DENTON JOURNAL.

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Another opportunity to buy at prices even lower than last year's forced sale on account of settling a partner's interest.

The sewers and makers have disappointed us in making Clothing promptly. The season has been backward. Between the two—

We have enormous stocks, and in order to make quick sale, will sell at Half Price.

$32.00 Overcoats,	$20.00	$25.00 Suits,	$15.00
25.00 "	15.00	20.00 "	10.00
20.00 "	10.00	16.00 "	8.00

Thousands Good Warm Suits and Overcoats, $5.00

WANAMAKER & BROWN

Sixth and Market Ninth and Chestnut

Notwithstanding the very low prices—the rule is still in force to pay Railroad fare—on very moderate purchases.

WM. H. WANAMAKER

Twelfth and Market Streets

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.

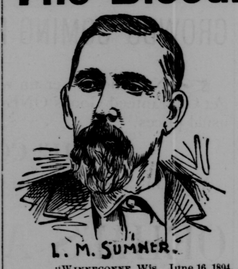
BRICKS AND LUMBER. BALED HAY ALWAYS ON HAND.

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.

The Blood.



"WINNECONNE, Wis., June 16, 1894.

Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—In 1885 I had skin eruption entirely covering foot and leg to knee, so bad the discharge would fill my slipper to running over in a half day. No one knows how I suffered.

All doctors and patent medicines employed failed to benefit me and the eruption continued to spread. In this distressed condition I finally began the use of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and after using 6 bottles, together with as many boxes of your Salt Rheum Ointment, relief was established.

I kept on however, until I had used 10 bottles in all of the Blood Remedy, and I alternated with it occasionally a bottle of your Kidney and Backache Cure, until I had taken 8 bottles of it, A perfect cure resulted."

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 15 worms from our child. Mrs Sherlick, 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.

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.

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.

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.

HIS MESSAGE.

Moonlight and music seek the room,
Their silvery sweetness bringing,
To banish half the midnight's gloom
Around her casement clinging,

To gently touch her slumbers bland
And lift the latch of sleeping,
Until, like airs from fairyland,
Through some calm gateway creeping,

Her spirit feels the spell of sound
And thrills to each soft measure,
By harmony her heart is bound
And filled with rhythmic pleasure.

Blithe are the songs that come and go,
Against her bosom beating—
Those music waves that ebb and flow
Benignly fair and fleeting.

But, hark! Swift fingers touch the flute
In clear, melodious fashion,
A lover's lips, no longer mute,
Are eloquent with passion.

She knows he lurks in shadows dim,
His tuneful message bringing,
And all her heart goes forth to him
In strains of silent singing.

—William Hamilton Hayne.

BEARING EVIDENCE.

In 18— I was first mate of the Monico, one of the Red Ring line and then one of the best going boats in the Atlantic service.

I had run across while the ship was in dock from Liverpool to my home near Doncaster to see my sister Patty before her marriage. She was engaged to a young lieutenant named Rupert Rowling, the nephew and heir of old Jonathan Rowling, a wealthy, eccentric country squire in Yorkshire, and it was not only a good match for her, but Rupert, whom I had known from childhood—we were at school together—was one of the heartiest and most genuine fellows you'd find in a day's walk.

When I arrived at Doncaster, I was surprised to find things all in an uproar. Old Rowling had, it seemed, taken some offense at an innocent but misunderstood remark of Rupert's and had flown into a terrible passion, swearing he would disinherit him. Rupert, who was a high spirited young chap, gave the old man a bit of his mind, and they had a violent quarrel, which ended in Mr. Rowling turning his nephew out of the house and forbidding him ever to show his face there again. That was on a Thursday, a fortnight before my visit.

On the evening of the quarrel Rupert called on my sister and told her of what had taken place, and they agreed to postpone the wedding for the present. He then left, as he stated, for London, where he was due to join his regiment on the following Saturday.

The next morning (Friday) everybody was startled at hearing that old Jonathan Rowling had been found dead in a plantation on his estate. He was lying face downward and had evidently been shot in the back by some one, the bullet having penetrated to the heart and killed him instantly, and on a medical examination it was ascertained that the murder, for such it doubtless was, must have been committed on the previous night, for death had taken place many hours before the body was found.

