Wagners Green House

DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 52. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1898. NO. 20.

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Desiring to deal in HARDWARE exclusively in the future, we begin today closing out at cost for the spot cash, our GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEPARTMENT. We need the two buildings entirely for our

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as we wish to establish a first-class one. We have a big line of Dry Goods, all new and desirable, viz: Muslins, Calico, Flannels, Tick Gingham, Table Linen, Dress Goods. Ladies Vests, Hose, Corsets, &c; Men's Undershirts, Drawers, Hose, Suspenders, Collars, Neckties, Gloves. and articles too numerous to mention. We call especial attention to our

STOCK OF SHOES

for Gents, Ladies and Children, including a brand new line of Allnutt & Moody's Fine Shoes for Ladies, Misses and Babies. We have a big lot of

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in sizes 35, 36, and 37, and we sell them at less than COST. Also China, Glass, Tin and Enamel Ware.

Come and see us and help us to establish a first-class

HARDWARE STORE IN DENTON;

we have a good one now, but will have a better one in the spring. We have a fine assortment of HEATING and COOK STOVES. In cook stoves we sell Bibb's, Sheppard's and Liebrandt, McDowell & Co.'s goods, and are exclusive agents for these manufacturers in Denton. We will sell you a No. 8 Cook Stove as low as $10.50; and Heaters as low as $8.25. For first-class goods, we will not be undersold by any one.

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dec2-3m. DENTON, MARYLAND.

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IS LIKE A GOOD TEMPER. "IT SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JAN. 31, 1898.

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 04	4 58
f 6 10	9 16	Willoughby	f 7 58	4 51
a6 20	9 28	Queen Anne	a 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	n10 33	Greenwood	7 00	e3 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	c11 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
f 7 58	f 11 38	Whitesboro,	f 6 12	f 2 37
8 01	11 41	Drawbridge,	6 09	2 34
f 8 05	f 11 45	Burton,	f 6 05	f 2 30
8 10	11 50	Lewes.	6 00	2 25
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

CONNECTIONS.

"A" connects at Queen Anne with the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

"B" connects at Greenwood with Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad FOR Seaford, Delmar, Salisbury, and points south.

"C" connects at Ellendale with the Delaware, Maryland, & Virginia Railroad FOR Georgetown.

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DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

NORTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas. P. M.		SOUTH. Mail. A. M.	Pas P. M.
6 45	1 40	Oxford,	11 53	7 47
6 55	1 50	Trappe,	11 42	7 37
7 08	2 07	Easton,	11 24	7 20
7 18	2 17	Chapel,	11 12	7 08
7 24	2 24	Cordova,	11 04	7 02
7 31	2 33	Queen Anne,	10 54	6 55
7 42	2 43	Ridgely,	10 44	6 46
7 52	2 54	Greensboro	10 34	6 36
8 03	3 04	Goldsboro,	10 24	6 26
8 10	3 11	Henderson,	10 16	6 19
8 17	3 18	Marydel,	10 08	6 12
8 23	3 24	Slaughters,	10 00	6 06
8 26	3 27	Hartley,	9 57	6 04
8 36	3 37	Kenton,	9 48	5 56
8 45	3 46	Clayton	9 38	5 47
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Connect at Clayton with Delaware Division of P. W. & B. R. R.

H. F. KENNEY, General Sup't.
J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
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Fall and Winter Schedule.

Beginning November 1st, 1897, the steamer Emma A. Ford, will leave Chestertown at 8 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Ralph'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.

GEO. WARFIELD, President,
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RAILWAY COMPANY.
BALTIMORE, THIRD HAVEN AND GREAT CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.

The magnificent side-wheel iron steamers Avalon and Joppa will leave daily alternately except Saturday, as follows:

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.

Connections at Easton, Oxford and Cambridge with railroads for all points.

Freight taken at low rates and carefully handled. Grain bags furnished and grain delivered at elevators.

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Sold for What Is Bid,

And you can take them home, and if misrepresented ship them back and get your money back.

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Wheeler Transportation Line

DAILY STEAMERS FOR
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 8.30 and Oxford 10, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

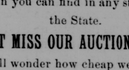
Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's, 7 a. m.; Williston, 8 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

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.

