DENTON JOURNAL.

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GREATER OAK HALL | GREATER OAK HALL

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Three seasons of such growth as we have had this season in selling women's and girls' cloaks and dresses, and all Oak Hall will be too small to serve women alone.

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It is nothing unreasonable to expect us, after 36 years tailoring experience, to sell the best ready-made. Nor do we care how low we sell fashionable good clothes—don't mind selling good coat or suit for what we ought to—$5 or $30.

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TIME-TABLE.

Eastward.		BALTO. FERRY	Westward.	
Leav. P. M.	Leave. A. M.		Arrive A. M.	Arrv. P. M.
3 00	5 45	BALTIMORE	10 50	9 00
Arrv. P. M.	Arrive A. M.	TO	Leave. A. M.	Leav. P. M.
5 30	8 15	QUEENST'N.	8 20	6 30

Railroad Division.

Leav P. M.	Leave. A. M.	STATIONS.	Arrive A. M.	Arrv. P. M.
5 50	8 50	Queenstown	8 15	5 15
f 5 56	f 8 58	Bloomingdale	f 8 10	f 5 07
f 6 03	f 9 07	Wye Mills	f 8 01	4 58
f 6 10	9 16	Willoughby	f 7 58	4 51
6 20	9 28	Queen Anne	7 50	4 39
f 6 22	9 31	Hillsboro	f 7 48	4 36
6 27	9 37	Downes	7 44	4 30
f 6 30	f 9 41	Tuckahoe	f 7 42	f 4 27
6 37	9 50	Denton	7 35	4 18
6 47	10 02	Hobbs	7 26	4 06
6 55	10 12	Hickman	7 17	3 55
f 6 59	f 10 17	Adamsville	f 7 13	f 3 49
f 7 04	f 10 23	Blanchard	f 7 08	f 3 43
7 11	10 33	Greenwood	7 00	3 33
f 7 20	f 10 44	Owens	f 6 52	f 3 21
f 7 23	f 10 48	Banning	f 6 48	f 3 17
f 7 27	f 10 54	Deputy	f 6 44	f 3 12
7 35	11 15	Ellendale	6 38	3 05
f 7 44	f 11 24	Wolfe	f 6 26	f 2 52
7 50	11 30	Milton	6 20	2 45
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

CONNECTIONS.

Connects at Queen Anne with the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway from Easton and Oxford, at 7.50 a. m., for Queenstown and Baltimore.

Connects at Greenwood with Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad for Seaford, Delmar, Salisbury, and points south, at 10.33 a. m., and from the same points, at 3.33 p. m., for Denton, Queenstown and Baltimore.

Connects at Ellendale with the Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad, at 11.00 a. m., for Georgetown, Lewes, Rehoboth Beach and Ocean City, and from those points, at 3.05 p. m., for Greenwood, Denton, Queenstown and Baltimore.

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Beginning November 1st, 1897, the steamer Emma A. Ford, will leave Chestertown at 8 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Bogle's, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Leave Baltimore 10.30 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for same landings.

Steamer Gratitude will leave Centreville 8 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, stopping at the landings on Corsica river, Jackson's Creek and Rock Hall. Leave Baltimore 10.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the same landings.

☞Special trip to Rock Hall and return on Saturday's only. Leave Baltimore 3 p. m., Leave Rock 5.15 p. m.

Steamer Corsica leave Crumpton at 12 o'clock noon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leave Chestertown 5 p. m., Tuesday and Thursday and 3 p. m., Saturday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, and Quaker Neck.

Leave Baltimore 9 p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday for same landings.

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Great Choptank, Trappe and Tuckahoe Rivers.

On and after January 1st, 1897, steamers will leave Pier 5 Light Street Wharf daily except Sundays at 7 p. m., for Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, Chancellor's, Secretary, Clark's, Choptank, Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Todd's, Downes', Towers', Williston, Tuckahoe Bridge, Reese's, Coward's, Covey's, Hillsboro and Queen Anne.

Arriving at Oxford the following morning in time for connection with the Delaware & Chesapeake R. R., and at Cambridge with the Cambridge & Seaford R. R.

