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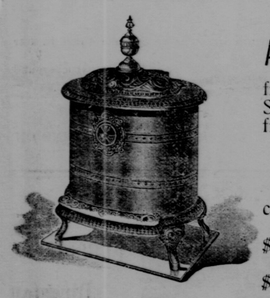

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AIR TIGHT STOVES

from $2.75 up. Also Cook Stoves and Ranges of all the finest makes, from $8 to $30.

FURNITURE.

Solid Oak Bedroom Suits, complete, from $15 to $27.

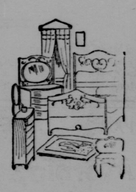
Poplar Suits, from $12 to $14.

Bedsteads, from $1.95 to $3.75.

Bureaus,	$5.00 to	$10.00
Couches,	4.75	11.00
Lounges,	2.75	4.00
Dining Chairs	2.50	8.50
(Per Half-Dozen)		
F'cy Rockers,	1.00	3.75
Willow "	2.25	4.75
Child's "	.50	1 45

White Enameled Iron Beds at $3.75.

Mattresses,	1.50	6 00



$2.75. CARPETS, MATTINGS, RUGS.

All-Wool Ingrains at 60c per yard; half-wool Ingrains at 38c.; Granite Ingrains at 28c.; Rag Carpet at 25c.; Step Carpet, 25 and 32c.; Step Oil Cloth at 8c.; Carpet Padding at 4 and 6c.; Step Pads at 8c each; Matting, from 12 to 25c.

Moquet and Smyrna Rugs in very pretty patterns. Oil Cloths and Oil Cloth Patterns. Linoleum, two yards wide, at 90c and $1. Blankets and Robes in different styles, from 75c to $7.75. Building Hardware a specialty. Heath & Milligan Paints always in stock.

NUTTLE HARDWARE COMPANY.

SOMETHING NEW!

What we mean by "something new" is all of our Christmas Goods, Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Raisins Currants, and everything will be NEW goods, not old stuff, but guaranteed new stock, and plenty for everybody. Our candies are going to be pure goods, no glucose to make all hands sick.

The prices we are going to sell at will make housekeepers glad and storekeepers sad. To start with beginning Dec. 2, our best white sugar will go at 5½c; our brown at 5c; our pulverized at 7c. This is the only store outside of the city selling sugars at these prices. Other goods as follows: Raisins, 8c, 10c, 12c; Currants, 8c, 10c; Citron, 15c; best Oranges, 30c; cheaper, 25c; Bananas, 15c, 20c; Cocoa Nuts, 3c, 4c, 5c; Peanuts, 4½c quart; Mixed Nuts, 16c, 18c; English Walnuts, 16c; Almonds, 16c; French Mixtures, 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c; Chocolate Drops, 15c, 20c; Caramels, 15c, 20c; Broken Candy, 8c, 10c; Mixed Drops, 10c; Stick Candy, 10c. We cannot give prices of everything but these will regulate

THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING IN THE STORE.

Our pure Sweet Cider will be 30c per gallon, 8c per quart, 2c glass. This is guaranteed strictly SWEET. No bad feelings or headaches from a barrel of it.

Our line of toys will be very pretty; also Umbrellas, Fascinators, Shawls, Looking Glasses and Pictures. You are invited to come down and see for yourself. We want to make this Christmas pleasant for everybody. We will pay the coming week, Dec. 2, 30c for Eggs; 60c for Corn; 50c and 30c for Sweet Potatoes, in fact, a few more cents for your trade than other stores.

Remember, I have the largest line of Shoes, the best make and the best wearing shoes in this county. The PRICES ARE JUST RIGHT AND WILL SUIT. After January 1st we are going to do business on a strictly cash basis, and think we can sell much cheaper. A cash business is the best for everybody gets their money's worth. All persons owing this store any account are requested to settle same and begin the new year in good order. Come to Two Johns. Yours, &c.,

C. L. BOEHM, Manager,
TWO JOHNS, MD.

LEFT

With a Big Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING AND LADIES' WRAPS

ON HAND.

