks were covered with a rank growth of grass that reached to our knees. The hill sloped up to the south and down to the north quite abruptly. At the foot of the hills to the north was a clump of young cottonwoods. This made an ideal camping place. We wheeled our five wagons into a circle, and built our campfire in the center of the ring made by the wagons. Our horses were tethered on the outside of the inclosure.

"The old guide we had with us stood the first watch. He was full of stories, so I sat up to hear him talk. We had been 'gassing' around the campfire for about an hour, I judge, when the old fellow started and stopped. His face clouded, and I saw him drop down and hold his ear to the ground. He sprang to his feet in an instant.

"'A buffalo stampede, by ginger, and bound this way,' he cried. 'Wake the people up and get these things out of the way. I wouldn't give a jerked antelope steak for the whole kit.'

"We got the people out in a hurry and the horses hitched to the wagons. By this time I could hear a dull roar in the distance that the guide's trained ear had distinguished ten minutes before.

"'Now, drive to the cottonwoods yonder,' the old fellow said. We did drive and took up our station across the creek behind the woods. When we reached our place of refuge, the low roar had deepened into a thunderous roll, and we could distinguish through the darkness a black moving mass in the distance. Soon the flying herd was upon us. The noise was terrific, and you couldn't hear what your neighbor said when he shouted in your ear. When the herd reached the clump of trees, it separated, one half going round the north of it and the other south. The herd was an hour in passing, and during the last half hour the dust was so thick it nearly suffocated us. The next morning we saw the route the herd had taken. As clearly defined a road stretched out to the west from the trees as if it had been surveyed and laid out. The little hill to the south of the trees, one which half the herd had coursed, was cut down even with the surrounding prairie. That happened in the days of buffaloes, before the magnificent beast was killed for his hide and skinned by machinery."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Personal Appearance.

There is a story told of a guest at a ball who was so imposing in appearance that his host, who had observed his grand pose, walked up to him and inquired:

"Sir, are you anybody in particular?"

Much attention has been paid to very ordinary men because of a strong personal resemblance to really distinguished persons. A Boston hack driver once carried a humble private individual, who bargained for his fare closely in advance, to a distant point for a mere trifle. When his fare descended from his coach, the hackman asked the privilege of shaking hands with him.

"But my good man, you don't know me," said the surprised fare.

"Don't I? It's meself that has seen you too often not to be knowin you at first sight, General Butler."

And the stranger did not have the heart to disappoint the man who was so sure he was the great Boston lawyer.—Exchange.

A Hirsch Colony.

Baron Hirsch has sent some 3,000 or 4,000 Russian Jews to the Argentine Republic, and he hopes to have a Jewish community there of 100,000 within ten years. He sends them out in companies of 50 families, each provided with a rabbi and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.—Religious Herald.