DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1898.

VOL. 53 DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1898. NO. 7.

WANTED, YOUR CORN.

See Our Agents, Who Are Prepared to Pay Highest Market Prices on Delivery.

P. H. GOLT, W. H. DENNY,	Wye Station,	Q. A. R. R.
S. N. SMITH, JR.,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
J. CULVER,	Ellendale,	"
CUSTIS BURTON,	Milton,	"
E. W. INGRAM,	Lewes,	"

Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

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

UHLER & HUGHES,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

FLOORING, CEILING, SIDING, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

AND MILL WORK GENERALLY.

LIME, HAIR & CEMENT.

At our Coal Yard at the Railroad Station will be kept on hand a supply of

THE BEST LEHIGH COAL.

It is the best, and 2240 pounds to the ton. Also the best quality of SOFT COAL for Blacksmith purposes. Come and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

Spices, Spices,

All Kinds of Spices

AT

Brown's Drug Store.

THE B. C. BIBB STOVE CO.,

107 & 109 Light Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

HEATING STOVES,

Cook Stoves, Gas, Oil and Gasoline Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c.

FIRE-PLACE HEATERS.

FURNACES,

RANGES.

Manufacturers of the celebrated EMERALD, STONEWALL, AND VIRGINIA

COOK STOVES.

ALSO

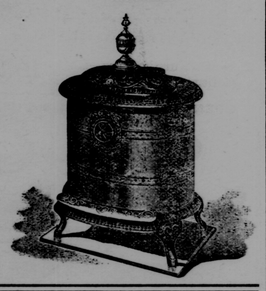
Of the popular Sheet-Iron Air Tight Stoves

TRILBY AND WILDFIRE.

FOR SALE BY

Stewart Bros.,

DENTON, MD.,



JAMES T. COOPER,

Undertaker and Funeral Director

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Mr. Cooper's long experience in embalming and all the other branches of his profession, render absolutely certain the proper performance of his duty in all matters intrusted to his care. All calls, either by day or night, promptly answered. Residence on Main street, opposite Brown's new drug store.

T. W SMITH, OPTICIAN Ridgely, Md.

Headache Caused by Eye-Strain.

Many persons whose eyes and head are constantly aching have no idea what relief scientifically-fitted glasses will give. Clumsily adjusted glasses will almost invariably increase the trouble for which they are worn, and in some cases may lead to irrecoverable blindness. Our ability to adjust glasses safely and correctly is beyond question.

Eyes Examined Free of Charge. T. W. SMITH, Ridgely, Md.

"If at first you don't succeed," try

SAPOLIO

Wrinkles Around the Eyes

Are usually caused by defective sight. Many women, and likewise men, look

Prematurely Old

from these wrinkles. The wrinkles can in many cases be removed by wearing

Correctly Fitted Glasses.

We fit glasses correctly, and give full satisfaction.

O. F. STURMER,

OPTICIAN,

Easton, - - Maryland.

H. T. NUTTLE & BRO.

We have selected for Fall and Winter trade one of the most complete lines of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

and being crowded for room, have marked everything down to prices within the reach of all:

4-4 Heavy Unbleached Muslin at 4c.
Calicoes, 4c.
Bed-ticking that will hold feathers, 15c.
Also a good one at 10c.
Canton Flannels from 5c to 12c.
A full line of red, grey and blue Flannels.
Bed Blankets from 37c pair to $4.75.
Horse Blankets and Robes at extremely low prices in great variety.

Dress Goods.

Thirty styles of new Dress Goods, consisting of Serges, Henriettas, Novelty Suitings from 10c to 37c.
A splendid Mohair at 35c.

A COMPLETE LINE

Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear, all Sizes.

A heavy Ladies' Vest for 12cc.

CAPES & COATS.

Ladies' and Children's Capes and Coats from $1.50 to $10.00. Latest Styles.

A large line of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS,

which are being offered very cheap.

Our Millinery Department

is now filled with the latest Novelties, with Miss Sewell in charge.

FURNITURE.

As we order Furniture in car load lots we can save you from 10 to 15 per cent. on anything you may need, in freights.

