DENTON JOURNAL.

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Carriages, Buggies,

FARM MACHINERY AND IMPLEMENTS.

Having just completed another large warehouse, 32 by 70 feet and received nearly three carloads of

CARRIAGES, SURREYS,
BUGGIES, DAYTONS,
FARM WAGONS,
AND MACHINERY,

I am prepared to meet your wants in these different lines at

EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

OSBORNE.

Columbia Binders and Mowers are the most simple and durable, lightest-running and bes -braced Binders and Mowers made. Their work is satisfactory to all. *I keep Repairs in Stock.*

Disc Harrows,

and Peg-Tooth Harrows, with double levers and all steel. The old reliable Osborne Spring-Tooth Harrows, which every farmer wants is now in stock.

THIS LINE OF GOODS IS UNEXCELLED

and is backed by the strongest guarantee of good work and material.

T E PRICES ARE RIGHT.

FARM WAGONS,

a whole carload of them, just received from one of the best known factories. "Uncle Sam" bought 600 of them during the Spanish-American war, and he buys the best.

TONS OF BINDER TWINE,

at low prices.

Repairs for all machinery kept in stock.

I solicit your patronage.

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I have just received a complete line of the latest style

Carriages, Buggies, Daytons, Surreys, Phætons, Cornings, Spindles,

Runabouts, &c., in grades from ordinary to fine quality, which will be offered at

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A long experience in building and dealing in this line enables me to judge quality and to give the best possible values for the price.

BICYCLE DEPARTMENT.

The celebrated Keating Bicycle, with their improved noiseless double roller chain, are the lightest and best. Prices, $75, $50, $40, $35. Write postal for catalogue.

Other makes from $18.00 up.
Second-hand Wheels $5.00 up.

I can also save you money in Carriage Material Bicycle Sundries, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Carriage and Bicycle Repairing done in the best manner.

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

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S. N. SMITH, JR.,	Willoughby,	"
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EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
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W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
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Grain also received on Storage in Elevator, Queenstown, and negotiable Receipt issued, covered by Insurance. Particulars furnished on application to

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Seventy-four sold in 1898. The same number of Peerless Separators sold in 1898.

THIS SHOWS THE MERITS OF THE GOODS.

32 IMPERIAL AUTOMATIC STACKERS

sold in 1898. Quite a number of SAW MILLS sold the same season.

THE BEST MACHINERY ON EARTH.

Call or write for Catalogue.

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STEAM AND GASOLINE ENGINES,

HOT AIR PUMPING MACHINERY, ETC., ETC.

Give us a call. Samples on hand. We will have a carload of Stackers on hand for Easton delivery.

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J. C. GODWIN CO.

Spring and Summer

ANNOUNCEMENT

OF 1899.

By Leaps and Jumps Our Business Has Progressed.

Year by year, season by season, we have steadily added to our sales, and we are the most talked-about firm in the Dry Goods, Clothing, Notion and Carpet Business. There are seasons; only two. We give value for your money and there is merit in the goods we carry. Our stock is second to none, for we make a specialty of the above goods. Positively we have the largest assortment of Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Mattings and Notions we have ever shown.

Domestic Department.

Percales, Piques, Dimities, Lawns, Organdies, Ginghams, etc. Over 1000 yds. of Piques to select from; the largest assortment in Easton, white and colored; prices 10c up to 35c yd. We have many bargains in this department to offer you.

Dress Goods.

In this department we have made a special selection for skirts and jacket suits in Black Dress Goods. Our stock second to none with real bargains. See our Mohairs in all colors and blacks. Silks for waists and suits, and all the new linings for waists and skirts,etc.

Notion Department.

Remember our line of Hosiery for men, women and children at 5, 10, 15 and 25c, can be equaled, but impossible to be any better. Call and you will call again for our Hosiery. A full line of P. N. Corsets 50c, 85c and $1.00; best make for the money. Remember we sell the celebrated Cluett Coon Collars and Cuffs. Remember our line of shirts in white and colored for men and boys cannot be beaten, 50c up to $1.00 each.

Our Ladies' Ready-made Suits and Skirts.

