DENTON JOURNAL.

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FIDELITY AND DEPOSIT COMPANY OF MARYLAND,

Home Office, N. W. Cor. Charles & Lexington Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

RESOURCES, June 29, 1895.

Paid-up Capital	$750,000 00
Surplus	350,000 00
Reserve Requirement and Undivided Profits,	237,767 30
	$1,337,767 30

THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST SURETY COMPANY IN THE SOUTH.

Becomes surety on bonds of Executors, Administrators, and in all undertakings in Judicial Proceedings. Does nothing to conflict with the business of lawyers.

Accepted by the United States Government as sole surety on bonds of every description.

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HERMAN E. BOSLER, SECRETARY AND TREASURER. EDWIN WARFIELD, PRESIDENT

For Full Particulars Apply to

DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. - - - - DENTON, MARYLAND.

W. W. TUNIS & BROTHER LUMBER CO.,

TUNIS' MILLS, TALBOT COUNTY, MD.,
—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF—

Lumber and Building Material.

Shipments made direct by vessel to all points on navigable water, to inland points by rail.

Save Money by Purchasing Direct from Manufacturers.

North Carolina Pine, Our Specialty!

WE DEFY COMPETITION IN CYPRESS SHINGLES.

Saw Mill Daily Capacity, 20,000 feet.
Plaining Mill Daily Capacity, 40,000 feet.

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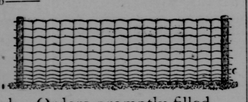

Correspondence solicited. Orders promptly filled.

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Look to Your Interest and Get Our Prices Before Selling.

WE WANT YOUR GRAIN

SEE OUR AGENTS

Who Are Prepared to Pay Fullest Market Value on Delivery.

P. H. GOLT, WYE STATION, QUEEN ANNE'S R. R.
W. H. DENNY, WYE STATION, " "
S. N. SMITH, WILLOUGHBY, " "
W. F. PENNINGTON, {QUEEN ANNE, HILLSBORO, " "
EUGENE LYNCH, DOWNES, " "
W. H. ANDERSON, DENTON, " "
H. C. HOBBS, HOBBS, " "
W. R. PETERS, HICKMAN, " "
W. S. LORD, GREENWOOD, " "
C. BURTON, MILTON, " "
E. W. INGRAM, LEWES, " "

Direct Telephone Connections With Queenstown.
Sacks Furnished.

WILLIAM M. CONN, QUEENSTOWN, MD. {Manager For} WM. HOPPS & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

HOUSE & UHLER,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,

SEASONED PINE (ORIGINAL GROWTH)

Framing Sawed to Correct Sizes; hingles; Laths; Flooring; Siding; Lime; Hair; Cement, Etc.

AT OUR COAL YARD, AT THE RAILROAD STATION,

Will be kept on hand a supply of First-Class Morea Stove Coal. It is the best! Farmers are informed that we furnish Kerr Bros.' Wrightsville Land Lime. Now is the time to give yonr order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS

I will have a large line of both

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

AT ALL PRICES, FROM $3.00 UP.

Persons having watches in need of repair will do well to call on me.

T. W. SMITH,
Ridgely, Md.

DRESS GOODS.

I have a good line of all-wool Dress Goods, forty different shades and prices, and from 20 to 70 cents per yard. Calicoes, Percales, Ginghams in many shades and styles.

CLOTHING.

I have a nice line of Men's Youth's and Boy's Clothing. Men's all-wool Suits from $3.00 up; Boy's from $1.00 up.

LIME.

Lime $1.00 per barrel; Farmer's Friend Plows $1.75.

LADIES' HATS.

A good assortment of Ladies' Trimmed Hats, Latest styles and prices.

NOTIONS.

A full line of Notions, Dress Trimmings, Braids, etc.

SHIRTS.

Men's Fine Shirts, Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs.

JEWELRY.

I can please you in a Clock, Jewelry, or anything of the kind.

HATS.

I have in stock Men's Hats in many colors, shapes and styles.

CARPETS.

