J Harry Craft 1 95

DENTON JOURNAL.

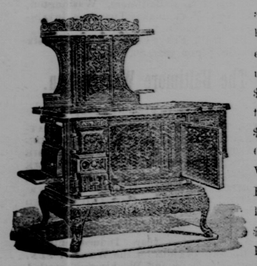
1845. A Family Newspaper:—Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Agriculture and Advertising,—Independent on all Subjects. Subscription, One Dollar per Annum, in Advance. 1902.

VOL. 56. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1902. NO. 13

SEEDS, SEEDS, SEEDS.

The thoughtful farmer is now considering the selection of his seed for the coming planting. We can relieve him of much of the worry in the choosing if he will come and see our stock. He will find here the best grades of Western Clover Seed, as well as Sapling Clover and Timothy Seed.

FURNITUEE AND STOVES



are still here in abundance, and can be bought even cheaper than formerly. Air-tight Stoves from $2 75 up. Cook Stoves and Ranges, $8 to $30. Solid Oak Bed room Suites from $15 to $27; Poplar Suites from $12 to $14; Bureaus $5 to $10; Dining Chairs $2.50 to $8 50 per half dozen; Willow Rockers $2.25 to $4 75; White Enamelled Iron Beds $3.75; Wood Bedsteads $1 95 to $3.75; Mattresses $1.50 to $6; Couches $4.75 to $15; Lounges $2.75 to $4.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD CO.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

IN EFFECT WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1902.

STATIONS AND TIME OF LEAVING AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD Read Downward. Saturdays Only.	Daily Ex. Sat. Half Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	NAME OF STATIONS.	WESTWARD Read Upward. Daily Ex. Sunday.	*Daily Ex. Sunday.
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.
2.00	2.45	5.50	Lv.....Baltimore....Ar.	12.05	9.45
4.50	5.45	8.45	Ar...Queenstown..Lv.	9.10	6.45
5.08	5.55	90 7	Lv...Queenstown...Ar	9.05	4.50
f6.10	f6.00	f 9.12	.....Bloomingdale.....	f9.00	f4.40
f6.16	f6.06	f 9.20	.....Wye Mills.....	f8.54	f4.34
f6.21	f6.11	f 9.28	.....Willoughby	f8.49	f4.33
6.28	6.18	.....	....D. & C. Junction....	8.42	....
5.20	6.20	9.40	.....Queen Anne.....	8.40	4.08
5.26	6.26	9.48	.....Downes	8.34	4.00
f6.39	f6.39	f 9.51	.....Tuckahoe	f8.30	f3.57
5.44	6.34	10.00	.....Denton.....	8.20	3.50
5.52	6.42	10.15	.....Hobbs.....	8.20	3.34
6.02	6.51	10.23	.....Hickman.....	8.11	3.23
f6.06	f6.56	f10.27	.....Adamsville.....	f8.07	f3.18
f6.11	f7.01	f10.32	.....Blanchard.....	f8.02	f3.05
6.17	7.08	10.40	.....Greenwood	7.55	3.00
f6.25	f7.16	f10.55	.....Owens	f7.47	f2.45
f6.30	f7.21	f11.00	.....Oakley.....	f7.43	f2.40
6.38	7.29	11.05	Ar.....Ellendale .....Lv.	7.36	2.33
6.46		11.15	Lv.....Ellendale .....Ar.		2.22
f6.55	f7.36	f11.24	.....Wolfe	f7.16	f2.14
6.57	7.41	11.30	.....Milton.....	7.10	2.06
f7.05	f7.49	f11.38	.....Whitesboro.....	f7.01	f1.56
f7.08	f7.52	f11.41	.....Overbrook.....	f6.58	f1.53
7.15	8.00	11.50	Ar.....Lewes.....Lv.	6.50	1.45
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.

*Saturdays only, steamer leaves Queenstown for Baltimore at 6.00 P. M.

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We are prepared to contract for Peas and Tomatoes on Tuesdays and Saturdays. J. S. H. Nichols, at Denton Bridge will also fill out and sign contracts for us in our absence.

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		FREDERICA	WEBB'S	BOWERS
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.