The Steamer Greensboro

(CAPT. D. S. BROCKWAY, MASTER,)



Will ply between GREENSBOROUGH and BALTIMORE Weekly, touching at all landings between Greensborough and Denton.

On and after July 4, steamer will leave for Baltimore every Monday

FREIGHTS MODERATE,
CAPACITY AMPLE

The patronage of our merchants and farmers solicited that this line may be made a success. Full information by inquiring of

GEORGE F. DILL, AGENT.
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Greensborough, Md.
Or HARRY A. ROE, AGENT,
Denton, Md.

☞Large granaries always ready to receive grain.

NOW IS THE TIME AND REED'S IS THE PLACE TO GET BARGAINS IN

HARNESS!

If in need of anything in my line it will be to your advantage to examine what I have to show before purchasing elsewhere. My stock includes Dusters, Sheets, Fly Nets, Ear Tips, Whips, Harness as low as $7, Hand-made Harness to order, Collars, Bridles, Axle and Harness Oil, Whip Sockets, Pads of all kinds.

☞Harness repaired and cleaned at short notice.

W. S. REED,
Denton, Md.

TALK ON THE BOOKSHELF.

The little toy shepherdess looked up
Where the books stood in a row.
"I wish I could hear them talk," she said,
"For it must be fine, I know."

"Ah, yes," the wooden soldier said,
"They are quiet enough all day,
But I've heard when the children are all abed
They talk in a wonderful way."

And now it was twilight in the room,
And on the bookcase shelves
The books began to stretch their backs
And to talk among themselves.

"I wish," cried a peevish little book,
"That you would not crowd me so.
You're always poking me in the back
Because I am small, I know."

"It's not my fault," said a fat, thick voice.
"I'm crowded so myself
I can hardly breathe. You little books
Should be kept off the shelf."

"Oh, dear, my stories," another said,
"Kept buzzing so inside
That I hardly got a wink of sleep
Last night, though I tried and tried."

"Oh, go to sleep!" cried a lesson book.
"It's enough to work all day
Without your quarreling, too, at night,
So get to sleep, I say."

"Ah," the shepherdess sighed, "they are going to sleep!
How lovely their dreams must be!
I wish that I were a book to live
Up there on the shelf," said she.

—Katharine Pyle in St. Nicholas.

THE ANARCHIST.

Paul Le Marchant, clockmaker by trade and anarchist by principle, sat at breakfast in the little parlor at the back of his shop in the Rue St. Antoine carelessly glancing through his morning paper. Opposite him sat his young wife.

On this morning after breakfast instead of going into his shop, as was customary with him, he drew his chair over beside his young wife, and taking her hand in his he gazed upon her sorrowfully and with peculiar interest, and said while stroking her hair:

"Lucille, darling, if anything should happen to me what would you do? If I quitted this life with the curses of widows and orphans and the hatred of a world, would you still remember me only as your loving and manly Paul, or would you, too, join with the world in blasting my memory?"

Alas, Lucille knew too well what Paul's principles were and how strongly he cherished them. She had strange forebodings always that harm would come to him or that he might be chosen to execute some of the terrible sentences passed by the secret councils of the anarchists, and she knew that he could not disobey any order of these councils with impunity, even if he was so inclined.

While her husband spoke to her the tears rose to her eyes, and throwing her arms around his neck she sobbed, asking why he spoke thus, but he merely said he felt melancholy, which was more or less a lie, for Senor Morova, the Spanish premier, had been sentenced by the very council to which Le Marchant himself belonged, and the sentence had been effectually and fatally carried out the previous day by Cassello, the member of the brotherhood on whom the lot had fallen, and Le Marchant knew this, and he was pleased. It always pleased him when the vengeance of the brotherhood relieved the world of one of its rulers.

He had just been reading the particulars of the murder—though he did not view it in that light—in the newspaper, and he knew that Mentaure, president of France, would be the next victim, sentence having been pronounced on him immediately after Senor Morova. He knew also that lots would be drawn to decide who should carry out this vile sentence, and he had a kind of presentiment that the lot would fall to him. It was this thought that made him address Lucille in such a strange fashion.

For some days after this he attended in his shop as usual, and Lucille had almost forgotten his momentary strange manner, till one evening she went up to his room and entering quietly found him adjusting a black mask over his face. On her inquiring what he was doing, he tried to pass it off as a joke, and told her he intended to play a little trick upon her, but Lucille saw lying on a chair close by a black cloak with a hood, and also something bright among the folds, and she was too well aware that this meant a summons to a meeting.

