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. 1896.

VOL. 50. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1896. NO. 14.

THE Monarch
King of Bicycles.

LIGHT, STRONG, SPEEDY, HANDSOME.
FINEST MATERIAL. SCIENTIFIC WORKMANSHIP.

Four Models—$85 and $100.

EVERY MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

MONARCH CYCLE CO.
Factory and Main Office:—Lake and Halsted Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.
BRANCHES:—New York, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, Memphis, Detroit, Toronto.
T. W. SMITH, Agent, Ridgely, Md.

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.

J. M. BEAVEN,
THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND.
HILLSBORO, MD.

HAVING LAID IN A FULL STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
I now take great pleasure in informing my customers of the same. Among them are HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, and a FULL LINE OF CLOTHING. My Boots were purchased before advance, which enables me to
Undersell All Competitors!
I hope all who are in need of boots will give me a call, for I have them, and they must go! I also have in stock a fine lot of
BREECH-LOADING GUNS, WHICH CAN BE BOUGHT CHEAP.
Come and inspect them. We are always glad to show goods, for we feel sure that our prices will sell them. Below are some of our prices:
Muslins, 5 to 12½c; Cantons, 6 to 12½c; Ginghams, 5 to 8c; Calicoes, 5 to 8c; Men's Hose, 5c., 6 pairs for 25c.; Sugar, 5½c; Coffee, 24c.; Oleine Soap, 5c.; Coal Oil, 12c. per gallon. Also a large lot of
FINE HORSE AND LAP BLANKETS, ROBES, ETC.
J. M. BEAVEN,
HILLSBOROUGH, MARYLAND.

THE BEST READING
WHITE-ASH COAL!
A Large Cargo Now in the Bins at Denton Bridge.
PRICES:
EGG, - - - 5.75
NUT, - - $5.75
STOVE, - 6.00
ORDER YOUR WINTER'S SUPPLY AT ONCE. THESE PRICES CANNOT LAST!
STOVE WOOD, $3 PER CORD, DELIVERED.
PURE CRYSTAL ICE DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR,
1-2 CENT PER POUND; 40 CENTS A HUNDRED.
BRICKS AND LUMBER. BALED HAY ALWAYS ON HAND.
LIGHT AND HEAVY HAULING DONE AT REASONABLE RATES.
PUBLIC PIER AT DENTON BRIDGE FOR THE LANDING OF ALL KINDS OF FREIGHT.
L. B. TOWERS, Denton Bridge.

Steidorph's Patent Sectional Steel Ceilings and Side Wall Finish.
For Churches and Residences. Catalogue, prices and estimates, on application to the Sole Manufacturers, THE ELY BROS ROOFING & CON. CO., (Ltd.) Philada., Pa. Makers of Lightning, Fire and Storm-Proof Roofing and Sidings. Get circulars.

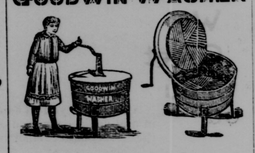
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures diseases & hair falling.

NEW FOUNTAIN HOTEL,
COR. PRATT & CALVERT STS.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
EUROPEAN PLAN.
This House is now open, and is equipped with all the modern conveniences—Electric Bell Call, Electric Lights, Steam Heat, Baths, &c. Everything New Everything first-class. Furniture, Bedding, Carpets—all of the very best.

Scribner's for Christmas
Frank R. Stockton has a Christmas love story, which bears a characteristic title—"The Staying Power of Sir Rohan." Its illustrations are quaint and exactly suitable.
A thrilling Detective story by C. E. Carryll, entitled "The River Syndicate," perhaps equaling Sherlock Holmes' best work. Illustrated.
Joel Chandler Harris' characteristic tale of a faithful slave—"The Colonel's Nigger-Dog."
Other Christmas stories are: "A White Blot," by Henry Van Dyke, a poetic and imaginative tale of a picture (illustrated); "Heroism of Landers," by A. S. Pier (illustrated); and "Hopper's Old Man," by R. C. V. Meyers.
Sentimental Tommy
by J. M. Barrie.
Those who have read (and who has not?) "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums" can anticipate what Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" will be.
It is to be the chief serial in SCRIBNER'S for 1896, beginning in the January number.
Two Years for $4.50
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE costs $3.00 a year, but new subscribers can have all the numbers for 1895 and a year's subscription for 1896 for $4.50.
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is going to be better next year than ever. It is going to have new features. Its publishers are not satisfied with past successes. It purposes to more thoroughly deserve the confidence of the reading public.
The Historical Serial—"Lost Quarter Century in the United States"—will be continued. Just now it is approaching a period of absorbing interest to the present generation—the first administration of President Cleveland.
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE ought to get careful consideration as a Christmas gift. The $4.50 offer ought to get double consideration.
Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