The fact of the quarrel between the deceased and his nephew was already public property, and suspicion at once pointed to Rupert as the probable culprit. The police soon ascertained Rupert's movements, which showed that he had called on Patty, as I have stated, and that he caught the next express to London, the time between his leaving Patty and the starting of the train giving him plenty of opportunity to commit the crime had he been so minded, and, moreover, his road from my sister's to the station took him alongside the plantation in which his uncle's body was found.

The London detectives were put to work, and they ascertained that Rupert had a revolver of the same caliber as the shot found in old Rowling's corpse, and the upshot was that he was arrested and brought before the magistrates at Doncaster.

The assizes were just approaching, and when I arrived on the scene Rupert stood committed for trial on the charge of murdering his uncle.

I could do nothing to help him, but I went to the assize town and saw him in prison. He denied all knowledge of the crime, swearing to me that he was absolutely innocent. I believed him, but the evidence was overwhelming. The station master at Doncaster spoke of Rupert's rushing into the station in a great flurry and looking very upset, and the revolver, which he admitted he had not used for some days, had one chamber empty. Many other things, trivial in themselves, but awfully black when put together, were brought out at the trial, and before I left I had heard him found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death by the judge. It all seemed like a ghastly dream.

I was due to return to my ship, the Monico, and I bade Rupert good-by. I don't mind telling you that I sobbed like a child. I shouldn't have felt it so if I could have done anything even to try to help him, but I was perfectly powerless.

My sister of course was in a terrible way, and I hardly liked leaving her, but my whole future depended on keeping my position in the Red Ring line, so I wrenched myself away and was on board the Monico the next morning.

We sailed the following day, which was a Wednesday, and the last thing I heard before leaving Liverpool was that poor Rupert's execution had been fixed for Thursday in the next week.

We had a heavy cargo of goods and a lot of passengers, but I tell you my heart seemed heavier when we started on that voyage than the ship, cargo, passengers and all.

The Monico was considered a fast vessel at that time. She generally took just over seven days to do the passage, and we were due in New York on the Wednesday evening before Rupert's execution.

Everything went well till the Monday afternoon, when one of the steerage passengers, a man named Charles Cappermole, fell down a hatchway, breaking his back and receiving internal injuries from which the doctor said he was bound to die within four or five hours. It was very sad, of course, but couldn't be helped, and although anything of the sort puts a gloom over the ship I was too much engrossed in my own trouble to think much of it. But just after one bell (half past 6) the captain came to me.

"Sparton," he said, "you were telling me about the trouble your sister's fiance had got into. It's a most extraordinary thing, but this man Cappermole has been telling the doctor a tale about his having shot his father's landlord in Yorkshire, and that he believes this accident is a judgment on him. I have seen him, and he says the name of the man he murdered was Rowling, which is the name you mentioned, I think, and if you will come with me to the hospital, where the poor wretch is lying, you can hear his yarn for yourself."

I was thunderstruck. I got the third officer to take my place for a short time and hurried off to the side of the injured man.

His statement was somewhat rambling, but with the help of a clergyman who was a passenger we reduced it to writing in a tangible shape, and it was about something like this:

"I, Charles Cappermole, lately residing at Marten's Hole, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, but now a passenger on board the steamship Monico (Captain Marner) in mid-Atlantic, having met with an accident by falling down a hatchway, and being, as I well know, within a short time of death, do make this solemn statement and declare the same to be true, so help me God:

"I am a farm laborer and until recently was living with my father and mother at Marten's Hole, where my father rented a small farm under Mr. Jonathan Rowling. The same farm had been in the possession of my father all his life and of his father before him, and it was our whole living.

"Mr. Jonathan Rowling had a disagreement with my father last year but one just before Michaelmas about some hedges which he insisted my father should renew, but which had always been replanted before that time at the expense of the landlord. My father refused to replant them at his own expense, and Mr. Rowling gave him notice to quit, which expired at Michaelmas last, and he subsequently turned my parents and myself out of the farm in the middle of winter.

"My mother was in a very feeble and delicate state of health, and the eviction caused her death, and my father, being broken hearted and ruined, was compelled to go into the workhouse.