Remember we are the only house on the whole Shore that sells readymade suits. Call and see our all wool suits for $6.00. Suits from $6.00 to $15.00. A beautiful line of Spring Jackets.

Custom Made Clothing.

Our Clothing trade is growing every season. Our men's clothing is the best we have ever had. A beautiful line of mixed goods. Serges in blue and black, square and round cut. Single coats Coats and vests any way you want them. A beautiful line of youths' long pants suits in all the leading shades. Our children's department, never before have such goods been shown in Easton. Call and see us on clothing and we can prove all we have said and more. Our tailor-made pants grow more popular every season. We have added a tailor-made department this season. Those who have their clothes made should call and get our prices.

Mattings and Carpets, Oil Cloths and Window Shades.

The best line of mattings we have ever had 12½c to 35c. Carpets from the cheapest to the finest velvet made. Get our prices before buying.

We have learned that satisfied customers means more customers, more business. Better goods, lower prices, and we satisfy. Our old customers know this; our new ones soon find it out. Call and see us on your Dress Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, etc. Call and get our prices and styles before buying.

J. C. GODWIN CO.,
No. 36 N. Washington St.

A Card.

I want to say to my old customers and friends, and to the public generally, that I now have charge of the

Choptank Hotel,

Denton, Md., and will be glad to have any and all stop with me when in Denton. We shall spare no pains to please our guests.

J. F. COHEE, Proprietor.
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HARRY B. MASON,

PAINTER AND DECORATOR.

. . DENTON, MD.,

Has had ten years' experience in the cities of Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York, and is now ready to make contracts and guarantees skillful work, fair prices and entire satisfaction

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—GENERAL—

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Contracts taken in Caroline and adjoining counties. Thirty-three years experience. Plans and specifications cheerfully furnished. Best of references from Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties.

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PIQUES,

in White and Fancy Striped;

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LAWNS, LINENS,
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BINDER TWINE.

A large stock of the best grades Binder Twine, bought early and can make close prices on it.

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Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

Paying Double Prices

Price, $18.75.

for everything is not pleasant, is it? But that's what you are doing, if you don't buy here. Did you think it possible to buy a $50.00 Bicycle for $18.75? Catalogue No. 59 tells all about Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Organs and Pianos.

What do you think of a fine suit of Clothing, made-to-your-measure, guaranteed to fit and *express paid* to your station for $5.50? Catalogue No. 57 shows 32 samples of clothing and shows many bargains in Shoes, Hats and Furnishings. Lithographed Catalogue No. 47 shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, in hand-painted colors. *We pay Freight*, sew carpets free, and furnish lining without charge.

What do you think of a Solid Oak Dry-air Family Refrigerator for $3.95? It is but one of over 8000 bargains contained in our General Catalogue of Furniture and Household Goods.

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We save you from 40 to 60 per cent. on everything. Why buy at retail when you know of us? Which catalogue do you want? Address this way,

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md. Dept. 909.

A RAIN RONDEL.

O rain, wouldst ruin love's trysting day,
Veiling the valley and hills with pain,
Steeping the green gold grain in gray,
O rain!

But the heart is young and the heart is fain,
And desire of the heart is hard to stay,
And to wait on the sullen sun is vain,
And methinks that the heart will have its way,
Though the sky may drip and the soil may drain;
For love is sweet with her curls astray,
O rain!

—St. Paul's.

Her Candidate.

It is a pleasant conviction of old age that the affairs of the world are not quite so important as they were a few years ago and that the ability for conducting them is going back instead of advancing. This commentary is suggested by the experience that the old political campaigner was relating to some of the legislative friends when they met at the hotel.

"I don't suppose," said the veteran, "that the like ever happened in Michigan, before or since. There was a romance involved, some of the greatest men the nation ever produced took a hand, a whole community was divided by the bitterest factional war, the career of an ambitious congressman was suddenly terminated, and yet the little federal position involved was not worth over $100 a month, if that much. It was a sort of a bloodless political duel, and I know of at least one participant that would rather have stood up and been shot at than to have lost.