(The season now, for selling being well advanced)

We have marked down all Winter Suits to very low figures, and those who have not bought their heavy clothes may save a margin. The stock is full.

Baltimore BARGAIN Store,

D. KLINE, PROPRIETOR,

CHARLESTOWN, - - - - - MARYLAND.

J. W. CAUSHEY, PRES. WM. DENNEY, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

KENT COUNTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO

DOVER, DELAWARE.

INCORPORATED 1847.

Insures Buildings and Contents Against Loss by Fire And Lightning

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.

Insurance in Force, $3,977,176.00

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COMMISSION AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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LEWIS & GOLDSBOROUGH,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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Will practice in the courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

A. T. REICHMAN,

PLUMBING & METAL ROOFING,

TIN WORK and REPAIRING.

I have opened a shop on Third Street where I am now prepared to serve those having work in my line. Metal roofing of all kinds, stove repairing, etc., at reasonable prices. I make a specialty of putting in BATH TUBS, and guarantee satisfaction.

A. T. REICHMAN,
11-18-1y] Denton, Md.

BUY THE

NEW HOME LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a $60.00 Sewing Machine for $20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from $15.00 to $18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.

The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The **Double Feed** combined with other strong points makes the **New Home** the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE, MASS.
28 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal

FOR SALE BY

W. J. BLACKISTON,
DENTON, MD.

DENTON FLOUR MILLS

Patrons of the Denton Flour Mill and the public generally are respectfully notified that the above mentioned property has been rented, and that every effort will be made to extend the business. The patronage of the people generally is solicited, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

The Products of the Mill

—ARE—

FIRST-CLASS

Our Flour and Meal are of the very best quality. Housekeepers may buy them with the full assurance that they will not be disappointed.

BRAN,

CHOPS,

MILL FEED, ETC., for sale.

WILLIAM H. MOWBRAY, Agent.
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Likes, Berwanger & Co.

All the New Fall and Winter Styles of Clothing, Tailoring & Furnishings are now on display, and Mr. J. Harry Rose is ready to welcome and personally serve his many friends from this locality.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.

10-12 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Murderkill River and Philadelphia

THE SPLENDID NEW IRON STEAMER

"FREDERICA"

NATHAN H. MAXSON, Captain.

WILL LEAVE FREDERICA, WEBB'S LANDING AND BOWERS' FOR PHILADELPHIA AS FOLLOWS DURING

DECEMBER.

		FREDERICA	WEBB'S	BOWER'S
Monday,	Dec. 2,	9.00 a. m.	10.30 a. m.	11.00 a. m
Thurs.	" 5,	11.00 a. m.	12.30 p. m.	1.00 p. m
Monday,	" 9,	2.00 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m
Thurs.	" 12,	6.00 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m
Monday,	" 16,	8.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m
Thurs.,	" 19,	10.00 a. m.	11.30 a. m.	12 noon
Monday,	" 23,	2.00 p. m.	3.30 p. m.	4.00 p. m
Thurs.,	" 26,	6.00 a. m.	7.30 a. m.	8.00 a. m
Monday,	" 30,	8.00 a. m.	9.30 a. m.	10.00 a. m

Returning, Steamer will leave Philadelphia from Pier 3, South Wharves, (First pier above Chestnut street) every Tuesday and Friday as follows:

Leave Philadelphia

Tues.	Dec. 3,	6.00 p. m.	Tues.	Dec. 17,	5.00 p. m
Fri.	" 6,	9.00 p. m.	Fri.	" 20	7.00 p. m
Tues.	" 10,	11.00 p. m.	Tues.	" 24,	11.00 p. m
Fri.	" 13,	12 m'd't	Fri.	" 27,	12 m'd't

Wednesday, January 1, 1902, 5.00 p. m.

Leave Chester 1½ hours after leaving Philadelphia.