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LOVE LIES BLEEDING

"But Bob, it's hopeless, impossible. I was mad when I asked her to be my wife. I should be madder still if I persisted. She has a shady history, though not her fault of course. Between ourselves it's the kind of thing that would do for a man utterly if he married her. Oh! I know it's an awful thing to say, but you and I are like brothers, and I must try and explain it to you. You know my old father? A rare good sort, but stiff as buckram and as old fashioned as the lace on my great-grandmother's Sunday cloak. It would kill him, and I simply can't face it—that's all. Bob, I can't say any more. Will you do it?"

"Why not tell her yourself, like a man?" said I.

He made a despairing gesture. "You don't know Ivy," he said. "It's impossible, Bob, I couldn't face that; either way I am between the devil and the deep sea—the devil of my father's wrath and the deep sea of her"—

"Misery," I suggested.

"Yes, I'm afraid that's the word for it," he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe with a hand that trembled. "Don't let me know anything about it, but do it, Bob; do it somehow or other—my whole future is at stake."

"I am going to do it," said I. "Give me her address and I'll go this afternoon. I merely wish to mention, however, that you are a confounded cad!"

* * * * * * *

"Is Mrs. Dare at home?" I asked, standing on the doorstep of a dingy little house off the King's road, Chelsea.

"I expect her in every moment," said the landlady graciously. "Second floor, sir! I'm afraid the stairs are rather dark."

Dark they certainly were, for I could see nothing whatever but the curtain of November fog which entirely enveloped the dingy landing. I stumbled up stairs, however, thankful that the landlady did not offer to accompany me, and entered Mrs. Dare's apartments. As I waited one or two little trifles caught my eye, and as I prided myself on being a judge of human nature they had for me their full significance.

The first was a child's headless horse, evidently thrown down after a game of play.

"Humph! Her child is often with her—an affectionate mother, therefore has a heart," said I to myself.

The second trifle was a bunch of violets standing in a cracked jug of water.

"Fond of flowers," I said. "Perhaps he used to give her violets. Yes, certainly she has a heart."

The third trifle was a volume of Shelley.

A slight rustle at the door and then the handle was quickly turned and a young woman entered the room.

"Better late than never!" she cried, addressing my back, which was all she could see.

I wheeled around at once. As she saw a stranger's face she gave a cry of horror.

"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought you were a—a great friend."

"I have come from a great friend. I mean Lord Belmorris"—

"Oh, is he ill? Don't, pray, don't say he is ill, for I could never get to Belgrave square and nurse him—at least"—

Here she stopped and blushed.

"Oh, I know all about it," said I, "but he is not ill, Mrs. Dare. He is hunting today with the Pytchley, and tonight," I continued brutally, "he is coming to town, and he will be at the Savoy. So you see he is not ill!"

"I am glad," she said. Then looking at me with a little air of dignity. "Then why"— said she.

I gave a gulp. The dreadful moment was coming. Why was she so young, so kind looking, so natural and simple and altogether sweet?

"I am Harold's greatest friend," I said. "Bob Hastings is my name. I know all about him, and he knows all about me."

"Sir Robert Hastings," she said. "Yes, of course, I have heard of you. Harold thinks the world of you. He always says if he were in any trouble he should go straight to you."

This was my chance. "He is in trouble," I said, "and he has come to me."

"In trouble!" said she. "Then if you know all about him, Sir Robert, you must know that it is to me he should come when he is in trouble and not to any one else in the whole world."

It was more and more difficult. She looked prettier and prettier, but I pulled myself together and told her the truth.

"He was overcome by your beauty and sweetness," said I, "and he laid his life at your feet, and it was not his to give, Mrs. Dare. It belongs to his father, whose every hope is centered in him; to his mother, to the old place which is being ruined for want of money, and to fill their hopes he must marry not only beauty and goodness, but wealth, position and rank."

"But if he does not see it in that light?" she cried, stamping her foot, while her violet eyes looked gray with anger.

"He does see it in that light," said I, "and that is why I am here. Now do you understand, Mrs. Dare?"

She looked wildly around at me, at the room, at the patch of faint blue sky to be seen from the window.

"Oh, Harold!" she said. "Oh, Harold! Harold!"