Returning will leave Hillsboro, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10 a. m.; Covey's 10.30; Coward's 11; Williston 1 p. m.; Ganey's 1.30; McCarty's 2; Kingston 2.15; Dover Bridge 2.30; Medford's (Choptank) 4; Clark's 4.15; Cambridge 7; Trappe 8.50 and Oxford 10, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's, 7 a. m.; Williston, 8 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

Freight received until 6 p. m. daily for all landings.

E. E. WHEELER, Agent,
Pier 5 Light St., Baltimore.
B. B. COHEE, Agent at Williston.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic

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Denton, 12 m.	E. N. Market, 3.30
Lyford's,	Oyster Shell Point,
Williston,	Cambridge, 6 p m.
Two John's,	Kirby's,
Turkey Creek,	Oxford,
Kingston,	Bellevue,
Dover Bridge,	Double Mills,
Hog Island,	Easton, 9 30 p. m.
Windy Hill,	Oxford, 10.30 p. m.
Choptank,	Tilghman's Island.
Wright's,	

Arriving in Baltimore at about 5 o'clock next morning.

Returning, the steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light St. Wharf, at 7 o'clock p. m., daily, except Sunday, for all points named, and arriving at Easton about 3.00 a. m.; Oxford, 3.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 6.00 a. m.; East New Market, 7.00 a. m., and Denton at 11 o'clock a. m.

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T. V. REDMAN,
American Corner, Md.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When Tom and Bill were baby boys,
Infant Bill
Was fretful, squally, full of noise—
Homely Bill—
Redheaded, and it was a fact
From morn till night his parents racked
To keep his neck from being cracked—
Troublesome Bill.

As he grew older folks would say
Lazy Bill,
But naught he'd care; it was his way—
Shiftless Bill.
He'd spend his time in idle joys
And put his jobs on other boys,
Poor fools that followed his decoys—
Scheming Bill.

And when the boys to college went
Foolish Bill
To grinding work no interest lent—
Hopeless Bill—
While Tom was quick and apt to learn
And said bright things at every turn
That made the slow with envy burn—
Sluggish Bill.

School life was done, with all its joys—
Thankful Bill—
And business life claimed both the boys—
A chance for Bill.
Tom made a noise—a stir, you know—
But somehow it ne'er seemed to go,
While close mouthed Bill raked in the dough—
Knowing Bill.

The years have come and gone away
For Tom and Bill.
Tom keeps a set of books each day,
And Bill
Has office hours from ten till two.
He's looking for new worlds to do.
He owns a block, a bank or two—
Incomprehensible Bill.

—Al Dunlap in Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE UNDERSTUDY.

Well, gentlemen (the great tragedian's voice shook a little as he put down his glass in the silence), you little know perhaps what a string you touched upon when you coupled my name with that of the great dead and gone actor, Franklin Hyde. If I closed my eyes for a moment, I could easily believe that this was all a dream. When I think of the strange and unexpected incident that sent me up the golden ladder at a bound and of the man—well, there, gentlemen, I suppose few of you would credit that one night, only 15 years ago, I was upon the verge of suicide.

It was about as black as it could be—partly, I own, because my ambition stood in my way. But when a man has studied and dreamed of a telling part in Drury Lane autumn drama his soul not unnaturally sickens at the thought of reverting to minor roles in second rate touring companies. That was it. I had been promised the part of Julian Armstrong in that immortal piece, "Exiled," and then, when it came to rehearsal, it turned out that by some strange mistake the part had already been allocated to another man. That man was Franklin Hyde, and I am not sure that I did not hate him on the spot. True, I received a check as a set off, but it seemed that my life chance had been snatched away, and my debts had mounted up again before I set to work to shake off the stupor of that disappointment. And then I found that I had let many other chances slip.

Somehow—many of you who saw it played and recollect the great possibilities it gave will understand why—that part of Julian Armstrong had put a spell over me. I got in at a rehearsal. Standing by, sick with jealousy and longing, I watched Hyde's conception, and, great as it was, I believed my own was greater, and a forlorn hope took possession of me. I determined to "understudy" him. Who knew? The drama was down to run until December. Might not some chance come in the interval? I felt—I knew—that I could play that part to the life. When, swallowing my pride, I spoke to Hyde of it, he laughed of course.

"Waste of time and talent, I'm afraid, Mr. Lorrimer. Still I would not check ambition. If anything unforeseen should occur, and you are still anxious—well, we might think of you."