"I determined to emigrate to America, and with the assistance of a benevolent society I obtained my passage money and outfit and enough cash in my pocket to prevent my being turned back as a pauper on landing in the United States. I booked my passage in the steamship Monico, but before starting on the voyage I saw my father in the workhouse. His misfortunes had so shattered him that he was dying, and exasperated and filled with indignation I determined to be revenged on Mr. Rowling, who had been the cause of my mother's and my father's deaths and my ruin and emigration.

"I had bought a revolver to take with me, and tramping to Doncaster I lay in wait for Mr. Rowling on the evening of Thursday, the 24th day of May last. I knew that it was his habit to walk through the plantation which adjoins a lane called Danks' lane every night between 8 and 9 o'clock, his purpose being to see if any rabbit snares had been laid by poachers, and I hid myself behind some bushes in this plantation close to the path. I presently heard footsteps, and directly afterward I saw Mr. Rowling walk along close beside where I was hiding. As soon as he had got past me I stood up, and aiming the revolver at him I shot him in the back. He lifted up his arms and with a great cry fell face forward, dead.

"It was nearly dark, and I crept out of the plantation into the lane without any one seeing me. I walked that night to Wakefield along by roads well known to me, and from thence on following days to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, Newton and Liverpool, from which port I was to take passage to New York.

"In Liverpool I heard the murder spoken of for the first time, and to my surprise I found that Mr. Rupert Rowling, Mr. Rowling's nephew, was charged with it. I never thought for a moment that they could find him guilty of the murder he had not committed, and I took no steps to let the truth be known. When I afterward learned he was convicted of the murder and sentenced to death, I knew I ought to go back and own the deed and save him, but I could not bring myself to do so, and I went on board the Monico well knowing that I was leaving behind me an innocent man to be hanged for the murder I had committed. The revolver with which I shot Mr. Rowling is in my box. All which is true, as I declare."

Cappermole signed this statement, and the clergyman, the captain, the doctor and myself witnessed it, and shortly after five bells (half past 10 at night) Cappermole died, being buried at sea the next day, Tuesday.

I had been melancholy and depressed without hope before, but now began my anxious time.

Cappermole's statement was of no use unless I could get the knowledge of it to the authorities in England in time to stop my friend Rupert's execution on Thursday morning, and it was a race against time. We were in ordinary course due at New York on Wednesday afternoon about 4 o'clock, which would be about 9 o'clock at night in England. We had had favorable weather and had made good way, and if we kept on we should be in on time, if not before, but on Tuesday morning we ran into a dense fog, and our course was impeded, and the engines slowed down.

I sought the captain and told him exactly what was depending on our not losing time. He was a fine fellow, was Captain Marner, and he fully sympathized with me. We debated the matter and considered it all round for a few minutes. To go full steam ahead was terribly dangerous, as the lookout men could see no distance to speak of owing to the fog, but the captain at last determined to do it.

"I'll do it, Sparton," he cried. "I feel that this man was sent on board my ship and injured so that he felt himself dying and bound to confess by Providence, and if I don't try to save Rupert Rowling I shall consider I have been the cause of his being hanged. If I do try and anything happens to our ship, then may God preserve us."

To which I answered solemnly, "Amen."

Rushing off to the chief engineer I briefly explained matters to him and gave him the captain's orders. The engineer was a big, hard headed Scotchman, and gripping my hand in a grasp like a vise he cried:

"I'll mak' the ship go, Robert. But it'll be a bad thing for onything we run into I'm thinking. It will that."

Well, we tore along through the fog all day Tuesday. I was in a dreadful state of mind. On the one hand I was all anxiety to reach port in time to cable to England and stop the execution of Rupert, while on the other we were risking the lives of the crew and some 150 passengers, to say nothing of the ship and the cargo.

I didn't leave the deck for a moment all day. I promised the captain I would not leave a stone unturned to insure the safety of the vessel. We put three times the ordinary number of men on the lookout and kept fog horning and whistling all day long, but by a merciful providence we had a clear course. We only sighted one vessel about midday, but I could not discern what she was. Toward night the fog lifted, and the stars shone. McGreig, the engineer, now had the coal piled on at a fearful rate, and we shot through the water like an arrow, but early the next morning the wretched fog came on again.