She flung herself upon the sofa, clasping in her hand the headless wooden horse. I supposed, poor soul, she did not know what she was doing. She muttered again to herself disjointed phrases in which I could only catch an echo of his name. I had done my duty, and my task, so far as Harold was concerned, was over. Few words had passed between us, but she fully understood. Something, however, kept me from leaving the room at once. I stopped by the sofa and looked down at the slight figure shaken with sobs.

"Do you love him," I asked, "even now?"

Something in my tone must have stung her, for she sprang to her feet.

"No, no, of course not! I don't love him any more. It's only my pride that suffers; that's all. Listen! I knew I was not a good match for Harold. I had no money to begin with, and a bad, I mean foolish, husband, who gambled and dragged his name in the dirt; then when he died, poor fellow, I was left penniless with a child, my only comfort. I told Harold all this so often, but he would not listen. He followed me and begged me, and at last I gave in, and now he is treating me like—like"—

I placed my hand before her mouth.

"No, don't say it," said I. "Rather tell me again that your love for him is dead!"

"It is! It is!" she said passionately. "Oh, don't you believe that love can die, even at its strongest, in a moment from a shock like this?"

She reeled, and I caught her in my arms as she fainted.

"Yes, love can die in a moment," I said, looking down on the small white face and the curling masses of hair on my arm. And in a moment also love can be born—love, the king, who enters unannounced. Lo! Even then I heard the flutter of his wings.

* * * * * * *

Six months later Lord Belmorris was married at St. George's, Hanover square, before a large and fashionable congregation, including royalty, to the great American heiress, Miss Dollars. But his best man was not his old pal, Sir Robert Hastings. He was sitting at that moment in a top room in Smith street with his hand in that of a brown eyed girl, and his arm around a little fair haired child.—Madame.

Monkey Beat the Cobra.

A monkey and a cobra fight was witnessed by some persons a couple of days ago about a mile or two up the Obsoor road at Bangalore. A large monkey disturbed a large cobra, which was basking in the sun about a hundred yards from the road. The infuriated reptile gave the monkey chase, but he took the matter easy till he got to a rock. While perched there the snake, which had been in close chase, reared up almost to full length and with open hood darted at the monkey. But the latter dodged and ducked on the defensive and allowed the reptile to strike forcibly each time against the stone. This went on for a considerable time till the snake lay out at full length, bleeding and exhausted. Then the monkey seized the snake and rubbed its head clean off the trunk and afterward climbed a tree, when the persons who had witnessed the interesting encounter treated the victor to Indian corn and sugar cane.—Lahore Tribune.

Kingsley and the Butterfly.

Charles Kingsley loved well "both man and bird and beast." This feature in his character was curiously displayed one Sunday in church. He was just about to enter the pulpit to preach his sermon when all of a sudden he disappeared from the view of the congregation. What was amiss? It was soon seen, however, that nothing serious had happened. He had only stooped in search of something on the floor, which, when found, he had taken to the vestry. And what was this something, do you think? An injured butterfly which was fluttering about on the ground. Being unable to fly away owing to its injury, Kingsley was afraid it might be trodden on, and so he had interrupted the service of the church until he had removed the wounded insect out of harm's way.

The Origin of the Menu.

A German gastronomical publication gives the following account of the origin of the menu: At the meeting of electors in Regensburg in the year 1489 Elector Henry of Braunschweig attracted general notice at a state dinner. He had a long paper before him, to which he referred every time before he ordered a dish. The Earl of Montford, who sat near him, asked him what he was reading. The elector silently handed the paper to his interrogator. It contained a list of the viands prepared for the occasion which the elector had ordered the cook to write out for him. The idea of having such a list so pleased the illustrious assembly that they introduced it each in his own household, and since that time the fashion of having a menu has spread all over the civilized world.

MILES OF VARYING LENGTHS.

Seventeen Countries That Have Special Measurements of Their Own.

English speaking countries, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet—four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile.

The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and one-half times the length of ours, and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long and the Vienna post mile is 8,796 yards in length. So here is a list of 12 different miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile.

The Brazilians have a milia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a fesakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.—Ledger Monthly.

Episcopal Heraldry.