And for weeks I was crazy enough to go dreaming of that great possibility. I studied the part until I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would wake up in the night and shout out my lines. I would go to the theater just to watch him and sit filled with a hunger of longing that I could never put into words. I would wait hours outside just to see him step into his carriage, for "Exiled" had taken the town by storm, and he had a reputation now to live up to.

And here—here was mid-November, and my young wife and I living—no, starving—on dreams. We sat there in the dingy room that night, and perhaps there was something in my face, in my laugh, that told her what had been in my mind, for she did a thing she had not done all through that black time—came suddenly behind me to put her arm round my neck and burst into a passion of sobs—sobs that would have frightened me at another time.

"Wilfred—don't! I'll work—I'll do anything, but don't look so! Wilfred, it's no use—they will never send to you to play Julian, and you know it. Put it out of your mind and think of something else. Yes, I know—I know what you could do and what it might mean for us in the future, but the people go now to see Franklin Hyde, not Julian alone. Oh, if he knew! I don't wish it, nor do you, but if—if"—She stopped short there, as with a sudden instinct. "Wilfred!" she breathed.

Why? Well, queer ideas had been flitting in and out of my overtaxed brain that night. I know I got to my feet and held Maggie away by the arm and stood staring past her.

"Aye," I whispered, "to think that there's only the one 'if' in the way! I'm not—I mean nothing. But suppose a little something happened to him one of these last nights—suppose he slipped or his horse took fright! Suppose"—

Perhaps I had taken a step unconsciously. I don't know, but Maggie gave a little cry and a rush and stood there against the door, white and trembling.

"Stand still!" I recollect her whispering. "You are mad—you will not go out again tonight. There, there, now you are calmer. Why, Wilfred, whatever were you thinking of?"

That night I did not close my eyes. I lay staring up at the ceiling. Did I hate him? No, no! But that dreadful thought had come into my head, and it would not go. To think that, should the little accident happen, I might be able to take his place, if only for the once! The once! It made my poor brain reel. I felt I must get up and rush away from it or something would happen. I could see the blazing footlights and the blurred row upon row of pale faces, hear the shouts, feel myself drunk with the triumph, so great the play had proved. You see, so long I had dwelt on the thought I could not realize it was not a possible reality. And Maggie—in her sleep she seemed to know. Several times I heard her sob.

All that next day, too, she hung by me like my own shadow. The least movement on my part seemed to frighten her. But I did not realize that day's doings till afterward. He lived at Hampstead, in a big, lonely house. I had been to look at it. There was a gravel sweep from the door between two rows of tall evergreens down to the gate. He always stepped into his brougham, they said, at about a quarter to 7. Supposing that this very evening a man ran out from between the evergreens—a man with a knife or something! Who would be able to play Julian then?

I dared not look into Maggie's eyes. I knew vaguely, although I tried to disbelieve it, that I only waited for her to turn her back one moment. I was mad. Four o'clock came—5 o'clock. It had grown dusk. She had been sewing while I lay on the couch.

Presently she put aside her work, tiptoed across and looked down at me. My eyes were closed, but I knew—I breathed hard.

"He's asleep," I heard her whisper. "Thank heaven!" and she crept out of the room.

Was it to be? It seemed so. I remember that I sat up, both hands to my head, afraid of myself. Next minute, holding my breath, I had taken my hat and slipped out of the house. To do what? I did not know. Afterward it all seemed like a dream. "Hampstead!" A hand seemed drawing me on, and that one word beat in and out of my brain. I must have obeyed both without attempting to realize. Hampstead was two miles away, but just before the clock struck 6 I found myself standing outside Franklin Hyde's house.

His house! All silent, but soon his carriage would drive out to carry him to the scene of his nightly triumph. Measured steps—a policeman coming. Hot all over, I crouched back among those evergreens. What was I doing? God knows. I tried to drag myself away from the fascination, but suddenly a light shot out from a window on the left. Ah, there was a balcony running along that wall of the house, and a shadow kept wavering across the patch of light. Never pausing to think, I went up the steps, tiptoed along and was peering between some ivy boughs into the room. The shadow—

It was Hyde himself—and alone. A billiard table ran the length of the room, and he was leaning over the far end, his cue tip feeling the way for some stroke. Ah, that was a minute! As if it were only yesterday, I can see that picture now—the green baize, the pointed stick and Hyde's impassive face craned forward, his wide eyes unconsciously staring straight toward me. Spellbound, without knowing why, I hung breathlessly on the stroke of his cue—and it never came.

