DENTON JOURNAL.

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VOL. 55. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1900. NO. 4

WANTED,
WHEAT **WHEAT** WHEAT

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.
J. E. MERRIKEN,	Willoughby,	"
W. F. PENNINGTON,	Queen Anne, Hillsboro,	" "
EUGENE LYNCH,	Downes,	"
R. T. CARTER,	Tuckahoe,	"
W. H. ANDERSON,	Denton,	"
H. C. HOBBS,	Hobbs,	"
W. R. PETERS,	Hickman,	"
M. L. BLANCHARD,	Blanchard,	"
W. S. LORD,	Greenwood,	"
I. T. BAKER,	Ellendale,	"
J. CULVER,	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.

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 the new drug store.

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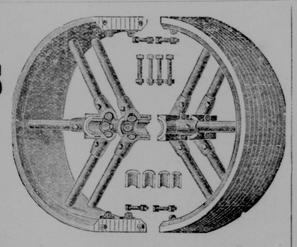
PUBLISHERS,
Booksellers, Stationers, and Printers.

Day and Sunday School Libraries a Specialty. Agents for Milton Bradley Kindergarten Matrial. Send for catalogues

No 8 Baltimore St., East, Baltimore.

South Bend Wood Split Pulleys
—WITH—
Iron Hub
AND
IRON BUSHINGS.
All Sizes in Stock.

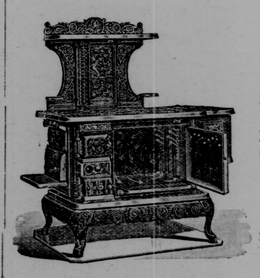


A Few of the Machinery Specialties we have in stock are:

Excelsior Boiler Feeders, Canton Steam Pumps, Knight's Mill Dogs, Frictionless Babbit Metal, Lambert Gasoline Engines, Aermotor Wind Mills, Disston's Irser ed-Tooth Circular Saws, Kelly Duplex Feed Mills, Pease Fanning Mills and anything in the MILL SUPPLY line at

L. W. GUNBY'S
MAMMOTH HARDWARE STORE AND MACHINE SHOPS,
SALISBURY, MD.

FURNITURE!



We have just received a large lot of Bed-room Suites, Bureaus, Desks, Buffets, Hall Racks, Extension Tables, Stands, Willow and Fancy Rockers, Enamel Beds, Bed Springs, Hair Matresses in two parts, Pillows and Bolsters.

CARPETS and RUGS.

Axminster, Moquet, Brussels and Ingrains; Mattings in Handsome Patterns.

STOVES! STOVES!

We have a nice line of Ranges, Single and Double Coal Heaters, Sheet Iron and Cast Iron Air Tights. We guarantee every stove. Send for cuts and description.

Call and see our Plush Robes and Horse Blankets, Harness, etc. Heath & Milligan Paint always in stock. Aermotor Wind Mills and Tanks. Plumbing Supplies, etc. General Hardware a Specialty.

NUTTLE HARDWARE CO.
DENTON, MD.

J. C. GODWIN CO. THE GREAT MOVING SALE!

The Woven Label Trade Mark which purchasers will find sewn on every garment, guarantees to the wearer an article of superiority. Insist on this protection and be assured of having the very best.
Wright's Health Underwear promotes and maintains good health

The Great Closing Out Sale for November and December.

Our entire stock of Dry Goods must be sold regardless of cost as we positively are going out of the dry goods business, and we will move into our newly and handsomely fitted-up room just two doors above us after Jan. 1st. Now is the time to buy your dry goods. Remember, bargains for November and December, must be sold. Hundreds of yards of all wool dress goods worth from 75c to $1 00 yard for 50c, and hundreds of yards worth 35c, 40c, etc., all go for 25c, and another lot for 10c, worth double. Biggest bargains in silks you ever bought.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES IN CLOTHING.