Passenger accommodations first-class. Ladies' saloon, gentlemen's saloon, and private staterooms. Heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

Fare to Philadelphia $1.00
Round-Trip $1.50

All kinds of freight carried at low rates. Quick time and low rates.

Covered deck for horses and all live stock.

Transportation to all near-by towns, for both passengers and freight at reasonable rates.

FREDERICA & PHILA. NAV. CO.,
FREDERICA, DEL.

"JESTIFIED KILLIN'"

How Old Jones Settled With Curly Bill.

The sun was low toward the western peaks when Old Jones and his nephew halted their teams for the night. Old Jones and his relative were freighters, and the crack of their long, shot filled mule whips and the creak of their heavy wagons had been heard in half of the camps of Colorado.

The four wagons tonight were swung into the segment of a circle, and the mules were hobbled and cast loose from the straps in which through the day they pulled. At this relief these grateful slaves stood about and attested their joy in the loud cries peculiar to their kind, but which are so unfortunate in their lack of harmony. To stop this racket the nephew went about giving them their vesper feed. This he placed in morrels, or nosebags, which he hung to their hungry heads. Old Jones built a fire and began the compilation of an intricate but savory dish known to those happy ones who have the recipe as "freighter's stew."

Supper over, the two freighters sat about in the lurking shadows made by the fire's blink and glimmer, smoking their pipes. All at once there was a commotion in the band of mules. Those patient folk who had scrambled and pulled all day over a rough mountain trail with wagons loaded on the principle of 1,200 pounds to a mule, and who now in the proprieties of mule life should be at peace and rest with the world, were charging about and snorting in a very alarming way.

"Injuns!" said Old Jones, shoving back into the gloom. "Injuns, for a thousand dollars! There ain't no animal on earth, bar Injuns, ever makes mules take on that away."

The nephew thought so too. Old Jones and the nephew did not fear an attack. There were no Indians about that were not described as friendly.

But what they did fear was that the mules might be stampeded. Stampeding stock is a great aboriginal industry. The Indian will stampede your cattle or mules and then claim a dollar a head for finding them for you. Thus do these wise sons of nature fill their coffers and exact a revenue from those who cross their lands.

Joseph's nephew took a Winchester from the wagon ond began to work his cautious, silent way toward the mules. Those last were still snorting and shying as if prey to wild alarm. The nephew disappeared in the darkness. Old Jones placed his hand over his pipe bowl so its fiery eye could not be seen and peered after him into the gloom.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" It was the Winchester speaking. It told the Indian policy of the border, and a very sufficient good policy it is too. Old Jones at the sound heaved a sigh, but never moved. After a little the nephew came in to the fire. He seemed alert, hopeful and unrelenting as to the Winchester Indian policy.

"Did you stretch one?" said Old Jones.

"I think most likely I did," said the nephew in a sanguine way. "We can tell in the mornin', shore."

Old Jones and his nephew had visitors in the morning. The whole Ute tribe and their agent came down to the freighters' camp. The members of the Jones family at once seized their Winchesters and alacriously prepared for war. The Utes ran about, jumping and yelling and demanding vengeance. Old Jones and his nephew stood silent and grim behind their wagon and showed their iron teeth. The agent insisted on peace. Would the Jones who had killed the Ute the night before give himself up? He would be guaranteed from harm, but the Utes insisted on his arrest. They (the Indians) would attack the wagons if the criminals did not surrender. So spoke the agent, a nervous little incompetent, as many an Indian agent is.

"Give up nothin'," said Old Jones derisively. "You tell them Utes if they want anything round here to waltz in and get it."

The Utes howled and danced still harder and higher at this, and the agent talked more earnestly than ever. He threatened the Joneses with the power of the government. This was too much. They would fight the whole Ute tribe, but they were afraid of Uncle Sam. After a brief parley the nephew stepped out and gave himself up to the agent. He would have displayed more sense if he had remained behind his wagon and died in the smoke of his Winchester.