'He that Works Easily Works Successfully.' 'Tis Very Easy to Clean House with
SAPOLIO

LARGE LOT OF
STOVES
—AT THE—
BURRSVILLE HARDWARE STORE.
All sizes of Cook Stoves, from the smallest No. 7 to the largest No. 9. Heating Stoves of all kinds suitable for Parlors, Sitting Rooms, Dining Rooms, Bed Rooms, Churches, School Houses, Offices, etc. Six kinds of Double Heaters. The best Ranges that are made. Large lot of
Horse Blankets, Lap Blankets & Robes.
HEADQUARTERS
for Drive Well Material, Plows, Wheelwright and Blacksmith Supplies, Building Hardware; Carriage, Wagon, Cart and Plow Harness, Paints and Oils, Tinware, Harness and Shoe Leather, Washing Machines, Stoves, Belt Lacing, and Steam Packing.
TEN ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS.
I have a large stock of Barbed Wire, Cable Wire, Buckthorn and Ribbon Fencing, Poultry Netting, &c.
TILGHMAN HARVEY, Burrsville, Md.

THE GOODWIN WASHER

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.
GUARANTEED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.
A TRIAL FREE OF CHARGE.
B. Thompson,
Gen'l Agent for Caroline and Talbot Counties.
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
JOHN McCLOUD, Local Agt., RIDGELY, MD.
RIDGELY:
Mrs. A. E. Dasher says she would not be without hers for $20.00, if she could not get another one.
Mrs. Clara Wilkinson says she would not be without one for double the money.

JAMES M. KNOTTS,
Justice of the Peace & Collector of Claims, RIDGELY, MARYLAND.
Will give prompt attention to all business placed in his hands for collection, and will make prompt returns of all moneys collected.

Since 1861 I have been a sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I have long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Run Down"
The Noted Deer Hunter of the West Testifies.

"GRANDIN, MO., July 2, 1894.
DR. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.,
Dear Sir:—I was run down, tired out, bilious, had no appetite, poor sleep, dizzy, dull and had constant headache.
The first relief I got was from your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. One bottle brought a complete cure. I was thus able to recommend it, and I have since sold a great deal. The last bottle I sold cured a woman of palpitation of the heart and chronic inflammation of neck of bladder.
She had "smothering spells" from her heart and had to get up many times of a night.
The one bottle cured her completely of the 2 diseases. I never knew this medicine to fail wherever it was used."
Blood and Liver
Dr. Fenner's Remedy and Nerve Tonic NeverFails.
It is a Sarsaparilla-Mandrake-Prince's Pine Alterative, Nerve Tonic and Restorative Compound.
CERTAIN AS THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.
Physics from blood, liver and tissues all worn-out particles and impurities, without weakening but strengthening instead, and Restores the Nerves.
Cures Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Breath, Skin Diseases, Old Sores, Dizziness, Scrofula, General Debility, etc.
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sample free.
Mother! Keep your child's stomach and bowels healthy with Dr. Fenner's Sennatoria. The best laxative and corrective known.
Dr. Fenner's Soothing Syrup.
Allays irritation and gives refreshing sleep.
Dr. Fenner's Worm Syrup. "Brought 156 worms from our child. Mrs Sherick, Elida, O."
Dr. Fenner's Family Salt Rheum Ointment. Best for skin eruptions, Piles, Sores, Cuts, etc.
FOR SALE BY
W. E. BROWN, Denton, Md.
T. W. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.
H. DUFFEY, Hillsboro, Md.
J. B. SLAY, Henderson, Md.
PEPPER & PEPPER, Fowling Creek, Md.
M. M. WILLEY, Choptank, Md.