"It was right out here in the country where I was raised and brought up. There were only two prominent aspirants for the little office, but their rivalry had stirred the town into a flutter of excitement from center to circumference. I think political interest is more general in the country than in the city, and in those days the individual was more assertive, more appreciative of the supreme rights of citizenship, because he had not been suppressed by machines, combines, rings and bosses as he is now. The churches were internally divided on this issue, social bees were turned into debating societies where feeling ran high, the war was carried into the local paper by heated correspondents, the store and the postoffice were largely monopolized by the disputants, and some very old friendships were strained to the uttermost.

"I was very much infatuated with the pretty daughter of my candidate. Now that I can view the situation more calmly, I realize that he was my candidate because she was his daughter, but wild horses couldn't have drawn such a confession from me at the time. His opponent also had a pretty daughter, and she, too, had an admirer, who was a stanch supporter of her father in his time of political need. These two girls were rival belles, and Tom Harter and I were regarded as among the most effective political herdsmen in that locality. You can understand how much feeling could be stirred up with such elements of discord. Farmers neglected things at home to wrangle or listen to others wrangle. Some of the women quit speaking and said very unkind things of each other. The young people were as distinctly divided as though lined up in opposition at a spelling school, and there was more genuine temper displayed than in any presidential campaign we had ever gone through.

"Now, I was not alone in my admiration for the daughter of my candidate. There were others, and several of them. I had never felt secure enough to venture a proposal and was passing through a very trying period of uncertainty. One afternoon as I was walking rapidly by her house I found her leaning over the gate and looking disconsolate enough to cry. 'Tom Harter's going to Washington tomorrow,' she said abruptly. 'You know what that means?'

"Lovers think quickly, when capable of thinking at all. 'I should think he would go under the circumstances. It's his duty.'

"'Then I suppose father might as well draw out,' and there were tears in her lovely eyes. 'Oh, if I were only a man!'

"'I'm thankful you're not,' I laughed, and there were two of us leaning on the gate. 'I'm going to tell you something that I have never confided to another person.' This was strictly true, for I had never thought of it till that minute. 'Please don't mention it to a living person, not even to your father, for it might defeat all our plans. I go to Washington tonight, Hattie. I have everything ready. I'll take the train from the side opposite the platform, and no one will be the wiser until some time tomorrow. Did it ever enter that wise little head of yours that I'd allow Tom to get the start of me or give you anything to cry over?'

"Her eyes sparkled, roses came to her pale cheeks as if by magic, she turned a glad face toward me and—well, who wouldn't? In my eagerness I had perpetrated a regular schoolboy smack, and a frightened robin darted out of the cherry tree over our heads. Keep in mind that we were leaning over the same gate. It was the first time too.

"Well, I went through to Washington as fast as steam would carry me and lost no time in hunting up the congressman from my district. He promised so much and did it with so little apparent consideration that I did not place much dependence upon his assistance. I thought of the girl I left at the gate, took courage of love and went right to the postmaster general. There, that comes of being rusty on politics. I did not mean to tell what position I was trying to have filled, but even that will not identify the town or the candidates.

It happened that the secretary of state was sitting with the postmaster general, and I suppose that the latter wanted to make an impression. I stated my case to him as concisely as I could, telling him of the central location of my candidate's place of business for the position and of the important fact that his appointment would be a great favor to me.

"The general answered with a sneer that he made little attempt to conceal. He would be delighted to do me a personal favor, it would be a downright pleasure for him, but he did not see that the interests of the nation were seriously involved in this little appointment, and he would withhold his decision. Whatever that might be, he hoped that I would keep in mind the fact that he was postmaster general.

'I managed to tell him that the fact did not strike me as an unalloyed blessing and thought that I saw a pleasant twinkle in the eye of his distinguished caller. I went away mad and disheartened. Suddenly Senator Zach Chandler came to my mind. He was a friend of my father, both were from New Hampshire, and whenever the great leader was in our section of the state the two men would have a good time talking over the old home state. I went to the senator, telling him everything but the gate episode and the other party thereto. He knew me when I entered, for he never forgot names or faces. He inquired particularly after my father, expressing his regard for him as an old friend, and was in a mood to favor any reasonable cause I might espouse.