STOVES.

Air-Tight Sitting-Room Stoves large size, as low as $3.75.

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

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY.

Schedule in effect May 30, 1898.

Passenger trains will run as follows:

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.

Take Notice!

I have concluded to discontinue blacksmithing and machine repair in Smithville, and am willing to rent shop or sell same, with or without tools, on easy terms. All persons who have bills against me will please produce the same for settlement, and all persons who owe me on open account and over-due notes will please call and pay, as I will give all unpaid accounts into the hands of an attorney for collection. Therefore, save expenses and trouble, and come and pay promptly.

R. G. ANKLAM,
Smithville, Md.

Farms Wanted.

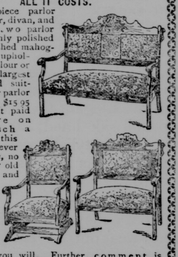
I am in communication with a number of persons in Pennsylvania and the West who desire to purchase farms on this peninsula, and I will, therefore, want several farms to show them. I will be glad to communicate with any person having farm land for sale in this or adjoining counties. Call on or write.

CHARLES E. STEVENS,
Denton, Maryland.

For Rent.

A large 11-room dwelling on Main Street. Desirable situation. Possession January 1st, 1899.
Apply to A. R. WRIGHT,
Denton, Md.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT AND $15.95 IS ALL IT COSTS.



This 5-piece parlor suit, rocker, divan, and sofa, and two parlor chairs, highly polished frame, finished mahogany, and upholstered in velour or tapestry, largest size, and suitable for any parlor in the land, $15.95 and freight paid anywhere on earth. Such a bargain as this you have never seen before, no matter how old you are, and never will again, probably, if you reach the century mark, which we hope you will. Further comment is unnecessary, except that if you want to know of thousands of such bargains, send for our 160-page furniture catalogue, and if you want carpet at such prices as most dealers can't buy for, send for our ten-color lithographed carpet catalogue, and what you'll find in these two books will teach you something that you'll want to remember for many a day. Remember Christmas is coming, and sensible people give sensible gifts which sensible people most appreciate. Something for the home is the best of all presents, and our catalogues will suggest to you what is best. Address (exactly as below)

JULIUS HINES & SON, Dept. 909. BALTIMORE, MD.

GOOD NEWS

FOR THE PEOPLE OF

Ridgely and Caroline County.

I have just returned from the East where I have been laying in a full line of Fall Goods in

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS, CAPS,
AND

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Also a full line of Ladies' and Children's

CAPES AND WRAPS,

which will be our cheap feature this season. Having bought everything for cash, and being crowded for room, we must sell everything as quickly as possible, as we must have room, and we will sell at low prices.

Our Styles are Positively the Latest.

A SEWING MACHINE FREE.

In order to interest our patrons we will have in our window a fine first quality $30.00 Sewing Machine, which we will give away to the one guessing nearest the number of beans in the jar in the window. Each purchaser of one dollar's worth of goods and upwards will get a ticket entitling him or her to a guess at the jar of beans, which will be counted on Christmas Day. Remember, that in every dollar's worth of goods purchased you will save 25 per cent., and, besides, you get a guess at the jar of beans, which may win the Sewing Machine for you. Come all, and you will tell your friends of our

Immense Stock & Low Prices,

ALSO OF OUR

BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and soliciting yours in future, I remain

Yours,

THE BALTIMORE BARGAIN STORE,
D. KLINE, Prop.
RIDGELY, MD.

To Reduce My Stock

of the following goods I will sell them at a greatly reduced price, some of them below wholesale price.

Bed Room and Sitting Room Stoves;

$4.75 down to $3.50
7.25 down to 6.25
7.50 down to 6.00

Best Tinned Carpet Tacks, 5 cts per 1000.
" " " 12 cts per 3000.
Hog Rings, 5 cents per 100.
Egg Whips, 2 cents each.
Tea Strainers, 2 cents each.
Fire Shovels, 2 for 5 cents.
Three Boxes of Matches, 1 cent.
Flesh Forks, two for 3 cents.
Harrow Teeth, $2.50 per hundred.