PINEOLA COUGH BALSAM

is excellent for all throat inflammations and for asthma. Consumptives will invariably derive benefit from its use, as it *quickly* abates the cough, renders expectoration easy, assisting nature in restoring wasted tissues. There is a large percentage of those who suppose their cases to be consumption who are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh use Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm, 50c. per bottle; Pineola Balsam, 25c. at Druggists. In quantities of $2.50 will deliver on receipt of amount.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Money to Loan.
I have $5000 to loan on first mortgage, in sums to suit.
5t. ALBERT G. TOWERS.

For Sale,
A farm horse cheap for cash, or will trade for corn. Apply to
A. G. GELLETLY, Williston, Md.
12 21 2

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
GOOD FOR EVERYBODY
Almost everybody takes some laxative medicine to cleanse the system and keep the blood pure. Those who take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR (liquid or powder) get all the benefits of a mild and pleasant laxative and tonic that purifies the blood and strengthens the whole system. And more than this: SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR regulates the Liver, keeps it active and healthy, and when the Liver is in good condition you find yourself free from Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick-Headache and Constipation, and rid of that worn out and debilitated feeling. These are all caused by a sluggish Liver. Good digestion and freedom from stomach troubles will only be had when the liver is properly at work. If troubled with any of these complaints, try SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. The King of Liver Medicines, and Better than Pills.
EVERY PACKAGE
Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Phila., Pa.

TO AN OLD DRESS COAT.

Thou art just a trifle seedy,
I must needs at last aver,
Though I've laid thee by in lavender
And treated thee with care;
And our dancing days are over—
So the candid friends give out,
Who consider thee old fashioned
And remark that I am stout.

Many a year we've spent together—
Many a kindly, happy year;
Frequent guests and ever welcome
At the good man's feast and cheer,
And at many a merry midnight,
To the viol's flowing sound
We have tripped it with the youngest
In the square dance and the round.

I have seen the gallants flaunting
In their tinseled gala dress,
But for all thy somber plainness
I have never prized thee less,
For my Phyllis dear preferred thee
To the red coat and the blue,
And what pleased my Phyllis surely
Could not fail to please me too.

And shall I now discard thee?
Must a serving man obey
Sign and summons in the garment
I have worn this many a day?
Or shall I give thee over
To a musty wardrobe's trust
And abandon thee forever
As a prey to moth and dust?

Away the thought! I'll keep thee—
As I've kept thee yet—with care,
And a fig for Lady Fashion
And whatever dandies wear!
A coat unchanged and honest,
I shall don thee bravely still,
And with nimble humor foot it
In cotillion or quadrille.
—D. Fallon in Temple Bar.

AUNT THOMASINA.

Last night, at a dance, Mr. Simpson pretended not to know me. I believe that he speaks of me in terms that would wither me if they reached my ears. I am afraid I treated him rather badly. In fact, my husband says there was no excuse for me, and he advises me not to tell the story. But my husband never lived with Aunt Thomasina.

Mr. Tredennis asked me to marry him five years ago, when I was 18 and he was 22. I said "Yes" at once. Most girls would say "Yes" to Peter. Of course he had no money. I only had Aunt Thomasina, and we agreed that we could not live on her. So he went to India to carve out a career. He left me his photograph and a diamond ring, which Aunt Thomasina would not let me wear. She did not recognize our engagement because Peter had no money. We were not even allowed to correspond.

For five years I had to live on a week of memories, a ring and a photograph which grew rather faded and shabby as time went on. The memories suffered a little too. But the worst thing happened to the ring—I lost it.

In spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition I had got into the way of wearing it on occasions when I particularly wished to remember Peter and my promise to him. Until I lost it I always had it on when any one made me an offer of marriage. Of course I could not foresee exactly when an offer would be forthcoming, but as it happened I watched its supporting sparkles when I went blackberrying with Captain Agincourt, when I met Betty Marsden's brother at Hurlingham, and when I danced every dance with Sir Dennis East at the Duchess of Stars' ball. I think that I must have dropped the ring in a blackberry bush, because though I mentioned Captain Agincourt first in point of time he came just before Mr. Simpson.