CLOTHING

As we shall go into the clothing business exclusively after Jan. 1st, we have made special efforts this season in Suits, Pants and Overcoats. Our stock is newer, larger and more up-to date than any stock of clothing on the Shore. This is what is told us every week. Just think! Nearly a thousand suits to select from. Overcoats by the hundreds and odd pants by the hundreds, and look at these prices: Suits from $1.50 to $20.00; Overcoats from $2.50 to $18.00; Odd Pants from 25c to $6 00, and our clothing is tailor-made. Largest stock, latest styles and lowest prices, and as we are going to move we shall make special prices on Clothing as we want an entire stock of new goods to start our new business. No matter what you want in clothing come and see us and get our prices.

LOOK AT
SOME of our CLOSING OUT PRICES!

Flannelettes you pay 12½ and 15c for, our price 10c. Percale best made 12½c, our price 9½c. Best gingham made 12½c, our price 10c. Best ginghams in checks all colors, our price 6c. Ask to see our 10c and 15c Ladies' and Children's Hosiery—has no equal. Unbleached table linen for 25c, half bleached 29c to 58c, bleached 50c to 75c. Have sold hundreds of yards of table linen. Greatest bargains in Ladies' and Children's Coats ever offered in Easton. Every coat and cape must be sold. Just look! Beautiful $15 00 coats all silk lined for $7.50; $10 00 coats for $5.00; $5 00 coats for $2 75, etc. All coats and capes must go regardless of cost. $1.50 Ladies' Kid Gloves for $1 00, all guaranteed. You want to buy your underwear of us for your whole family and save money.

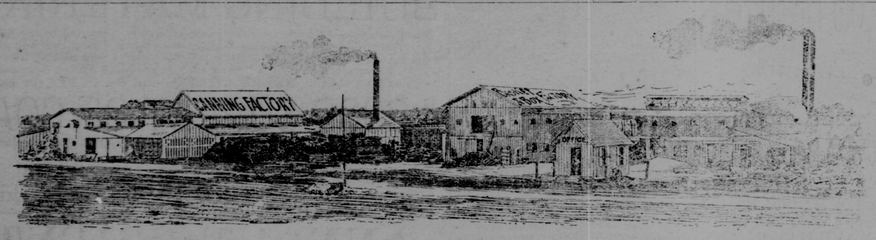
CARPETS AND RUGS.

WE SHALL HAVE A CARPET AND RUG OPENING FROM DECEMBER 8, TO DECEMBER 15.

We will have carpets in all grades of Ingrain including 9 patterns of all-wool 3-ply carpet; Brussels in all grades made, from 60c to the finest velvet. We shall make the Royal Wiltons for this opening at $1 75 made, worth in the city $2.50 not made. You have all the new patterns to select from. Just see what you have—larger stock to select from and lower prices. Why? Because we get these goods direct from the largest manufacturers in the United States. We will have Drugget in all grades and sizes for this carpet sale. I guarantee to show the largest assortment of Rugs ever shown in Easton and will show the handsomest and cheapest ever shown in Easton. Don't forget the dates as this is your only chance to have such an opportunity to get such a selection for such little money. Also the largest and best assortment of Portiers ever shown in Easton up to $10 pair in tapestry, rawsilk and chenille goods. By buying $3 worth of goods, bought for cash, you get a card to have a dozen $3 Cabinet Photos at Davidson's Art Gallery for $1.25. If we don't think of it, ask for card. Don't forget—our Dry Goods and Ladies' Coats will all be sold regardless of cost. Remember we move two doors above us, No. 22 N. Washington St., after Jan. 1st, 1900. Come early and get first choice.

J. C. GODWIN CO., Easton, Md.

CRATES.



BASKETS.

T. L. DAY, SWING & COMPANY,
‡ MANUFACTURERS OF ‡

BERRY CRATES, CUPS, PEACH AND TOMATO BASKETS AND COVERS,

are now ready to supply in any quantity, Crates and Baskets, made in a strong and substantial manner. Order early and take advantage of the extra inducements we offer for orders placed now.