In the arms of the archbishop of Canterbury there appears a decoration somewhat like a clergyman's collar with an extended linen band, but it is intended to represent a narrow, circular strip of white wool supposed to be shorn from the lambs of St. Agnes at Rome, which was worn round the shoulders, and had two such hanging bands, one before and the other behind, while the crosses upon it are thought originally to represent the pins by which it was fastened to the vestment. This precious strip was called a pall or pallium, and was peculiar to archbishops conferred on them by the pope, and, like most papal gifts, of a high market value.

Expensive as was its possession, it was by no means a mere luxury, for by the decretals of Pope Gregory no act of an archbishop was valid without it. If he had not received it, he could not confer orders, consecrate churches or summon a council. The small staff, the head of which appears inside the half circle formed by the pallium as it falls over the shield, is the crozier, a staff with a cruciform head that is borne by or before an archbishop alone, though the simple pastoral staff with an ornamental crook, which merely denotes the office of a bishop, is often mistakenly called a crozier.—Quiver.

Why We See People In Dreamland.

It is quite possible that impressions upon the mind and upon the nerves of sight might suffice to convey the fullest conviction of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream, for the last objects which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were his bedchamber and its contents. He dreams of these, and also of the figure of his friend, which seems to be in the midst of them, and he will in consequence assert most positively on the following morning that "he was not asleep; he distinctly saw the figure standing beside his bed; he could not be mistaken."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Butchers and Consumption.

About once a year a story goes the rounds of the daily press to the effect that butchers are immune from consumption. These stories have been permitted to go uncontradicted for so long that they have got to be generally believed.

Now the truth is that the percentage of butchers who die of consumption is quite as large as the percentage of those engaged in any other ordinary line of business. My reason for giving space to this is that some butchers might be led to believe that they really are immune from consumption and therefore become careless of their health. —Butchers' Advocate.

Baked Potatoes.

The baked potato is more easily digested than the boiled because its starch is partly converted into dextrin by the high heat of the oven. The sweetness of the baked potato is an evidence of this. If, however, baked too long or allowed to stand after it is done till cool, the starch becomes waxy and loses its delicious quality. The invalid and the dyspeptic should eat baked potatoes rather than those prepared in any other way.

SCARED BY THE POPE.

One Occasion When Kaiser Wilhelm Lost His Self Possession.

Kaiser Wilhelm, always a self possessed character, was even as a lad equal to almost any emergency, but there was one time in his life when his aplomb failed him completely, and that was when he was received in a private audience by Leo XIII. Strange to say, the self possessed young emperor felt completely overawed by the presence of the holy father and his entourage. A gentleman who was present and witnessed the whole scene said that a student coming before a row of examiners or a culprit appearing before a court could not have looked more frightened than did the emperor when he stood between the folding doors of the audience hall as they opened before him.

As he caught sight of the Pope in white garments, stiff, immobile, almost unearthly, surrounded by half a dozen cardinals in red robes, who were looking at him curiously, his half powerless right hand, in which he held his present for the pope, a gold snuffbox, with his own portrait framed in rubies, shook so violently that he dropped the treasure. The monsignore who was nearest, in stooping to pick it up, bumped his head against that of the emperor, who was similarly engaged, and the shock so unnerved his majesty that he quite forgot the helmet which he held in his left hand and which fell to the ground in its turn.

At last everything was put straight. His holiness was still quietly smiling his everyday smile, and William advanced a few steps to deliver his little speech, which he did with a sulky voice. He looked as furious as if he just suffered from the awkwardness of somebody else, and they say that 24 hours afterward his brow remained as closely knitted as those of a bear.—Modern Society.

A Fortunate Defect.

In the "Reminiscences" of Henry Angelo is set down the history of M. Liviez, a Frenchman who married an English wife and took up his residence in London. The story of his courtship is at once romantic and funny.

One Sunday the gentleman went to church and found himself seated on a line with a remarkably handsome woman. The aisle was between them, but so beautiful was she that, having glanced at her once, M. Liviez could not refrain from looking again. Then, to his delight, he found that she was looking at him.

At intervals during the service he found her glance turned his way, and as she seemed to be a lady of proper and devout behavior he could not help thinking that such an impropriety meant an overwhelming interest in him.

He followed her home, and having found out where she lived obtained an introduction to her through common acquaintances. Strange to say, it was not until they were actually engaged to be married that he gently reminded her of having looked at him in church. Then he discovered that she had never seen him at all. She had been looking at the pulpit all the time, and he had not guessed it. For—the lady squinted.