Carpets, Mattings and Oil Cloth kept in stock at all times.

SHOES.

Men's, Ladies' and Boys Shoes in all the latest styles, at prices to suit all.

FURNITURE.

If you are thinking of buying Furniture, I can save you money. Money saved is money made.

HARNESS.

I can please you in Carriage Harness, Collars, Bridles, Halters, Whip Lap Dusters, etc.

TRUNKS.

I have trunks in all sizes and at all prices.

If you are thinking of buying a Sewing Machine, a Washing Machine or Wringer, Fence Wire, Poultry Wire, Cultivators, Plows, Lime, Salt, Pine and Coal Tar

AT LOWEST PRICES,

come to me. I keep everything kept in a General Store.

No Trouble to Show Goods at Any Time.

I solicit your patronage,

W. R. BREEDING,
WILLISTON, MD.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT APRIL 28, 1898.

TIME-TABLE.

Eastward. Leave A. M.	BALTO. FERRY	Westward. Arrive A. M.
5 30	BALTIMORE	10 45
Arrive A. M.	TO	Leave. A. M.
8 15	QUEENST'N.	8 00

Railroad Division.

Leav. P. M.	Leave A. M.	STATIONS.	Arrive A. M.	Arrv. P. M.
6 25	8 35	Queenstown	7 55	6 00
f 6 31	f 8 43	Bloomingdale	f 7 50	f 5 51
f 6 38	8 52	Wye Mills	f 7 43	5 42
f 6 44	9 01	Willoughby	f 7 37	5 35
A6 51		D & C Junc.	A 7 29	
6 53	9 13	Queen Anne	7 27	5 23
f 6 55	9 16	Hillsboro	f 7 25	5 21
6 59	9 22	Downes	7 21	5 16
f 7 02	9 26	Tuckahoe	f 7 19	f 5 13
7 07	f 9 35	Denton	7 12	5 05
7 16	9 55	Hobbs	7 01	4 50
7 23	10 05	Hickman	6 54	4 39
f 7 27	f 10 10	Adamsville	f 6 50	f 4 33
f 7 31	f 10 16	Blanchard	f 6 46	f 4 28
7 37	a 10 26	Greenwood	6 40	a 4 20
f 7 44	f 10 41	Owens	f 6 32	f 3 57
f 7 47	f 10 48	Banning	f 6 28	f 3 53
f 7 55	f 10 54	Deputy	f 6 24	f 3 49
7 58	c 11 15	Ellendale	6 18	3 43
f 8 06	f 11 24	Wolfe	f 6 06	f 3 30
8 11	11 30	Milton	6 00	3 20
f 8 19	f 11 38	Whitesboro,	f 5 52	f 3 12
f 8 22	11 41	Drawbridge,	f 5 49	3 09
f 8 26	f 11 45	Burton,	f 5 45	f 3 05
8 30	11 50	Lewes.	5 40	3 00
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

CONNECTIONS.

"A" connects at D. & C. Junction for points on the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway—Easton and Oxford.

"B" connects at Greenwood with Delaware Division of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad.

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

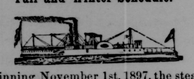
Monday only boat leaves Baltimore at 5.30 a. m.

Sunday only, boat leaves Baltimore at 8.00 a. m., and Queenstown at 5.00 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.

I. W. TROXEL, Gen. Manager. C. C. WALLER, Gen. Fr't & Pass. Agt.

Chester River Steamboat Comp'y

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 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.

GEO. WARFIELD, President,
J. E. TAYLOR, General Agent

Wanted,

To buy a lot of best White Oak Lumber; must be thoroughly seasoned, in flitch 2½ inches thick and 10 feet long, clear of knots. Address and state price.

RUDOLPH ANKLAM,
Smithville, Md.

With the Additional Floor and Shelf Space

Our customers can more easily make an examination of the Spring Goods which are being received almost daily.

In the Dry Goods Department

Some fine Dress Goods are now shown, and many styles of cheaper fabrics are in stock.