The agent, the nephew and the Utes did not go a mile toward the agency before the Indians took the nephew and, tying him to a pine tree, spent several blissful hours in torturing him to death. The agent was powerless to interfere.

Jones the elder found the truth the evening of the same day. He turned a little pale under the thirty years of tan which browned his face, but said nothing. As well as he could he hitched up his teams and went ahead. His course was slow. Where the going was easy the new team, eight mules, could follow the others and got along all right. Where it was rough Old Jones halted them and, after driving his own team over, came back for them.

Two months later the old man unloaded his freight at a camp in the Gunnison country. He told the story of his nephew's death and charged it to the agent. The populace agreed with him to a man. Old Jones insisted the agent should likewise suffer death. Public sentiment rushed to the same conclusion. Every man in the Tincup district who heard of the matter at once advised Jones to go back and kill the miserable agent or, if that scheme did not suit, to hire some one who would. Never was public sentiment so uniform in a matter before. It was beautiful.

"Hire some one to go back. Kill the agent!" This struck Old Jones, who had strong commercial instincts, as a good thing. He inquired for some one who would undertake the enterprise. He did not think it should cost much. "It is dead easy to do," he said. "Jest ride ca'mly to the agency and beef him and then ride away. That oughtn't to cost no fortune." And he was willing to give a "hoss and outfit" and $500.

"I'll go you," said a bad looking gentleman called Curly Bill.

Curly Bill was certainly a very bad man, as any one might see by examining his six shooter. He had filed away the sights as superfluous to one so sure and keen and had taken out the trigger, trusting to explode his interesting weapon by the simple process of letting the hammer fall from his thumb. These changes in the ground plan of a Colt's 44 always bespeak a bad man the wide west over, and such was Curly Bill, the personage who wanted to hire out to kill the agent.

Preliminaries were arranged, and the horse and outfit were turned over, in company with $200 of the $500, and Curly Bill rode away on his long pull for the Ute agency.

Six weeks and their happenings were added to history, and so far nothing floated back from Curly Bill. One afternoon he rode again into the camp in the Gunnison country. The public crowded about to learn of his success. Curly Bill got out of the saddle and stepped into a saloon. The public followed and at his request took a drink with him. At last Old Jones put the question:

"Did you get him, Curly?"

"No," said Curly Bill.

"Why not?"

"Well," said Curly Bill, with an amiable drawl, "I'll tell you what's the matter. You see, the cuss offered me $1,000 to come back and down you."

There was a profound silence. Old Jones seemed thoughtful and cast down, and the public wailed. At last Old Jones put another pertinent inquiry:

"Well, whatever do you allow you'll do about it?"

"Whatever'll you do about it?" said Curly Bill. "Will you raise him?"

"S'pose I don't raise him?" said Old Jones. "S'pose I don't even call him?" And an ugly glare began to shine in his watery gray eyes, albeit his voice was low and his face calm.

"Well," said Curly Bill, with vast nonchalance, "in that event I reckon I'll have to go him."

The public took a deep breath at this announcement, and Old Jones seemed plunged in thought again. At last he found his voice.

"I'll think this yere matter over, Bill, and I reckon on fixin' up somethin' so you won't complain none of me. You be yere and I'll come back in an hour."

Then Old Jones proceeded straight to his wagons, got his Winchester and, coming in the back door of the saloon wherein Curly Bill was refreshing himself after the campaign, blew that celebrated person's head off without a word.

Old Jones then gave himself up to the citizens' committee and demanded a trial. It was had at once. Every man in the camp knew of the killing and its entire history. They all approved it too. It was esteemed, however, not a proper thing to allow the plot to kill the agent to go abroad to the world. The account might in unskillful hands become garbled and hurt the camp's reputation. So when Old Jones was acquitted, which denouement was rapid in its coming, the verdict read thus:

"Jestified killin' on account of Curly Bill insultin' of Old Jones' wife."

This is a true tale of the west.

Fort Findlay.