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T. L. DAY, SWING & CO.,
RIDGELY, MARYLAND.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

HIS TAILOR CALLS ON HIM TO COLLECT HIS LITTLE BILL.

And Major Crofoot, Grateful For the Credit Extended to Him, Takes the Man of the Shears Into the Universal Fishball Company.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

When Major Crofoot reached his office the other morning, he found his tailor at the door. The tailor had been there for an hour. He had a bill in his hand, and he was determined to present it in person. The major looked a bit startled at sight of the creditor he had been dodging for seven months, but in a breath he pulled himself together, extended his hand and heartily exclaimed:

"By George, but this is a curious coincidence indeed! Talk of mental telegraphy, but your face was before me as I struck the first stair!"

"Major Crofoot, I am here"—

"Yes, yes; you are here about a little bill, and I am glad of it. Come in and sit down. Do you know, that little bill of $11 has worried me more than some of $20,000. I have wondered and wondered why you didn't present it."

"But I have mailed it to you about 20 times!" exclaimed the tailor.

"Strange, strange! I must see the postal authorities about it at once."

"And I have sent it here by a boy at least ten times."

"By a boy? And the boy never presented it! I wish you would get me that boy's name. A dozen different times I have been on the point of sending you a check, but I was afraid you might take it that I wanted to close the account between us. I finally decided to wait until you dropped in."

"Well, I am here," said the tailor, "and now how about this bill?"

"Yes, you are here, and I am sorry to see that look of grim resolution on your face. You were one of my earliest friends and creditors. When I called on you and got measured for a new coat, the world was against me. All I wanted was a little time and encouragement, but the cold, selfish world would not give it to me. You of all men were different. You made me a coat. You demanded no pay in advance. You sent it to me when done. Don't you believe I appreciate this nobility of soul on your part?"

"LET US SHAKE HANDS."

"The bill—my $11," replied the tailor without any signs of melting.

"After months and months of struggling against adversity the tide turned," continued the major. "I was a pauper one day and a millionaire the next. I could pay $10,000 for $1. I remembered your little bill, but I had an object in not rushing a check to pay it. My heart was soft and tender toward you. You had reposed confidence in me, and I wanted to reward you."

"The bill must be paid today, major, or I will sue for it."

"And the man who shows his confidence in the financial integrity of Major Crofoot makes no mistake. I could have put you into any of the half dozen syndicates I have promoted in the last six months and helped you to make a good thing of it, but those good things were not good enough for the man who had put faith in my honor. I waited to give him something better, and today I was going to send for you."

"I don't believe it," was the blunt reply. "However, I'm here, and I want my money."

"I was going to send for you," calmly continued the major, "and tell you to sell out your business at once and at a sacrifice and to be ready in two days to take the vice presidency of the Universal Fishball company. The salary will be $12,000 per year to begin with, and I have secured you $25,000 worth of stock at ground floor prices. You know what a fishball is, of course? You know"—

"Look here, major," said the tailor, with disgust on his face, "you can't put me off with no fishball business. Put me $11 right down, or I'll sue!"

—"you know that a fishball beats any other sort of food for breakfast. The rich won't do without 'em, and the poor will go without ice or milk to get 'em. Why, sir, I would as soon think of being without a bank account as without my fishballs, and I know you would sell your shirt if necessary to get them. It is so with all others in America. The fishball is indigenous to the United States, and its true home is here, but with proper encouragement we can work up a taste for it in Europe. I have already arranged to send the Prince of Wales a dozen in a box, and if we can once get him to recommend 'em English orders will come pouring in till we can't fill 'em. I'll send a box to France and another to Germany, and I look for the most favorable results. My dear sir, let me congratulate you. Let us shake hands."

"Then you won't pay my bill?" asked the tailor.

"We call 'em fishballs," continued the major as he fingered a checkbook, "but they needn't necessarily be all fish. Make 'em of beef, mutton, pork, fowl, what you will, but flavor 'em with extract of fish and put 'em up in fancy boxes, six to a box. All the cook has to do is to set 'em in the oven for three minutes before eating. Five cents a ball, or six for a quarter, and the profit is 65 per cent. I figure that we will have ten factories going inside of three months. Do you want anything better than this? Isn't this bread on the waters for the trust reposed in me?"