When the above stock is reduced prices will be higher.

PAINT, READY-MIXED,

37c., 50c., 75c., 90c., $1.15, $1.30, $1.40 and $1.50 per gallon.

A LARGE LOT OF BLANKETS AND ROBES, from 60 cents up to $7.50.

Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Carriage and Wagon Harness. A large lot of Stoves.

FOURTEEN ROOMS FILLED WITH GOODS!

TILGHMAN HARVEY,
Burrsville, Md.

OUR NATIVE HERBS.

THE ORIGINAL HERB COMPOUND, THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER, KIDNEY AND LIVER REGULATOR.

Guaranteed to cure all diseases arising from impure blood and inactivity of the liver and kidneys.

200 Days' Treatment for $1.00,

and the dollar back if you are not cured.

THE ALONZO V. BLISS CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS.

To any one sending $1.00 by mail I will send the medicine post paid.

SMITH GOOD,
DENTON, MD.

Sole Agent for Caroline county, and also for Kent county, Delaware.

☞This medicine is not sold by druggists, but only by canvassing agents.

J. B. K. EMORY AND CO
(EMORY & NEAVITT.)
—GENERAL—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
LIGHT STREET,
Baltimore, Maryland

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA.

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea, he would track us
And shatter our ships on the main,
But we had bold Neptune to back us,
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His caracles were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern frames
He had thought like an eggshell to crack us;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Deven again,
And Hawkins howl rubbers to Facchus,
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his majesty hang to St. James
The ax that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Ere at sea he can hope to outthwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain.
Alas, that his greatness should lack us!
But where are galleons of Spain?

ENVOY.

Gloriana! The don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us,
And where are the galleons of Spain?

—Austin Dobson.

HOW SHE LISTENED.

Society people might have thought that it was not exactly up to the highest notch of elegance, but since the participants were wholly unconscious of its shortcomings what did it matter. There is a more real weight in the expression of ignorance being the greatest bliss where social matters are concerned than in any other condition of life. The ordinary little girl who slips into a thin gown and dances all night with "the boys," whom she has known since childhood, in the simple ballroom of a family club finds more unalloyed enjoyment in the entire procedure than does the veriest brocade clad, jewel weighted belle who glides in stately elegance through the gorgeous cotillon in the most sparkling ballroom of one of society's real leaders. When the little girl has romped her cheeks red through a gay, easy german or, more frequently, through a hackneyed waltz, she would open her big, blue eyes in amazement if a frigid debutante in the real thing stared at her as decidedly unconventional. But the little girl doesn't even dream that there is any difference between her dance and the one whose details are so exploited in the society columns, so she is a thousand times happier than is her blue blooded sister, breathing the atmosphere of wealth and all the gnawing envies, rivalries and disappointments pertaining thereunto.

Peggy was very pink after the last dance. Richard always went into that particular waltz with especial fervor. Afterward he explained to her that it was because his first dance with her had been that particular one, and she was tease enough to act as though she wasn't at all conscious of the particular significance of the thing. So to-night, when he reluctantly let her slip from his arms, she hadn't quite the necessary courage to refuse his plea that they "go somewhere to rest."

She knew what that meant. Hadn't he carried her off to that particular "somewhere" every night since the little club had begun its informal fortnightly dances? Still, she knew that she had better not go tonight—she had known for weeks that it was coming, and this last waltz had convinced her that it was coming very soon. And Peggy didn't want it to come, at least not just now, for this was Peggy's first winter and it seemed a shame for a girl to tie herself her first season. Then, too, Richard wanted so much that it should come, and there wasn't anything in the world that Peggy loved so much as to make Mr. Richard wait. It didn't matter whether she delayed him by taking an unusually long time to adjust her veil when he had called to take her some place in the evening, or whether he had to toast his toes before the fire while she dallied over making his cup of tea or even in the telling of his great secret, which poor Richard congratulated himself no one, not even Peggy, knew. To be frank, everybody in the little club had discovered it before he had confessed it to himself. Still Peggy yielded and was led off to the big chair in the corner of the library, where Richard could perch himself on the window seat beside her and where the other young people were good enough never to intrude.