For six miles through the forest in Hancock and Wood counties, O., may be seen a wide swath through the treetops, the once open space being grown thick with smaller timber. It tells the story of General Hull and the army that blazed its way north to Fort Meigs in the war of 1812. On several farms near Findlay are still found sections of the old corduroy roadway built of the tree trunks that were felled to gain a passage for the army. The logs are well preserved and are found from two to five feet under the soil. It was at the close of that memorable campaign that Colonel Findlay camped on the south side of Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize and established the old stockade fort named, after him, Fort Findlay.

SOLDIERS LOVE TOBACCO.

Men Who Have Lighted Pipes During Bloody Battles.

Most of the distinguished officers of the world hold that whatever comforts the soldier on active service may be deprived of he should on no account be stinted in the matter of tobacco, and in the gravest of histories relating to the Franco-Prussian war it is stated that the total want of even tobacco to make cigarettes of among the French troops on many occasions did not a little to dispirit them.

Private Jones, who obtained the Victoria cross at Rorke's Drift, said that in the very thick of the fight several comrades lighted their pipes with blazing fragments of wood from the wooden hospital which had been fired by the Zulus, and at Majuba Hill one of the men was found dead with the stump of a cigar between his clinched teeth. Amid the awful carnage of the Russo-Turkish war Turks horribly mangled were frequently found smoking in the midst of their agony and uttering no sound of complaint.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent, has told how before Metz, in the Franco-Prussian war, a soldier terribly wounded craved but one relief, a cigar, and he observed soldiers firing away at close quarters, pipe in mouth. General von Bentheim, observing a sight like this, asked one of the men for a light and himself coolly lighted his own cigar and then led his men on. Another war correspondent, belonging to one of our great daily papers, tells that he saw at Saarbrucken a large party of Brunswick hussars gallop into the thick of the fray with cigars in their mouths, and this in the face of a solid mass of French troops and a hail of bullets.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Is That All?

One of the passengers who called for a bill of fare in the restaurant of the railroad station at Calais one day was a tall, elegantly dressed, majestic looking foreigner. His appearance made a stir among the waiters, but he insisted on seeing the manager. When the latter came in, the stranger asked him to enumerate all the good things that his menu contained. The passenger's request was complied with, with smiles and bows, and then, according to Italie, the following dialogue took place:

"Is that all?" said the unknown man.

"Yes, sir," answered the maitre d'hotel bashfully. "But I can assure you, sir, that we have served persons of the highest distinction, and they have all been well pleased with our menu."

"Persons of the highest distinction? But you don't know who you are talking to, do you?"

"No, sir; I admit I don't," resentfully.

"I am the Prince of Bulgaria."

"Is that all?" said the hotel keeper, with studied indifference.

No Cork Legs.

After an experience of something over thirty years as house visitor in one of the largest of our provincial hospitals I may say no such definition as "a cork leg" has been known in the surgical profession during the whole of that time.

The expression, now practically obsolete, no doubt originated in the fact that artificial limbs were formerly made of steel or other metal uprights, shaped up by layers of cork, but for the last fifty years at least these substitutes for nature have always been constructed of wood—willow by preference, because of its lightness and stability—covered with leather. Cork is never used. The working joints are, of course, of finely tempered steel.

There are, I understand from one of the oldest and best known manufacturers of these appliances, certain kinds of legs known specially in the trade by the names of inventors or distinguished wearers. The term "a cork leg" is, however, only used today, if used at all, by rank outsiders.—Notes and Queries.

Poisons.

The most familiar poison is probably morphia or some similar narcotic. Prussic acid is the most rapidly fatal of all poisons in its action. Chemical tests can now be applied to detect with great certainty poison in food or water and in the body after death. If scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible, almost any poison can be detected after death, either by the lesions produced in the organs affected or by the extraction from the corpse of the victim of the poison itself and by a study of the properties. As for poisoning being a lost art possessed in a higher degree of perfection by the Borgias and others, that belief is a fancy. The people of any other age could have taught us nothing new in that regard. The poisons of the Borgias would not now be considered beyond detection or, in fact, at all difficult.