"But I came here for $11!" almost shouted the creditor as he saw himself being wound up.

"When this stock was issued, I thought of you. The first $100,000 was put up at 40 cents on the dollar. I wasn't satisfied to give you the vice presidency. I wanted you to make at least $10,000 a year out of your dividends. I did what I ought to have done for the best friend I have in the world. I took that $11 I owed you and used it to secure your stock. It wasn't half enough, but you can pay me the balance at your leisure. Some time after we get things started you can hand me your check for it."

"And you mean to say I'm owing you?"

"But don't worry about it, my dear man; don't worry. It's a mere flea bite. When you draw your first $5,000, we'll square up so as to keep the books straight. Major Crofoot is a man who returns confidence for confidence. Can you be ready to take your position in two days?"

"By thunder, but this is a game to do me up!" shouted the tailor as he stamped around in great excitement.

"I'd like you to take an active interest as soon as possible, as I may promote a three cornered pie company next month, but you can have a week in which to sell your tailor shop and get your hair cut. By the way, you'd better look out for a horse and a carriage. As vice president of the Universal Fishball company you'll be expected to sling on more or less style. I might go out with you this afternoon to look at some diamonds for your wife if you have time. As I said before, as to that little balance between us, don't let it bother you."

"Then you won't pay me?"

"That is about all today," blandly replied the major as he opened the door and beamed upon his creditor. "Three days hence we turn out our first box of fishballs, and they go to the president. Inside of a week he will telegraph us: 'Nothing like 'em on the face of the earth. Send me a carload.' My dear man, Golconda is within our grasp. I've let you into the biggest thing of the twentieth century, but I want no thanks for it. As I am very busy this morning"—

"My $11!" shouted the tailor as the door closed on him.

No answer.

"Major Crofoot, you are an old deadbeat!"

No answer.

"And I'll stay right here till Saturday night to get sight of you and punch your head!"

But he didn't. When a gravelike silence had continued for five minutes, he got discouraged and scuffled his way down stairs. M. QUAD.

MOUNTAIN AIR.

Why It Is More Healthful Than That of Lower Altitudes.

The only reason why mountain air is healthier than low air is that mountain air is cleaner than low air. The chemical composition of the atmosphere differs but little, if at all, wherever the sample be taken. On Pike's peak the relation of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents of the atmosphere is the same as at the level of the ocean. The favorable effects therefore of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one. The air of high altitudes contains no microbes and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground and some 100 feet above it microbes are abundant.

In the air of Chicago and other crowded places not only does the microbe impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also. Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of pine, oak and birch forests. It is to those bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But all the same, these traces of essential oils and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are not apparently necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether.—Louisville Dispatch.

Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, she said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler, but if some man should ask you to marry him"—

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end. —Harper's Magazine.

The Hurry That Kills.

I hate this shallow Americanism which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by raps on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or skill without study, or mastery without apprenticeship, or the sale of goods by pretending that they sell, or power by making believe that you are powerful, or through a packed jury or caucus, bribery and "repeating" votes, or wealth by fraud. Men think they have got them, but they have got something else—a crime which calls for another crime and another devil behind that. These are steps to suicide, infamy and the harming of mankind. We countenance each other in this life of show, puffing, advertisement and the manufacture of public opnion, and excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and praise.—Emerson's "Essay on Success."

THE DAYS OF BOOTS.

WHEN BOOT HOOKS AND BOOTJACKS WERE FAMILIAR ARTICLES.

Fine Footwear Was Then an Expensive Luxury, and Men of Fashion Had a Time In Getting Their Tight Fitting Wellingtons on and Off.