"'So he tried to squelch you, did he?' And the old war horse's face had its sternest setting. 'Wanted to show off at the expense of one of my friends and constituents, did he? Just drop this matter and meet me here at 8 this evening. That will let you out of the city tonight if you want to go.'

"I was on time, and Chandler handed me a commission for my candidate. He stopped my thanks to ask me if it would inconvenience me to remain over till the next day. I was burning to get home with the glad tidings, but I would have given him a month had he asked it. 'Then take this to the postmaster general, tell him that his treatment of you was inexcusable; that Michigan men do not permit such attempts to humiliate them; that he told you to remember that he was postmaster general, and that you now ask him to accept notice that the state of Michigan has been removed from his immediate jurisdiction.' I followed instructions, and, while I do not know what that message from the president, sent to the general through Chandler and myself, contained, I do know that he wilted and stammered an apology. I also know that Chandler was the man after that who said who might hold postoffices in this state.

"I gave that commission to the girl who came running down to the same gate to meet me, and when I promptly attended to another little matter of business she said she would marry me a thousand times if it was going to make me so happy. Harter had to wait three years before his girl became good humored enough to accept him."—Detroit Free Press.

Truly Remarkable.

When the artist Haydon, stopping in a rural inn near Stratford, was beguiled by his own enthusiasm into expatiating upon the fame of Shakespeare to an assembly of local rustics, they admitted readily that Shakespeare was a person who had shed some distinction upon his native place, but they added that Stratford now contained another prodigy, one John Cooper.

"John Cooper?" inquired Haydon. "Why, what has he done?"

"Why, zur, I'll tell 'e," replied the spokesman. "He's lived 90 years in that 'ere town, man and boy, and niver had the teothache!"

This ancient anecdote has recently found a parallel in the same English county. A woman from Nuneaton was making a local boast of its connection with "the lady with a man's name who wrote books," meaning George Eliot, when another woman from a neighboring village contemptuously interrupted her.

"With a man's name!" she cried scornfully. "What's that? And what's the good of books? Now we've a woman you may talk about in our place! She's lived 100 years and a bit over and quarreled with seven daughters and two daughters-in-law and all her grandchildren! And her tongue's as brisk as ever it were, and she quarrels with the parson's wife herself every time she comes to visit her. That's what I call a woman to respect and a fine sight more to boast of than a person who miscalls her own name and makes books!"

The Flag on the Wall.

The Troy Times tells of a visitor at a public school, who, being requested to address the pupils, spoke of the necessity of obeying their teacher and growing up to be useful, loyal and patriotic citizens.

To emphasize his remarks, he pointed to a large national flag that almost covered one end of the room, and said, "Now, boys, who can tell me what that flag is there for?"

One little fellow, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker, replied:

"I know, sir. It's to hide the dirt."

Safe.

"Johnny, are your people going to take you with them on that trip across the ocean?"

"Yes'm."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Nome. Ain't afraid of nothin. I've been vaccinated an baptized."

A FEW ODD ISLANDS.

DESCRIBED BY THE WAYNE COUNTY (PA.) MAN.

They Float Around In a Careless Sort of Fashion, With an Occasional Queer Freak, One Being to Spin Around Like a Monster Top.

"I read about the floating islands off the mouth of the Mississippi the other day," said the veracious man from Honesdale, Pa. "That reminded me that my own little old county can boast a few islands of the sort. What county? Wayne, young man. You'll find it on the maps due north of Pike county. You city chaps have an idea that all of northern Pennsylvania is Pike county in expansion, but you were never so much mistaken about anything in your lives. Pike county is all very well in its way, but its way runs to fish liars and rattlesnakes. Now, Wayne has none of the latter, but of the former—well, talk about Pike county fishing! Young fellow, Pike county isn't a marker to Wayne when it comes to downright, honest, clean cut piscatorial sport. Pike may lie about it better, but when you come to sift the facts from the fiction before an investigating commission you'll find that Wayne catches the biggest trout and the fightingest bass every time, and don't you forget it.