Peggy leaned back and let her white lids flutter in happy content over her deep blue eyes, whereat Richard felt his last bit of common sense leave him.

"Peggy?" he asked, leaning dangerously near her.

Peggy sat up with a little start, and a half air of rebellion. Then, all at once, she felt his eyes burning into hers, and her courage fled, leaving a very weak, pliant little girl.

"Peggy," he began again, this time laying his hand over hers as it trembled on the arm of the big chair. "I want to tell you something," added Richard.

Peggy closed her eyes again and gathered together her fast failing courage with one mighty effort. "Don't," she pleaded. "Don't, Richard."

His face grew a trifle paler as he asked, "Why not, little girl?"

Peggy's white cheeks all at once grew fiery, but she said it: "Because I know what you are going to say, and I don't want to hear it."

Poor Richard! So she knew, after all, the secret which he had flattered himself he had kept from all the world, most of all from the tiny, pink and white girl whom it most concerned. Then all at once it struck him that there was a ludicrous side to the situation, and Peggy was amazed to see a bit of a roguish smile about the corners of his fine mouth as he asked:

"How do you know that you know what I was going to say?"

It was a mean thing for him to do, and she afterward told him so. Now, however, she put herself on the defensive as much as possible and answered valiantly:

"I do know, no matter how, and I don't want to hear it," then a pause and finally a whispered "just yet."

Richard sprung to his feet with enough exultation in the movement to startle her.

"When may I tell you, Peggy mine?"

Perhaps he drew her to her feet, perhaps she rose, but all at once she found herself standing before him, with him holding her dangerously close by the two tiny, burning hands.

"Some day," she stammered. Then, noting the happy laughter in his eyes, she cried out: "Oh, Richard, why did you do it? It is almost as bad as if you had really told me, and you've made me say things I had no right to say, and"—

There was a hint of tears in her reproachful, big eyes, and she tugged hard to loose her imprisoned fingers. Instantly all the teasing fled from his manly face, and he dropped her hands.

"Very well, Peggy, but may I ask you this: Do you realize that it would not be quite—kind, to give me permission to tell you some day, and then not to make me happy by giving me the right answer?"

Peggy's lips quivered helplessly, but she finally lifted her eyes to him bravely and answered, "Yes, I realize, and I'll—be—kind."

For a moment she feared that he was going to kiss her. But after a moment, with a wistful, half contented sigh, he turned away, and with one accord they walked toward the door. At the portal he stopped her and asked again: "Don't make me wait long, little girl, and don't let any one else tell you the same story in the meantime. I'm not afraid to trust you with the other fellows, but—but I shouldn't be happy to know that they had told—told you the story, even though I knew you wouldn't care for them."

She answered him only by a look, for some one came up with the frantic explanation that he had been looking everywhere for her, as this was his dance. So she slipped away from the yearning Richard, who made himself ridiculous all the rest of the evening by forgetting that he had left his name on half a dozen programmes before he had carried Peggy off to the library.

When supper time came, Richard all at once lost sight of his ladylove. He hadn't had a chance to speak to her since the little scene in the big armchair, but he had not for an instant lost sight of the pretty white muslin gown, with its tiny sprigs of pink rosebuds. But in the confusion of the breaking up of the last waltz she mysteriously disappeared and finally, in sheer desperation, he hunted out her mother, hoping to find the lost maiden under the careful wing of the loving chaperon.

"Where is Peggy?" called the sweet faced little mother. "I've lost her, and I hoped you would bring her." Poor Richard's heart sank and with some murmured explanation he plunged off in the midst of the gay little throng. The search was fruitless. Everybody seemed to have drifted into the supper room, and still Peggy was not among them. He plunged into the most impossible corners and hiding places. He even looked into the depths of the big armchair in the library and still there was no Peggy. At last, when his face was white and his palms were burning where his impatient nails had dug into them, he heard a soft, tearful little whisper from the stairs, and there, in the turn above the landing, he found her, sobbing to herself as though her very heart was broken.