On my twenty-third birthday Aunt Thomasina said she could bear it no longer and that I should marry the first man who asked me. I felt sure that if she said so I should. Therefore I reviewed my admirers more carefully than usual. I had not exactly forgotten Peter, but I had outgrown him. I don't know how else to describe the change that had taken place in me. From 18 to 23 is a long time, at least twice as long as from 38 to 43, for instance. Peter, dear boy, had become too young for me. When I looked at his photograph, I felt ready to be an elder sister to him. But I knew that he had seven already. I used to tell myself that he had grown older, but I never believed it. My Peter was 22, and had rosy cheeks.

I rather liked Mr. Simpson before we were engaged. He was one of those chirpy little men who chatter about nothing and never hear what you say to them. I had so little to say to him that I thought this trait an advantage. Aunt Thomasina told him about my engagement to Peter. She called it a "childish entanglement," and Mr. Simpson professed himself quite satisfied. I tried to feel faithless and miserable, because I considered it due to Peter. But, as a matter of fact, I rather agreed with Aunt Thomasina, who said no one but a fool would feel bound to a man she had neither seen nor heard from for five mortal years. He had probably married long ago. Besides, I knew a great many young men of 22, and when one of them proposed to me, I talked to him like a mother, and told him to wait another ten years.

Aunt Thomasina approved of Mr. Simpson because he had a great deal of money. I had arrived at an age when money seems desirable, but it sometimes struck me that marriage with Mr. Simpson was a high price to pay for it. To be sure, he did not look young, like poor Peter's photograph, but he often looked silly. At least I thought so after we were engaged.

One day he rushed into the drawing room and said that he must go to Scotland for a week because the recent gale had played havoc with his newly planted trees.

"'It's an ill wind that blows no one any good,'" said I.

"A week is a long time," said he, fidgeting from one foot to the other on the hearthrug.

"It soon goes," I sighed.

That night I looked at Peter's photograph and wondered whether we should ever meet again. I pictured the meeting. It should take place at a great reception. He should recognize that he had come back too late, and his heart should ache at the sight of my incomparable beauty, because I did think he might have written now and then, just to keep my heart up, in spite of Aunt Thomasina's prohibition. So I wanted his heart to ache. I wished my incomparable beauty had been a matter of fact. But what my imagination really boggled at was that tiresome little Mr. Simpson, who, under the circumstances, would be my husband. You can't invent a really effective sentimental situation with a man like Mr. Simpson in the foreground. Besides Aunt Thomasina has brought me up in a very old fashioned way, and I felt sure that I should not philander with any one after marriage. That is partly why I did not look forward to it. As a girl I have enjoyed many little episodes that do not concern Peter and Mr. Simpson. Captain Agincourt and I spent a very agreeable afternoon among the blackberry bushes.

While Mr. Simpson was in Scotland we telegraphed to each other every day. He had proposed writing, but I said that a correspondence by telegraph would be more of a joke. So he consented at once. The days flew, but each one helped to show me what I had half known before. I really could not marry Mr. Simpson. I knew he would not easily believe it, because he had said to Aunt Thomasina that I was a lucky girl. The memory of this remark served to keep my mind firm when it threatened to give way and pretend that it would be easier to marry Mr. Simpson than to throw him over. But I quaked when I thought of Aunt Thomasina.

The day it all happened she had gone out. I was waiting in the drawing room for Mr. Simpson, who had telegraphed that he would arrive about 4. I looked forward to a painful interview, because about two hours ago I had dispatched his ring and an explanatory letter to his rooms. I hoped he would take it quietly, and look out for another lucky girl at once. But I did not feel at all quiet myself, and while I waited I had a great deal of very unpleasant imaginary conversation. This grew so harrowing that I began to think of myself as Mrs. Simpson with comparative relief, when the butler opened the door and announced some one. I did not catch the name, and, when I turned round, I did not know the man who came toward me. At least I thought so.

"Lady Sandway is out," I began.

"Have you forgotten me, Monica?" said he.