"But I started to tell you about the floating islands in the old county. Way back in the twenties the Delaware and Hudson Canal company gouged a channel in the face of the earth from Rondout to Honesdale and called it a canal. For reservoirs and feeders to this canal the level of ponds and lakes along the route was raised by means of dams from 12 to 20 feet. While the dams were in process of building the timber about the ponds was felled up to the artificial water line, and in many cases really valuable lumber was left to decay where it fell. These dead trunks formed, when the water rose to its newer level, the basis of these floating islands, which may be found in so many of the lakes of Wayne county. Intertwining branches and twigs of the trees themselves and large quantities of underbrush served to bind the logs together in something like a solid mass, thereby forming rafts of more or less buoyancy and size. In the course of time water weeds of various kinds attached themselves to the raft, and eventually became a part of it. Gradually a light, thin mold accumulated on the island, and in this mold birds planted seeds and grain, which, sprouting, growing and finally dying and rotting, did their part in the making of the whole. All of the larger islands bear from one to a score of trees, many of which have attained a considerable growth.

"You might suppose that to walk upon or to fish from one of these islands would be a source of some danger, but, aside from an occasional wetting of the feet no accidents from this cause have ever occurred, so far as I have been able to learn. The sensation produced by walking on a floating island is very similar to that which you and I have both experienced when, as boys, we ran on thin, young ice, or thicker old and rotten ice. You remember how the ice used to bend under your weight as you ran across it, sometimes sinking nearly a foot and then with the next step rising to meet you, possibly throwing you and perhaps giving you a ducking? Well, it's the same way with the floating islands, but with the element of danger eliminated. It has the same fascination.

"Strange as it may seem, very few of these floating islands have become permanently anchored to the bottom of the lakes. They are as nomadic and as unsettled in their habits as the Arab. They lack what we country people call stick-to-itiveness. They are the contrariest cusses that ever happened. Sometimes a mere breath of wind will send one of them scooting from one end of the lake to the other and again you couldn't budge that same island with a 100 ton, compound freight locomotive and a political pull. Once thoroughly domesticated, however, they make excellent weather vanes, for they invariably seek the lee shore of the lake.

"I recall a peculiar thing that happened years ago to the island in White Oak pond, near Aldenville, some eight or nine miles to the north and west of Honesdale. By the way, this particular island is the largest of the lot; so large, in fact, that the center rises fully ten feet above the water line. The farmer owning this island proposed erecting a summer house on the elevation, but was obliged to give it up owing to his inability to lay a proper foundation without driving piles, and to do that would result in nailing the island to the bottom.

"Well, as I was going to say, this island one day eloped with a southwest zephyr, which promptly deserted as soon as it had got its consort into the middle of the lake. There it floated in a sultry summer sun, with no means of motion in itself and milking time approaching. Presently the edge of a little breeze from the northwest struck the wanderer on the port quarter and things began to look a little brighter. Unfortunately for the island, however, at about the same moment that the first gust landed a wind of equal intensity came up from the southeast and its edge caught the island on the starboard bow. In less than a minute these two contrary winds had that island spinning around like a top. You may believe this or not, as you like. I can show you the island any time that you'll come up to the old county.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Extremes.

Cham, the French caricaturist, was talking one day with a Gascon, who bragged that his father's ancient baronial dining hall was the wonder of the world. It was so high you could hardly see the roof.

"My father had a dining room," said Cham, "which was just as remarkable the other way. It was so low that the only fish we could serve at table was eole!"

The most magnificent tomb in the world is deemed to be the palace temple of Karnak, occupying a space of nine acres, or twice that of St. Peter's at Rome. The temple space is a poet's dream of gigantic columns, beautiful courts and wondrous avenues of sphinxes.

He Didn't Need It.

Could the funny sayings and incidents at the tenants' dinners in Scotland be collected they would make an unrivaled book of humor. Mistakes of amusing and sometimes embarrassing nature occur frequently at such functions. One story is told of a guest at a Scottish tenants' dinner who tasted ice cream for the first time on that occasion. He pushed a large spoonful of the frozen mixture into his mouth and jumped from his chair with agony expressed on his face. He let out a yell and cried out, "Ow, ow, ma rotten tooth!" and could not be induced to eat any more.