We were of course nearing the land, and the risk of collision was every minute more serious. We kept on in our mad career. The passengers knew there was something queer about steaming so fast through a fog, but I answered them all: "Oh, we're all right. We're on our usual track, and nothing gets in our way."

This was true to some extent, but the risk was enormous, and every mile that we got nearer land I got more and more nervous.

However, to cut a long story short, we gained New York harbor at 3:50 on Wednesday afternoon after nearly running down an outgoing steamer some 20 miles out and which we avoided by the skin of our teeth.

As soon as we arrived I hurried ashore, by the captain's permission, and hunted up the British consul, whom I dragged off to the cable company's office, and we sent a joint telegram from him and the captain to the home secretary in London. I also wired to the gov-

DIED AT THE WINNING POST.

Asteroid's Famous and Final Race In Cincinnati Many Years Ago.

There was a time when racing was not conducted on the "continuous show" plan day after day, with occasional intermissions for meals and drinks. It was not so much of a business as it is now. The races were great social functions, and all the beaux and belles were there. The horses were owned by well to do men, who raced for the glory. Fortunes were not given in single stakes, and there was something more than mere money to be gained by owning a winning horse.

A party of old Cincinnatians were talking of the difference between racing in the past and the present, and their reminiscences of the great races at the old Buckeye track were interesting. The track was out on Spring Grove avenue, just a short distance beyond where Chester park now stands. Here were fought some of the greatest turf battles of the days immediately succeeding the war.

The original Buckeye track had been down at Riverside, but as the city grew to the north a new site was selected and a track and grand stand built. It was here some 30 years ago that the great race in which Asteroid defeated Buckeye Boy took place. There were no bookmakers or pool sellers in those days Owners and bettors went about the track, crying what odds they would lay on a horse, and the money was put up in the hands of some well known person as a stakeholder.

Tom Stephens, afterward mayor of Cincinnati, and Jim Doherty, now of the Main Street railway, had the Millcreek House on Spring Grove avenue in those days. This was the great resort of the horsemen. Here they would meet before the races and make their bets, leaving the money with Stephens. Vast sums were bet in this way. So great was the demand upon Stephens to hold wagers that he was obliged to have three safes placed in his office during the racing season in which to place the money. Ed Betty, the veteran newspaper man of this city was in those days the sporting editor of The Commercial.

The day of Asteroid's greatest victory Betty, who had the right tip, had most of the newspaper boys down on him. Of the field Buckeye Boy was a hot favorite, and his owner and friends laid extravagant odds against the other horses, so confident were they of winning. In some way Washington Grant, a member of the Covington family of that name, had got information that Asteroid was right on edge, and that his owner thought he could win. John Robinson, the circus man, and several more friends had the tip, and they pooled their money, getting odds of about 20 to 1 from the Buckeye Boy people, who thought their horse invincible. The price on Asteroid was ruined, however, before the horses went to the post by one excited individual going about seeking to bet $100 against $1,000 on Asteroid, his calls making the other faction reduce the odds. Asteroid won the race, but dropped dead after the finish. Grant, Robinson and their party won thousands on the race. The track was crowded to its limit that day, not only with the elite of Cincinnati society, but with thousands from outside points. So great was the interest that it took five steamboats to bring from Louisville the crowd of Kentuckians who came to see it.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Iron and Steel Blacking.

The French process for coloring iron and steel a dead black, at the same time insuring a superior appearance as well as permanency, depends, it is explained, upon the employment of a peculiar kind of fluid, the formula of which is given as follows: One part bismuth chloride, 2 parts mercury bichloride, 1 part copper chloride, 6 parts hydrochloric acid, 5 parts alcohol and 50 parts water, these being mixed together in a thorough manner. In order to secure the most satisfactory results, the article to be treated being first made clean in every respect and free from grease, the preparation is applied with a swab or brush, or, better still, the object may be dipped into it, the liquid being allowed to dry on the metal and the latter then placed in boiling water and the temperature maintained for half an hour. If after this the color is not so dark as may be desired for the purpose, the operation is simply repeated, the required density being thus easily attained, and after obtaining the desired degree of color the latter is fixed as well as improved generally by placing for a few moments in a bath of boiling oil and heating the object until the oil is completely driven off.

Hall Caine's Use of the Bible.