Well, I had, and it was no wonder. I stared and stared, and could not believe my eyes. But I knew his manner, though this, too, had greatly changed.

"Five years is a long time," I murmured.

"Is it too long?" he asked hastily. "Am I too late?"

"Why did you never write?"

"Because you forbade it."

"Oh! What a reason!"

He stood there and looked at me, and I looked at him. Dear Peter! How glad I was to see him again! Every moment I recognized something I used to know, and every moment I discovered that the boy had grown into a man.

"I wish you had never left me your photograph," I said.

"Am I too late, Monica? Don't keep me in suspense."

Mr. Simpson came in before I could speak. I introduced the two men to each other and rang for tea. Until it came we talked of the recent gale, and, when we were left to ourselves, I started subjects of burning interest, one on the top of another.

"This is new," said Peter at length. "I don't remember that you used to be keen about politics."

"I am member for Shrimpington," said Mr. Simpson, as if that explained it.

I said that my interest in politics was entirely due to Aunt Thomasina, who could not go to dinner unless I read the debates to her.

"I'm told I ought to go in for politics myself," said Peter.

I put down the sugar basin and looked at him.

"Are you going to stay in England?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Didn't you know? Polruan is dead, poor chap. I'm his heir."

"I thought Evans announced a strange name," I said. "Are you Lord Polruan now, then? What a difference it will make to Aunt Thomasina!"

"Are you related to Lady Sandway?" asked Mr. Simpson.

"Not yet," said Peter. Then he turned to me.

"You'd rather live in England than India?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered, "but I have always wished to see India."

"Well, that's not impossible," whispered Mr. Simpson. "What about a wedding journey there?"

"Shall we?" said I to Peter, with an appealing glance.

"Oh, if you like," he replied. He has confessed since that he thought me rather forward.

"What have you done with your ring?" said Mr. Simpson suddenly. The one he had given me was very valuable, and I suppose he had just missed it from my hand.

"I daresay you have lost it," said Peter good naturedly, and I knew he referred to the one of little value that he had given me five years ago. I felt quite pleased to be able to answer straightforwardly.

"I have," I said, addressing him. "I'm afraid I dropped it in a blackberry bush."

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson. He really said something much ruder that I should not think of repeating. I say "scissors" myself sometimes.

"Scissors!" said Mr. Simpson. "That ring cost £200, and where do blackberry bushes grow in Bruton street?"

"Nonsense," said Peter, who by this time looked downright angry. He had very old fashioned ideas and did not like to hear a man use strong language in the presence of a lady. "The ring didn't cost £20. I wasn't worth £200 when I bought it."

Mr. Simpson looked as if a new idea had just entered his head.

"Are you the 'childish entanglement?'" he inquired.

"Has that been your description of me, Monica?" said Peter.

I took my courage in my hands and turned to Mr. Simpson.

"I did not want to explain now—before Lord Polruan. I wrote to you this morning and said what I had to say. The letter is at your rooms."

"But where is the ring?" he cried.

"In the letter," I said.

"Do you mean that you want to jilt me? You—a girl without a penny!"

I knew he would not behave well. Perhaps I did not deserve much at his hands; but, at the same time, many men would not have said the things he tried to say—until Peter stopped him. He would not believe that I had written to him before I saw Peter or even knew that he had come back from India with a title and a fortune. He asked me whether Aunt Thomasina knew of the letter I had written to him, and I had to confess that she did not.

"Lady Sandway will agree with me that your behavior is disgraceful," he said.

At that moment Lady Sandway entered the room. She went straight up to—Peter.

"My dear Lord Polruan," she cooed, "what a pleasure to see you again!"

"Do you know what has happened, Lady Sandway?" blurted out Mr. Simpson at once. "Your niece has thrown me over."

"Really!" said Aunt Thomasina. "Then"—

Of course she was a very worldly old lady, but I had never supposed her worldliness would stand me in such good stead. She threw off Mr. Simpson like an old glove, just as she had once thrown off poor Peter. But she admitted later that she never could abide Mr. Simpson's manners.

"I have just seen Lady Caroline Cadbury," she said, still standing, as if she expected Mr. Simpson to go at once.

"I shall propose to her tonight," he said savagely.