"Peggy," he cried, kneeling on the step beside her and chafing her cold hands between his feverish palms, "Peggy, what is the matter?"

Peggy dabbed her wet little ball of a handkerchief into her eyes and swallowed a sob. "It's—it's that big George Waters," she choked out, and then, with a new fit of sobs she buried her disconsolate little head in her lap and could go no further.

Richard set his teeth and waited. Then all at once he understood, for he had been afraid of Waters all winter. There was no further room for delay. Leaning over he caught the sobbing little figure in his arms, and there never was any joy in the world so dear as his when he felt her nestle her face on his shoulder, while her crying grew less violent and finally subsided into an occasional sigh of growing content.

When she had become quiet, he gently turned her face to his and said:

"Never mind, little girl, you needn't explain. I know that—that—that impudent cad has presumed to tell you what you didn't want to hear, and I know it wasn't your fault. But don't you think, little girl, that it is time for me to tell you what I had to say a couple of hours ago?"

And Peggy actually smiled through her tears while he went off into an elaborate recital of the secret which they congratulated themselves was all their own and had never been so deliciously told by any one else in the world.—Chicago News.

Future Blacksmith Shop.

A blacksmith's shop without a forge may really come to be a popular institution in the near future. The idea originated in Belgium. The metal to be heated is plunged into a metal tub of water, and, apparently with little reason, becomes instantly white hot. As a matter of fact, the metal tub is connected by wire to one pole of a dynamo. The water is acidulated, and when the metal is plunged into the water an arc seems to be established all around the submerged portion, which may then be removed and hammered on an anvil the same as any ordinary heated metal.—Los Angeles Times.

An Averted Tragedy.

An Atchison man got angry the other night, and hissing an angry farewell at his family stalked haughtily out of the house and out the front gate. When he reached it, however, his pants leg caught on a nail and was ripped from top to bottom, and the angry man who had gone forever was compelled to return. Thus another tragedy was turned into a comedy.—Atchison Globe.

Royal Hotel Keepers.

The king of Wurttemberg may be regarded as a hotel keeper as well as a monarch. This has long been a tradition in his family, but not until lately was it discovered by the rulers of the beautiful little German kingdom how profitable innkeeping can become. When Peter the Great was traveling incognito through Europe, he refused to stop anywhere but at an inn. To circumvent this whim the then king of Wurttemberg put a tavern sign outside one of the royal palaces and, dressed as an innkeeper, himself welcomed the czar. This royal personage's descendant now owns two large hotels, from which he is said to derive a revenue equaling $50,000 a year.

The ballet is said to have been invented by the Duchess of Maine, in Paris.

Oranges, limes, bananas and cocoanuts grow wild in Costa Rica.

A BOOMERANG.

When I got George's letter telling me that all was now ready for our reception and we were to come at once, I was delighted. Within a week we—mother and I—were on our way out and in about three weeks' time found ourselves between the swampy shores of the Essequibo, nearing Georgetown, where on the quay the dear fellow was waiting to take us up to the home he had made for us on his plantation.

George Haden and I had met a year before during his visit to the old country, and the big, quiet, sunburned man and I, who tell this story, had fallen in love with one another almost at first sight.

We were to have been married before he returned to Guiana, but he was recalled suddenly by the death of his only brother at Rio, and it was arranged I should follow later with mother.

You can, or, rather, you can't, imagine how delighted I was to see my sweetheart again. But I was startled and a good deal troubled by his appearance. He looked thin and worried. At first I put it down to his grief at Harry's death, but later, after our quiet wedding, on the way to my future home, I gathered by degrees there was more than that.

His brother Harry had married a Spaniard, a beautiful woman, who had died nearly 18 years before, leaving him with one daughter, Teresa. It was chiefly on this girl's account that George had hurried back, and he had mentioned in writing to me that he had brought her up from Rio to stay with him in Guiana until other arrangements could be made. Since then I had heard little of her and almost indeed, in my own happiness and excitement, forgotten her very existence.

Now my questions elicited from George that she was not a pleasant tempered young woman or easy to get on with, but my worst anticipation did not touch the reality.