Notions and Ladies and Gentlemen's Underwear.

More shelf-space than ever before is occupied with

Shoes,

the stock being varied; all selected with care, and the prices will strike you as surprisingly low.

Recent wholesale purchases also include much that is desirable in the line of

Carpets, Mattings, &c.

Here are 50 rolls of matting, and it is going at 10 to 25 cents per yard.

Handsome Ingrain Carpets

now sell at 27, 30 and 40 cents per yard.

Workingmen will find here a heavy stock of

Farm Clothes,

which will at once attract their attention. The figures sell them quickly.

J. H. NICHOLS & SON,
DENTON BRIDGE.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT
—OF—
SPRING GOODS
JUST RECEIVED!

A Well Selected Stock of

HATS AND CAPS.

All the Latest Styles in Derbies and Straw Goods.

DRESS GOODS.

All-Wool Serges, from 32c. to 50c.
Mohairs and Henriettas, from 32c. to 70c.
Novelty Suitings, all-wool, from 25c. up.

A Great Variety in Children's Men's and Women's

SHOES.

A Good, Solid, Ladies' Shoe for $1.

A Large Stock of Men's Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING

at Very Low Prices.

Furniture, Glass and Queensware.

In fact anything the public may need in our line, at popular prices.

AGENTS FOR

Isaac Robinson's Phosphates,

a Special Mixture for Potatoes and Tomatoes, a Rock, Bone and Fish Mixture for Berries.

We are selling the ADRIANCE PLATT Platform Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Etc., which are Guaranteed in every respect.

H. T. NUTTLE & BRO.,
ANDERSONTOWN, MD.

Carpets,
Straw
Mattings,
Rugs,
Oil Cloths,
AND
FURNITURE

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, Belt Lacing, and Steam Packing.

TWELVE 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 SWANN.
REPRESENTING
The Best Life & Fire Insurance.
DENTON, MARYLAND.

PRICE $2.25—READ ON!

No. 083. Brass Trimmed White Enameled Bedstead, made in 54, 48, 42 and 36 inch widths—length 75 inches. It has one-inch pillars, two inch brass vases and caps. This bed retails at from 5 to 6 dollars.

Buy of the maker and save the middleman's profits. Our Catalogues are mailed for the asking. Complete lines of Furniture, Draperies, Crockery, Pictures, Mirrors, Stoves, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Lamps, Bedding, etc., are contained in these books. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue showing all goods in hand-painted colors is also free; if Carpet samples are wanted mail us 8c. in stamps. Drop a postal at once to the money savers and **remember that we pay freight this month on purchases of Carpets, Lace Curtains, Portiers and Rugs amounting to $9 and over.**

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

FOX'S
AUCTION SALES!

The Greatest, Fairest and Largest Horse-Dealers that Maryland Has Ever Known Are

M. FOX & SONS.

We sell more horses and can

SHOW YOU MORE HORSES

than you can find in any stable in the State.

DON'T MISS OUR AUCTION SALES!

You will wonder how cheap we sell horses.

Every horse offered is

Sold for What Is Bid,

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

THE LARGEST HORSE DEALERS IN MARYLAND.

M. FOX & SONS,
AUCTIONEERS AND PROPRIETORS,
318-320-322 NORTH ST.,
Baltimore, Md.

Wheeler Transportation Line

DAILY STEAMERS FOR
Great Choptank, Trappe and Tuckahoe Rivers.

On and after April 27th, 1898, steamers will leave Pier 5 Light Street Wharf daily except Sundays at 6 p. m., for Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, Chancellor's, Secretary, Clark's, Choptank, Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Todd's, 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, daily except Saturday 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; Secretary, 5; Cambridge 7; Trappe 8.30 and Oxford 10, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

PASSENGER RATES TO BALTIMORE.

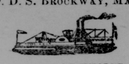
Fare for Round-trip—	First-class,	50c.
" " "	Second-class,	40c.
Straight Fare—First-class,		35c.
" " Second-class,		30c

Freight received until 5.30 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,
D. S. BROCKWAY, MASTER,
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.