I suppose he did, because next day she wrote to tell Aunt Thomasina that she had accepted him and hoped I would forgive her, as it was a case of an irresistible attachment on both sides. I did not see Aunt Thomasina's reply.

Peter maintains that I treated Mr. Simpson very badly. It is all very well, but if I had married Mr. Simpson, what would have become of Peter?—Sketch.

Preserving Ice.

A saucerful of shaved ice may be preserved for 24 hours with the thermometer in the room at 90 degrees F. if the following precautions are observed: Put the saucer containing the ice in a soup plate and cover it with another. Place the soup plate thus arranged on a good heavy pillow and cover it with another pillow, pressing the pillows so that the plates are completely imbedded in them.

Lung Developing.

Gaggs—My boy has weak lungs. What business do you think would be best for him?

Waggs—Make him a professional pugilist. It's the greatest lung developing business in the world.—New York Tribune.

THE NOISE OF CITIES.

It Is an Increasing Nuisance and For the Most Part Needless.

Is there any good reason why, as we trot along to keep up with the march of human progress, we should make so much noise about it? Is it an absolute necessity that the advance of civilization should be accompanied by an ever increasing volume of din? The husbandman in his quiet home, accustomed only to the crowing of the cock at morn and the croaking of the frog at night, gets his weekly papers and learns of the wonderful things that are being done in every branch of human industry, and he may be pardoned if it occurs to him that it's all being done without any particular fuss. But if he gets into any "center of civilization" he is appalled by the prevalence of ear splitting sounds. He may expect a reasonable amount of the "roar of a great city," but in these days the "roar" suggests a well warranted theory that bedlam has at last broken loose and can't be corralled. The question naturally presents itself whether men adulterated noise has not been allowed to get the better of us, we have been attending to matters, and whether it is not time to direct our energies keeping down the uproar that on every hand. Certain it is the race continues making in the next century at the which it has been advancing century about to close, an noise that arises from the increases in like proportion man ear will have to be ed on stronger and more lines and human nerves re-enforcement in one way other.

If any one has the ten combat the proposition that getting the whip hand of speak, let him rise some when this city, for example paratively quiet, and then the noise begins, increases everywhere, until it seems world were made for it else. A multitude of whis to screech in what appears never ending contest in the realm of noise of monstrous trucks the thoroughfares ny. An army of leather hucksters takes possession streets and fills the air with scribable and unintelligible that are repeated with unal vor 40 times or more before house, as if it were to be presumed that the whole population were stone deaf. Ponderous wagons laden with long metal beams move slowly along, giving a blood curdling addition to the tumult as beams beat an incessant tattoo on other beams—all together the most noisy noise in the world. Get pecially on an ca it comes to a stop all the grinding, ing noises that ha world began are c mighty effort to

So the query a Has there, with t ilization and the deve its branches of human enough attention paid to down and minimizing the sounds? Apparently not. who should do something ears and nerves would be ha a benefactor of the human And those who would win this line should make a start the noise has overwhelmed kind.—New York Tribune.

Potato Penwipers.

One of the Milwaukee hotels a bushel of potatoes a year, a time, for penwipers on the in the office. Every morning to as big as an apple is put in partment of the pen box, and 24 hours the potato is removed another is put in. Pens in penholders are stuck into the potato, a dozen at a time, giving it the pearance of a porcupine. man registers, he finds there. During the year 365 and on leap year 366, are furnished to the public at this hotel wipers. The potatoes open market with their globular form, and Kidney Flake being ties chosen, when they tained. It is claimed by pretend to know all about and pens that a potato pen the best preservative against and mildew that can be the pens.—Milwaukee

An Old Timer.

Here is an inv room furniture the most distin zens of Louisian Spanish accessi stead, 3 feet wide a mattress and shucks, an upper ers, a coarse cot manufactured at home cypress wood with candlesticks with wax candles. The re was not better furnish leans Times-Democrat.

In the year 1834 Capt len, then a boy on his near Zebulon, Ga., stu sprout in the gre the sprout was lead pencil and had boy as an ox gad. almost 19 feet in circ distance of two ground and is said to mulberry tree in Geor Republic.