And in truth she guessed right, for when Paul set out that night it was at the call of the chief of the brotherhood to attend the meeting to decide who should execute the sentence which had been passed on President Mentaure.

When Paul entered the room, he found a large number had already arrived, but there were three or four who had not as yet put in an appearance, and for these the council waited till all but one had come. This one was Signor Rapelli, and the members becoming impatient at his nonappearance had sent twice to the man on guard at the entrance of the house to know if he was in sight. He was looking out for the last time when a hooded figure came hastily to the door, gave the password and was admitted. The man in the hall, assuming it was Signor Rapelli, addressed him by name, and told him the brotherhood were impatiently waiting, and urged him to hurry up stairs to the council chamber.

Now this person, whom the guard took to be Signor Rapelli, was none other than Lucille, Le Marchant's wife, who, impelled by love for Paul, as well as curiosity, determined to risk a visit to the council disguised as a member, especially as Paul had trusted her with the password. When the guard addressed her as Signor Rapelli, the true woman's wit divined that the signor had not arrived, and she therefore determined to play his part as best she could.

When she entered the council chamber, the president welcomed her as Signor Rapelli, and she, having merely bowed, went and took a seat with the other members.

She shuddered inwardly when she looked around the room at the somber drapery on the walls and the black hoods of the members, which allowed nothing but the eyes to be seen, and then the awful thought crossed her mind—that if some one recognized her as a stranger what would become of her? Worst of all, they would think she was there with the approval of Paul, and she knew that if they thought him guilty of treachery he would not leave the place alive.

However, the voice of the president cut short her thoughts as he arose to formally explain the object of their meeting, which was to decide who should rid France of its president. He then explained the mode in which the drawing of lots was to take place. He produced a large pewter jug with a neck just wide enough to allow a hand to pass in, and this jug was filled with cards, on each one of which there was a number from 1 to 100. Each member was to walk up to the president, before whom the jug was placed, and draw out a number, and when he drew it out he was obliged to announce his name and the number he drew, and then retire to his seat. Whoever drew the lowest number was bound to carry out the commands of the council.

Then each one walked up in turn, Lucille among the number, and drew a ticket. The numbers drawn by the first seven members were 53, 30, 8, 17, 88, 70 and 12. Then it came to Paul's turn, who drew a ticket bearing the number 7 and retired to his seat, and the drawing went on. No one drew a number lower than 7, and when all had finished the president rose and addressing Le Marchant announced that in accordance with the rules of the society it had fallen to his lot to cut short the life of M. Felix Mentaure, president of France, within ten days, but for preference on the day when the president was to open the Exhibition of Arts and Industries in Paris. This was the day on which Cassello, the anarchist who murdered Senor Morova, was to pay the penalty of his crime. Then, having exhorted him to do his duty, he presented him with a dagger, this being the only warrant for execution issued by the society when it passed sentence of death. Afterward the council broke up for the night, and the members dispersed to their several homes, Lucille running nearly all the way, so as to reach home before Paul.

She knew him too well to attempt to dissuade him from carriyng out the sentence with which he was intrusted, and she also knew that even if she did succeed in dissuading him it would most certainly endanger his life. But she was revolving a little scheme in her own mind, which she thought, while it would save the life of the president, would also shield Paul from the anger of the brotherhood if he failed to execute Mentaure.

Now, before Mentaure had become president Lucille had been lady's maid to Mme. Mentaure, and only resigned that position when she married Paul, on which occasion madame gave her a beautiful and costly present, with a request that if she ever wanted any favor she would not be slow to ask it.

Lucille therefore wrote Mme. Mentaure, requesting to be allowed to see her, as she had something most important and pressing to inform her of and which would not bide delay. Lucille sent this letter the second day after the meeting at which she had been present, and received a prompt reply, appointing an hour at which it would be convenient to madame to see her.

Mme. Mentaure received her very kindly, and having made several inquiries as to herself and family requested her to state the object of her visit.

Lucille then told her plainly of her husband's principles, and related how she had gained access to the council chamber of the anarchists, who had decreed the death of the president, and how it had fallen to her husband Paul's lot to carry out the sentence.