The Race of Life.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships to every mind which is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his earlier friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his progress.

Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter, for grow we must if we outgrow all that we love.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Parched Mouth.

It is not alone hot weather or hard work that makes your mouth dry. Anxiety, serious trouble generally, will parch your mouth and throat more quickly and effectively than anything else.

There are persons who will not betray in the least degree by their looks and general demeanor that they are worried. Many criminals, for instance, appear as cool as cucumbers, although they are inwardly much perturbed, but to an attentive observer the state of their minds is made clear by the parched mouth.

You may take it for granted that a person who is a prey to deep anxiety will show signs of difficulty in speaking. That is because his mouth and throat are dried, and you will see that he rolls his tongue about in order to moisten it. He must be a very cool individual who can prevent that sign of anxiety.

THE BRIEF TIME.

Brief time to sing, my dearie, brief time to sing
and sigh;
We only say good morning and then good night—
goodby!
The shadow in the sunlight o'er all the wide
world glooms;
A moan is in the music; the blight is in the
blooms.

Brief time to love, my dearie, in springtime's
rosy beams;
To drink the honey sweetness, to dream the old,
sweet dreams;
The shadow in the sunlight moves to the breath
of sighs,
And unseen spirits ever kiss down our dreaming
eyes.

Oh, dreams, like phantoms flying where only
shadows throng!
Oh, life too brief for sighing, and life too brief
for song!
And the green world at our feet, dear, and overhead the sky,
And love that says good morning only to weep
goodby!

—Atlanta Constitution.

DRESS THEIR OWN WOUNDS.

Some Birds That Possess Great Knowledge of Surgery.

There are not a few birds that possess a knowledge of the principles of surgery that is not far from supernatural. The woodcock, the partridge and some other birds are able to dress their wounds with considerable skill. A French naturalist says that on several occasions he has killed woodcock that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem of feathers and skillfully arranged over the wound evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others ligatures had been applied to wounded or broken limbs.

One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of network of feathers which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. It had evidently acted as hemostatic in the first place and subsequently as a shield covering the wound. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alternately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great protective power.

Birds are often found whose limbs have been broken by shot with the fractured ends neatly joined and ligated. M. Dumonteil tells of a woodcock that had been shot by a sportsman on the afternoon of a certain day. After a long search the bird was given up, but it was discovered the next morning by an accident. In the meantime the wounded legs were found to be neatly ligated, an exquisitely neat bandage having been placed around each limb. The poor bird had in dressing its wound entangled its beak with some long, soft feathers, and had it not been discovered it would have died of starvation.—To-

Hard to Get.

Doctors are sometimes more considerate of their patients' needs than they are of their circumstances. It is easier to prescribe a journey to Europe or Bermuda than it is to fill the prescription.

A gentleman whose affairs had become very much embarrassed and who was overworked and overworried went to a celebrated specialist broken down with nervous exhaustion.

"Now," said the doctor, "there is only one thing that you must have. That is absence of worry, absence of care and freedom from all preoccupations."

"Much obliged for your prescription," said the gentleman, "but you have left out one important thing in it."

"What is that?"

"You haven't put in the apothecary's street and number."

How Soundings Are Made.

To get correct soundings in deep water is difficult. The best invention for that purpose is a shot weighing about thirty pounds, which carries down a line. Through this shot or sinker a hole is drilled, and through the hole is passed a rod of iron which moves easily back and forth. At the end of the bar a cup is dug out, the inside being coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, a sling holding the shot in position. When the bar, which extends below the shot, touches the bottom, the sling unhooks, and the shot slides downward and drives the lard coated cup into the sand at the bottom. In that way the character of the ocean's floor is determined.

"Chock Full of Work."

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands and said to the farmer:

"That fellow ought to be chock full of work."

"He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—Success.

A Catarrh Cure.

To arrest an incipient nasal catarrh use powdered boracic acid freely as a snuff. It will cause sneezing, but if taken repeatedly it will reduce the inflammation and bring it to a speedy termination. As a gargle boracic acid is also excellent in all stages of sore throat. The gargle can be made by dissolving a tablespoonful in one pint of boiling water. Use when cold. It is unfitted for children.