C. PERCY DUNNING,
CONSTABLE AND COLLECTOR,
DENTON, MARYLAND
Reference Denton National Bank.

THE PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS.

Around me was the beauty
Which only summer yields—
The shadow of the woodland,
The bounty of the fields,
The gleam of shining waters,
The murmur of the sea—
The varied book of nature,
All opened wide for me!

Amid these scenes of beauty
I spied a pathway there,
All flowerless and dusty,
All hard and brown and bare.
No dainty gown swept over,
No foot in dalliance strayed
Along the narrow limit
The trend of toil had made.

But weary men and women
At morn and eve did pass
Beside the way unshaded,
Amid the sunburnt grass.
Their step was slow and heavy;
Their garments bore the soil
Of the hard world's grim workday.
They walked the way of toil.

So close against our pleasure
Is the undertone of care,
Of those who, all unsheltered,
The heat and burden bear,
And the fair summer memory
Sweet harvest to me yields,
Yet ever lives the picture
Of the path across the fields!

—Harper's Bazar.

A SOCIETY COUPLE.

They had agreed to differ about it. Husbands and wives who agree without differing are a trifle old fashioned and grumpy nowadays. Husbands and wives who differ without agreeing are also somewhat behind these times when a certain calm independence is the fashionable keynote of marital existence, and Mr. and Mrs. Buller were eminently up to date.

The first two years of their married life had been spent practically out of the world in consequence of the state of health of Mr. Buller's father. Then had come their succession to the property and a period of retirement—they were a trifle old fashioned in those days, it will be seen—and then they had launched out into the world of society. They went with the stream with that enthusiasm which not infrequently attends new experiences. She was an extremely pretty and dainty little personage, with charming wit, and a very few weeks of social life put quite an extraordinary polish on her. He was good looking, too, not particularly clever, but quite capable of following the lead set him by his fellows and cheery and good natured withal. There was plenty of money. They became immensely popular and found a thorough going society life altogether delightful.

The head of each was a little turned perhaps by the end of their first season. They had become so very modern. But neither could have said how the idea first suggested itself to him or her that their relations with one another needed shortening up. They did not discuss the subject. Neither was aware, indeed, that it had presented itself to the other. But each was secretly convinced that the old "spoony" relations would not do. It was ridiculous to care for the society of your husband or wife. It was "the thing" to live independent lives.

Independent lives, however, are not always, it appears, to be achieved at a word by two wholesome minded young people living in the same house and sharing the same round of pleasures. Delia Buller was a coquette, but there was a touch of delicate haughtiness in her and she was incapable of a vulgar flirtation. Also George Buller would have been incapable of jealousy where she was concerned, old fashioned traits in each which hinted that their regeneration was not complete. So that when at last a tangible subject of dispute presented itself husband and wife alike jumped at it with avidity.

The subject in question was thoroughly up to date, which was as it should be. At first, it cost Mr. Buller a pang to realize that the side he had accidentally adopted was that behind the times. But he had an obstinate fiber in him, so he nailed his colors to the mast like a man. The moot point was the bicycle craze. He would have none of it, in any shape or form; he derided it where men were concerned; for women he declared it not unsuitable—he knew his age better than that—but, what was far worse, ridiculously unbecoming. Mrs. Buller, on the other hand, threw herself into the movement heart and soul. Her bicycle was for her the center of the universe. Nothing could have been better. The husband and wife agreed to differ, as has been said, in most approved fashion, and for the rest of the season they hardly met.

For people who had arrived at so desirable an understanding, however, they were arguing the question rather hotly as they sat over the dinner table on a certain evening in February. They were tete-a-tete, a state of things which each felt to be highly ridiculous. They had come down for the hunting—that is to say, Mr. Buller intended to hunt; Mrs. Buller no longer followed the hounds, since it is not as yet feasible to do so on a bicycle. And there was to be an unavoidable interval of two days before their house would be full.