Mme. Mentaure listened quietly to all Lucille had to say, and except for the paleness of her face and the twitching of her lips did not betray any signs of emotion. She inquired of Lucille whether she thought Paul would carry out the decree, and Lucille answered that she was absolutely certain that no power on earth could stop him, but that if madame would hear her she thought she had a plan which, if it met with her approval, would save both the president and Paul.

She told Mme. Mentaure that Paul would probably attempt the murder of the president when he went to open the Exhibition of Arts and Industries in a week or so, and suggested that madame should secure the services of Lieutenant Travissier, the world famed ventriloquist, to aid them in carrying out her plan, which was that Travissier should have one of his walking figures made up to resemble the president, and that he, Travissier, should take his seat beside it in the carriage on the day the exhibition was to be opened and make the speech declaring the Arts and Industries open which would have been spoken by the real president. Thus, when Paul would strike the fatal blow, it would fall harmless on the stuffed president, and would exonerate Paul from all blame from the brotherhood when they discovered how they had been foiled.

Mme. Mentaure fully agreed with all that Lucille suggested, and while warmly complimenting her on her coolness, tact and ingenuity could not help smiling—serious though the subject was—at the idea of the stuffed president. It was further arranged between them that a paragraph should appear in the morning papers of the day preceding the opening of the exhibition describing a cycling accident which befell the president and necessitated his keeping his room for a day or so, but stating that nevertheless the president would be able to open the exhibition on the day following.

It should be mentioned that this Lieutenant Travissier was the foremost ventriloquist in France, and that his mechanical figures had been brought to the highest state of perfection—they could walk, smoke, drink, etc., under Travissier's guidance. They had appeared before the crowned heads of Europe and were famous all over the world. Travissier, when he was communicated with and bound over to secrecy, entered into the spirit of the thing at once, and immediately began preparations for playing his part.

Of course nothing would have been easier than for Mme. Mentaure to have had Paul arrested on the spot, or at least kept under surveillance, but she was sufficiently keen to appreciate that if he was arrested another member would be deputed to take his place, and besides she felt it would be a poor return to Lucille for her trust and devotion.

When the eventful day arrived, Lieutenant Travissier, disguised as the president's secretary, appeared at the door of the palace supporting on his arm the dummy president, and entering the carriage which was in waiting drove to the exhibition attended by a military escort. So far everything went on well, and the route rang with the loud cheers of the French public for their beloved president. Many were the sympathetic words exchanged among bystanders anent the paleness of the president and the difficulty which seemed to attend his least movement.

At last the exhibition buildings were reached. The president entered, still leaning on the arm of Travissier, and mounted the platform provided for his accommodation. The ventriloquist stood immediately behind the dummy and delivered in fine form the president's address opening the exhibition.

Toward the exit from the buildings, where a great crowd had gathered to see them and while the air rang with the cheers of the multitude, Le Marchant, who was waiting, suddenly darted forward and before any one could interfere plunged his dagger thrice into the breast of the president, crying passionately: "Down with tyranny! Long live anarchy! Cassello is avenged!"

The president sank back into the arms of Travissier, and he was immediately carried to one of the private rooms in the exhibition and medical men sent for. When Travissier had the committee who received the president alone in the room with him he hurriedly explained to them the ruse that had been played upon them and the public in anticipation of the attack that had just taken place, and impressed upon them the necessity of keeping up the farce a little longer.

As for Le Marchant, he was instantly seized by the crowd, and notwithstanding his strength would have been most severely handled if the gendarmes had not rescued him and taken him into custody.

Within an incredibly short time all the newspapers had special editions out, recounting the assassination of the president, and the news was flashed all over the world, only to be contradicted a few hours afterward when it became known how ingeniously anarchy had been cheated of one of its most coveted victims. As for the anarchists themselves, they were quite dumfounded when they learned how they had been foiled.

Meanwhile Paul, in jail, was kept in ignorance of the failure of his attempt on the president until one morning after things had settled down he was quietly conveyed before the president and his wife, who, with Lucille and Travissier, awaited his coming.

The astonishment of Paul when he saw the president, whom he thought he had finally disposed of, hale and hearty before him, can better be imagined than described, and his surprise was intensified at sight of Lucille, who he thought had come there to beg his life.