Large Goat Herds, No Forests.

Greece pays dearly for her goats. They are everywhere, and wherever they are young trees cannot grow. The holm oak, for example, if left to itself attains a height of thirty or forty feet, but it is usually kept down by the goats to the dimensions of a shrub, at the top of which they continually graze.—Forest Leaves.

Conclusions Drawn by Government Experts From Experiments.

Dietary investigations made by government experts show that of the total food consumed by the average man in this country 20 per cent is flesh, if that term is taken to include not only meat, but also poultry, fish and shellfish.

Incidentally a question studied has had to do with the amount of nutritive material lost in the cooking of meat. That there is a loss, of course, is obvious enough, especially where the material is boiled and the water afterward thrown away, but nothing has been known on the subject until recently with any degree of accuracy, and hence the value of the government investigation, which ought to have no little interest for the American housewife.

Here are some of the conclusions drawn by the experts from their experiments:

The chief loss in weight during the cooking of beef is due to the driving off of water. Lean beef will lose in this way as much as 38 per cent of its weight.

When beef is fried, there appears to be no great loss of nutritive material.

When beef is cooked in water, from 3 to 20 per cent of the total solids are found in the broth. If the broth is used for soup or otherwise, it is no loss obviously.

Beef that has been used for a preparation of beef tea or broth has lost little of its nutritive value, though much of the flavoring has been removed.

Fat meat contains less water proportionately and so shrinks less in cooking. Other things being equal, a small piece of meat cooked in water shrinks more relatively than a large piece.—Saturday Evening Post.

Sheridan's Sleeping Bag.

I was reading the other day that Wendell Phillips, the lecturer, when he traveled carried a sleeping bag, into which he crawled at night when at a strange hotel. It reminded me of the sleeping bag that DeB. Randolph Reim tells me General Sheridan carried while on the campaign against the Indians in midwinter. It was made of fur, with the fur inside, and Sheridan used to strip and crawl into it.

The general had two big dogs that followed him about, and in the morning early when the reveille was sounded the dogs would go nosing about until they got into Sheridan's tent, when they would rush upon their sleeping master and run their cold noses into the sleeping bag. It had the effect of an electrical bath on "Little Phil," and the language he used was exceedingly free. The mercury in his tent would go up about 40 degrees when he cut loose, and the dogs would rush growling down the camp street, while Reim would lie there and laugh.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Animals That Weep.

Do animals weep? Explorers say they do. Lady Burton says that she has seen horses in the Syrian desert cry from thirst, a mule cry from pain of an injured foot and a camel shed tears in streams. Gordon Cumming declares that he has observed tears in the eyes of a dying elephant, and Dr. Livingstone used to have a pet ape which cried when the explorer would not take it in his arms. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. Sea lions are said to cry for the loss of their young, and a giraffe which had been injured by the rifle of a hunter began to cry. Another explorer tells of a chimpanzee which had been trained to carry water jugs. It let one fall and break and in its sorrow set a-crying. There seems to be little doubt that animals do sometimes cry from pain, sorrow or annoyance; but, as a rule, we cannot catch the watchdog in tears or the family cat having a "good cry."

He Won the Bet.

At an evening party given by King Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales was a young lord. It was his first invitation, and his royal highness showed him particular attention, which so impressed the young nobleman that he came to regard himself as a particular favorite of the prince. He even went so far as to declare that he would get the prince to wait upon him in person. He was laughed at for his pains. Then a bet was proposed and accepted. After dinner, when all the gentlemen had retired to the billiard room, the "favorite" suddenly called out:

"Look here, Wales! Be good enough to ring for a glass of punch!"

Everybody was thunderstruck, but the prince, with a genial smile, walked up to the bellrope and rang. When the footman came in, he quietly said:

"Get this gentleman his carriage."

Where Woman Is Lord.