We came up the river in a small steamer, which dropped us at my husband's very wharf, and we three walked up a slope through a wonderful tropical garden to where a long, whitewashed, green shuttered house shone clean and bright in the evening sun.

On the veranda stood a tall figure in a pale yellow gown, her black hair crowned with crimson hibiscus—a splendidly handsome woman!

She looked at me in a half disdainful way.

"So you're my new aunt?" she said casually. "And how do you do, Uncle George?"

Her calm assumption of superiority was unbearable. George—big, steady, good tempered man that he was—flushed with anger.

He whispered to me:

"Never mind, my dear. She knows no better, and it won't be for long."

But it was for longer than we reckoned. She was to have been sent to her godmother, who lived in Madrid, but the old lady was ill and begged us to keep the girl awhile longer.

It was trying to a degree and each day got worse and worse. Teresa's temper was something unbearable and her general lack of manners only equaled by her sweetness when there was anything to be gained by it. Still, for my husband's sake, I bore with her.

Toward the end of the cool weather our old English overseer died, and, as a stop gap, George took on a young Spanish-American, Ramon Martinez.

Ramon was a smart looking fellow, but there was something in his black eyes which repelled me. I always felt a shrinking repulsion for the man, and George didn't care much for him. Still it was necessary to have some one who understood the sugar, and men who knew anything were so scarce you couldn't pick and choose.

Teresa, who loved the cheap gayeties of Rio, had been simply bored to death all the winter. Ramon was a godsend to her, and the two used to chat in Spanish every evening over their coffee on the veranda.

Sometimes I blame myself for letting them be so much together, but to tell the truth the relief of getting rid of her even for an hour or two was very great. And how could I know what a scoundrel the man was or what unspeakable wickedness those two were brewing together?

And now I must pass over the events of the next ten months and tell you what happened on that dreadful day which so nearly proved fatal to all my happiness.

Old Juan, a half caste Indian employee on the place, came up that morning, wanting to see my husband. They talked for a time, and then I saw George go out with a gun on his shoulder. He saw me at the window and called out something, but I could not hear what he said.

He was a keen collector, and I supposed it was some rare bird or beast he was after.

The day passed, and the short, tropical twilight was closing over the forest when I saw George returning. He was followed by two negroes, who slowly dragged some long, heavy object up the path to the house. This they pulled along, trailing in the dust, round to the south end of the house, where George's big so called study, really a sort of museum, opened by two French windows on the lawn.

I was dressing for 8 o'clock dinner, so did not go out. Soon I heard George's long stride pass up stairs by my door to his dressing room, which lay beyond my room at the extreme north end of the house.

To make you understand what followed I must partly explain how the house was built. It was from north to south, long and narrow, with a veranda all the way round. A wide hall ran through from east to west and a long narrow one from north to south. The dining room was the front room at the north end, under my room; George's study at the south, under the room Teresa occupied. There were two staircases, one at each end of the house. A couple of hundred yards away, higher up the slope at the back of the house, was the cottage where Martinez lived. He, Martinez, generally dined with us and was to have done so this night.

Now, so far as I know and judging from what we made out afterward from letters we discovered in the cottage and in Teresa's room, this is what brought about the tragedy that followed:

Ramon must long before this have made up his mind to marry Teresa. Her small fortune was an irresistible bait to the indolent southerner. The only thing that troubled him was that she was not of age for another three years and George was her guardian and sole trustee. He knew well enough what George would say or do if he once heard of his pretensions. With a man of Ramon's type—absolutely conscienceless — the next idea was simply to get George out of the way. Once get rid of the uncle, and what was there to hinder his making off with Teresa and her money?

Undoubtedly he instilled these ideas into Teresa's mind, and she, her sullen temper already aflame at the hint of opposition, was soon ripe for any mischief. Whether this precious pair had already concocted any definite plan I don't know, but that they were only waiting a chance what follows will prove:

On this particular evening Teresa had dressed earlier and gone down. For some reason, I don't know what, she went to the study and opened the door. A French window was open, and in the moonlight which had already succeeded the dusk she caught sight of something moving through it, undulating in rustling coils up from the grass beyond.