M. Mentaure, calmly addressing Paul, said: "I expect you are astonished to see me here when you thought you had terminated my existence. But Providence, through this devoted woman, your wife, ordained otherwise. It is to her that you and I owe our lives. We all of us have our faults and misconceptions, but if you will take a little friendly advice you will renounce the principles you have entertained, if not for the hopelessness and danger of the principles themselves, for the sake of the devoted companion of your life, to whom I repeat we both owe our lives. However, as I trust you will now see how blindly you have been acting, the only condition I will impose with a free pardon is that you reside out of France for three years, till this affair will have been forgotten. I will provide you with what will keep you till you obtain employment in some foreign land, but you must not settle on French soil. I ask you to give me your hand to seal the compact between us." The generosity of the president astonished Paul beyond measure. Grasping M. Mentaure's hand he warmly thanked him for his mercy, forgiveness and kindness and promised to adhere to all he had said.

Within three days he started for England, together with Lucille, to whom he was more devoted than ever. Travissier became the darling of Paris, and presents and congratulations from all quarters of the globe were showered upon him. There is now no more popular ventriloquist in France, and when he announces that he will include a little piece in his entertainment called "Travissier's Triumph" he is always sure of a bumper house.—London Tit-Bits.

A Sanitary Reform For the Mind.

It is easy to demonstrate that the mental health of the community is a much higher concern than the physical health and comfort. The analogy suggests the extension of protection. Take such a detail as the teeth in the mouths of the community. If there is needed a license for the practice of dentistry, why not a license for the practice of literature? If the teeth are ruined, science is capable of furnishing a new set, and our blessed tariff lets them in free of duty, which is more than it does for a set of literature. But there is no way of getting a new set of mind if the mind is once demoralized by reading year after year slovenly and untrained writing. A person may have the conceit that he is capable of cutting his own eyeteeth, and so he may be in matters of business, but no young mind of a person who can read is safe against the daily demoralization of bad writing. If the intellect of the public is of equal importance with its bodies, surely it is worthy of equal protection. Notoriously it does not get it in the matter of reading. I am not speaking now of vicious literature. That comes under the head of mortals. But men and women, boys and girls, are daily making books and newspapers who do not know how to write, who have neither skill, training nor conscience in the matter. They deluge the reading world with a false product which does irreparable injury to the unprotected public. —Harper's Magazine.

The Word of an Indian.

While Indian Commissioner Pray was at one of the agencies a number of young men drank whisky and became unruly. They disturbed the peace. They were tried and convicted and sentenced to do a certain number of days' work on the highways.

The next morning the Indians under sentence without guard of any kind went to the place designated and did their day's work. The next day they did the same, and so on until the terms of their sentences had been fulfilled. They never shirked, and nothing was required from them except their word that they would fulfill the conditions of the sentence.

Is the word of an Indian worth more than the word of a white man? —Iowa State Register.

Rose Again.

A story is told of a colored preacher who was holding a meeting in a large tobacco barn in a rural district in Kentucky. An empty tobacco hogshead was impressed into service as an elevation upon which to stand while delivering his discourse. Warming up with his subject, he soon became excited. Throwing his arms into the air above his head and elevating one foot, he exclaimed, "De righteous shall rise and de wicked shall fall!" At the word "fall" he brought his foot down vehemently upon the head of the hogshead, and, like a flash, it gave way, and he dropped out of sight, being short of stature. Amid the precipitated uproar he reached up and grasped the chime of the barrel and drew himself into view, shouting, "Bress God, dey shall rise again!"—New York Tribune.

A Witty Scholar.

The late Professor Key, when head master of a large London school, was one of the most genial gentlemen that ever filled that position. He was fond of encouraging fun in his boys and was not unwilling to recount occasionally during class time, when anything prompted it, the manners and customs of countries he had visited. On one occasion he was telling his class about Spain and said:

"Do you know, boys, that when a man attains to eminence there he is not called 'sir,' but is given the title of 'don?'"

One of the boys here called out:

"Then, I suppose, sir, they would call you Don-Key?"

The gravity of the class was completely upset for the remainder of the afternoon.—Strand Magazine.

Much Better.

"Why, a woman can't find her own pocket!"

"What of that? She can find a man's!"—Detroit Journal.