In a tiny island called Minikoi, off the southern coast of India, a most peculiar state of society exists, for woman is lord of all she surveys. The wife is the recognized head of the house. She owns it and everything in it, while anything that her husband, who works very hard, can earn goes to increase her wealth. Her husband belongs to her, too, and when she marries him she gives him her name instead of taking his.

POLITICAL BANNERS.

Progress From the Old Time Canvas Sail to the Modern Net.

"Fifty years or thereabouts ago," said a veteran sign painter, "they made all the political banners swung across streets of canvas. The pictures and the names and all that were painted on them or painted on cloth and sewed on them.

"Such banners were like great sails, and of course they caught the wind and bellied out with a tremendous pull. Later this pull came to be reduced somewhat by cutting sizable round holes in the canvas to let the wind through.

"It was not an unusual thing in those days to attach weights to the banners to hold them down in a high wind. Sometimes the weights broke loose and did serious damage.

"I remember one case in which a citizen sued a New England city for damages for injuries suffered by such a weight that got loose from a banner and fell. Later bags of shot were substituted for iron weights as likely to do less damage if they got away.

"Next to canvas banners with holes in them to let the wind through and to deliver the great strain came the net banners of today. And in case of a heavy blow, in which even a network banner might be damaged, the banner as now rigged can be brailed in against one of the supporting poles—in effect, furled—to be hauled out into place again in favorable weather.

"Everything has been improved, of course, in the last fifty years, but I don't know of anything that has undergone a greater improvement than the political banner."—New York Sun.

Genesis of the Piano.

About two hundred years ago there lived at the court of Prince Ferdinand de' Medici a Paduan harpsichord maker, by name Bartollomeo Christoferi, a man of great inventive genius. After innumerable experiments he solved the problem, a long standing puzzle to the musical instrument makers of the period, of how to make a satisfactorily working "keyed psaltery," and by the method he invented of overcoming the difficulties inherent in the task he produced an instrument which was the undoubted ancestor of the pianoforte of today.

For the piano is, in essential, says a writer in The Universal Magazine, a dulcimer with a fitted keyboard; it is not simply a modification of the old harpsichord. The latter, it is true, did possess a keyboard, but the depression of its keys caused a "plucking" harplike action on the strings and not the striking of a hammer, with controlled rebound, the peculiar characteristic of the newer instrument.

From 1709, the date when Christoferi made his four "keyed psalteries," the piano at first slowly, but afterward by leaps and bounds, went on increasing and increasing in popularity until now its manufacture has become a great industry, with an immense capital at its back and employing thousands of workmen in its various branches.

Formation of Coal.

There are half a dozen or more theories to account for the formation of coal, each of which differs from all the others in some particulars. It is known, however, that most of the coal was formed in what the geologists call the carboniferous age, which was far earlier than the appearance of the higher animals or man upon the earth. In that period large areas of the globe were covered with a vegetation much more luxuriant than is found even in the tropics now. The atmospheric conditions were favorable at that time to the formation of beds of peat from this vegetation after its death. This peat, being submerged by the downward movement of the earth's crust and eventually buried under an immense weight of sediment, lost much of its moisture by distillation and at last, after hundreds of centuries of time, became hardened and changed into the condition in which it now appears as coal.

The Cocoa Tree.

A traveler in South America, where the cocoa tree is largely cultivated, speaks of the great care with which the young plants have to be protected from the sun, which, if very strong, is fatal to them. To secure this protection the planters shield them by banana trees and plantain trees, the broad leaves of which give them the needed shade. And even when they are full grown they need protection, which is given by trees known as "immortels," or, as the planters call them, "the mother of the cocoa." Thus the whole cocoa plantation has a sort of canopy.

The Doctor In China.

A story is told of a physician in China who had mismanaged a case, whereupon the indignant family seized him and tied him up, but in the night he managed to free himself and escaped by swimming a river, which cut off pursuit.

When he reached home, he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, poring over his books. He wrung out his wet clothes and, turning to the student, said gravely:

"My son, don't be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing is to learn to swim."