He turned suddenly half round, then straightened up. The door behind him had opened, and a servant was saying something. Next moment a woman was standing in the doorway, one hand put out as if she were frightened. She pulled the door to, took one step, and then lifted her veil. My heart gave one never forgotten jump. It was—it was my wife!

"Oh, forgive my coming!" I heard her say faintly. She had a hand to her breast. "I—I was afraid something might—I—my husband"—She broke off there and stood staring at him, as if afraid for what she might have done.

"Your husband?" Hyde repeated slowly. "You will pardon me, but I really don't understand."

"No," she began. Even at such a moment my heart went out to her—she looked so white and imploring. I could see it all—what she had feared, why she had come. I felt a mad longing to crash through that window and confront him, but mastered myself by a great effort. She had taken another step and put a hand on his arm. "Oh, don't ask me what or why," I just caught. "I thought perhaps—nothing, nothing! Only be careful of yourself, sir, going to and from the theater!" That was it. I saw him start and look slowly round.

"What do you mean?" he said, looking down into her poor eyes. "Careful of myself? Your husband, you said. Do I know him? Yes, I insist. You come here—what did you fear? What is his name?"

"Lorrimer!" she must have whispered.

"Lorrimer—ah!" I shall not forget soon the way he turned round, his finger to his lips, as if intensely struck. "Why, that's the man"—he turned back to her—"and you thought he was—here! Why"—

He was interrupted by a choking gasp. She had seen me—seen my face pressing close against the glass—and stood with dilated eyes. There was no time to run, or even to realize. The window was thrown up, and Hyde had me—yes, by the throat. Into the light he dragged me like a thief, had his stare, and then his grip relaxed.

"Oh!" he breathed, with half a sneer. "So this is how you understudy me, is it? You—what were you doing there? Shall I send for the police?"

I neither spoke nor moved. I could not. He stepped back. I suppose that the turn of my whole life, for better or worse, hung in the balance at that moment, and it was Maggie who turned the scale. Her woman's quickness saved me for this moment. There were two outstretched arms between him and that door. Maggie!

"Oh, Mr. Hyde, if you knew but the half, you would weep for him!" She said that, and he, who had seen so many women play a part to him, seemed held to listen in spite of himself. "Think! he was to have played the part. It seemed that his ambition was to be suddenly crowned—he believed he could idealize it. And then all his hopes to be crushed in a moment! Yes, think! Go back to your own struggling days; stand where he stands now. Night and day he has been tortured by the thought of what he might be today—by the foolish hope that he might be able to take your place for one night. Oh, no, it was not professional spite. It was only a human longing to do himself justice. If that is not to be, at least you will let him go as he came, and I will answer for the rest. One day—one day my husband will succeed. I know it—and then he will thank you!"

And Hyde, stupefied, looked from one to the other of us, hesitated and closed his eyes as if to shut out the sight of her close, imploring face. Then, drawing a breath, he turned to me, without the sneer, but incredulously.

"And so you think that you could play Julian—such a Julian, I mean, as would stir that crowd hurrying west at this moment?"

"Try him!" she put in in a thrilling whisper. Unconsciously she had said the cleverest thing she could have done, if only because it spurred his curiosity.

"Quick!" he said suddenly, glancing at his watch. "I have barely half an hour. For the moment you shall be Julian, with an audience of two. Now, without a pause, the lines at the mine. Enter Saboff, cracking his whip: 'His wife! Is he mad? Tell him sentiment dies a natural death here in Siberia!'"

As if it had been a challenge—as if my personality had been transformed while the words were on his lips—I took him up. It was the telling speech of the play—the part in which Hyde obtained his greatest triumph night by night.

How I delivered it I cannot say. I only know that my whole soul seemed to go out in the words, and that when I had finished my wife stood there like a statue, and Hyde's own lips were parted. There was a queer silence in the room for what seemed minutes. Then—then I looked and saw his hand put out.

"Mr. Lorrimer," he said, "I take back that word. You have not understudied me—you have created your own conception."

He stood awhile, his hand to his forehead. Then he sat down, tore a slip of paper from his notebook and wrote something off impetuously.