At another Scottish affair of the kind a good old farmer was seated next to the hostess. She served him a bit of savory omelet, which seemed to cause the old man deep disappointment. His idea of an omelet had always been a dessert with sugar, or fruit or jams, and after tasting the sample before him he turned to the hostess and said, "Weel, ma lady, I canna compliment you on your puddin's."

The late Duke of Buccleuch told a story of a tenant at one of the farmers' dinners on his estates who was asked by the duchess if he would take some rhubarb, a dish she was fond of. The farmer was surprised, but answered politely, "I'm muckle obleeged to your grace, but I dinna' need it."

Pneumonia.

A bright chap who has traveled much told me that some years ago he met a man where he had camped, in the mining districts of California, who could make the New York doctors ashamed of the regular practice in a case of pneumonia. Said he: "It stands to reason. The claim of the man is this: Unless some part of the digestive process is clogged pneumonia is impossible, and it is even quite difficult to take cold if the circulation of the fluids of the body is free.

"His method is simplicity itself. In the first place, to start with, he gives a big dose of physic and puts his man into lots of blankets, and then he gathers all the bottles he can find in the camp and fills them with hot water and heats every part of the man but his head. As soon as he thinks the physic is out of his stomach, he makes him sip hot water. Just as soon as he sees a drop of perspiration on his forehead he will say: 'I've got you, old man. Keep the heat going until the pills operate freely, and don't let him take cold.' I have seen bad cases where they would have choked to death in less than an hour out and at work in two or three days. He didn't consider it a question of constitution at all. It was only a question of cleaning the man out and keeping him warm."—New York Times.

Knew Him and Didn't Know Him.

A young couple called at a fashionable boarding house in the west end to engage board. They were from Chicago, and the husband had recently secured an appointment in one of the departments. The landlady, an amiable and pretty, if a trifle faded, little woman, showed the couple the vacant rooms, and one of them was finally accepted.

"Now, you'll want references, of course," said the young wife after the terms had been fixed. Then she mentioned the name of a Washington man of some prominence.

"You know him, or of him, I presume?" she inquired. "He is my husband's uncle."

"Well," replied the landlady, "I cannot precisely say that I know him. Nobody ever really knew him. He's something of a mystery. Now, I was married to him for 12 years, and at the conclusion of that period, when I secured my divorce, I don't think I could have conscientiously placed my hand over my heart and declared that I actually knew him. Some men are so difficult to get acquainted with, you know."

The situation was a bit embarrassing, but the young couple took the room they had decided upon anyhow.—Washington Post.

He Failed to Pass.

General Benjamin F. Butler was one of a commission to examine young applicants for admission to the bar, and before him came a youth who failed miserably on all that pertained to jurisprudence, case law, civil law, sumptuary law, unwritten law and due process of law. Finally Butler, who rather liked the chap and wanted to see him through, asked: "What would you like to be examined in? You have failed in everything we have suggested."

The reply came, "Try me on the statutes; I'm up on them."

Butler shook his head solemnly. "My young friend," he said, "I'm afraid you won't do. You may be ever so familiar with the statutes, but what is to prevent a fool legislature from repealing all you know?"

Palace and Hovel.

Probably in Constantinople, which has been described as the "city of hovels," there is a greater contrast between the public and private buildings than in any other city in the world. The streets are narrow, tortuous and dirty, and even the better class of private houses are mean in comparison with those of a similar class in other countries. On the other hand, the mosques and palaces are magnificent in size, design and materials of construction, most of them being of marble, white or gray. The seraglio is one of the most splendid buildings in Europe.

Berlin is a close second in this respect, boasting the finest street in Europe. Unter den Linden and its public buildings will compare favorably with those of any other capital, but its slums and tenement houses are squalid and filthy in the extreme. Another city which is close in the running is Lisbon. When it was rebuilt after the earthquake, the public buildings were built on a scale by no means justified by the finances of the country, while the private buildings had to be erected in accordance with their owners' means. The contrast between them is therefore naturally very striking.

Careful estimates show that each year there are interred within the limits of the city of London about 130,000 human bodies.

The effort to make sugar from beets dates back as far as the year 1747.

The population of England at the time of the Conqueror did not exceed 2,000,000 all told.