Over on the other side of Canal street, in the local Latin quarter, there is a little cobbler's shop that looks like an etching by Durer. The tools, which are stuck in leather loops around the walls, have an air of serious antiquity like decayed gentlefolk, and over the threshold is an empty wicker birdcage, canted at just the right angle to make what the artists call "a good composition." The cobbler himself is a smallish, stoop shouldered man, with a perfectly bald head and iron spectacles half way down his nose. The other day he told a friend how the ancient and honorable craft of bootmaking had gone into decline.

"I was working for myself two years before the California excitement began in 1849," he said. "Those were grand days. All gentlemen wore boots then made out of the finest calfskin, with tops about 12 inches high. The Wellington boots were fashionable just before my time, but I've made a few pairs, mostly for foreign gentlemen, and they looked very elegant outside of tight pantaloons. The top was generally morocco. It hugged the calf of the leg close and came to a point in front, finished with a small red or purple tassel. But the boot that everybody wanted was a plain, fine grained calfskin, and it had to fit like a glove or it wouldn't do at all.

"Do you see those lasts up on the shelf? Well, the men they were made for are dead now, the whole crowd. But I'll bet you there isn't one in the lot that hasn't been patched and altered at least 40 times. That shows you how particular they were. Feet will change more from year to year than you have any idea of, and we had to keep track of such changes so as to make the boot set perfectly snug. In those days a gentleman, especially a young gentleman, who went into society wouldn't have a boot that he could wear without cursing for a first week or so. They wanted them tight, tight as wax, and every young buck had his collection of boot hooks and bootjacks to get 'em on and off. Those tools were common birthday and Christmas presents back in the forties and fifties, and some of them were got up very fine. I've seen boot hooks with silver mounts and mahogany handles $100 a pair.

"The strain of pulling on a pair of tight boots was so great," continued the little cobbler musingly, "that we used to run the strap ends half way down the inside of the leg and double sew them with waxed silk twist. A young gentleman was actually killed here in 1850 or thereabout by the breaking of his boot straps. I remember the circumstance well. He was going to a ball and was sitting on a stool in his room pulling on a pair of new boots with the hooks they used then. Both straps gave way together, and he fell over backward and hurt his spine so that he died next day. Yes, sir; that's a fact. The family are still living here, and I made boots for one of his uncles up to less than ten years ago. No; I can't say there was anything especially peculiar about the boots of that time except that they had much higher heels than are worn now and very light soles, generally finished around the edge with a stitching of yellow thread. A good pair of boots could be resoled four or five times, but it was seldom done. When they began to wear, a gentleman would generally give them to his body servant.

"The price of boots then was never less than $16 and more often $20, and the planters up the river thought nothing of ordering half a dozen or even a dozen pair at a time. I had one good customer from Lafourche. He was a fine gentleman, with grand manners. One day he came into the shop to order a pair of boots, and while I was measuring him to correct his foot he looked at me very sharp. 'Will you allow me to see your tongue?' he said presently. I was surprised, but I put it out, and he pursed up his lips, like a man whistling. 'Hum-m-m!' said he. 'How is your appetite?' 'Poorish,' said I, for I wasn't feeling very well just then. 'Make me 12 pairs of boots this time,' said he and walked out without another word. I felt kind of uncomfortable for awhile after that; but, Lord bless you, I've outlived him these 20 years.

"Boots went out of style in the seventies, but a good many of the old people still stick to them, and, for that matter, some are worn even to this day. I have four customers now that I make boots for regular. They are all middle aged men, and I used to work for their fathers and uncles. They say that the high leather legs keep them from catching cold, and they don't want the feet tight, but prefer them large and roomy. So I don't have to go to the trouble of correcting their lasts, as I did in the old days.

"I don't make shoes," added the old man, with a touch of asperity. "I never made a pair in my life, but it's lucky for me, perhaps, that they've taken to wearing them and make them as poor as they do. That brings in enough cobbling to keep the pot a-boiling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Misapprehension.

A small boy the other day heard the couplet of a hymn which runs thus:

And satan trembles when he sees
The meekest saint upon his knees.

His pity was all for satan. "Why does satan let the saint sit upon his knees if it makes him tremble?"—Rochester Post-Express.