Terrified, she closed the door and stood an instant panting with fright. What was it?

Suddenly it flashed across her. She had just before seen from her window the men bringing in her uncle's spoil, a great anaconda, or water boa, the largest and most powerful constrictor in the world. This was its mate. Her chance had come. Always, before dinner, her uncle would go to his room to fetch the cigar he lit immediately dinner was over. He would go once more—for the last time.

How I can imagine her stealing quietly away from the door back with stealthy footsteps up the stairs to her room and sitting there watching the clock, counting every moment till the gong should summon her uncle to his fate behind that closed door!

Closer and closer crept the hands to 8 o'clock, and still she sat and watched.

Suddenly, in the hall below, sounded footsteps across the polished boards. Unnaturally loud they seemed as they passed slowly down the passage beneath. There was the sound of a turning latch, an instant's pause, and then—one long, horrible sound, half shriek, half yell, which grew shriller, then muffled, and then abruptly ceased.

That shriek I heard with almost equal distinctness away at the other end of the house. To this day I can sometimes hear it, and it comes back to me in dreadful dreams.

I heard my husband rush from his room and his flying feet down the stairway. Other sounds I heard—cries of terror and alarm, hurrying footsteps and slamming of doors. Then I summoned strength to follow. As I ran through the hall two shots rang out in quick succession. A frightful pounding, like a dozen sledge hammers going at once, ensued, and next I heard a scream of maniacal laughter, and Teresa rushed by me and out into the night.

The next thing I remember is George's voice, in tones of strong command:

"Keep back, Marian!" he called. "It is no fit sight for you."

I stood there in the middle of the passage, while around the open study door stood a little knot of our black servants. Their faces were ashen with terror, and the whites of their eyes goggled horribly. A thin smoke floated out of the room, and the keen smell of gunpowder filled the air. The throbbing beat had almost ceased, and George passed into the room, while I staggered back, and, sinking into a chair in the hall, fainted dead away.

I need hardly explain what had happened. The wretched Ramon had come in earlier than usual to dinner; had, contrary to his usual custom, gone to the study, evidently to leave the passbook for the day, and had walked straight into the trap set for another. Those horrible coils had crushed him to death long before even George could reach the spot, while the great snake, in its terrible death agonies, had rent the wretch's body in a shocking way, leaving it an unrecognizable mass.

That was what Teresa had seen. The shock no doubt had crazed her. When she ran out, she went straight to the river, at least we suppose so, for we never saw anything of her again. There are alligators in those waters.

Since then my husband and I have almost forgotten the tragedy. We are very happy alone together in our sunny tropic home.—Answers.

When $1,000 Looked Big.

Divide anything up into pairs and you magnify it. A certain wise man took this way to give his wife an idea of how much $1,000 is. She had no idea of money. Her purchases were enormous. It happened one day that her eye fell upon a magnificent ring, and she coveted it. It cost $1,000. But what was $1,000 to her in comparison with the ring? Of course her husband consented to the purchase. What else could a dutiful, affectionate husband do? But he tried this method of educating his wife concerning the great price of the ring. He instructed his banker to send her the $1,000 in small pieces—pennies, dimes, quarters. In came the money, bagful after bagful. She never had such an idea of $1,000 before. When the money was piled before her, it alarmed her. The price of the ring went up a hundredfold, and was considered at once an extravagance which she of her own option abandoned.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Caper Sauce Capers.

The caper, familiar in caper sauce and used also as a garnish for salads, is imported from Spain and France. Capers are grown in Italy, but none is imported from there into this country.

Capers are sorted into four sizes, of which the smallest are known commercially as nonpareils, and the next larger as surfines. The next larger in French capers are capucines, and the largest capotes, while the next to the largest and the largest of Spanish capers are known respectively as capotes No. 1 and No. 2. The smallest capers are the most desirable and bring the most money. French capers sell for more than Spanish. Capers are imported almost wholly in bulk in kegs of 15 or 16 gallons and barrels of about 40 gallons in brine or vinegar. A few capers are imported in glass, but they are mostly put up in this country. Capers grow on a bush.—New York Sun.