"There," he said, "I'm not going to ask why you came here—I know. And I'm doing something for you that not many men would do in the circumstances. Take that note to my dresser and play Julian. It's quite right, Mr. Lorrimer, or will be, I hope. You want your chance. You shall have it. I am indisposed for this one night. You—it lies in your hands to give the public their money's worth. Take my brougham and be off, and I'll telegraph to the manager. You will find all you require in my room there, and, one word, if ever you kept your head, keep it now."

* * * * * * *

I knew that my wife had kissed me, and that a few minutes later I was being rattled along the streets, but that was about all. It was not until the very moment when I stepped on to that stage as Julian that I made the effort of my life and realized fully how my destiny as an actor was in my own hands. And then—well, I need say no more. Some of you here will recollect that night and know better than I what it was that made my audience rise at me, and why I have never looked back. As for me, the one thing I remember clearly is that as I left the theater like one in a dream a man gripped my hand and said—something that I shall never forget.

That man was Franklin Hyde. Gentlemen, here's to his memory—God bless him!—London Tit-Bits.

HISTORY OF THE EARRING.

How Various Nations Have Regarded the Ear Pendants.

The custom of studding the person with gems is of extreme antiquity, and the fashion of piercing the ear lobes for the purpose of sustaining gems set in gold has been followed by most races from the earliest times to the present day. Homer describes how Juno placed pendants in the lobes of her ears. Eardrops were presented by Eurydamas to Penelope, and among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored.

Among the Phœnicians, however, the wearing of earrings was the badge of servitude, and the same custom obtained with the Hebrews. The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden as a sign of slavery and submission to the will of her lord and master. The Egyptian women wore single hoops of gold in their ears, and in Biblical times the custom appears to have been universal. They appear to have been regarded as the most cherished possessions of their wearers and were only parted with under great stress of necessity. Thus, the golden calf is supposed to have been made entirely from the gold earrings of the people. Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave," and to the present day an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ear as a sign of obedience and servitude.

So general was the use of earrings in Rome and so heavy were they that there were women whose profession was that of "ear healer," who tended the ears of those ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of their pendants. These specialists were known as aurieuloe ornatirei. At one period the Roman men took to wearing earrings, but the custom was forbidden by Alexander Severus, while in Greece the children wore an earring in the right ear only.

Coming to more modern times, the fashion of wearing earrings appears to have been general in England from the conquest.

The early Saxons appear to have worn rings of plain gold in their ears, while in the fourteenth century these appear to have been decorated with small pearls. In the reign of Elizabeth earrings were adopted by men of fashion, and the custom spread until in James I's time all the courtiers had their ears pierced. The earrings worn by men took the form of either plain wire rings or crosses or triangles of gold, studded with gems.

There is a very ancient notion which is still held by country folks that the piercing of the ears is good for the sight. The origin of this belief is lost, but it has obtained for centuries. It is scarcely necessary to state that the belief is quite without foundation.

In the middle ages it was the custom for lovers to present earrings to their mistresses, and persons who were about to be married used to stick a flower through the ring or over the ear, much as a clerk would a pen, as a sign of their being engaged.

A curious variety of earring much worn during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I was the ear string. This has been alluded to by many writers. Thus in the Westminster drolleries we find:

Yet for thy sake I will not bore my eare
To hang thy dustie silken shoe ties there.

And Marston, in his satires, published in 1598, has:

What maan'st thou, dim that walks all open breasted,
Drawn through the ear with ribands?

As to whether the wearing of wires through the ears is likely to come into general fashion again in this country we do not offer any opinion. There must, we should imagine, always be a prejudice against the mortification of the flesh necessary, and the custom of having children's ears pierced has ceased to be general for many years, but the dictates of fashion are fickle, and it is just possible that we may see leaders of fashion wearing both ear and nose rings before the close of the century. Who knows?—Exchange.

No Duplicate to This Wedding Gift.

Perhaps one of the most peculiar presents ever made by a bridegroom to his bride was that of Hon. Maurice Gifford to Miss Thorold on the occasion of their marriage. It was the bullet which was extracted from the wound in his shoulder which caused the loss of his arm. The gold in which the bullet was set was dug from a graveyard in Matabeleland and was fashioned in the shape of a double headed serpent, the heads supporting the missile, the whole making a very unique armlet.—London Sketch.

Quite True.

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara falls to a quart."

"How much?" replied she.

"Two pints."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Men are Unkind.