"Where does the fun come in?" Mr. Buller was demanding indignantly; "that's what I can't make out! Of course, one wouldn't care about the thing being dangerous if the game was worth the candle."

Lady Buller was drawing patterns on the tablecloth with her dessert fork.

"That's obvious," she returned with spirit, "or you wouldn't want to ride a horrid horse."

"Horses don't 'skid'—or, whatever you call it."

"Bicycles don't shy—neither do they rear."

Mr. Buller rose wrathfully and walked to the fireplace, taking up a majestic position on the hearthrug.

"One thing is, you'll soon be tired of it," he observed. "You never keep a thing up for long."

"You made that remark last spring," was the answer, given with remarkable heat, "and you were wrong, you see."

"Lots of women have got tired of it, though," said Mr. Buller shifting his ground disingenuously. "Every one says it was a craze, and it's going out. And I'm not so sure," he added vindictively, "that you are as keen about it as you were. There wasn't half so much fuss over the confounded thing on the journey down as we had last time."

Mrs. Buller rose impetuously. She appeared to have lost her temper.

"I love it more than ever," she cried, "and I always shall," with which incoherent observation she withdrew.

The breakfast room was empty when Mr. Buller strolled down at about half past 10 on the following morning. This did not surprise him, but the message delivered to him by the servant did.

"Mrs. Buller told me to say, if you please, sir," said the man, "that she has ridden over to Fernhill on her bicycle, and will lunch there."

"What time will she be back?" demanded her husband.

"About 5 o'clock, sir," was the answer.

Mr. Buller unfolded his newspaper and ground his teeth.

"The whole day!" he ejaculated to himself. "Well, I must say—However, she'll be tired. Forty miles there and back, and then she'll go to sleep all the evening. Well, hanged if I care! Wonder at what time she started, and how far she's got."

As a matter of fact, though Mrs. Buller had started some time since, she had not made any remarkable progress. It was a delightful spring-like day, but the state of the roads was not all that could be desired. At this identical moment she was walking along a particularly unpleasant combination of ruts and mud, wheeling her bicycle.

Mrs. Buller had her detractors, as have all successful people, and there was those who said she rode a bicycle because she looked so well in the dress. Her short, tailor made frock and neat hat certainly suited her to perfection this morning, and her little feet, in the daintiest imaginable shoes, were a delight to behold. But Mrs. Buller did not appear to be thinking of her appearance just then—she was obviously taking no pleasure in it. Her piquant face was rosy with air and exercise, but it was distinctly overcast in expression, and her every movement, as she wheeled her machine with incredible carelessness over the ruts, was expressive of boredom and disgust. The bad bit of road passed, she stood for an instant contemplating her bicycle with an indescribable expression.

"I shall never be able to give the thing up," she said to herself despairingly. "Never! If I did, he'd think I wanted— Oh, what a bore it is!"

She mounted as she spoke with a despairing sigh. Perhaps she was careless, perhaps the wheel slipped. At any rate the next thing of which she was aware was a general upheaval of the universe, which left her lying in the road with a broken bicycle beside her and every bone in her body, as it seemed, dislocated.

"Oh, what a fool I've been!" she wailed despairingly, and then she fainted.

It was not a lonely road fortunately, and she was soon found and taken home. The doctor was sent for and enjoined by Mr. Buller on his departure to come again in the evening, and on coming down stairs after his second visit he found Mr. Buller hanging about in the hall. The doctor did not wait to be questioned.

"Going on splendidly," he said cheerily. "Feverish tonight, of course. But with a broken arm and a very nasty sprained ankle that's only to be expected."

For a man whose sentiments toward his wife are of an eminently philosophical nature Mr. Buller was looking extraordinarily pale and wretched. He drew a quick sigh of satisfaction; then he said, with an air of stern superiority which ill disguised an undertone of ferocious vindictiveness:

"Wretched things, these bicycles! I've always said so." Then he added: "Is there any reason why I shouldn't see my wife? Would it do any harm, I mean?"

The doctor screwed up his lips doubtfully.