Kindred Spirits.

She—And did you light the fire with kerosene too?

He—No; I smoked while I was putting gasoline in the automobile.—Chicago News.

Every royal palace in Europe has its special private police, who, in one guise or another, are always on the lookout for suspicious persons.

A prizefighter is in his prime at from 20 to 26 years of age.

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

A Business Man Who Has Found That It Pays.

"I always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their salaries," said a prominent western merchant, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about 75 clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay weekly salaries ranging from $10 to $40. Naturally enough more of them get the former than the latter amount, but they are none the less worthy on that account.

"In the beginning, when I employed only two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thriftless they could be when they were not encouraged to be otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any other cause. They spent their salaries, large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion and let debt accumulate quite regardless of the rights of creditors.

"As my business increased, and with it my profits and my force of people, I began to give the matter more study, and in the end, when I felt able to be of material assistance in encouraging thrift and honesty, I proposed a yearly recognition to those who would save something out of their salaries. It was small at first, but was so successful that today I haven't a clerk who has not some kind of a bank account and not one who willfully refuses to pay his debts. When we get a new one who refuses to take advantage of the opportunities afforded, we let him go at the end of the first year.

"My present plan is to double the savings of all clerks who receive $10, $12 and $15 a week; to add 25 per cent to all who receive from $15 to $25 and 10 for those over $25. A clerk on $15 a week or under cannot save much, but as a rule that class of clerks have no one to maintain but themselves, and if one cannot save more than $25 out of his year's labor it is rather pleasant for him to get $25 clear profit. Those who receive the larger amounts usually have families, and their savings are not large, but whatever they are they are comfortably increased.

"One of my $1,200 a year clerks, with a wife and two small children, saved $400 last year, and my check for $100 additional was deposited to his account the day after New Year's. A young woman in charge of a department at $900 a year has almost paid for a nice little cottage in the suburbs out of her extra, and so the list runs on through every branch of the business. I make it a condition that all current obligations must be met at the end of the year, so that the savings are actual net profit.

"Every year some of the clerks are not entitled to any extra, but if this is the result of sickness I assume a part or all of the doctor's bills. You may say it costs something for me to do this and I am under no obligation to do it, and you are right. But I have the best class of clerks in the city, and as a result I guess I don't lose enough by it to necessitate an assignment at an early date," and the merchant smiled with very evident satisfaction.—Washington Star.

Answered the General.

"The old sappers were admirable fellows," says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, "as brave as lions, though sometimes rather stupid. A certain peninsular general rode down to some sappers who were digging trenches and commenced to cross question one on his duties. You must know that a gabion is a basket which can be filled with earth and so made to stop a bullet, and a fascine is a bundle of fagots.

"'Now, supposing the first sapper in the trench you were driving were killed,' said the general, 'what would you do with him?'

"'Stuff him in a gabion, sir,' said the stolid sapper.

"'And what would you do with the second if he were killed?' said the officer in surprise.

"'Make a fascine of him, sir.'

"The general rode off without another word."

Why the Oyster Crop Fails.

It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of the oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years and in many cases become absolutely worthless in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish.

For this trouble the defilement of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or it will perish is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and at the same time the inflowing tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

An Aspersion.

"Police! Police!" yelled a man on the street.

"Here, what's the matter?" exclaimed a policeman, rushing around the corner.

"Nothing of course," explained the man. "If there had been, you wouldn't have been anywhere within a mile."—Detroit Free Press.

One of Napoleon's Feats.

Napoleon added to his many other deeds of interest to the world that of having climbed to the top of a tower on horseback, a feat accomplished May 16, 1797, when he rode to the top of the Campanile, or bell tower of St. Mark's, Venice, in order that he himself might give the signal to his fleet of the surrender of the city.

What She Does.

First Lady Clerk—There goes the meanest woman in town.

Second Lady Clerk—Who is she?

First Lady Clerk—I don't know, but she is always coming in here and wanting something we haven't got.—Chicago Record.