"I think," Hall Caine says, "that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it, and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the prodigal son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob, though in my version sympathy attaches to Esau. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl. 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah. My new book also comes out of the Bible, from a perfectly startling source."

COLLECTING A FARE.

He Didn't Pay the Money; Still He Didn't Make the Trip.

"I had an odd experience once in the far west," said a Chicago merchant. "I was at that time traveling for the house in which I am now a partner, and my business took me to the Rocky mountains. There were two or three stores up in the mountains at the terminus of a branch road they were building to some mines, and I had to take them in. There was a tremendous grade—I presume as much as 100 feet to the mile for 25 miles—and the two trains a day that passed over the road with passengers were not the finest on the continent. However, they were good enough and beat a mule train all to pieces.

"There were not more than a dozen passengers in the single coach, a very primitive affair indeed, when we started, and by the time we had gone a dozen miles there were only two of us, and one of them had come on at the last station. He was equal to all the other dozen, though, for he was just drunk enough to be ugly and was a terror besides. He had two big guns in his belt and a knife to keep them company, and when the conductor asked him for his fare he simply gave him a cursing.

"When the conductor insisted on his paying, he told him if he didn't get out he would fill him full of lead and tap him with his knife, and the conductor retired, but in no good humor. As he sat down in the corner where I was by the stove I asked him who the passenger was, and he told me he was the worst man in the mountains and had killed a man for every finger he had on his hands. He had at one time shot a hole through the conductor's hat, but the difficulty had been patched up temporarily.

"I could see the conductor was feeling sore, and when I stopped asking questions he shut up like a clam and devoted himself to profound thought, every now and then looking over his shoulder toward the unamiable passenger. Some time later when we might have been five miles from our destination the conductor asked me if I wouldn't please take my bag and step into a caboose that served as a baggage car. I did so and took my seat on one of my sample cases, the conductor shutting the door of the car behind me and leaving me there. A minute or two later I felt the train start forward as if part of its load were gone, and in a minute or so more the conductor came in. I asked him what the matter was, and he pointed to the door. I got up and opened it, and instead of finding the passenger car where I had left it it was flying back down the track at breakneck speed. In another minute it had whirled around a curve and was out of sight.

"'How did that happen?' I asked the conductor in horror.

"'Got loose some way,' he answered.

"'Where's the passenger we left there?'

"'He's there yet, I guess.'

"'Well, aren't you going back to do what you can? The whole thing will be smashed.'

"'Wouldn't be surprised.'

"Then he stepped to the forward door of the caboose and told the engineer to reverse the engine and go back. Five miles down the track we found the ramshackle old passenger coach in a million pieces at the bottom of a gorge 100 feet below the track. We couldn't get to it then, so we went on to our destination, where the accident was reported and the coroner notified. He went down the next day, but couldn't find enough of the 'terror' to hold an inquest on and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts and gave the revolvers to the conductor for future reference.

"Did the conductor cut the car loose?"

"That's what the coroner asked me," replied the narrator, "but how did I know? The conductor hadn't a word to say to anybody, and he couldn't be compelled to testify under the circumstances."—Washington Star.

Old Military Stupids.

"What made you leave the army at so early an age, with such a fair record behind you and so promising a career in front of you?" I once asked an officer, whose chief defect was a proneness to act on hotheaded impulse. The purport of his reply was: "At my last inspection I was questioned by the general concerning the prices of the soldiers' socks and shirts. I gave him to understand that I neither knew nor cared, and, of course, I was pretty sharply reprimanded. I became so disgusted with this and similar absurdities of regimental pedantry that I sent in my papers." The weary waste of time, the circumlocutionary twaddle of the old military correspondence, was a subject for burlesque.

Once, as president of a board to report on an accident to a horse, I simply stated that "the leg was broken," and received a rather sharp reprimand for embodying an opinion in such trivial language. Therefore I amended the defect by suggesting that "the tibia was fractured," and was complimented for the satisfactory lucidity of my report. Tradition declares that in India a similar board recorded an opinion that "the elephant is dead and smells bad." The general, in a towering passion, sent back the proceedings for revision, whereupon the board amended its report, "The elephant is still dead and smells worse."—Blackwood's Magazine.