"Well," he said, "no; hardly that. But she is feverish, as I said, and if she would rather be quiet—why, her wishes must be respected, you know."

Confound it!" ejaculated the husband, and, wheeling round, he stood staring into the fire. "Going out tomorrow?" inquired Dr. Willoughby as he drew on his gloves. The hounds were to meet the next day.

"I don't know."

"I should, if I were you," was the answer. "There's nothing to be anxious about in your wife's condition, and she's better quiet, you know."

A gloomy man was Mr. Buller, to judge from his appearance as he sat in his smoking room that night, and a gloomy man was he as he came down next morning. He had been to Mrs. Buller's door and had been sternly denied admittance. He pulled himself together, however, at the meet, and answered the numerous inquiries after his wife with an offhand nonchalance which did him credit. There was a long interval of standing about by the cover, and Mr. Buller's mare, a young one, could not stand it. When they got away eventually, she bolted, rushed at a fence, missed it and came down heavily.

"What a jolly good thing!" murmured Mr. Buller as he sank into unconsciousness.

It was Dr. Willoughby who undertook to break the news of her husband's accident to Mrs. Buller. She was more feverish that afternoon and dreadfully depressed, but he set about his task with the slightest possible circumlocution.

"Well, Mrs. Buller," he said, "you're not to have the sick list all to yourself after all. Horses can play tricks, it seems, as well as bicycles."

Mrs. Buller turned her head sharply. She was a good deal bruised, and there was little else that she could turn.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as the color rushed into her woebegone face. "Not George?" Then, as she read assent in the doctor's face, she turned white to her lips. "Oh!" she gasped, with a sudden change of tone. "He's not hurt badly?"

"Hurt badly? No, of course not," returned the doctor cheerily. "A very neatly fractured leg, that's all—a companion to your arm. Nothing to faint about, I assure you."

"I'm not going to faint," declared Mrs. Buller—indeed, a considerable amount of color had come back to her cheeks, and her eyes were dancing. "Poor old boy! I'm dreadfully sorry." Her voice gave a curiously different meaning to the words. "I know what horrid pain it is, don't I? But I've always told him that horses were quite as—I mean, I've always said that you run great risks with horses. How did it happen, doctor? Is he pretty comfortable? Is there anything I have for my arm that he would like? Take him some of those grapes, will you? He'll be so thirsty."

During the weeks that followed the respective attendants on Mr. and Mrs. Buller had a very busy time of it. Each patient took quite an extraordinary interest in the symptoms and progress of the other, and each was, of course, confined to his or her room. It was all quite impersonal. Mrs. Buller's eyes were hardly opened in the morning before her nurse must repair to Mr. Buller's door to inquire whether he had been able to sleep or whether his leg had felt—this, that or the other—as her arm had done. Mr. Buller could not rest easily for an hour together without full and particular information as to the particular position in which Mrs. Buller found her ankle gave her least pain. Mrs. Buller had flowers sent her, and the lion's share had to go to her husband's room. Mr. Buller found something particularly entertaining in the illustrated papers, and it must forthwith be taken to Mrs. Buller. Of course it was only human, as Mrs. Buller assured herself at frequent intervals, to take an interest in another fellow creature who was suffering just as you yourself were suffering and in the very same house. Of course, as Mr. Buller assured Dr. Willoughby more than once, it was rather a lark to compare notes.

The sprained ankle made progress quicker than the broken limbs. When Mrs. Buller was able to be moved to a sofa, Mr. Buller being still in his bed, Dr. Willoughby suggested that Mrs. Buller should be wheeled into his room and pay him a little visit.

"I dare say he's very dull, poor thing!" she said. "I don't know that there is any reason why I should not go today."

"I don't know that there is," said Dr. Willoughby. So that afternoon there was great activity in both sickrooms. Mr. Buller's nurse had to arrange flowers, to put away this, to straighten that and to shake up the cushions of the armchair a doz-

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Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being tired, meaning that the retina, or seeing portion, of the eye is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscle attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes, or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to massage the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold water.