Benedict (proudly)—My wife kisses me good night regularly.

Rounder (bitterly)—Women are suspicious creatures, ain't they?—Boston Herald.

His Speech Betrayed Him.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English.

She—Yes. I noticed that in his conversation.—Yonkers Statesman.

CAUSE FOR REFORM.

Experience of a Clubman Who Lied to His Wife.

"I'll never try to fool my wife by telling her that I have been sitting up with a sick friend when I want to stay out late at night again," said a gentleman from the metropolis at one of the up town hotels to a reporter recently.

"I got cured of that most effectually," he continued, "and it all came out in such a natural manner that I look back at it and think it is a sort of dispensation of Providence to keep me home at night. I ought to have been ashamed of myself for doing such a thing, as we had not been married very long. As a matter of fact, however, I had been something of a rounder before my marriage. I was introduced one night into a social club on the west side. No matter what the name of it was—you can call it the Bachelors' club, for nobody but that unfortunate class should have belonged to it. I am something of a sleight of hand performer and made myself so agreeable that night that I was given a ticket of membership for 30 days.

"Rather late we got into a game of poker, which I found so fascinating I staid in it until the early morning hours. I framed a number of excuses when I got home to give my wife for being out so late. Some of them were very plausible. When I saw her, however, I got slightly rattled and sprung the same old chestnut on her of 'sitting up with a sick friend.' I had heard, by the way, that this friend, whom I mentioned and whom my wife knew, whose name was or was not Mr. Sportiboy, was really sick.

"The next night, in spite of the opposition of my conscience, I drifted around to the club again and almost unconsciously sat down to a little round table with four others and again succumbed to the appropriately named 'draw' poker. The thing continued for several nights, I telling my wife when I went home that poor Mr. Sportiboy was very sick indeed. She seemed to believe me, although I felt like a sheep killing dog.

"After about a week of this had passed at the breakfast table one morning my wife, who was reading a paper, gave a sudden exclamation, dropped the paper, pushed the chair back from the table and looked at me with an expression of horror on her countenance.

"'Wha-hat's the matter, darling?' I asked in consternation. 'Are you ill?' Her face was pale, and I noticed that she seemed to be much agitated. She rose and started out the door. Not knowing what was the matter, I rose and followed her. She turned on me tragically, saying: 'Don't come near me; don't touch me! To think that you have been visiting that sick man who had the scarlet fever and then could have the audacity to come home and associate with me! I am surprised that you thought more of him than you do of your wife or yourself by exposing both of us to such a horribly malignant disease!' And she swept out of the room.

"Here I was in a pickle. I hardly knew what to make of it. I finally got hold of the paper she was reading, having some suspicion of what was the matter, and looked in the death notices. Among them I read with raising hair that Mr. Willie B. Sportiboy had died the day before of scarlet fever. To say that I felt shocked was putting it mildly. I was shocked at his death, and also at the manner in which I had been exposed, literally speaking, as far as my truthfulness was concerned, and theoretically to the scarlet fever.

"When I went to find my wife, I discovered a hastily written note, in which she said she had gone home.

"I knew it was no use to follow her, remembering her terrible fear of all such diseases as scarlet fever, and I knew if I wrote her she would not open the letter, owing to the same fear of contagion. I thought awhile and finally did the only thing I knew would bring her back. I visited a lady who knew us both well, made a clean breast of the matter and sent her to my wife's home as an intermediary.

"I fixed the matter up all right finally. She had been teasing me to bring her a certain piece of jewelry, to which she had taken a fancy. It took all of my poker winnings and more to pay for it, but I was satisfied.

"That was the last time I ever lied to my wife. I tell you, honesty is not only the best policy, but the best policeman where your better half is concerned. If I have occasion to stay out late now, I come up like a man and tell why it happened."—Washington Star.

Columbus' Diplomacy.

That Columbus was diplomatic was shown by his first interview with the native chief on the day after he took possession of the western hemisphere in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella.

"So all this land of ours belongs to your king and queen, eh?" demanded the chief, with a sullen look in his eye.

"Yes, my dear fellow," said Columbus, whacking him on the back genially, "but they will make easy landlords. We won't charge you any rent up to this time, and, in fact, if you'll be sensible about it we'll let you stay until the 1st of next May at a purely nominal figure."—Harper's Bazar.